

# 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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### A MYSTERY

We know not the reason why some Catholic parents entrust the education of the boys to secular institutions. It may be that their friends favor this decision, it may be that listening to the voice of prejudice they are persuaded that the Catholic college is not a factor in the domain of education. So far as their friends are concerned we advise them to be guided by the Church. And the Church bids them to safeguard the faith of their children and to place them in an environment that will be a barrier to onslaughts against their faith.

Parents are reminded again and again that if for children they are the representatives of God: they are to be for them depositaries of His authority, teachers of love and law and models by imitating which they may be made perfect as their Father in Heaven is perfect. You are to watch over the purity of their faith and morals with zealous vigilance and to instill into their young hearts principles of virtue and perfection. She tells them that they have received a divine command to teach and guide their offspring. How then does the opinion of friends harmonize with these admonitions? It may happen that one who calls himself a Catholic may, in order to conciliate the bigot or to further some personal scheme, place himself in opposition to the traditions and teachings of the Church on this subject. But such a one is not a guide for those who have even an elementary conception of the priceless value of the faith.

It is said that secular institutions never countenance any attacks on religion. Let that pass for the moment. But is it reasonable to expect that students, breathing in the atmosphere of indifference and having the language of the world, can emerge from these institutions with their faith's vitality unimpaired. Is it too much to say that they will adopt another standard of life's values? We know that they are exhorted to be good and strong-willed washy stuff that can afford no help in days of stress and storm.

Protestant educators of repute admit this. The facts are plain. Something is wrong with their system. Prussia is too much in the forefront to be ignored. Its shameless application of the dictum that might makes right is sufficiently indicative of the public sentiment throughout the land. Its morals are worthy of its rationalism and materialism. And so educators are doing some soul searching and are endeavoring to discover why, after a lavish expenditure of money and of unwearied devotion to the purely secular system, so many well-schooled men are living without God and without hope in the world.

### A QUESTION

But we are asked sometimes: Can our colleges equip a student to compete with others for the prizes which Canada has to offer? Can they satisfy the legitimate demands of the present day? In the first place the Catholic college aims to turn out men. And a man who has been taught to control the devil within him is a more likely winner than he who relies only on his own strength to conquer his pride and passions. A student who has been given real education and not a hazy sailing under an assumed name should exhibit an all-around development. He knows the classics but he also knows reverence for God and man, for authority, for his own body and soul. A man who has been trained to run according to schedule can be trusted to reach the terminals far sooner than the man who while aware of his destination has no orderly plans of arriving there.

We are not so heavily endowed as the great secular institutions. This may be due to the fact that some of us who have means have as yet not been persuaded that the college worthy of the name is the great source of enthusiasm and truth. Yet there are glimmers of light here and

there. In Halifax, N. S., for instance, St. Mary's raised \$40,000 in a week. St. Francis Xavier's in Antigonish, N. S., has been helped by the generosity of friends. And let us say that the Antigonish hall of learning is an object lesson of what ceaseless toil and enduring energy can accomplish. It is an asset of the Church in the Maritime Provinces. No educator, however prejudiced and antagonistic, can deny its claim to scholarship.

With each recurring year our colleges are so increasing in power and influence that they who erstwhile regarded us as negligible factors in the domain of education are acknowledging reluctantly, perhaps, our worthiness and merits. And the reason is that they stand on solid ground. Catholic to the core, they ignore nothing that can serve the Church. And because of this some of our colleges, while reverencing the past and holding fast to its traditions, live and work in the present; and show how Catholic principles are in consonance with science and are alone able to solve our problems.

They insist on having competent men; men who have had the necessary special training in their staff. The Carnegie Foundation was right when it said that the college which could bring half a dozen first class men into its service would shine in the educational firmament like a star of the first magnitude. The institution with men of proved and acknowledged scholarship as its professors is already in the forefront of progress and civilization. And we have that kind of college.

### WHICH

A contemporary says that "Protestantism condemns false doctrine and clings to every word of the Lord." This statement is an echo of the days when the Bible was in honour with our separated brethren. But who is to say what false doctrine is? The Presbyterian believes that baptism should be given to infants; a Baptist believes that it should not. Which is the true doctrine? It is generally admitted that Protestants cling fast, not to the Lord's words, but to the interpretation they are pleased to put upon it. And this is why the multitudinous sects, all based on the Bible which they accept blindly as divinely inspired, are the reproach of Christendom.

### COMING BACK

This war will, it seems to us, cure France. For years it has been afflicted with a political sickness. The men who ruled tried to banish the Church which fostered and nurtured her during the centuries. With blasphemous effrontery they put out the lights of heaven, that no longer see the stars France would forget her ancient glories and become a tawdry thing bedecked with gauds fashioned by the bitter-minded man who had a quarrel with God. The war, however, has made her think. The soldier may know little of his country's past but he does know that the priest hard by him in the trenches is a good comrade and a loyal Frenchman. Seeing him at the altar, noting his superb disregard of self in ministering to others, he begins to understand in some measure the tactics of the politicians. He sees how these politicians have weakened France. He is finding out the cause of his own listlessness and apathy in regard to religion. In a word, he is getting out of the rut furrowed by the Government and going back to the Mother who moulded the soul of France and made it the abiding place of glory and saintliness. The France of Joan of Arc, of St. Louis and Vincent de Paul, of Bossuet, of Cornille and Racine may well spring forth from the field of battle.

### MIXED MARRIAGES

To a correspondent who deprecates the tone of our remarks on mixed marriages, we beg to say that if he had looked into the literature on this matter he would have deemed our comments as mild as a summer zephyr. Our correspondent says that he has seen mixed marriages that have led to no unfavorable results. But they are the exceptions. A man may jump from a skyscraper and suffer no injury, but the average individual, not counting a broken neck, comes down in the usual way.

The Church says that there is great danger in mixed marriages. She has always opposed them. Every priest of experience knows that they are the prolific source of indifference and irreligion. In order to avoid greater evils the Church tolerates a mixed marriage; but before she grants the dispensation the non-Catholic party must promise not to interfere with his future wife in the exercise of the Catholic religion; and to allow the children to be baptized and educated in the Catholic faith. Even then she has no blessing for a mixed marriage—nothing that can gladden these sorrowful nuptials.

Marriage, as has been said so often, means a union of souls as well as bodies. Is such a union possible in a mixed marriage? St. Ambrose answers with another question: "How can there be union of affection where there is discord of faith." And Brownson asks: "How can the heart that loves God above all things consent to form the closest of all unions with one who she knows has no sympathy with her religion, no love of God in his heart, and one who despises her own sweet and Holy Mary?"

Sometimes the non-Catholic is not a church goer. He is very tolerant—that is he is dead to all supernatural life. His influence is far more pernicious than that of a bigoted Protestant. Bigotry may awaken antagonism in the children and thereby defeat its purpose; but the tolerance of the unbeliever moulds the soul encompassed with it into a likeness of himself. It saturates the atmosphere of the household to the destruction of the things that are worth while. Ofttimes the non-Catholic party agrees to everything without having the slightest intention of keeping their promises. Is it any wonder that priests are as hard as flint against these marriages? They deprecate them because they spoil God's ideal and because in mixed marriages many of the children are lost to the Church. Wealth and position may and do beguile some of the household; but the Catholic who heeds the admonitions of the Church will prefer single-blessedness to a union that means discord and misery.

### KIKUYU AGAIN

The Rev. Leighton Pallan is dissatisfied with the Archbishop of Canterbury's recent pronouncement in regard to the controversy associated with the name of the Bishop of Zanzibar. He is especially severe upon the passage in which the Archbishop gave sanction in certain circumstances to the admission of Nonconformists to Communion in Anglican churches.

"Let us now consider what is the most serious passage in this document. I mean the passage which sanctions what is sometimes called, 'spiritual hospitality.' That is, giving the Sacrament of Christ's Body and Blood to persons who are separated from the Church, without requiring them to renounce their schism, or to be confirmed, or even to make any such profession of faith as would prove that they 'discern the Lord's Body.' At this point it would be difficult to say whether a greater menace to the constitution of the Church has come from the Archbishop or from his 'Central Consultative Body.' Which is better, to do what the Archbishop does—to ignore the grace of confirmation except when quoting a medieval rule which he does not observe, or to do what the Consultative Body does—to admit without hesitation that confirmation is an Apostolic means of grace, and then to urge that it need not be required? I will not attempt to decide which is the better. But there is an ominous sentence in the opinion of this Consultative Body which warns us of rocks ahead much nearer than Kikuyu. It is urged that in this matter of dispensing from confirmation the discretion of the Bishop 'may well be exercised, especially, though not exclusively, in the mission field.' The persons to be dispensed are those who from peculiar circumstances are deprived of the ministrations of the Churches to which they belong." Study this in connection with the situation, and it becomes obvious that these so-called 'Churches' include the denominations represented at Kikuyu, such as the Methodists and Presbyterians. Quite logically, the Consultative Body holds that if we destroy the fence round the Lord's Table in Africa, we ought to destroy it in England.

Mr. Pallan likewise disapproves of the liberty allowed to non-Anglican ministers to preach from Anglican pulpits. "Now a minister of religion who is separated from the Church is separated from it because he does not accept the doctrine and discipline of the Church. Otherwise he is an impostor. And so long as he continues in this state of separation he ought not to be invited to preach to a congregation of members of the Church. His case is totally different from that of a layman whom a Bishop licenses to preach. The latter, by his membership in the Church, witnesses to his belief that he is not a minister and has not the authority of a minister. But the minister of a separated body must, if he is true to his convictions, speak as if he had the authority of a commissioned representative of the Church of Christ. Whence came this theory which separates the ministry of the Word from the ministry of the Sacraments? It certainly did not come from the English Ordinal. There the Bishop at one and the same time says to the priest, 'Take thou authority to preach the Word of God and to minister the Holy Sacraments.' Did this theory, then come from the New Testament? I need only ask you what St. Peter or St. Paul would have been likely to say if even a Christian prophet had come to one of them and said, 'I dislike your Sacramentalism, and I have no intention of placing myself under your instruction, and I have built a church in which to preach my own opinions, but I respect your goodness, and I am ready to accept an invitation to address your converts.' . . . Every preacher ought to be the divinely appointed minister of a tradition which he has received, and to which God has set His seal. He then speaks with the one voice of the one religion. And to speak thus is a greater thing than to speak as one whose originality and independence extend to a rejection of any part of the original tradition."—London (Eng.) Tablet.

## QUIRINAL PALACE NOW ITALIAN HOSPITAL

Special Correspondence of Toronto Daily News

Rome, Sept. 20.—The King and Queen of Italy have turned their own residence in Rome, the Royal Palace of the Quirinal, into a hospital for the Italian wounded. The transformation has taken place under the personal supervision of the Queen. Not only the many smaller and unimportant rooms of the vast palace, and the connecting buildings within the grounds, but the magnificent State apartments, including the Throne Room, have all been converted into wards, operating and other rooms essential to a first-class hospital.

The hospital comprises the entire first floor of the palace, with 11 halls, and a large accommodation for 200 patients. It was suggested that these halls be named after the Royal Princes, but the Queen decided to give them the names of the soldiers who were the first to be decorated by the King for acts of special valor. The Sala of the Balcony (the balcony on which the King and Queen have been accustomed to appear on State occasions) has been arranged, together with the "Serra" rooms, for operations, and disinfecting halls. A complete radiologic cabinet is in full working order and renders splendid service. Two large halls are set apart for refectories, one of which is the famous Sala Battaglia, capable of seating 150 guests. This salon is so called on account of the three large battle paintings which adorn the walls. During the meal time a splendid phonograph, a gift of the Royal children, is the source of no little satisfaction to the convalescents.

### INTERDICT REMOVED

The beautiful chapel of Guido Reni, which was built in 1610 by Pope Paul V, and which takes its name from the picture of the Annunciation, by Guido Reni, has also been placed at the service of the soldiers. This chapel was reopened for worship about a month ago. Since 1870 until August 2nd of the present year, no priest had been allowed to celebrate Mass in the Guido Reni Chapel of the Quirinal inasmuch as the interdict by Pius IX, in 1870 still held good. Now the excommunication has been lifted.

A part of the Royal kitchens has also been turned into a hospital kitchen, and the Queen herself sees that the supplies of fruit, eggs, milk, cakes, etc., are properly provided. The "Don Quixote" salon, so-called from its tapestries, and formerly occupied by Queen Margaret, is now the radiologic room, while the ancient bedroom of Pius IX—the Quirinal was until 1870, one of the residential palaces of the Popes—until recently an armoury, having been thus transformed by the late King Humbert, is used at the present time as a pharmacy for the hospital.

### USED BY THE POPES

The Sala of the Balcony, above mentioned, is also of great historic interest. From its balcony, over the great gate of the palace, fronting on the Piazza di Monte Cavallo, the newly-elected Popes used to show themselves to the people, and Pius

## FOREIGN MISSIONS

From The Field Star

Shortly before his death, Father Buren, who had gone to Kisumu for medical treatment, sent us this letter. In publishing it now, we feel it will inspire additional interest from the fact that the writer, like the two heroes of his own story, has laid down his life in the Master's service: "One rainy evening, when the pastor of Kisumu returned from a sick call my eye was caught by a little white crucifix lying in the case that he had left open to dry. The iron cross was bent, all the wood was gone, and the figure of Christ was fastened to the cross by thin iron threads.

"What do you think happened to that crucifix?" the pastor asked. I replied that it might have been an accident—a collision.

"No," he said, "it was burnt." And then he told me this story, which transpired in Uganda less than twelve years ago.

During the persecution under King Mwanga, a number of catechumens were seized and condemned to be burned alive. Encouraged by their catechists they sang hymns in honor of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, and as the fire was set about them, they started the Te Deum. Before they finished it, the flames had ended their lives.

When the report of their martyrdom spread through the Christian communities, one of the bravest catechists went to the scene in the early morning. Among the ashes he found this little cross, which he recognized as the property of a friend. With anxious care he took the treasure and put it around his neck, that it might shine on his breast as a sign that he, too, confessed the one true faith.

After the days of persecution were past, new missions were opened, churches built and schools erected. Our catechist returned to his village and offered his services to the missionary. About this time the terrible sleeping-sickness broke out and the bishop proposed to give the faithful catechist a dowry, so that he could marry and live at peace, safely removed from the danger of contagion to which his missionary journeys would expose him.

But the boy would not listen to this. "I do not wish to marry," he said. "I want to work entirely for God, like your priests. I do not fear the sleeping sickness; probably I have already taken hold of me while I have been attending our many sick Christians in their hiding places."

So the bishop gave him his blessing and sent him to a remote mission-post where many people were dying every day of the dread disease. Here the zealous apostle worked untiringly, going about from place to place to prepare the way for the missionary. When the latter arrived at a central station, he would hear the confessions of the Christians, instruct and baptize the sick, and early the next morning say Mass. In the meanwhile the good catechist had prepared a list of the villages where there were sick people unable to come, and faithful guides stood ready to accompany the priest to them. Returning from such a day's work the missionary would find his tent erected, a fire kindled, his food prepared and his camp-bed ready. Porters were waiting to carry him on the morrow to the next station, whither the catechist had already gone.

But one day the Father was startled by hearing a loud yell, and turning, he saw his catechist stretched on the ground. Suspecting that something was wrong, he went towards the unfortunate youth, who jumped up and began to wrestle with the priest. There could be no doubt of the truth now. The beloved catechist was in the last stages of sleeping-sickness, which commonly ends in fits of madness.

Later the sick man regained his senses and two nights afterwards he said to the missionary: "My end is near. Please stay with me, for my eyes will not see the light of tomorrow's sun." Then, pointing to the crucifix on his breast, he added, "This cross, the history of which you know, is your property after my death, but I beg you to replace it by another when you bury me."

Not many hours afterwards God called this faithful soul to receive its

## HOLY NAME PARADE

SIXTY THOUSAND MEN AND WOMEN KNEEL AND PRAY IN THE SHADOW OF THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

Baltimore American, October 11.

Washington, October 10.—The annual Holy Name parade held here to-day was one of the most notable and impressive pageants ever staged in the nation's capital. It is estimated that 20,000 men, bearing aloft the banner of religion and godliness, marched down Pennsylvania avenue—the traditional route of Washington's historic parades—while thousands cheered along the whole line.

From start to finish it was a brilliant pageant and it remained for the closing touches of the day, when the sun was sinking in the west, to add the last coloring to a picture that those who were privileged to witness it cannot easily forget. Seldom has such a thrilling spectacle been witnessed on the American continent as that presented on the White House grounds, in the shadow of the monument, when 60,000 men and women knelt for the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and when the official hymn of the Holy Name Society was sung by that vast throng.

The parade was reviewed from the balcony of the New Willard Hotel, which was draped in the American flag and from which floated two smaller flags surrounding the yellow and white papal color by several dignitaries of the Catholic Church. The prelates who reviewed the parade were the Bishop Giovanni Bonzano, Apostolic Delegate to the United States; Bishop Shanahan, of the Catholic University; Bishop Owen B. Corrigan, of Baltimore; Bishop D. J. O'Connell, of Richmond; Bishop Curran, of Cuba; Monsignor Russell, of St. Patrick's; Monsignor Mackin, of St. Paul's; Monsignor Lee, of St. Matthew's, and Monsignor O'Brien, of St. Peter's, together with several priests and officers of the Holy Name Society.

At the close of the parade the lines disbanded near the monument and the vast throng was addressed by Very Rev. Father Magher, provincial of the Dominican Order and founder of the Archdiocesan Union of the Holy Name Society. He made a remarkable address on the war and its effects on civilization. In the name of the Catholics of the United States he sympathized with the President and promised and pledged the support of the Catholics in the event of any international crisis. He made a strong appeal for a better treatment of the Mexican question and ended by severely criticizing Socialism, anarchy, materialism and divorce as the great evils of the day.

IN JERSEY CITY—FIFTY THOUSAND KNEEL BEFORE BISHOP O'CONNOR

The Holy Name Societies of New Jersey held their annual parades and exercises as a demonstration against blasphemy yesterday afternoon in various centres, one of the largest being in Jersey City, where three divisions, estimated by the police to number nearly 25,000, paraded. They were reviewed by Bishop John J. O'Connor of Newark and other clergymen in West Side Park.

The different divisions marched through the streets with bands, banners and police escorts, thousands after thousands of sturdy, well-dressed young men and men of middle life, and swept down Belmont Avenue into the park and past the reviewing stand.

Every man carried a little blue flag with the initials of the Holy Name Society upon it. The sidewalks were lined ten deep with spectators.

Bishop O'Connor introduced the Rev. Father Sebastian, C. P., who preached a short, patriotic sermon in which he urged that the thousands of men who had marched past the stand carry the enthusiasm displayed into their daily lives and make them uplifting and amiable examples of Christianity to the whole community.

Standing before an improvised altar in the park and surrounded by a crowd that Inspector Leonard of the Jersey City Police estimated at 50,000 persons, Bishop O'Connor pronounced the benediction upon the kneeling hosts after they had joined in a prayer for peace.

## A BOGUS "WHITE FATHER"

Rev. Anthony Smoor, W. F., superior of the monastery of the African White Fathers, Quebec, Canada, has written to the Brooklyn Tablet, in response to an inquiry about the identity of a certain Rev. Wardell, who is going about the country posing as a member of that community, soliciting Mass intentions and offerings for that Order. Father Smoor brands "Rev. Wardell" an impostor, who has deceived many Bishops and who last year posed as a Dominican in Canada.—Union and Times.

## CATHOLIC NOTES

A Sofia dispatch to Reuter's Telegram company says: "According to private advices from Constantinople, the Turks are expelling all Catholic priests from that city."

St. George, the Martyr and Patron of England, suffered martyrdom in 302, and not long afterwards a church was dedicated to him in Rome. The Cathedral of Southwark, England, has a relic of him.

The war has closed the historic monastery on Mt. Carmel in the Holy Land, and many Carmelite Fathers, who had been leading a contemplative life within its hallowed walls have returned to Italy and Spain.

From the time the Sisters of Good Shepherd came to Omaha, Nebr., until the present they have housed and sheltered 1,400 girls, all this without asking or receiving any state aid as other reform schools of the state have received.

In Bengal the Jesuits from Belgium have converted at least 100,000 natives in the last twenty-five years. In China and Africa there are fully 1,100,000 persons under instruction for Catholic baptism.

Four Protestant ministers occupied platform seats on the occasion of the dedication of St. Patrick's parish school, Glen Coe, Staten Island, on Monday, Sept. 6, Bishop McDonnell officiated. The building is a magnificent structure, \$150,000 having been expended upon it.

The University of Detroit has been presented with \$50,000 by John and Michael Dinan to apply on the new engineering building which is being erected opposite the present university building on Jefferson avenue near St. Antoine. The same benefactor had previously given \$15,000 for the same purpose.

Those interested in the unfortunate lepers will be rejoiced to learn that the devoted apostle, Brother Dutton, is still at his post at Kalawao. He has not left his charges since April 15, 1893, twenty-two years ago. He is a busy man and not much given to writing. His whole attention is given to his work and the lepers love him for the transformation he has wrought in their condition.

Information has been received that the Russians could not remove the magnificent library of the University of Warsaw in time to prevent its falling into the hands of the Germans. The library is probably the largest university library in Russia, containing at the beginning of 1913 over 670,000 volumes, and nearly 1,400 manuscripts. It is particularly rich in Polish literature and works on Polish history and Polish law.

Those interested in Catholic education will be pleased to learn that progress has been made in Cincinnati in the Catholic education of the deaf. A farm has been purchased containing 245 acres, of which 140 acres are bottom land. On this property are three houses sufficiently large to be utilized for school purposes. The houses will be renovated and readapted in the near future and are expected to be ready for school about the middle of October.

A grand and noble edifice will be the new and magnificent church of the Gesù, which will be erected in the grounds of Loyola university, New Orleans as a memorial to the late Thomas McDermott, an old and honorable resident of New Orleans. The memorial is the offering of his sister, the late Miss Kate McDermott. It will be remembered that upon the death of her lamented brother, some three years ago, Miss McDermott made the offering of \$150,000 to the Jesuit Fathers of Loyola university.

The Southern University, New Orleans, La., opened recently with an enrollment of over two hundred colored pupils of both sexes, under the direction of Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament. As announced some months ago, this institution was taken over by Mother Katharine Drexel and, under the patronage of St. Francis Xavier, will be conducted as an institution for the higher education and industrial training of colored youths.

Irish exchanges chronicle the appointment by the Holy Father of the Very Rev. Joseph MacRory, D. D., Vice-President of Mayo, to the vacant See of Down and Connor. The new Bishop is a native of Tyrone. His first studies were made in Armagh, whence he proceeded to Mayo. He was ordained in 1885. He is the author of an important book on "The Gospel of St. John," and he has contributed many learned articles on theological and other subjects to leading Catholic periodicals.

Father Schoener, the Wizard of Brooks, Oregon, has produced a "rose apple," a small fruit produced by crossing the Brooklyn Tablet, in response to an inquiry about the identity of a certain Rev. Wardell, who is going about the country posing as a member of that community, soliciting Mass intentions and offerings for that Order. Father Smoor brands "Rev. Wardell" an impostor, who has deceived many Bishops and who last year posed as a Dominican in Canada.—Union and Times.

CARDOME

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

By ANNA C. MINOGUE

CHAPTER XXIV—CONTINUED

The stars were shining and a faint gleam in the east told of the rising moon when again he looked with conscious eyes on the group around him. He turned to Hal, and said in a voice that struggled to make itself heard:

"Hal, listen to my dying wishes. Doubtless my property has been consigned, but if anything should be left I desire that it shall be used for the benefit of the widows and orphans of Confederate soldiers."

His eyes rested for a moment on Clay Powell, who was standing at the foot of the bed, his arms folded, his head bent sadly.

"My friend, Phil whispered 'dearer than you dream'! Aloud, he said: 'Clay, those silver riding spurs of mine—for the sake of our friendship, keep them when—I am gone.'"

For the first time in the knowledge of those standing there, Clay Powell gave outward expression of the feeling that was wracking his soul. He stepped to the side of the rude bed, and bending over it, wrung the hand lying on the rough soldierly blanket.

"Phil!" he said brokenly, "Phil!" but his voice failed him completely and he turned away. Phil closed his eyes and set his teeth to keep back all which, in that moment, surged up from his great, loyal heart. When the moment was passed, he again turned to Hal and said:

"I give you my sword, Hal. It kept your father's company in Mexico. And, a quiver ran along his voice. 'She'll miss me! But poor horses! It's all over, you will take her back to Cardome.' He drew a deep breath, and added: 'Draw nearer, Hal. I have one more legacy to make. Among my belongings you will find a small portfolio. It contains some of the work of the Herald's poet. Give this to Virginia. Tell her that as the writer of those poems was wholly her friend in life, he is so in death. Tell her, he went on in a strong, clear voice, lifting his eyes from the young face bending over him to the summer sky, now radiant with the splendor of the full moon, that if this fact closing life of mine has been at all good, and because of this I shall find beyond the great change I shall soon experience a world of larger love, perfected existence, I owe it to her—all, all to her.'"

He closed his eyes and soon his mind began to wander, and his waiting friends were given glimpses of the past. Once he looked up and asked:

"Is it daybreak, Hal?" "Not yet," replied his friend.

"I think," Phil said, his eyes on the sad, boyish face, "I think I shall reach Cardome by daybreak."

"God grant it!" said Hal, softly, thinking of the other dear Home, the great longed-for resting-place of human souls. Toward morning his words of battles and wild rides ceased and he was again at Cardome. Sometimes speaking as a brother would to Thomas; then, after a silence of a few minutes, he said:

"I must leave soon, for the way is long and the hour is late. Won't you sing for us, Virginia, before we part?"

He smiled, and an expression of joy came into his face, and with a stab of pain Hal remembered the last time Phil had visited Cardome, a few days before Morgan had started with the "Lexington Rifles" to join the Confederate force at Green River. Long he lay quiet, hearing again in memory the old songs she had sung that evening. Then a quiver ran over his daying face, followed by the radiance of a smile, and Hal knew Virginia had come to the beautiful hymn she had, at Phil's request, then sung.

"Sing the last verse once more, Virginia," Phil said, gently; and as memory repeated her invitation to him to join with her, the dying soldier lifted his voice, and with his half-closed eyes fixed dreamily on the pearl tinted sky, murmured out over the wondrous hush that waited the dawn:

"While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyelids close in death, When I rise to worlds unknown, And behold Thee on Thy throne, Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee!"

A holy silence followed. The smile froze on the singer's face. The beautiful soul of Phil McDowell had reached its "Casa Domus!"

A few days later Job reached Ludlow, where Virginia now lived. When her eyes fell on the boy, leaning by Ladybird, it did not need Hal's letter to tell her that Phil McDowell was dead. But when she learned how he had died, her sorrow was somewhat soothed. Why should she mourn for him who welcomed his release? How gladly, in after hours, she gleaned from the poems he had left her.

"If I had only known!" she cried to her heart, as she now comprehended the meaning that was hidden under those musically strung words. "If I had only known, oh, my friend!"

As she sat on the porch that fronted the long, low house, thinking on that lost friend, Chloe came wearily across the lawn, and resting herself on the steps, exclaimed:

"Laws! but I've tish'd! It's a pow'ful long walk to Covington." Then she turned her face toward her mistress and asked: "Who'd yoh t'ink I seen in town honey? Dat

young lady w'at wuz a-shayin' at ole Mis' Powell's?" "Mis' Sears?" said Virginia.

"Yes, honey. An' she's in a heap uv trouble, sure. She followed me into de stob an' ask me if I wazn't Mis' Castleton's woman, an' w'en I told huh I wuz, she said she's very glad to see me. An' she tole me she's in de great 'fliction. An, I ax't huh if she ain't wif ole Mis' Powell, and she shook huh head an' de tears come into huh big eyes. Den she tole me how Mis' Powell tumbled huh away, an' all 'cause one evenin' she wuz standin, at de Park gate, an' a po'r Rebel sojor came along, an' he stopped an' talked to huh an' tell huh he's in each straits an' fear he'll git ketch'd. Laws, honey," cried Chloe, interrupting herself, "but don't I know 'at dat is to be mos' skeared to de less'n a Yankee'll pounce 'pon yoh! De young lady she tole de sojor to wait an' she'll fix 'im up. An' so she sen' de blue gum niggah— he allus wuz a wicket man!—to Georgetown an' tell him to buy a suit of clothes an' bring them to huh. He did, an' she give 'em to de sojor, an' he c'ared out an' got south to his regiment. But de blue gum, he tole his mammy an' she tole Mis' Powell, an' she gits awful mad, an' say Mis' Castleton goin' to ruin huh sure, an' dat she mus' leave de Park right away. An' po'r Mis' Claissie, she comes to Covington. But she ain't got no friends an' she's in pow'ful misery."

"Poor girl!" cried Virginia, instantly forgetting her former dislike of Claissie on hearing of her distress. "Did you get her address?"

"She give it to me 'thout axin' foh it," remarked Chloe. "But she said she can't stay der only two moh days, 'cause she can't pay de lan' lady."

"I must go to her immediately," cried Virginia, but Chloe, the wary, expostulated:

"Don't yoh do dat, mah honey! 'Mambah she done wrong to Mars' Tom an' Miss Bessie. An' 'mambah how Mars' Davison tole yoh not to let anybody know where yoh is tell he comes back. Dem wuz his words to yoh, honey-chile, an' Mars' is a wise man. He knows many doin's w'at yoh nevah dreams of. Oh, do his biddin', honey chile!"

"For shame, Chloe!" cried Virginia. "Won't you have me leave this poor girl alone in her terrible need? When I was in sore distress did not God always raise up a friend for me? He is watching over that other child of His, too, and cherishes her as tenderly. What if she did something we must condemn? Is there one of us who can look over her or her life and say, 'I have done no wrong? For all we know, she may have acted innocently. But that is not the question. It is a woman in need, and I must go to her.'"

Virginia lost no time in finding Claissie, and gave her the assurance that some provision would instantly be made against the misfortune that had so unexpectedly overwhelmed her. The promise was fulfilled in an unlooked-for manner. The governess employed in the family of which Virginia had been a member since her escape from the Newport prison, having decided to return to her home in New York, left the position open to Claissie, who immediately accepted it. In the story Claissie had given there was one grain of truth—she had met the Confederate soldier; but as he was the deserter in Morgan's command, the assistance she rendered him was not such as would injure her in the eyes of Mrs. Powell. On the contrary, it tended to draw to her that astute lady's attention. She recalled her early impression of Claissie's utter lack of conscience, and wondered if she might not have made a mistake in depending for assistance on Howard Dallas entirely. After all, it was only a desire to avenge himself on Virginia Castleton that had made him Clay Powell's enemy, while Claissie would be actuated by a wish to aid the relative upon whom she depended, and the hope to put out of her way a strong menace to her future enjoyment of the Powell acres. So while Dallas and young Menefee were speeding to Lexington with the news of Morgan's defenceless position, Mrs. Powell indignantly unfolded her plans and was rewarded by Claissie's promise to lend her what assistance lay in her power. The after results, the complete failure of the Federals to capture Morgan, and Howard Dallas's discomfort under the cool treatment given him by General Ward, were not reassuring. When, however, the news of the release of the Newport prisoners was received, which was accomplished, as the guards declared, through the treachery of the man Dallas had strongly recommended to them, the Unionists began to look upon him as a secret foe, while honest men of all beliefs began to avoid him. Even young Menefee forsook his society, and to his sister's intense relief, joined their father's regiment, as a member of which he afterward redeemed his mispent youth by giving his life in defence of his cause.

One by one the liberated ladies had returned to their homes. Howard Dallas waited for Virginia. The days passed, the seasons changed; still she did not come, and the fear that he had been completely foiled began to creep into his heart. It was then Claissie said to him and to her cousin: "I will find her!" A month after leaving the Park, she had fulfilled her promise.

CHAPTER XXV

The days wore on. Again the news came that Morgan had started on another raid, and this time all the available Federal forces were gath-

ered together to conquer this dauntless leader of dauntless men. This could not be done in Kentucky, and again he eluded, harassed, and was victorious over the foe. The success of his brilliantly conceived and executed projects emboldened him to penetrate further into the enemy's stronghold, and in July he made his dash across the country into Ohio. It was a bold deed, and only a man cast in heroic mold would have attempted it, and it would have been carried to a successful conclusion if chance had not aided the enemy; for it was not due to knowledge or foresight that Judah and Hobson, with a force several thousand strong, were advancing from different directions to shut in Morgan and his nineteen hundred men. But he is not conquered who yields to superior numbers, and his captors could claim no glory, though General Burbridge had the honor of receiving the surrender of General Morgan and the sad remnant of his command.

Afterward, when all had been completed, and Morgan, with a soldier's calm, had accepted from General Shackelford the sentence of imprisonment for himself and men, he said:

"One favor, General? Permit me to send back my horse to Kentucky."

"With pleasure, General Morgan," replied he, and wrote an order that the rider and horse should be allowed to pass un molested. When Job was summoned and the commission was delivered to him, his mind instantly conceived the bold project of using this as a means to save his young master; but as he had all the negro's regard for his own personal safety, he said, saluting in proper military fashion:

"Gen'l, please, sub, write 'hosses.' Yoh see, sub, I've got ter tek Mars' Hal's hoss, too, an' some uv dem Yank—'scuse me, sub, I meant to say some of yoh gen'lmen might be a-wantin' to tek one uv 'em from me, seazin' ez hoh de writin' only sez hoh? Bof uv dem hosses, sub, wuz rized at Cardome, an' I can't 'ford to 'low 'em to go to de Yank—'scuse me, sub, o'thah gen'lmen."

"What do you think of that for coolness?" asked General Shackelford of one of his officers, adding: "It is too remarkable to be passed un-noticed;" and taking another piece of paper he wrote an order that this man and his horses should be passed without let or hindrance to the Gulf of Mexico. "Now," he concluded, "that will permit you to take all the horses you can catch."

"Thank you, sub! but I nevah tek only w'at 'longs to ouh fambly, sub! and giving General Morgan a look of farewell, he led Victivictive away. Straight to Hal he hurried.

"Come 'long, Mars' Hal!" he cried, joyfully. "De Yankee man's writ yoh an' me a pass to go home. It sez de ridah an' hosses is to go soz free, an' 'course dey'll know dat a gen'lman got ter tek his swivan wif 'im. Day yain't nobody gwan to 'spute dis writin'."

"That is true," said Hal, as he read the order; and he turned his eyes toward the not far distant place where Clay Powell stood beside his black horse. Hal took his pencil and scribbled these words on a leaf from his notebook: "General Morgan has secured this pass, ostensibly for Job and Victivictive, but it is intended for you. It will take you South where you can help secure our release. Leave at once.—Hal."

Then he said to Job: "Take the pass and this note to Colonel Powell. Don't lose a moment. Nothing will happen to any of us, if you get Colonel Powell to Kentucky."

Job was not satisfied, but he had learned soldierly obedience, and went to do his master's bidding. He reached Colonel Powell unseen, as he thought, by one of the enemy, but scarcely had the papers been read when a Federal officer advanced, saying:

"You are my prisoner! Give up those papers!" "One of these papers is for you to read," replied Colonel Powell, who, never doubting the truth of what Hal had written, had resolved to obey his chief's command if he could; "the other is for my eyes only, and I deny that you have the authority or right to force it from me!"

"You are my prisoner," reiterated the officer. "Your general has surrendered. I repeat, I must see those papers—or a soldier must do his duty."

Job, who had never taken his eyes from the Federal officer, now said, with a laugh:

"Sowse me, cap'n, but I thought I'd seen yoh somers! Yoh 'mambah de night yoh got los' in de snow at Caddome an' Mis' 'Ginia kep' yoh from freezin' till one av de men cum? Dat ole man wuz my pap, an' 'e giv' yoh de las' drap uv gin in his bottle, he did, foh su'tin'! I see mighty glad to see yoh ag'in, cap'n!"

A flush overspread the bronzed face of the soldier, and the wily Job continued:

"I seed yoh yain't 'o get w'at Mis' 'Ginia done foh yoh—"

"I have not forgotten her kindness," said the soldier, who was evidently struggling with deep feeling. "Neither have I forgotten how I was deceived; and I think you are the very boy who, by taking me around that road, gave the enemy time to make his escape?"

"Cap'n, yoh's 'o gettin' sure, now! I started de 'zaci w'ay de Judge tole me, an' when we got to de bridge an' yoh 'oided not to cross it, dah wahn't 'nothin' else lef fer me to do but tek yoh by de mud road. An' it wuz mighty lucky yoh did't tempt to cross de bridge, for it went down atahwads, yes, sub! He did not think it necessary, or wise, to add

that it had been destroyed by the Confederates. "Cap'n," he continued, in his wheedling tones, while Powell looked on in surprise, "Mis' 'Ginia nevah thought w'en she sou'n' yoh in de snow dat yoh wuz her enemy, dat yoh wuz tryin' to kill her frien'. She juz worked dah tell she wuz 'most froze hussel; an' she'd a stayed dah tell bof uv yoh wuz dead afore she'd a-lef yoh by yohself. Cap'n, Mis' 'Ginia yain't got no frien's now, but dis gen'l'm'n an' Mars' Hal. Mars' Hal's ovah dah, an' de Yankee is a gwan to ketch him, sub, an' dis'll be all de frien' Mis' 'Ginia'll have den."

The Federal officer lifted his glance from the ground and for a full moment looked into the eyes of Clay Powell; then said, in measured tones:

"Permit me, sir, to see your passport."

Powell placed the General's order in the outstretched hand. The Federal officer returned it quickly, saying: "All right, sir!" but added, Should you see Miss Castleton, tell her the Federal soldier has not forgotten. Tell her, also, that in an Ohio home there is a baby girl to whom a grateful mother gave the name 'Virginia.'"

A day later Clay Powell reached the Kentucky shore, and, after sending Job to Willow wild, turned his horse's head toward the house where Virginia dwelt. It was late when he reached it. Behind the steep, wooded hills the sun was setting, and its crimson light beautified the sullen face of the river and softened into fairness the cliffs rising harsh and yellow on the Ohio side. The yard, that went down to the water's edge, lay in the shadow cast by the line of low trees circling it on the west, and there in the gathering gloom, under a tall, lone sycamore, stood Virginia. One hand rested against the white bole of the tree, the other held the book she had been reading. In her garb of mourning, with the shadow and the silence enfolding her, she seemed on life and its joys, as some unkind hand had set the sycamore solitary in the centre of the green yard.

He dismounted, and his tread, as he approached, roused her from her sad thoughts. The faintest pink came into her cheeks as she saw him, and laid her hand in his, saying:

"I am glad to see you!" but added instantly, the color leaving her face, "Oh, do you, too, come with sad tidings?"

"Alas, yes!" he said. "Our command has surrendered, and General Morgan and his men are prisoners. By strategy he secured my escape, and I am hurrying to the South to see what can be done to effect their liberation. Hal is well, but a captive. He will go with the General, and I fear their place of incarceration will be Columbus."

"No, no!" she cried. "The North will not send her prisoners of war to the penitentiary with the criminals of Ohio!"

"I fear so," he returned. "It may be because necessity leaves no other course; it may be because our enemies wish to make more bitter our humiliation. I will not judge them. Time will do that, and rightly. Every action will be sifted by the relentless future, and men in other ages will judge according to our merits."

As he paused a sad silence fell, for the stable-boy was leading Ladybird across the yard.

"He died as the brave ought to die," then said Clay Powell softly, for he knew that she, like himself, was thinking of Phil; "with the echo of victory in his ears and words of love and trust on his lips. Ah! Mis' Castleton, his voice taking a higher note, never did I behold a passing like his. It seems that we, standing there, could almost hear the gates of pearl swing open, while with trump and symbol and song of gladness, angels and archangels were marshalling out to welcome our captain to their band immortal. And there flashed on my mind the words that he of Patmos heard: 'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and death shall be no more; nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more, for the former things are passed away.' Yet, his voice lost our friend. We know we shall not look upon him like again."

"True," she said, "but turning her eyes toward the unlighted peaks across the river, "the separation will not be for long."

The words struck an unaccountable chill into his soul. With her eyes turned from him, his glance dwelt on her in long scrutiny, and what ravages he noted made the healthy color fade from his face; for he thought that thinness eloquent of disease, that paleness the herald of death.

"May I ask about yourself?" he said, and his voice had much solicitude; "you are well?"

"Yes," she replied; adding, "You think I am changed? I have had much pain to bear and I have a terrible capacity for suffering. Sometimes I wish I had not promised Mr. Davidson to remain here until I should see him again. Do you know where he is?"

"No," he answered. "I am going from here to Willow-wild, with the hope of finding him there. I sent Job on ahead, with your horse and Hal's, and he then proceeded to tell her of the circumstance that had made possible his escape and the after encounter with the Federal officer.

Virginia had forgotten Claissie, who was sitting on the porch steps,

and who could thus overhear every word of their conversation. As she listened she made her plan. It was a desperate game to play, but the stakes were worth the risks. In another hour the train would leave Covington for Lexington, which town it would reach at 12 o'clock at night. There she could take a carriage and by fast driving arrive at the Park before daybreak. She rose quietly, and going to her room, took her hat and purse. On her way down she met one of her little pupils and said: "Tell mamma that I have gone over to see poor Mrs. Daniels. The doctor thinks she is worse. If they need me I will not come back tonight."

"Good by, Miss Sears," said the child, lifting her face for a kiss, "I'll be a good girl till you come back."

The walk to Covington was long and lonely, but Claissie thought neither of its dangers nor her fatigue. Before dawn she saw once more the tall oaks of the Park, and again was in the second parlor waiting for Mrs. Powell to come down. Claissie knew her cousin thoroughly; knew that while she might be, and was, merciless in demanding reparation for wrong done her, she was generous in rewarding any service; so the girl did not gamble with her present power, but said, quietly, when Mrs. Powell appeared:

"I have done what I set myself to do for you. Morgan's Cavalry have been taken and sent to prison, all except Clay Powell. He comes to Willow-wild to day, in the hope of meeting Mr. Davidson. Yesterday evening he called on Virginia, and, unknown to them, I overheard the plans. He has ridden all night, but so have I. His route was more direct, but my steed was swifter, and unless that black horse of his has wings instead of feet, I win in the race. You know the road he must take to reach Willow-wild. Send for the Georgetown guards, and they can capture him before he reaches Mr. Davidson's, for you know that man."

"Mr. Davidson is not at Willow-wild," said Mrs. Powell. "Howard has had the place watched in the hope of securing him, for by aiding the prisoners to escape from Newport he is guilty of treason. But he never came back."

"Job, Hal's boy, is there," went on Claissie. "Mr. Powell sent him ahead. He will go direct to Virginia, if he should know of Mr. Powell's arrest. He will find some means of communicating with Mr. Davidson, and, Cousin Angie, that man is a wizard! Let the guards intercept Mr. Powell, and Job will naturally think that he has gone direct south. We can keep the arrest quiet for a while, at least, and—well, events may shape themselves to your purpose."

Mrs. Powell looked at the young girl with an expression half fear, wholly joy.

"You have spoken sensibly as you have acted well," she said, "and now listen, Claissie: if I never forget a wrong nor forgive it, I always remember and reward a service. From this day forward, you are as my daughter, heir to all that I have, and as soon as this unsettled state of affairs is over, and I know of what I am possessed, I shall formerly adopt you; now, and she turned from the girl and looked toward the east, where, miles away, a lonely old man was sleeping in an humble cottage, "the last cup, the one I have been brewing for you these long years, you must soon drain. Then you will see all that these wooden hands could do!"

And Claissie turned with affrighted soul from the aspect that human countenance presented, thus lighted with the triumph of vindictiveness and hate. A mirror met her eyes, and for one terrible moment, it seemed to her that her own young, dusky face wore the horror of the one from which she shrank.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE CARVING

"Wish you weren't such an old pagan," sighed Paul Lane, as he strayed around the combination library and studio of his friend, Philip Pison.

"I am not actually a pagan, you know. I really lack the essentials," laughingly declared the young artist.

"No use protesting," interrupted Paul. "This profusion of your incriminating handiwork indicts you."

Paul waved his hand accusingly around the room. Assuredly the objects included in his sweeping gesture seemed to support his statement. They were carvings, sculptures in wood, clay, and marble. Though the artist was but beginning his career, there was variety; but the subjects rather than wicked young satyrs, queer little woody figures, presumably dryads, eerie, light-footed, fanciful wild things. Not definitely, perhaps, might they be classed as pagan. They had a wholesome, lovable, half-human quality. They were not unlike some of the fancies which the early Gothic builders wrought in stone—reminders of creatures met in quaint medieval legends; strange, half-guileless, half-knowing wood folk, figuring in primitive stories and perhaps of those gentle creatures who heard and loved a St. Francis, a St. Anthony, and could never again be entirely like their fellow beasts and birds.

However, Paul was not well-versed in such lore, nor would his serious young mind have been hospitable to such fanciful ideas. To his casual observation, these exuberant fashions of his friend's deft hands and

fancy recalled the fabulous folk of pre-Christian times—and toward such he was now in no mood to be amiable.

"I don't mind your having an active fancy, but you're so behind the times! Isn't there anything in this big life of today to inspire your eyes and hand?"

"Yes, but I don't like realism; the Man with the Hoe and such things depress me. But why quarrel? My graven images are technical exercises, plays of fancy, not idols. I do know more about the art game than you, old man, though I can't hit the right terms to discuss systems of ethics with you. Come let's have a pipe and hear if any plans have ripened over night." And they seated themselves before the old-fashioned fireplace.

Both young men were obviously idealists, men of dreams. Strength and significance of purpose were clearly stamped upon the features of each, different as these were in contour. Paul's face was finely chiselled and somewhat austere. Philip's features were more rounded. Philosopher, poet, priest?—these might have been the speculations as to Paul's future vocation. About his comrade there had likely been less choice of alternatives. Artist, even a superficial observer might have prophesied correctly. It was not necessary to discover Philip had handed in his studio.

Though knit by many bonds they were as different in temperament as in appearance. Their respective attitudes toward things spiritual was somewhat indicated by Paul's jocular-serious regret that his friend was "such an old pagan"—a formula for Philip's exuberant youth. Paul was far graver. They had gone through college together in a happy boyhood friendship and their loyalty had strengthened with time and association. This evening their college work was over, so there was to begin a parting of the ways. Philip was to go to Italy to work at his art. And now Paul, whose plans had not developed to his own satisfaction until to day, was about to disclose his prospects.

"I've decided to study theology and if possible to enter the priesthood." The tone of the statement indicated that the speaker expected to create surprise. But Philip was not startled. "Old pagan" though he might be, Philip had always discerned a fine spiritual quality in Paul. Though this quality was one which Philip himself possessed in a lesser degree, he gloried in it, in his "great St. Paul" as he sometimes called his comrade.

Yet, if not surprised, he was somewhat grieved by Paul's announcement. It meant separation—perhaps for life. Therefore, he felt called upon to enter an objection:

"I say, old fellow, are you sure? Is it settled? I thought you were going to pull off some big philosophical stunt—some thesis to knock Bergson into a cocked hat!"

"Maybe I shall," laughingly answered Paul. "The seminary offers a good chance even for that."

"But you won't have time! You'll have to dig so in theology and all that, won't you?"

"Yes, but it will not blur my philosophical vision—it really ought to clear it."

"Hang it, I wish you wouldn't," groaned Philip, "but I know there is no use arguing—it's in you! I've known it all along."

"You have always been most decent," murmured Paul, shyly giving a boyish tribute which Philip received with equal coyness.

"It just goes against the grain to lose you, that's all."

Paul smiled with the serenity of one whose measurement of human loss and gain was already different from the standards of other youths.

"But you can't lose me," he protested.

"However sanctified you're going to be, you're not ready for miraculous appearances and all that mystical stuff yet. You'll be just as good as lost yonder in that town of my French ancestors. And I thought you were coming to prowl in the Vatican this winter while I'm working in Rome."

"Maybe I'll visit you before you leave Italy."

"Yes, a pretty pair we would be! You a re-collected seminarian and a gay Bohemian—Lord knows what I'll become without your influence! No use talking, we're parted forever."

"Nonsense! I'll soon be hunting you down with a commission for some church of mine."

But for all the loyal avowals, the next years did lead the young men far apart. They wrote to each other periodically, but each was so intense a worker that the letters became less and less frequent.

Meantime, each was striding ahead. Philip was taking the prizes in his classes and bidding fair to be one of the best artists of his epoch. And far away in the famous old university, Paul was winning laurels of another type—for his rare spiritual nature and intellectual achievements. But he was too absorbed in study and discipline to note what others thought of him, and his ardent heart and mind burned for the accomplishment of his allotted probation, that he might go forth as an accepted laborer in his Master's vineyard.

At last, strong, eager, and well-equipped, he was ready to go forth—once more Melchisedech for the service perpetual.

His plans were made. With the approval of his spiritual adviser, he intended to go back to America, the particular vineyard which especially called to him. Though its railroads were now hung from ocean to ocean, from the Gulf to the Canadian North,

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BELLS, PEALS, CHIMES

there were regions still untilled by spiritual plows. In the strength of his young manhood he longed to help in the folding of that great country, still young compared with Christian Europe.

The role he expected to play in such an undertaking was modest enough, however. He preferred to go to some newly opened missionary field, rather than to the booming cities whose fabulous material growth was so astonishing to the European mind. Such cities must necessarily have prosperous churches—hence his choice of a less thriving community.

With the prospect of eventual departure for America, Father Paul spent some weeks after his ordination with friends whom he was not likely to see again for many years. And in these hours of parting his thoughts and affections turned to his old comrades. Philip, Paul had tried repeatedly to persuade his seminarian friend to visit him in Italy or Paris, always in vain. But now that he was about to cross the ocean, old memories and affections conquered Paul and he pined to see Philip before sailing. How good it would be to note what kind of man he had become, to observe how his art had developed, to learn whether or not his nature had deepened. Would he find, Paul wondered, that in the late years passed in such different grooves he had really drifted apart? or would those years have brought them nearer? Had he lost Philip? Or had his old boyish avowal that Philip should never be lost been realized?

That fortunate experience—the pleasure of renewing an old friendship on its original terms after years of separation—was the gratification in store for both Paul and Philip. For all practical purposes of good fellowship, Philip noted, here was the same old Paul. It was a tribute to the permanent qualities—sincerity, charm, genuine worth—the two men in their boyhood that after so long a separation neither was disappointed in their renewed association. It was proof, too, of their youthful discrimination that neither had to undergo the shock of disillusion. Paul's austere lineaments still had their old charm for Philip and the artist's lines had fulfilled their best promise.

Paul was especially anxious to see Philip's work. That would tell even better than Philip's appearance whether or not he had really grown. Would his fancy still be dreaming of fauns and the like? "Right away I must see what you have been doing," he boyishly insisted when the first greetings were over. "Well, well, but you have come on," he declared as he entered a roomy atelier round which stood several vigorous figures in various stages of artistic creation. He strayed enthusiastically from one work to another, admiring now and then the modeling, but always the choice of subjects.

"But whatever has become of the 'pagan fancies'? Have these epic heroes of the industrial age entirely superseded the fauns and dryads?" asked Father Paul, as the two sat down together.

"I don't believe there's one in the place," declared the artist laughing. "The pontifical atmosphere of Rome has perhaps exorcised them?" asked the young priest.

"Maybe the work of others who did them better fatally discouraged me," retorted Philip. "But, seriously, I'd like your judgment on these things."

"I like them immensely," said Father Paul with conviction. Grateful, Philip began going to and fro, discussing his intentions here, his efforts there, with his old boyish exuberance.

"You see, of course, what I have been trying to do—by the way, I remember you had some ideas for me yourself. I have tried, as you used to advise, to catch up with the epoch. Some of these studies are meant to express the better elements in the life of to-day. Looks something like Meunier's work, doesn't it? But I want it to be different. Something like what Millet did in paint—only different again—and in my own poor way. 'Till Triumph, some of the critics say I'm after. Well, not exactly! But I would like to catch the cheerful, healthy aspect of honest daily work. It need not and does not always make a man a 'brother of the brook' and all that sort of thing. On the contrary, some of the noblest specimens of manhood—yes, and of womanhood too—have been simple, sturdy day laborers, with perfect muscles, beautiful firm lines—better looking specimens than some of the nervous, broken-down plutocrats who are supposed to be their slave-drivers or the narrow-chested, spectacled pedants who write tracts about them."

"Good for you," exclaimed Paul, as Philip formulated his sociological and artistic creed, "Good for you! I really believe we could get better laws made for some of you brave fellows than for some of the poor wretched wretches in whose behalf social justice and charity are so eloquently sought."

Whenever Father Paul recalled that visit, the stalwart figures of the studio stood prominently forth, testifying to his friend's development and to his deep, human sympathy. These idealizations of the healthy, happy types of an industrial age did him credit in conception and execution. They were far beyond his fanciful wild creatures and perhaps some day he might go still further, reaching the higher note which he had not yet struck. Meantime, Father Paul himself was to go far—speaking

in terms of both space and achievement. Passing in some of the American coastwise cities only long enough to become intelligently acquainted with them, he soon pressed inward across the States to the region of his future labors.

At length he settled in a small but exciting community where, even as he had dreamed of in far away Europe, he was distinctly able to participate in molding to ideals of Christian morality a group of those who were forming a portion of the vast American population. His "little haven" had fair to infuse its saving virtue into a mighty nation. Slowly but surely he worked with his church; his school, and later, his charitable institutions. Providence prospered his hand till eventually the town and his congregation outgrew the church given to him on his arrival. And so beloved had he now become that several generous friends came forward to urge and help him to build another and larger edifice.

His memory was richly furnished with the forms and architectural glories of the Old World churches that Father Paul was able to give his architects many good suggestions. It was part of his ideal for this dear America of his that its churches were not to be flimsy, shabby structures, but stable and beautiful even when necessarily simple. They must be, he insisted, fitting tabernacles for the worship to which they were dedicated.

As the building plans proceeded, Father Paul became more and more absorbed in them. Though he had no luxurious purse at his disposal, his little new church must be a worthy mansion for his Master and an example in dignified, harmonious ecclesiastical architecture. He refreshed his knowledge of this great subject. He reviewed the few treasures he had brought from the old world and drew forth portfolios of sketches, some of which he and Philip had made in colleges and others which Philip had given him in Rome. They were an inspiration to the architect, suggesting that details of structure and finishing might be made beautiful if simple.

Naturally he thought of Philip a great deal in connection with the work, and often wished that he were near enough to take a hand in this important church building. It would have been ideal to have had some of his own actual work in the structure.

As this wish for his artist friend took possession of the young priest's heart, an inspiration came to him—why could he not, after all, have something of Philip's in the church? Of course he could! He wondered that he had not thought of it before!

He would write to Philip immediately. And what should he request? Like a child with a tantalizing choice of several gifts, Father Paul spent some time in making his decision. A statuette? A carving? What?

Finally he decided. He wrote his request, first describing the church with the aim to arouse Philip's interest. Eloquently he emphasized the suggestions taken from Philip's own boyish drawings. Then, at last, he came to the point; he asked Philip to carve a crucifix for him. "It is a good deal to ask of one already flattered by so many handsome commissions. But if you can spare any odd moments, let me have something! I particularly want something of yours for my church. In a few years hence you will be so renowned that I shall not dare to hope for any of your work. And now of course I am not going to pay you—except in prayers, many of them, at my new altar. But if you are already too overwhelmed by work, say the word. Meanwhile, for my purposes there is no hurry. Years hence will be time enough—may have the desire—sentimental if you will—of having something of yours in my church."

Philip was amused, pleased, touched when his clerical friend's letter reached his studio in Rome. He valued this request more than commissions from art acquiring Croesuses—it was one more assurance of their unflinching bond of affection. Surely he would be glad to accede to Paul's request! How stupid and self-absorbed he was not to have offered Paul something ere this! He set about looking for his materials and deciding on his treatment of his subject, devoting to the work that intensity and sincerity which are the artist's means of giving an individual interpretation to a familiar subject. He wanted to work in the spirit of the painters and sculptors of sacred subjects whose treatment of august inspirations had immortalized their names.

Several times he started his devoirs and after working with enthusiasm for a few days he found his accomplishment trite and unexpressive. He could not send such a work to Paul; he must try again—with fresher inspiration. He wandered about in successive moods of artistic meditation, inspiration, discouragement. Finally, after the occasional custom of his fellow-workers in lighting their torches at the flame of another art, he turned to literature. He read the New Testament and one or two notable lives of Christ.

The books were magical. What pigment and stone had failed to do for him, print accomplished. He began to "feel" the Crucifixion with an intellectual and spiritual realization never before experienced. His emotional and spiritual intensity was such that he could scarcely apply himself to the actual materialization of his thought.

Then came the artistic passion and he began to work in a fever. In this glow of artistic creation, hand

and brain did idle teamwork. Swiftly, surely, beautifully the wood took shape. Day by day it approached the comparative perfection of which he had dreamed. And day by day Philip's own mind and heart were growing in spiritual perception, deepening in appreciation of the Divine Personality. Whose august human embodiment he was reverently trying to portray.

Now he felt assured, with all due modesty, that Paul would be pleased. Ah, but what would he say if he knew that the expressive carving represented the graving of deeper thoughts upon the brow of the idealist Philip, the chasing upon his heart of a rich spiritual experience, the re-fashioning of his life to conform with this new realization. This work had lifted the artist to a superior plane of vision, and that vision would endure his work with greater dignity and deeper feeling. Paul Lane's dear "old Pagan" was to become one of the great artists of his time.

But whatever laudation Philip's later work was to receive from professional sources, his gift to Paul entered upon a career more wonderful than either its fond recipient or its author had anticipated. Almost as soon as it was placed in the niche which Paul had designed for it, it became an object of admiration and devotion. The beautiful lines of Philip's lovingly wrought crucifix made their appeal alike to trained eyes and to humble devotees. Often when straying eyes wandered from Paul's reverent figure at the altar it was to Philip's eloquent sermon in the wood—on the august episode of Calvary. Priest at the altar, artist present in the work of his hands—each with his ten talents was glorifying the Dispenser of all good gifts.

Often appreciative visitors to the church would seek its pastor to inquire the origin of his rare piece of workmanship, and with pride never wanting Father Paul would tell of his friend. And meantime in far away Rome Philip Pagan's eyes brightened whenever he opened a letter from Father Paul. On one page or another the priest always insisted that Philip, whilom "old pagan" of ever dear memory, was now through the work of his gifted hands an active force in sustaining devotion in a simple but beautiful little church in a prosperous American town. Repeating the statement in one letter, Paul added: "You remember that when we parted you insisted that we were losing each other forever. But you see how little I have actually lost! You—you are really assistant pastor!"

And Philip, as he read, being still too boyish to surrender to a vehement attack of sentiment, muttered: "Old Paul always did have a strong mystical streak in him!"—Anna Blanche McGill in the Magnificat.

WHY I AM A CATHOLIC

The following interesting lecture was delivered recently before a large audience in the Lyceum Theatre, Duluth, Minn., by Father Mullaly of that city. In his introduction Father Mullaly said that he was speaking for any one of average reasoning capacity, education and intelligence, whether a lay member of the Catholic Church or one of her hierarchy. He said in part:

"1. I am a Catholic because I believe in human reason and its validity. I believe that there is an essential difference between human reason and animal instinct, not a difference merely in degree, but a difference in kind, by which I can reason about and draw conclusions concerning myself and the world about me, by which I can control my own instincts with reason and even crush them if I so desire. I can reason from the cause of a thing to its effect or from an effect back to a cause. My observation tells me that the animal kingdom is guided merely by its instinct and experience, and has no such quality as my human reason. I can even transcend the earth and go to the heavenly bodies, may even above and beyond them, I can ask the whence, the how, the why and the where of all things.

GOD IS NECESSARY

"2. I am a Catholic because I believe that beyond the universe and still in it, transcending it, imminent in it and yet apart from it, is an immense, immeasurable, transcendent, ubiquitous, omnipotent, omniscient, all good, all just, all merciful, all loving being whom we call God. I believe in God because I cannot understand anything that is except God exists. Reputable modern science and philosophy tell me that once upon a time in the space which our universe occupies, there was absolutely nothing, an aching void. I am confronted with the fact that this absolute nothingness a universe has sprung, so gigantic that my mind cannot even conceive its magnitude. Explain it. I cannot unless there is before and independent of it an all-powerful and independent being who called it into existence. God is the answer to my question.

"Science tells me that once upon a time this vast universe was in the form of a rapidly whirling gaseous vapor. I ask from whence came the motion? One of the basic laws of natural science, that of inertia, tells me that a body at rest cannot start moving except it is acted upon by some force external to it. Therefore, when I ask this cause of the original motion in the universe, I am confronted with the answer, the first cause, God. Science tells me of the transformation or evolution of the

universe and I see that it has been toward a definite end. There is evidence of order and intelligent design all through it. Explain it. I cannot unless there is a God. God is forced on my intelligence with such an over-powering certainty that I cannot deny His existence.

EVIDENCE OF GOD

"The smallest form of life is indisputable evidence of the existence of a great God. The greatest scientists of the nineteenth century demonstrated beyond all doubt and their proofs have been confirmed repeatedly that life does not and in the nature of the case cannot spring from non-life. Spontaneous generation is an absolute impossibility. There was a time when life of any sort whatsoever was non-existent. Whence came it? Again the answer, God.

"Some scientists of the nineteenth century have elaborated the theory of evolution of species. It is only a theory and in the nature of the case is unprovable. The modern world considers it a modern theory, but fifteen centuries before Darwin was born Augustine, the greatest doctor of the early Church, enunciated the same theory when he said that God created only the seeds of things with latent powers to develop, and he could not decide from his own reason whether but one type of life or several distinct types had been created. After fifteen centuries of scientific endeavor, reputable men of science are unable to change his conclusion. Evolution destroys nothing of the belief in God, it demands it. It only puts back the origin of life for something else to explain. The only explanation is God.

"Even though the body of man be the result of evolution from a lower form, how explain man's spiritual nature? The vast majority of mankind have always believed in a spiritual nature and how explain it unless God is its author?

"Then explain the existence in the world of such things as right and wrong, of conscience, of a moral law, of justice, and the demand for reparation of violated justice? You cannot explain it without God.

IMMORTALITY OF SOUL

"3. I am a Catholic because I believe in the immortality of the human soul. My reasoning power tells me a simple, elementary, spiritual substance devoid of dimensions and indissoluble, which cannot be annihilated by any but the power that made it. My reason dictates that the soul has an intelligence or reason, a power, and a free will. Through my intelligence I am able to abstract the truth of a matter. There is in my soul a longing, a desire to live on after the time when I know I shall cease to exist here. My mind won't accept the thought that it is mortal. This desire on the part of the soul to exist after the death of the body is a tremendous prayer and I do not believe that God Who made me will answer my prayer with annihilation. Life has no significance except the soul be immortal. I can think of the time when I shall die, when my country may pass into the history of nations, when even the world on which I live shall change its form, when even the universe shall have been recalled into the nothingness out of which it was made, but I shall live on and on and on, forever and forever. Oh, God, Who art eternal, because I desire to live with Thee forever, I know that Thou wilt not refuse to hear my prayer. The most awful fact in all the world is that I, as an intelligent being, can never, never cease to exist.

"4. I am a Catholic because I believe in the necessity of religion, which is the recognition of God by my soul of its dependence upon God in all things. It is the duty and destiny of all creatures to give adequate recognition of their dependence upon God.

"5. I am a Catholic because I believe in a certain kind of religion. Men have elaborated beautiful, natural religions, but the historical fact is that none of them ever have been satisfying even to their formulators themselves. If God ever has spoken to man teaching him his supernatural law, then in the very nature of the case that supernatural revelation must be superior to any and all natural religions.

"6. I am a Catholic because the historical evidence proves that that institution which He established and to which I belong, the Roman Catholic Church, is the same identical institution which He left on earth as His representative. He commissioned His representatives to teach all nations. He guaranteed His Church infallibility in religious and moral teaching. He set upon it the stamp of His own authority and He promised to abide with it through the ages. How, then, could it err? Christ Himself and the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, both are with it. How, then, is it possible for this institution to teach a falsehood since God has established it and promised to remain with it?

"For 1600 years this Church and this alone was accepted by the vast majority of Christians as Christ's authoritative representative. Since that time men have separated themselves from her and formed independent organizations of Christian churches, dividing and subdividing until now there are more than 1,750 different Christian sects believing and practicing different articles of faith and morals. Would Christ wish 1,750 different contradictory beliefs to be taught as His religion? If He came to earth

to day would He not rather teach one system to all men in all places? The old Catholic Church is the only one in the world to day which teaches one system of faith the world over.

"I believe her to be true because there exists in her everything I need to be at peace with my God. From birth even to death I am served by this Church.

"There is not a single ceremony in all the Church but has for its purpose the elevation of the soul to God.

"7. I am a Catholic because the Catholic Church is a standing miracle witnessing her own divine institution. We cannot understand her history except God has been with her and has seen her through. Persecutions of the most diabolical form of intensity, heresy and schism within, worldly philosophy, irreligious science, scandals in high places, all in their turn or collectively have tried to drag her down. But she stands to-day as firmly entrenched as in the year 33 A. D., the only representative of God upon earth.

BATTLE OF FUTURE

"The battle of the future is not between rival camps in religion, but rather between religion and no religion at all, and that means between Catholicism and Agnosticism. The Church that has withstood so much and has the Holy Spirit of God with her will stand triumphant at the end of time, leading her children unto eternal salvation, which God destined for man from all eternity. 'The time cometh and now is when they who come to God shall worship in spirit and in truth.' If, then, a man be true to himself and God he will lift up his heart and say to Him: 'Oh, God, if this Church be Thy only representative among men, teach me, for I want to know. Show me the way, O Lord, in which I shall walk, for I have lifted up my soul to Thee. Oh, Holy Spirit of God, take me as Thy disciple. Guide me, illuminate me, sanctify me. Bind my hands, that they may do no evil; blind my eyes, that they may see it no more; sanctify my heart, that evil may not dwell within me; be Thou my God; be Thou my guide. Whithersoever Thou leadest me, I will go; whatsoever Thou forbiddest me I will renounce and whatsoever Thou commandest me in Thy strength I will do. Lead me, then, unto the fullness of Thy truth. Show me the way, O Lord, in which I shall walk, for I have lifted up my soul to Thee.'"

In closing Father Mullaly appealed to his audience for mutual prayer, asking their prayers for himself and promising his in return. His concluding words were, "May God bless you, may God keep you, may God love you."—Catholic Union and Times.

HARVARD PROFESSOR'S THOUGHTS

ON DECLINE OF PROTESTANT SECTS

Of late the Protestant sects have begun to realize their utter inefficiency in producing good. The cry for Church Unity of some kind among the disorganized and conflicting factions has gone up on innumerable occasions in their various organs; and some steps have been taken in that direction, leading to a conglomerate of ideas and doctrines difficult to define. The hopelessness of this task of regenerating their dying religion by a peculiar irony, has at the same time unconsciously been pointed out by some of their most brilliant leaders, who have shown how far Protestantism has gone into decay, in itself but a logical outcome of the principles of the Reformation. The Harvard Theological Review (vol. viii, No. 3) contains an article entitled "What Ails the Church?" from the pen of Prof. Thomas N. Carver, formerly of that institution and now about to become affiliated with it once more, in which, both in speaking of the present condition of the Protestant churches and in suggesting a remedy, it is shown how far that decay has gone. He describes the Protestant country church of forty years ago and of to-day, and comments on the retrogression which such a survey reveals. "I think," he continues, "that there are few persons who will deny that there has been a general decline in vigor, though exceptional neighborhoods may be found which show the opposite tendency. The investigations of Mr. C. O. Gill prove conclusively that, in certain areas, this decadence has taken place." (p. 381.)

The cause for this, the professor believes, lies in two facts: the loss of faith in spiritual damnation and salvation and, what he regards as more important, the consequent "loss of a definite, soul compelling purpose or program." "Formerly," he tells us, the Church knew exactly what it was for; now it does not seem quite certain. Then there was no waver; now those churches which are not merely drifting are running around in a circle, looking for some 'cause' to espouse, or something vaguely called 'social service' to perform. Then the church preached a clear and definite gospel of salvation, with damnation as the unattractive, though variously emphasized alternative; now it is not considered quite polite in the best religious circles to mention damnation, and since there is nothing very definite to be saved from, salvation has lost its meaning. His indictment of the Protestant churches on this point is strong, particularly since he is himself a victim of this evil. "The simple fact is that the Church does not really and in its heart believe in the

old doctrines of salvation and damnation." In other words, Protestantism has in great measure ceased to be Christian.

It is a most pitiful spectacle, in the professor's opinion, to see the sects as a result thus running hither and thither, posing as the friends of "labor" and seeking something to do. A constructive program they must have, and he accordingly comes forward with a suggestion as to what this program should be or rather on what it should be based. As belief in the supernatural has been overthrown and will not be accepted, the professor's remedy is purely materialistic. It consists in what he terms "work-bench philosophy," the joy and merit of "productive work and enterprise." A new kind of salvation is needed to put the old fervor back into the dying churches; the moral standard of all modern materialistic philosophies, getting the most out of life and thus giving the most to the community. "A thing may be said to be saved when it is prevented from going to waste. When a man's energy is being wasted, the man is to that extent lost, and he stands in need of salvation. Perhaps it would be better to say that the community needs his salvation."

"A community in which every scrap of human energy was saved and applied to useful work would be the kingdom of God. . . . It would have the power within itself to become the chosen community and would need no supernatural aid. A gospel of salvation which saves men from going to waste must be a vital factor in the creation of such a community. The Church which preaches such a gospel effectively must become the true Church. It will need neither historical claims, miracles or any other advertising devices to establish its title." (p. 399.)

How far from satisfying the idea of salvation imbedded within the soul of man is this materialistic creed! And necessarily, too, it must defeat itself, as has been so often proved. For the individual, bound only by the altruistic law to work for the community will soon forget the community in seeking his own selfish interests. A higher motive is needed, the motive planted in the heart of man by the Creator, the love and attainment of God Himself, in a life hereafter. That alone will satisfy man's longings and lead, too, to social peace in as far as it can be established in human society. Protestantism, weakened and decayed, should turn away from the destructive doctrine of materialism to the light of the Church which has preserved the true ideas of salvation and happiness. In that Church alone will be found spiritual well-being and the fundamental principles making at the same time for justice and stability on earth.—Buffalo Echo.

RELIGIOUS SCHOOLS AND PROTESTANT FORETHOUGHT

The attitude of the average minister towards the establishment of religious schools is such an enigma that we are not going to try to solve it. It should have dawned on him before now that the great increase of Catholics in America might be in some measure, at least, accounted for by the Catholic school. What better way can the minister empty his church than by continuing a system of secular education where God is not taken into account? Is it not a fair question to ask just now, when extinction is surely facing some of the Protestant sects; would not the establishment of schools maintained under a Protestant influence have stemmed the tide away from the church and built up a strong and rigorous laity? Recently many ministers have come to the conclusion that the policy early adopted by the Catholic Church is the safest and the sanest. Unfortunately for themselves, their ability to copy the Catholic model is tremendously limited by what their own predecessors have said about religious schools. Notoriously in one sect the minister has made a fetish out of the little red school house with the result that the little red school house has made a howling wilderness out of his own church.—New World.

THE BAVARIAN RED CROSS

In Bavaria they are collecting for the Red Cross an enormous number of gold ornaments. Watch chains, rings, bracelets, helikets and other peasant jewels have poured in the treasury. Many are being melted down, but others are of such beautiful workmanship or antiquity that they are sold as works of art. A special room is reserved at the headquarters of the Red Cross for their sale to persons who wish to help the Red Cross. Many heirlooms with family histories have been sacrificed in this way for the good of the wounded.—Church Progress.

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EDUCATIONAL IDEALS AND
EDUCATIONAL AIMS

Dean Russell in a recent address
analyzed the German educational
system and found it so marvellously
well adapted to the German ideal
that some believed the Dean to advo-
cate the German as the ideal system
of education.

Henry D. Hatch, of Columbia Uni-
versity, confesses that he also was
inclined to share that view until he
came to the closing paragraph which
he quotes:

"The State that depends on mili-
tary power for its security and
advancement must imitate, and so far
as I can see any variation from the
German form would be a con-
fession of weakness. But, (mark the
but) if other ideals contend, such as
the theory that the greatest good of
all is best achieved by the highest
development of each, some other
system of education must be formed
that will assure civil order and social
stability."

That is the point. What is our
ideal in education?

Henry Davies thinks "efficiency"
is not the final test of culture, and
deplores the fact that multitudes of
American teachers have capitulated
to the German ideal.

It may be useful to note some of
the defects of the German system
which he points out as obvious:

(1) I know that religion, art and
ethics are taught in Germany, and
are in theory ranked high as culture-
values; but the teaching is official
and perfunctory, while its results
may be seen in the pall of indiffer-
ence that has fallen upon the people,
in the unproductiveness and absence
of originality of their art, and finally,
in the moral life of a city like Berlin.
The German ideal is formally com-
plete; but it is lifeless, and this is
because the underlying philosophy is
dominated by the material of the
nation, and by the scientific mech-
anical method by means of which it
is hoped to achieve them, and, of
course, the more "efficient" this
ideal becomes the more must the
spiritual interests of education be
weakened. Even Bernhardi admits
this.

(2) Its well-marked militaristic
tendency needs only a mention.
Efficiency here means, to say the
least, aggressiveness, and (even on
an American playground) aggressiv-
ness is never admirable when it is
backed up only by force, in the
absence of fair play, honor and good
tests.

(3) Dean Russell also says that
German efficiency is seen in the all-
pervasive method, system, and
authority of the German teacher.
But, while there is something to ad-
mire in this, he has forgotten for the
moment his pedantry, egotism,
narrow specialism, the subjection of
teaching to one type of intellectual
life, which is not itself the highest.
Large numbers of our college teach-
ers and others have imitated Ger-
many in this, with evident loss to
the power of our inherited ideals
of patriotism and the efficiency of our
own spirituality. Method in edu-
cation is with us, as with the Ger-
mans, more than manners; system
more than personality; authority
more than the life of reason. Now
the American ideal is wider than
this. Broadly conceived it is ser-
vice, as that of England is culture
and that of Germany is specialism
and State aims. We cannot sincerely
copy what is not freely developed
on our soil, what is not in inner
harmony with the democratic ideals
inherited from the whole past of the
human race, purified in the fire of
our own history, and struggle toward
the place we now occupy in the sun.
All ideals must be self-developed.

(4) The most serious and harm-
ful tendency of current ideals of
German education lies in the fact
that they subordinate life, both per-
sonal and national, to State ambition.
Humanity is sacrificed on the altar
of "welt politik." The greatest
teacher the world has ever had said:
"I came that they might have life
and might have it more abundantly."
As we understand them, these words
cannot be restricted to any passing
fashions of culture, intellectual, social,
or political, however "efficient"
that may be made by method, system
and authority. No ideal of education
henceforth can survive unless it pass
this supreme test, in providing the

fullest possible life for all. Surely
America's chief concern these days
must be to avoid rather than uncriti-
cally to admire a foreign system
which embodies such marked ele-
ments of danger to this Christian
ideal as the German mechanical ideal
does.

For the moment at any rate we are
not prejudiced in favor of German
ideals or methods educational or
otherwise—and we are therefore the
more likely to appreciate the justice
of Mr. Davies' criticism of the Ger-
man educational system. For that
reason we have thought it well to re-
produce even at considerable length,
this arraignment of the system of
education which, more than any other
single cause, is responsible for the
present sanguinary upheaval of
European civilization.

The all important thing, however,
is not the dismal failure—or marvel-
lous success—of education as made
in Germany. What is our own ideal?
What is our conception of education?
How far are we free from the defects
of the German system? Is it pos-
sible that we also are tainted with
Germanism? Militarism is bad; but
there is a form of Germanism more
subtle, more insidious, more radical
and more dangerous: Germanism in
education.

Is the materialistic tendency in
education confined to Germany?

"Method in education is with us,
as with the Germans, more than
manners; system more than person-
ality; authority more than the life
of reason." This has long been a
matter of common complaint with
intelligent observers amongst our-
selves. The exaltation of "author-
ity" in our educational methods at
the expense of reason is as wide as
the poles apart from the inculcation
of the respect and reverence due to
lawfully constituted authority as
coming from God. It is quite a differ-
ent matter. An "authority" in
"Science" struts his little hour upon
the stage and you forfeit all rights
to be considered "educated" while
his dictum is the last word of Science.
Nor do you regain the title when
this scientific authority gives
place to another who flouts
him with impunity. An "authority"
in education speaks; he is silent or
be prepared for the open contempt of
modern educationalists. Question
the "authority" in history who re-
flects and panders to the prejudices
of his readers and you may be sus-
pected of something worse than
ignorance—medievalism. Despite
the popular superstition amongst
the superficially educated, it is not
the Catholic Church but modern edu-
cational methods that exalt author-
ity at the expense of human reason.

The "subordination of life both
personal and national to State ambi-
tion" will not be denied by Germans.
Indeed they boast of it. The State
is supreme, and the individual soul
must find its highest activity
and happiness in and through the
"oversoul" of the State. We
may plead not guilty to the sub-
ordination of everything to "state
ambition." But take away ambition.
Have we not gone a long, long way
towards subordinating all things to
"the state"? Vaguely and confusedly,
it may be, compared with the clear
conception and ruthless prosecution
of the German ideal, we, neverthe-
less, make the state the supreme
arbiter in matters educational; the
law of the land the final standard in
morals. Just so long and just so
far as Christian ideals are generally
accepted the effects of this monstrous
error will be restrained within the
limits of decorum. When, however,
Christian ideals follow the fast dis-
appearing Christian doctrines, the
law-makers will be the moral law-
givers. Prohibition may be elevated
into a text-book dogma; sex-hygiene
include in its comprehensive scope
information which, as yet, it is a
criminal offence to disseminate;
and Christ himself may be relegated
to the place in history assigned to Him
by rationalists, even German rational-
ists.

What is our ideal in education?

The truth is that "education" with
us is a term so indefinite that we
look up some "authority" on the
matter before attempting to define
it. Deprive them of the books of
reference (including the dictionary)
and not two in ten average persons
will give you the same definition;
so commonplace is education and so
confused the notion of what is meant
by the term.

Our educational system was con-
ceived and built up when men's
minds were obsessed with the idea
that the diffusion of "education" (not
Christianity) was the cure for all the
ills that flesh is heir to. And we
started out to diffuse it. Now we

accept as a matter of course the
system thus built up.

But since we agree that the
German ideal is all wrong, the
question is insistent: What is
our educational ideal? The Ger-
man aim is wrong: What is our
aim? Can it be that our whole edu-
cational system is aimless?

The Columbia University professor
before quoted asks this suggestive
question:

"Has any one a right to a place in
the game of life who is unwilling to
contribute his fair share of human
service for what he seeks in life?
From our failure to impress the fun-
damental importance in the educative
process of 'the life career motive'
are we not feeding the present day
crave of something for nothing?
Without some fundamental aim for
our educational efforts, is not our
ever increasing army of those living
by their wits rather than work likely
to undo us?"

"I came that they may have life
and might have it more abundantly,"
quotes Mr. Davies, and he makes the
supreme test the providing of the
fullest possible life for all.

Ah, but what is life? And what
are its meaning and purpose? If we
could all agree on that. Mr. Davies
gives us a test by which we
might at least judge educational
systems by their results.

Life. That you may have life.
Life here and life hereafter. The
life of which Christ, mankind's great
Teacher, so often spoke.

"Therefore I say to you he not sol-
licitous for your life, what you shall
eat, nor for your body, what you
shall put on." The heavenly Father
feeds the birds of the air and clothes
the lilies of the field. "Be not sol-
licitous, therefore, saying, What shall we
eat; or what shall we drink; or what
whereof shall we be clothed? For
wherewith shall we be clothed? For
after all these things do the heathen
seek. For your Father knoweth that
you have need of all these things.
Seek ye, therefore, first the kingdom
of God and of his justice and all
these things shall be added unto
you."

That is the Catholic ideal of edu-
cation. That they may have life and
may have it more abundantly. The
things that the heathen seek we need
also; but in education, as in every-
thing else, in education above all
things else, the Catholic Church re-
peats our divine Lord's injunction:
Seek ye first the Kingdom of God.

The horrors of war may not be too
great a price to pay if the Christian
world is shocked into an examina-
tion of conscience with regard to its
ideals and aims in education; if after
reaping the whirlwind it decides to
sow the seed no more; if it give back
to Christ's life-giving and soul-saving
truths their own predominant place
in every scheme of Christian educa-
tion.

LOYALTY SHORT-CIRCUITED

"Oh wad some power the gifte gie
us
To see ourselves as others see us!"

Metropolitan Toronto cares but
little for the provincial classes
beyond its limits. Nevertheless
Toronto contributes its share to the
galaxy of nations. And even provin-
cials may laugh.

In two recent events of interna-
tional importance the Queen City has
acquired itself with its usual tact
and urbanity. If slightly worsted in
one encounter it has delivered
mighty counter-attacks and now
feels more loyal, more virtuous, more
worthy of being Toronto, than ever.

John McCormack is an Irish singer
who ranks high in the musical
world. In an American city he re-
fused to comply with someone's re-
quest to sing "Tipperary." Now
"Tipperary" is a music-hall jingle
that barely got itself printed so
mediocre was its merit in the eyes
of the purveyors even to that
stratum of music-lovers. However,
its sentiment, though a bit crude, is
clean. The glamor and allurements
of the Strand and Piccadilly instead
of drawing Paddy into the swirl of
London pleasures sets his honest
heart beating for the wholesome
Irish lass far away in Tipperary.
That is the theme. This much
in passing for some Irish Amer-
ican critics of "Tipperary." As
the marching song of English,
Irish, Scotch and Welsh, Canadians,
Australians and all the others, the
homely ditty takes on associations
dear to millions of hearts. And by
the way, if our American friends will
pardon another "aside" to them,
does it not compare favorably with
"There'll be a Het Time in the Old
Town To-night" which attained sim-
ilar importance in the Spanish
American war?

John McCormack refused to sing
"by request" this new famous song

and truth to tell when the associa-
tions are not strongly in evidence
one need not have a very fastidious
taste in music to feel that we are
getting a bit of a surfeit of it. In
any case it was Mr. McCormack's
business. It was for him to draw
the line. Every taste cannot be
gratified "by request."

Not so thought some Sim Tappertit
"loyalists" of Toronto. After mature
deliberation it was decided to sub-
mit the great singer's loyalty to the
acid test. With German diplomacy
he was informed that he could, even
yet, keep his Toronto engagement if
he would consent to open the enter-
tainment by singing "God Save the
King." Mr. McCormack quietly re-
plied that as he was a British sub-
ject he had no objection to singing
"God Save the King;" but rather
than enter into a controversy over
such a matter he would cancel his
Toronto engagement. Whereupon
certain Toronto gentlemen firmly
announced through the Toronto
papers that they were going to inves-
tigate McCormack's alleged pro-
Germanism. Up to date they have
made no report.

Perhaps it was because another
event of international importance
crowded on the heels of the first.

The Rev. Professor G. L. Robinson,
of McCormick Theological Seminary,
Chicago, was given the degree of D. D.
*honoris causa* by Knox College. It
is not recorded that he was asked
to sing "God Save the King" as a
condition precedent. Despite the
glaring fact that he hailed from
McCormick Seminary which should
have suggested the grave danger just
averted, no one seems to have in-
vestigated his political views at all.

Perhaps it was taken for granted that
good taste would prevent him from
saying anything offensive on the
auspicious occasion. If so, they
reckoned without their host—or
rather their guest. It is, moreover,
a poor excuse for reason relaxing the
vigilance but a few days before so
much in evidence. How is a Rever-
end Presbyterian Professor, absolute-
ly certain of his own universal in-
fallibility, to know when to hide his
light under a bushel if he be not told
beforehand?

"I," said the new Knox Doctor of
Divinity, (the McCormick Professor
of Theology had doubtless formed
the habit of beginning important
pronouncements just that way) "I
blame both sides for the war." "I"
(again) "hold Britain equally respon-
sible with Germany."

The Telegram questions the
Doctor's infallible dictum thus:

A side show has its educated pig,
a managerie its educated elephant,
and one theological school, at least,
its educated ass, in the person of Rev.
Prof. G. L. Robinson, D. D., Knox.
American Presbyterianism is dis-
graced by the presence in one of its
great theological chairs of a boor and
a boomer, who lacks either honesty
or understanding.

Is Rev. Prof. G. L. Robinson "more
of an idiot than he is of an ananias?"

The Senate of Knox College has
placed on record a resolution repudi-
ating the views of the Reverend
Professor of McCormick Seminary
characterizing his remarks as offen-
sive, unwisely, unjustifiable and ex-
tremely discourteous. This, while
purging Knox of all reasonable
complicity, may tend to reduce the
tumid Robinson ego.

We may now consider the inci-
dent closed.

The Scotch McCormick Professor
may thank his stars that the S. T.
Vigilance Committee was engaged in
investigating the Irish McCormack
or he would not have escaped so
easily with that Toronto D. D.

UNCONSCIOUS HUMOR

Artemus Ward never wrote any-
thing more humorous than the record
of the deliberations of the Anglican
Synod as recently reported in the
Toronto press. There was this differ-
ence, however. Ward knew that he
was writing something funny; but
these dignitaries evidently did not
realize the humor of the situation.
This brings us face to face with a
strange phenomenon. These men
are keen-witted and intelligent. In
the ordinary affairs of life they are
shrewd enough. How comes it then,
that they made such a spectacle of
themselves when they undertook to
revise the Book of Common Prayer?
The answer is evident. They have
no faith. Humor consists in the
absurd juxtaposition of things.
Hence it follows that to appreciate
the humor of a situation one must
have the right perspective, must
know the proper order of things. In
some spheres we would not deny to
these gentlemen this discernment;
but in matters of faith they are at
sea without a compass.

Witness some of the suggestions
that were made. It was proposed
that the sentences of the Athanasian
Creed should be so arranged, that in
the alternate reading of them by the
minister and the congregation, the
people would not be obliged to recite
the damnatory clauses or other
objectionable passages. Is there, we
may ask, one rule of faith for the
people and another for the minister?

It was further proposed that in the
passage "this is the Catholic faith"
the word Catholic be omitted. Now
this seemed to us a very logical sug-
gestion; for the word Catholic means
universal and there is no sanction
for appending it to a creed that is
pruned and mutilated to suit the
whims of every group of individuals.
The supporters of the branch theory,
however, would not stand for this.
"Put sand in the sugar but do not
change the label on the barrel" is
their motto.

Many similar instances of inconsis-
tency will be recalled by those who
read the reports of the Synod's meet-
ings. Some Conservative members, it
is true, opposed the iconoclastic
methods of the Low Churchmen, but
even in their case it would seem that
the dominant motive was to pre-
serve the traditional haughtiness of
their church, rather than to protect
the integrity of faith. Objective
dogma, teaching authority, the
necessity of a positive belief—these
are things alien to the spirit of the
Anglican church. It is revealed in
its true colors, not as a divinely in-
stituted guide and helper of heart
and mind, but as a mere creation of
man, set up to give the appearance
of respectability and decorum to
those outward manifestations of
allegiance, which its members still
see fit to pay to their Creator.

In matters of discipline the same
shifting and inconsistency was mani-
fested. The marriage of divorced
persons was vetoed by the Synod; but
then it was pointed out that they
could get married by ministers of
other denominations, who had no
conscientious scruples on the point,
and afterwards, of course, he re-
ceived back to communion in the
church. Now is not that a knavish
trick?

The interpretation of "temper-
ance" was hotly debated. Conflict-
ing views were reconciled by keeping
the term and giving express permis-
sion to each one to interpret it as he
pleased.

All this gives point to a remark we
once heard. Revival services were
being held in the local Methodist
church. It was before the footnote
was abolished, and the preachers
were especially severe upon dancers,
card players and theatre-goers.
A gentleman, who had been attend-
ing the services, was playing a game
of cards. Some of his friends, who
were onlookers, thought to have some
amusement at his expense. One of
them remarked that he believed that
if a man belonged to a church he
should live up to the rules of that
church. Similar shafts were fired
by some of the others, which had the
desired effect. The gentleman stood
up and facing his tormentors ex-
claimed: "Friends I want you to
understand that I'm no Methodist.
I belong to the Church of England.
It hasn't got any rules, and I live up
to them." THE GLEANER.

IRISH PROTESTANTS AND
RECRUITING

We commend to the editor of the
Orange Sentinel, and the other ex-
ploited of Catholic disloyalty, a care-
ful study of the address of the Pro-
testant Bishop of Ossory, Ferns and
Leighlin, delivered at the annual
Synod of the united dioceses. It
affords splendid material for a spicy
paragraph. And, since variety is
charming, the brethren might enjoy
reading about Protestant disloyalty
for a change. In the hope that Hor-
atio will do as requested we have
much pleasure in presenting him
with the facts. We quote from the
Bishop's address: "He made enquiry
last April with the aid of the clergy
as to the numbers of our church
people who were serving in the Army
and Navy, and he thought it right to
let them know the facts. He asked
for a three-fold return; for the number
of Churchmen from each parish who
were serving before war was de-
clared; for the number of reservists
who were called up between
August 1st, 1914, and May 1st, 1915,
and for the number of recruits whom
they supplied during the same period.
If they added the three sets of figures
together they got the total number
of fighting men that the Churchmen
of the united dioceses had supplied in
the hour of their country's need, and

he asked their attention to the result.
Out of a church population of 19,562
—men, women and children—they
had supplied 688 combatants of every
class; that is, they had sent only 1
in every 30 of their people. He
would ask them seriously to consider
how our Army and Navy could stand
if the United Kingdom as a whole
had made as poor a response as this
to the call of duty. If others had
done no better than they had done
they would have only a million and
a half fighting men in the Army and
Navy. In other words, they had
contributed only half of their fair
proportion."

Far be it from us to rejoice that
any element of His Majesty's subjects
should shirk their plain and obvious
duty. But we have heard so much
about the loyalty of the Irish Protes-
tants and the disloyalty of Irish
Catholics that we have deemed it
right to place the above facts on
record. We never placed a very high
estimate on the oft protested loyalty
of the non-Catholics of Ireland. It
is true they were loyal to some
thing—to their own inherited priv-
ileges, and to the sweets of office.
Just as soon as these were threatened
they prepared to rebel against the
King and Constitution. They even
went so far as to invoke the aid of
the Kaiser. They were prepared to
fight then against the King and the
Empire. Now, when the King and
the Empire need their assistance
they are in no great hurry to answer
the call to the colors. They opposed
Home Rule, even to the point of
rebellion, because, forsooth, National-
ist Ireland was disloyal. National-
ist Ireland has given more than its
proportion of fighting men. The
highly-favored Church of Ireland
Protestants of the three dioceses
under consideration have given "only
half of their fair proportion."

Will the Orange organ have any
comment to make upon this? Not by
a great deal. Its eyes will still be
fixed upon Quebec. For there is no
party capital to be reaped from turn-
ing the searchlight upon Irish Protes-
tant "slackers." COLUMBA.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE CATHOLIC WATCHMAN of
Madras, India, writes of the death
of the "Archbishop of Quigley." Such
is fame.

WRITING FROM PARIS a correspond-
ent says: "Every day brings news of
the death of two or three at least of
our priests at the front, whether
serving as chaplains, *brancardiers* or
soldiers. Thus at one college alone
in Paris (St. Aloysius) in one week
39 dead were commemorated." What
other profession has given a reader
answer to the call of patriotism than
that?

A LIFE of Washington by an Irish
priest is a book sufficiently out of
the ordinary to call for remark. The
Very Rev. Jas. O'Boyle, B. A., P. P., V. F.,
and so on is the author of such a
volume, which has issued from the
press of Longmans Green and Co.,
(New York). He writes of Washing-
ton as the "Father of Modern Dem-
ocracy," "democracy" as it is ordinar-
ily understood being about the
last thing in the world which would
have been likely to appeal to the dig-
nified and aristocratic Father of his
Country. And it is most unlikely
that from a source so remote
from the scene of Washing-
ton's labors and triumphs any-
thing new can now be told in re-
gard to him. Father O'Boyle's book
must therefore be but the re-telling
of an old tale, and, allowing for this
limitation, we have no hesitation in
saying that he has acquitted himself
of the task very creditably, and, for
those most likely to form his audi-
ence, produced a readable and
attractive volume. Mechanically,
however, the book is not up to Long-
mans usual standard, the paper being
of poor quality and the type of a kind
long since discarded by the best pub-
lishers. The illustrations, too, mili-
tate somewhat against the character
of the book as a whole, and the
absence of an index in a work of an
historical character is an omission
surely quite unpardonable in this
age of rapid reference.

A BOOK of another kind also comes
to us from the New York establish-
ment of Longmans Green & Co.—a
book which will appeal to an ever-
growing class of intelligent and de-
vout readers. This has to do with
the undying Legend of St. Francis of
Assisi, and of the great religious
movement which in the thirteenth
century centered in him and spread
therefrom through the whole than-

known world and which has con-
tinued with unabated interest to hold
captive even the materially-minded
world of to-day. The book has to do
in particular with Blessed Agnes of
Bohemia, a figure but slightly known
in the Franciscan story, yet one of
its most attractive and inspiring. It
seems singular that one who was so
close to St. Francis himself, and who
shared so largely in the important
work identified especially with the
name of St. Clare, should have re-
mained so long in obscurity. Buried
in the folios of the Bollandist *Acta
Sanctorum* under the date prescribed
for her remembrance, 6th of March,
her life-history has been scarcely
remembered, and, as we are told in
the Preface, even to Franciscan stu-
dents she is known only through the
occasional references in the
"sources", and especially by the e-
lected glory of having had four
letters addressed to her by Saint
Clare. Never before, as it may seem
a remarkable thing to say, has her
life been presented to English
readers.

TO STUDENTS OF Franciscan
history, therefore, this attractive and
beautifully-printed volume; "Some
New Sources for the Life of Blessed
Agnes of Bohemia," will be especial-
ly welcome. Of scarcely any other
Saint in the calendar can it be said
that societies have been organized
in most European countries for no
other purpose than the study of her
life and spirit. And they have not
been mere emanations for a day, but
have continued steadfastly, year
after year, to study and to ponder,
and to enrich menology with a body
of literature which but serves to
brighten the halo placed spontane-
ously upon St. Francis' brow by the
universal conscience of mankind
from the beginning. This latest
volume, edited with so much skill
and discrimination by Mr. Walter W.
Seton, is, indeed, but a reprint of
Vol. VII. in the Publications of the
British Society of Franciscan Studies,
and it is now published separately
because of the widespread interest
which it is bound to have—an inter-
est which could not possibly be
gratified by the rather restricted cir-
culation of the transactions of a
learned society.

THE NEW BOOK on Blessed Agnes
comprises the "new sources" in the
originals—viz., a Fourteenth Century
Latin version of her Life, and a
Fifteenth Century German version,
together with the Fourteenth German
version of Saint Clare's Letters; a
copious and instructive Introduction;
a Bibliography, with Notes and sup-
plemental matter—the whole embel-
lished with a series of quaint con-
temporary illustrations in photo-
gravure and colotype which greatly
add to its interest and attractiveness.
It is the sort of book which will
appeal to the bibliophile no less than
to the student of religion, and
whether from the edification of its
contents or the attractiveness of its
exterior and make-up will take its
place naturally and with the warm-
est of welcomes upon the book-
shelves of very varying types of
readers.

AMID EVEN the almost universal
strife in which mankind is now in-
volved, and the struggle going on
for the preservation of civilization in
its higher sense, and of human free-
dom, to which the Allied nations
have set their hands, the world has
not lost interest in the study of the
past. In this connection the exca-
vations which have been going on in
spite of the War in the ancient city
of Canterbury are not without signifi-
cance in their results. They are re-
constructing for the public mind of
England the fabric of the ancient
Saxon and Norman Church, and
bringing into clearer light their com-
plete identification with the Catholic
Church of to-day. When the work is
completed the full meaning of its
discoveries will be made manifest.
Meanwhile, interest centres in the
identification of particular places and
persons illustrious in that far-off
time.

ONE OF the latest discoveries is
the original burial place of St.
Augustine himself, and of his five
successors in the See, Lawrence,
Mellitus, Justus, Honorius and Den-
sedit—names unfamiliar to most
people now, but not so to students of
ecclesiastical history. These tombs
were found in the north aisle of the
original church, known at the time
as the porticus of St. Gregory. Thus,
the original grave of St. Augustine
was covered by the third
pillar from the central tower of the

original burial place of St.
Augustine himself, and of his five
successors in the See, Lawrence,
Mellitus, Justus, Honorius and Den-
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pillar from the central tower of the



FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. FEFFRENS TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

"Render to God the things that are God's" (Math. xxi. 21)

God requires us to give Him our whole hearts, because they belong to Him; if we keep anything back, we are deceiving ourselves and forfeiting many graces.

Let us put ourselves absolutely in God's hands, and then we shall find true happiness. Christian self-denial is the first step toward this complete surrender to the will of God.

How can and must we practice fasting so as to make it pleasing to God? It is very important to answer this question correctly.

1. They must have the intention of strengthening themselves, so as to conquer their animal appetites.

2. They must aim at enabling the spirit to soar more readily to the supernatural. St. John Chrysostom says: "Ships that are light sail quickly across the sea, but those that are overlaid are apt to sink."

3. Fasting is an excellent form of penance, by means of which we punish ourselves for sin.

The spirit, therefore, in which fasting is practised should be one of penance, self-denial and a desire of true perfection. To strengthen the mind rather than to weaken the body is the object of fasting.

We may say of fasting, as of all kinds of exterior mortification, if practised in a wilful and imprudent manner, that when it is carried to excess, it causes precisely what it aims at averting, viz., temptation.

St. Jerome, eminent both by his teaching and his example, says: "What is the use of reducing the body by fasting, if the soul is puffed up with pride?"

Let us try to acquire the spirit that guided the saints in their practices of exterior mortification and in their efforts to refrain from sin. It is God's will that their extraordinary forms of exterior mortification should clearly reveal this spirit to us.

It is an absolute duty to observe the fasts of the Church, but everyone can voluntarily accustom himself to fasting, if he is careful at all times to be strictly moderate in eating, and limits himself to what is necessary.

TORTURED BY RHEUMATISM

Sunday School Supt. Tells How "Fruit-a-lives" Relieved

TORONTO, Ont., Oct. 1st, 1913. "I have lived in this city for more than 12 years and am well known. I suffered from Rheumatism, especially in my hands. I spent a lot of money without any good results.

R. A. WAUGH. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. All dealers or direct from Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

trifling, but really of great importance. Let him, for instance, eat only at mealtimes, and take nothing between meals; let him not banker after choice and dainty dishes.

1. They must have the intention of strengthening themselves, so as to conquer their animal appetites.

2. They must aim at enabling the spirit to soar more readily to the supernatural. St. John Chrysostom says: "Ships that are light sail quickly across the sea, but those that are overlaid are apt to sink."

It is quite certain that a man, who observes no self-imposed fasts, but is easily satisfied, and neither gluttonous nor dainty, displays far more real piety and self-control than one who fasts on certain days of his own accord.

I think we ought to be guided by the words which our Divine Redeemer addressed to His disciples: "Eat such things as are set before you" (Luke x. 8). Let us carry out this precept by regarding it as a matter of indifference what we eat and drink.

TEMPERANCE

The following are extracts from the published reports from four main industrial districts scheduled under the Central Control Board (Liquor Traffic):—Newcastle-on-Tyne.



among men as well as women." With these happy results starting them in the face, how can the Government hesitate to extend the same measure of protection to the rest of the country?

The effect of purely local restrictions may be gathered from the following statement: "Since the order prohibiting the Sunday sale of intoxicating liquors at Newport (Mon) came into operation, large numbers of people are making a practice of travelling seven miles out of the town, and thus beyond the range of the area of restriction, in order to obtain drink.

Mr. James Johnson, of Manchester, has received a letter from one of the most distinguished surgeons in Russia, which contains some very interesting passages as to the effects of the abolition of vodka.

IS CATHOLIC CHURCH A DEMOCRACY OR REPUBLIC?

"Democracy," says the learned Father E. R. Hull, S. J., of the Bombay Examiner, as quoted in the Catholic fortnightly review, means that the relationship is ultimately in the hands of the people, taken as a whole.

"For can the Church strictly be called a republic. By a republic we mean a form of government in which the rulers are elected by the people, whose acts are subject to the criticism and approval of the people, and can be vetoed or rescinded, if unacceptable, by the public vote.

The monarchy of the Church is constitutional, because the Pope's ruling power is not arbitrary, but is limited in two ways: (1) In defining faith and morals the Pope is limited by the deposit of revelation, which he can only declare and emphasize and interpret, but which he can neither add to nor take away from.

Joy can never be entirely lacking in any real saint, even in the most austere ascetic or the strictest preacher of penance. It comes into view like the ray or foregleam of the saintly halo and the heavenly glory.

REPENTANCE A MOTHER'S PRAYERS

By Rev. David Egan. Very early one morning I was called to a hospital in a Kansas town. On my arrival the nurse led me to the room of a patient who had asked for the ministrations of a Catholic priest.

"Why not! Mother is away down in Oklahoma. I grew up in the Catholic Church till I was eighteen years of age. Then I began to keep company with a non-Catholic girl, and to please her and her family, I gave up my faith, and became a member of hers.

JOY AND HAPPINESS

The halo, that mark of particular honor with which are adorned the heads of the saints, is a symbol of their heavenly glory; but it also reminds us of the halo of joyfulness and kindness encircling their features even during normal life.

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more attentive to it than Protestants are when they are on a vacation. At hotels I noticed on Sunday morning, whatever the weather, the Catholics who went to church. They might go fishing or boating or on some other amusement Sunday afternoon, but I do not know of any Roman Catholic at the hotel where I was domiciled who did not go to church on Sunday.

PRaises Catholics For LOYALTY ON VACATION

The Rev. Dr. S. H. Woodrow, pastor of Pilgrim Congregational Church, St. Louis, paid a tribute to the religious faithfulness of Catholics on vacation in his first sermon to his congregation, following his own vacation of two months.

OUR SERVICE AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE

No matter where you live PARKER Service is right at your door. Wherever the postman or the express company go we can collect and deliver whatever you want cleaned or dyed.

PARKER'S DYE WORKS, LIMITED



We make a specialty of Catholic church windows



Do You See Those Thin Spaces?

Genial warmth all over the house, all the winter time, at least expense—that's what those water spaces (sections) would mean to you if you put a Safford heating system in your home.

Safford Boilers and Radiators

are you see, built by a company with 30 years' experience. The Dominion Radiator Company makes nothing but hot water and steam heating systems, specializing in this line.

"I had for years patiently borne the disagree, suffering, misery and privations due to my husband's drinking habits. Hearing of your marvellous remedy for the cure of drunkenness, which I could give my husband secretly, I decided to try it."

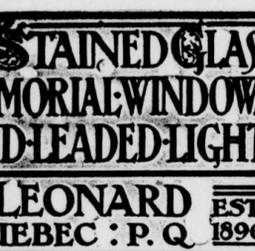
FITS CURED

By Trench's Remedy. Recommended by Clergymen of all Denominations. Thirty Years' Success. Over 1000 Unsolicited Testimonials in one year.

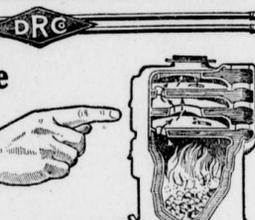
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than that—when they could stay in the sun all morning. "I am a Protestant from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, but I am convinced of this—that the people who pay attention to their religion will continue to have it, while the people who neglect their religion will soon lose it."

SHE PATIENTLY BORE DISGRACE

A Sad Letter from a lady whose Husband was Dissipated. How She Cured Him With a Secret Remedy



"I had for years patiently borne the disagree, suffering, misery and privations due to my husband's drinking habits. Hearing of your marvellous remedy for the cure of drunkenness, which I could give my husband secretly, I decided to try it."

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

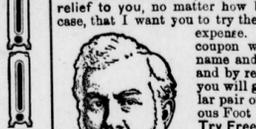
Dr. McTaggart's Vegetable Remedies for these habits are safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no loss of time from business, and positive cures.

Don't Use Dangerous Antiseptic Tablets

It is an unnecessary risk. Use the safe antiseptic and germicide, Absorbine, Jr.—it kills germs quickly and surely without any possibility of harmful results.

Rheumatism

My New Drafts So Successful That I Take All Chances On Results. Coupon Brings It To Try FREE



If you could read my letters telling of marvellous cures you would believe me when I say I know of nothing so safe and sure for Rheumatism of every kind, no matter where located or how severe, as my Drafts, which are already in demand all over the civilized world.

This \$1 Coupon Free. Good for a regular \$1.00 pair of Dyer Drafts to be sent Free to try (as explained above).

OCTOBER 28, 1915

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE EVERY DAY TESTS

To be faithful it is not enough to meet triumphantly a great test of faith. The great test is a great opportunity, but it comes as rarely as all great opportunities.

A man may be forgiven a great failure; he cannot be forgiven the small cowardices, the little omissions and neglects and silences by which he denies his allegiance more effectually than by open disavowal.

The every day tests are the only tests for most of us. They are biggest tests for all of us.—Catholic Universe.

DOING BETTER THAN THE OTHER FELLOW

Many years ago a raw country youth went to Philadelphia and got a job in a store.

The rawness of a country lad in these days of automobiles and chauffeurs and long distance phones is cosmopolitan elegance compared with the rawness of a green country lad in those days.

But anyway, he got his job and buckled down to work. And how he did work! The other clerks made fun of him because he worked so hard.

But that didn't bother Mr. Country Jake. He just kept right on working. He did what they gave him to do the very best he knew how.

Half the things he did he didn't really have to do, of course. He kept his own work up so thoroughly that he was always ready to jump in and help somebody else.

It didn't take the owners of the store long to notice this fellow, and pretty soon the lad was foreman of the store, and those who had laughed at him and then got mad at him were working under him.

"It was good for me to be sneered and scoffed at," said this lad in latter life. "It helped me to arrive at the destination I had started for."

For Mr. Country Jake had a destination. That's why he worked so.

He was aiming somewhere, and his activity was his way of getting there. Well, of course, he got where he headed for. Most everybody does who adopts a practical destination and then hustles to get to it.

Pretty soon he owned a store. Pretty soon his store was the biggest in Philadelphia. Pretty soon he had another big store, this time in New York. And now he is John Wasmaker, the country's greatest merchant; rich in wealth and fair fame.

And this, he said the other day, was his motto, and the receipt that created his remarkably successful career: "I have always tried to do better than the other fellow."

It's an old-fashioned story, of a sort that isn't cited and admired so much as it used to be. The reason for that is that it is variations of it that have been told so many times of men who, seeking only wealth and ceasing to care how they got it, have crowned it with infamy.

But there's value—very real and very sound value—in that story. John Wasmaker sought more than wealth. He sought pre-eminence in his line. He aimed to be a better clerk, a better foreman and a better merchant than the other fellow.

So he's very easily accounted for, and the many who fail to arrive as he so easily accounted for by the fact that they had no aim, or had no stick-to-it-iveness, or didn't mind it in the least if they let somebody else do better than they did.—St. Paul Bulletin.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

LEARN TO BE PUNCTUAL IF YOU HOPE EVER TO AMOUNT TO SOMETHING IN LIFE

Are you punctual? If not, start at once to learn this necessary art if you hope to succeed in life. The man or woman, boy or girl who is not punctual will never climb the heights that lead to success.

The punctual man or woman never willingly misses an opportunity to advance in life. Each of them values time as it ought to be valued. Punctuality with them is an essential part of their religion.

Teach the little ones to come promptly when called, for that is the initial letter in the alphabet of punctuality. The child who has mastered this step finds it easy later in life to keep an appointment of moment.

Want of punctuality in one thing leads to other evils, sometimes greater, sometimes lesser. The boy who loses position after position through this falling loses heart and enthusiasm. It gets to be that he "doesn't care."

Teach the boy and girl to care very much about time and punctuality; make it a part of the irregularities. It will be as valuable as gold and diamonds as they go through life.

There was a boy once who "didn't care about anything." He prided himself on his standing. When his parents sent him to school he didn't care whether he was late or not. In business life it was just the same. He didn't care if he was a bit late.

The punctual person always takes time by the forelock. He never waits for a few minutes longer when scheduled for a business interview under the delusion that time doesn't count the minutes.

Women suffer more from this fault than men, only it doesn't affect them so seriously, not so many of them being in the business field. The woman who makes it a point of being punctual will gain much that her laggard sister who is careless about a few minutes loses.

Such a story should be a lesson to many. It is never too late to learn to be punctual. But like other things it is easier to start when young. Parents should endeavor to impress on their children the value of being punctual.

It is an old story of the boy looking for a position and arriving in the office only to see a dozen of other boys ahead of him. He had slept that morning or had dawdled his time.

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Advertisement for Royal Yeast Cakes, featuring a cartoon character and text: "Bread is the cheapest food known. Home bread baking reduces the high cost of living by lessening the amount of expensive meats required to supply the necessary nourishment to the body."

of money started to steal. To-day he is serving a term in the state prison, and I believe so deeply has his fatal falling taken root that he doesn't care even now what becomes of him.

THE ITALIAN CLERGY

THEIR CONDUCT PRAISED BY DOWAGER QUEEN MARGHERITA

Considering the thoroughness with which the anti-clerical campaign has been worked up in almost every part of Italy in accusations of espionage, signalling to the Austrians, etc., the testimony of her Majesty the Dowager Queen of Italy on the conduct of the Italian clergy in this crisis of their country is particularly valuable.

Speaking to a prominent clergyman in her Castle of Stupinigi some days ago on the subject of the Italian struggle, Queen Margherita dwelt with special emphasis on the patriotism manifested by the ecclesiastics of this country.

But with all this, the campaign organized for the purpose of accusing priests of treason shows no sign of abating; quite recently a priest of North Italy who is eighty six years of age and has been bedridden for months was denounced on the score of making signals by means of lights from his bedroom window.

A DISTINGUISHED CONVERT

BROUGHT SEVENTY OTHERS INTO TRUE FOLD

"How I Became a Catholic," is the story, in pamphlet form, of the conversion from Lutheranism of Olga Maria Davin, an accomplished linguist, artist, poet, writer and composer.

Fra Davin was born in St. Petersburg of German Lutheran parents. The religious ceremonies, which the Russian Orthodox Church had taken over from the Catholic Church, made a profound impression on her.

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God, founded, and the apostles preached. She alone possesses the pressure of the true faith as revealed by Almighty God. She alone has a Visible Head as a guarantee of her unity with God.

UNPROFITABLE CONTROVERSY

We fear that unless both parties to the discussion exercise great self-restraint, we are in for a period of bitter and unprofitable controversy and recrimination between members of the Catholic and of the other Christian churches in this country.

Do not circulate rumors prejudicial to Catholics. Some of these rumors are base lies and will not stand the test either of investigation or of common sense.

Do not get in a panic over the likelihood of the Catholic Church dominating this country. It has to day, according to its own statistics, a nominal membership of not over 16,400.

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years, out of 40,000 college students, 30,000 were in colleges that professed to be Christian. Infidelity, has not now a single college, although it has sought to capture some that are Christian. It is undoubtedly true, however, that in many of the denominational colleges infidelity is more or less taught by the professors, and scepticism, rationalism and socialism are undermining the faith and morals of students who are fortunate enough to be brought up in Christian homes.

On the whole, nevertheless, infidelity holds less ground in men's minds in America to-day than at any previous era of our life as a nation.—The Missionary.

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of points at issue. Nevertheless, it is our business to get as close to them as we can.

Care as much for your religion as your Catholic neighbor does for his. Some that are Christian. It is undoubtedly true, however, that in many of the denominational colleges infidelity is more or less taught by the professors, and scepticism, rationalism and socialism are undermining the faith and morals of students who are fortunate enough to be brought up in Christian homes.

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Advertisement for Shredded Wheat, featuring an image of a wheat stalk and text: "MADE IN CANADA. There are wheat foods and wheat foods, some 'flaked,' some 'krum-bled,' some 'puffed,' some ground into meal—but there's only one SHREDDED WHEAT. It is made at Niagara Falls of the choicest selected Canadian whole wheat, steam-cooked, shredded and baked. It is made in little loaf form so the housewife can serve it in many ways—a staple breadstuff as well as a breakfast cereal—always pure, always the same price."

Advertisement for Hecla Warm Air Furnace Leads, featuring an image of a furnace and text: "HECLA WARM AIR Leads. You may choose the Hecla because the Steel Ribbed Fire-pot promises a good yearly saving of coal. —Or the proof against dust, soot and gas assured by the Hecla Fused Joints may decide you in favor of the Hecla. But even without these two big features found only in the Hecla, what a furnace this Hecla is! Look at it closely. Some furnaces have some of the points shown. But to have them all will mean greater comfort, greater economy, greater convenience. Can we be of help in planning a heating system for your home? Correspondence is invited. No charge is made for plans. Write for Booklet 'Comfort and Health' CLARE BROS. & CO. LTD., Preston"

CONVERT DIES AT CALGARY

At the advanced age of ninety years, Mr. Joseph Chamberlin died on Wednesday, Sept. 22nd, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. C. Lamarche, 380-22 Ave., West Calgary, Alta.

He had been falling in health for over two years, but was confined to his bed for only one week previous to his death.

The late Mr. Chamberlin was born in Old Chelsea, Que., and lived there until thirty years ago, when he moved to Ottawa. After living here for fifteen years he went to Montreal, and from there he moved to Calgary with his daughter six years ago.

During his lengthy residence in Chelsea he was employed as a machinist and mill-wright in the firm of Gilmour and Company.

Fifty-three years ago he married Miss Annie Mulvihill of Chelsea. She predeceased him by thirty-nine years. Of a genial disposition and kindly manner the late Mr. Chamberlin was most popular in the Chelsea district and news of his death will be received there with profound regret.

He was one of the founders of old Chelsea and during the latter years of his life enjoyed nothing better than to recount to younger folks incidents of the early days in that village.

He leaves to mourn his demise three daughters and three sons. Mrs. C. Lamarche, Calgary, Mrs. Geo. Payette, Hailybury, Ont., Mrs. J. E. Jones, Ottawa, J. J. Chamberlin with C. P. R. Calgary, Howard of the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and Philip of Hallowigen, Que., besides thirty-five grandchildren.

His funeral took place on Friday morning at 9 o'clock at St. Mary's Cathedral where a Requiem Mass was chanted. After which interment took place in St. Mary's cemetery, Calgary. May his soul rest in peace.

We add an extract from a private letter which will be as interesting to our readers as it is consoling to us: "Though father was not a Catholic," writes Mr. Chamberlin's daughter, "he was a constant reader of the CATHOLIC RECORD for the last fifteen years of his life. We think it was largely due to that fact that we had the happiness of seeing him receive into the Church before the end. He died after receiving all the consolations of our holy religion."

PERIL OF THE ARMENIANS

A REQUEST FOR PAPAL INTERVENTION: HOLY FATHER'S SOLICITUDE

At the request of the representatives of the Armenian Committee in London, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, in Cardinal Bourne with a request that the intervention of the Pope might be asked to protect that unhappy people from further massacres. In reply to the letter Mr. O'Connor has received the following letter from Cardinal Bourne:

Dear Mr. O'Connor,—Immediately on receipt of your letter of August 23rd, I communicated with the Cardinal Secretary of State. I have recently received a letter from His Eminence assuring me that the Holy See has done and is doing all in its power on behalf of the unhappy Armenians who are subjects of the Ottoman Empire. The facts are evidently well known in Rome, and have awakened the keen sympathy of His Holiness.—Edinburgh Catholic Herald.

THE ESCAPE OF THREE NUNS FROM THE HESPERIAN

TRYING EXPERIENCES WHEN ILL-FATED LINER SANK OFF IRISH COAST

Among the passengers on the Allan liner Hesperian, which was recently sunk by an explosion off the Irish coast, were three nuns of the Institute of Notre Dame des Missionnaires, who were proceeding to Canada. All three were young Sisters. Two of them had just finished their novitiate at the Maison Generale, at Deal, England, which has been the head house of the institute since the Sisters were expelled from France.

In a letter to the reverend mother of the Convent of Mercy, Deal, one of the Sisters gives a vivid description of the scene on board the ill-fated liner after the explosion had occurred. "When the terrible shock was felt," says the writer, "I ran out of the cabin. We were ordered to get our belts. You can imagine what our feelings are. One of our poor Sisters was ill, and she was only able to put on her tunic and day veil. She took her boots in her hand. We could not take anything away; as we had no pockets, everything had to be left. The deck was crowded with people shouting and crying in the dark. It was a dreadful sight."

Through the good offices of a French captain the Sisters were placed in one of the boats, the occupants of which were in an excited condition. "I began to say a lot of 'contition,'" continues the writer, "and the whole crowd repeated it after me. I gave them our Crucifix to kiss and told them to make acts of contrition and of conformity to the holy will of God. They all wanted to kiss the Crucifix—even the Protestants."

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packet. Young tender leaves only, grown with utmost care and with flavour as the prime object, are used to produce the famous Salada blends.

writer, "were together, and we praised and thanked God for His goodness. We were nearly two hours in the little boat. At last we noticed a cruiser in the distance. We shouted and signalled and were taken on board. You can imagine how much we suffered, but we tried to be brave and to help others as much as possible. I had a little child on my lap. The mother could not be found until we reached the cruiser. How delighted that mother was when she received the child whom she had believed to be lost! All the people were exceedingly kind to us. The French captain, noticing that one of the Sisters seemed to be very cold, offered her his overcoat. Wasn't it nice of him? On the cruiser we were treated with great courtesy and kindness. They brought us preserved fruit and cocoa, but we did not feel like eating. Nor could we sleep."

On the arrival of the cruiser at Queenstown the Sisters received every possible attention. After having had breakfast at a hotel they were taken to the convent of the Sisters of Mercy, where they were met with a warm-hearted and generous reception.—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

DEATH OF AN URSULINE RELIGIOUS

The news of the death of Mother Mary Nativity, of the Ursuline Convent of Chatham, Ontario, will be learned with deep sorrow by a very large number of friends in Canada and the States, who were privileged to know her.

Her beautiful character, her kind and gentle disposition, her words of counsel or sympathy, and above all, the example of her pure and edifying life, have left their mark upon countless souls who have come in contact with her.

Mother Nativity, whose girlhood name was Adelaide Chevalier, entered the Ursuline Community of Chatham when but fifteen years of age, and in the course of her religious life was raised to many offices of dignity and responsibility. She was Directress of the Boarding School for three years; Mistress of Novices, six years; and Superior of the College, six years; and again, Mistress of Novices, six years, until death opened for her the way to her everlasting reward. She was in the fifty-second year of her age and the thirty-seventh of her religious life.

Funeral services were held in the Convent Chapel on October 11th, at which His Lordship, Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, D. D., Bishop of London, presided, attended by Rev. Dean Downey, Windsor, and Rev. J. Brady, Wallaceburg. The Requiem Mass was sung by Rev. P. J. McKeon, London, with Rev. H. Robert, Windsor, as deacon, and Rev. F. Laurendeau, London, as sub-deacon. Rev. Father Herman, O. F. M., Chatham, acted as master of ceremonies. A large number of the clergy were also present in the sanctuary.

ADVERSE PUBLICITY

The Herald has been watching with some interest the unfolding of its prediction that Fort Lauderdale would receive some very undesirable advertising as a result of the actions of certain citizens of that community in approving the breaking of a contract with a school teacher on the ground that she was a Catholic, and for no other reason. The action of these citizens was so un-American and undemocratic that this paper felt assured that much injury would be done to that place when the facts were made public.

There are over 200 Catholic papers published in this country, and it is safe to say that every one of them has had something to say about the incident. This is wide publicity, but not of the sort that aids in building up a community, and it is to be feared that Fort Lauderdale will feel for many a long day the exceedingly injurious effects of the actions of a number of ill-advised and narrow-minded citizens, who in their acts reversed all that we know of true American principles and who outraged American justice.—Miami (Fla.) Herald.

INDULGENCE PRAYER FOR PEACE

Rome, September 21, 1915.—By decree of the Holy Office Pope Benedict XV. has granted an indulgence of three hundred days, applicable also to the souls departed, to all who with contrite heart shall recite the ancient prayer "Pro Pace" in the Canon of the Mass. Also a plenary indulgence to all who shall recite for one month consecutively the

A RELIGIOUS FAMILY

Rev. Joseph B. Walsh, B. A., O. S. B., was ordained to the holy priesthood Sunday, 20th ult., by Rt. Rev. Neil McNeil, Archbishop of Toronto, in St. Basil's Church, Feather Falls, was in Parkhill on Tuesday on his way to visit his sister, Pearl, who is a religious of the Society of St. Ursula and who is teaching in the Separate schools of Windsor, and also his sister Mary, who is a religious of the Society of Mary Immaculate and teaching in Battle Creek, Mich.

Father Walsh sang his first Solemn Mass in his native parish, Parkhill, on Sunday, Oct. 3rd.

ROSE DAY

Why not hold a Rose Day, Carnation Day or Violet Day for Patriotic or Church purposes. We are headquarters for same. Rose buds with leaves \$1.50 a 100, they retail at 10 cents each. Carnations \$1.25 a 100, Violets \$3.00 a 100, bunches retailing 10 cents each. Some small towns have bought 3,000 Roses. We give you 30 days to pay for same. Write Brantford Artificial Flower Co., Brantford, Ont.

MARRIAGE

MCGOY-KIDD.—At St. James' Church, Colgan, on September 29, by the Rev. Dr. Kidd, of St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, assisted by Rev. Father Gaffcock, Colgan, Mr. P. D. McGoy to Miss Kathleen Kidd.

DIED

FOLEY.—In Parry Harbor, Ont., Oct. 1st, 1915, Mrs. Jas. Foley. Interment in Barrie, Ont. May her soul rest in peace.

BISHOPS THANK KAISER

GERMAN HIERARCHY MEETS AT FULDA AND SENDS MESSAGE TO THE EMPEROR

The Catholic Hierarchy of all Germany, assembled recently at Fulda at their annual meeting at the shrine of St. Boniface, wired the Kaiser their thanks for the protection to German homes and altars.

The Bishops closed their communication by expressing a hope "for an early and an honorable peace and for a return of the reign of justice among the nations of the earth." The Kaiser responded to the Bishops' greetings immediately, expressing deep gratitude for their message.

Fulda, where this meeting of the Catholic Hierarchy of Germany was held, was the site of the first great monastery established in Germany by the great St. Boniface. His tomb is there, and it has long been the custom of the German Bishops to meet there each year. The present Bishop of Fulda is Right Reverend Joseph Damian Schmitt, D. D., consecrated in 1907. It has a very ancient edifice, the Church of St. Michael dating from Carolingian times.

The gathering of the Bishops there at the present time and their messages to the Emperor and his reply adds another famous episode to the eventful history of Fulda.—St. Paul Bulletin.

THE TABLET FUND

Toronto, Oct. 14, 1915. Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: I thank you for giving space to the Appeal for the Tablet Fund for the Relief of the Belgians. So far I have received because of this appeal:

- Previously acknowledged.....\$902 81
- John M. McEvoy, Osgoode..... 10 00
- Vera Kirk, St. John, N. B..... 1 00
- Miss Sullivan, Ottawa..... 5 00
- A Friend..... 1 00
- S. J. Dee, Birchville..... 1 00
- A Sympathizer, Montreal..... 2 00
- Mrs. P. J. Ivory, Fredericton..... 2 00

If you would be good enough to acknowledge publicly these amounts in the columns of the RECORD I would be very grateful.

Respectfully yours, W. E. BLAHR, 98 Pembroke St.

Patriotic Cushions

Every one should have these patriotic cushion tops—one consists of 24 flags and coats of arms of one each of the Allied nations and friendly nations. Each flag is 5 inches by 7 1/2 inches and sewn together make a cushion top 80 by 80 inches.

The other consists of 24 beautiful satin finished portraits (in feet colors) of rulers and leading fighters of the different nations, size 4 by 5 inches each, which make a magnificent cushion top 20 by 24 inches. Send to day for these sets—price 25 cents each set or 50 cents for the two mailed post paid.

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A book of four hundred pages; a treasure trove of help and inspiration in all the difficulties of the Spiritual Life.

The work is easily the best that we have seen from this well-known apostolic priest, and needs but to be seen to be appreciated.—Brooklyn Tablet.

This book is a treasure of consolation, a revelation of the goodness of God, and of the love of our Saviour, Jesus Christ.—Catholic Citizen.

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In the words of the Four Gospels Compiled by a Paulist Father

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The Catholic Record

LONDON, CANADA

Have You Got Rheumatism?

50,000 BOXES FREE



On the theory that seeing is believing John A. Smith of Windsor, Ont., wants every one who suffers from rheumatism to try his treatment for rheumatism first at his expense. For that reason he proposes to distribute 50,000 free boxes among all persons sending him their name and address.

Mr. Smith suffered all the agonies and tortures of rheumatism, tried nearly every so-called remedy he heard of and yet utterly failed to find relief. At times he was so helpless that he had to take to morphine and after considerable dosing he finally gave up in despair. He then began to study into the causes of rheumatism, tried nearly every so-called remedy he found a combination of drugs which completely cured him. After his escape from the cruel torture of rheumatism he called his new found treatment "Gloria Tonic" because his friends, relatives and acquaintances suffering from rheumatism were next cured and since that time the merits of this treatment have spread from a neighborhood gossip almost all over the world, especially in England and in the British possessions.

"A gentleman from Toronto writes 'Gloria Tonic' cured him and he believes it has no equal in the world. A lady from Marshalltown, N. S., writes 'Before using 'Gloria Tonic' I could not raise my arms to my head nor hardly dress myself. Now I can do all kinds of work and I am a woman almost 75 years old.' A gentleman from Montmartre, Sask., writes, 'I never had a pain or an ache since using 'Gloria Tonic' and I suffered over 20 years with rheumatism.' A lady from Strathroy, Ont., writes, 'I had rheumatism in my hands and joints. It is now over two years since 'Gloria Tonic' cured me and I have had no return since.' A gentleman from Montreal writes, 'Gloria Tonic' you sent me did me a world of good. I have no more pain since using it.' I could mention many more instances showing where 'Gloria Tonic' has been a God-sent to men and women, among them some 70 and 80 years of age. No matter how many other treatments may have disappointed you, write me to-day sure and by return mail I will send you a package free, together with names and addresses of other persons who have written me that my treatment cured them and in many cases after doctors and all else had failed. Address John A. Smith Co., 168 1/2 Laing Bldg., Windsor, Ont.

The Choir

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will help your Choir immensely and will also please the congregation and managers. You get lasting satisfaction in a Karn.

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Advertisement for J. J. M. Landy, Catholic Church Supplies, featuring a decorative border and text about mission supplies.

Advertisement for 'The Spiritual Life' by Rev. Walter Elliott, C.S.P., featuring a decorative border and text about a book of four hundred pages.

Advertisement for 'The Saviour's Life' compiled by a Paulist Father, featuring a decorative border and text about a book in the words of the four gospels.

Advertisement for 'The Catholic Record' from London, Canada, featuring a decorative border and text about a special offer.

Advertisement for 'Have You Got Rheumatism?' offering 50,000 boxes free, featuring a decorative border and text about a treatment for rheumatism.

Advertisement for 'The Choir' and 'Karn Church Organ', featuring a decorative border and text about musical instruments.

Advertisement for 'The Karn-Morris Piano & Organ Co., Limited', featuring a decorative border and text about piano and organ sales.

Advertisement for 'Xmas Booklets and Postcards', featuring a decorative border and text about holiday-themed items.

Advertisement for 'The Choir' and 'Karn Church Organ', featuring a decorative border and text about musical instruments.

Advertisement for 'BREVIAIRES Just Arrived', featuring a decorative border and text about religious books.

Advertisement for 'The Catholic Record' from London, Canada, featuring a decorative border and text about a special offer.

Advertisement for 'BOY WANTED' and 'WANTED A GOOD BRIGHT BOY FROM' featuring a decorative border and text about job openings.

Advertisement for 'C. M. B. A. Branch No. 4, London' featuring a decorative border and text about a local branch.

Advertisement for 'Canadian Mail Order House' featuring a decorative border and text about mail order services.

Advertisement for 'THE HOME BANK OF CANADA' featuring a decorative border and text about banking services.

Advertisement for 'CITY LIGHTS ON THE FARM' featuring a decorative border and text about lanterns.

Advertisement for 'Record Juvenile Library' featuring a decorative border and text about children's books.

Advertisement for 'By the Best Authors - Each Volume with Illustrated Jacket' featuring a decorative border and a list of books.

Advertisement for 'MEMORIAL WINDOWS STAINED GLASS' featuring a decorative border and text about window services.

Advertisement for 'Every Home Can Own a Talking Machine' featuring a decorative border and text about gramophones.

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