

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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MOTHER'S WAY

Off within our little cottage,
As the shadows gently fall,
While the sunlight touches softly
Ours sweet face upon the wall,
Do we gather close together
And in hushed and tender tone
Ask each other's full forgiveness
For the wrong that each hath done.

Should you wonder why this custom
At the ending of the day,
Eye and voice would answer:
"It was once our mother's way."

If our home be bright and cheery,
If it holds a welcome true,
Opening wide its door of greeting
To the many—not the few;
If we share our father's bounty
With the needy day by day,
'Tis because our hearts remember
This was ever mother's way.
Sometimes when our hands grow
weary

When our burdens look too heavy,
And we deem the right all wrong;
Then we gain a new, fresh courage,
And we rise to proudly say:
"Let us do our duty bravely—
This was our dear mother's way."

Thus we keep her memory precious,
While we never cease to pray,
That at last, when lengthening
shadows
Mark the evening of our day
They may find us waiting calmly
To go home our mother's way.

—REV. A. J. RYAN

WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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COMMANDER KENWORTHY'S CHARGE

The English member of Parliament for Hull, Lieutenant Commander Kenworthy, when in the House of Commons he gave his startling accusation against the Government, only expressed what was already known to the more well-informed portion of the English public. The only difference was that while they knew it by inference from the happenings, he evidently had documentary authority for the accusation, for he made the accusation in the boldest manner, and challenged the Government to an inquiry. He said he wished to make definite accusation that a plot had been arranged between the heads of the War Office with a certain section of the Cabinet and the heads of the Army in Ireland, by which it was agreed to apply to Ireland the methods that were being used for dealing with the savage tribes on the northwest frontiers of India, and the Army heads in Ireland, being granted this, had guaranteed, in return, within a certain time to break the spirit of the Irish people. His accusation, which the Government dared not take up, by granting an inquiry, started only that large portion of the British public which had hitherto taken for granted that their Cabinet ministers were entirely honorable and truthful.

THE POLICY CARRIED OUT

In pursuit of that policy of breaking the spirit of the Irish people by any of the most brutal savages in the world could adopt, the following is a record of the towns and villages that were shot up, sacked, or partially or wholly burned, during the summer:

In May five towns and villages; in June eleven towns and villages; in July twenty towns and villages; in August twenty-one towns and villages; in September forty towns and villages; in October fifty-three towns and villages. Almost one hundred and fifty Irish towns have been sacked, yet strange to relate, the Irish spirit shows no signs of breaking down.

HAS COMMANDER KENWORTHY THE DOCUMENTS?

Although Commander Kenworthy has not shown his hand—awaiting the chance of the Government standing up to him (which however, it will not, and dare not do)—he has probably got hold of documents such as those that have been found by the Sinn Féin Secret Service, of which the following excerpt is an example. This paragraph is from a secret order issued on Sept. 25th to the troops in Ireland by General Sir Nevill Macready. And before reading it the reader is asked to note that the date just mentioned was two days after the terrible sack of Balbriggan, and the brutal murders of the two men, Lawless and Gibbons, the bodies of whom were filled with bayonet wounds and bullets, and the eye of one of them gouged out by bayonets. Remembering this, the dullest can read the dire meaning between the lines in the excerpt taken from Macready's Secret Order: "There are indications that the measures recently taken by the Government for the suppression of disorders in Ireland are beginning to bear fruit and have the desired effects in, at any rate, the more moderate sections of Sinn Féin. Without being unduly optimistic, the Irish Government believe that if the pressure is maintained and if certain other measures which they have in view are successful, a great improvement in the situation may take place within the next two months."

When Lord Bryce's brother, J. Annan Bryce, nine days before that sent General Macready copy of a notice served by an English military officer on the people in Glengarriff, threatening reprisals, such as were occurring in other parts of Ireland. If a police barracks were destroyed, Mr. Bryce received in reply the following note:

"Sir:—Sir Nevill Macready asked me in reply to your letter of the 16th instant to state that he is acquainted with the distribution of the notices, copy of which you enclose.

Truly yours
WILLIAM RYECROFT,
Major General."

If such things had occurred in Belgium during the German occupation!

THE CORRESPONDENT OF THE DAILY NEWS AND THAT JOURNAL'S CHALLENGE

The London Daily News, too, perhaps the most important organ of public opinion, has got the Government cornered upon their savagery. It was the special correspondent of The Daily News, Hugh Martin, who first conveyed to the English public the truth so carefully hidden from them, about the fearful happenings in Ireland. Immediately he did so, the soldiers, the police, and the Black and Tans, began holding up and searching all journalists, and inquiring for Martin. He had henceforth to sleep in a different hotel from that at which he registered. When he registered at the Grandville Hotel in Cork it was raided by the Black and Tans who held up every individual in the hotel, searched them, and questioned them to find Martin—but failed, as he had taken the precaution of sleeping elsewhere, and so saved his life. He had to slip out of Cork then. He got secret warning from a Government official friendly to him, which saved his life on another occasion. Then at various places that he persisted in visiting for purpose of observing outrages, he travelled under the assumed name of a well known Unionist correspondent, and pretended to represent a well known Unionist London newspaper—a newspaper, of course, that favored the outrage campaign. The Daily News editorially challenged the Government. In the course of their editorial they say: "A few days ago we challenged the Chief Secretary to say that Mr. Martin's testimony was untrue, Sir H. Greenwood returned an evasive reply. We will now challenge him again. Is he aware, when he says that the Government have no policy of reprisals, the existence of the state of things, that favors the outrage campaign? Does he approve in this instance also of the conduct of his agents? If so, is that the desire of the Government to use police terrorism to prevent the people of this country knowing, except through official sources, what is happening in Ireland? These questions it will be seen, are of wide interest. What is the Government's reply to them?"

"KEEP UP THE PRESSURE"
The following are a couple (out of a dozen such) of samples of how the military are observing the Macready injunction to "keep up the pressure." Michael Ryan of Carraghduff, outside Thurles, was dying of pneumonia and had received the last rites of the Church, the military burst into his house in the middle of the night. His sister pleaded with them not to disturb the dying man; they threatened to shoot her, cast her aside, burst into his room, put four bullets into his breast—and left him dead. Seemingly the crime for which this dying man was murdered was that he was Registrar of the local Sinn Féin Arbitration Court. There was no other possible accusation against him.

In the district of Moycullen, County Galway, a number of men have been beaten and tortured, and threatened with death to extort confessions from them. The following is the statement of one of these men—just a sample of what is occurring in every corner of crumpled Ireland: "They terrified my mother, and forced my sister into the fields at the point of the rifle and revolver to bring in her brothers. We were soon discovered in an adjoining field, brought down to the public road and threatened to be shot. We were lined up against the walls. Shots whizzed past us. Asphyxiants were unparingly used on our hands and shoulders. We were afterwards beaten with rifle butts."

SPIRIT UNBROKEN

But will "keeping up the pressure" break the people's spirit, as intended? Accounts of happenings, as recorded in the Irish Bulletin, hardly bear out the English Government's hope. For instance old Mrs. O'Dwyer of Banna, at the foot of the Galtee Mountains, a woman of seventy-four, with a blind husband, whose two sons were, on the night of October 22nd, dragged from their beds and shot to death outside her door, says: "Our two boys, our only support, are killed without reason or cause, shot down before my eyes—but in God's name let it be so, we will bear it all for Ireland." And

when the military murderers are threatening old William Gleeson of Moher because he will not lead them to where his son James is, his little boy Willie comes between and says: "Let them shoot me father instead of you"—and he is taken at his word, and shot dead—joyfully giving his life for his father and for Ireland. And when they are dragging Michael S. Walsh, the Galway Councillor from his house, and his little seventeen year old apprentice, Martin Monahan, intervenes and the soldiers ask him: "Maybe you're rebel too?" he undauntedly answers them: "I am," and gets the reply from one of the murderers: "Damn you, then you will get the same." When Walsh's cousin, Father Murphy of the Aran Islands, hears of the murder he telegraphed to the widow "Joy, not tears for Michael. He died for Ireland."

When Father Patrick O'Reilly of Fackle, Co. Clara, is taken from his house, flogged by the English soldiers, afterwards brutally beaten by the officers, and his house riddled with bullets and bombs, his only commentary is that he is no worse off than thousands of others who are suffering the same in Ireland. "My houseless state," he adds, "reminds me that the Son of Man had not whereon to lay His head. I stand for peace, but peace with honor. Though my life may now be in danger, I will never be a traitor to the flag of my country. God save Ireland!" All this hardly looks hopeful for those who are awaiting the breaking of Ireland's spirit. When poor Maire O'Dwyer's house was burned in Labinoh, County Clare, she says: "Thank God that ours was the house selected for wrecking the anger of Ireland's enemies on. I am proud of my home in ashes, under the circumstances. And another lady in the same village who lost her all, the things she and pounds' worth, wrote to her Dublin friend: "Since it was God Almighty's will, and the cause demanded that we should lose all, we lay our humble sacrifice at the feet of God and dark Rosaleen (Ireland). And once again, more fervently than ever, we pledge our life's service to God and to Ireland."

SEUMAS MACMANUS,
Of Donegal.

FRANCE AND THE VATICAN

CATHOLIC POWER IN CHAMBER NOW GREATER THAN EVER

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

Paris, Nov. 8.—Resumption of formal discussions of the renewal of relations between France and the Vatican, on the evening of parliament and in the Senate. One of them, M. Lefebvre de Prey, is now vice president of the chamber. The president of the army commission is General de Castelnau, the president and the vice-president of the labor and social problems commission are professors in the Catholic Institute of Paris. Finally, M. Isaac, a Catholic deputy of Lyon, and president of the Catholic Oeuvres of that great industrial city, is the minister of commerce. The editor of the Catholic newspaper, La Croix, M. Louis Dubois, is now presiding over the commission of reparations established by virtue of the treaty of Versailles.

Friends of the restoration of relations are more powerful in numbers and in personnel than ever before, and there is every likelihood that the new premier, George Leygues, will promote it. Former Premier Millerand, when president of the council of ministers, made a formal promise on the subject, and his successor is bound by that pledge, since he has completely approved and accepted M. Millerand's policies.

The congress of the Radical party, in session at Strasbourg in the middle of October decided that its representatives in parliament should vote against the proposed embassy to the Vatican. But this action is not in the least disturbing the supporters of the proposal. From the first it was plain that the radicals would oppose the motion, though their opposition could not affect the result.

Although the radicals formed the majority in the previous chamber, there are now but 86 of them in the assembly elected last November. Taken out of the 400 deputies, including the Socialist vote and that of the various groups of the "left," who arrayed against the motion, 200 votes at the most can be polled against the renewal of relations. These 200 negative votes will be overruled by those of 400 deputies who are known to favor the proposition. Among these 400 are 200 Catholic deputies and 200 deputies belonging to the "moderate" groups who have always supported Catholic claims.

All the votes lost by the radicals in the present chamber went to the Catholics and the "moderates." In the chamber elected in 1914, there were 80 Catholics in the "droits conservateur" group, 40 in the "action liberal" group, and about 30 in some other groups. In 1920 the old groups were not formed again, or else lost their former names. Now there are 40 Catholics in the "independent" group (conservative Catholics), 160 in the group of "sentiments republicaine democratique" (social Catholics) and a few others in the several other groups. A number of newly-elected Catholics are former fighters in the War. Some of them lost an eye or a leg or an arm in battle.

In the front rank of these Catholic former soldiers are two who commanded armies—General de Castelnau and General de Maud'Hy. General de Castelnau's cleverness as a politician is equal to his genius as a commander. General Maud'Hy was commander of the army that defended Lorette, Arras and Donaumont. He won for himself an honorable post in the assembly where he represents the city of Metz.

Four priests also sit in the present chamber, and two others are in the senate. These latter are Canon Collin and Father Deslor. Those in the chamber are Father Lemoine, who has been a member of the house for more than 20 years, and who is regarded as one of the greatest sociologists of these times; Father Muller, professor of theology at the University of Strasbourg; Father Hackepill, director of a Metz newspaper, and Father Wetterle, who sat for a long time in the German reichstag as a "protesting deputy for Alsace."

Father Wetterle is a politician and a competent authority on financial and economic questions as well. He is besides a clever journalist who contributes a daily article to his paper published at Colmar. When ever his duties as deputy permit him to get away from the chamber he assumes personal charge of his paper.

Lawyers and landowners are in the majority among the Catholic deputies and senators, but there are also physicians, civil engineers, five professors of the Catholic university, and one of the Government's school. Next in order of numerical importance come the secretaries of trades unions. There is one rural worker, M. Legar, who represents the country people of Savoy, and at least one farmer. This agriculturist attends all the sittings of the chamber in the old picturesque garb of the Breton peasant, including a black velvet ornament and a big slouch hat with ribbons hanging down at the back.

The Catholics are proud to be able to number among their ranks the most brilliant orator of the French Chamber—M. Louis Galbal, *batonier* of the Montpellier barrieste, whose genius is held almost to equal that of the late Albert de Mun, whose eloquence heretofore was regarded as peerless.

The great quality of several eminent members of the Catholic group have brought them to the fore both in parliament and in the State. One of them, M. Lefebvre de Prey, is now vice president of the chamber. The president of the army commission is General de Castelnau, the president and the vice-president of the labor and social problems commission are professors in the Catholic Institute of Paris. Finally, M. Isaac, a Catholic deputy of Lyon, and president of the Catholic Oeuvres of that great industrial city, is the minister of commerce. The editor of the Catholic newspaper, La Croix, M. Louis Dubois, is now presiding over the commission of reparations established by virtue of the treaty of Versailles.

PRIEST MURDERED

A GALWAY CURATE DONE TO DEATH AND BURIED IN BOG

Galway, Nov. 21.—The body of Father Griffin, the priest who disappeared several days ago, was found yesterday in a shallow grave about five miles from Galway. There was a bullet wound in his temple.

The body was brought to Galway this morning. Intense excitement prevails.

The body of Father Griffin, who was the curate of Busby Park, was found in a bog by the roadside near Darna, four miles from Galway. Volunteers had been searching for the missing curate since he was kidnapped by three unknown persons last Sunday. A party of country lads made the tragic discovery.

The boys observed in the bog what appeared to have been a recent up-heaval. They began probing into the mound with sticks and finally uncovered the shroud and the overcoat of the priest. Without proceeding further they sent for priests in Galway, and when they arrived, working under their direction by moonlight, unearthed the body of the missing curate.

The bullet wound in the head of the priest was evidence of the cause of his death.

At St. Joseph's Church, where Father Griffin presided, pathetic scenes of grief were witnessed. The priests omitted the usual sermon and confined themselves to relating incidents of the life of Father Griffin and paying tribute to him. They declared that the priest had earned a martyr's crown and begged the congregation to pray for the repose of his soul, but not to forget also to pray for his murderers.

Although a number of priests lately have been ill-treated or threatened, Father Griffin is the first to forfeit his life. In fact, no priest has been done to death in Ireland in many years.

Father O'Meehan, Father Griffin's colleague and senior curate, with whom Father Griffin lived, said in his church today that he had received five written threats of death since last May, and that he did not dare sleep in his own home. He added that Father Griffin had never received any threats.—Despatch to N. Y. Times.

CHILDREN SHOT UP BY R. I. C.'S

DEPARTING A HAIR'S BREADTH FROM R. I. C. DISCIPLINE

The Most Rev. Dr. O'Doherty, Bishop of Clonfert, has written the following letter to Sir Hamar Greenwood:

"To Sir Hamar Greenwood.
"Right Hon. Sir:—If the press reports can now be trusted in any particular, you recently stated in the British House of Commons that you are ready to dismiss 'everybody who departs a hair's breadth from the ordinary disciplines of the R. I. C.' You also asserted that 'all the functions of the police and soldiers in Ireland are for the suppression of outrages and the protection of the lives and properties of persons not in arms against the Government.'"

"In view of these splendid declarations, may I draw your attention to the following facts:
"On Wednesday, October 27th, a lorry crossed with members of the R. I. C. passed through Loughrea. It came, apparently, from Galway. Many of its occupants were recognized, so that there is no room for the allegation that they were 'rebels' masquerading in stolen uniforms."

"The town of Loughrea and the surrounding district have hitherto been perfectly peaceful, and there was no hostile demonstration whatever. Yet before leaving the town the occupants of the lorry fired several shots—I heard them myself—and the shooting was continued as they proceeded 'in the direction of Portlaoine.' What caused them to 'see red' I am at a loss to imagine, unless they expected an attack from geese and sheep and cattle."

"I must ask: Was this a departure even 'by a hair's breadth' from the ordinary discipline of the R. I. C.? Were the munitions thus expended employed 'for the suppression of outrages and the protection of the lives and properties of persons not in arms against the Government?' There can be no question of 'self-defence' in this case; for there can be no defence where there is no attack, actual, or contemplated, or suspected."

"The shooting party returned in the evening. Having regaled themselves in a public house, they noticed that the business premises of the town were partly shattered as a mark of respect for the dead Lord Mayor of Cork. Reverence for the dead, no matter who the person may be, but especially for the dead who have died in a noble cause, has always been a notable characteristic of the Irish people, infatuated now, not by the sight of 'bleeding, murdered comrades,' but by the testimony of respect for the dead patriot and his sorrowing relatives, your 'braves' attacked several houses in the town."

"The proclamation of An Dail Eireann setting aside Friday as a day of national mourning had not yet been issued, yet windows were smashed and one man's life was threatened by the occupants of the lorry."

"A miscreant belonging to that body deliberately fired several shots down the street, as a result of which three little children were wounded, two of them sons of the members of the local constabulary, and the third the child of a man who fought in the great War for justice and right and the freedom of small nations."

"Far worse might have happened were it not that the District Inspector of Loughrea, who deserves every credit for his conscientiousness and bravery, ordered on his men to protect a peaceable town. Thus opposed by force, your 'heroes' withdrew in the direction of Galway."

and, consequently, encourage this kind of terrorism and provocation. I am also aware that you will accept information only, or for the most part, from those who themselves have been guilty of intimidation, looting, arson and murder. The value of that information let the world judge. Knowing, therefore, that you will probably profess to regard what I have stated as coming from a 'tainted' source, since it does not come from the actual culprits, I am sending a copy of this letter to the press.

"Any impartial inquirer can ascertain the truth of what I have written."

"THOMAS O'DOHERTY,
"Bishop of Clonfert."

CATHOLICS PACK WESTMINSTER TO HONOR ST. EDWARD

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

London, Nov. 6.—Westminster is the heart of the British Empire, and in the heart of Westminster lies the still uncorrupt body of the last of the Saxon Kings, Saint Edward the Confessor, founder of the historic Abbey of Westminster. It is said that some years ago the tomb of the Confessor was opened, and within was seen the body of the Saint undecayed as on the day when, many centuries ago, it was laid to rest behind the choir of the Abbey.

On the festival of St. Edward, which falls in October, the Dean of Westminster affords special facilities to Catholics to visit the shrine to offer their prayers. Westminster Abbey is now a Protestant place of worship, and on that account there is no organized act of Catholic worship. But all day long crowds of the faithful, priests and nuns, men and women are kneeling all around the shrine, their rosaries in their hands. It is a striking spectacle. This legally Protestant church, containing the body of a Catholic Saint, is for one day in the year practically taken possession of by Catholics, and a stream of prayer is offered continuously that the land of St. Edward may be brought back to the Faith of the King who, after all these centuries, still has a strong hold on the affections of the people.

During the War the shrine was most jealously guarded, lest any injury should come to it. It was stripped of its ornaments, and the whole structure was piled high with sand bags, so that should the Church have been bombed by aircraft, the shrine of the Saint would have been adequately protected. And one of the most significant signs of the peace was the knowledge that, at last, the shrine of St. Edward had been uncovered.

CATHOLIC WOMAN JUSTICE OF PEACE IN ENGLAND

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

London, Nov. 4.—Among the women who have been appointed to the bench since the law came into effect in England which qualifies women for certain offices on an equality with men, is Lady Caroline Petre, of Ingatstone Hall, who has been sworn in as a Justice of the Peace for the county of Essex.

The Petres are one of the old Catholic families of England. The fourth Baron Petre, died in the Tower of London in 1683, where he had been incarcerated as one of the victims of the infamous Titus Oates plot. The thirteenth baron was a priest and a domestic prelate to Pope Leo XIII.

CARDINAL MERCIER

THE FRENCH INSTITUTE PAYS HIGH TRIBUTE TO BELGIAN CARDINAL

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

One of the addresses at the most recent meeting of the French Institute, which includes the various Academies, was a tribute to Cardinal Mercier. The speaker was M. Lacour-Gayet, fellow of the University of France, who represented the Academy of Oral and Political Sciences. The address was heard by Bourgeois, M. Barthou and other past and present ministers and officials.

In his peroration M. Lacour Gayet said: "The Archbishop of Malines, has taken a prominent place among the moral personages of the War. Faith and patriotism have made of this priest a conquering hero. The Primate of Belgium, whom the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences is proud to number among its foreign members, has well reserved the following judgment from our friend, M. Emile Boutroux: 'Cardinal Mercier is the man who, armed with integrity, purity of heart and evangelic charity, has forced Might down upon its knees.'"

CATHOLIC NOTES

Efforts are being exerted by the Catholics of Mexico to have December 12, the feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe, set aside as a national day of thanksgiving for Mexico.

Washington, Nov. 15.—Mrs. Terence MacSwiney, widow of the late Lord Mayor of Cork, today called the commission of one hundred investigating the Irish question that she has obtained a passport and would sail November 24 for the United States to testify in the hearings to be held here by the commission.

Paris, Nov. 5.—Nine bishops, among them the Bishops of Madagascar and Columbia, attended the festivities of the jubilee of St. Margaret Mary, just celebrated at Paray La Moniale. Many pilgrims attended—coming from Belgium, The Netherlands, and even French possessions, and Chile. One hundred thousand pilgrims received the Sacraments.

Paris, Nov. 4.—The story of how four hundred Christians neophytes at Kopeka carried heavy beams and other timber on their heads for a distance of more than one hundred kilometers to construct their village church is told in the current number of the *Algerian Religious Weekly* by Monsignor Lemaître, Bishop of Soudan, who extols the great zeal shown by his native converts. The work covered a period of more than a year and a handsome structure with three naves was constructed.

Many gratifying successes for Catholics in the recent Municipal and Parish Council Elections are reported from different parts of Scotland. Fourteen Catholics, all good men and true, now sit on the Town Council of Greater Glasgow, while Edinburgh, which a little over a year ago had no Catholic sitting member, has now three. Dundee, Dumfries, and other centres have also done well in returning Catholic representatives, both to the town and parish councils. Mr. James Forsyth's unopposed election at Portobello to the Edinburgh Parish Council gave almost testimony to the high esteem in which he is held by all classes in the seaside town.

Montevideo, Oct. 25.—The recent convention of the National Congress of Catholic Youth held in Uruguay furnished unmistakable proof that the healthy condition of the Church and the splendid progress, which it has made here in the past few years, are in a large measure due to the cooperation and activity of Catholic young people. More than three thousand young men received Holy Communion at the convention Mass, which was celebrated at the cathedral, furnishing a decided contrast to those who are growing up without conviction and without a thought of the vital questions of conscience and the soul.

New York, Nov. 10.—In the appraisal report on the estate of A. Paul Keith, filed here yesterday, it is shown that His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell, of Boston, and Harvard University are the chief beneficiaries under the will. To Cardinal O'Connell was bequeathed half of the residue estate, after payments of bequests to forty-two persons had been made. Harvard University is to receive the other half of the residue. The value of the estate is \$2,663,151, of which \$863,271 is taxable in New York. A. Paul Keith was the son of B. F. Keith, for many years one of America's leading theatrical proprietors and manager. A. Paul Keith died in Boston, October 30, 1918.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 15.—There will soon be ready for exhibition a motion picture film that presents an animated photographic history of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception on the grounds of the Catholic University, from the first ceremony to the laying of the foundation stone last September. Like the picture taken at the time of Cardinal Gibbons' jubilee, this film will show a majority of the American hierarchy. It will give views also of the procession of the Cardinals, Archbishops and clergy as they bless the stone and of the great throng including foreign diplomats, attending the exercises.

Dr. Joseph O'Carroll, one of the leading Catholic physicians in Dublin, was recently gazetted Commander of the order of the British Empire in recognition of professional services rendered during the War when he acted as consultative physician to the army in Ireland. Dr. O'Carroll has written to the Home Secretary asking that his name should be forthwith removed from the roll of the order. His reasons for spurning the distinction are stated by him as follows: "Now that the Parliament of the British Empire by the enactment of the so-called Restoration of Order Act, and its subsequent administration has deprived my country of all the guarantees of public and private liberty, which are supposed to be the marks of the British Empire, I feel that I can no longer, with any self respect remain a member of the order."

Published by permission of Burns, Oates & Washbourne, London, England. THREE DAUGHTERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM BY MRS. INNES-BROWNE

CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED

Up the broad avenue of chestnuts they flew, round the graceful bends and curves, where the giant trees, covered with sparkling hoar-frost, stretched their branches until they met in graceful arches above the heads of the youthful couple, and made Maria almost fancy she had caught a glimpse of fairyland. One minute more, and full in front of them stood the grand old Countess.

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed Marie. "I think this is the grandest and prattiest sight I have ever seen." "How glad I am to hear you say so," he rejoined delightedly. "Did I not once tell you, Miss Blake, that there were many beautiful things even in this wicked world, and you promised that, should you meet with any, you would make a special note of them for my benefit. Have you forgotten your promise?"

"Almost," said Marie innocently. "But do look! surely that is dear old Bertie herself waving to us." "Yes, there she stood on a balcony of one of the terraces, holding on by a large stone vase, her graceful figure shown off well by the rich crimson of her dress, and making her look like a very nymph of beauty as she swung to and fro, and waved her lace handkerchiefs excitedly.

"Impulsive, thoughtless Bertie, with neither hood nor wrap about her, and her little feet slipped in the thinnest of satin shoes, she could not rest until she saw that her old friend had arrived safely." "A few lights shone in the upper casement windows, for the drive had been a long one, and the lower rooms were lit up with the bright glow of a warm ruddy firelight within. A few seconds more and they had pulled up in front of the grand entrance. Reginald alighted, and assisting Marie from her high perch, placed her in the arms of his sister.

"You darling!" exclaimed the latter, as she kissed and held her in a tight embrace. "Oh, how I have longed to see you again! Come in, my little Marie; you must be peevish with the cold. Bless your little face!" continued the excited girl, "it is sweeter than ever; and oh, the memories it recalls to my mind!" "Silly old Bertie, as foolish as ever," spoke Marie, as she fondled and kissed the flushed and happy face of her friend. "Really, dear, I am only too glad to come to you, and the obligation is all on my side for your kindness in asking me."

"Whom have we here?" said the cheery voice of Percy, as he strode rapidly across the hall and seized Marie warmly by the hand. "So glad to see you, Miss Blake! Oh, you little know the relief that is in store for you; Bertie is a terrible handful at times!" "For shame, Percy! Pray don't listen to such slander, Marie; but come and see my father, he is all anxiety to see you," and he hastily drew Marie to the library, where the Earl reclined in an easy-chair drawn close to the fire.

"Here is my little friend, father; welcome her amongst us?" "The Earl would have risen, but Marie, well accustomed to seeing sickness, detected at once with her intuitive quickness, his extreme weakness, and gliding rapidly but gently to his side, placed one little hand upon his arm as though to steady him, and looking at him with her pure, sweet eyes, so full of tender sympathy, greeted him so naturally that he sank back, won at once by her frank and genuine manner.

"You are a thousand times welcome, Miss Blake. My only regret is that I do not possess the adequate strength to rise and greet you, as I would fain have done. The young folks—looking at his daughter's bright face—must endeavor to supply my place for me—eh, Bertie?" "We will take care of her; fear not, daddy darling," replied Bertie, whilst she tenderly adjusted the cushions at the back of her father's head, and contrived to whisper in his ear, "Now, isn't she sweet?" "Very!" he added graciously.

They chatted merrily for a little time, until Bertie, seizing her little friend by the hand, urged her to accompany her to their own private apartments. Marie was charmed with her friend's boundless sympathy, and yet so cozy, Bertie! "Yes, we will share it together, my Marie; and now let me show you your own little sleeping apartment. I purposely chose this room for you—firstly, because from the window you can distinctly see at night the glimmer of the sanctuary lamp just across the courtyard; and secondly, because you would be close to me, and we can so easily run in and out of each other's apartments." Marie looked around the room; it was not very large, but was most daintily and exquisitely furnished in pale blue and gold. From the little gilt four-poster bedstead hung the richest blue satin damask curtains, edged with cloth of gold; and similar ones were suspended from the handsome gilt cornice over the bowwindow. The carpet was of the softest and richest texture; whilst the bed coverlet consisted

of handsome lace, artistically worked over gold brocade. Everything spoke of wealth and luxury, mingled with good taste. Even the delicate ware upon the pretty little washstand matched in color with the rest of the surroundings; and the soft, woolly, but rich gold-brown beneath, rug which shone so clearly and temptingly in the bright wood fire light, looked seductive and alluring enough to beguile the hearts of any little maidens, with the fond hope of many a sweet tête-à-tête and midnight confidence being enacted upon its soft, warm surface.

"What a gem, in the way of rooms!" exclaimed Marie; "and all hung in my own favorite shade." "Yes; remember your little weakness for our Lady's color, so had it all done especially for you." "O Bertie darling, you have thought of everything. How good of you. And can I really see the light of the sanctuary lamp from here?" asked Marie, walking towards the window.

"Yes, certainly. Do you see those stained-glass windows opposite? Well, that is the chapel." "Oh, how sweet! May I go now and say a little prayer?" "Oh, please wait until you have had a cup of tea, a little rest and refreshment. Lay your hat and cloak upon the bed. Penelope will already have laid the tea for us in my little sanctum, and we have time for a long cosy chat before the dressing-bell disturbs us for dinner." Marie acquiesced in her usual gentle way. Bertie had been so thoughtful for her comfort, that the least she could do was to yield to her wishes. So they returned to the boudoir, where Penelope drew two easy-chairs close to the cheerful fire, and lifting the small table with its dainty freight of silver and china within easy reach of her young mistress, paused and inquired if there was anything else she required.

"Not at present, thank you," was the answer. "Under pretext of folding an antimacassar, and arranging some stray books that lay around, Penelope lingered yet a moment or two longer on the bank of her departure. She was so terribly curious to see the new guest, for the advent of Marie's visit had caused no little excitement in the servants' hall; Louise having frequently spoken of Miss Blake's beauty and gentleness, and of poor Miss Fitzalan's good nature and unselfishness. Every one in the house appeared anxious to see this great friend of their young mistress, more especially as they had overheard hints dropped that it was her great desire to become a nun. Mrs. Thomas hailed from the old world, and was of course much predisposed in the young lady's favor, and her word had influence amongst the servants. The Countess was in town superintending various arrangements but was expected home that evening in time for dinner.

How our two little friends chatted and laughed! They talked of everything; their old convent life and their lives in the world, their wishes and plans, their hopes and fears. Oh, how rapidly the hands of the little timepiece flew around each time they looked up at it! "What about poor Madge?" asked Marie. "I am so disappointed she could not come." "So am I. I will give you her letter to read," and Beatrice drew it from her pocket and handed it to her friend. It ran thus:

"Edinburgh. "My dearest Bertie,—My father is very ill, and my poor dear mother is so weak that I cannot possibly leave her at present, though God knows how I long to see you and dear little Marie again. But it cannot be, and I will not murmur. All that I ask is that you will both bear in your hearts a kind and loving memory of poor old Madge as you once knew her; and if I do not write very often, be sure that I shall never forget either of you. How often I shall think of you this Christmas time! Pray for me, dear Bertie, and ask kind little Marie to do so also; you would if you know how very much I stand in need of your prayers. Accept, dearest Bertie, my fondest and truest love, and believe me now, as ever, your devoted old friend, "MARGARET FITZALAN."

"P. S.—Please thank your dear mother for her kind invitation. My mother is not well enough to write herself." Marie handed the letter back to Beatrice, but the drooping lids ill concealed the tears that shone in the warm-hearted girl's eyes. "Poor Madge!" she remarked slowly; "I feel more grieved for her than I can express." "So do I," responded Bertie; "and yet it would be ungenerous of us were we to try and pry into the cause of her troubles. Certainly she is very resilient. I am convinced she is the patient victim of hard fate. Perhaps were I in her place I should be as silent as she is."

"Yes; but we will both be true and faithful to her—will we not, Bertie? Perhaps some day we may meet her again, a dear old girl." "I will be as true as steel to her," replied Beatrice; "and as the day of our solemn compact arrives she is bound by her written school-girl's promise to meet us if she can." "Oh, there is the dressing bell!" "Come to your room, darling. Your maid will attend you." "My maid!" exclaimed Marie in astonishment.

"Yes, dear; I knew you would not bring one, so the housekeeper provided one for you in the form of a niece of hers, who, moreover, is one of your own countrywomen." "Stay!" implored Marie, arresting her friend by the arm. "What do you expect to do? For I am so accustomed to doing everything for myself." "Dear you, of course; do your hair, and wait upon you generally," was the laughing rejoinder. "No, do not look so hopelessly distressed, my poor little one. It is nothing when you are used to it, and mother would not like it if you refused her services."

"Very well, as you will," spoke Marie more cheerfully. "But I can promise you her duties will be light." On entering the room she found that her boxes were already unpacked, and all their contents neatly arranged in drawers and cupboards; and the sky-blue silk dress of ancient date lay exposed in all its modern grandeur upon the bed; whilst Norah, the young and comely, stood meekly waiting with folded hands in readiness to oblige at the dressing-table.

"I beg your pardon, miss," she asked timidly, "but which dress will you please to wear this evening?" "I really don't care," answered Marie carelessly. "This one, since you have placed it ready." "It would be very difficult to state whether mistress or maid was the more nervous of the two as the former took her seat upon the chair placed for her in front of the looking-glass preparatory to being operated upon. Norah was very young, and this was her first attempt at dressing a lady's hair; and Marie, though she earnestly longed to, durst not refuse her aid for fear of displeasing the Countess. The maid's hands were very awkward, and they trembled perceptibly as she endeavored to brush straight the would-be wavy locks; for though Marie's hair did not grow in such heavy luxuriance as did that of Beatrice or Madge, still what there was of it was so curly and stiff that it was difficult for inexperienced hands to arrange it in any perfection. Feeling somewhat weary, Marie closed her eyes and endeavored to say her rosary, sitting so patiently as she could, until she received notice that the edifice was supposed to be erected; then glancing up into the mirror in front of her, she first stared in open astonishment at the awfully crooked reflection presented in it, then burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"Oh, please, miss, forgive me," pleaded poor Norah, in tones of real distress. "I will improve, indeed I will! I have not had any experience in doing ladies' hair. Aunt will be so angry if she knows how I have failed," and the hot tears seemed ready to flow.

"Don't trouble yourself one bit," spoke the kind little mistress, taking one of the maid's trembling hands in hers. "You will suit me admirably, and are just the very girl I want. No one need ever know, and I do my own hair here as well as at home. Never fear, poor Norah, you and I will get on famously together; only help me, like a good girl, to abstract all these fearful hairpins, for I am in positive torture with them."

The maid's heart was filled with warm gratitude for her young mistress's kindness, and was her sworn champion from that hour. Merrily they destroyed the terrible erection, and then with a few dexterous twists and turns of her skillful fingers Marie quickly dressed her hair in her own simple style, much to the surprise of the maid, who could not but acknowledge how much better she looked thus than following closely the prevailing fashion.

"See, miss, do allow me to place this in your hair," asked Norah, as she drew a beautiful spray of white flowers from a lovely crystal vase which stood upon a small inlaid table near. "Lady Beatrice generally wears a flower every evening, and it does suit her so, she is so handsome," continued the girl. "Don't you think so, miss?" "She is indeed beautiful, more so even than when at school; and then we all thought her lovely."

So the white spray nestled prettily amongst the dark-brown hair, and was the only ornament Norah could persuade the young lady to wear that evening. A few moments more and the toilet was completed; and the maid thought she had never seen so quiet nor so perfect a picture of innocent and simple beauty before, nor one who appeared so utterly regardless and unconcerned of it.

"What? ready so soon?" exclaimed Bertie in surprise, as Marie's head peeped in at her door. "Yes, Norah is going to show me the way to the chapel. Be sure and call for me on your way down, or I shall be lost in this fairy castle and never heard of more."

"I shall either go myself to your aid, dear, or send a bold knight to the rescue. So go and say your prayers in peace and forget me not."

Mistress and maid tripped lightly along the gay corridors and brilliantly decorated passages, across the polished floor of the large gallery, and then down a few steps into what appeared to be a dimly lit cloister. At the end of it stood a heavy oak Gothic door which was partly open. Norah pointed to it, and Marie went forward alone. Some heavy crimson curtains came next, and pushing these aside, the girl entered the chapel, which looked so dark and still, lit only as it was by the rays shed from the sanctuary lamp.

But Marie was at home, and ere long was lost in prayer, and dead to all around her. It did not appear to her that she had knelt there long, ere she beheld Beatrice as she had never seen her before, dressed in evening dress, with a bright star of diamonds on her brow. She was attired in a soft white shining robe of silk, with a handsome cloak thrown carelessly across her shoulders. Marie gazed up at her, admiration depicted in her eyes; then she silently moved to one side, to make room for her friend to kneel beside her; but, to her surprise, Beatrice had an impatient gesture, and whispered, "There is no time for praying now, my Marie! Come along; it is getting late."

"Not until you have knelt near me at old, and begged God's blessing, Bertie; there is time for that," and the smaller but elder girl slipped her arm around the younger one's slender waist and firmly but steadily drew her on to her knees beside her. The proud young head did not bend in contrite sorrow, as it had done months ago in the old clove at St. Basil's, and Marie noticed a look of sternness in the beaming eyes, and an expression of wild defiance in the ministration on the compressed little lips. In wondering pity, but in humble prayer, lower, yet lower, bent the dark-brown head, with its fragrant and simple white flower; but the diamond star was held erect and high as it shot forth gleams of glittering light reflected from the ruby lamp above. Oh, it was hard for that strong young will to bend to the stern decrees of Heaven!

Too full of discretion and good sense to note or remark upon the change in her dear friend's behavior, Marie soon arose to depart. "Why, Bertie!" she asked in a low whisper, "how comes it that you have all that lovely lace upon the altar now? You know it is Advent!" "I—I am sure I don't know," stammered the girl. "Percy must have forgotten to remove it. You shall do it yourself tomorrow, dear; he will be so very thankful for your help."

Then he shall have it, for I love nothing better," and silently they left the chapel. To please her father, Beatrice had of late indulged his wish to see her well and becomingly dressed; and she had thought that what she was doing that evening they presented a lovely picture—one so graceful and perfect, so faultless in face and form; the other a sweet, true model of innocence and purity. So at least thought the Earl as his eyes rested with delight upon them. Even the Countess, forgetful for once of her usual dignity, rose hastily to meet and greet with an affectionate embrace her pretty little guest.

Ere a fortnight had passed, Marie was as much at home that she could dwell with her, and she could ever have feared or dreaded this visit at all; everyone was so good to her. The Earl seemed to love her gentle ways, and would turn fondly towards her if she stayed from his side too long. Beatrice and Percy (for it was Marie and Percy between them) now, the Mr. and Miss having been dropped by mutual consent) were full of fun and frolic, and did not seem happy without her. A sharp frost had set in; they had taken the snow and gait, and she was an apt pupil. How she enjoyed racing them over the smooth surface of the lake! Then she and Beatrice drove out together in the sweetest of little sledges, and Marie looked so kind and gracious to the villagers and their little ones as they tipped their caps and curtsied to them, that she won their hearts at once. Moreover, she made Beatrice hunt up and visit the poor and infirm, and with her own hands distributed the warm food and clothing, so that they praised her sweet and gentle ways. The Countess, too, was most affable and gracious; visitors and callers came more frequently to the Court, and her ladyship brought her little guest forward on every possible occasion.

"The young lady was so pretty and cheerful, and had no pride about her," so said the servants, and there was an unspoken wish in their hearts which caused them to regret the desire to become a nun.

And how was it with Lord Reginald? Alas! he suffered deeply, and felt that he was fast losing his peace of mind. Marie was so different from every other girl he had ever met before—so thoughtful for every one but herself, so totally unconcerned regarding the admiration of gentlemen, always taking the last place, and rejecting that any other guest should be preferred before her. Then, above all, she was so thoroughly pious and good. Reginald loved her the most of all for that purity of soul which shone from her gentle eyes. It was with feelings fast growing into bitter jealousy that he watched the free and easy manner of the girl in her intercourse with his brother and noted how admirably they agreed together. Often and often he watched them from the distance and listened to their merry jokes and laughter; but on his approach these would seem to cease, and when he offered, as he frequently did, to share their mirth and fun, Marie, looking up shyly, would blush and treat him with such a timid grace, that the young man

could not but feel disappointed, and regret how unfavorably he compared with his brother. And yet he hoped, nay, he felt certain at times, that her very freedom with Percy avouched more of sisterly friendship than of any other feeling. "It was such a boy, and had no serious thoughts of life," of that his brother felt convinced; still it was more than tantalizing to stand by and observe how easily another could inspire confidence and trust where his own heart was yearning for the same privilege.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE ATTACK REPELLED

"There goes a picture of the Sacred Heart. They must be Catholics." Mrs. Pike and Miss Dunlap, her niece, were peering through the clusters of rambling roses that covered the lattice-work of their veranda and intently surveying a load of furniture being moved into the little summer cottage next door.

"Well," said Miss Dunlap, having passed a favorable judgment on the material prosperity of the new neighbors, based on the superb piano, the two elegant mirrors and the pink satin easy chairs, "if they are Catholics I don't intend to mix much with them, that's certain."

"I don't know how it is," observed her aunt, as she balanced herself on the edge of the hammock, "but I always experience a feeling of distrust in the presence of a Catholic."

"And who would not?" replied pretty Miss Dunlap. "Why, their doctrine on indulgences alone is enough to make anyone insecure and uneasy in their company. An indulgence, you know," she continued with affected horror, "is nothing but a permission to commit sin."

"So I have heard," sighed her aunt. "It is dreadful, simply dreadful," continued the indignant young woman, "to think that what is a crime before the Lord by all Catholics is accounted nothing by Catholics if they can afford to buy an indulgence for it."

"And how shrewd they are," ventured Mrs. Pike, "you cannot induce any of them to tell you what they must pay for any particular sin." "Indeed, they deny it altogether," added Miss Dunlap, "and one would be really inclined to doubt it if it were not in the very histories studied in our public schools. It was the exorbitant price placed on indulgences by the Pope that made the holy Luther break away from the Catholic Church."

"Well," rejoined the aunt, lustily applying her fan, "if this family makes any advance to neighborly friendship, I intend to attack them on their religion."

"So shall I," declared the niece, "and I think indulgences would be a vulnerable point."

A carriage had stopped before the cottage next door and the two curious women were at the roses again in a moment. An athletic, handsome young man of about twenty-five had alighted and was assisting an aged lady up the gravel walk to the house. Both stood on the steps to view the surroundings.

"This braiding air will make you wet again, Mother," explained the young man, with a tenderness that betrayed the affection of a true son. "Here is the climbing rose I spoke of."

"John Connors supported his mother to the west end of the piazza, where he stood admiring the very best of his religion."

"Let us thank God for His goodness, John," said Mrs. Connors, "and beg His blessing on our new home. Do not forget to inquire about the Church, my son." She turned away and entered the house. The young man descended to inspect some newly planted flower beds on the lawn. Catching a glimpse of the ladies he crossed the grass-plot between the two houses, and with polite apology inquired where the Catholic Church was located. Miss Dunlap, returning her seat, was the first to speak.

"So you are Catholic?" she said. "Will you be seated? We would like to welcome you to Minville."

"Many thanks," replied John, as he took a rustic chair near the roses.

"The Catholic Church is at the extreme end of the village, not far from the depot," said Mrs. Pike. "We are not of your persuasion and hence know little of the pastor or the services."

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PRISONER OF FIFTY YEARS

It is safe to say that the average American Catholic does not understand the "Roman Question." And because he does not understand, he is not very intensely interested. Yet he ought to be interested. The Holy See is looking more and more each year to the Catholics of the United States for the moral and financial support that it has been deprived of in other countries.

This year of 1920 brings around an anniversary that should be of the greatest interest to American Catholics, and we should also endeavor to understand its import. Usually anniversaries are occasions for joyful celebrations. But there is nothing in this one to cause joy; it really makes sadness grow deeper.

Over that large expanse of territory, the Bishops of Rome ruled as kings, and their right to this property was founded on a stronger title than that possessed by any king in Europe. Not by robbing others, not by armed conquest, but chiefly by donation and gift, the Popes had received this territory from the times of Pepin and Charlemagne onwards.

But the people of Piedmont were determined to unite Italy into a grand nation, with Rome as the capital. At this time (about the year 1848) was composed of a number of small principalities, such as the kingdom of Naples, the Duchies of Milan and Parma, etc. Venice was in the hands of the Austrians, and Rome, with its environs, was usually guarded by French troops until the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war.

Bishop of Rome, is the successor of St. Peter. The conclusion, therefore, must be that our Faith teaches us that the Bishop of Rome by Divine choice must rule the Church freely and independently, and that we owe him childlike obedience. It is certain therefore, that it is the holy will of God that the freedom of the Pope be completely secured, so that unhampered in any way he may lead the whole flock of Christ in spiritual matters.

The Pope must then be free as head of the Church. Since the Bishop of Rome has received this right from God, he has a right to determine the means that he deems necessary in order to exercise his sublime office most fully and without molestation of any kind.

Common sense must tell any one that the Pope is only really free and independent in Rome, when he is absolutely not subject to any one else. Moreover, the same common sense tells us that freedom and independence are best had in Rome when the Pope himself is the temporal ruler of Rome.

Furthermore, events of the last fifty years have proved conclusively that the Pope is not free in Rome to exercise his sublime office in a way befitting his great dignity and importance. He is really dependent upon governmental measures and upon the whims of ministers of State, houses of Parliament and the crowd.

In a word, he is really at the mercy and good pleasure of others. Finally, every one of the Popes who have shared the prison house of the Vatican has told us clearly and positively that the Temporal Power of the Pope is necessary at present in order that they may, freely and independently, of any power or secular prince, rule and guide the entire Church. Our present gloriously reigning Holy Father expressed the same idea in his war encyclical of November 1, 1914.

Can a solution be given for this most difficult question? As loyal sons of the Church, we must await her solution. The Pope, as the chief one involved, must be consulted. There is exactly where the mistake has occurred in every attempt made to solve the problem. The Italian Government has drawn up laws, has formulated plans about this vexed question, but always the Pope, who is the one most vitally affected, has been ignored. He has not been consulted; he has not been requested to give his opinion. He has been treated not as the greatest ruler in the world, for such he is, but more like a deposed ruler who is to get something through the mercy of the conqueror.

First, the Pope must be recognized as a supra-national sovereign, with the right to be independent of every earthly ruler, not because of any concession on the part of a government, but because his exalted office requires such freedom. Secondly, the right to have of his disposition all the means necessary for the work of his great ministry, independent of any earthly authority, must be acknowledged. Thirdly, the independence of the person of the Pope and his official acts, his place of residence and his office, together with the independence of a portion of territory in keeping with the dignity of a sovereign and not of a deposed ruler. This independence must be considered not as a gift from some earthly government, but as a right inherent in the Pope's office. It is not within our province to say exactly what extent of territory is acceptable to the Holy See.

Very well, but what do we but too often see? A person comes into church, makes some sort of downward jerk, enters a pew, makes a movement with the right hand toward the forehead, then one as though trying to brush a fly from off his nose—and the operation of making the sign of the cross is completed! Or again a squirm in the air is made with a motion toward the breast which one might easily imagine was intended to brush off another fly or atom of dust.

Whatsoever anything is said during this series of spasmodic movements, God alone knows. Certainly the idea that there is much reverence in the operation. Now, this should not be so. In blessing one's self one must or should think of what he is doing.

CRITICISING THE PRIEST

To the question, "Why is it that some Catholics would rather criticise the priest than pray for him?" the following excellent answer is given by Father P. J. Dennis of St. Louis in his News Boys' Journal: "Reverence for the priestly office and for the priest is an inborn instinct in real Catholics. In some of the saints this reverence has been so great that they never dared to receive the Sacrament of Holy Orders."

And yet— "Father So-and-So is stuck up, or Father So-and-So makes himself too common. Or, he's too friendly, or he's too cold, or he mixes too much with the people, or he's never seen outside the rectory."

He talks too much about money. (Poor man! His revenue on such a good deal about money to him, too; and he has many a bad hour wondering who among his critics is going to help him pay the coal bill.) Or, "Why doesn't he buy new pews and put a little paint on the walls like they're doing in the parish beyond the tracks?"

And so on ad infinitum. His critics are not Protestants either. They are Catholics; good Catholics, too, but a little thoughtless. As their entrance into this world some good priest was waiting to make them children of God, heirs of heaven, by administering the Sacrament of Baptism. Later in life a priest was anxious to nourish them with the Bread of Angels. Perhaps like the Good Shepherd he brought them back when they had strayed far off into the desert of sin.

Oh, it is easy to criticise God's ministers, and many there are to throw stones. But how many Catholics ever pray for their priests that God may give them the graces they need? Do you ever offer a Com-

munion for them? Did you ever in all your life make a Novena for the priests of your parish? Don't criticize your priests. Say a prayer for them now and then instead.—Intermountain Catholic.

DO YOU MAKE SIGN OF THE CROSS

While it ill becomes us to make remarks as to what we see in church, still one who has his eyesight cannot fail to notice and wonder at the careless manner in which many make the sign of the cross. We were taught from our earliest years that to properly make the sign of the cross one must reverently touch the forehead, then the breast, then the left shoulder, and then the right, saying: "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

Very well, but what do we but too often see? A person comes into church, makes some sort of downward jerk, enters a pew, makes a movement with the right hand toward the forehead, then one as though trying to brush a fly from off his nose—and the operation of making the sign of the cross is completed! Or again a squirm in the air is made with a motion toward the breast which one might easily imagine was intended to brush off another fly or atom of dust.

Whatsoever anything is said during this series of spasmodic movements, God alone knows. Certainly the idea that there is much reverence in the operation. Now, this should not be so. In blessing one's self one must or should think of what he is doing. What would a non-Catholic think on beholding the careless manner in which many perform this sacred action? Naturally he would wonder and say, "What was he trying to do?"

Justice Russell Benedict of the New York Supreme Court enjoys the honor and distinction of many years' service on the bench. Because of the fact, therefore, it will scarcely be contested that his experiences have been varied, his knowledge extended, and his conclusions ripened to a degree of acceptability.

Such being the case, a large proportion of the American people ought to be interested in a decision he handed down a few days ago, expressing as he does therein his views on one of America's great evils, and suggesting in positive terms his cure for the same. Criticizing the New York Legislature of last year for shortening from five to three years the period after which an application for permission to remarry might be made, Justice Benedict declared that the "only effective way to cure the divorce evil" was to prohibit the remarriage of divorcees during the life of either party.

THE TWO KEYS

A Catholic author tells the simple story of a child's dream. In that wondrous dreamland, the land of make believe, a little girl finds herself at the gate of Purgatory, gazing upon the suffering souls. Among them she recognizes a soul she loves. An angel urges the child to enter and liberate her loved one, but the child weeps bitterly because she is but a child and the gate is heavy. The angel then points to two keys that hang at her girdle. One key is golden and bears the name Charity, the other is silver and bears the inscription Prayer. The child has taken to the gate, fits the golden key to the lock, but the gate remains fast. Then she fits the key of silver, and the gate swings open.

This is but an allegory but it teaches a lesson for the month of November. Love for our departed is a beautiful thing, as precious as gold. But love will not release these dear departed loved ones from the pains of Purgatory, unless we also pray. Prayer is the Key of Heaven, and the key also of Purgatory. When the post put into the mouth of the dying Arthur, his fond adieu to his faithful knight coupled with the warning that if he did not look upon his face again, to pray for his soul, he stressed a weak point in human nature.

The bereaved are seldom wanting in love for their departed, but they are often wanting in prayer. And so the Christian king seeing the gulf of Purgatory opening to receive him, cautioned his faithful follower to render not empty love but efficacious prayers. "So let your prayers rise like a fountain night and day. For more things are wrought by prayer than this world knows of."

The brimming eyes, the checked voice, and the heavy heart besetken only sorrow. They are actions that a man might play. But the necessary prayer, the daily pleading with God to have mercy on the soul of the faithful departed is an act of faith. Vain are our protestations of sorrow if they are not made effective with prayer. Herein is the true Christian differentiated from the pagan.

The man of the world mourns as one who has no hope, but the Christian turns sorrow into joy by the hope that prayer will soon release the departed loved one from suffering into happiness. St. Augustine tells us

that we must suffer loving souls to leave the loss of their dear ones and not debate them from the relief of tears; yet these tears should be dried and their grief soothed by the belief that the just when their debt of nature is paid will enter a better life and are separated from us only for a little while.

A mourner should hope, not fear for the friends whom he has lost. St. Francis de Sales found the thought of Purgatory consoling rather than alarming and regretted that people thought so much of the pains and so little of the joys of Purgatory "for the souls enjoy there an interior peace with which no earthly happiness is comparable."

Dante apostrophizes the souls in Purgatory thus: "O happy souls, secure, when'er it come, of state of peaceful rest." Languishing for love, awaiting the hour of deliverance, secure of eternal happiness these holy souls look to us for assistance. By our prayers we can help them. By our prayers we can give glory to God by filling Heaven with saints, by our prayers we can help ourselves, by assuaging our grief, by paying the debt of true remembrance, and by providing ourselves with powerful intercessors who will plead for us before the Throne of God, when we in our turn shall be numbered among the souls in Purgatory.

A pious custom now more honored in the breach than in the observance decreed that on hearing the news of a death, or in mentioning one who had passed away, the speaker would add "God have mercy on his soul." We cannot afford to allow any such pious legacies from Catholic times to become obsolete.—The Pilot.

CURE FOR DIVORCE EVIL

Justice Russell Benedict of the New York Supreme Court enjoys the honor and distinction of many years' service on the bench. Because of the fact, therefore, it will scarcely be contested that his experiences have been varied, his knowledge extended, and his conclusions ripened to a degree of acceptability.

Such being the case, a large proportion of the American people ought to be interested in a decision he handed down a few days ago, expressing as he does therein his views on one of America's great evils, and suggesting in positive terms his cure for the same. Criticizing the New York Legislature of last year for shortening from five to three years the period after which an application for permission to remarry might be made, Justice Benedict declared that the "only effective way to cure the divorce evil" was to prohibit the remarriage of divorcees during the life of either party.

In support of his contention—based, no doubt, on his judicial experience, and sustained by an intimate personal knowledge of fact—he extends the assurance that a large proportion of divorce actions would never have been brought if the plaintiff were prohibited from contracting a new alliance, arrangements for which are not infrequently made before the suit is begun.

We have herein stated an undeniable fact—now an altogether too common condition—a fact proved by press reports and public records, and by the professional experience of all lawyers, no matter what their practice. And yet Justice Benedict presents it by no means in its most startling or most vicious phrase. No choice of words would permit him. So degraded are some of its adherents that any presentation would involve the use of language gravely offensive.

But aside from the experience and knowledge acquired by his long

services on the bench, are there not other confirmatory and convincing reasons that Justice Benedict's cure for the divorce evil is an effective remedy?

To prohibit the remarriage of divorcees would unquestionably end the now very common conning and the compounding of sin and crime involved in divorce suits. The private and primary purpose today in the majority of divorce cases—remarriage, or more properly, legalized concubinage—would be destroyed. To those who regard it as merely a civil contract marriage would be made a more serious matter. Consideration would retard haste, and haste made thoughtless through the remarriage prohibition would certainly reduce to a minimum at least that present prolific source of divorce, "juvenile runaways."

Other sound and acceptable reasons might be advanced. Enough, however, is here for substantiation of Judge Benedict's suggestion, which even if it failed to produce all that it promises in his assurance, has yet to its credit and commending its support the greater and savorier sanction of the law which says: What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.—Church Progress.

VICE MADE PUBLIC

Crime is not more rampant today than it has been in preceding generations. The cry of the public for sensational and scandalous news has led to the publication of the vices of the day, leaving unscrupulous the victims that not unobtrusively continue as they have in the past.—Cardinal Gibbons.

SOUND INTELLECT

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THE AWFUL TRAGEDY IN IRELAND

The recent shocking murder of military officers in Dublin and the subsequent savage shooting up of men, women and children at a football game throws a lurid light on the anarchic conditions prevailing in Ireland.

Our Canadian press has suppressed altogether the Irish side of the Irish story, thus abdicating the high functions and sacred trust of a free press. In this there is a marked contrast with the press of England, where journals not owned or controlled by the Government or its supporters have been outspoken in condemnation of the orgy of Government outrages and atrocities which are the undoubted cause of the murders that are invoked as their justification.

This is conclusively proved by the fact that during the first two years of the Government's policy of repression not a single policeman was shot.

In their recent protest against the reign of terror in Ireland the Irish bishops recall the fact that "when the country was crimeless" they warned the Government that their policy of ruthless repression would lead to the "most deplorable consequences."

In an article written for The Statesman and reproduced in the CATHOLIC RECORD of Nov. 20th, the Rev. Herbert Dunicco, an eminent English Protestant, says: "The shooting of policemen did not precede, but was the outcome of the Government's policy of rigorous repression and, unfortunately, political outrages are always produced by political corruptions, such as those which exist in Ireland."

It is a simple fact, yet terrible in its significance, that for two years the Irish people, with what a correspondent of a foreign newspaper characterized as "almost criminal patience," endured the same policy of repression which, differing only in intensity, horrifies the civilized world today.

The genesis of the present anarchy is thus summed up by Arthur Griffiths:

"A policy of repression, based upon nocturnal raids, arrests and imprisonments, was pursued toward the people's representatives and the people themselves. The restraint with which this policy was endured did not avail to abate its rigours and as time passed repression became more brutal and to it was added calculated provocation. The press that exposed and condemned the evil policy was suppressed or threatened with suppression. Public meeting was interdicted and all the organic means by which a nation expresses itself was sought to be stifled. Political spies, whose business it was to denounce men for their opinions and agents provocateurs, whose work was to instigate outrages, were scattered through the country. "Consequences that inevitably flowed from the efforts to treat the lawfully registered vote of the people as a crime and the electors and their representatives as criminals, were in turn used as an excuse before the world for the sacking of Irish towns and villages, the destruction of Irish factories, creameries and business houses, the burning of Irish homes, homesteads and harvests, and the murder of Irish citizens, until today, throughout the major part of Ireland, a system of terrorism and destruction surpassing anything alleged against the Germans in Belgium in the late war is established

and carried on by the armed forces of the English Government."

Another consequence of the contemptibly partisan attitude of the Canadian press in their suppression of truth and suggestion of falsehood with regard to Ireland is the belief—the honestly mistaken belief in many cases—that the whole Irish question is one of religion,—the case of a Protestant minority defending itself against Catholic aggression.

The Rev. Mr. Dunicco, from whom we have quoted above, is one of the many Englishmen who save the term "British Fair Play" from becoming a hissing—and a by-word when he honestly and emphatically affirms:

"There is not the slightest reason for believing, as many Protestants in Canada do, that the underlying issue is a desire on the part of the Roman Catholics to dominate and control the Protestant minority. Outside Belfast there is no religious feud at all, and there it is fostered by political and vested interests for ulterior motives. It is the old policy of 'divide and conquer.' Many of the foremost leaders in the Sinn Fein and Nationalist movements are Protestants. In districts that are overwhelmingly Catholic I found Protestants holding positions of importance. I have not heard of a single case where Protestants have been maltreated in Catholic centres, but there are hundreds of cases on record where unoffending Catholics have been assaulted, their homes wrecked and their lives endangered by Protestant mobs incited by base-minded politicians."

This bears out the letter what the Irish bishops say on the same subject:

"Only one persecuting section can be found among the Irish people, and perhaps recent sad events may, before it is altogether too late, open all eyes to the iniquity of furnishing a corner of Ulster with a separate government and the deadly instrument of special police to enable it all the more readily to trample under foot the victims of its intolerance."

All know that Irish lawlessness and anarchy had their origin and source in Carsonism some eight years ago, and that at that time the supporters of the present Government aided and abetted rebellion and provided malcontents for all time what ex-Premier Asquith aptly and justly termed "a complete Grammar of Anarchy." All know that the Government now proposes to arm these Carsonite rebels and turn them loose on their Catholic fellow countrymen to glut their insatiable lust for persecution. Canadians have been so bestowed and misled on everything pertaining to Ireland that perhaps we had better here quote an honest English paper, the Manchester Guardian:

"Already the plans are published for converting the Orange lodges into military police, duly equipped and paid by the British Government. Mr. Bonar Law has pretended that this would be an entirely non-partisan body, and has said anybody might join it. But how many active followers of Mr. Davlin, let alone Sinn Feiners, would like to know, will be admitted to its ranks? Thus the same men who have been actively engaged in the most bitter party warfare in the streets of Belfast, at Lieburn, and elsewhere, and who have displayed their impartiality and respect for law by forcing out the many thousands of Catholic workers from employment in the shipyards and pursuing them even in their homes, will suddenly be converted into armed guardians of law and order."

More or less obscured by the deliberate suppression of truth and suggestion of falsehood to which we have referred, these things are still known to all. But few there are who will not have a more vivid conception of the extent to which brutal Protestant Ascendancy has been restored on reading the account published in Truth (London, Eng.) in its issue of Oct. 30th last of the revolting prostitution of justice in the regularly constituted courts.

Here is the plain, unvarnished tale as told by Truth:

"One of the most depressing features of the situation in Ulster, hitherto unnoticed, is the breakdown of the administration of the law in certain districts. I was present at the quarter sessions held in one of these districts the other day. Amongst the prisoners were a number of Orangemen charged with looting from Catholic shops during the recent rioting. The majority of the Catholic jurors were asked by

the defence to stand by. The result was that most of the prisoners were acquitted against the evidence. In one case the prisoner had in his house as much furniture and food-stuffs as filled two rooms, the property of a Catholic shop-keeper. Yet he was found not guilty. Finally, the Crown Prosecutor, in disgust, withdrew the charges against the other prisoners.

"No one in court seemed surprised at what happened, and justice was outraged openly. Personally, I would prefer the action of the Sinn Feiners, who refuse to recognize the British Courts, to the methods of the Orangemen, who, after swearing that they would well and truly try and true deliverance make, according to the evidence proceeded to break their oaths. The scandal of the quarter sessions was only one of the many signs which point to the conclusion that the Carsonites have definitely and deliberately determined to deny the elementary rights of citizenship to their Nationalist fellow Ulstermen in the six counties. And it is upon such a foundation that the Prime Minister hopes to build a peaceful North-East Ulster and the Carsonites say they will erect a model Parliament."—(Truth, London, Eng., Oct 30th, 1920)

The foregoing facts illustrate the general situation the full knowledge of which is seared into the consciousness of Irish men and women. Moreover, worse than Turkish atrocities are of daily occurrence.

Here is one which happened Nov. 2nd and which is thus described in an Irish paper now at hand:

In an interview the Rev. J. Consideine, C. G., who ministered to Mrs. E. Quinn, the girl wife and mother, who was killed at Gort, county Galway, said:

"Please don't ask me—I cannot—I feel unable to give it. It is too awful, too inhuman to contemplate."

"Pressed, the priest overcame his emotion and continued:

"I have heard of Turkish atrocities. I have read of the death of Joan of Arc. I have read of the sufferings of Nurse Cavell, and as I read those things I often felt my blood boil and I often prayed that the good God would change the hearts of the perpetrators, but little did I then dream that I should witness a tragedy more cruel than any of those things, and that here in our own little peaceful parish. At about 8 p. m., Father Consideine added, Malachy Quinn, weeping bitterly, called for him and said he just heard that his wife had been shot. Father Consideine procured a motor car and hurried to the scene. At the gateway there was a large pool of blood on the roadside. About three yards away, in the yard, there was another pool, and the porch leading to the kitchen was actually covered with blood. In a room was the poor woman lying on her back with blood oozing through her clothes.

"Ob, Father John," she said, "I have been shot." Shot by whom? I exclaimed. By police she answered. She added that she saw them in two lorries, and that the shot came from the first lorry. At this point she became weaker and he put no further questions to her.

"I tried to console her as best I could," said Father Consideine and immediately administered the last Sacraments. When I had finished she whispered to me: Bring me Malachy. Bring him to me, I hear him crying. I have something to tell him."

"I did so," said Father Consideine. "What a scene. Then she became weak. She fainted off. Gradually she became worse. I sent word immediately to the Head Constable of Gort. He arrived with a force of police and military. All seemed shocked at the tragedy. I asked him to go and see the woman. He seemingly with his men felt the trial too much. He answered, I cannot. I pointed out the pools of blood. No trace of the bullet could be found. It seems the poor woman, who I am informed, was within two months of her confinement, was sitting on the wall outside her house, holding her nine months' old child in her arms, when the lorry passed from which the fatal shot was fired. The bullet pierced the stomach. The child fell from her arms. She managed to crawl over the wall, which was blood stained, into the yard where she lay for some time and then crawled to the porch to tell her little servant girl that she had been shot."

What comment can any honest man make on this? Honest Englishmen find organs of public opinion that give adequate expression to their heart sick disgust at the sorry hypocrisy which seeks to veil the sordid and revolting butchery by the forces of the Crown are "restoring law and order" in Ireland.

If Malachy Quinn took lawless vengeance into his own hands is there a jury in Christendom that would not bring in a strong recommendation of mercy?

The execution of Nurse Cavell sent a thrill of horror throughout the world; and Englishmen proudly boasted of a civilization that placed

them above the barbarities of German Kultur. Yet the murder of Mrs. Quinn is one of the direct consequences of the license given by the English Government to its Bash Bazooks in Ireland.

When the matter came up in the House of Commons this is how the Irish chief secretary justified the appalling event and reconciled it with the superior claims of British civilization:

"Sir H. Greenwood replying to Mr. Davlin, said he regretted to say that Mrs. Quinn of Galway, who had her baby in her arms, was fatally shot but it might be that the men in the lorries fired in anticipation of an ambush. (Cries of "Oh.")

Commander Kenworthy asked whether a record was kept of the petrol and ammunition used by those in the motor lorries.

Sir Hamar Greenwood said a perfect record was kept. He held that in counties like Galway the police and military had every right to anticipate ambushes. ("Oh," and "Hear, hear.")

Commander Kenworthy—Could the Chief Secretary assure the House that the most drastic steps will be taken to prevent pot shots at innocent women. (Cries of "Oh, oh.")

Sir H. Greenwood protested against such charges.

In another column we publish the despatch to the New York Times, telling of the murder of Father Griffin who, it is said, was to have come to America to give evidence before the Nation's Committee of One Hundred now inquiring into conditions in Ireland. Would it be prudent for Father Consideine to apply for a passport to come to Washington? Might not someone "suspect an ambush"?

It is this unspeakable policy of frightfulness, of arson, torture, raping and murder that has driven desperate young Irishmen to resort to the wild justice of revenge.

And it is young Irishmen driven to desperation that commit those acts of reprisal which would be and have been condoned in England whenever and wherever provoked by ruthless tyranny. Even Gladstone said he was proud to clasp the hand of Mazzini.

Arthur Griffiths, trusting in this universal sympathy with the victims of intolerable repression, said a few weeks ago:

"We are willing to have any impartial body investigate the so-called murders of policemen. The proof will be insurmountable that these men were the victims of the relatives of people murdered in cold blood, or whose liberties were sworn away by perjured testimony bought with gold or promotion. The British Premier knows that the reprisals of the Irish people have only been against assassins sent to Ireland to force the young men and women of the country to emigrate. Their creameries have been burned down, their shops destroyed, their farms ravaged, their relatives taken away and foully murdered."

"Mr. Lloyd George knows that the Sinn Fein Government has had no hand in this work, for otherwise he would have all its officials everywhere in jail, if not shot. He knows that the vengeance executed has been personal and is justified before all law after the attempts of imported murderers to drive the people from their land to alien soil. He knows that this coercion is a failure, as is now the burning of towns and the ravaging of villages, and he is seeking a way out before the world in the hope that he can keep the real facts from Englishmen on whose sense of justice we shall ultimately rely, and not in vain."

Another utterly unjustified impression created by the truth-suppressing and falsehood-suggesting press is that Sinn Feiners shoot policemen from behind a hedge whenever they get a chance. As a matter of public fact announced in the newspapers at the time of each occurrence 411 police and military were captured by the Irish Volunteers between Aug. 1st, 1920, and Oct. 9th, 1920, and were released unharmed. A fact which bears out the claim that it is only on police or military known to be guilty of outrages that vengeance is taken.

The claim that such private vengeance is justified is quite another question. It has been condemned unequivocally and emphatically by the Irish bishops, it is in direct conflict with Catholic teaching and the stern command of God. As a more matter of policy it is the worst possible inasmuch as it furnishes the faction now in control of the Government with the much-desired and sorely-needed excuse for continued repression and frightfulness at the very time when English public opinion was hardening against Government atrocities.

WEALTH AND CIVILIZATION

By THE OBSERVER

Somewhere in my reading, recently, I came across this proposition: "Wealth means progressive civilization."

Does it? Not necessarily, I think; not even probably, I fear. Education, including in that term religious education, might be said to mean progressive civilization; but what has wealth to do with such progress? Education, properly understood, means progress in the power to comprehend, the power to appreciate; the ability to see things in their just proportion; including, and not only including but giving first place to,—the capacity of drawing a true line between things divine and eternal, on the one hand, and things worldly and temporary on the other.

That indeed is progress in civilization; but wealth does not necessarily promote education; and in fact, as wealth is regarded and used nowadays, it tends rather to retard education.

Wealth, at its best, as used today, enables man to draw more and more deeply on the resources of nature; to make and distribute a multitude of material objects, most of which are not necessary to even our worldly happiness; enables him to increase his own opportunities for physical enjoyment. It is quite plain that all these things would be quite possible to a world of pagans who knew not God's name.

Wealthy men are not the leaders in the things of the spirit, the mind and the heart which are the very essence of civilization. Wealthy men are not the leaders in education. It is not by wealthy men that great things have been done in the realms of thought; in discovery; in literature; in research. Wealth is not leading in the progress of civilization; but rather by turning to the uses of material progress the forces, the intellectual power, and the energy, which ought to go to the doing of things which would really promote the progress of civilization.

A cooperation spends twenty-three million dollars in advertising a baking-powder; (this actually happens); and the chief stock-holder dies, leaving a fortune of thirty million dollars. I understand it is a very good baking powder; and it ought to be, since the consuming public paid twenty-three million dollars to have its merits advertised to themselves; but how much has the progress of civilization been affected by this accumulation of wealth?

That depends on what use has been made of the dead baking-powder magnate's accumulation of thirty million dollars. I don't know what has become of it; but I do know what is the common fate of such fortunes, and of most fortunes of any considerable size: One of two things: They are spent for unnecessary material purposes, to be gathered up by some other originator of "a new want," or a new baking-powder; or else they are made use of to pile up yet greater fortunes by fresh drives at the resources of the earth, or in constructing combines of large fortunes to dictate financial terms to whole nations and peoples. Seldom do they go to promote even material education, and we may say, never to promote the broad education of which I have spoken; the only education which can really involve progressive civilization.

In other words, when wealth is made merely an instrument to accumulate more wealth, then wealth only leads to wealth, and not to increase or progress in civilization. To increase ability, to develop natural capacity is not necessarily to do something for civilization; for if you make of young brains merely a machine wherewith to build up huge piles of money, or to fill the markets of the world with new combinations of wood, stone or metal, you have not sent out an apostle of civilization, but merely an agent for comfort of material utility, and these, at their best, are but small items in civilization; and the world would be as capable of achieving them if we, were still waiting for Christ, as it is now.

When we talk of civilization, we must think broadly enough to give the word a meaning which includes the progress which Jesus Christ came on earth and died on Calvary to make possible. His Apostles, fresh from His presence, did not go out to the wealthy and luxurious cities of that day to show them how to use their wealth to pile up more wealth: They went after their hearts, to purify them; their con-

sciences, to enlighten and inform them; their minds, to make plain to them the reasonableness of Christianity and the true relations of man to God. That was the civilization the Apostles preached.

But now, 1900 years afterwards, we are asked to believe that wealth means progressive civilization; a proposition which was offered in Corinth and in Antioch in defense of their way of doing things.

Well, if any of the then inhabitants of Corinth or Antioch could come on earth for a day or two, they would perhaps be surprised to see that their error persists still, or is repeated, in the cities and the nations of today.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

TO SAY that there are fashions in diet, as well as in dress or manners, is a simple truism. The Dominion periodical, Conservation, calls attention to a fashion in fish, which, it appears, has been working out to the advantage of our American neighbors, and conversely to the disadvantage of Canadians.

THIS ANOMALOUS condition existed, it appears, during the recent salmon fishing season on the British Columbia coast, when the Alaska fisheries were shipping their red salmon to British Columbia, while the B. C. fisheries were shipping their pink to U. S. canneries. This was due, we are told, to the lack of a market for the latter in Canada, whereas there was a demand for them across the line.

NOW COMES an expert, in the person of Dr. Edward Prince, Chairman of the Biological Board of Canada, to tell us that while the red salmon has been preferred in Canada, and accepted by fashion and usage as the better article, the pink fish, at which we have as a people been turning up our noses, is distinctly superior in quality and flavor. "The best flavored salmon on the Pacific coast," Dr. Prince assures us, "is least in demand on the [Canadian] market, because the color is pale. The inferior salmon, of a rich red color, brings the best price, and takes the lead, because of its color, this having no relation to excellence of flavor or edible superiority." The moral, then, is that while Canadians have been paying twice the price for the inferior article, the people of the United States, wiser in their generation, have been reaping the benefit. As fish-esters to a considerable degree Catholics should be interested.

IRELAND TRUSTS IN GOD FOR FREEDOM SAYS NEW BISHOP

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

Washington, D. C., Nov. 18.—"Ireland's hope for freedom and prosperity is placed in God alone."

So declares the newly appointed auxiliary Bishop of Sacramento, the Rev. Patrick J. Keane, S. T. L., who has just returned from a visit to Ireland lasting several weeks and in which he was as much impressed by the deep religious fervor of the people as he was by the terror that has been struck into the inhabitants by the British soldiers in the south of Ireland and the Orange bigote in the north.

"The people of Ireland believe firmly," said Father Keane, "that their delivery from conscription measures during the War was due chiefly to prayer, especially intercession to the Blessed Virgin. And today the voice of Catholic Ireland is raised in prayer as never before."

"I celebrated Mass one Sunday in the Dominican Church in Dublin and I was deeply impressed as the number of people who went to Holy Communion. Three priests commenced distributing the Sacrament immediately after the consecration and did not finish until after the Mass was ended. One week days as well as on Sundays there are great crowds at Mass. The workmen leave their plants to attend Mass and pray for their comrades who are in prison or who have been put to death."

"There is no sentiment for bolshevism among the Irish workingmen. The Sinn Fein is a national movement, not an international one and the Irish workingmen are enlisted body and soul in this movement. The latest outrages of the British Government—for, it is certainly upon the Government that the responsibility must be placed for the sacking of towns and the murder of innocent people—has been instrumental chiefly in driving those old nationalists and Redmondites who had not joined Sinn Fein into the ranks."

"The example of religious devotion shown by Lord Mayor MacSwiney before he died in Brixton prison was certainly noble and edifying for the Irish people. Almost every word he uttered was a prayer. He echoed the sentiment of the whole Irish people when he put his faith firmly in God."

SOME YEARS ago an American periodical reproduced the photographs of several California Indians who were then still living at ages almost rivaling Zora of Constantinople. These were all subjects of the mission established by Padre Junipero Serra in 1769. The oldest, Victoriano, chief of the Sobobos, and Cassiano, were both one hundred and thirty-six. Lorenzo, third wife of Victoriano, was one hundred and eighty years old, and hale and hearty, but almost a juvenile compared with "Old Marie," who at one hundred and thirty was still making baskets, "the deft workmanship of which revealed no weakened hand." There were several others, all past the century mark, and at the time the record was made (1897) exhibiting every prospect of many years of life.

IN THE case of these Indians it was admitted that their great ages rested on estimation alone, there being no authentic record. It was established beyond doubt, however, by Major John Carrère, of the United States Indian Department, that Cassiano had been present at the founding of the Mission of San Antonio de Padua, by Father Junipero himself, on July 14th, 1771. It was the custom of the Franciscans upon baptizing an Indian to record the event in the mission archives, and the fact that the records still exist of several of them, who at the time were adults, is pretty good authority for their ages as estimated by Major Carrère.

ANY DOUBT that may exist as to the exact ages of the Indians referred to does not apply to Don Ygnacio Francisco de la Cruz Garcia, a Spanish Mexican who was still alive in Los Angeles in 1897, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen. Of the authenticity of this man's age there was no question, as the record of his baptism by Father Jose Pico at Armoslo, Sonora, Mexico, 1781, is there to testify. This record, as exhibiting the uniform era of the Catholic Church throughout the world in all ages in matters of this kind, is worth reproducing. It reads:

"At the parochial church of San Jose de Garcia, on the first day of the month of May, in the year 1781, I solemnly baptized a child three days old, whom I named Ygnacio Francisco de la Cruz Garcia, said child being the legitimate son of Don Jose Garcia and Marianna Gonzalez, both from Spain. The godfather of said child being Don Felipe Carpena, and the godmother Don Serafina Carpena. (Signed) Jose Pico."

IRELAND TRUSTS IN GOD FOR FREEDOM SAYS NEW BISHOP

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

Washington, D. C., Nov. 18.—"Ireland's hope for freedom and prosperity is placed in God alone."

So declares the newly appointed auxiliary Bishop of Sacramento, the Rev. Patrick J. Keane, S. T. L., who has just returned from a visit to Ireland lasting several weeks and in which he was as much impressed by the deep religious fervor of the people as he was by the terror that has been struck into the inhabitants by the British soldiers in the south of Ireland and the Orange bigote in the north.

"The people of Ireland believe firmly," said Father Keane, "that their delivery from conscription measures during the War was due chiefly to prayer, especially intercession to the Blessed Virgin. And today the voice of Catholic Ireland is raised in prayer as never before."

"I celebrated Mass one Sunday in the Dominican Church in Dublin and I was deeply impressed as the number of people who went to Holy Communion. Three priests commenced distributing the Sacrament immediately after the consecration and did not finish until after the Mass was ended. One week days as well as on Sundays there are great crowds at Mass. The workmen leave their plants to attend Mass and pray for their comrades who are in prison or who have been put to death."

"There is no sentiment for bolshevism among the Irish workingmen. The Sinn Fein is a national movement, not an international one and the Irish workingmen are enlisted body and soul in this movement. The latest outrages of the British Government—for, it is certainly upon the Government that the responsibility must be placed for the sacking of towns and the murder of innocent people—has been instrumental chiefly in driving those old nationalists and Redmondites who had not joined Sinn Fein into the ranks."

"The example of religious devotion shown by Lord Mayor MacSwiney before he died in Brixton prison was certainly noble and edifying for the Irish people. Almost every word he uttered was a prayer. He echoed the sentiment of the whole Irish people when he put his faith firmly in God."

A TRUCE OF GOD

MESSAGE OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM TO THE UNIVERSE

We are privileged to publish today a Message of Peace from Ireland to Great Britain from the Most Rev. Dr. Gilmartin, Archbishop of Tuam, Ordinary of the largest diocese in Ireland, comprising a great part of Galway and Mayo. Not only as influential a member of the Irish Hierarchy, but as one who for twenty years held high office at Maynooth, His Grace is singularly, perhaps uniquely qualified to speak with knowledge and authority. We pray that his words may be heard by all with the attention they and their subject demand. The following is the Archbishop's message:

1. I have always denounced the shooting of police or of other servants of the Crown as murder (outside recognised cases of self defence). This Irish people have no sympathy with crimes of this kind, but many of them do not care to speak openly. They are longing for an honorable peace.

2. As one crime does not justify another, I have also denounced reprisals. The gaping wounds in the town of Tuam remain still unhealed, and so far we have got no official assurance that compensation will be made for the damage admittedly done to innocent people by the servants of the Crown.

3. The persecution of Catholic workmen in Belfast is a crime and disgrace to all concerned. If there was an honest will to restore them without prejudice to their natural rights, a way could be found.

4. Since the sack of Tuam on June 20 no servants of the Crown have been molested in this district. But on their side much trouble has been given, culminating with the arrival of the Black and Tans some four weeks ago, in a reign of "rightfulness." Since then Tuam and the surrounding district has been terrorised by indiscriminate shooting, flogging of individuals, and midnight searches—as reported in the press (see my letter in London Times, October 21).

As I write things are easier, and if the servants of the Crown were now to reciprocate the people's longing for peace, there could, I believe, be established an immediate Truce of God. The first move should, however, come from the Government. Let them propose a truce, introduce and pass a full measure of Home Rule, including full fiscal control, and forthwith, in my opinion, serious strife will cease. No doubt a large number will continue to demand a Republic as a logical right consequent on the acceptance of Wilson's fourteen points, but the reality of Home Rule, working and in practice, will lead the masses into Irish Conservatism.

(Signed) T. P. GILMARTIN Archbishop of Tuam, St. Jarlath's Tuam, October 27, 1920.

ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM'S PROPOSALS

The notable appeal of the Archbishop of Tuam in our last issue has received a very gratifying response. Very many letters have reached us, and great publicity has been given to the appeal in such influential organs as the Sunday Times, the Westminster Gazette, the Manchester Guardian, the Yorkshire Post, and the Birmingham Post, to mention only a few.

CARDINAL BOURNE'S STATEMENT

We are enabled by the courtesy of the Editor of The Times to reproduce the following statement by H. E. Cardinal Bourne, which appears in The Times of November 12: Many years ago I was asked at a public dinner abroad: "Are you a Home Ruler?" I answered without hesitation to the manifest surprise of some of my hearers: "Of course I am: I want Home Rule for England." This thought is at the very root of anything I may say about the present desperate situation.

Long ago it became evident to me that no purely English question was ever adequately discussed on its own merits in the House of Commons. The Scottish, Welsh, or Irish point of view entered of necessity—the point of view of those who in many cases could have only a secondary interest in the matter. It was the case where the predominant partner in the United Kingdom was concerned, still more unsatisfactory was the discussion of Welsh or Scottish matters, and prominently of Irish affairs, seeing that the outlook of Ireland on numerous topics differs so greatly from that generally adopted in England. The widest possible self government for Ireland, and for Wales and Scotland too if they desire it, has for a great many years seemed to me the only possible solution of the many difficulties that confront us. When the whole Constitution was under consideration in 1910 I urged this conviction very strongly on the late Duke of Norfolk, in the hope that, while there was yet time, the party with which he was associated would adopt this policy which seemed to me a necessity of political salvation. Had they done so their political adversaries could hardly have opposed it, and the

history of the last six years would have been vastly different.

What comparatively few held ten years ago would, I feel confident, be accepted by an immense majority in England at the present time. They long to see in Ireland the widest possible system of self government; but they are passionately attached to two other things, namely, the maintenance of the link so frail in outward seeming, which has proved so marvelously strong during and since the War, the link which is symbolized in the Crown; and the safeguarding of the essential defences of the Empire. Given these two things, I am confident that there need be no limit, so far as most dwellers in England are concerned, to the self-government of Ireland.

We are often told that the main present obstacle to a peaceful settlement of the question is the continuance in Ireland of large military and semi-military forces with all the ghastly consequences that these forces have entailed, and that on the withdrawal of these forces order and tranquillity would be restored without delay or difficulty. In this matter again I feel convinced that the vast majority of those who live in England view the continued presence of these troops in Ireland with shame and a great desire for their withdrawal.

But it would be misleading not to admit that there is apprehension as to the consequences of this withdrawal. It is allowed that there is actively at work in Ireland a secret oath-bound association using as its weapon assassination; an association, therefore, to which no Catholic who is obedient to the Church can possibly belong. I am assured that the real and legitimate Sinn Fein disclaims all connection with this association, and deplores and disavows all its aims and deeds. But Sinn Fein, while so it is claimed—efficiently and effectually administering justice in other matters in the places where it has superseded the ordinary Courts, is at present apparently unable to control this murder gang.

Is this inability inherent, or does it arise from the conditions of hostility and irritation created by the unenviable presence of the military and quasi-military forces? In other words, could Sinn Fein if left to its own resources, control, quell, and eventually destroy the secret organization which, on its own principles, it must certainly hold in most hearty detestation? If this question could be confidently answered in the affirmative, almost all the anxieties and difficulties of the present moment would vanish into thin air, and people in England would force upon the Government, if still unwilling or hesitating, the speedy withdrawal of the troops.

As one who has long desired Home Rule for every part of the United Kingdom, as one who has ever prayed and hoped, and striven within the limits imposed by his position, for a true and real understanding between the sister countries, as the son of an English father and an Irish mother, I venture, at the urgent request of those who have asked me to set them forth, to place these thoughts before my fellow-countrymen in both countries.

ARCHBISHOP MCINTYRE

His Grace Archbishop McIntyre writes:

Edmund Burke said that "in all exertions of duty something is to be hazarded." His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam has hazarded something in making an appeal for a Truce of God. I am grateful to him for that appeal, and I am glad to be being allowed to join with him in making it. When passions run high, and excitement is at white heat, the calmness of wise counsel often provokes the hostility of opposed extremes. I know that fear of this has kept silent those who have deep sympathy with Ireland and, at the same time, are sensitive for England's good name. They have felt helpless in presence of a tragedy threatening a dual ruin; and one of the most distressing elements in their thought is the clear conviction that the tragedy can be averted.

There are numbers of moderate men, on each side of the water, who, if only they could make their voices heard and their influence felt, would bring about the curbing of the extremists.

The Archbishop of Tuam has given them a lead and a noble rallying cry—The Truce of God. Will they induce the Government to make the Truce, or will they allow the Government to go forward, with a blind recalcitrance, to national disaster? How often are we to be taught the lesson that there is no remedy if the sword cannot slay the spirit of the people? Are we to throw to the winds the wisdom learned from the American War of Independence? I am surprised that that dead and buried legend of ours to point us along the path of civilisation. Not only do we lose America but no American can read today the speeches of the leaders in the movement for liberty without being stirred to bitterness by the record of our brutal violence. In the interest of present and future amity between England and Ireland, I plead with the Archbishop of Tuam for an immediate Truce of God. During the Truce calm and sane counsels can be heard, and the Truce of God will usher in a true and lasting Peace of God.

J. MCINTYRE.

THE BISHOP OF NORTHAMPTON

The Bishop of Northampton endorses the appeal as follows: By repeated calls to pray for a speedy and equitable solution of the Irish problem, and by collections authorised in some dioceses for the persecuted Catholic workmen in Belfast, the English Bishops have shown that we and our flocks are keenly sensible to the intolerable condition of our Irish brethren.

But the admirable message of His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, in the current issue of the Universe, expressing so clearly and emphatically what needed so sorely to be said, most evokes something more definite than mere general words of sympathy.

We welcome that message as the most hopeful sign in a desperate situation. Ireland stands unique among the nations in her fervent recognition of the Supremacy, and in her unswerving loyalty to her ecclesiastical leaders. All through these recent straits Englishmen have been puzzled, scandalised, or deflated, according to their prepossessions, by the unwonted spectacle of a people crowding the churches while fiercely engaged in a life-and-death struggle for political independence. When, therefore, a great patriot, such as the Archbishop of Tuam calls for a truce preparatory to a final settlement by consent of this perennial quarrel,

We English Catholics feel bound to stress the vital importance of seizing an opportunity which may never recur.

We have but just escaped a threatened revolution by similarly accepting the co-operation of trusted Labour leaders in the coal dispute. But the combined influence of all Labour leaders, valuable as it is, is limited and precarious compared with the assured authority of the Irish Episcopate.

The Archbishop if certain of his ground when he testifies to the "longing for peace" that pervades all classes and parties in Ireland, except the extremists on either side; and such a measure of Home Rule as he outlines, already subscribed to by sane English opinion, would undoubtedly satisfy the bulk of Irish opinion, when backed by the acceptance of the Irish Hierarchy.

Every patriotic English Catholic should reflect that the Irish scandal is the Empire's gravest malady.

Justly or unjustly, it gives our enemies a plausible indictment against us; it puzzles and distresses our friends; and, worst of all, it rudely affronts public opinion in our own Dominions and Colonies, and in the United States, which has repeatedly affirmed, in the most formal way by Parliamentary resolutions, the right of Ireland to self government.

From the Catholic standpoint especially, the prolongation of this quarrel is disastrous. With a disaffected Ireland, we can neither combine on a united programme nor speak with a united voice; and our divided influence is negligible. But with a reconciled Ireland, English-speaking Catholicism could largely dominate the coming age.

Our plain duty, therefore, it seems to me is to extend the most cordial welcome to the Archbishop's Eirenicon, and, by every possible means, to impress the vital importance upon our Government and the country.

F. W. BISHOP OF NORTHAMPTON

CATHOLIC COMMITTEE FOR RECONCILIATION

The memorial on Reconciliation between Great Britain and Ireland recently addressed by a number of British Catholics to the Prime Minister and to the Irish Bishops has received the warmest approval of Cardinal Logue, the Archbishop of Tuam, the Bishop of Clonfert, the Bishop of Raphoe, the other members of the Irish Hierarchy.

Cardinal Logue writes that he sincerely sympathises with every effort for peace and reconciliation, but laments that the measures of friendliness adopted in Ireland show such an ill-disposition for peace on the part of the Government. His Eminence enclosed a letter which he had just received from Canon Lyons, the parish priest of Ardee. This letter was as follows:

My Lord Cardinal—I think Your Eminence ought to know the facts of the Black and Tan raid which took place in this quiet little town last Monday night. A couple of lorries from Germanstown reached here about 1 a.m., and went straight for Mr. Dolan's. The military hammered at his door, and when admitted one party went upstairs and went through all the bedrooms. They carried revolvers in their hands. They arrested no one, and seized nothing except an old blunderbuss and a few rusty swords from Mr. Dolan's archaeological collection. The officer in charge, an Irishman, was under the influence of drink.

The party downstairs were more busily employed. They carried over £800 of goods, razors, cutlery, pipes, watches, electro-plate ware, biclights, brandy, and whisky to the lorry outside. They took all the money in the tills and drawers, and coats, etc., from the hall stand. Mr. Dolan has never done or said anything to draw this upon him. He is not a member of any Sinn Fein organization, and this town and district has been as quiet as a churchyard as far as politics are concerned for years.

We may thank God the little town was not burned down. They took 20 tons of petrol from Mr. Dolan's garage, and only Mr. Dolan was so discreet and prudent with the military the worst might have happened.—I am, Your Eminence's most obedient subject.

PATRICK LYONS.

The Archbishop of Tuam writes: "I have great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of your Reconciliation letter. It has, in my opinion struck the right note. Once the separate nationhood and the equal rights and dignity of Ireland are acknowledged, the way to an honourable settlement should be feasible."

The Bishop of Kilmore said that as an Irish Catholic he concluded him to read the memorial addressed by English Catholics to the Prime Minister. "Whatever be the outcome of your generous effort," writes his Lordship "one thing is certain, you have laid down what is the basis of any settlement that will be lasting."

The Bishop of Clonfert writes: "I am deeply grateful for the splendid statement and the really touching letter which accompanied it. I think your Committee is working on right lines. Reconciliation, as you properly observe, can only be effected by the fullest recognition by the two countries of each other's equality of dignity and rights." Time and again the Sinn Fein leaders have emphasised this very fundamental principle, but their response from the other side. We have been, and are being, treated as a subject race. Notwithstanding all we have suffered and are suffering, there is, I believe, no race hatred on our side. The two peoples should be friends, and could be. Let us hope that your efforts will lead to that desirable consummation."

His Lordship, having instanced some revolting cases of terrorism by the military and police in his diocese and neighbourhood, goes on to say: "We in Ireland have our elected representatives, just as you have in England. With these alone, and not with individuals, who can lay no claim to represent the mind of the nation, can negotiations be opened on terms of 'mutual' equality. We are quite sick of abortive attempts at a settlement made by men who, it is true, are sincere and honest, but who cannot be regarded in any sense as representative of the passionate and natural desire for freedom and equality."

Since the last full list of signatories to the memorial of the Catholic Committee was published, the following have added their names: Mr. A. C. Dunlop, Mr. H. Leicester, J. P. M. Shane Leslie, Surgeon General T. Maunsell, Sir Westby Perceval, K.C.M.G., and Dr. E. Ware.

THE BISHOP OF CLIFTON

Next week we shall publish an important statement by the Bishop of Clifton on the Archbishop of Tuam's proposals.

We shall also publish the Memorandum of Mr. J. F. Hope, to which we made some reference last week, and for which we have not space in this issue.

In a leading column of its issue of last Sunday, the Sunday Times writes:

Among the Roman Catholic hierarchy there is none more genuinely respected, more influential, than the Archbishop of Tuam, and in a message published in the current number of the Universe he makes urgent appeal for "a truce of God." He thinks it could be established at once if the Government would make the first move.

Of course, it will be replied that the Archbishop only speaks for himself, but I have reason to believe that the movement for some kind of honourable settlement is coming from many quarters simultaneously, and that it will receive enormous momentum if there is clear evidence of its sympathetic reception by the Government.

NEWMAN HALL

CATHOLIC STUDENTS OF TORONTO WELCOME NEW RECTOR

The reception held on Wednesday, Nov. 10, at Newman Hall as a farewell to Rev. Father T. F. Ryder, former rector, and a welcome to his successor, Rev. Father McMullen, was a large success.

The evening's programme began with Father Ryder's introduction of Father McMullen. This opening speech took the form of a synopsis of the new rector's career, dwelling especially on his successful work in other student organizations, very similar to Toronto's Newman Club.

Father McMullen's reply was of a nature well chosen to endear him to the students. In speaking of the eminent men who have in the past had charge of the club, Father McMullen suggested that events seem to indicate this rectorship as but a stepping stone to higher places, and that since Father Ryder has already begun to ascend he may soon be out of sight. He assured the students that he is always at their service, and expressed the hope that he could so well fill his new office that his going might cause as much regret as did his predecessor's.

Mr. Ralph Prendergast club vice-president, and Miss Aileen McDonagh, second vice-president, were in turn called upon to express the sentiments of the students—a welcome and an "au revoir."

The rather serious programme was enlivened at the suggestion of Mr. F. J. O'Leary, president of the club,

and chairman of the meeting, by two well chosen vocal selections, rendered by Mr. James Sinnott. Following the musical numbers, Mr. Wm. O'Brien, president of the Newman Alumni, and member of the board of governors of the club, in a very witty and entertaining speech, expressed the regrets of the Alumni at Father Ryder's going, and assured Father McMullen of their hearty co-operation. Then followed the presentation of the farewell gift to Father Ryder, a fully equipped leather travelling bag, presented by Mr. O'Leary. After Father Ryder's reply thanking the students for their gift the chairman, called on Mr. Justice Lutehford, president of the board of governors, who gave a brief but comprehensive talk on the great work accomplished by the club through its well chosen rectors.

Mr. James McGrath, Grand Knight of Toronto Council, Knights of Columbus, was then asked by Mr. O'Leary to say a few words on behalf of the Knights. Mr. McGrath thanked the club and its rector of the continued interest and sincere co-operation of the Knights in any work the club might undertake. The speaker's programme closed with, "God Save the King" and the meeting adjourned from the auditorium to the club house where refreshments were served.

The sadness occasioned by the farewell to the beloved rector is somewhat relieved by his assurance that he is not too far away to be a frequent visitor at the club, and by the knowledge that Father McMullen is ably taking his place.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, YORKTON, THE OUTLOOK

Friends of Extension will be pleased to learn that St. Joseph's College at Yorkton for the education of Ruthenian boys is opened and filled with students. Brother Anselm, the superior has been well received by all the people of Yorkton and the Ruthenians throughout the West are already giving proofs that they must awake to their religious problems. There is already evidence among them of a splendid appreciation of what has already been done and we hope before long to be able to give news that will prove beyond doubt that the move by Extension to establish such a school of higher education at St. Joseph's College would in a very short time have far reaching effects on the Ruthenian Catholicity.

This leads us to point out what is often not readily understood that missions differ very much in every country. True the salvation of souls is the one object of all these religious works and the ordinary means given us by the Church are the same but there are scarcely two missionary problems alike. Among some people, the preacher alone is needed, once convinced of the truth of the Gospel he can easily follow, institutions spring up as means are supplied, a priesthood is soon produced and the work of the Church flourishes. In other cases a whole people have to be regenerated and from the lowest conditions, in other cases we have the problems of a people whose faith has been weakened by neglect, vice, poverty or political and economic struggles.

In our Canadian West with diversity of climate and physical conditions—we have the Rockies to contend with as well as the prairies and frozen north—it will not readily be understood that our problems are not everywhere the same. Nor are our people all of one nation. This is especially true of our Catholic pioneers and adds no little difficulty to the ordinary necessities of a Church having to make headway against great odds. However, the instruction of the younger generation and the fact that all schools have accepted the Government regulations with reference to language the children of Western Catholics will bear a relation to their neighbors totally different to that which their parents had. The next generation will bear a consciousness of the unity of purpose of the whole people of the Dominion which of course the first settlers did not have. When guided in an intelligent manner from such conditions there can be nothing but good from a religious point of view. But institutions are an absolute necessity. The common school is looked upon in the West as the great hope of the future and the new Canadian generation. Too often is it an overwhelming success. To prevent the ruin of the faith of our Catholic people we must have teachers for schools where the population is all Catholic or sufficiently near to attend in large numbers.

For the Ruthenians our attempt at higher education was a god-send and a great blessing. It showed them their real needs, their genuine strength, it revived their faith and what was equally important gave them a spirit of unity of plan with all other Catholics which in the beginning was by no means apparent. No doubt it will take much time for all these fruits to ripen but they are apparent now and time alone with intelligent cooperation are required.

Catholics who have contributed so far to the growth of Extension should feel encouraged. The spirit of God the Holy Ghost will manifest His presence in this work in due time and the rewards will be great. The whole Church will feel the

effect of this labor and rejoice in the happy results. We appeal to all to continue in this good work of Extension if they have begun. If you are not already doing something for the Ruthenian College write us at once and get in touch with this big work for God and country.

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed:

EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

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RUTHENIAN APPEAL

Chas. J. Bailey, Dorval..... 10 00

FOR UNITY

The writer was brought into indirect touch with the doings of the recent Lambeth Conference by being thrown into contact with three Episcopal prelates who attended the sessions. By way of information the lay reader may be told that this convocation is a coming together of the clerics of the Anglican-Episcopal church to discuss problems social, economic and religious. This year the religious gave way to the social phase of human intercourse. It is not the purpose here to comment upon the action of that rather remarkable gathering only in so far as we Catholics may have an interest in the matter.

From the talk of the prelates met aboard ship it was evident that they considered that remarkable things had been accomplished. The talk down to particulars and it became even more evident that the same tendency controls the whole community and has often been noticed in the sectional American division of the church. Possibly the best way to express it in a line would be to say that sociology has been substituted for theology. In other words, the whole activity seems to be directed towards alleviating conditions in this world rather than towards preparing man for the world to come. The reverend gentleman grew enthusiastic in dwelling on all that had been considered and advised for the abolition of the ills that torment the body. There is no gainsaying, of course, that some ecclesiastical attention must be paid in basing the earthly condition of suffering mortals. Ever since he came to announce salvation to immortal spirits recommended His message by healing those afflicted with bodily ailments and by selecting the poor as the favorites in His regard. The trouble is, however, that when the ills that flesh is heir to absorb the exclusive attention of those sent to preach the spiritual message the eternal may become submerged under the over-topping temporal. It may be true that in certain times and at some stages of Christian development the needs of the less fortunate children of Adam did not attract the sacerdotal notice they deserved. That does not demand, however, that churchmen must rush to the other extreme and forget the soul because the body monopolizes thought.

It was on the question of church unity that the churchmen voiced loudest sentiment. It was wonderful to note how much real Catholic doctrine they knew and how close they kept in touch with the movements of their Roman brethren. One bishop, a most affable and magnetic gentleman, was quite willing that we should agree on everything and become a single church, possibly with various languages, provided only we would "chuck the Pope."

Most every Catholic clergyman, of all nationalities, he had learned to respect and some to love, but the Father of our Lordy was wormwood on his tongue.

So there is the radical difficulty; unity is desired but unity of their own composition. But after all, unity is not the end in itself, it is only a means to the end. The principles they declare that they pretend to adhere to. They are not Protestants, at least most of them disavow the relation, while all the time they adopt the foundation upon which those with whom they claim to disagree, rest their claims—the right to create a church to their own liking. They would like to belong to the ecclesiastical union and be free to cry long life to the open shop.

A last observation, not intimately connected with the Lambeth Conference but flowing from the accidental acquaintanceship of the writer with the prelates returning therefrom, bears on the assembly with which non-Catholic clergymanly their trade, if that is not disrespectful, in every surrounding in which they find themselves. In this respect they surely do keep open shop. There were eight Catholic prelates aboard who, it may be said without exaggeration, spoke not a single word about religion to the lay except, of course, at service, or when approached with a question. Our good friends of the cloth but not of the fold never seemed to be preaching, in one form or another, where two or three were gathered

together. The subject might have started with political turn but it was sure to win up in the pulpit. This may sound like criticism, where commendation of zeal should be lavished, but it was very apparent that the groups were generally confined to two or three, while the priests had no need to search out their congregations, or audiences, if that be more proper. Misplaced religiosity sometimes wins no converts.—F. in The Guardian.

MAYOR MACSWINEY

Commenting on the death of MacSwiney, Harvey's Weekly of November 6 says: "The death of Terence MacSwiney, though long anticipated, as inevitable, came with a shock of tragedy and unspeakable piteousness. Even his severest critics and those who were regarded as his political enemies cannot deny him the tribute of fortitude and heroism in an exceptionally high degree, or that of absolute sincerity. He showed himself to be made of the stuff of which heroes and martyrs are made." Discussing the effects of this martyrdom, the editor says: "There is ground for hope, at least, that the incident may conduce to a more conciliatory spirit on both sides."

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 unbaptized! Missionaries are urgently needed to go to their rescue.

China Mission College, Almonte, Ontario, Canada, is for the education of priests for China. It has already 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 Burses. Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary J. M. FRASER.

QUEEN OF APOTHECARY BURSAR

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

SECOND SUNDAY OF ADVENT.

THE APOSTOLATE OF GOOD EXAMPLE

"At that time, when John had heard in prison the works of Christ, sending two of his disciples, he said to Him: Art thou He that art to come, or look we for another?" (Matt. xi, 2, 3.)

How strangely these words sound! St. John, who was to go before Our Lord Jesus Christ and announce His coming, apparently was not convinced that Christ was the true Redeemer. However, such was not the case. St. John knew well who Christ was. He sent the two disciples to Him not to quiet himself in any doubt, for he had none, but to satisfy these disciples and their brethren, and to convince them that Christ was really the Messiah—the promised Redeemer. Christ, in His divine wisdom, understood this mission of the disciples, and gave them the proofs that He knew would convince them. Had He only asserted that He was really the Christ, they perhaps would have returned with doubt yet in their minds. He had recourse to facts—to the great works that He had performed, and would continue to perform. These they could neither deny nor doubt, for they were open to their eyes.

There is a great example contained in this fact for the people of the world today to imitate. How many doubting individuals we find everywhere! They are, at least many of them, not to be condemned because they are not willing to remain in doubt; and, should the way that would rid them of uncertainty be pointed out to them, they would quickly enter upon it. Many souls today are groping in the dark who would soon be followers of the light were it made known to them in the proper way.

It is the duty of Catholics to point out the way to salvation to their doubting neighbors, both by word and by example. We have the means, and it always can be made known to him who yearns for it. This is within the power of all good Catholics. To the ordinary lay person, as well as to the apostle and minister of Christ, these words were addressed: "You are the salt of the earth," and "you are the light of the world." But how are Catholics to perform this duty? It is to be done by their good, exemplary lives; by their kind word of persuasion; and by their knowledge, which they may communicate to others, of the great truths of their Church.

The life of a good Christian is a power. Why? Because it is a truth. If you are good, you will be true to God and to your neighbor. Who will notice this good life you lead and not look for the reasons that urge you on? Your neighbors will realize that there must be something of great weight and truth causing you to lead a good life, and naturally they will be impelled to seek for this cause. Will this search be successful? It will be in every instance. The fact of your good conscientious life will be a truth more convincing to them than thousands of words from learned orators and zealous expounders of the faith. Christ, in answer to the question of the two disciples of John, pointed to the works that He had performed. This alone convinced them.

The doubting mind is generally susceptible to truthful impressions, and the man who is heavy in honest faith will receive them. The good Catholic can direct him to the source at which he may receive the instruction he desires. This can be done by persuasion. It is evident that the man in doubt needs persuasion. God wishes all to have certainty in religion—a certainty in vision and a certainty in faith. Both reason and faith are among the elements that constitute a religious man. Your belief is reasonable if this you generally can persuade others—if you possess the knowledge of your religion that you should. If your hearers are in earnest, God will infuse into their hearts the faith that is necessary to believe the truths that are above reason. Thus they will arrive at certainty in religious belief.

Lastly, by a mere enumeration of the great facts in the Church, the good Christian can help to bring a doubting man—speaking always of a man in honest doubt—to the truth. Every word that Christ predicted about the Church is being verified. She alone has withstood the rage of the enemy prepared to corrupt her if possible, and has fought, courageously and successfully, any innovations in God's law or doctrine. For her truths—abstract as many may be—men have sacrificed everything, even life itself. To her invitation thousands have responded, left behind all worldly hopes, and sacrificed their lives for her cause. The poor, the sick, and the aged are being cared for by her. These, and thousands of other great facts regarding the Catholic Church, may be cited to the man who is in doubt about the truth in religion. All are truths that his mind must accept.

Outside the true fold today are many who would be in it, had they seen good example in their Catholic acquaintances, and had the truths of the Church been pointed out to them. Strive by word and work to bring about an increase in the number of the members of the one true Church. Opportunities always will be offered you, for there are many who are as earnestly searching for proofs of the true religion as were the two disciples, of whom we read above, searching for the true Christ. May Catholics make these proofs known to the world so that Christ's words: "There shall be one fold and one shepherd," may become realized more and more.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR DECEMBER

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

CHRISTIAN MORTIFICATION

If mortification has a dismal and unpleasant sound, its significance is harsh and repellent; for, in its primary sense, it means putting to death, and death is a thing that even the poor, creeping, crawling worm of the earth wards off with all its puny might. Mortification, points to death. Christian mortification, however, rising on the wings of faith to clearer vision, fixes her hope and aspires to, not the death of this body of ours, for such a death it shares with the lowest form of animal life, but rather the death of those feelings, impulses, and passions which may hinder or possibly halt the progress of the soul in her course heavenward towards the love of God above all things.

The word is hard. Its spiritual meaning is replete with comfort, life, strength. Buoyed up by God's promise, vivified by God's grace, strengthened by God's encouraging "Well done, good and faithful servant," the soul, like another St. George, heroically and steadfastly gives battle for the sake of a life near what God lover, far from what God views with dislike, disfavor, or loathing.

As a member of the human family, one ought to live according to reason. Indeed, oftentimes the last argument heard in a discussion is, "I am a reasonable man," so true is it that the reasoning faculty should, by common consent, determine one's stand in every-day affairs.

Just as of old the link-boy served a very useful purpose, yet gave way long ago to more dependable and effective means of dispelling the darkness, we may say with truth that reason is so bettered in its scope and powers by the light of faith that he who has the help of this second source of mental illumination is immeasurably in advance of those who lack it. It follows, therefore, as a matter of course, that a Catholic is to conform his life to the principles of our holy faith, inasmuch as by its light he sees more clearly and convincingly those moral truths which are partly or wholly veiled to mere reason.

To control our natural inclinations is the province of reason. In young children many things are overlooked or condoned, because of the inexperience and ignorance of their tender years; yet the devoted and conscientious mother begins to begin to impress upon her little ones those lessons of right living which they will fully grasp only after the dawn of reason and the birth of the sense of accountability. These lessons in right living regard primarily the subduing of our natural inclinations; for it belongs to reason to combat them, it is the office of grace to subdue them.

In every case of unruly or impetuous feelings, impulses, and passions, there are two, and only two, possible solutions: The first is to give the unruly element, to regret this disturbance of the peace of our little household, so to speak, and then to yield weakly by relaxing that control which reason gives; the second solution is to protect ourselves with the shield of faith, to take unto us the helmet of salvation and the sword of the spirit, for we are invincible when we use the means that faith places within our reach.

Mortification gives light to the soul, for it drives out of the field of our spiritual vision those noxious vapors of the world which cloud the mind and force it to grope its way slowly and painfully with uncertain step towards the goal of its hopes and aspirations. Men swayed by feelings, impulse, or passion, may indeed feel exalted sentiments and readily yield to their lofty and ennobling guidance; but sustained action in the face of difficulty, disappointment and threatened defeat, imperiously demands a more reliable source of energy than a sudden burst of feeling; for hardly will there be found one so depraved and perverted as never to experience the sweet and uplifting suggestion to attempt even the heroic. The enlightened soul is steady in her work, as the pilot holds the vessel unwaveringly to her course when the sun's clear rays point out to him the treacherous shallows, the eddying maelstrom, and the cruel reef.

Sensuality on the other hand, darkens the mind, lowers one's ethical standards, and opens the way to spiritual wreck and ruin. In fact, the life of the senses, which simply means man's life without the stimulating corrective of mortification under the guidance of religion, often declares itself in some of its detest-

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able and degrading forms, as an awful consequence of disregarding the check which reason and faith combine to put upon these tendencies which man shares with the brute creation. The habitual sinner was not always thus. Little by little the guiding star of faith suffered an eclipse, a phenomenon was developed or superinduced by a cowardly or criminal yielding to the petulant querulousness of one unruly element in the heart. The forward child might have been formed and shaped into a model of courtesy, tractableness and deference.

"There is no peace for the wicked," saith the Scripture. As well seek for calm in the teeth of the gale or in the clutch of the howling blizzard as for peace in the heart that is buffeted and buffeted about by unbridled passion. Great tranquility follows the subsidence of the tempest; great spiritual peace settles down upon the heart, once mortification has gathered up the leaves of the passions and thus restrains their plunges and longes. "Much peace have they who love Thy law, O Lord."

Christian mortification regulates and subordinates all our desires and aspirations to one great and unshaking end, the blessedness of Heaven. "What hearing has this on eternity?" The answer, given in the light of Revelation, connotes the curbing, the controlling, the counterbalancing, of the myriad tendencies of the human heart in such a way as to make each and every one of them subservient to the great purpose of life, namely, salvation. Spiritual harmony is one of the precious fruits of mortification.

The life of man upon earth is a warfare. Many a great and anxious man has failed, because he did not hold in check, they make him miserable, they make his neighbor miserable. It has been well said, perhaps with more rigor than elegance, that what costs one nothing is worth precisely what one pays for it. And mortification, let us make haste to admit and even to proclaim from the housetops, surely costs. If one would view the weird splendor of the midnight sun, a wearisome journey and intense cold must come before the vision; if one would revel in the floral prodigality of the tropic jungle, a wearisome journey and intense heat will precede the gratification of his longing. Many, however, pay the price and gladly risk shortening their days for the fleeting gratification of the sense of sight or smell. But, if mortification costs, as cost it does and must, the guerdon is not a glint of solar splendor nor the whiff of floral fragrance. It is that reward exceeding great, a spiritual reward, as lasting of its own nature, as God's own blessed eternity.

"Through pain to victory." This sums up the history of human endeavor. Every great undertaking, even for the natural betterment of man, necessarily speaks of effort, exertion, toil, fatigue. The nobler the cause, the greater has been the self-sacrifice that it has been able to enlist in its support. The Way of the Cross was first made to redeem the world from the tyranny of Satan and sin.

"Through pleasure to ruin." Here we find epitomized the unfulfilling and unavoidable consequence of de-throning faith and exalting in its stead the false gods of desire, impulse and passion.

Man's dependence upon direction or guidance is seen with equal clearness in those whose lives are given over to sin and in those who devote themselves to the practice of virtue. Schools of thievery thrive just as schools of piety are sought

out and frequented. Example is the great preceptor.

Who would have picked out among the fellow students of the great Bossuet the brilliant but worldly-minded De Rancé as a reformer of monastic observance? In his soul the triumph of grace verged on the miraculous. From a pleasure-loving young man, he became a model set up by Divine grace for those who, in prayer, fasting, watching, and manual labor, continue to this day, as Trappists, to sanctify their souls and make satisfaction to the outraged Majesty of God for the sins of the world. Christian mortification has wrought these and innumerable other prodigies in the life of the Church Militant. It sanctifies and strengthens; it edifies and hastens; it points heavenward and leads the way.

HENRY J. SWIFT, S. J.

PURGATORY

The Church teaches that Purgatory is a place or condition of temporal punishment for those who departing this life in God's grace are not entirely free from venial faults, or have not fully paid the satisfaction due to their transgressions. The Council of Trent clearly expresses the faith of the Church concerning Purgatory in the words, "The Catholic Church instructed by the Holy Ghost has from the Sacred Scriptures and the ancient traditions of the Fathers taught in Councils that there is a Purgatory, and that the souls destined therein are helped by the suffrages of the faithful, and especially by the acceptable sacrifices of the Altar."

Before the War many asserted that it was useless to pray for the dead. Now these same people with hearts pierced by sorrow occasioned by the loss of their dear ones, are on their knees praying for their souls. It is a need of nature, for which our Lord in His wisdom provided by the consoling doctrine of Purgatory.

The Catholic doctrine teaches that all sins are not equal before God and that some die with lesser souls for which there has been no true repentance, and also that the penalty due to sin is seldom wholly paid in this life. Since such transgressions and delinquencies do not condemn a soul to everlasting suffering, and since nothing defiled can enter Heaven there must be some intermediate state in which the dross of lighter transgressions will be burnt away. The soul thus purified enters into its glory.

The very reasons given for the existence of Purgatory make for its pleasant character. We pray and offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for these souls, that God in His mercy may have compassion on them and receive them into His bosom. How long souls must remain in the purgatorial fires has not been revealed to us. But when we consider the luxury of the present age, the small opportunity for performing acts of satisfaction offered by the conditions of modern life, and the increase in the comforts and ease of life we must conclude that the little patience is done on earth huge arrears remain which can be sufficiently acquitted only by a long term in Purgatory.

Saint Augustine declares that the souls of the faithful departed are not separated from the Church, which is the Kingdom of Christ, and for this reason the prayers and good works of the living are helpful to the dead. Scripture and Tradition command prayers for the faithful departed, for the Council of Trent defines that the souls detained in Purgatory are aided by the suffrages of the faithful and particularly by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Hence the Saints have not hesitated to warn us that we have a real duty toward those who are still in Purgatorial expiation. The devotion to the Holy Souls which is the devotion peculiar to this month of November is consoling to humanity and eminently worthy of a religion which inspires all the purest feelings of the human heart.

"Sweet are the consolations of the dying man," says Cardinal Wiseman, "who conscious of imperfection, believes that there are others to make intercession for him when his own time for merit has expired; something to the afflicted survivors is the thought that they possess powerful means of helping their friend. In the first moments of grief this sentiment will often overcome religious prejudice, cast down the unbeliever on his knees beside the remains of his friend, and snatch from him an unconscious prayer for rest; it is an impulse of nature which for the moment aided by the analogies of revealed truth, seizes at once upon this consoling belief. But it is only a fitting and melancholy light, while the Catholic feeling, cheering though with some dimness, resembles the untailing lamp, which the piety of the ancients is said to have hung before the sepulchres of their dead."

Trivial incidents get so engrossing that life becomes unprepared for the great issues. A man gets all absorbed in his business and intends some day to enjoy his home; a woman gets engrossed in the burdensome details of life and loses her peace of mind; and one day some great overwhelming experience of trial or sorrow suddenly attacks such a life and it is simply stricken to the unforeseen assault, unprepared, because the strength which ought to have been nurtured for the crisis has been exhausted in the insignificant skirmishes of daily affairs.

We are God's own creatures, and God is our own God. All else will fail us, but He never. All is love

with Him, love in light and love in darkness, love always and everywhere.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

MY WISH
I wish to have no wishes left,
But to leave all to Thee;
And yet I wish that Thou shouldst
will
Things that I wish should be.

THE QUALITIES OF A GOOD HUSBAND

Father Martin J. Scott, S. J.,
contributes to the current number
of Queen's Work, an excellent
article on the attributes of a good
husband. He points out that the
husband must cherish and love his
wife, treat her with great kindness
and consideration, and do all in his
power to lighten the burden which
devolves upon her as wife and
mother.

No matter how tired you are after
your day's work, never be too fatigued
to greet her warmly on return-
ing home, and do everything to
make the evening a recompense
for her long day of waiting. If she
wants to go out, do not have an
excuse for staying in. You often
returned home tired when you
were courting her, but you did not
put off calling on her no matter how
you felt. Do at least as much for
your wife as you did for the girl
you were engaged to.

"Some men make a dreadful mis-
take by thinking that a woman
changes her nature when she be-
comes a wife. She wants attention
and love then just as much as she
did before, or even more. Wise
is the man who realizes that and
acts on it.

"The downright neglect which
some men show their wives after
marriage is appalling. Nothing
contributes so much to turning
marriages into a mockery as this
neglect. Love, like everything else,
needs nourishment. You can starve
to death the strongest love by in-
difference and neglect. A wife's
love is the greatest fortune a man
may possess. It is worth every
effort made for it. Do not risk
the loss of that treasure by over-
looking any, even the slightest,
things which help to preserve and
increase it.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE NATURAL BOY

Oh, for a glimpse of a natural boy—
A boy with freckled face,
With forehead high 'neath tangled
hair
And limbs devoid of grace.
Whose feet toe in, while his elbows
flare;
Whose knees are patched all ways
Who turns as red as a lobster when
You gave him a word of praise.

COURTESY

If more flies are caught with honey
than with vinegar, have we not often
seen how politeness wins where rudeness
loses? What is the use of rush-
ing about the world knocking each
other in the hurly-burly of our
engerness to embrace an advantage,
when the world resents such rough-
ness and yields its prizes instead to
those who use gentleness and grateful?

FRANCES' CAMERA FACE

What kind of a face is a camera
face? somebody asks. Well, well,
did you never see one? You should
read the story about Frances.
Frances often woke up cross and
knew it was all day, except for a
minute or two, maybe, when she
smiled. Her cousin Bob came on a
visit to Frances' home, and brought
his camera with him. Frances was
greatly pleased and asked Bob to take
her picture. Now Bob was a jolly,
good-natured boy, but not very tact-
ful. He said things right out with
out thinking, so when Frances made
her request, he said:

"Yes, I'll take your picture when
you stop looking sour enough to
curdle milk."

"Better look in the glass at your
own face," snapped Frances, and she
ran off in a huff, crosser than ever.
But when she heard that her teacher
was going on a long journey, she
thought how nice it would be to give
Miss Leslie her picture; so she asked
Bob again and this time he agreed
cheerfully and pleasantly.

Frances' mother dressed the little
girl in a pretty white frock and tied
her hair with a lovely ribbon, but
Frances, instead of being grateful,
wamppered and fussed till her
mother's patience was nearly ex-
hausted. As she tied the pretty sash
her cross little daughter rushed off
without even thanking her.

"Take my picture now," Frances
ordered Bob.
"Guess not," said Bob. "Break
my camera taking such a cross-
patch!"

Frances got very red, but she tried
to look pleasant. Of course she did
not succeed, for one must feel pleas-
ant inside before one can look pleas-
ant outside.

The best she could do was to twist
her face into a make believe smile.
Bob said: "I'll try it anyway," and
clicked away the camera. Two days
later Frances gazed at the picture
Bob showed her. Such a pretty
dress and ribbon, but oh! what a
cross face!

"I can never give that to Miss
Leslie," cried Frances. "And there's
no time to get another."

"No," said her mother. "You may
as well give her that. Of course she
has seen you look like that many
times."

"Oh, mother, do I look like that?"
The mother nodded decidedly and
then told Frances that the camera
was making her see herself as she
appeared to others.

Frances was very quiet. She
looked at the picture closely, and
then went to her room, stood the
picture on the dresser and sat down
in front of it.

"If I look like that to others," she
said, "it is time I tried to look differ-
ent. Bob says the camera doesn't lie.
I guess I'll keep this standing to
remind me. It's like the bitter
medicine I took when I was ill. It
may help. Anyway I must try to be
different."

And of course when she did try,
and kept on trying, she became dif-
ferent. The struggle was a hard one
for such a cross little girl, but
Frances triumphed.

Then one day a letter came from
Miss Leslie to thank Frances for the
picture. "You look so bright and
happy," she said; "I am sure you
must be a little sunbeam in your
home."

Frances flew to her mother.
"What does it mean?" she asked.
"I never sent you pictures."

"No, but I sent her this," said the
mother, taking a picture from her
desk. Frances saw herself in her
school frock playing on the lawn
with the kitten. She was holding a
ball, within reach of kitty's paws and
laughing heartily. It was a pretty
picture, and Frances looked like a
pleasant happy child. "It is a snap-
shot that Bob took of you that morn-
ing before I dressed you," her mother
explained. "And I sent it to Miss
Leslie for you."

"Oh, you dear mother," cried
Frances, as she kissed and hugged
her mother. "No one but you would
have thought of that." Then she
added slowly and humbly: "I'm
going to try to wear my best camera
face all the time after this."

THE CO-OPERATION OF THE HOME

No one desires a boy's success in
his school training more earnestly
than the mother and father, and yet
strangely, no one is more capable of
hindering the boy's progress than the
parents themselves. Many of them
think it sufficient to put their boy
under Catholic teachers, and then
consider all further personal respon-
sibility as an end; expecting that
the priests or religious teachers will
after a number of years, automati-
cally turn out the finished prod-
uct. Such an "I wash my hands"
attitude, easy as it is for the parents,
is illogical and unjust to both teacher
and boy.

To the average Catholic boy, his
parents are models of every good
quality of universal perfection. Instinctively he will compare his
teacher's way of doing things with
the counsel of his mother and father;
the spirit of work inculcated by the
teachers with the proportion of work
and pleasure observed by the folks at
home; the acts of devotion per-
formed at school with the pious
habits of his own people. That is
not all. Upon the comparison de-
pends the effect of the teacher's
words, and not unjustly so. For cor-
rectly what use is it to tell him to
study in the evening if everybody
else is out having a good time?
What use is it to exhort him to
join the Sodality, if the members of
the home circle are indifferent or
hostile to church societies? And
why urge him to work, Communion,
First Fridays, and other practices, if
there is no one at home to set an
example? In the glaring light of
this inconsistency between Catholic
ideals and Catholic practice, the boy
naturally chooses the line of least
resistance, and drifts through his
years a slacker in both studies and
spiritual duties.

It is impossible to secure efficiency
in any branch of endeavor where
several influences converge, except
by co-operation. It is likewise im-
possible to make of your young

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people genuine Catholics if the influ-
ences of home and school be diver-
gent or contradictory. The strength
that is born of unity is lost; and the
boy becomes a man with a confused
sense of his obligation. The school
end of the compact is guaranteed by
men and women consecrated to the
purpose; it rests upon parents to
make certain the co-operation of the
home.—St. Xavier Calendar.

GOSSIPS

Christ's every word and work is
eloquent of charity. St. Luke tells
us: "He began to do and to teach."
He went about "doing good." He
taught: "You are My disciples if you
love one another."

Christ is the badge of our fellow-
ship with our Master. We cannot be
Christ-like without charity. We may
be very generous towards the poor.
We may, after a fashion, help to
sanctify souls, but if we have not
charity it profiteth us nothing. Every-
thing, then, that tends to pro-
mote charity in the community
should be encouraged. Everything
that militates against it should be
rigorously excluded.

The great enemy of charity is the
gossip. She, for the gossip is gener-
ally a woman, is the person who,
having no business of her own to
attend to, is very much concerned
about her neighbor's. She is always
fearful lest something dreadful is
about to happen. She sends out
danger signals with the regularity of
a weather bureau. She has all the
latest news hoards before the evening
papers. "Did you hear what so-and-so
said of so-and-so?" "Some one told
me such and such a thing." "I heard
about him from good authority," and
so on. She tells A what B said about
him, and makes it a point to let B know
what is A's opinion of him, rounding
it out with little details of her own
imagination. A word here, a hint
there, and she has sown the seed
that will bear fruit in full harvest of
noncharitableness. She leaves a fest-
ering sore in every heart.

The gossip is a very faithful
church goer. She literally hunts
the church. This is what invests
her with such a potency for evil-
doing. She has the external marks
of sanctity, but falling so lamentably
to show it forth in word and deed,
she works untold havoc with the
grace of God. Careless Catholics
will point to her in exultation of
their indifference. "Am I not as
good as so-and-so, who is always in
church?" is their invariable answer
to any request to do better. Non-
Catholics say, "And she is a Catho-
lic!" Thus does the gossip under-
mine the work of God. Thus does
she nullify the teaching of the
Master. Therefore does the Holy
Ghost say of her: "God hates six
things, but the seventh He abhors,
and that is false hearing." Charity
is the fulfilling of the law. The
greatest law-breaker is the gossip.—
Truth.

GIVING SCANDAL

IT IS A MATTER OF PERSONAL
RESPONSIBILITY

When I have done wrong I may
imagine that I alone suffer the penalti-
ties, whereas in reality by my very
act I may have started others also
along a like career of wrong. Or
even it may be that my wrong actions
do not so much lead others to copy
me, but raise in their minds thoughts
against the value of the sacraments
or against the divinity of the faith.

People looking on may well say
to themselves that if I who go daily
or weekly to my duties am no better
than I am, they had better not
attempt to improve their own negli-
gence; or, if Catholics do no more
than I, then there could be no reason
for converting men to it. Further,
it is necessary to remember that this
sin of scandal can be perpetrated
unintentionally.

It is quite possible that without
considering the effect of what I am
doing or saying, I am really and
effectively "corrupting youth." Care-
lessness and ignorance do not make
a sin less, simply because we do not

choose to remember who is watching
or listening or to whose ears our
sins will come. We have, there-
fore, to consider how far west we
do is not merely sinful, but likely
to lead others into sin.

Of course, we are not responsible
if people unreasonably are scandal-
ized at us: for there would seem
to be certain souls who consider
it to be the test of their own good-
ness that they can find so easily evil
in others—it is almost worth while
thinking just for a minute or so
whether I may or may not myself
possibly be counted among that num-
ber. Things in themselves innocent,
even charitable, may yet get inter-
preted, by narrow and suspicious
minds into misdoings. Now, this,
obviously, I cannot help and have
a right to ignore; nay, it is more
than certain that it would be wrong
of me to allow myself to give any
encouragement to such baseless
ideas.

It is sometimes said that this
readiness to be scandalized is a
particular vice of pious people; but
the answer is, that people who do
indulge in it are certainly not pious,
whatever the outward semblance of
their lives appear. Still, in spite of
all this false and hypocritical "scan-

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OBITUARY

MRS. MARY CARROLL

On Saturday, Nov. 20th, Mrs. Mary Carroll passed away peacefully at her home in Hildulph. The deceased whose maiden name was Mary O'Keefe, was born in County Kerry, Ireland, in 1837, two years before the abrogation of the penal laws. At the age of fourteen she emigrated to Canada and was among the first pioneers who settled on the Roman Line, a twelve mile stretch of road through solid Catholic territory. The deceased was quite active until her ninety first year, when a fall resulted in a broken hip. Being ninety-three years of age, Mrs. Carroll was easily the oldest member of the Church at Lunenburg.

The funeral took place from the late residence to St. Patrick's Church, Lunenburg, where Rev. Jas. Hogan sang Requiem Mass and officiated at the grave. The deceased is survived by four daughters, Mrs. Wm. Kenney, of Saginaw, Mich., Mrs. J. C. Kelly, of Mary Thompson, and Mrs. Denis Toohy, of Lunenburg, two sons, James and John of Lunenburg, twenty-one grandchildren, and one great grandson, W. R. Hogan of Lunenburg, Ont. Mrs. John Carroll of London is a sister-in-law, and Mr. J. Kelley of St. Peter's Seminary, is a grandson. May she rest in peace.

MRS. JOHN CLANCY

Following a painful illness borne with Christian fortitude and cheerfulness the death occurred, on Monday, November 15 at the family residence 422 Romeo Street, of another of Stratford's pioneer residents in the person of Mary O'Flaherty, wife of Mr. John Clancy. Deceased was born near the famed Lakes of Killarney, Ireland, and came to this country with her parents while yet a little girl. Mrs. Clancy spent most of her life in Stratford where she enjoyed the respect and esteem of all who knew her. Although ailing for some time death came rather unexpectedly and was a shock to her family as well as to the entire community. Deceased was a Roman Catholic in religion and for the past fifteen years attended the Church of the Immaculate Conception and until prevented by illness was a daily attendant at Holy Mass. Fortified by the rites of Holy Church and surrounded by the members of her family at her bedside in full possession of all her faculties she passed to her reward. She leaves to mourn their loss besides her husband, four sons and three daughters, Sister Mary Patrick, St. Joseph's Hospital, London; Agnes B. and Gertrude at home; Thos. L. Stratford; James A. Brockville; Wm. F. Hanlon; Leo P. Stratford; Mr. Edward O'Flaherty of the Customs Dept., a brother and Millie O'Flaherty, Douro Street, a sister, and several grandchildren also survive. The funeral, which was very largely attended, was held from the family residence on Wednesday morning to the Church of the Immaculate Conception where solemn Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Rev. D. J. Egan, assisted by Rev. Fathers McGarby and Gaffney, deacon and subdeacon, who also officiated at the grave in the Avondale Cemetery. The numerous spiritual and floral offerings testified to the high esteem in which the deceased was held. The bearers were Messrs. Frank Macklin, P. J. Keating, Mat. Fleming, Martin Kennedy, Thos. S. Tobin and John J. Griffin. May her soul rest in peace.

DIED

SINNOTT.—In Charlottetown, P.E.I., on November 5, Gertrude Agnes, beloved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Sinnott. May her soul rest in peace.

PHELAN.—At the home of her daughter, Mrs. George Prevost, St. Johns, Que., on November 7, 1920, Mrs. John Phelan, (nee Bridget McConiff) widow of the late Dr. John Phelan, aged eighty five years. May her soul rest in peace.

MARRIAGE

McMULLIN—CANNING.—On Nov. 23rd, 1920, at St. Joseph's Church, Chatham, by Rev. Father Ethelbert, Ursula, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Canning, Chatham, to James McMullin, son of Mr. and Mrs. James McMullin, St. Thomas.

TRAYNOR—FEBHAN.—At Mt. Forest, Nov. 23, 1920, Loretta Mae Febhan, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. James Febhan of Mt. Forest, was united in marriage to Maurice P. Traynor, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Traynor, of Owen Sound. The ceremony was performed by the groom's brother, Rev. J. J. Traynor, pastor of Walkerton, assisted by Rev. Father Cappe, pastor of Mount Forest, and Rev. Father Harris of Cheselw.

THE TRUE FRIEND

Having friends is strengthening one's heart against trial; it is giving it means of rising more easily to God. A friend is a conductor which carries off sorrow. Nothing is so healing as the balm of affection. But friends must be won. Being loved for one's self alone is a romantic dream. God makes advances to win friends, why should not we? Character is doubtless has much to do with friendship affording more or less sympathy, but efforts complete what sympathy has begun to have friends merit them.

The pastor of souls who does not labor to put a Catholic journal in every household of his parish cuts off from his catechism class and his pupil a most efficient auxiliary; the Catholic who is not a reader of a Catholic journal is without zeal for the growth of Catholic life in his own mind and heart, without zeal in providing himself with arms to defend before the world his Catholic belief; the Catholic parent who does not put into the hands of his child a Catholic paper is sadly neglectful of his obligation to use every means to educate his child into the faith of Catholic life and Catholic spirit.—Archbishop Ireland.

TEACHERS WANTED WANTED for S. S. No. 7, Douro, an experienced qualified teacher. Duties to commence Dec. 1st. This school is close to Peterboro Catholic church and post office. Salary \$300 per year. Apply to Fred Walsh, Sec., Treas., Indian River, R. R. No. 2.

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The National Railways at the Canadian National Exhibition.

Canadian National Grand Trunk The Canadian National-Grand Trunk exhibits this year were of unusual interest and educational value. Thousands learned of the immensity of the land and water transportation systems owned by the Canadian people. The huge illuminated map of Canada, on which were shown the 23,000 miles of Government railway lines; the Marconi wireless telegraph in actual operation between the sixty-six steamships of Canada's Commerce Carriers and the forty odd wireless stations in the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific; the demonstration by the Marconi Company operators of the practicability of the wireless telephone; the world map showing the trade routes followed by the Government Merchant Marine; the numerous aids to navigation; and the beautiful display of colored transparencies of Canada's scenic gems from Coast to Coast, were indeed a wonderful lesson of Canada's national effort in Dominion and world-wide trade. In another building was displayed a huge panorama of Jasper, the largest of Canada's National Parks, where the Rockies rise to their greatest height and assume their utmost grandeur, with Mount Edith Cavell—Canada's national monument to one of the world-war heroines—in the centre, and Mount Robson in the farther distance. The above illustrations also show the attention the exhibits attracted. The two buildings were crowded from early morning till the doors closed at night, making it impossible to estimate the number of visitors to the Canadian National-Grand Trunk exhibits of 1920.