

The Catholic Record.

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

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2176

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THE DESIRE TO RISE

Social ambition, though happily not universal, is so widely diffused that its effects upon character as well as upon fortune are notably great. We are most of us dreamers haunted by visions which impel us forward in life's adventurous quest for some land of promise in which we can rest and luxuriate for good and all. Only those whose birth-conditions weigh them down, or those others who under crushing misfortune have succumbed to the inevitable, abandon all hope of realizing the fond expectations they once cherished. Between these extremes lie vast numbers of differing grades who are animated by the wish to gain a higher standing among their fellows, in itself by no means an ignoble ambition. Yet few clear observers fail to recognize the danger which encompasses the passion in its vulgar forms. Too many are fascinated by the glitter of fashionable display, failing to look beneath the surface or to estimate rightly the drawbacks of a position in society which entails much effort, frequently also many humiliating expedients for its maintenance. It is many years since an American writer of distinction wrote a paragraph which might have suggested the title of a well-known novel and play. It ran thus—

"The nineteenth century Satan is extremely well-dressed. He has the manners of a gentleman, and he takes those whom he would beguile up into the mountain of worldly prosperity and shows them all the possessions of this world and the glory of them. The defaulting cashier or bank president, or the book-keeper who makes false entries and enriches his own bank account at the expense of his employer's will not be found among the disciples of plain living and high thinking."

If that was true in those days it is certainly no less true now. One would have thought that such a collapse of kingdoms and courtly grandeur as we have been witnessing would have brought about a salutary change in the social outlook; that the prevailing signs do not warrant such an expectation may be taken as proof that human nature retains its essential qualities under all revolutions. This fact should moderate all anticipations of excessive gain or ruinous loss entertained by rude speculators who do not see that Nature and Law have no respect for "the falsehood of extremes."

The earliest and simplest craving for advancement is that of the boy who aspires to some coveted calling which wears a shining aspect of romance and bold adventure in his inexperienced eyes. At first the career of a pirate took his fancy; being out of his reach, that vision faded, and the image of a dashing guardman took its place. In its turn he had to abandon that attractive role, finally entering into one of those prosaic occupations which too often prove "blind alleys" leading nowhere in particular. There are more promised openings and aids to promotion, existent or in prospect, now that reconstruction has become a national necessity. It is for parents to think and feel rightly, not allowing selfish considerations to turn the scale when the physical and mental gifts of their children ought to be the main factors in the choice of a career. So many false and unnatural ambitions are the result of repressed preferences or misguided habits due to a tyrannical home and stunted opportunities that all wise counsel should start at the hearth-stone. There, if anywhere, a really discriminating view of a possible life-course that will be onward and upward must be inculcated, more by example than by precept.

With all the improvements in education and social organization which are on foot in these strenuous days it is easy to discover special drawbacks. There is an ever-heightened zeal for sensational amusement among the mass of workers which stimulates an insatiable desire for the means of indulgence; even the

creditable ambitions to enrich the family life is often diverted from the safe path by the crude notion that respectability is to be measured by outward show. It does not seem to occur to hasty orderers of new worlds that a noisy claim to gentility is inconsistent with the facts which determine men's and women's place in society—that only fitness, which does not grow in a night like Jonah's gourd, can cause people to be at their ease in good company.

Literature is full of examples which give body to the aphorisms of the wise in all ages, from Solomon to Socrates, from Bacon to Franklin, from Sidney Smith to Emerson and Carlyle. That wealth is well-being; that a rich man, though ever so honest and conscientious, is but a steward accountable to his fellows; that opulence and poverty are relative, according to the proportion between desire and capacity for enjoyment; that superfluity is a temptation, which sufficiently nourishes the primal virtues—these and similar reminders should abate the covetous emulation for luxury and pleasure and reckless spending which threatens the common happiness and the national security. Nor has any class the right to rebuke ostentation and selfish indulgence; for no class is distinguished by a sane simplicity. The rage for gain and pleasure is found in select quarters and mean streets. How else would envy be so universal among those who aspire to imitate those who pose as their betters, and the people who neither toil nor spin but wring and toady to obtain titles and decorations and honors?

Villadom looks down upon dwellers in unfashionable neighborhoods, while the "First Irish Families" often shrink from close contact with struggling professional people. As for trade, it is taboo in polite circles. Is there no effort to climb among the artisan class? Those who know and sympathize with the desire to enter the fellowship of thought, art, and literature, to which no passport is demanded, would be only too glad if they could say that mere social ambition had no place in their counsels.

We should be sorry to ignore the plain teaching of history as to the inevitable grading of men and women; for all civilized society is hierarchical. Oliver Wendell Holmes stated this truth in memorable terms: "Of all the facts in this world that have not to do with the question of immortality, there is not one so intensely real, permanent, and engrossing as this of social position. The core of all the great social orders of the world has been, and for the most part is still, a privileged class of ladies and gentlemen, arranged in a regular scale of precedence among themselves, but all and each superior to all else."

Yet this irreversible condition of intelligent association needs to be counter-balanced by the fact that the individual constituents of societies are continually changing, some gaining recognition and others falling out of the ranks—not always for moral reasons.

Apart from ideals which upon the whole keep every class from ruinous decline, Byron's caustic description applies to clubs and coteries, whether they assemble in Vanity Fair or in public houses—

"With much to excite, there's little to exalt,
Nothing that speaks to all men and all times—
A sort of varnish over every fault,
A kind of commonplace even in their crimes."

When we turn from the general to the particular, from the busy crowd of self-seekers and the mass of toilers who crave relief from daily drudgery in coarse pleasures, the innermost meaning of the desire to rise begins to appear. Small natures are hungry for recognition by those whom they deem their superiors. Fine clothes, plenty of money to spend on trifles, more leisure than they know what to do with—these constitute the hall-mark of gentility in their eyes. They are not envious of real superiority of mind and character; nor are they ever critical as to the essential marks of good breeding, such as courtesy, broad sympathy, and true refinement. Great men and women are possessed by nobler aspirations than the baubles of the world can satisfy.

WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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SWEEPING ELECTORAL VICTORY

The cables do not any longer give us good news that they can withhold. The silence they have maintained regarding the recent elections in Ireland—elections for District and County Councils and Poor Law Guardians, is eloquent. I have received private advices from Ireland saying that victory in the local elections has been far more sweeping than had even been anticipated. Only fifteen per cent. of the offices have been left in the hands of the Unionists. At the Parliamentary election now nearly two years ago, the Unionists got almost twenty-five per cent. of the vote. At the Municipal elections last year their share was reduced to twenty per cent., and now the local elections show the marked progress of only fifteen per cent. of the local administration left in their hands. So almost the whole administration of the country is in the hands of the Nationalist people, and consequently their power of paralyzing English Government in the island has assumed proportions that create troubled dreams in London's sleep. Before these victories the English Government found Ireland to be a handful. But now—!

POLITICAL GIVE AND TAKE

For purpose of securing these victories Sinn Fein and the Irish Labor Party worked shoulder to shoulder, made deals where deals were needed, and divided representation in the proper proportion—in quarters where it was necessary to divide it. In Ulster, where a remnant of the Parliamentary party's following still maintains its ground, Sinn Fein made a deal with them last if they competed, many offices that should be National, might slip into the hands of the Carsonites. Now two of the Counties, Tyrone and Fermanagh, which Lloyd George's Bill was handing over to King Carson, have shown themselves Sinn Fein. The cry of Carson's friends in the Government was: "We cannot coerce Ulster." It will be interesting to hear them exclaim: "Then why coerce Fermanagh and Tyrone, forcing them to become a part of King Carson's domain?"

LOOKING FOR A PARLEY

With sorely harassing Eastern problems on its hands the Government is, each month, becoming more and more distressingly eager to induce Sinn Fein to parley with it—always striving indirectly for the parley. It is terribly hard to bring itself to deal openly with slandered Sinn Fein and ask for a conference. It would be more humiliating still when its enemies in Parliament would quiz it about its stooping to the low level of Sinn Fein! Consequently in its frantic efforts for parley, it is using agents that no one can officially identify with the Government. When the hunger-striking Irish prisoners get themselves released from Wormwood Scrub prison on the outskirts of London and were taken to hospital, it is said every one of them was approached by unofficial agents of the Government, asking that Sinn Fein should come out in the open and state what is the minimum they will accept, and make peace. The released prisoners laughed at these agents telling them that Sinn Fein was in the open every day stating its minimum which is: "Take yourselves bag and baggage out of our country." The agents were very much disgusted with the unpromising reply. They consider that these awful Sinn Fein are not good sports. They put principle before politics, and it is distressing for real politicians to have anything to do with such eccentric people.

SINN FEIN SUCCEEDS WHERE POLICE FAIL

The executive and judicial branches of the Sinn Fein Government continue to work finely. Some months ago a sum of twenty thousand pounds was taken from the officials of the Munster and Leitrim Bank, in Millstreet, Cork, by bandits. The English Government police and officials, after months of trying to locate the bandits and the loot, at length gave the matter up. Then a Sinn Fein raid was organized. A band of Sinn Fein boys descended upon Millstreet, and occupied the town for two hours, while they searched for and arrested the guilty partner, and carried them off prisoners to the Mountains. A few weeks later, the Sinn Fein boys came back again to Millstreet, occupied the town once more, searched and got another few of the looters whom they had missed in the first raid—and carried them off to the Mountains also. The bandits were held in confinement till they confessed where the loot was hidden. Then the money was got and returned to the Bank, after which the robbers were sentenced to different forms of punishment. This coup has created a good impression all over Ireland, even outside Sinn Fein

circles—and it has created much astonishment in England.

SINN FEIN JUDICIAL TRIBUNALS

All over the country Sinn Fein has taken up the doing of police duty. Arrests and trials are proceeding every day. The trials are not open to the public—though it is not kept a secret where and when the trials are being held. At the Sinn Fein trial the other day in Dingle, County Kerry, of a man charged with robbing the store of a poor newsdealer, a large crowd, which included half a dozen of the British policemen, stood outside the Sinn Fein Hall, waiting to hear the result. In all cases of robbery Sinn Fein judges are compelling guilty prisoners to make full restitution. In cases where the money has been squandered and the robber has not immediate means to repay, it is arranged for that he shall go to work and repay by instalments. This way of newly punishing the guilty one, but also compelling him to make reparation to the injured, is quite an improvement upon the old system which, not providing for restitution, left the injured person as sorely punished as his injurer.

SINN FEIN COURTS REALLY ENFORCE LAW AND ORDER

An account of these activities of Sinn Fein, sent out by the Press Association, appeared in all the English papers. Regarding an arbitration court established by Sinn Fein in Southern Leitrim, Sinn Fein Association report says: "So many disputes have been settled by this Sinn Fein Arbitration Court or Land Committee which has held several sittings lately, that at today's regular Petty Session, in Carrick, not a single case was listed for hearing. At Thurles at the week end a young man was arrested by Irish Volunteers in connection with the robbery of two machines. On being brought to trial, he pleaded guilty and the property was restored to its rightful owners. Subsequently the mother of the accused came forward and thanked the Court, expressing her conviction that their action was for her boy's good and would prevent a repetition, while the young man himself said he was fortunate enough to be detected in his first lapse. On Thursday two brothers who were 'wanted' in connection with a bank robbery at Ballydaly Cross last November were arrested by Irish Volunteers near the train from Mallow at Lombarstown Station. They await their trial. At Kilmallock recently Irish Volunteers arrested and brought to trial two men in connection with cattle stealing at Kilfinane. One man was fined twenty-eight pounds with five pounds costs, twenty pounds to be paid at once, and the balance in weekly instalments of ten shillings, and the other five pounds with one pound costs to be paid in weekly instalments of five shillings. Both men were prohibited from leaving the district for six months."

IRELAND ESTABLISHING DIRECT TRADE

The workers in the Irish Industrial Development Association, continuing their activities for getting Ireland in direct touch with the outside world—instead of having all her trade pass through England as formerly, have opened a direct trade with Germany. The first steamer, called the Wicklow Head, has just arrived from Hamburg with a large consignment of German goods. Irish manufacturers and producers are being stimulated to organize return cargoes for export to Germany. Direct trade is now being carried on with America, France, and Germany. Before the year is out, it is expected that several other countries will be added to the list. So England's brass wall around Ireland is crumbling fast.

DANGEROUS IRISHMEN

Amongst the latest arrests and imprisonments without trial are a boy of fifteen, and, just outside of Dublin, a man of eighty-seven. The crime for which the old gentleman was arrested was for having in his possession a rifle. But for the great age of the poor old man who is in prison, this latter affair would be a joke. Because it turns out that the rifle was one of the thousand ancient discarded Italian rifles which Mr. Radmond bought as a bargain lot for his Volunteers—in order to please them with the idea that they were carrying real guns, when they were drilling.

SEUMAS MACMANUS, Of Donegal.

WILLING TO PAY THE PRICE

It is not often that the Irish come in for any amount of laudatory tribute within the walls of the House of Lords, but on the occasion of a recent debate on the matter of Divorce, the august peers of the British realm were reminded by Lord Parmoor that the morality of the Irish people placed them, as a nation in a class by themselves. That country, in other respects unhappy, stood out as an example to every land on the globe. There is no nation in the world purer than the Irish, and they, as is well known, are

debarred from divorce. "Whenever you have a principle that is worth maintaining," moralized His Lordship, "it must be maintained by a certain sacrifice of individual comfort or the price you pay for principle." And it must have occurred to Lord Parmoor's distinguished hearers that this tenacious maintenance of principles which characterizes the Irish in their attitude toward divorce, is evidenced no less in other directions, where they are willing to forego "individual comfort" and "individual happiness" rather than sacrifice principles as dear to them as life itself.—Catholic Transcript.

ANOTHER OUTRAGE

A GOVERNMENT WHICH SUBORNS PERJURY

The suborning of perjury by the Headquarters of the English Military Government in Ireland and by the Chief officials of the Royal Irish Constabulary has just been exposed in the Dublin Law Courts.

Mr. John Madden of Gortah, County Tipperary, was arrested on September 3rd, 1919, on a charge of having murdered at Lorrha in the same county, Sergeant Brady of the Royal Irish Constabulary. Having passed through a series of preliminary investigations he was returned for trial before a "Special Jury" in County Dublin. The venue was selected because the Special Jurors of County Dublin are hostile in politics, and in the majority of cases, in race, to the mass of the Irish people. A conviction could, the English Law Officers in Ireland believed, be more easily secured there than anywhere else in Ireland.

On April 22nd, 1920, the trial of Madden before the jury began. On April 23rd, 1920, the case concluded. From the list of Special Jurors the Crown picked twelve gentlemen who were known to be particularly amenable to their direction. The Crown Counsel opening his statement laid special stress upon the importance of the evidence of two Crown witnesses—Constable Foley, Royal Irish Constabulary, and John Gilligan—and represented that in calling these witnesses the Crown was acting in the name of the Irish people for the protection of law and order.

The evidence of Constable Foley was that the night of the murder was a bright moon light night and that in the two or three seconds before he himself was shot he saw clearly John Joseph Madden firing at and killing the sergeant. In cross examination he said there was no doubt whatever that Madden was the man who fired. When he was reminded that there could be no moon light on the night in question, as a new moon was just about, he still held the murder correct, and he still held that was a bright moon light night. In further cross examination he admitted that he had taken at least eight pints of porter before going on patrol.

John Gilligan swore that he was one of the gang who Madden led out to murder Sergeant Brady. He described the circumstances of the murder in full detail. A gun was given him. He took his orders from Madden. He saw Madden fire and after the murder he saw him hide the gun in his house. But when cross examined he admitted that he had made previous depositions concerning the murder which were totally at variance with the evidence he was now giving. He admitted further that at the time he was preparing his evidence he was living at the Headquarters in Dublin of the Royal Irish Constabulary, the Headquarters in Dublin of the English Government. As the cross examination proceeded he broke down so completely that the Crown Counsel threw his overboard and denounced the witness he had previously praised as a "degenerate informer." Several reputable witnesses including a doctor, proved that the night of the murder was a particularly dark night, and witnesses of as good standing gave evidence that Madden was in his own home at the hour of the murder. The packed jury, after 25 minutes' retirement, brought in a verdict of "not guilty," and Madden was discharged.

From the hearing of the case and the verdict it was clear that not only had Gilligan perjured himself but Constable Foley almost as wantonly, as to the evidence they should give both had obviously been coached not only by the Chief Officials at the Depot of the Royal Irish Constabulary but at Dublin Castle as well. Neither Foley nor Gilligan has yet been arrested for his perjury.

One further interesting incident of the trial is that after Madden had been arrested Gilligan joined the British Army, and when he appeared to give evidence at the trial he was in British uniform. This is generally regarded as a trick planned by the English rulers of Ireland to impress the Special Jury, whose sympathies are as entirely with the British Army of Occupation in Ireland as they are against the Irish people.

The London "Daily Herald" in an editorial in its issue of April 26th commenting on this trial says:

"It shows also that there is procurable in Ireland 'evidence' upon which the lives and liberties of Sinn Feiners can be sworn away by perjurers, presumably for a consideration. And it would seem to be in the interest of someone to see that this kind of evidence is provided when required."

BISHOP KELLY'S CONDEMNATION

"CALLOUS, DELIBERATE MURDER"

Skibbereen, Thursday.—Prenching in the Pro-Cathedral, Skibbereen, on Ascension Thursday, His Lordship the Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Ross, after speaking on the Epistle, said that reading the previous day in the newspapers of an attack on four policemen in the district of Timoleague made his flesh creep. It was a callous, deliberate murder. It was slaughter. He asked—Do those who commit such deeds expect to go to Heaven! Heaven was not for such miscreants, and if anyone amongst the congregation, which God forbid, approves or agrees with such crimes, their chance of Heaven is greatly in danger. Heaven is for those who not only act rightly but think and feel rightly. False opinions and wicked thoughts are sins that lead to hell quite as well as wicked actions. He asked them to stick closely to the Spiritual Kingdom and the Doctrine preached by Our Divine Lord.

P. P.'S DENUNCIATION

Rev. T. O'Hear, P. P., speaking at Timoleague first Mass yesterday, said:—

My dear Brethren—My heart is full, and my heart is sad. The Parish, of which I am Spiritual Director, has been stained with blood. On Monday three members of this Church—three devout and holy men—were cruelly murdered and sent before God without warning. Oh! my dear brethren, it was a terrible crime. There is no one in this parish, I am perfectly certain, had anything to do with this inhuman act. With all my force and strength, as Parish Priest and Minister of God, I denounce it. My dear brethren, do not be under the impression that this murder was justified. Some people will tell you that we are at war with England, that Sergeant Flynn and Constables Brick and Dunne were doing England's work. They were peace officers, protecting the lives and properties of the citizens, and the shooting far from being justified, was an act of cold blooded and as atrocious an act as was ever committed in a civilized community. I am quite sure that no one in Timoleague is guilty of this crime. Timoleague Abbey is known all over the world. To-morrow Timoleague village and the little hamlet of Butlerstown, hitherto obscure, will be likewise known; and it is sad to think that they will be known, not as hives of industry or great flourishing centers, but as places of murder, crime, and blood. It is some consolation to know—and I am almost certain of it—that this dirty, horrible work was not done by any of my parishioners. No, my dear brethren, this was the work of strangers—of merciless, cruel, callous assassins. May God forgive them for their wickedness. My dear brethren, I have one request to make of you before I conclude. Be patient under all provocation, pray to God that He may safely guide us in this, the most critical period in our history. Do not frequent the streets at night. Close your eyes to all that immorality, wickedness and crime which is in our midst. Pray, my dear brethren, for the repose of the souls of Sergeant Flynn and Constables Brick and Dunne, that although sent to Him without preparation, God in His infinite mercy may grant them eternal rest. And, dear brethren, breathe a prayer, too, for the murderers that the Divine Will may send down His grace into their souls, and make them ashamed and sorry for their awful crime.

Father O'Hear, concluding, spoke under great emotion.

BISHOP OF CORK'S ARTICLE

In the House of Commons, Tuesday, Mr. Charles Palmer asked whether the attention of the Government had been called to an article by Dr. Cohalan, Catholic Bishop of Cork, in the "Cork Examiner," and whether, seeing that it was, in effect, an appeal to Sinn Fein to step murdering policemen, and devote attention to prominent Unionists what action was to be taken in regard to this intemperate crime? Mr. Bonar Law said he had carefully read the article, which contained a very direct and sincere denunciation of the murders of policemen. The reference in it to Unionists did not suggest the sinister motive the hon. member saw in it.—Cork Examiner, May 22.

What is anything to us, if our sins be not forgiven? Is not that our one want? The thought of eternity is not to be faced, if our sins be not forgiven. . . . See then the tremendous necessity of the Precious Blood!—Father Faber.

CATHOLIC NOTES

After three hundred years says Church Progress, Londonderry has again elected a Catholic as Mayor. He is Alderman H. C. O'Doherty.

The ceremony of beatification of twenty-two negroes who died martyrs for the faith in Uganda under King Mwangi, in 1886, was celebrated on Sunday with great solemnity in the Basilica of St. Peter's. Cardinals, Bishops and missionary priests, worn by their labors in tropical climates, attended the services to receive the announcement of beatification from Pope Benedict.

Somersworth, N. H., June 7.—A satisfactory settlement of labor trouble that has existed here for the past three months between the E. H. Warren Company, shoe manufacturers, and its employes has finally been brought about through the efforts of the Rev. Aloysius Bradley, O. S. B., of St. Anselm's College, Manchester. Father Bradley acted as mediator in conferences between the employers and the employes and succeeded in bringing about an adjustment of the differences. The employes immediately returned to work.

New York, June 8.—Rev. Frederick W. Dickinson, rector of the House of Prayer, one of the oldest Episcopal churches in this city, has been received into the Catholic Church, and it is announced, is soon to begin his studies for the priesthood. He was baptized in St. Leo's Church last week, after having been instructed for several weeks by Father Cornelius O'Hara of Whippany, N. J. Mr. Dickinson was shortly after the Paulist seminary, Manhattan, according to statements of his friends.

Bilboa, Spain, June 1.—Senor Jose M. Urquijo, a rich citizen of Bilboa, has, as a thank offering for his wife's recovery from a dangerous illness, presented the Holy Father with a large sum of money for charitable and religious purposes. According to the terms of Senator Urquijo's benefaction one million Austrian kronen are to be diverted to the relief of starving children of Austria; 500,000 marks for the suffering children of Germany; 15,000 lire towards the expenses of the Beatification of the Venerable Anna Maria Taigi, and 15,000 lire towards the erection of the Church of the Sacred Heart in Jerusalem.

New York, June 11.—Pictures and statues of St. Joan of Arc are attracting more than the usual attention of visitors who through the Metropolitan museum these days. Perhaps the most precious of all the relics of the new saint contain a large sum of money for charitable and religious purposes. According to the terms of Senator Urquijo's benefaction one million Austrian kronen are to be diverted to the relief of starving children of Austria; 500,000 marks for the suffering children of Germany; 15,000 lire towards the expenses of the Beatification of the Venerable Anna Maria Taigi, and 15,000 lire towards the erection of the Church of the Sacred Heart in Jerusalem.

French pilgrims who came to Rome for the canonization of St. Joan of Arc were received by Pope Benedict in St. Peter's on May 17. It had been planned to hold the reception in the Vatican, but no hall in that edifice was large enough to accommodate the throng which numbered approximately 20,000. Among the cardinals present were Amette of Paris, Lucon of Rheims, Dabels of Rouen, Andrieu of Bordeaux, Maurice of Lyons and Egin of Quebec. There were, in addition, French archbishops, bishops, senators and deputies. Msgr. Touhet, Bishop of Orleans, thanked the Pope for the canonization in the name of the entire French nation, the Pontiff answering his address. "Pope Pius X." he said, "desires the beatification of Joan of Arc. I am glad the Almighty allowed me to sanctify her, but I regret this honor was not reserved to Pope Pius X."

Dublin, May 31.—Centenarians among the clergy are rare. The Rev. Arthur McCarthy, who has just died in Dublin, had attained the age of one hundred and one years. His was an eventful missionary career. He completed his studies in Capetown, where he was ordained in 1847. In 1852 he founded with Bishop Grimley the first Catholic mission in St. Helena. For ten years he ministered to the troops there, and also to the Catholic civilians. Next he went as military chaplain to Capetown. Later he went to Malta in a similar capacity, and ultimately was sent to England, where he served at various army stations. He retired from the military domain in 1882 and during some years did missionary work in Great Britain. He came to Dublin in 1887 and was chaplain to a number of institutions in succession. His disappearance breaks a link in history, for he was probably the last living person who had talked with inhabitants of St. Helena who had seen and spoken to Napoleon.

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HAWTHORNDEN

A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON

CHAPTER XXVII

MARRIED IN HASTE

Mr. Benton was seated under the steep of the cottage at Ingleswood, in the early spring twilight, when he read this letter...

"Mr. Benton, I have just received your letter of the 15th inst. and am glad to hear that you are well."

"Is it too late to hope?" inquired Mrs. Benton, after reading the epistle through without pause or exclamation...

"It is all plain to me, Lucy," he replied, in a voice scarcely audible from strong emotion...

"But is it too late?" again inquired the mother.

"God knows," he said; "if Marion with her powerful will has become entangled with this man, she would hardly be influenced by the judgment or advice of a parent."

Never before had he referred to their own very early and somewhat imprudent marriage, against the approval of parents...

"Will you see her here?" said the Colonel, "or will you go to the library?"

"I will meet them together," he said very angrily; "I will know in his presence the result of my coming."

The Colonel stepped across the hall and ushered him into the room unannounced. Here was a reciter indeed, Stapleton, the thorough, good-natured man of the world...

"Do you know him?" inquired the wife; "the Colonel speaks of reformed habits."

"I knew him well, fifteen years since as a good-natured fellow about town, fast in many ways; he then spent the income of a large fortune in drinking and carousing."

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The bright brown locks were shorn to their lustre, and silver threads were scattered about the temples. He looked older than his brother. Here was a mission for Rosine, a sister's mission, to bring back to the scarred heart of the brother, trust and faith. Diligently she worked at this task through that long summer, waiting for her own restoration to her parents quietly and hopefully, and in the meantime working constantly at that work which the good God had placed directly in her pathway.

There was no word of Laura from the lips of her husband through all that long time, not even in the abandonment of a visit to his grandfather, which Rosine made in company with Captain Hartland, the Doctor hoping that the mountain air of that region might restore his exhausted powers. Twice since his return, Laura had essayed to go to him, but had fainted in the preparation; she had also written two notes, which had been returned to her unopened. Dora could not help her, for the Commodore had been stricken by disease, and was more exacting than ever, not suffering his daughter out of his sight. At length Laura ventured her last effort, she wrote to the Colonel an imploring note, begging him to use his influence to gain her only one interview; it was an humble, beseeching letter, and Colonel Hartland's heart was softened; he called Aleck to his private room, and gave him the note.

The young man only glanced at the first sentence and threw it from him. "Base woman!" he exclaimed, "if she torments me thus, I will take legal measures to be rid of her; if she would leave me alone, I would be content to remain as I am, to save her from shame. Why should I care for her shame?" he added, grinding his teeth. "She gave little heed to it when she gave herself to dishonor—to infamy."

"Then you have no doubt of her criminality?" inquired Colonel Hartland.

"There, sir, is our wedding-ring," he replied, with unmitigated scorn in his voice, drawing the bright circle from his finger—"our wedding ring! given over to the villain to whom she had given herself! Infamous! Do you think I wish to bandy words with her?" he said, striding across the floor in his wrath. Colonel Hartland said no more.

TO BE CONTINUED

ST. ANTHONY OF THE SINGLE ARM

"An' Dehors!" the thin sharp voice clearly cut through the air and an object projected from a window of the house fell upon a rubbish heap.

Melaine knew both the voice and its owner. Paul Sehr, the infidel collier, has just moved into the house from his former shop lower down in the village. He was an old resident of the neighborhood who for years had shocked the people by virulent attacks on religion and the Church. Otherwise he was a worthy man and did his work well.

Melaine walked slowly to the heap, curious to see what had been thrown there. She walked very slowly, as her health was poor and she was easily fatigued. She looked around for the object cast away, and to her astonishment found it to be a figure of St. Anthony. She picked it up and dusted it reverently with her handkerchief. The figure, a simple one of wood, had had hard treatment, as one of the arms was missing; as diligent search failed to discover the fragment, Melaine concluded that it had been previously detached. She walked to the house and tapped timidly at the door. Sehr thrust his head out of a second story window and glared at the visitor.

"M. Sehr," said Melaine, "you threw the figure of St. Anthony out of the window. Is it that you do not want it?"

"Why do you ask?" he queried.

"I would very much like to have it, if it is not wanted by you," answered Melaine.

"Do I want it?" he cried, sarcastically. "Surely I would not throw away something I wanted! No! I do not want it. Some simpleton like yourself, pardon me, Melaine, but it is the truth!—evidently believed there was some virtue in a piece of wood shaped like a man. I do not. Take it, and I advise you to make your fire with it."

Melaine was so terrified at the violence of the man that she hurried off with the figure without thanking him for it. She climbed wearily to her little room and sat down on the bed. Her tired feet felt, and how the little walk she had taken had weakened her! She knew she was growing worse each day, and that the dull pain which kept her awake at night and which she bore silently on her mother's account. At times she thought she would think too, that she had not long to live. She had seen her mother turn away and wipe her eyes when she looked at her—and how pitifully Pere Ribot had spoken to her after Mass that morning! Melaine was a pious girl, and if she must die, she felt that she had nothing to fear. But, then, came the thought of mother and father—and Ernest.

She and Ernest had grown up together, and today as she sat there so sad and weary, her thoughts flew back to that sunny May day when Ernest had bashfully told her how dear she was to him and she had timidly whispered the word he

longed to hear. Then they had walked to her home, and when she had glanced at Melaine's face as they entered the door, she kissed her daughter and embraced Ernest. When M. Dourges le pere came in he slapped Ernest on the back and grinned all over his face. M. Dourges was a man of few words.

When, the next Sunday, Ernest accompanied her to his mother's house—the father had died years ago—Madame Perin showed such joy over her son's choice and was so loving and kind that Melaine cried for very thankfulness.

There was no talk of immediate marriage—for among the villagers engagements are long and a man and woman must see their way very clearly before they venture on this important step—but was ever a love match so full of sunshine and promise? And now was she to die? She looked at the poor one-armed figure in her lap. "Saint Anthony," she cried, "pray that I may not die. Pray that I may have Ernest!"

Then she placed the figure on a shelf just over her bed.

The summer had passed with its hot days and its thunder and hailstorms, and now the frost sparkled in the morning on the tufts of grass. Winter came swiftly, and by all Saints there had been durrles of snow and the ground was frozen.

In the lee of Cabot's baker shop, sheltered from the cold wind that blew down the street, Pere Ribot and Doctor Lebrun talked earnestly. The priest's face was very sad as he listened to the vehement speech of the doctor, who had a kind heart, though he was rather snappish and gruff, and became violently enraged whenever anyone charged him with doing a kind act.

"And you can give me no hope of Melaine's recovery?" asked Pere Ribot.

"Ma foi, how can I? She has a malignant tumor which is dragging her to her grave."

"Can nothing be done, doctor? Is it absolutely incurable?"

"Yes and no," answered the doctor. If she were the daughter of a rich man and could afford the treatment of a skilled surgeon, she might recover. The chances would be in her favor as she lived simply and breathed pure air all her life. That is an advantage she would have over those accustomed to the more enervating life in the great cities. But, then, she is the daughter of a poor peasant—and therefore she must die.

You believe these are physicians who could cure her?"

"Physicians, no—surgeons, yes. There are skilled men in Paris—among them, Professor Maupin, the brother of our esteemed fellow villager, who could doubtless effect a cure by an operation. Maupin has a great reputation and has lost only one or two out of ten in similar cases, and I think he could save Melaine's life if the operation could be performed shortly. But it's a question of money, mon Pere—of money!"

"Can you do nothing of yourself?" asked Pere Ribot.

"Sapristi, what am I," cried the doctor—"a plain village doctor. I can set a break, amputate a limb, pull a tooth and handle the cases that come ordinarily within the scope of a man such as myself, but I cannot compare myself with such a man as Maupin. I am not equipped to handle such cases and would absolutely decline to undertake one."

"How much money would be required to procure the services of such a man as Maupin?"

"Such a man would not consider a fee less than two thousand francs—possibly more."

"If we could—" began Pere Ribot.

"But we cannot," interrupted the doctor. "You can dismiss the idea of getting that much money together. Why, not a centime would be left in the village, leaving out Merchant Maupin, of course."

They parted, but from the expression on Pere Ribot's face he had not dismissed the subject.

In the twilight he walked slowly in the direction of M. Maupin's house. He passed for a resolute man, but he was evidently depressed about his mission, for he walked by the house twice before he knocked.

M. Maupin received him cordially. He was, he claimed, a good friend of the Church and frequently made small donations when besought by the Pere, but for individual charity he was not famous. Pere Ribot plucked at once into the matter that had brought him to the merchant's house.

"M. Maupin," he said, "there is now in the village a case where charity is needed and where it would be well placed. Melaine Dourges is dying of a tumor which is beyond the skill of Doctor Lebrun. He is confident, however, that such a man as your brother could very likely effect a cure. He is a very famous man, but I hope he is not deaf to the call of the sufferer, and I hope you will lay the matter before him in such words as will influence him to come to the aid of one who is unable to pay for help, yet richly deserves it."

M. Maupin shook his head. "Mon Pere," he said, "you speak as a priest, but you are not speaking as a man of business. With you, money means a new suit once and a while, repairs to your church and the balance to charity. The honesty or professional man has other worries on his back. My brother demands and receives very large fees. He is obliged to live in a style befitting his position and his

expenses are very great. To leave Paris and spend two or three days here on a charitable call might result in the loss of a ten thousand franc fee, besides gravely disarranging his relations with his important clients. I could not ask it of him, mon Pere."

"Not to save a life?" asked Pere Ribot.

"His absence from Paris for two days might cause the death of one of his clients. You see, while he was trying to save this girl he might sacrifice another life."

"If M. Maupin," continued Pere Ribot, who was a hard man to heat, "such an arrangement is impossible if I could get together a fairly substantial sum to pay for a surgeon, would you help us make up the deficit?"

"Mon Pere, you came in a bad time. What with hailstorms in south France and floods in Italy my business is in a bad state. I ask for payment and receive petitions for extension. I cannot readily afford my usual outlay at this time."

Pere Ribot departed deeply disappointed at the result of his endeavor.

It began down about the fish market, did the gossip, and spread over the village as a ripple spreads over a puddle. "M. Maupin has been shot," "He shot himself," "He is dying," "He is dead." He is only slightly hurt." Then time waded a mighty hand and swept away the chaff and the facts remained.

M. Maupin had left the village that morning on a shooting excursion. In crossing over a dyke his gun was discharged and the load went into his leg. Doctor Lebrun was in attendance and had said that in his opinion, the wound was not dangerous.

But it was dangerous and gave no intimation of healing. In fact, blood poisoning was so imminent that Doctor Lebrun sent an urgent message to Professor Maupin in Paris to come at once to his brother's bedside.

The professor was marked contrast to his brother, the merchant. The latter was a smooth-faced, bald man, inclined to complacency, with a manner which was suavely itself. He could refuse a request with the utmost grace—and he refused a great many. The professor was thin, with an abundance of grizzled hair and a stiff grey beard. His manner was forbidding and his words curt and ungracious. His reputation was, however, very widespread, and he was held to be wealthy, and somewhat miserly.

With a few words he approved of all that Doctor Lebrun had done and acknowledged the necessity of an immediate operation. This was performed and the result was most promising.

That evening Professor Maupin took a walk in the village. He strode along, face down, oblivious alike of a splendid winter sunset and the salutation of the passers-by. At the corner of a byway he collided with Pere Ribot.

Priest and surgeon apologized. The one politely, the other gruffly. Pere Ribot inquired after M. Maupin. The professor was about to continue his walk, when the priest interposed. "I wish very much that I could interest you in another case, Professor Maupin."

"Ah," remarked the professor without interest.

Uncompromising to say the least, but Pere Ribot stood by his guns. In eloquent words he pictured the plight of Melaine—the utter impossibility of sufficient money being raised to procure the surgical aid which in the opinion of Doctor Lebrun would most likely result in a cure.

"I hold," he concluded, "there is no more princely fee obtainable than the gratitude of deserving people and the knowledge that one has aided one of God's creatures."

"Mon Pere," replied the professor coldly, the calls upon my services are extremely exigent at present and my time is not my own. I regret that I must decline, as I leave for Paris tomorrow morning."

Then Pere Ribot drew his sword and threw away the scabbard. "Have a care, Professor Maupin," he said. "The eminent abilities which you possess are the gifts of God. Beware how you refuse to use those gifts in charity to one of God's creatures."

The professor shrugged his shoulders and continued his walk.

The following morning was very cold, and when Pere Ribot arose at five o'clock to prepare for the six o'clock Mass his teeth chattered. He descended the stairs by the light of a candle, and when he reached the bottom there came a knock at the door.

"A sick call," he murmured, and opened the door. When he saw his visitor he came near dropping the candle in amazement.

Professor Maupin stood on the threshold.

Pere Ribot made him enter and be seated at the same time apologizing for the absence of heat in the room. The professor cut him short.

"Mon Pere," he said, and his words and manner evidenced great perturbation. "I have had a disturbed and restless night. I had a dream—no, rather a vision, as a dream could not have made such an impression on my mind. There appeared to me a figure which I recognized as Saint Anthony. His countenance was sorrowful and the words he spoke reproachful. You have refused the only request I have made of you, were the words I heard. Now, mon Pere, the only call is the one you made last evening in behalf of a young girl and I shall

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obey it. I wish to have you hear my confession, and then I will go to the sick girl."

Directly after Mass, Pere Ribot called on Dr. Lebrun and with him the professor visited Melaine. Arrangements were made to have the operation take place next morning and the professor felt very optimistic as to the result.

After the doctor and professor had left, Melaine said to her mother: "I shall get well. Saint Anthony has sent this surgeon from Paris to cure me. I am sure of it. Please say to M. Sehr that I would like to see him this evening."

Late in the evening the infidel entered the room. "M. Sehr," said Melaine, "I want to thank you for permitting me to carry away this figure of St. Anthony you hung from the window. I am very ill and I was to die, but Saint Anthony has prayed for me and a great surgeon has come from Paris to cure me without it costing a franc."

"But, my dear child," cried M. Sehr, "do not thank me. I did not give you the figure, I threw it away."

"If you had not thrown it out of the window that day," persisted Melaine, "I would not have had it, and consequently would not have had his help. I must have died, and now I am so well. I must thank you, M. Sehr."

The old man laid his gnarled and discolored hand on Melaine's head. "I wish I could think as you think," he said sadly, "but I cannot—I cannot." And he walked out without raising his eyes from the floor.

Melaine had been removed to her parents' room as being larger and lighter, it was better suited for the operation.

Doctor Lebrun watched with intense enthusiasm the masterly manner with which Professor Maupin handled the knife. Precision, skill and forethought were all present. Every obstacle was met and every complication foreseen and provided for. When it was completed, he silently grasped the surgeon's hand.

"As far as I can see she will recover," remarked the surgeon coolly. "It was an interesting case."

They walked into Melaine's room, where her parents, rent by agonizing suspense, awaited the verdict, both on their knees.

"Professor Maupin declares that there is every reason for believing Melaine will be entirely well," exclaimed Doctor Lebrun. "Is it not so, professor?"

The professor paid no attention to the words of Doctor Lebrun nor to the two old people who approached him with tears of gratitude in their eyes at the good news. He was staring with an expression of amazement at the figure of Saint Anthony on the shelf above Melaine's bed.

"Where came that figure?" he demanded. "Wonderful!" exclaimed the professor, "most wonderful!" and turning to Doctor Lebrun he continued: "Night before last I had a dream, or a vision, in which Saint Anthony appeared to me. The impression, though vivid, left something wanting, something which I could not recall or explain. I now see what it was. The figure which appeared to me had but a single arm, as has this figure on the shelf."

Melaine improved rapidly, and the haggard, worn expression entirely disappeared from Ernest's face as he saw the attainment of his hopes possible.

"Saint Anthony performed a wonderful miracle," said Melaine to Pere Ribot one morning.

"It was not the only one," smiled the good priest. "This morning Paul Sehr attended Mass for the first time in twenty-five years."—Rosary Magazine.

CHURCH, STATE AND PROTESTANTISM

Floyd Keeler in America

The menace of Bolshevism which threatens to engulf the world has brought men seriously to consider the unhappy divisions into which those who profess the Christian name are separated. They are realizing more keenly than ever before that these divisions have offered the way for this new danger to arise and that the Christian forces must have some degree of unity if terrorism and anarchy are not to sweep over the earth, to the destruction of all religion and morality. They see that the millions of dollars which are now annually expended on the maintenance of the various rival sects might be better spent in constructive work in some of the many unoccupied fields, and they are trying to find a way out of the maze of their present confusion. I have several times called attention to these schemes and have shown how, though born of a real desire to accomplish their much desired end, they each and all are lacking in that Divine element whose alchemy alone is able to turn their baser metals into pure gold.

Under the caption "Shall We Unite the Churches?" Professor Durant Drake, Ph. D., of Vassar College writes in a recent issue of the Biblical World his ideas as to such a possibility. Dr. Drake starts out with a perfectly obvious statement of the wastefulness of the present condition of Protestant Christianity, for evidently the Catholic Church is left entirely out of his reckoning, and he tells us, truly enough, that so far as they are concerned.

"The movement toward church unity springs not from a mere dislike of heterogeneity, but from an irritation at waste of effort, at narrow provincialism and cliques, at the spectacle of a hundred little

complacent, ineffective dogmatic groups, where we ought to have breadth of vision and union of effort. It is essentially the passion to get ahead faster with the work which the church exists to do. At present many towns and cities are wastefully over-churching; it is not uncommon to find a thousand people supporting, meagerly and with difficulty, five or six churches, with five or six shamelessly underpaid ministers, five or six expensive and ugly church buildings, using a few hours a week apiece, and contributing nothing in taxes to the community, and perhaps as many parsonages, a burden to their occupants to run on the salaries they receive. There is probably very little difference in the preaching; it is a matter of different labels, different denominational connections, and superficial differences in forms; what the various labels really meant to the founders of the sects is pretty completely forgotten by most of the members. Nothing really separates most of them but petty unreasoned prejudices and the chasms between social sets."

Yet in spite of this he announces sententiously that "Most men and women are tenacious in their convictions, however ill founded; indeed, the more fanatical in proportion to the lack of clear thinking they have done, for much thinking is found to breed respect for opposing ideas. They cling to their particular brand of theology with intense assurance, and to their denominational home with loyalty and pride."

And in this he finds the difficulty. But what are these "convictions" which are so all-important to those who hold them, and yet are in reality so unimportant that they can be brushed aside as mere outworn shibboleths of a bygone age? Can it be possible that the seriousness of the present situation has created a panic; that men are acting in the insane fashion sometimes exhibited at a fire, where crockery is thrown from upper windows while featherbeds are carefully carried down stairs? Dr. Drake had two plans, each equally futile. He says:

"One is that the denominations shall be kept and joined in a practical working union, mapping out and dividing up unoccupied territory, canceling all needless churches, and working together for social service, missions, and educational effort. On this plan everyone would join the nearest church, of whatever denomination it might be, and the smaller communities would have but one community church, here of one denomination and there of another. Such a working arrangement would quickly make denominational differences meaningless, and would probably be but a temporary step toward a complete union."

On this most excellent plan I would be obliged to be a Presbyterian for I could reach that brand of Christianity in a few minutes' walk instead of being obliged to pay car fare and ride a mile or so to the Catholic Church; as I now do. It would simplify matters immensely so far as ease is concerned, but how about the truth? What becomes of those convictions which the author says are so firmly entrenched? He tells us further that

"Men are not saved by correct belief, or damned for incorrect belief, with regard to such matters as baptism or the episcopate or the Trinity, as the great majority prove that they realize through the readiness with which they transfer their membership from one sect to another upon marriage, or a change of residence."

Do they? One might equally well say that matrimony is proved not to be an indissoluble relation because in the ease with which persons take on new partners at their desire, or that the Ten Commandments are proved not to be of obligation because of the widespread violation of them. Such "proof" enables one to prove anything. Dr. Drake rails at dogmatism, yet here is a most arrant piece of it.

It is quite true that Our Blessed Lord said "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God," but what has that to do with Dr. Drake, who assures us that right belief in connection with baptism will not stand in the way of our salvation? It would of course be useless to remind him of the Arian controversy and the decision of the Church on the doctrine of the Trinity, but we might expect him to accept the Scriptures as having some degree of authority. But aside from such considerations, it is evident that so long as denominationalism exists, this easy going interchange of labels will not accomplish anything, for, if one may be a Presbyterian in one neighborhood and a Baptist in another without any difficulty or compunction, he is going to feel that denominations are all wrong and take steps to ask them why they exist anyway. Dr. Drake realizes this and so his second plan is one which is designed to meet this objection. He proposes that "In each over-churching community the congregations unite to form an undenominational church." This, he says, will make everyone feel at home and will attract "the great masses of the 'unchurched' who usually distrust denominational labels and particularisms." This was exactly the scheme proposed by Alexander Campbell a little more than a century ago and which, when put into practice, resulted in the foundation of several new denominations.

Ecclesiastical government of some kind is recognized to be a necessity

and so it is proposed to create "a centralized organization of undenominational churches." This has a formidable and forbidding sound and seems to leave room for the petty tyrannies, the prejudices, and the things that are at present deplored in the denominations now in existence. Calling a sect away with denominational characteristics nor make it any the less a sect. Moreover there is proposed something that has a still more sinister sound to American ears, for the author advocates that thing which all loyal Americans feel fraught with the greatest danger to our liberty, and which they oppose with absolute unanimity, namely: the union of Church and State. Of course it is this undenominational church which he wishes allied to the State, and here he discloses something that probably many of his fellow-religionists would wish he had kept to himself. This gives new meaning to the "interdenominational" movements which are being urged today and shows that in the minds of some at least of its leaders a body of united Protestant forces is hoped for and planned which shall effect some sort of union with the Government.

More and more the need of religion in education is being seen by the more thoughtful and it is being urged as a part of an Americanization program. But in the same breath the Smith-Towner bill and similar legislation are being pushed along, in the hope of making that religious education of their own State-controlled variety. Will the "Undenominational Church" established and in control, religion education which is carried on by religious societies at their own expense and for the purpose of inculcating a love of truth and of giving an adequate preparation for eternal life would receive scant consideration, we may be sure.

The love of power is strong in many Protestant sects and some of them have turned themselves into little besides adjuncts to one or another sort of political activity. To throw dust in the eyes of their fellow citizens this lesser element has followed the cry of "Home political intrigues and has sought to draw attention away from its own doing by starting a false trail. But there is another element, and it is in the majority, which consists of simple-hearted, faithful people, who long only for peace and unity among Christians, and who see in it the sole hope of any sound reconstruction. Too often they play into the hands of these ecclesiastical politicians and it is pitiable that prejudice should so blind them that they are unable to accept the obvious solution of the difficulties, the very thing, indeed, which they are demanding. In another essay in this same magazine the writer is asking of the Christian ministry religious leadership and he says, "It must speak with authority," yet when that authority speaks they will have none of it. They are demanding a Church which can meet the needs of the age, which can approach the present day problems with a solution which not only seems reasonable but which will work, but when the Church which has met the needs of sixty generations and has solved the problem of the world during twenty centuries offers its tried remedies, they spurn them. They truly belong to the generation that "killeth the prophets, and stoneth them that are sent unto them."

A church to be heard must have something to teach and if a "right belief" matters not, on what shall its basis be? Teaching of four centuries of false thinking are producing their result. Men flounder around in a maze of contradictory beliefs and in the midst of a sea of unworkable plans. They realize their danger and cry "Lord save us, we perish," yet when He holds out to them the conditions upon which they may be saved, they hearken to the voice of the tempter saying "Ye shall not die the death."

As the "last days" approach we may not expect the complete triumph of the Church, for the adversary is ever more and more on the alert, seeking to draw away mankind, and he all too frequently succeeds with a large portion of the race, but there are always some devout persons who are waiting for the kingdom of God and for them we must continue to bear witness. Although we continue to be "everywhere spoken against" we must continue to hold aloft the light of Christ which has been committed to our care. The cataclysms of history afford us sufficient evidence of the Church's ability to meet the needs of the ages, and if, as Dr. Ralph Adams Cram has recently asserted, we are about to enter into another and most tremendous cataclysm, our duty is the more urgent to stand fast in the Faith which has been entrusted to our keeping. Our every action is the subject of scrutiny. Rightly or wrongly every Catholic is considered by outsiders to represent the Catholic Church, and it places a tremendous responsibility upon us miserable sinners. But in the infinite mercies of God we do possess the gift of faith, the means of grace, and the way of salvation for the world. Let us then not fail to be vigilant in our contest for justice and righteousness, and to combat falsehood with truth, bigotry with charity, hatred with love and kindness, so that though men may be unable to go through ignorance or hardness of heart to see the truth in the Church's teaching, still they may be convinced by our very works, and may see mirrored in us the Christ, whom we though imperfectly, love and serve.

SERMON ON LABOR

(By N. C. W. G. News Service)

Washington, D. C., May 23.—Foremost Washington representatives of industry are discussing with great interest the remarkable series of sermons on the industrial question which has just been concluded by the Rev. Thomas J. Gascon, dean of the post-graduate course and professor of sociology at Georgetown University, in St. Aloysius Church. Notable among the auditors was a considerable group of local Socialists. A section of the church was reserved for representatives of employers' organizations and of the American Federation of Labor. Members of Congress and women prominent in Washington society were conspicuous at the exercises.

Father Gascon declared there is only one great force that will adjust the social order and that is Christianity. He pointed to the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount, the writings of St. Augustine and St. Thomas and the Encyclicals of Pope Leo as furnishing the foundations for a just industrial order. Father Gascon said in part:

"No thoughtful man can unconsciously gaze upon the wild unrest which permeates at present the entire industrial world and threatens the very existence of our modern civilization. As those living near the scenes of volcanic activity wisely heed the rumblings of impending danger, so prudent men will listen to the cries of the crushed toilers and endeavor to find a remedy whereby their acknowledged wrongs will be righted."

"The whole difficulty seems to lie in the wrong viewpoint which many men take with regard to certain fundamental principles of life and of human activities. In the first place, it is obvious that the only effective remedy for existing evils must be based on justice. The tolling masses are not begging mercy or charity, but they are demanding justice."

"Now many people have a strange idea of justice. They regard it as a quality that must fit in with their aims and views, as something shifting and arbitrary, as a term of varying and relative import. The world is being so completely taught that justice does not depend upon personal views and caprices, but that it is something fixed and unchangeable with a standard that is purely objective and varying. In commercial and industrial life it demands a strict equality between what is given and what is received by way of return."

"A second wrong viewpoint of very many capitalists concerns labor itself. Many look upon it as though it were a mere commodity or so much electrical, chemical or mechanical energy, which a man feels justified in purchasing at the lowest figure."

"Human labor is indeed energy, but it is energy absolutely superior to every other form of energy in the world. It is energy vitalized by an immortal soul; it is energy proceeding from a deathless principle, energy poured out by a human being possessed of understanding and free will, destined for an endless life of supernatural happiness. It cannot, consequently, be placed in the same class with the commodities of trade and commerce. And since justice demands equality, the employer fails in a fundamental duty and he is guilty of a serious wrong unless he gives to the laborer, by way of remuneration, that return or wage which enables him both to repair adequately the ravages wrought by toil in his strength, and to pass his existence in surroundings fitting an intelligent and responsible agent. To take the wages of some unusual need to bring down the poverty-stricken a work contract below their standard is to be guilty of a heinous crime before the Almighty and to merit the verdict of external condemnation for fundamental justice and tyranny."

"A third wrong in viewpoint concerns the employment of women and children. These as affording cheap labor, have too often been the victims of avaricious employers and capitalists. The crime against the individual and against society, whose child-life is exploited, dwarfed, crushed by conscienceless monsters is so apparent that all nations are finally adopting legal measures against the shocking iniquity."

"It is likewise evident that it is a crime against nature to engage women in certain forms of heavy toil. But what of the reward when women perform services equivalent to those rendered by men? What right has anyone to make a lower return, merely because they are not men? Does not change the awards of justice? Does not enter into the calculations of equity? Justice inexorably demands a commensurate return, whenever labor has been performed and this independent of the age or sex of the agent provided of course, that in the cases under consideration, the services are equivalent."

"We must not of course, overlook the duties of the employed, namely that they too are bound by the laws of justice, that they must render careful, faithful, efficient services to their employers and that in no consideration are they permitted, in fundamental equity, to squander raw material, to waste time, to give inefficient labor, or to arouse hostile sentiments against those for whom they toil."

"These are a few of the principles that ought to be urged upon the modern world if the threatened war

between-capital and labor is to be avoided. How can we have a lasting peace between these two necessary agents of an industrial civilization? Only by a practical adoption of the teachings of Christianity, those teachings so well expressed in the sermon on the Mount, the magna charta of Christian civilization, in the letters of St. Paul, in the broad and comprehensive opinions of St. Augustine and St. Thomas and in the illuminating Encyclicals of Leo XIII. The principles taught by these illustrious defenders of justice, will, if practically applied, solve every problem of modern industrial life and remedy every wrong in our modern commercial system."

Interests of our Church.—E. F. MacKenzle, in the June Catholic World.

Hope without action is a barren under.—Feltham.

THE LAST OF MAY

Ab, faith! simple faith of the children! You still share the faith of the old. Ab, love! simple love of the little. You still warm the love of the cold! And the beautiful God who is wandering Far out in the world's dreary wild, Finds a home in the hearts of the children. And a rest with the lambs of the fold.

Swept a voice. Was it watted from heaven? Heard you ever the sea when it sings, Where it sleeps on the shore in the night time? Heard you ever the hymn the breeze brings From the hearts of a thousand bright summers? Heard you ever the bird, when she springs To the clouds, till she seems to be only A song of a shadow on wings?

Came a voice; and an "Ave Maria" Rose out of a heart rapture-thrilled; And in the embrace of its music The souls of a thousand lay stilled, A voice with the tones of an angel. Never flower such a sweetness distilled; It faded away—but the temple With its perfume of worship was filled.

Then back to the Queen-Virgin's altar The white veils swept on, two by two; And the holiest halo of heaven Flashed out from the ribbons of blue; And they laid down the wreaths of the roses, Whose hearts were as pure as their hue; Ah! they to the Christ are the truest Whose loves to the Mother are true!

And thus, in the dim of the temple, In the dream haunted dim of the day, The angels and Children of Mary Met ere their Queen's feast passed away, Where the sunbeams knelt down with the shadows, And wove with their gold and their gray A mantle of grace and of glory For the last lovely evening of May.

AFTER SEVEN CENTURIES

The Bolsheviki are our latest menace. Yet in a sense Bolshevism is not new. It is as old as history. As we turn back the records of the past, we find the Bolsheviki burning and plundering even as now. They bore other names, and they lived in other climes. Still, their signs and other earmarks are the same. And their history teaches lessons that he who runs may read—lessons not without value even today.

There is a vital, pragmatic lesson in the rise and fall of the Cathari—a modern and a timely lesson. With the prospect of a Bolsheviki alliance including Russia, Austria and Germany, with social unrest among the Allies and even among ourselves, we must find and employ strong and efficient weapons. The Bolsheviki are modern Cathari, or the Cathari were medieval Bolsheviki, as you will. Both molded social abuses and their resulting spirit of discontent into an organization that would overthrow society, and destroy all law and authority and order. The weapons that met the one emergency will meet the other. It needs only that we modernize them to fit the changed conditions.

Shall Catholics, as Catholics, remain inactive because this work is not directly and primarily religious? It would be unfortunate—and worse—if we did not do our part. Bolshevism is a rapid poison, and the need is pressing. Others must go far afield in search of remedies—we have the solution of social ills in our very hands. We have the eternal principles of justice and charity, true in the days of the Cathari, and as true now. We need only to modernize their application. Mere speculation and theory are not enough. It is only by concrete realities that Bolshevism can be effectively answered. Our clergy must translate the "approved authors" to meet the terms and the needs of the day. Our laity must carry their teaching into practice in the world of business and the marts of trade. Some few are attempting the work, but the work is too great for them to succeed unaided. There is need for organization, for concerted effort. It is our duty, as citizens, if we would save the State. It is, also, our duty as Catholics, if we would serve the best

interests of our Church.—E. F. MacKenzle, in the June Catholic World.

Hope without action is a barren under.—Feltham.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1920

ABOUT MIXED MARRIAGES

The Christian Guardian, purporting to answer Bishop Fallon's query as to where the moral uplifters stand on the question of divorce courts for Ontario, has to its own satisfaction succeeded in sidestepping that very natural and pertinent question by rehearsing the old campaign slanders about the Ne Temere decree.

Here are some of the Guardian's charges:

"And it is true that even in this Province of Ontario Roman Catholic priests have gone to Roman Catholic husbands who had been legally married to Protestant wives, and they have told those men that they should desert their wives, that the Roman Catholic religion is heaven by only over the ruins of a wrecked and desolate home. And Bishop Fallon, prating so loudly of the sanctity of the home, knows that his Church sanctions this very thing."

And the next week it came out with these accusations:

"We believe the Bishop is honest when he pleads for the sanctity of the Canadian home, but we submit that the official action of his Church in regard to the sacredness and validity of mixed marriages has grievously damaged that Church in its effort to preserve the sanctity of the home. The Church which repudiates a legal marriage as nothing but 'a scrap of paper' can hardly hope to retain the confidence of the public in its claim to be the God appointed guardian of the home."

"The ne temere legislation of the Roman Church is probably a much graver thrust at the home than any divorce legislation now proposed, and the Roman hierarchy, by its pernicious home-disintegrating activities, has dealt the worst blow ever aimed in Canada at the sanctity of the home."

The next week the Guardian gets down to cases—no, to its one case which was furnished by a Presbyterian minister the preceding week!

Now just re-read the sweeping charges against the "official action" and "sanction" of the Catholic Church, "the pernicious home-disintegrating activities of the Roman hierarchy," and the rest. If the old Roman's conceit of the mountains in labor bringing forth a mouse had not come to us down the ages we should have had to invent some such simile to fit the Guardian's case. He deliberately creates the impression that the Catholic Church is breaking up the homes of mixed marriages all the time; that that is the general rule and practice; there is no reserve in the sweeping denunciations. And now it brings forth one particular case. And it forgets one important, one very important consideration. It has such sanction of universal approval that it is embedded in a proverb and transmitted from generation to generation as an undoubted fact of human experience: "There are two sides to every case."

We should like to hear the other side. There is no judicial tribunal in the civilized world that will pass on an ex-parte statement of a case. Nor will the tribunal of intelligent public opinion consider that the Guardian's anonymous case justifies any general charge whatsoever, much less the series of wanton and slanderous charges that filled its columns for weeks, directed against the "official action" of the Church and the "pernicious home-disintegrating activities of the Roman hierarchy."

The CATHOLIC RECORD gave the teaching and practice of the Catholic Church in those cases where mixed marriages are legally contracted but invalid in the eyes of the Church. That explanation was a clear, straightforward, honest and intelligible statement. The Christian Guardian ignored it. It was much easier

to ignore than to answer it. Had the Guardian taken it into account it could make no pretence of honesty in its reiteration of the old slanders of which even the not too scrupulous political agitators in a dirty election campaign are now heartily ashamed.

The writer is a priest and knows priests right through Ontario, from Windsor to Ottawa. He has never known a single home broken up because of the Ne Temere decree; he has never heard through brother priests of one single such case.

The Christian Guardian itself thus quotes the Archbishop of Toronto: "Archbishop McNeil, in a letter whose tone we think all must admire, tells us that in no case has he commanded or even advised separation on account of the Ne Temere decree, and he knows of no case in which a priest has so commanded or advised. We freely accept his disclaimer."

Naturally one would expect to read on and find some apology for such charges as "the pernicious home-disintegrating activities of the Roman hierarchy," etc., etc. No. That is not the Guardian's idea of honesty and decency. It brings out its little ex-parte statement of a single case and asks the Archbishop, "What about this? We know the town in which it happened."

The mountain is evidently inordinately proud of its mouse. It seems to think it is a great, countless herd of mastodons.

And let any honest Methodist take this fact into consideration. There have been at least one thousand mixed marriages in Toronto since the advent of Archbishop McNeil. Yet to bolster up its un-Christian, unfounded, and slanderous general charges it can adduce not a single case from Toronto—but "it knows the town where the thing occurred!" It compiles the Archbishop on the gentle, manly and courteous tone of his letter explaining the actual practice of the Church. And then quotes an anonymous "Presbyterian minister of blameless life" as though his newly-discovered "case" entirely refuted His Grace's straightforward statements. Which is likely to know more of the practice of the Catholic Church—the Archbishop of Toronto or the blameless Presbyterian minister?

It is not necessary to repeat what we have already clearly stated as to the teaching and practice of the Catholic Church with regard to marriage in general or the Ne Temere decree in particular.

We do not ask or expect Protestants to accept such teaching. But we do expect, and we have a right to expect, that honest Protestants will try to understand the practice and teaching of the Church before publicly discussing it. We know scores of Protestants who have an intelligent grasp of the logical position of the Catholic Church on this and on other matters though they are far from adhering to its teaching or conforming to its practice.

We might charitably suppose that the Christian Guardian in its recent diatribes was honestly ignorant of the things it touched on only to distort; but that supposition is precluded by the fact that it has deliberately ignored the explanations offered. The reason is obvious. It could not take cognizance of them and keep on its rampant way of reckless and strife-stirring misrepresentation.

Another consideration tells against the Christian Guardian.

In its first article on the subject the Guardian gave alleged official statistics which showed that Catholics had an altogether undue proportion of criminals. Monsignor West immediately challenged the accuracy of these figures. He showed clearly that the blue book bore out no such allegations as the Christian Guardian made. This was the whole burden of his letter. This was the one thing he dealt with exhaustively, showing conclusively that the Guardian's manipulation of the statistics was entirely wrong. Anything else in the letter was mere assertion or denial.

Yet the Christian Guardian in every issue for three weeks had Monsignor West's name, but never once did it attempt to justify its perversion of official statistics. Never once did it refer to what was the main contention of Monsignor West's letter, and the main reason of his writing it.

Now the Guardian may not have been guilty of deliberate and malicious distortion of official figures in the first place; but it has deliberately kept silent before Monsignor West's pre-emptory challenge.

Why? Every honest man, Protestant or Catholic, who knows the circumstances will put only one interpretation on the Christian Guardian's deliberate and shameless silence in this matter, unless the Guardian itself can offer some explanation.

"ON BRITISH SOIL"

The American Federation of Labor, which is an international organization including many Canadian Labor councils, has been holding its annual convention in Montreal for some days past. On its agenda paper was a resolution of sympathy with Irishmen in the valiant fight they are waging for political freedom. Our newspapers immediately sounded the alarm. Some became quite hysterical over the fact that such an infamous resolution was to be proposed "on British soil!" Later they announced with pained surprise that the "Sinn Fein" delegates were quite determined to push the resolution to a vote. And many of them with that quiet confidence which so often characterizes editorial omniscience predicted the hottest sort of protest on the part of the Canadian delegates; some were quite sure that if the "Irish sympathizers" persisted in their temerity they would "disrupt the American Federation of Labor."

Well, the resolution was reached and there was no volcanic eruption of misplaced imperialism. It is rather peculiar, however, that many of the newspapers give far less space and far less prominence to the actual happening than they did to the ominous forebodings of the dire event. So we shall quote the despatch of the Canadian Press as it appeared in the Globe:

Montreal, June 16.—Irish sympathizers won a complete victory today when their resolution was unanimously adopted by the American Federation of Labor, reaffirming the Federation's endorsement of the Irish Republic and "respectfully requesting that the military forces of occupation in Ireland be withdrawn from that country, and that the Irish people be allowed to guide their own destinies."

The Federation also appealed to the "workers of England, Scotland and Wales to exert their powerful influence to the end that their Government officials, at present in power by votes of the people of England, Scotland and Wales, immediately withdraw the army of occupation from Ireland, and permit the Irish people to pursue peacefully their lives under the form of government which they have established through laws made by themselves and executed by their duly-elected officials."

The Irish Republic, the resolution declared, had been established by an "overwhelming majority" of the Irish people, but the British Government is now seeking to destroy it "through military process."

The Federation by its action also tendered its appreciation "to the peoples of the world who have come to the defense of Ireland and other nations fighting for freedom."

The adoption of the resolution by a unanimous vote, without discussion, was greeted with a tremendous demonstration, which lasted for several minutes.

The much-heralded and expected opposition from Canadian delegates failed to materialize, and neither did they record a negative vote.

The resolution was quite evidently no mere platonic expression of vague sympathy; but a straightforward endorsement of the Irish Republic. And, to quote the Canadian Press despatch, "the much heralded and expected opposition from Canadian delegates did not materialize, and neither did they record a negative vote."

Which is significant of many things. Amongst others that the Canadian newspapers are out of touch with the Canadian people.

Our papers are much more "British" than they are Canadian, and very much more British than the great English dailies.

At the very same time that the American Federation of Labor delegates in Montreal were greeting the Irish Resolution with a "tremendous demonstration lasting several minutes," British and Irish delegates were deliberating in Bristol, England, on a pressing phase of the same question. Our readers know that the Irish railwaymen object strenuously to moving train loads of munitions to be used presumably, in shooting down their fellow-countrymen. They struck on this sort of work, and appealed to their fellow workmen in Great Britain. The Bristol conference was the result, and these British workmen "on British soil" condemned the British Government's Irish policy as the primary cause of lawlessness and outrage in Ireland.

The resolution of the Executive Committee of British Railwaymen in conference with Irish delegates,

so far as the Associated Press records it, is as follows:

"The present murders and outrages in Ireland are the inevitable result of the Government's policy in not governing Ireland in accordance with the wishes of the people," says the resolution. "We condemn such outrages, and appeal to the Irish people themselves to protect human life and property, and equally to the Government to prevent provocation by sending munitions to Ireland."

It was also arranged through J. H. Thomas, General Secretary of the Railwaymen's Union, to have an equal number of members of the Union from the North and South of Ireland wait on the Premier "to endeavor to create an atmosphere enabling a real and permanent solution to be found."

James Henry Thomas, M. P., the General Secretary, pointed out the significance of the resolutions, saying they were passed by the first "All-Irish conference which for two days discussed the Irish political situation in all its aspects and from all its viewpoints."

The same issue of The Globe—the latest at the time of writing—tells us this:

Canada and the United States will soon have in their midst one of England's most remarkable personalities. He is "Jack" Jones, the Labor member of the British Parliament who has fought his way to world prominence from the humble station of a builder's hod-carrier.

"Jack" is representing the British trade unionists at the Congress of the American Federation of Labor in the United States. He will be in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, after addressing Labor meetings in Canadian cities.

There is very much more about Jack Jones, M. P. This is worth including:

The House now takes Jack Jones seriously. "His shrewd common sense always enriches the debate," says one old-school member grudgingly conceded recently.

And certainly even though it accuses the British M. P. of the crime for which thousands of Irishmen are hounded and imprisoned, this last paragraph can not be left out:

Jones is outspoken in favor of self-determination for Ireland. He embraced Socialism at seventeen years of age, and has been one of its most militant advocates ever since. He is regarded as probably the most popular figure of the day with the British labor classes.

At mass meeting after mass meeting of workmen in England, Wales and Scotland resolutions in favor of complete self-determination for Ireland have been carried with enthusiasm. Of course the soil of England, Scotland and Wales is not so ultra-British as some people would make the soil of Canada; but after all it is, more or less, and after a sort, British soil; and despite a reactionary Government stained with shameful hypocrisy and ruthless tyranny, a soil that nourishes those qualities that have won for the term British its most glorious and vital significance, a significance, we hope, in spite of British junkerdom, it will retain or regain.

SECRET DIPLOMACY AND THE SISTERHOOD OF NATIONS

BY THE OBSERVER

I suppose we may now give up all hope of ever learning what our Canadian Government think of the Turkish situation, and the Russian situation, and the San Remo Conference, and the Spa Conference, and the invasion of Germany by French troops, and the agreement between Japan and Russia, and the Rusec-Pelish war, and the independence of Montenegro, or the revision of the Treaty of Versailles.

Possibly some statement may be heard from Ottawa about Ireland; for Ireland always starts an echo in Ontario and sometimes in the West. But that is the most we can expect to hear from Ottawa about European politics. I have suspected this for some time: Now, surely, we may rest certain of it.

Secret Diplomacy! How we rang the changes on it "for the duration of the War!" Oh; the blaze of clarifying, purifying light we were, hitherforth and forever, going to throw into the dark places where wars were made in the rough which the great unsuspecting people must go out and fight and finish in their manufactured state. We said that; and more than that; when we wanted the great unsuspecting people to enlist and go overseas. And they went, nearly half a million of them, and they are buried there by the thousand "on thousand"; and their places in Canada will know them no more. And every man of them

believed he was offering his life to end, amongst other things, this monstrous thing, "Secret Diplomacy;" and that, in the great white light of publicity, the nations would, in the future, discuss their problems; to the end that never again should the world find itself hurled into a war which it could do nothing to prevent because it knew not of its impending.

How much of their protestations came from the hearts of our rulers? At this moment there is question of the publication of the correspondence between Canada, Great Britain and the United States concerning the appointment of a Canadian representative as minister from Canada at Washington. The step is a most important one; the possible significance of the step is great; but its actual significance is not to be made known to the Canadian people.

Sir Robert Borden told Mr. Lemieux, in answer to a question, in the House, that the time might come when this correspondence could be published; but that it cannot be published at present.

If this is final, and if the Canadian public so treat it, we must, if we want to be honest with ourselves, admit at once that there is not the slightest hope that the world is to be freed, to even the smallest extent, from the evils of secret diplomacy. For it is certain, that if the correspondence between Canada, Great Britain and the nation with which, of all the nations, Canada and Great Britain are on the friendliest terms, on such a subject as the diplomatic representation of two with the third, cannot be permitted to see the light; then to hope for open negotiations on any matter of importance between European powers, or on European international questions, is to delude oneself with an idle dream.

Canada is now in the sisterhood of British nations, so we are told. If so, we are commencing badly. The European capitals and their rulers have had diplomatic traditions. We have no diplomatic traditions, good or bad. Here was our chance to assert a new, fresh, point of view. We have done nothing of the sort! We have conformed to the London tradition, which is the European tradition, the tradition of every national capital of Europe.

Canada has had her chance not to break with an old tradition, but to refuse to adopt it for the first time. We had no diplomatic past to be a precedent; and our protestations of the past few years, and the obvious evils of the old secret system, would not only have justified us in calling for cards on the table; but they obligated us to do so. We have not done so. We have done the exact opposite.

Having taken this wrong and unjustifiable position, it seems we are going to be thorough about it. We are going to entrust our secret diplomacy at Washington, it is said, to Mr. Newton Wesley Rowell. If our first step is well taken this is well done also; it is perfectly consistent and fitting.

If we are going to enter on an apprenticeship in secret diplomacy, we are undoubtedly doing well to send Mr. Rowell to practice in our name our first amateur secretaries. Secret diplomacy involves some curious methods of dealing with the truth. And who doubts Mr. Rowell's ability in that regard?

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE NORTHERN apologists who grew hoarse in denouncing lynch law as a peculiarly Southern accomplishment will have their hands full in explaining the Duluth riots of last week. Duluth is almost the most northerly point in the United States.

THE MORE conservative element in the Methodist church has been protesting against the present-day tendency to turn its convalesces into mere houses of entertainment and picture shows. If we may judge by the advertising columns of the Saturday papers the protest comes none too soon.

MISS MARIE Corelli has recently been scoring the Anglican Church authorities for their apathy towards the spiritist menace. "What perplexes and distresses all those who are sincere Christians," she writes to the London Daily Telegraph, "is the seeming lethargy and indifference of the Church to the blasphemy and wickedness of this pernicious cult which is spreading among men and women alike, working them into a state of hallucination that must

inevitably deepen into incurable insanity."

MISS CORELLI has not herself enjoyed the reputation of normality in the matter of Christian belief. It is all the more gratifying, therefore, to hear her voice raised in protest against the fallacies and delusions of spiritism. But is she reasonable in expecting definiteness in anything from the Anglican episcopate? Eloquent voices there have been raised from Anglican pulpits in solemn warning against this and other evils of the age, but the special characteristic of the bishops has been compromise always. And at least one Anglican bishop—Bishop Wellton—has welcomed spiritism as an aid to religion!

IN THE debate in the House of Lords on the divorce question, for example, the Archbishop of York, while explaining that he was personally of opinion that marriage is dissoluble only by death, refused to discuss the subject on the grounds of religious authority, because, forsooth, "others thought otherwise." It was not, in other words, a question of the true or the false, but a matter of expediency as always. Viewed in that light what a sorry figure would be made of the Ten Commandments!

NOW IT IS Greece that is looking towards closer relations with the Holy See. Negotiations have been under way for some time with the object of establishing a concordat. With Italy tending to some degree of reparation for the wrongs of 1870, and France discussing legislation pointing to renewal of diplomatic relations with the Vatican it begins to look as if after all some tangible good might come out of the War.

IT IS fitting that the Holy See's attitude in such a prospect should be one of calm waiting, for it is the nations' part to make the advance. It is they who need the Pope, not the Pope who needs them. When the Governments know their own minds then will the Pope act—not before. If Great Britain, so long estranged from spiritual allegiance, has found it not merely desirable but necessary in her own interest to maintain a representative at the Vatican the so-called Catholic Powers cannot long remain aloof. The harmonious working of international relations depend more upon a proper understanding with the Holy See than the nations in our time have been willing to admit.

AS TO Greece, it is conjectured that the proposed concordat would be much on the lines of that of Serbia, in which country as in Greece, adherents of the Orthodox church are in the majority. In the event of such concordat being concluded the Greek government would probably accredit a special Ambassador to the Holy See, an arrangement which the Greek government has been given to understand would be welcomed at the Vatican. That announcement, taken in conjunction with the further report that the Hellenic government is about to adapt the Gregorian calendar, is not without significance.

EVER WATCHFUL of the morals of their flocks Catholic bishops and pastors use every legitimate occasion to denounce immorality in dress. Wide publicity has been given in the daily press to the action of a New Orleans pastor in refusing to proceed with a marriage ceremony until the bride came to the church attired in conformity with Christian modesty. Similarly, in France, the Bishop of Cambrai, in answer to enquiries made of him affecting the moral, social and religious formation of the young, has made a pronouncement which should have equal publicity.

HE WAS asked if certain dances which need not be named, condemned by some bishops, were permissible in dioceses where they had not been specifically condemned. His reply was that such dances being immodest in themselves are immoral amusements in their nature, and as such forbidden by conscience itself, independently of episcopal condemnation. Gracious and dignified dances on the other hand are not forbidden, and since these are not lacking there is no justification whatever for Catholics to give countenance by their presence or participation to the other sort. The Church can never reverse her condemnation of evil, and circumstances will not change in any manner likely to make such dances permissible.

UNIONIST PLAN FOR IRELAND

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT URGES UNITED STATES TO USE ITS INFLUENCE WITH BRITAIN (Special Despatch to The Globe)

New York, June 16.—In a special cable despatch from London to The New York Evening Post today, Sir Horace Plunkett urges the United States to use its influence in an appeal to England to adopt the Dominion plan of Government for Ireland. In his special cable to The Evening Post Sir Horace says: "WORST OF ALL BILLS"

"The Irish situation has been aggravated by the introduction of the worst of all bills for the better Government of Ireland. It has been indignantly rejected by the Irish people; it was to have brought peace with England and contentment to Ireland. The frank admission, by one of its principal authors, on an English platform last year, that it would be denounced by every man, woman and child in Ireland had ensured its rejection by all except the favored minority of the Irish people who were allowed to dictate its terms. As soon as it became evident that no amendment which could possibly make it acceptable to a majority would be listened to, the representatives of British Labor and the Independent Liberals joined the Irish Nationalists in the refusal to discuss it in Parliament.

ORANGE CONCERT LED BY CARSON

"I had recently made more than one emphatic protest against the usurpation by the British army of civil government in Ireland. Last week I made a further appeal to the British people, which appeared in the London Times on June 2. I called attention to the mockery of Irish political aspirations by the solemn farce played on the Westminster stage, where the proceedings resemble an Orange concert, with Sir Edward Carson as conductor. I now desire to place before American readers the one aspect of the present Irish situation which I feel they do not fully understand; but I must first make clear why I held that they should concern themselves just now with the relatively small affairs of this small island.

PROPS OF CIVILIZATION

"I am convinced that the ordered progress of Western civilization cannot be maintained without the whole-hearted cooperation of the two branches of the English-speaking family in upholding those common principles of personal liberty and national rights for which they fought together in the War.

IRELAND BARS THE WAY

"It is almost universally admitted that the Anglo-Irish conflict must be ended before such larger harmony can be assured. There is no country which does not take an interest in the Irish question. Upon the main issue and by an overwhelming majority their people have sided with the Irish. But it is only when it comes from the United States or the British self-governing Dominions that this general judgment carries real weight with British opinion.

SOUTH AFRICA'S EXAMPLE

"Regarding the influence of the Dominions, I think it will be generally recognized that, of all historical lessons for British statesmen in their dealing with Ireland, none is comparable with that which South Africa affords. Within the past week General Smuts stated that nothing is so vital to the peace of the world as the condition of Ireland in its effect upon the maintenance of the British Empire as a Commonwealth of equal nations having the Crown as its binding link.

INTOLERANT AND INTOLERABLE ATTITUDE

"At the present time many Americans, otherwise perfectly right in their general judgment, have, I think, weakened their influence upon the parties in the Anglo-Irish dispute by underestimating the chief factor in the Irish problem.

"The Ulster men are loyal and law-abiding now; but they keep their arms for emergencies. In effect they say to England, to Ireland and to the world: 'We won't have Home Rule except for ourselves, because we believe only in ourselves and care nothing for Ireland as a whole, and still less for those rebels and worthless malcontents down south.'

THE GOLDEN MEAN

"I have asked my countrymen, as I ask Americans, to consider what I believe to be the only compromise between an impossible separation and an equally impossible union. Differences between British and peoples formerly under British rule, on the one hand, and between different sections of those people on the other, have been adjusted satisfactorily in a variety of ways to meet local conditions, in Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. This solution—the Dominion solution, as it is called—is rejected by the mass of the Irish people because they will not recognize that, in its application to the little group of islands where Ireland stands, the single central control of defense must be conceded. It is rejected by Ulster because Ulster's policy is to reject any plan which recognizes an Irish nation. Might not American opinion, now that it has been appealed to by both extremes, itself appeal to Britain to make the offer of the Dominion plan?"

OLIVER PLUNKETT

IRISH BISHOP AND MARTYR
RECENTLY DEATHED

By Rev. J. Scannell, D. D., M. A.

The Confederation of Kilkenny (October, 1642) marked the fusion temporary as it proved, of old Irish and Anglo-Irish in the struggle for religious liberty. A notable figure at the meetings was that of Father Scarampo, who attended as Delegate of the Holy See. On his return to Rome in 1645—Rinuccini had succeeded him as Nuncio—Father Scarampo was accompanied by five young Irish aspirants to the priesthood. One of these was Oliver Plunkett, then a lad of fifteen years, a member of one of the most noble Catholic families in Ireland. Oliver's father, who resided at Loughcrew, Oldcastle, Co. Meath, was nearly related to the Earl of Fingall, the Earl of Roscommon, the Baron of Lonto and the Baron of Dunsany. Shortly after his arrival in the Eternal City three of Father Scarampo's proteges entered the Irish College, Plunkett, Brennan (afterwards Archbishop of Cashel), and Walsh, who became an Ombudsman. The Pontifical Irish College had been founded in 1628 by Cardinal Ludovisi to provide Irish levites with the education denied them in their own country in those days of persecution. The number of students rarely exceeded eight, yet, before the close of the 17th century, the Ludovician College had given to Ireland two martyrs, (Philip Clery, executed in 1642, and Oliver Plunkett, six Archbishops (among them Peter Creagh, consecrated Bishop of Cork in 1676, and promoted Archbishop of Dublin in 1695), three bishops and a host of apostolic priests. In the Irish College Oliver applied himself with diligence to the study of mathematics, philosophy and theology; his special course in Canon Law, a subject for which he displayed a particular aptitude, was taken at the Roman University. In 1664 he was ordained priest. The oath demanded of students of the Irish College bound him to return to Ireland at once, but it was impossible to do so in that country. Owen Roe's victory at Berubur in 1646 had raised the hopes of the Irish; they were soon shattered by the treachery of Ormond. King Charles had been beheaded in 1649; Cromwell was master now. The Catholic soldiers had taken service abroad. Many of the defenceless wives and children had been shipped to the Barbadoes to be sold there as slaves. Famine had decimated the country; the survivors had been given the alternative of "Hell or Connaught." The bishops were martyred or in exile. Some priests remained to minister to their flocks, whom they visited in the disguise of carters or herdsmen, or gathered round them in the woods or mountains. A substantial reward was offered for information leading to the arrest of priest, monk or nun; those who harboured them did so at the risk of their life and the confiscation of their property. Spies were busy in Ireland and at the ports on each side of the English Channel. Under those circumstances Father Plunkett was dispensed from the immediate fulfilment of his missionary oath and ordered to await in Rome the arrival of a favorable opportunity. In the meantime he was to devote himself to study and pastoral work with the Oratorian Father at the Church of San Girolamo della Carita. Three years later he was appointed Professor of Theology at Propaganda, which position he filled with distinction for twelve years. Meanwhile he had been named Confessor of some of the Sacred Congregations, and had become a prominent figure in official circles. It is clear, however, that, despite his academic success, he considered himself that he was merely marking time, and had a contemporary of his, who has much to say of that success, insists much more on the simple piety of the professor, his love of the poor, and his ardent desire to devote his life to the spiritual consolation of his fellow-countrymen. Meanwhile the hopes of Irish Catholics which had been raised by the accession of Charles II. were shattered again by the duplicity of Ormond. Through his machinations Dr. Edward O'Reilly, Archbishop of Armagh, was arrested in 1666, sent as a prisoner to London, tried and banished. The exiled Primate died in Paris in 1669, and the question of a successor arose. Several names were suggested to the Holy See, but the Pope, intervening personally, appointed Oliver Plunkett to be Archbishop of Armagh.

was seen in the precincts of St. James'. He answered to the name of Captain Brown; his real title was Oliver, Archbishop of Armagh. In March he crossed to Ireland, and was cordially received by Sir Nicholas Plunkett, the Earl of Fingall, and others of his numerous relatives. At first he moved about only in disguise, but when, towards the end of May, Berkeley was appointed Viceroy, such precautions were considered unnecessary. The Archbishop now devoted himself wholeheartedly to his pastoral work. Having consecrated the Holy Oils with the assistance of only two priests, instead of the number prescribed by the liturgy—a privilege conceded to him by the Holy See, in view of the scarcity of clergy in Ireland—he set out at once on the visitation of his archdiocese, and in six weeks administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to ten thousand persons. On June 15th he held a General Synod in Dublin, which was attended by the six Bishops then in occupation of their Sees, and the Vicars General of the other dioceses. In defiance of the Statute on Education, he founded a college for Catholics, which he placed under the direction of three Jesuit priests. The authorities at first shut their eyes to this infringement of the law, and the venture seemed likely to succeed. Monetary assistance was sent from Rome, but as the vicarines were sometimes intercepted, the maintenance of the establishment was a severe tax on the slender resources of the Archbishop. For three years the college continued to provide Catholic boys with the education forbidden them by the letter of the law, and many of the more liberal among the Protestant gentry, attracted by the excellence of the teaching, placed their sons under the direction of the Jesuits. On the renewal of the persecution, Dr. Plunkett saw his college, the fruit of so much labor and self-sacrifice, levelled to the ground. Berkeley's aversion to injustice and persecution was gall and wormwood to the Ascendancy Party. Accordingly, in 1671, while the Viceroy was in London, a report was industriously circulated in Armagh that the Catholics had conspired to murder all the Protestants. The result of the exposure of that imaginary plot was, as was intended, an outbreak of anti-Catholic bigotry, and for some time the Catholic population was in imminent peril. The Primate had to burn all his foreign correspondence, even the brief of his appointment. Berkeley's return to Ireland was the signal for the cessation of hostilities, but the Ascendancy Party continued their intrigue against the Viceroy and succeeded in obtaining his removal in 1672. His successor, the Earl of Essex, seemed at first disposed to continue the conciliatory policy of Berkeley, but it soon became apparent that there were too many bitter days in store for Catholics. Dr. Plunkett continued his missionary labors, and the accounts sent by him to Rome, are as illuminating to the student of Irish history as they are interesting to the Catholic reader. Almost without exception those letters to the Pope conclude with an appeal for financial aid. In one we read that the Primate of All-Ireland enjoys a revenue of six-hundred pounds a year; in another, that his income has been five pounds, ten shillings; in a third, that he will probably be forced to pawn his episcopal ring. Towards the close of 1673, Essex, yielding to the continued pressure of the anti-Catholics, signed an edict banishing from Ireland all Papist Bishops and Regular clergy. Dr. Brennan, Bishop of Waterford, journeyed in disguise to Armagh, and he and Dr. Plunkett decided to take to the hills. Writing to Rome in December, 1673, the Primate says: "I find it difficult to procure even twelve months' hiding in any house where Dr. Brennan and I are in hiding is of straw and covered or thatched in such a manner that from our bed we may see the stars, and at the head of our bed every slightest shower refreshes us; but we are resolved to die from hunger and cold rather than abandon our flocks." Even in this poor retreat they were not left undisturbed. Spies got on their track, and in January (1674) the Bishops had to take to their heels. The weather was very severe, and in their wanderings through the mountains and valleys they more than once narrowly escaped being lost in the snow. For several months the Primate had to keep continually changing his place of hiding; yet, even with the human bloodhounds on his track, he managed now and then to bring the consolation of religion to his persecuted flock. At the end of 1674 the storm of bigotry seemed to have spent itself, and Dr. Plunkett returned to Armagh. For the next few years he was permitted to exercise his apostolic ministry in comparative peace. Besides attending to the affairs of his own diocese, he made visitations of several others, and on one occasion journeyed to Waterford, where he collected statistics regarding the Province of Cashel for transmission to the Holy See. In 1678 was held the Provincial Synod of Ardpatrick. This was the second Provincial Synod convened by Dr. Plunkett; it was also destined to be the last public exercise of his Archiepiscopal jurisdiction; the storm was already brewing which was to claim him as its most illustrious victim. The perjured Titus Oates had told his story to the English people and was enriching himself at the price of innocent Catholic blood. As was to be expected, such another "plot" was soon "discovered" in Ireland. In

Oct. 1678, a proclamation was issued banishing from Ireland all Bishops, Jesuits and other Regulars. All Catholic societies, convents, seminaries and schools were suppressed. The Catholics were disarmed. All "Mass-houses and meetings for Popish Services" were suppressed in the cities and suburbs of Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Kinsale, Wexford, Athlone, Ross, Galway, Drogheda, Clonmel, Youghal, and Kilkenny. A reward of ten pounds was offered for the capture of a Bishop. The Archbishop of Dublin was arrested and thrown into Dublin Castle, where he died two years later. The other Bishops fled to the bogs, woods and mountains. Several places in County Louth are still pointed to as the hiding-places of the Primate. In November, 1679, word was conveyed to him that his old tutor, the Bishop of Meath, was dying in Dublin. Dr. Plunkett immediately decided to take the risk; he succeeded in reaching the capital, and administered the Last Sacraments to the dying Bishop. The authorities soon got wind of his presence in Dublin, and on December 6th a body of militia, under the command of Harbington, an ex-convict, surrounded the house in which Dr. Plunkett had taken refuge, arrested him, and marched him off to Dublin Castle, where he was kept in close confinement for six months without any definite charge being made against him. It was generally understood that the only crime which could be alleged against him was that of remaining in his own country in defiance of a royal edict and of exercising the functions of a Catholic Bishop. Not until June, 1680, did the Government show its hand. They had taken into their pay three apostates—MacMoyler, Duffy and Murphy—and an Irish "Popish plot" had been invented on the approved lines. The Viceroy fixed the trial for July 23rd in Dundalk, but MacMoyler and his associates thought it more prudent not to put in an appearance as their characters were too well known in Ireland. A new trial was fixed for the following year in London. In October, 1680 Dr. Plunkett was taken to London and lodged in Newgate, where he was kept in strict confinement for another six months. The trial opened on the 3rd of May, 1681. The illustrious prisoner was denied legal assistance, and his application for a sufficient time to procure the attendance of witnesses from Ireland, and for the production of certain documents was also refused. Among the fantastic charges made against him were the following: That he had solicited aid from foreign princes to destroy the Protestants in Ireland; that he had enrolled an Irish Army of 70,000 men; that he had explored all the seaports of the Kingdom in order to supply the French with detailed information which would enable them to make a successful descent on the Irish coast; the evidence of MacMoyler and his friends, though carefully rehearsed broken down at several points. That fact and the general tone of the address to the jury by the Solicitor-General, and the Judge's charge, make it abundantly clear that the real issue was the religious one. The jury took only a few minutes to decide on their verdict. On June 14th the Primate was again brought to the bar. The Chief Justice in passing the sentence of death, addressed Dr. Plunkett in these words: "Your is treason of the highest nature; it is treason in truth against God and your King and the country where you lived. You have done as much as you could to dishonor God in this case, for the bottom of your treason was your setting up your false religion, than which there is nothing more displeasing to God or more pernicious to mankind in the world. A greater crime there cannot be committed against God than for a man to endeavour to propagate that religion." On the conclusion of the Lord Justice's discourse Dr. Plunkett said: "If I were a man that had no care on my conscience in this matter and did not think of God Almighty, or conscience, or heaven, or hell, I might have slyed my life, for I was offered to buy my freedom here, so I would have bought my own guilt and saved others. I might easily have saved my life, but I had rather die ten thousand deaths than wrongfully to take away one farthing of any man's goods, one day of his liberty, or one moment of his life." The saintly prelate's preparation for death was in keeping with his life of holy fortitude. Several of his letters to the Holy See, to the members of the Plunkett family and to his friends in Ireland are still extant. All of them breathe of the same resignation to the Divine Will, the same attachment to the faith for which he suffered, the same joy at being chosen for the martyr's crown. On the morning of July 11th, 1681, Captain Richardson, Governor of Newgate, went to the Primate's cell and found him absorbed in prayer. The brave Bishop greeted his English gaoler courteously, thanked him for little kindnesses he had shown him, and, without betraying the least emotion, walked with him to the prison gate. There he was thrown on a hurdle, the guards closed in, and the journey to Tyburn began. The crowds who lined the streets had come to see; the calm serenity of the Bishop's countenance, the lustre of his eyes, his lips moving in silent prayer moved the hearts of many who were not altogether insensible to a touch of nature; spell-bound they closed around the living hieroglyph and followed on to see the end. The spot where the scaffold stood can be recognized to-day; it is marked by an inscription in brass, inset in the

pavement, where Edgeware Road cuts into Oxford Street. Around there, the Primate rose from the hurdle and ascended the scaffold unaided. He looked around and saw an endless sea of faces. A hush fell upon the throng. The Primate spoke. He reviewed his trial, the injustice of refusing to give sufficient time for his witnesses to arrive from Ireland, and denying him the documents he called for. He recounted the charges made against him, and denied before God that he was guilty of any of them. He told of the offer made him to save his life by accusing others, and for the last time rejected it with scorn. He admitted that he had tried to do his duty as a Catholic Bishop and said he was prepared to accept the verdict of heaven on his Primate. He concluded with these words: "As holy Stephen did pray for those who stoned him, so do I for those who, with perjuries, spill my innocent blood, saying, as St. Stephen did, 'Lord, lay not this sin to them.' I do heartily forgive them, and also the judges. . . . I do, finally forgive all who did concur, directly or indirectly to take away my life; and I ask forgiveness of all those whom I ever offended by thought, or word, or deed." He recited the Act of Contrition, and added this prayer: "If I should or could live a thousand years I have a firm resolution and a strong purpose, by Your Grace, O My God, never to offend You; and I beseech Your Divine Majesty, by the merits of Christ and by the intercession of His Blessed Mother and of all the holy angels and saints, to forgive me my sins, and to grant my soul eternal rest." The executioner then stepped forward and drew the cap over the Primate's eyes. The rope was placed around his neck—and still the firm prayerful voice was heard to say: "Into Thy hands, O Lord I commend my spirit." A sharp word from the executioner, and the body of Oliver, Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of All-Ireland, was dangling in the air. The body was then cut down and disembowelled, the head was cut off, four horses were yoked to the limbs and the carcass was torn asunder.

Such are the salient facts of the life of Oliver Plunkett told dispassionately and without comment. They can be verified by the study of the history of the period and more particularly by the minute "Memoir of Oliver Plunkett," compiled by Cardinal Moran, another alumnus of the Venerable Irish College. Popular lives of the martyr-bishop have appeared from time to time; especially noteworthy are those edited by the Catholic Truth Society and by the "Messenger" Office. Many relics of the martyr are still preserved. The trunk which was first buried in the chureyard of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, London, lies now in the Chapel of the Benedictine Monastery of Downside, Bath; the left hand, which he carried in the Franciscan Convent, Taunton; the head, which after the execution was secretly sent to the Benedictine Monastery of Lamspring, Germany, has found its way back to Ireland, hidden in a Dutch clock whose works had been removed. This latter precious relic, still in a remarkable state of preservation, is enshrined in the Dominican Convent, Drogheda. Once there was a young Irish student-priest residing in Rome. It was his custom when he had leisure to wander among the ruins of the imperial Palatine. There, leaning on some fragment of a column, a relic of Roman luxury and Gothic vengeance, he dreamed those dreams which many an Irishman has dreamt since then. Around him the silence and the ruins of decay and death, all that remained of Pagan Rome. To the south lay Campagna's weary waste; there, somewhere beneath the rank and weedy growths lay the bones of the early Church; Imperial Rome had crushed them beneath its iron wheels; where was it now? And there to the north the mighty cupola, the mausoleum of the Vicar of the persecuted Christ, rose resplendent and victorious. And then the dreamer's thoughts wandered far away, to a little land set in the western sea, to home, to friends, to fatherland. For there the same old fight was raging now, and even as he dreamed, he thought he heard the clash of arms, the moans of dying heroes, the piteous cry of widows and of orphans, he thought he saw the shattered altar, the ruined shrine, the priest led forth to death—and as he roused him from his reverie he prayed it might be given him to help his suffering country, to spend himself for faith and fatherland even unto torture and to death.

That was nearly three centuries ago. On next Sunday in the Church of St. Peter, Rome, almost within whose shadow that young priest dreamed his day-dreams, the Vicar of Christ will proclaim to Universal Church that Oliver Plunkett, Bishop and Martyr, is enrolled in the Calendar of the Blessed, and may be publicly venerated by the faithful. Soli Deo summa gloria, but honor also to the Irish martyr and the land that bore him.

MASS DURING VACATION
The warm weather usually starts vacation thoughts. When you were away last year did you attend Mass on Sunday? Did you have a chance to attend Mass? Was there a church near the place where you lived? And if there was no church within easy reaching distance, did you think yourself excused from the obligation? Is this Sunday commandment something you can shed like your winter clothes when you go away for the summer? Please remember that you cannot avoid the obligation. Catholics, therefore, should not select out-of-the-way places where Mass cannot be heard. In making inquiries about the food, board, fishing and other desirable features about the summer resort where you plan to go, don't forget to ask if there is a church nearby, and if there is none, make another selection. There are many resorts where there are churches; make your selection from amongst them.—Chicago New World.

SOME PEN PICTURES

Asquith he designates an "opportunist," and Carson as "a thin-lipped, hawk-faced lawyer and Covenanter who, if he had been born in America, would have been a corporation attorney." Mr. Palmer refrains from describing Lloyd George other than by implication, and the implication is not flattering. Lord French he describes thus: "French is an Irishman of the Protestant alien class." Speaking of the Viceroy's failure in Ireland, he says: "Lord French was trying practically to rule a united white population against their will—a hard thing to do in the twentieth century." Mr. Palmer's name is a household word in America. During the late War, as the doyen of correspondents at the Front, much was made of him by the English Government. His courageous article on Ireland will hardly increase his popularity in English Governmental circles, but it will intensify the Irish agitation in America.

ONE THOUSAND CONVERTS CONFIRMED

One of the most impressive scenes ever witnessed in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, was that of Monday morning, May 11th, when over one thousand persons of all creeds and of many races received the Sacrament of Confirmation at the hands of Rt. Rev. Joseph G. Anderson, D. D., Auxiliary Bishop of the Archdiocese who officiated because of the absence of His Eminence, the Cardinal, who is in Rome. It was the largest class of converts ever assembled at one time in the history of the Diocese. One unusual feature was the fact that there were more men confirmed than women. Many negroes and several Chinese were among the candidates. There were a few aged persons but the majority were young men and young women. They occupied all of the pews on both sides of the centre aisle of the great auditorium while their relatives and friends thronged the rest of the Cathedral. Two converts, Mr. Harry Dodge and Mrs. Martha Moore Avery were the sponsors, respectively, for the men and the women.

IRISH WEEK IN ROME

Rome, May 29.—In ecclesiastical Rome this has been Irish week. It began at St. Peter's Sunday with the beatification of Oliver Plunkett, Irish martyr, and finishes Saturday (today) with closing ceremonies, tridium of thanksgiving at Irish College Church where Cardinals have been celebrating early Mass and pontificating at Solemn High Mass and giving Benediction each day. Every intervening day has been filled with ecclesiastical functions or celebrations. One of the two outstanding days of the week was Monday, when Cardinal Logue, Bishops, clerical and lay visitors, and many of the resident clergy and students went on pilgrimage to attend Solemn Mass at the tombs of the Irish patriot princes, O'Neill and O'Donnell, who are buried in the Church of San Pietro in Monterio, having ended their days in Rome after fighting gallantly for Ireland. The second big day was Wednesday, when the Pope received in audience the Irish visitors and Irish residents. Four hundred were present. The Bishop of Raphoe read an address of thanks to the Holy Father who replied in an allocution which went to the hearts of all. His Holiness spoke of the happiness it gave him to be God's instrument in raising Oliver Plunkett to the honors of the altar, and of the certainty that the newly Blessed will intercede powerfully in heaven for his own people. His Holiness said: "For is not the present moment one in which Ireland is most in need of help from on high that she may realize her legitimate desires without, however, neglecting any part of her duties?" As queen of virtues, charity helps in natural order first those nearest, so surely Blessed Plunkett's intercession will be first for his own people, the Pope said. His Holiness concluded by blessing Cardinal Logue and all present and all Irish people. He was cheered enthusiastically as he left consistorial hall.

"MALIGNANT GROWTH"

OF ENGLISH DOMINION IN IRELAND
By Frederick Palmer, Famous American War Correspondent.
Mr. Frederick Palmer, the famous American war correspondent, has visited Ireland on behalf of Collier's Weekly, and his impressions and conclusions are published in a recent issue of that journal. They form a striking indictment of English tyranny in Ireland, and for that reason will be entirely ignored by the English press. At the outset Mr. Palmer unerringly points to the sore spot in the malignant growth of English dominion in Ireland. "Britons do not talk," he says, "of ruling the white men of Canada, Australia, and South Africa, which are self-governing dominions; but they do talk of ruling the brown, black, and yellow races and the white men of Ireland." OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO AMERICA
And he realizes that this affront to justice makes the Irish question of vital importance to America. America can as little afford to ignore Ireland's demand for fair play as can England, the country immediately concerned. America's reputation for fair dealing, her honor, and her internal peace are all at stake, and with Irishmen forming a large and influential part of her population it is inevitable that America should desire to see justice done. Mr. Palmer makes a masterly survey of the problem. He sees on the one side the native Irish—Catholic to the backbone—and on the other the Protestant Irish, whom he describes in this pungent way: "Their associations are with England, which is Protestant; their position as a majority is due to British rule. Their blood is alien—do not forget that."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

KEEP THE TRADITIONS
The History of early Canada is in great part concerned with the activities of the missionaries of the Catholic Church. These heroic men of old France played an important part in the religious and civil life of the inhabitants of our country and left to us a noble example worthy of our best endeavors. The Franciscans, the Jesuits and the Sulpicians, not to speak of their co-laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, the valiant women of la belle France, gave to the world such an example of disinterestedness and unselfish labor that it remains to this day an incentive to self-abnegation and sacrifice of worldly things in the discharge of our duties in favor of humanity. Who can read of the missionary labors of the pioneer priests of Canada and not feel a little of their zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls! But, mark you, these learned and devout men were not only the "qui vive" for the spiritual welfare of the people committed to their care but they took, too, the most active and practical interest in the temporal cares of the pioneers of this country. As the population increased in numbers so also did the shepherds of Christ. Wherever the hardy settlers went to seek their fortune, we find the priest bearing his share of the toil and suffering and his wise words and influence reconciling the settlers to their lot and fixing them to the soil. In latter days the great prairie provinces of the West and the coast provinces, British Columbia, attracted many Catholics of different nationalities. The demand for priests was just as urgent and their steady influence just as useful as in the days gone by. Many priests responded to the command of the Master to go forth and to seek and to protect His sheep, scattered as they were over immense districts and liable to less their greatest possession, Catholic faith. One circumstance hindered

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

APPEAL FOR FUNDS
There are four hundred million pagans in China. If they were to pass in review at the rate of a thousand a minute, it would take nine months for them all to go by. Thirty-three thousand of them die daily un baptized! Missionaries are urgently needed to go to their rescue. China Mission College, Almonte Ontario, Canada, is for the education of priests for China. It has already fourteen students, and many more are applying for admittance. Unfortunately funds are lacking to accept them all. China is crying out for missionaries. They are ready to go. Will you send them? The salvation of millions of souls depends on your answer to this urgent appeal. His Holiness the Pope blesses benefactors, and the students pray for them daily. A Bursar of \$5,000 will support a student in perpetuity. Help to complete the courses. Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary J. M. FRASER.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. M. BOSSAERT

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

REVENGE, A THREEFOLD WRONG

Almighty God is a God of love and peace; He maketh His sun to rise upon the good and bad, and raineth upon the just and unjust; bestowing good gifts upon all His creatures. He wisheth us to follow His example, and desires genuine charity and peace to prevail amongst us, so that no one may be angry with another, far less abuse him or take vengeance upon him. It is always wrong to seek revenge, and Christians cannot be too much on their guard against this evil.

1. Revenge is, in the first place, a wrong done to God Himself.—By arrogating to ourselves a right that belongs to God alone, we are plainly wronging God and interfering with His privileges. He has said: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," and these words show clearly that no one will escape punishment who injures his fellow man, or deprives him of his honor, property and rights. But to punish the offender and make him feel the chastisement that he deserves belongs to God alone, not to the person offended and injured, who must not avenge himself, but leave the matter in God's hands, or else appeal to the lawful authority that can inflict punishment in God's name. God's will in this respect is made known clearly and decidedly, and no one can bring forward any arguments against it. Supposing a man attempts to avenge himself, and not only wishes evil to the person who has wronged him, but injures that person as much as he can, treating him with contempt and suspicion and destroying his good reputation, so as to bring him to ruin. Is not this man directly opposing God's holy will? Is he not presumptuously interfering with God's judicial authority? And is this not a grievous wrong done to Almighty God?

2. Revenge is, in the second place, a wrong done to our fellowmen.—Those who avenge themselves presume to judge and punish their neighbor, without being in a position to decide whether the injury was inflicted wilfully, for otherwise it does not deserve punishment. Our neighbor may have done or said something that we regard as an insult, but it is possible that he acted ignorantly or hastily without due consideration, or even that he believed himself to be doing his duty. In the former case, he deserves leniency and forgiveness, in the latter esteem and gratitude. Even if he was really badly disposed, and intended deliberately to give offence, is that a reason for avenging ourselves? No, it is never right to repay evil with evil; one unjust act cannot repel another; and how can you argue that you are justified in doing wrong because some one else also commits an offence?

3. Revenge is a great wrong done to the person offended.—You know that with what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again. Now no one uses a worse measure than he who avenges himself on his neighbor, for he judges him without taking the trouble to judge him fairly; he assumes him to be in the wrong, and makes no allowances for him, punishing him for the smallest offences with the greatest imaginable severity. Is not this a bad measure? Yet it will be measured to him in the same way; he need not hope for mercy and consideration; he has judged his neighbor harshly, wished him all manner of evil and condemned him to pay a heavy penalty, and he will be treated in precisely the same way; he will be judged, sentenced and punished. It was not in vain that our Lord warned us, saying: "With what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again," and we have no reason to complain if such is the case, since we pray daily: "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." God acts with perfect justice when He treats us as we treat others.

Let us then banish all revengful feelings; God alone can avenge; we have to cherish a loving, peaceable, yielding and conciliatory spirit, for this is the spirit of God's children. Let us try to acquire it by means of prayer and self-discipline, and in it let us act and speak during life and in death. Amen.

SUGAR AND POTATOES

There are two staples of American life, which, according to all accounts are fairly plentiful. Because they are both in demand, the unscrupulous exploiters have been able to corner both sugar and potatoes. In Chicago, potatoes are selling for \$1.25 a peck, and sugar at 27 cents a pound. Assurance is given that the prices are outrageous. And there the matter rests. We may not quite assent to this. As for aid from the Government at this crisis we need hardly look for it. Neither party will do anything drastic with a campaign in sight. Votes are more precious than sugar or potatoes. And so the question goes back to a long suffering people. They must pay just as much as the man who has the corner can squeeze out of them. It is to no purpose to show that sugar companies have made 200%. That does not reduce the cost to the consumer. It does not help to know that potato kings have made vast fortunes. Of course, any outcry against outrageous prices will be set down as anarchy and

Socialism. This is now the handy and pat answer. But if these are the only two forces which the capitalist exploiter fears, he is evidently inviting their deprivations. We have been all fed up on the horrors of Russia. These may or may not be true. But of one thing we are certain. We know how the forces of Russia were let loose. If a country is to be made a manure heap to nourish a few roses, we know the day of reckoning is bound to come. If another country is made a stamping ground for the production of millionsaires at the cost of the many, it needs no prophet to read the on-coming signs.—New World.

HOW RELIGIOUS ERROR REPEATS ITSELF

AS SHOWN BY ST. AUGUSTINE

Revolt against authority is an evil that will always be with us. It is older than mankind, for it has been the cause of the fall of the angels; and it will no doubt exist as long as free agents may rebel against the Will of their Creator, for pride will not brook the restraint of a superior will.

The revolt of the intellect against the divine teaching constitutes heresy, writes an author. Heresy, in spite of the common error to the contrary is not of a comparatively recent origin. It is, if not a necessary, at least an unavoidable growth on the tree of the Nicolaites mentioned in the Apocryphal teaching authority and in fact, a constant recurrence from the apostles down to our own days, from alphe to the Modernists who were condemned by Pope Pius X. Heresiarchs may come and go; their systems may strive and dwindle; their errors may be clearly exposed and thoroughly refuted, and yet heresy under some form or other will still be with us. It should not, therefore, be a cause of surprise to hear that as early as the time of St. Augustine who died in the year 430 A. D., this great convert from heresy and greatest of the doctors of the Church could enumerate eighty-eight heresies from Simon Magus, the contemporary of the apostles, to Pelagius, the last in line of the leaders of unorthodox thought.

If heresies of all times have a family likeness in this, that they are, one and all, a revolt of the intellect, they resemble each other likewise in the selection of their weapons, both offensive and defensive. St. Augustine's words may mean that the following are some of their favorite arms and tactics.

1. Truth is no consideration, when there is question of scoring against their spiritual mother whom they have abandoned.

2. They will savagely attack the real or imaginary evil of individual members of the Church, as though the Church herself were responsible for these.

3. At the same time they seem to be unaware of the fact that they themselves are living in glass houses.

4. They will furiously pillage Scripture of its most violent invectives against all that is vile and detestable, and hurl them insolently at the fair spouse of Christ.

5. To manufacture proofs for their own system, or to attach undue importance to insignificant events, in order to show forth their own righteousness is not always below their sense of honor.

6. They do, indeed, wrest and twist the sacred text "to their own destruction" (2 Pet. 3:16), being either unable or unwilling to see the meaning of the Scriptures in its context and in its corporate unity, and, on the other hand, indulging freely in fanciful interpretations of obscure passages.

It goes without saying that these remarks do not apply to those who, having received heresy as a sorrowful heritage, have been deprived of their family rights in the Church which is the house of God, the pillar and ground of the truth (1 Tim. 3:15) and yet are more Christian than sectarian, and attach themselves more to the truths which heresy has retained when it broke away than to the errors which it tried to graft on the ancient stock.—Catholic Bulletin.

ST. CHAD'S RELICS

CARRIED IN IMPOSING PROCESSION

(By N. C. W. C. News Service)

London, May 17.—Birmingham observed the festival of the translation of St. Chad on Sunday, May 9, when the relics of the Saint were carried in procession from the cathedral through the principal streets of the city. The Archbishop of Birmingham celebrated Pontifical Mass in the morning, and at the conclusion of the Mass the sacred relics of the Saint were exposed all day for the veneration of the faithful. Bands of pilgrims came from all parts of the city and from the different parishes, accompanied by their parish priests, kept guard over the Relics until the hour of Vespers. After Vespers the procession set out through the city, accompanied by bands and all the confraternities and sodalities, with their banners.

The Relics of St. Chad, who was a Saxon Bishop of Lichfield, have had a changeable history since the Reformation. When the church was spoiled by Henry VIII., the relics were privately taken away by Pre-

latory Dudley to save them from desecration, and by him consigned to the care of two ladies. Had it been known that these ladies were in possession of the holy relics they would have suffered death, and in fear of their lives, they gave them to two brothers living in Staffordshire. These divided the relics, and in the year 1615 a portion passed to Father Peter Turner, of the Society of Jesus.

In 1652 the English Provincial of the Jesuits, Father Foster, inspected the relics, and in his capacity of Apostolic Notary, he officially approved them and the record of the occurrence was placed in the archives of the Society. On the death of Father Turner the relics passed to the care of Father Levermore, S. J., but in 1658, the priest-hunters entered his home and opened the case, carrying off some of the bones. What were left were placed in the safe keeping of the ancient Catholic family of the Fitzherberts at Swynnerton in 1664, where they remained until 1790, when they were lost sight of until 1837, when they were discovered by Father Benjamin Hall, chaplain to the Fitzherbert family. The relics were found by the priest under the altar of the private chapel, and their authenticity established. Four years after this, in 1841, at the consecration of the newly built Cathedral of St. Chad, in Birmingham, the relics were translated to the cathedral and placed above the high altar, where they now rest.

DEVOTION TO BLESSED SACRAMENT

Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament is the soul of devotion to the Sacred Heart. Our Lord calls it the Sacrament of Love, for it is the fullest and most sublime expression of His Heart for men. His most ardent desire, "to draw all to Him," led Him to put aside every vestige, not only of Divinity, but also of humanity and to conceal His glory under the inanimate form of bread and wine. In the Blessed Sacrament, all however humble, could approach Him and unite themselves to Him in this Sacrament, Christ's delight, "to be with the children of men," could be satiated in the most intimate manner. What love could be more ardent or effusive? It is the acme of affection. If the Blessed Sacrament is the Sacrament of Love, then the Sacred Heart is the Symbol and Fount of that Love. One lesson to be learned from the devotion to the Sacred Heart is based on the Blessed Sacrament. The month of June is the month of the Sacred Heart. It is most fitting, then, for the League members to pray this month for "Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament," that thus there may be born many true and ardent disciples of the Sacred Heart.

"I will give you greater gifts than you had from the beginning." How well Jesus fulfilled these words in the institution of the Blessed Sacrament! What greater could He bestow than to give His own Precious Blood and Sacred Body to be our food and drink. The Holy Eucharist is to our Faith what the sun is to the universe; the centre of all, the pivot on which all turns, the reason for existence of all else. How much is contained in this priceless Gift; the Sacrifice of the Mass, Holy Communion, the various Benedictions in the Tabernacle, the Visitation, Benediction and Exposition. Through the reception of this Sacrament, Jesus makes us partakers of His best gifts, yes, of His very nature, of Himself. What a wealth of love is here expended, what a wealth of devotion it should call forth! But "many are weak and infirm, and many sleep," says St. Paul, and the reason alleged by the Apostle is, "they do not discern the Body of the Lord." The Blessed Sacrament is not to them what the Saviour intended it should be. "Ingratitude and coldness from the greater part of men in the Sacrament of Love," was the complaint of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. June should be the time for strengthening, invigorating and energizing devotion to the Sacred Heart, through the Blessed Sacrament. Earnest, united prayer will furnish the needed tonic.

"If thou didst know the Gift of God thou perhaps wouldst have asked of Him." These words of the Saviour to the Samaritan woman at the well, could be aptly directed to a generation, selfish for peace and happiness. Ill and ailing and sullen men, and they know not the Divine Physician, and His all-healing gift, the Eucharist. Men do not comprehend the consuming Love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, that caused Him to extend the Incarnation in the Sacrament so that He could be always with them. It is the final and most cogent appeal of the Sacred Heart to the hearts of men. Such is the great love of that Heart, such is the zenith of that love, the Blessed Sacrament. If men would but empty their hearts of those sordid things, which they almost deify, and fit themselves for Christ's pure gifts! What joy to the Sacred Heart when new disciples come to ask for "the true Bread from Heaven," and the "Living Water," of which "he that drinketh shall not thirst forever." The prayers of the members of the League of the Sacred Heart should bring a rich June harvest to the "Banquet of the Eucharist," a harvest of new and renewed devotees of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.—The Tablet.

H. G. WELLS IN MOTLEY

Grammarians are aware of a sharp distinction between "may" and "must," "this is probable" and "this is certain." Most ordinary people, such as the man in the street, the horny-handed son of labor, the tolling farmer, and the redoubtable doughboy, likewise suspect that these words and phrases are not altogether synonymous. But one Mr. H. G. Wells, who not only poses as a philosopher, but by certain uncritical minds is actually accepted as his own valuation, holds that between possibility and actuality, theory and fact, there is, and on the whole should be, no difference whatsoever. And it is the Gallic wit of Hilaire Belloc playing in the current Public Review which in most genial fashion measures Mr. H. G. Wells for the motley he has surely won. To appreciate the keenness of Belloc's logic, the whole essay must be read; yet it is possible by a few extracts to convey at least the flavor of his wit. The quotations so mercifully contrasted are taken from Wells' "Outlines of History."

(a) "Certain very fundamental things may have been in men's minds long before the coming of speech."

(b) "Chief among these must have been the fear of the Old Man of the Tribe."

(c) "Objects associated with him were probably forbidden."

(d) "Every one was forbidden to touch his spear or sit in his place." (Italics inserted.)

"Everyone acquainted with this sort of humbug knows what is coming. We are going to have a crude materialistic explanation of the Sacramental idea—and we get it?" And again:

(a) "Another idea probably arose out of the mysterious visitation of infectious disease, and that was the idea of uncleanness and of being accursed."

(b) "Out of such ideas grew the first quasi-religious elements in human life." (Italics inserted.)

How delightfully reminiscent is all this of the cocksure American professor, contemptuous of logic because of the untrained, unsuspecting youth before him! In four sentences Wells draws a positive "must" from an hypothetical "may," adds a "probability," and from the whole extracts a statement of fact which is an explanation of the origin of the sacramental system. Yet we are bidden to regard this charlatan as one whose writings deserve serious consideration. And they do, but only because they have a compelling power over the half-baked mind which today seems to direct American thought.

What 90% of our modern American university professors need today is not a training in "research work," but some acquaintance with what in scholastic circles is called "minor logic." Or if that appear too papisti-

cal, let them betake themselves to a careful study of the principle underlying the dictum of Uncle Remus; "Mebbe ain't it"—America.

FIRST MASS IN 240 YEARS CELEBRATED IN MARTYR'S CHAPEL

BLESSED OLIVER PLUNKETT'S CHAPEL AT BALLYHARRACK, IRELAND, FORMED SCENE OF RELIGIOUS SERVICE REVIVAL

While the capital of the Catholic world last Sunday resounded with praises from the remotest ends of the earth and proclaimed Oliver Plunkett "blessed," the land of his birth thrilled with joy, and lovingly invoked his intercession.

On last Sunday morning the martyred prelate's ruined chapel at Ballyharrack, now rescued from oblivion by the piety of Sir Henry Bellingham, once more was the scene of the most sacred of Catholic rites. Within its crumbling walls Mass once more was celebrated after the long silence of 240 years. The honor of celebrating it fell to the lot of a child of the parish, Vary Ray, Andrew Macardle, S. J. The Mass began at nine o'clock, and provision was made so that any of the faithful wishing to receive Holy Communion on the hallowed spot could do so. A number of parishioners volunteered to get together a small choir to render suitable music during the Mass.

On the evening of the same day a solemn thanksgiving service was held in Higgardstown church, the preacher being the Rev. Father Phelan, S. J., who took for his subject the life and martyrdom of the saintly prelate.

As Blessed Oliver Plunkett was Archbishop of Armagh, it is only right that his archdiocese should specially rejoice in his beatification, and that the first church in Ireland to be dedicated to him should rise within its borders and stand in the ancient parish of Higgard town, where he lived and labored, suffered and prayed, for the preservation of that faith for which he shed his blood.—Irish Catholic, Dublin.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND SCIENCE

The advance of the experimental sciences during the time that materialism held the field as a philosophical explanation was prodigious. The applications of science to the affairs of life—to invention, to manufacture, to art—was unparalleled. One has only to compare the standard of living and of comfort today with that of former times to appreciate what the progress of science has meant to the world. All this, in virtue of another well-known principle, has militated for the acceptance of the theories which were put forward as a philosophical



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explanation of the phenomena with which the sciences deal. And it was, as it very generally is, quite forgotten that philosophical explanation is not science at all, and has nothing really to do with its progress. Indeed, many people who knew quite well the phenomena of the sciences, came to conclusions radically opposed to those of the materialistic school, and with quite as good a right. Undoubtedly, materialism worked; but other systems of philosophy would work quite as well, for, as far as science is concerned, it is indifferent to philosophy; and materialism, idealism, and so on, must stand or fall on their own merits. The phase, however, in which an abrupt opposition existed between religion and materialistic "science" has closed. Echoes of the old assertions will doubtless make themselves heard for a long time, but there will be no serious menace in them when the thinkers of the world have passed on to a new and more scientific point of view.

The upshot of the matter is, with regard to the experimental sciences, and psychology in particular, that there is no contradiction—no ground of contradiction—between the exact results of observation and research, on the one hand, and religion on the other. Any difficulty arises only in the further explanation of the scientific data treated by philosophical method. And all the most striking findings of psychology, at any rate, make for an interpretation that is in no sense against, but rather in entire accord with the doctrines of the Church Catholic. —Francis Aveling, S. T. D., in the June Catholic World.

The richness of a man's gifts is often the measure of the difficulties he has overcome.

"The most heroic women in the life of today are the wives and mothers who concentrate their time and thought on their husbands and children. Their spirit is the spirit of Christ."—Cardinal Gibbons.

The Grey Nuns in the Far North

By Father P. Duchaussois, O. M. I. ILLUSTRATED

Here is a record of heroism, self-denial, and sacrifice in the lone Northland. At Fort Providence on the Mackenzie River, the Grey Nuns in 1867 established their convent, the Sacred Heart Hospital, and entered upon their chosen task of bringing religious instruction and education to the Indians of this wild region.

The opening chapters of this volume give the story of the founding of the Order of the Grey Nuns at Montreal by Madame d'Youville, and the extension of their work later to Manitoba. The remainder of the book is an inspiring account of the achievements of the Grey Nuns in spreading their work of healing the souls and the bodies of these hitherto neglected Indian tribes.

"The Story of the Grey Nuns in the Far North" is full of incidents of extraordinary human interest and appeal.

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Sherlock-Manning Pianos Again Honored By Being Selected for Notable Musical Even t

Tuesday night, June 15, in the Catholic Club Auditorium, an event of much interest to music lovers of London took place. It was a recital given by half the pupils studying at the School of Music at the Sacred Heart Convent, under the auspices of the Sisters of St. Joseph

One hundred pupils took part, and some extraordinary musical feats were performed. Three pianos were used at one time for different numbers.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE HEART OF JESUS

O Heart of Jesus Pleading, How strong and sweet Thy prayer, Where Thy love for us lies bleeding In Tabernacles fair!

My soul is wrenched with the strife Of life's perplexing woes; I thirst for Thee, O Fount of Life, And seek Thy prayer's repose.

Thou art my Life, my Hope, my Love, My soul's true Fount of health; Oh, give me from Thy heaven above Thy peace—my soul's true wealth.

How sweet my prayer, when full of peace— The forest of Thy home! Let peace and pleading love increase: Jesus, Thy kingdom come!

O Heart of Jesus Pleading, How strong and sweet Thy prayer, Where Thy love for us lies bleeding In Tabernacles fair!

DISCOURAGEMENT

Discouragement is one of our worst enemies. It is against our success in business, in society and in affairs of the soul.

Even if you have never read the familiar fable of folk-lore concerning the Devil's Wedge, you have touched in passing many a man whose accomplishment of work was paralyzed by Discouragement.

The fable describes it to a T. The story goes that once upon a time the Devil made public announcement that he was going out of business and that he would offer his tools at public auction.

It is never too late to begin to do better; and the very reversal of the attitude of mind, the turning about and facing the sun, that the shadows fall at your back, will be a great encouragement to go forward.

A man of fifty, sixty, or more, ought to be ashamed to say there is no chance for him. Read the life stories of those who never did anything of importance until they had passed the half-century mark, and of those who have done great things after sixty, and you will be ashamed to give way to discouragement.

Life is a journey of progress, and there is no reason why we should not continue to develop, to improve, to the very end.

There are many young men who could save \$5 a week out of their incomes and who, after four years of economy, could have a cash capital of \$1,000.

At the conclusion of this recital which recently I read its narrator added: "It hardly need be added that the Devil's price was so high that Discouragement was never sold."

Which reminds me of the antidote found by The Man. "Time was," he told me, "when I was so easily discouraged that if things didn't come my way at once, I would begin to doubt the goodness of God, begin to entertain fear and anxiety and all the string of devilizing mental conditions which follow in the wake of Discouragement."

"One day in the midst of a miserable attack of the blues there rushed into my thoughts a beautiful experience that had been mine that day—an unexpected manifestation of Love and Goodness. The memory of it brought me a sudden sense of gratitude. The more I thought of the happening the more grateful I became and to my astonishment Discouragement fled."

"Soon after that the miasma gripped me again, and I remembered that Gratitude had before proven an antidote so I employed it again. Nothing unusual had marked my experience that time, but there is no human being who, if he tries, cannot uncover in his consciousness the thought of something worthy of Gratitude. I found my something and clung to the contemplation of it until again the potency of my antidote was demonstrated."

"There is no man sick with Discouragement who cannot be cured with a good stiff dose of Gratitude," commented The Man, whose life has gained proportionately in its success with his recognition of this beautiful Truth.—Julia Chandler.

When beset with "the blues," see if the body is out of order, for depression of spirits often comes from a disordered stomach. A dose of medicine, a tonic, a rub-down, and a good night's rest, will frequently drive off melancholy and make the sun shine again into our life.

But if the seat of the trouble is in the mind, in the conscience, in the soul, get right with God through reception of the Sacraments and then count your blessings. Think of all the good things you have received from Him—life, good parents, health, a Christian education, employment, friends, security, a home, good society, graces without number, special favors from Heaven, and the right to hope to be eternally in Heaven.

In view of all God's goodness to you, why give way to despondency because of this trouble or that loss, this disappointment or that suffering which is not too heavy to be endured and which will some day pass away? Some day there will be no more sorrow, no more tears, but light, and peace, and bliss for evermore.

COURTESY IN BUSINESS

Courtesy is to business and society what oil is to machinery. It makes things run smoothly, for it eliminates all jar and friction.

Every sort of business institution is beginning to find that courtesy pays. Big business and little business alike are realizing that human nature is so constituted that people will often put themselves to great

READING ALOUD

It is a great pity that the good old practice of reading aloud should have fallen so sadly out of favor as it has done of late years. For certainly no pleasanter method of passing a long evening can be found than for one of the party to read aloud some interesting book while the rest are sewing or engaged in some other quiet occupation.

One great advantage of reading aloud is that only really good literature can be read aloud; poor or flimsy literature becomes intolerable when every word is properly emphasized and when "skipping" is made impossible.

In the same way a taste for poetry is often aroused in those who have the opportunity of hearing good poetry read aloud; they become interested in what they hear, and are tempted to read further for themselves.

A GRAIN OF SAND

"Mother! Mother! There's something in my eye! Please take it out quick!" Flossy came hurrying to her mother's room. Her blue eyes were bloodshot, her eyelids swollen, and the tears were running down her cheeks.

"Why, what is it?" asked her mother as she put her arms around the child. "I don't know; it's an awful big thing. The wind blew it in my eye a minute ago."

The mother examined the afflicted eye carefully, but could find nothing except tears. "I don't see anything in it, dearie."

"But it's there, mother; please get it out. It makes me so uncomfortable." The mother looked again. Then she bathed the hurt eye with warm water and told Flossy to keep it closed for a time; but the poor eye did not get any better. Something was in it—something as big as a marble, Flossy thought.

"Well, Flossy, I think we had better go to Dr. Wright and see what he can do," said her mother, after trying everything she could think of for the relief of her little daughter.

Dr. Wright was the good doctor Flossy loved, and she stood very quietly with her face in the light as he kept her eyelid open.

"Ah!" said the doctor, and in an instant he held his instrument toward her. "Here it is!"

"Where?" asked the mother. "I don't see anything." "I don't either," said Flossy; "but my eye does not hurt any longer."

"It's just a tiny speck of sand," replied the doctor; "too small to see unless you know where to look for it."

Some days after, Flossy was tidying about the room where her mother was sewing. It was rainy weather out of doors and Flossy was in a bad humor, nothing pleased her.

"Please don't, Flossy," said her mother, over and over again. "You make me very uncomfortable. If you don't stop worrying, you must go away by yourself!"

Flossy sat down by the window, pouting. In a little while her face brightened and she came to her mother and put a little soft kiss on her cheek.

"I'm like that grain of sand, mother, don't you think so?" she said. "What do you mean?"

"I'm not very big, but I make people uncomfortable when my temper gets in the wrong place. I love you, mother, I love you truly, and I would not hurt you as that sand did me for anything. The sand could not help itself, but I can, and I will, right away."

SOCIAL ASPECTS

OF RIGHTS AND OBLIGATIONS

The world has supreme need of a method that will guide humanity to meet the problem of maintaining the individual while merging him into the social process. The thought of the world has done this under the direction of the providence of God. It is the mission of human rights to maintain the individual. It is the mission of social obligations or duties to merge him. Rights are extensions of our personality built into and through the confusion of the world in order that we may not be crushed. Social duties indicate the manner of thought and of action demanded of us in order that social groups may be strong, helpful and orderly. We gain, we receive, when we enjoy our rights. They are our social dividends. We give, we surrender, when we do our duties. They are our social taxes. Duty is our measured contribution toward the social whole, immediately for the welfare of the whole. Natural rights are defined, not created, by the group for the immediate sake of ourselves, ultimately for the sake of our souls. Our rights separate us. Our duties merge us. Justice individualizes. Charity socializes.

Concurrent testimony of many of our leaders in every walk of life declares that re-statements of many human rights must be made in the work of social reconstruction. Of what will this avail, unless the work of re-construction re-educate the world in the understanding of duty and of its place in the moral balance of the universe. Social reconstruction must be, of course, to a great extent institutional. But to a greater extent it must be moral, social and spiritual. New understanding of the place of society in the life of the individual is imperative. No social

THE TORTURES OF RHEUMATISM

Happily Stopped When He Began To Take "Fruit-a-tives"

3 OTTAWA ST., HULL, P. Q. "For a year, I suffered with Rheumatism, being forced to stay in bed for five months. I tried all kinds of medicine without relief and thought I would never be able to walk again. One day while lying in bed, I read about 'Fruit-a-tives' the great fruit medicine; and it seemed just what I needed, so I decided to try it. The first box helped me, and I took the tablets regularly until every trace of the Rheumatism left me."

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

THE VERDICT OF HISTORY

The verdict of history often reverses the popular estimate of contemporary chroniclers. This fact is borne in upon us by the events of today. Many of the great men whom the world honors will be forgotten a hundred years hence, many will be plucked by posterity from present obscurity to shine as stars in the world's firmament. A newspaper has recently discovered by searching through old files that after the celebration at Gettysburg the daily papers gave several columns to the two hour address of Edward Everett, and merely noted that among the speakers was President Lincoln. Yet Lincoln's two minute address at Gettysburg has become a national classic and Everett's two hour speech has been forgotten. The contemporaries of Socrates put him to death because he was accused of corrupting the youth; yet history enshrined him among the immortals.

Along the avenue of time are innumerable monuments erected by discerning posterity to heroes who were without honor in their time and country. Colossal failures in life become heroes after death. But perhaps the strangest example of the reversion of thought in these modern times is presented by the scene enacted in Rome at the canonization of St. Joan of Arc.

Five hundred years ago French soldiers betrayed this hero maid. English soldiers participated in her execution. Yet during the World War the name Jeanne d'Arc was the watchword at the battle of the Marne, French soldiers saluted her statues wherever they were met, and English soldiers, descendants of the troops who participated in the dastardly affair at the marketplace of Rouen five centuries before, sang gaily of her deeds, tipped their helmets to her guided statue in Paris, and drank in new courage at the shrines of Joan, the Maid.

Alas! the avenger, looking back on this girl's history, plainly chronicled at the time, with evidence that none can doubt, one sees that she was a maid apart from all others, uplifted beyond mere human courage, and touched with some divine mystery which we must reverence though we do not understand. She stands there in mediaeval history, beautiful and shining in that dark time of murder and treachery, so pure that she moved untroubled through the coarse life of soldier's camps, where foul speech was silenced by her presence, so brave that she was more reckless in danger than knights and men-at-arms, yet so womanly and pitiful that she wept at the sight of wounded enemies. She was the greatest captain of France, so that even Dunois and d'Alençon, veterans of War, were astonished at the cunning of her generalship, which they obeyed; and always in victory she afterwards when she was betrayed to her agony and death, she had a sanctity which put a spell of awe upon even the most brutal of men. It was Dunois, most famous of French soldiers and close to Jeanne in all her time of triumph, who said upon his oath after she was dead: "I think Jeanne d'Arc was sent by God and that her behavior in war was a fact divine rather than human."

Joan of Arc, Saint of the Church, has united France. The Irish prelate who died for the Catholic faith, the Apostle of the Sacred Heart who zealously endeavored to unite all mankind in love of the Sacred Heart, the saintly Passionist novice, and the Foundress of the Sisters of Charity have occupied but a brief

AN INTELLECTUAL BLOCKADE

Perhaps one of the most valuable lessons that the thoughtful readers of the daily press have learned since the War ended is the realization that much of the so called "news" offered them is quite untrustworthy. "Every edition of every newspaper," asserts Mr. Charles Grant Miller, sometime editor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, "is thickened with lies, and every sensible editor knows it." He complains that for the past five years we have suffered from a "world-wide famine in facts," and continues: "Assertion is little indication of the truth. The news of Russia, the Balkans, the Bosphorus and Central Europe mostly originates in London or is trimmed to London's shifting interests; tidings of conditions in England, France and Italy are carefully strained through the foreign news centers of Wall Street; and where all the rest of the world of interested if not interesting misinformation comes from the Lord only knows."

A similar indictment of the "kept press" is made by Sir Philip Gibbs, the English Catholic war correspondent, in a paper on "The Profession of Journalism for May." He writes: "At no previous time has the reading public been so suspicious of the 'press' presented to it by the English newspapers as it is today owing to the suppression, exaggeration or falsification of news for political reasons. . . . Formerly the newspaper-reading public believed that a statement of fact, the report of a speech, the description of an event, might be read as 'gospel truth' and that news was undistorted and uncensored. Now they have perceived that by emphasizing some aspect of the day's news, by omitting vital details, by the arrangement of type giving prominence to one set of facts, while another is hidden away in small type or suppressed altogether, the history of the world is distorted as in a convex or a concave mirror according to the control of its news services, and is often by no means a faithful, complete and truthful reflection of events."

Ruthless and disastrous as was the blockade against the Central Powers which was maintained by the Entente nations long after the armistice was signed, perhaps its effects will prove in the end no worse than are those of the blockade of men's minds which is still mercilessly enforced by the news controlling agencies of the United States, the Continent and particularly of England. Since the War began, and since it ended too, so many downright falsehoods have been published even by our "most reputable papers" about the Holy See and about Ireland, to name but two of the press's favorite objects of calumny, that the cautious Catholic reader has learned to regard with deep suspicion dispatches that come via London from Rome and Dublin. As long as journalism continues to be a "business" rather than a "profession" and unscrupulous capitalists and politicians are allowed to dictate the quality and quantity of the "news" we are to read, this deplorable intellectual blockade, from which the world has been suffering during the last five years, will probably go on. Let us hope, however, that the day is not far distant when we shall have an international Catholic news service that will be so effective and trustworthy that every paper in the land will be glad to use it.—America.

The best part of a man's treasure of merits are the things he has left unused.—Father Faber.

Pure hero worship is healthy. It stimulates the young to deeds of heroism; stirs the old to unselfish efforts and gives the masses models of mankind that tend to lift humanity above the commonplace meanness of common life.—Donn Platt.

\$50,000.00 REWARD

The following rewards have been offered in connection with the disappearance of Ambrose J. Small from Toronto, on December 2nd, 1919.

\$50,000.00 for information leading to the return to Toronto of Mr. Small, if alive. \$15,000.00 for information leading to the discovery of the present whereabouts of the body if dead. \$5,000.00 for information leading to the return to Toronto of John Doughty, the former Secretary of Mr. Small, who is missing since December 28th, 1919.

The above rewards are subject to the conditions recorded at Police Headquarters, Toronto. Address all communications to—"Chief Constable, Toronto."

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Advertisement for Canadian National Railways, featuring 'The Way to the West' and 'DAILY SERVICE' between Toronto and Vancouver/Victoria. Includes details on train equipment and contact information for F. B. Clarke, London, Ont.

Advertisement for B. Leonard Quebec, P. Q., specializing in Stained Glass Memorial Windows and Lead-Lights. Includes an illustration of a church window.

Advertisement for LUX soap, featuring an illustration of a woman in a bathrobe and the text 'Lovely as when new!' and 'Those delicately tinted, filmy Georgette and Crepe blouses—those sheer and gossamer under things, laces, etc., are really benefitted by being cleansed with LUX.'

Large advertisement for LUX soap, including the text 'LUX is matchless in purity—matchless in results.' and 'LUX is sold at all Grocers, Departmental Stores, etc.' and 'A handy recipe book, "The Care of Dainty Clothes" gladly sent free on request.'

ARCHBISHOP MANNIX WILL TOUR U. S.

(DISTINGUISHED AUSTRALIAN PRELATE NOW ON WAY TO ROME.

By N. C. W. C. News Service

San Francisco, June 7.—Archbishop Mannix of Melbourne, who arrives at this port, will be a guest of honor in many important cities of the United States before he departs for Rome, and his tour promises to strengthen greatly the ties of cordial relationship between American and Australian Catholics.

It is due chiefly to the faith, the courage and the devotion of the early Irish Catholic settlers, many of whom, were sent as political prisoners, that the foundation was laid for the tremendous progress which the "youngest and fairest daughter of the Church," as Dr. Mannix calls it, has made in the past century. Australia today, despite bitter persecutions and religious intolerance that are not yet fully ended, numbers close to 1,000,000 Catholics in a country of 1,500,000 population.

Among the first Catholic settlers in the country were a large percentage of 1,300 peasants from the north and west of Ireland who were seized and deported by "Satanic" Carhampton and the Ulster magistrates during the Orange reign of terrorism in 1795-96, without sentence, without trial and without even the shadow of legality.

After the rising of 1798, a stream of political offenders was poured into the penal settlements of Botany Bay. These prisoners, according to Bishop Ullathorne, had "a thorough comprehension of religious responsibility and an almost impregnable simplicity of manner that a long and dangerous residence in the most depraved penal settlements was unable to extinguish."

Dr. Mannix had distinguished himself long before his appointment as Archbishop (Coadjutor, with the right of succession, to Archbishop Carr of Australia, in 1915. He was born in Charleville, County Cork, Ireland, in 1834, and after receiving his early education at the hands of the Christian Brothers, continued his studies as Fermoy, whence he passed to Maynooth, where he was ordained and entered a post-graduate course of theology at Dunboyne establishment.

He secured two of the most important professorships at Maynooth before he was thirty years old and in 1863 was elected president. In 1869 the late Archbishop Carr of Australia made a trip to Ireland, where as a result of his companionship with Mgr. Mannix he appealed for his appointment to Australia as his coadjutor. Dr. Mannix arrived in Australia on Easter Sunday, 1913.

CONSECRATE FAMILIES

RENEWAL OF DEVOTION TO SACRED HEART IS BEGUN

The canonization of Margaret Mary Alacoque has brought throughout the Christian world a renewal of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, of which she was the principle exponent.

The Rev. Matteo Crawley of London, who was called to Rome for the canonization of Margaret Mary, has returned to England with the intention of starting a campaign to spread the work of the enthronement of the Sacred Heart in Catholic households. He intends eventually to travel all over the British Isles in the interests of this devotion.

"What this work means to do," said Father Crawley, "is to set up in every home the pure, simple and frank devotion to the Sacred Heart which has been handed down to us from the revelations of this new saint, and which the Church has sealed with her supreme authority."

Cardinal Gasquet, in a recent letter, declared that it is of supreme importance to unite the Christian family, and nothing is more capable of doing that than a union of each member with the Sacred Heart.—Catholic Bulletin.

NEW BOOKS

"NOW IT CAN BE TOLD"

This volume is by Philip Gibbs, the noted British war correspondent, whose vivid dispatches from the many battlefields were among the epics of the War. Mr. Gibbs has recently been knighted as a testimonial to his ability and service of his country. He now writes of various campaigns in a manner not previously permitted. While the War was on the hand of the censor was heavy and the correspondent could not find fault, could not criticize or reflect upon the progress of a campaign.

Now Mr. Gibbs writes with the lid off. As he says, the purpose of the book is to get deeper into the truth of the War as the truth was revealed to the minds of men out of their experience, and by a plain statement of realities, however painful, to add something to the world's knowledge. It is a dreadful picture of carnage and suffering that Mr. Gibbs paints and the full horrors of War are brought out to the full. Mr. Gibbs handles several campaigns or portions thereof in his book and does not hesitate to give credit where credit is due nor to distribute blame when he thinks that men were wantonly sacrificed, or advantages lost, through the stupidity or obstinacy of a commander. His book deals par-

ticularly with the British participation in the War and he certainly handles his subject without gloves. Well informed with deep knowledge he points out his errors and mistakes and gives to the public the first real information of many things that have been hidden from the public view.

'The volume is written in the same interesting and personal manner that characterized the dispatches of Mr. Gibbs throughout the War and aside from its value in the military information given is a very readable book from its sustained interest. It is a volume that has already met with a large sale and which will be perused with value by all who are interested in the operations of the Great War.

CORRESPONDENCE

FATHER FRASER'S MISSION

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: I enclose \$2.00 for Father Fraser's Chinese Mission College. I can think of no charity that should so forcefully appeal to the generosity and zeal of the readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD and, indeed, to Catholics everywhere. Those devoted men, who leave country, home and friends, to bring the knowledge of God to the poor people of China need our help and it should be forthcoming without the asking. It is not lack of religion or zeal for the spread of the Faith—it is alas, a lack of thought, in a thoughtless age.

We are all prosperous; we owe everything we have to God and we should give something in return. May God send to this country the grace of the missionary spirit. We all know that the Sacred Heart of Jesus burns with the loving desire to gather in those not of his fold. Let us each and all give something according to our means and show by our practical help of the Chinese Mission the faith that is in our souls.

In the hope that my humble but earnest appeal may reach my fellow-readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD in Newfoundland and Canada, and with a fervent prayer for Father Fraser and his work I ask you to publish this letter.

THOMAS PRENDERGAST, St. Philip, Nfld.

OBITUARY

FRANCIS MYLES GIBBONS

Amid the brightness and glory of Easter the Angel of Death came silently and unexpectedly to claim for a fairer realm the soul of Francis Myles Gibbons, fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Gibbons, East Wawanosh, who died in his eighteenth year, at Assumption College, Sandwich, on Easter Sunday, April 4th, 1920. The deceased had been ailing from pleuro-pneumonia for only two weeks.

The remains were brought to his home in East Wawanosh; the funeral took place on Wednesday, April 7th, to the Sacred Heart Church, Wingham, where Solemn High Mass was celebrated at 10 a. m. by Rev. Father Fallon, parish priest; Rev. Father Flaven, deacon, and Rev. Father Spratt, sub-deacon, of Assumption College from which interment took place into the Catholic cemetery, Wingham.

The largely attended funeral paid a fitting tribute to his memory. He had graduated from the Wingham High School and entered Assumption College and was taking preparatory studies for the priesthood when his death occurred. He was a boy of excellent qualities, and his genial manner, amiable disposition, and zealous solicitude for the welfare of others won our respect and ingratiated him into the affection of his acquaintances. His parents and family now mourn the loss of a loving boy; though he is no longer with them the influence of his sweet, gentle manner and unselfish disposition will be ever felt in that home circle where he is so missed. He is survived by his father and mother, four brothers and five sisters, T. J. A. of Phippen, Sask.; John of Assumption College; Kathleen of Lucan, Ont.; Agnes and Evelyn, attending Wingham High School and James, Mary, Angela, and Blair at home.

To them we extend our heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement.

CAPT. ALLAN MCINTYRE

On the 14th May, a few hours after the close of the beautiful feast of the Ascension, there passed away at St. Joseph's Hospital, London, Capt. Allan McIntyre, formerly of Chicago, aged eighty-seven years.

Capt. McIntyre, was one of the sturdy Highlanders who with his parents left Borneish, Scotland, to seek a new home in Canada and settled in West Williams.

Unlike many of the early pioneers who laid the foundation of this fair Canada of ours, he, at an early age, entered on the career of sailing and at the age of twenty had command of a vessel. For over fifty years he encountered the danger of the deep and during that long period had the proud distinction of never having lost a life.

Sixteen years ago he suffered a stroke after which he retired from active business and spent his summers with friends in Parkhill and vicinity and his winters in Florida and Mexico.

For the last twelve years he was an annual visitor to the shrine of St. Anne's until last year when his eye sight failed.

He visited his native land twice and on one of these occasions visited

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Rome and other places of note on the continent. Besides a number of nephews and nieces, one of whom is a Religious in the Good Shepherd Convent, Detroit, he is survived by a sister Mrs. Jno. McDonald of Parkhill, the only remaining member of a large family who did much for Church and country in those early days of hardships and trials. Interment was made beside his parents in Borneish cemetery, the funeral ceremonies being conducted by the parish priest, Rev. Father O'Neill.

The Heart of Jesus is an abyss of perfection, unfathomable to all save God alone.—John d'Avila. HOUSEKEEPER WANTED HOUSEKEEPER WANTED FOR A SMALL community of priests. Apply, giving references to Box 194, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2176-3

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THE GRAND

ENTIRE WEEK OF JULY 5th Daily at 2.15 and 7.15

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WANTED TEACHER FOR SEPARATE School No. 7, Spadina; holding Second Class certificate. Duties to commence Sept. 1. 1920. Apply stating salary and qualifications to Michael J. Duggan, Anna, Ont. R. R. No. 1, 2176-4.

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SUMMER SCHOOL SUMMER SCHOOL FOR RURAL LEADER-ship class at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Monday, July 26th. Close Friday, August 6th. For those interested in Home, School, Church and Community problems in Rural Ontario. For further information write the President, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Ont.

FARM FOR SALE IN TOWNSHIP OF ARTHUR, COUNTY OF Wellington, 108 acres, south half 108, Concession 5, soil clay loam, about 80 acres in good state of cultivation, the balance mixed timber, bush and pasture, well fenced, hard barn, 60x60, 100 ft. drilled well, small house, good roads, convenient to markets. For particulars apply on premises to R. Richard Ferriter, Railway, Ont. R. R. No. 1, 2176-8

FARM FOR SALE One of the best farms in Guelph Township containing about 100 acres. This farm is situated on the Waterloo Road a short distance from the City of Guelph. The buildings consist of a comfortable house, a good barn and driving shed. The land is in a good state of cultivation, including the growing crop, about 25 acres grain, 25 acres hay and 5 acres roots, orchard about 3 acres. The farm is well watered by a creek and well. This farm must be sold to close up the estate of the late Peter McLaughlin. For full particulars apply to The Guelph Trust Company, Executors, Guelph, Ontario.

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