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EASTER DAY

Christ is risen, and for centuries the fame of this day's glory, the triumph of life over death, of good over evil, of light over darkness, has on each recurring year made the earth rejoice. He is risen : He is not here; is the epitaph upon the tomb in the garden. He is risen ; He is not hero, spoke the faithful few who lined up on that morning of long ago to do battle for Him and His cause Knitted to their souls was the faith that guided them, and deep set in their hearts was the hope that in the last day they would rise out of the earth and in their flesh they would

On Easter Day Catholic preachers throughout the world will tell the story of the triumph of Christ. They will tell how He, execrated during His lifetime and done to death ignominious, beheld the awakening of love on His tomb. Multitudes cover His cross with tears and kisses, and, rather than renounce Him, face death in gallant fashion. For Him they don the livery of penance and mortification : for Him they give time and toil and wish no greater honor than to be spent in His service. The fact of the world-wide passionate love for Christ moved Napoleon, when a prisoner at St. Helena, to say: "There have been but three great generals in the world, Casar, Alexander and my self. In spite of all their exploits Cosar and Alexander are but theme for school boys. Who loves them now? So it is with myself. My memory will live perhaps fifty or sixty years in the heart of some brave man, and after that no one will love me more. One Being is still loved after eighteen hundred years. He is Jesus Christ. I know something of men, and I tell you Jesus Christ was not a man."

And Pascal says: "Jesus Christ wished to be loved. He is loved He is God."

Ere the sunrise had touched the soldiers keeping watch in the garden they were smitten to the ground and the Prisoner brought back the tide of blood to the pulseless heart and came forth from the tomb to the living earth again as the Conqueror of death and hell.

Physical force was no barrier to His triumph. When He began His march across the centuries, the mighty ones of earth strove to blot Him out from the pages of history. His Cross was ridiculed as a symbol of infamy; His doctrines as absurd. His followers were hunted to death so effectually that they who wielded the sword rejoiced at the success of their endeavors. But gradually that Cross was enshrined in loving of the earth by thousands of His followers. And so it has always been. Even now that world-an amalgam of thoughts and theories and prejudices and sins-predicts the downfall of the Church : but Peter looks out upon it and compassion ating it tells frankly that no force fused by nations can stay the progress of Christ the Conqueror. The centuries are dotted with the graves of His enemies, but Christ lives and reigns.

During Christ's life shrewd and masterful intellects sought to divest Him of Messianic claims. The humble Nazarene was not the Messiah of their dreams and hopes. They plotted His death. They saw Him dead on Calvary and went home confident that they had been victorious. But their schemes and joy came to naught when the guards, chosen by them to watch the sepulchre, came to them and an nounced that He is risen. And so He has triumphed down the centur ies. He triumphed over the early agnostics and rationalists, and over heresies such as Arianism and Nestorianism. Voltaire. Rousseau and others met him with gibe and scorn, but they are dust and Christ lives. But it is not so much the head as the heart that is the matter with. many of His adversaries. They shun self-examination, for they love too well the pleasures of the flesh to come under the yoke of Him Who com mands self-repression. Because they

can lift them up and give them vision and place their feet on the path of true manhood.

We read some time ago that modern civilization is the most insidious enemy of Christ. We do not deny this statement. Wealth and power, splendor and refinement may oppose the Lord and yet ere this the world turning away from its ideals has dropped its weapons, has torn the garlands from its hair and has fallen low upon its knees before the Son of Man. And even should it remain entrenched in pride and sensuality Christ will triumph over it even as He triumphed over pagen Rome, which was the world's centre and whose name was peace as well as strength from her forum to the bounds of the globe. Christ washed it in the blood of His children and established therein His kingdom which shall last to the end of the world.

'We are but of yesterday," says Tertullian, addressing the authorities of Rome, "but we have filled every place that you have, your cities, islands, fortresses, towns, market places-the very camp, the palace, the senate, the forum-we have left you only your temples."

Christ triumphs daily in the advance and growth of His Kingdom in the souls of men. He triumphs in the home, in the school, at the death bed and the grave. The voices of our friends speak to us from the land of eternity. Death is life. It is the porch of the house of the Lord. The remains of the body, covered by the turf of the churchyard, shall be knit together, assume shape and form and live forever. This is the hope that fills our souls with holy exulta tion for as Christ rose from the dead so we members of His body shall rise. To see Him rising from the grave is proof enough that we shall rise and enter our true country where the body, impervious to the attacks of time and disease, shall be so refined and spiritualized as to be like unto the glorified body of Christ.

This year perhaps more than ever before the need of reunion is being discussed by many who are weary of sectarian divisions. They feel that where knowledge of faith and action is of eternal import, clashing and contradiction are abnormal They know that Christ did not pray vainly for unity. Authority, however, is the bond of unity which can be realized only in a concrete organization if there is to be one fold and one shepherd. We should pray unceasingly that the sheep now scattered and wandering may be brought to the faith that has touched and purified the centuries and whose truth was confirmed by the Resurrec

ITALY AND THE ALLIES

One of the determining Prince Von Buelow's failure to placate Italy is reported to have been the treatment accorded Archbishop Merpier by the Germans. Up to this date German secret agents had made considerable progress throughout rural and provincial Italy in securing support for the neutrality policy which in Rome was growing in dis favor. But with the reports of the indignities heaped upon the Belgian Catholic Archbishop the tide set in trong against Germany in the Italian rural districts, and from that noment the game was up for Buelow

In weighing up the motives that have induced Italy to sit so long upon the international fence watching a struggle in which her interests are involved, two political factors seem to have influenced her conduct. It must not be forgotten that Italy's dread of the Slav is not less real than her fear of the Teuton. She has always set a high value on the Austro-Hungarian breakwater. The Albanian problem is but one of several aspects of the struggle of Italy for a dominant position in the Mediterranean. Her Mediterranean policy not only led her to join the Alliance, but also determined her attitude toward France. For some time before the declaration of war attempts were made to patch up e differences between Italy France, which were in danger of be coming acute. The Milan Corriere della Sera, in September, 1918, de-clared: "One thing is necessary before all else: a change in the political spirit of the French Government and also a change of public opinion in France on the subject of the polit ical work of Italy. The Midland Sea can no longer fitly be turned into the possession of a single nation, nor can Italy consent to play a secondary part there. If France acknowledges this truth to-day, her policy towards

be possible." Italy's position has been difficult. Wherever she turned French interests menaced her expansion. The Med terranean brought her into rivalry with both Austria-Hungary and Fance. In Tunis the French are masters in a colony still populated and developed by Italians. Along the eastern Mediterranean the ports are Franch. In Syria, Kurdis. ports are French. In Syria, Kurdistan, and the Orient Catholic interests are under the protection of France. The causes of estrangement have been of a kind that do not yield to ordinary diplomatic palliative

The chance for an Italo French understanding came with the closer relations established before the war between France and Spain through the influence of Great Britain. Since then King Alfonso has bent all his energies to the task of bringing Italy and France together the arrival. Italy and France together, the amic Italy making the task from the outset very hopeful. If Italy decides to take her place in the fighting line it will be through the diplomacy of Britain, who, in this as in other dir ections, has outmanoeuvred Germany.-The Toronto Globe

PROTESTANT ALLIANCE AND REFUGEES

"BELGIAN PROTESTANTS" SAY THEY ARE CATHOLICS From the Glasgow Observe

story regarding the methods of the Protestant Alliance has been re-lated to a representative of this jour-nal by a London priest, who is pre-pared to vouch for its accuracy in every detail.

Some months ago a party of refugees arrived in London and were quartered at a private hotel in Westminster Bridge Road. They were described as "Belgian Protestants," and were declared to be "under the care and protection" of the Protestant Alli-ance. The latter body appointed a superintendent named Van Draege, a Belgian refugee, who had been resident in London for some time. Van Draege is stated to have arrived originally in this country as a refugee sailor from Antwerp; afterwards he was variously described as a Belgian officer, an official of the Belgian Red Cross Society, and lastly as a "Belgian Protestant Evangelist."

THE "SUPERINTENDENT" MINDS THE DOOR

Having learned of the advent of his llow-countrymen, one of the Belgian pricets at present living in the Cathedral House, Southwark, visited the hotel, but while he was in con-versation with one of the refugees the "superintendent" arrived on the scene, and in a truculent manner ordered him off the premises. The following day another priest of the Cathedral staff called at the hotel to discover who was really in charge of the refugees. He was told that they were under the care of the Protestant Alliance. Following this he received a letter from Mr. Henry Fowler, Sec-retary of the Protestant Alliance, in

the following terms:
"The Belgian guests at our hostel in Westminster Bridge Road, S. E., are Protestants and under our protection and care. Provision for their spiritual welfare is undertaken by representatives of the Protestant Church of England-also by Non-

Mr. Van Draege is our superintendent, and the refugees, being Pro-testants, do not need the visits from

THROWN OVER TO " ROME "

An interesting sequel was to follow Some days ago three of the Belgians who had been lodging at the hotel called on the priest already referred to and emphatically denied that they were "Belgian Protest-ants." It was evident that they had never even heard of the term It was ascertained that the intendent" was no longer employed by the Protestant Alliance. It was also learned that no further funds of the refugees in the hotel, and that a number of them had been drafted to different parts of the country, to houses evidently provided by the Protestant Alliance. Some, however, had such unpleasant experiences that they practically demanded to be sent back to London, and were again quartered at Westminster Bridge Road. The interest of the Protestant Alliance people, however, apparently began to pall, and the local Protestant authorities, who were stated to be in charge of them, sent them to the

athedral clergy.
The refugees, being asked how they came in the first place to put themselves under the protection of the Protestant Alliance, asserted that the officials of the latter body had not asked them if they were Protestants, but said that if they put themselves under the care of the Alliance they would be well provided for. The re tugees are now being taken care of by some compatriots and their chil-dren are being sent to Company schools.

A considerable sum was collecte wish to wallow in the impurity that blinds them, they mock Him Who

this truth to-day, her policy towards by Van Draege for the upkeep of the refugees while they were lodged at formation, and then—an entente will the hotel in Westminster Bridge

Road. One of the titles assumed by Van Draege was that of Monsignore, and a Protestant Alliance handbill in December last announced a lecture to be delivered by "Mgr. Edward Van

Draege."

Where is Van Draege now? And why has the Protestant Alliance given up its protegees to the priests?

THE DAY THAT THE LORD HAS MADE

A famous painting of the Resurrec tion pictures the guards waking from slumber as Christ issues from the Sepulchre, a device which, if it heightens the dramatic effect, does so at the expense of truth. It is, in part, a reproduction of the lie which the chief priests gave the soldiers a great sum to tell, "that His disciples came by night and stole Him away while we were asleep." Apart from the unlikelihood of the terrified disciples daring such a feat, and of the soldiers risking the death penalty for sleep-ing on watch, the portents following the Crucifixion would have prevented Jew or Roman from sleeping that night beside the grave of Him with night beside the grave of Him with Whom these fearsome marvels were associated. Again the "great earthquake" and the light recorded by St. Matthew would preclude it; but the matter is only important as discrediting part of the scriptural narrative. It leaves untouched the fact of the Resurrection, than which there is none in history more unassailed. none more frequently assailed.

Some have put forward variants of the Pharisaic falsehood; others that the Lord appeared through corporal emanations or in visions born of mental exaltation; and Loisy and his Modernist coterie, that it is "an evolugrown from Faith in Christ's im-mortal life with God. Against such flimsy fancies and falsifications stands the enduring fact that the Apostles preached it and the world believed; preached not only that Christ had risen, but at various times and places had appeared to many, living with had appeared to many, living with nesses whom all could question. They knew nothing, these Hebrew fishermen, of the world's philosophies or ways: no art or learning or natural gifts had they; no pleasing doctrines did they offer, only those calculated chastity, humility and penance to a world of lust and pride and pleasure, of brutal tyrants and brutalized slaves. To such a world they preached Christ Crucified; and they convinced it, for they also preached Christ visen of His own power from the tomb. Such their conviction of this fact divine, such the inspiration of the Spirit the risen Christ had promised them, so verifiable this one great truth by the lewish and Roman communities of the time, that the thousands of Jerusalem to whom Peter preached "the Author of life you killed Whom God hath raised from the dead," and then the hundred thousands and millions through the nations that heard the same message, embraced the teachings of the Cross and lived and suffered and died in them and for them until despite the passions of men and the systematic repression by sword and law of its greatest empire, the world rose as from a bath of blood vivified and purified, and the Cross, surmounting the Roman eagle,

carried to all lands the angel's word : He had gone forth in the voices of His apostles and their spiritual seed to dwell in lands afar, in city and hamlet, in monasteries and homes and hearts. The light of His rising was burnishing as with gold the manacles of the slaves, transforming the path of martyrdom to a triumphal march, gleaming in the cabins of the lowly and illumining the philosophies of the wise : and the heat an glow of its radiance has continued to our day, energizing hearts and minds in an ever widening orbit of Faith. Had Christ not risen such a result were a greater miracle than the

But its denial is necessary to those who would deny His Divinity. The miracle of Resurrection is distinctive in this, that it marks the omnipotence of the Worker. Man can de much, and by God's power has wrought miracles; but no finite man whose eyes are closed in death can give them back their light or lift his own lifeless body from the tomb. More over, the Resurrection is a necessary basis of Christian Faith, for Christ had made it so: He gave it as the final test of His Divinity. Hence, those, who like the Pharisees, would not have this Man to reign over them," who would not accept the im-mortality of soul and body and the ode of Christ, have also adopted false devices to undermine this basic fact, in whose fall all the rest must crumble. The fact and its conse quences were thus impressed by St. Paul on the Corinthians:

Now, if Christ be preached that He arose again from the dead, how do some among you say that there is no resurrection of the dead? But if there be no resurrection of the dead then Christ is not risen again. And if Christ be not risen again, And if Christ be not risen again, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. . . . If in this life only we have hope in Christ we are of all men the most miserable. But now additionally many than the most miserable. But now are granted in the most miserable.

Christ is risen from the dead, the first fruits of them that sleep. For by a man came death, and by a man the resurrection of the dead. As in Adam all die, so also in Christ all shall be

made alive.

Again, following his announcement
of the Resurrection to the Romans,
he asks: "Who, then, shall separate
us from the love of Christ? Shall
tribulation or distress or famine or tribulation or distress or famine or nakedness or danger or persecution or the sword?" thus associating with the Ressurrection the doctrine of His Divinity, the immortality of the soul and, ultimately, of the body of man, and in practice the closest following of Christ. It is because such practice is a necessary consequence that men will reject the Resurrection, whether of Christ or of man, for the one is of Christ or of men, for the one is the promise of the other. Yet there is no doctrine for which more analogies lie around them. Every blade and bud and bloom is preaching it; all nature is vocal with it and, spring-ing in this season from dead decay, seems crying with St. Paul: "Sense-less man, that which thou sowest is not quickened except first it die." nature is but man's garden and workshop; surely not man alone, he who is God's masterpiece and vitalized in God's image, shall return to earth to rise no more. Surely, that body, that web of mysteries, which He has wonderfully hallowed with His grace and presence through the seven sac-ramental channels, the body which becomes the temple of the Euchar-istic Christ, God will not permit to remain clay forever. "He who eat-eth My Fleah and drinketh My Blood hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up on the last day."

The Resurrection is a pledge of vic-tory for the Church, and for each and all who "walk in newness of life." Such, "sown an animal body, shall rise a spiritual body," but though all shall rise, not all shall be changed.
"Flesh and blood shall not possess the Kingdom of God; neither shall corruption possess incorruption." But if we withdraw the sting of death, which is sin, we have sure promse that this corruptible shall put on incorruption, this mortal, immortality, and death shall be swal-lowed up in victory, when "our Lord Jesus Christ will reform the body of our lowness, made like to the Body of His Glory." Thus only can full response be given to the call of Easter Day: "Rejoice in the Lord! Again I say, rejoice!"—M. Kenny, S. J., in America.

NON-SECTARIAN

Father Thomas J. McCluskey, S. J. of the Fordham University notes that:
"The latest census of the United States tells us that of our population of 100,000,000 only 32,000,000 profess any religion whatever. Of these 16,000,000 are Catholics. Sixty-eight millions of our people practice no religion whatever.

Why is this? What is the explanation? Answer: the Public school. By their fruits you shall know them. And the people who support the Public school system claim that it is when he says that :
"In regard to sectarianism in edu-

cation it is an error to suppose that the absence of all religious instruction, if it were practicable, is a mode of avoiding sectarianism. On the contrary, it would be in itself sectarian, because it would be consonant to the views of a particular class and opposed to the opinions of other classes. Those who reject religious creeds and resist all efforts to infuse them into the minds of the young would be gratified by a system which

so fully accomplishes their purpose."

That would be, as it is, their religion—the rejection of all creeds, and they would claim to be " non-sectarof the Nonconformists in England. who, while professing to be strictly non sectarian in education and against approve religion in the schools in the simple Bible teaching.

That is their religion and it is of course, "non-sectarian," but any other form or quantity of any other religion would be sectarianism not to be tolerated. Consistency thou art iewel.

DIVORCE WORSE THAN CIVIL

Under the heading, "Horrors of Peace." the North American Review ваув:

About half a million men perished in the Civil War. This meant that there were thousands upon thou-sands of newly created widows, and thousands upon thousands of fatherless children in the United States, suffering all the attendant and consequent miseries resulting tenderest of human ties. It must not be forgotten, however, that from the close of the Civil War to this day an even more ghastly total has been added up, a greater number of widows has been created and a much larger number of children

United States. This means that wives have been arrayed against one another in legal battle for the sever-ance of the tenderest of human ties. The half million of men who sacri-ficed their lives in the Civil War were contending over a great prin-ciple of government and the question of slavery. The records of our liverce courts show that these two

and wives were contending over the questions of cruelty, desertion, adultery and drunkenness."

ARTILLERY OFFICER'S TRIBUTE TO HEROISM OF PRIESTS

NON-CATHOLIC SOLDIER'S ADMIRATION FOR THE "UNSELFISH AND GLORIOUS COURAGE" OF THE CATHOLIC CLERGY

The Right Rev. Mgr. Nevin F Fisher, rector of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, sends to us the following extract from a private letter written by an artillery officer now in active service in the European war. The writer of the letter is not a Catholic: . . "I write you a few lines from this place of horror in which at present I live, breathe and have my being. . . . As a student of what is going on in the world, and reading every day of the terrible fighting. terrible fighting, you can readily understand why I refer to this place as a place of horror. . . In regard to your cloth, Father, I should like feeling but one of admiration for the unselfish and glorious courage of the clergy of your Church. Here in this shell-riddled land, amidst the most awful havoc, I see the priests going calmly about among their little flocks, trying to console the stricken and to bring hope to those in the

depths of despair.
"It is one thing to have courage as a soldier, when one is carried along with excitement and the lust for fighting, but it is quite another thing to go calmly about one's duty amid a shower of bullets, without that excitement to buoy one up. I personally believe your cloth to b more brave than are we of the sword. Please say a prayer for me. . . "—Philadelphia Standard

THE HOPE OF THE WORLD

A mighty prayer for peace has been lifted up to the Sacred Heart by the nations far removed from the warstricken countries of Europe. Once more divine charity has overflowed upon the earth from the fountain of love, that "love alone might reign among men." What response the charity of God will find in the hearts of His creatures we cannot tell.
What still remains to be drained of that cup of bitterness which the folly of irreligion has held to the lips thing alone we are certain, that our "non sectarian." But it is nothing of the kind, as Father McCluskey shows matter when it may be that in God's and the last wreath of smoke rise from the cannon's mouth and melt away into the sky of peace. Blessed, at all events, are the merciful; for

they shall obtain mercy.

Fittingly it was to the Sacred Heart that we cried out in the world's great need. It was the bloody implement of war, the world conquer-ing spear of the Roman legionary, which opened wide the Heart of which opened wide the Heart of Christ, that hence might flow the last drops of the Precious Blood. Christ had tasted for us dereliction and torment and agonies far greater than all the pains war could inflict upon the world's sufferers. He had triumphed in the midst of defeat and through death had achieved victory, that the conquered even more than the conquerors might look up to Him and gain strength as well as comfort, finding even in failure the source of supreme success.

To Him, therefore, we have turned following the example set us by the Sovereign Pontiff. not moved at the thought of that white robed, spiritual figure of the Vicar of Christ, casting himself in lowliness before the altar and calling in a voice filled with emotion upon the Heart of the Saviour to have pity and mercy, to inspire rulers and peoples with counsels of meekness and bring back love and peace to the discordant earth? Surely, the world is better for that prayer, and for the countless petitions that have since arisen to heaven with it. How God in return may dispense His blessings we leave to His own infinite mercy and wisdom to decide. Whether the longed-for peace come soon or late, it suffices for us to trust in His love and know that our prayers can never be in vain. We still, therefore, shall continue to implore that war cease, that enmities may be laid aside and, above all, that His holy will be done, in whose love alone the world can find its lasting peace.—America

True wealth consists in health vigor and courage, domestic quiet, concord, public liberty, plenty of all that is necessary and contempt of all that is superfluous.—Fenelon.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Converts in England last year numbered over 7,000.

Last year Mother Katherine Drexel contributed to the Catholic Indian Missions a sum of \$51,166.29.

Sister Benedetta Carrega, Superior General of the Daughters of St. Anne, who died in Rome on February 9, was a cousin of the Holy Father.

An official parliamentary report of the earthquake of January 13, gives the number of deaths thus far reorted as 29.978.

It transpires that Max Pemberton, the versatile and well-known novel-ist, is a Catholic, and a convert at

The Bishop of Cloyne announces that the total sum subscribed throughout Ireland for the Belgian Relief Fund amounts to \$141,765

The Panama Exposition commission of Indiana has chosen Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C., professor of poetry in the University of Notre Dame, to compose and deliver the official ode for Indiana on the occa-

sion of the state celebration at the According to a letter addressed from Cornell University to America, the slanders published concerning the Catholics of the South American republics are traceable to men of radical and atheistic ideas that frequent clubs and poison the minds of on Catholic tourists, who lend them

a ready ear. The writer challenges denial of this fact. Tosave the Belgian refugees at Horrabridge from having to go four miles to Mass—at Tavistock, the nearest Catholic Church—the priest in charge of the Belgians asked for the use of the Horrabridge recreation hall, but was refused. The Anglican Vicar of of his Sunday school once a fortnight

Among other sad results of the war, the historic monastery on Mount Carmel is closed, many of the Carmelite Fathers, who have for many years led the solitary life of hermits, have left the Holy Land, the French and Italians have gone to various houses of the order in Italy, and the Spanish have gone back to

The first exchange of disabled rise first exchange of disabled prisoners of war under the plan of Pope Benedict, was arranged Feb. 12, through the Berlin embassy. One hundred and forty six British prisoners unfit for further service left Germany, Feb. 16, and Great Britain released 107 Germans. The exchange apparently is not on a numerical basis, but all those who are disabled will eventually be included within the scope of the order.

The Holy Father, Benedict XV. by giving up his palace at Castelgondol-fo, and by procuring country villas belonging to the Rectors of the North American and Urban Colleges, has managed to make temporary provision for over 600 poor children orphaned by the earthquake. The Holy See is still acting as guardian to some hundreds of children orphaned by the earthquake of Sicily managed to make temporary and Calabria in 1908.

Rev. John Gwynn, S. J., who is at at the front, has been wounded dur-ing active service. Before going to the front, he was attached to Mun gret College, Limerick. He is a member of the government body University College, Dublin, and in 1896 obtained his B. A. degree in the old Royal University of Ireland. He has written a number of pamphlets, which have been published by the Catholic Truth Societies of England and Ireland.

In the death of Brother Anthony, lavs America. New York has lost riend and benefactor. For more than a quarter of a century he gave the best of his varied and cultivated powers to the higher education of ner children. He was not content to give money to the betterment of our city, but he gave, what is far more precious, both the golden and the silver years of his life. As long ago as 1870 he was occupying the chair of English literature in Manhattan College, and from that time on until the day of his death, with some few interruptions when super-iorships engaged him elsewhere, he continued to preside over the various institutions of higher learning which are conducted by the Christian Brothers in New York City.

By the death of Father Michael Martin, S. J., on February 23, St. Louis Universitylost one of its ablest theological professors. Father Martin's repatation as a moralist was interna tional. He was of assistance to Father Slater, S. J., in compiling his well-known work on moral theology. In addition to this, he composed a work of his own on the same subject Its publication however, he withheld in order that the new work might treat of any changes made in Canon Law by the committee appointed by Pius X. for its revision. Besides con-Pius X. for its revision. Besides con-tributing frequently to the Ecclesias-tical Review, he wrote another little book called "The Roman Curia," treating of the various congregations at Rome and explaining to which of these cases are to be referred.

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE

CHAPTER XVI-CONTINUED

"Your proof of this marriage," sneered the father, "is your word. Against it stands my denial. Which will the world accept? Which will stand in any court of justice of civilized regions?"

Yours," replied the son, without a moment's hesitation. "But in your heart lies the knowledge that when you deny my words, you lie. Your conscience is my proof against

George Martins laughed. The other looked upon him, his gray head, his life-lined face, with an expression half contemptuous, half pitiful. Then

"I called you a muraerer, and you are. When you said to me, a half-wild youth who had gone to you, my lawful father, to claim my sonship, 'Give me wealth and I will give you the recognition you demand! and I asked if I should bring to you my mother's gold bracelets and jewels, you mocked me and demanded of me vhat were such trinkets beside Gerald Martins' rich tract of land. When I said, 'If Gerald Martins were dead, would this be yours?' You answered, that if Gerald Martins' wife and child were dead, it would be yours. I looked into your eyes and you looked into mine. Mine asked, 'If I kill them and give their wealth thus to you, will you recognize me as your son?' and your eyes said, 'I will!' bthought ught me, your white blood or my ural instinct told me to obtain a verbal commission for my work. vernal commence to the sease of I should remove these obstacles to your desire, and you bade me to do so, and gave me the pearl ornamented purse, made for you by my mother, as a token of our Afterwards, moved by what motive I know not, you told me not to kill them, but to carry them off to my people, and commanded me to do this while you were absent from this while you were absent from Lexington. I hung around the cabin for those six weeks, waiting my opportunity to capture the woman and child, and when the time of your home coming drew near, I began to desperate. That evening chance favored me when Gerald Martins quit his work to look for flowers for his I saw her standing at the door told her that her husband had been killed by a falling tree. She started to get the baby to take it with her into the wood, and I laughed for

joy. But something must have warned her of her danger, for she fastened the door on the child. Then she came to me and we went together to the forest. As I was hurrying her away we heard the husband singing. She started to run, but I caught her. She began to scream, and in her terror pulled the gold ring out of my nose. Fear and pain, and above all the knowledge that I could not expect you to redeem your promise, mad-dened me and I thrust my knife into r heart. I was not a savage when she was dead. I was a white man and I hated you as one of your Chris-tian souls must hate the devil that ed it to its damnation; so, when I hid her in the tree, I placed my mother's purse in her dress, hoping that it might be found, and, recognized as yours, would be evidence against you as the author of the crime. I fled. I would not return to my mother's people, so I went to the Americans broke out, I joined with the Indians and British in our common cause of hatred-I have called murderer." he continued, turning from his subject, "and I here repeat that you are as guilty of the death of Gerald Martins' wife as I." Where is your proof?" demanded

George Martins, but the sneer was gone from his voice, and the tones ned to shiver into each other.

My words," he returned. "What are your words against mine?"

"And your purse, which must have been found in the folds of her dress," added the Indian, not noting the interruption.

Who could state that that purse was mine ?'

The wife of Halpin, the tavernkeeper. As I waited for you at the door of his hostelry one evening I heard her remark on its beauty and value, as you drew it out to pay her for a supper for yourself and a friend. You told her that you had bought it from an Indian woman."

A paleness crept over the face of the listener, but he instantly said, with his old effrontery.

Where is that purse now? Who

The finder will appear when he is called for," returned the other coolly, and as George Martins remembered who that fluder was, he

shook. I have called you a thief," went on the young man, "and you are. Because you could not find the hiding-place of Gerald Martins' daughter you overruled by your gold the scruples of a poor mother, and bought her dead child's body to fill a grave for Amy Martins. Then you came into the full enjoyment of Gerald Martins' property, while his daughter was living upon the charity of

strangers.'

dear sir. But, as I asked about your other charges, where is your proof?"
"Here," replied the other, and he took a leathern case from his pocket and opening it, unfolded a sheet of paper, which he spread on the table. "Advance, and see my proof.—Gerald Martins' will and testament! No. Martins' will and testament! No. It has never left my person since I took it from your dead cousin's breast the night of the Raisin

Massacre."
Trembling, his face ghastly, George Martins leaned over the table, but as his eyes fell on the opening address, "To St. John Worthington, loyal gentleman and noble friend," he drew

himself up and cried out,
"Tie a forgery! St John Worthington, was Gerald Martins' rival and

'Read on," commanded the "If it is a forgery, St. John Worthington will decide, not you." George Martin's eyes fell again on the paper, and what he read made the ashen hue of fear whiten his face, the film of despair darkened his eyes. The son watched him with the clear, pene-trating gaze and the immovable calm of his mother's race. He had as much to gain as the other had to lose, but he betrayed none of the white man's emotion. When the reader's eyes reached Gerald Martin's ignature, the son's hands turned the long paper, and as the bloodscrawled letters blazed up from the

creamlike surface, he said:
"Do you recognize here the handwriting of your young pupil? Not very creditable to my teacher, very very creditable to my teacher, unlike his delicate, fashionable manship which was my boyish de-light and envy as I pored over it as light and envy as I pored over it at the low tent door; still there are circumstances which excuse its badness. The ink was not good, the pen blunt, and death was staring me in the face:" and as he folded up the paper and returned it to its leathern case he related the instant which had given the will into his hands.

"When I read the paper," he con-tinued, "I realized that I had a game on hand which was well worth the playing, but I likewise knew that I was not the equal of my white opponent, in shrewdness. I saw that Gerald Martins' secret was sate. I inferred the same of his daughter. There was no need for bringing the game to an issue. Time strengthens what it does not destroy. I knew that it was necessary to be your in-tellectual equal and I set about to become such in a systematic way, as I have told you. While I never returned to Kentucky I kept myself informed about you. I knew that you were rich, honored and happy, and I said it is well. Every day added to my power, and I waited until your son and heir had grown to manho to include him in your downfall. At the time appointed by myself I have become and I find you areentered upon the supreme effort of your life, and against you is the man whom your cousin's will appoints your accuse and prosecutor. Fate! Fate!" he broke out. "She is the supreme deity. She sits and weaves

destiny of men now as she has done

may, there is no escaping her hour. George Martins, her hour for you has

from the beginning. Strive as we

He paused at the words, and lifting his hands, one of which was holding the leathern case, folded them on his breast. Standing thus, he gaze steadily at the man on the other side of the table, and for a moment that man quailed before the speaker's attitude and words. He appeared thirsty foe of the pale face. When the war between the English and the Americans broke out I is a superior of the Fate both believed in and turn in which direction he might, George Marting saw no escape from her decree. like the incarnation of the Fate both so shall they reap. It seemed a trifling thing to win the love of an Indian woman, marry her according to a ceremonial whose sacredness and right he neither admitted nor respected, and by her bring a man child into the world. When he had grown weary of life among the gentle Natchez, without a pang of regret he had forsaken the mother and son leaving her to soothe her sorrow in second affection; him, to grow up in the ignorance and paganism of his people. But there was no second love nor longer life for the too faith-ful Indian woman, and when she was no more, her son had come up to the Dark and Bloody Ground to find his white father. He found him-the usband of another wife, the parent of another son; and his love had changed to savage hate. In memory of his wronged mother, for the repudiation of his shame, he had sworn revenge. The hour of its fulfilment had arrived and there was that in the son's face and manne which made the father realize that as he had shown no mercy, he need

expect to receive none. In the pause that followed the concluding words, the voices of Mrs. Martins and Preston came to the two men, in a soft murmurous flow; and as they listened to it, the last gleam of light died in the eyes of George Martins, while a smile of exultation illumined the dark face of his com

"Well?" Unable longer to endure the thoughts suggested by the echo of those voices on the piazza, George Mar-

tins spoke. "I asked you to acknowledge me as your son, as a matter of justice.

Now," and he held out his right hand, on whose open palm rested the leathern case, "with your knowledge of what this contains, when I George Martins broke into a laugh, harsh, brutal laugh.

that woman that her place by his side had woman that her place by his side had once been filled by another, and that other a low barbarian! Tell that mother that her son, the son she had given to him, had not the first claim on his fatherhood! Tell her these truths! He would rather face a prison cell or ignominous scaffold, than see the annihilation of his wife's love in the proud, unrelent-

ing abhorrence of her eyes.
"I still refuse!" He lifted his head
as he uttered the words, color came
back to his face, and the Indian saw that his opponent would not yield tamely. He smiled, withdrew his hand, opened his coat and dropped the case into his pocket. Then he refastened the buttons, and taking up

his hat, said:
"Very well, sir. My business with
you is concluded. I am sorry to have detained you so long and unneces-sarily from the society of your family

But George Martins detained him by a sweeping motion of his hand.
"What are you going to do? At least, I have a right to a knowledge of your intentions."
"Certainly," he responded. "I am

going to Lexington, where, in a quiet way, I shall find out all I want to know about the public's reception of the death of Mrs. Martins, and who secured the purse I left in her dress If any suspicions were aroused by the circumstances of her death, men will hesitate less to refer to them now than they might have done after the commission of the deed. When I have learned all that is to be learned, I shall go down to this convent of Loretto, and secure information as to the whereabouts of Gerald Martins' daughter. When I meet her, I shall tell her all. She shall go to St. John Worthington with her father's last testament and my confession, and—well, trust a woman and a political foe to make your fall complete and irrevocable And I shall so arrange my plans that I may return in safety to my Spanish friends and rich plantations, leaving you to bear my share of the crime

with your own." It was coolly and frankly said, but George Martins met it with even greater coolness and frankness. It was a desperate game; there was but the shadow of a chance for him to win, yet he grasped at that shadow. This man prided himself on the bravery of his Indian mother, he should see that his father was no

"I can tell you what you want to know. St. John Worthington found the purse. I saw him pick it up. Doubtless it is still in his possession You may spare yourself the trouble of inquiring about the suspicions of the people. Kentuckians do not admit strangers into that confidence which the betrayal of never uttered suspicious thoughts implies. You must further reflect that there were but two men upon whom such suspi-cions could fall—St. John Worthington the woman's discarded lover, and myself, heir at law to Gerald Martins after his wife and child. That these suspicions were never held, at least had nothing to sustain them, is evident; else he and I would not be the people's gubernatorial choice. Kentuckians call upon to be their ruler must be above suspicion Nor need you journey to Loretto Convent to find Gerald Martins' daughter. She is here, in this house. She is the young lady you met on the lawn with my son. What my political foe may do when he gains cossession of that paper, I do not know; but I do know that Gerald Martins' daughter will do nothing against the father of the man she oves, whom she is going to marry."

concluding words and looked steadily into the face of his enemy. For a moment, what had been so coolly spoken, surprised his hearer into silence. He had said that he knew men well, but this sudden shifting of George Martins surprised him. It ring move and he felt a dewas a gree of admiration for the adversary

"Thank you," he said, "it takes a dash of the highest courage to put a pursuer on our track. Even the braves cover their foot prints with dead leaves. This may cause a complication—this attachment between your other son and Gerald Martins' daughter. Still I believe that you are too optimistic in your statement regarding the future conduct of the lady. You must not forget that that father is the murderer of her mother and the robber of herself. Love is strong but not godlike."

Which shows that you know a woman's love," said nothing o George Martins.

"Pardon me, but I do. My mothe loved you better than herself: yet she cursed you in her dying hour."

" I am talking of Christians not pagans," said Martins, in clear cut-ting tones, for it made him angry with an anger that had in it an awful fear, told that the dying Indian

woman should have called upon her gods to wreak justice on him. " And I am talking of women, Christian or pagan," he answered in an even voice. "I know that the love of the pagan woman stood every strain until she found that her human "I know that the love idol was unworthy her homage; then t failed her. Is the Christian wife's love stronger ? Ah! is it as strong She might bear your crime, your dis-grace, would she bear the knowledge that the right to call you husband was not hers, before herself and her God for nearly four years after her marri-age? If she knew that you had

this out, if I have to carry it to the highest court of the land. While I have an acre or a slave to call my own, or my wife's relatives have a dollar, they will go to save me from disgrace. And furthermore, remember, and believe that it is as true as the Scriptura men reversion; in this to speak of the Christian wife," he added, before George Martins' fury permitted him to utter a word. "I ask you to remember this: my Indian mother's name is shrined as sacredly in my soul, as is the Christian wife's in yours. And by whatever gods there be! he who speaks of her in words other than respectful, need not expect me to honor the name of the voman he reveres!" and he folded his arms and gazed with proudly flashing eyes upon his father. There could be no mistaking the depth and sincerity of his filial devotion, and a long dead feeling began to stir in a secret recess of George Martins' heart—a spark from the ashes of reckless youth and boyish passion. to partake of it."

The face had kept its calm, and

It made him generous enough to say from manhood, sanctified by purest "I recall and ask you to forget any word I said derogatory to her - your

When he saw the rare, tender light that fell over the other face, he knew that with all his cunning and knowl-edge of humanity, he had acted the part of a fool. It was too late now to pick up this suddenly found key to the storehouse of this man's pity and he cursed himself for his want of insight; he could now only defend himself with what arms he possessed against a foe whom he had made relentless. That foe was saying now, after the proud bow with which he had acknowledged his father's apol-

ogy.
"This lady, Gerald Martine' daugh ter, does not, I presume, know her true name and parentage?" She does not. Nor did I until

read that paper of yours." "Of course not." The face was inscrutable and the tones were tan-talizing in their uncertainty. He The face was knew not whether they were ironical or sincere but in either case he saw upon reflection, they were insulting "She is, I suppose," he continued

dependent upon her own efforts for a livelihood?" "Yes. She is a teacher of music."
"Ah! Still, this poor, unknown girl s welcomed as the betrothed wife of the rich, influential Mr. Martins' only son and heir!" There was a world of insinuation in the words and voice

which uttered them, but the other

man passed it unnoticed. "It is painful for a proud man or woman to receive all and be able to give nothing in return. The young lady, if one of those highly strung natures, must often have felt the bit terness of her position-think you that she will readily forgive the one who placed her in it?"

You forget, sir," said Mr. Martins with well veiled caution, "that I knew nothing of her whereabouts and could not discover her hiding-

" And because you could not discover it, and destroy the only barrier between you and the wealth you craved, you made that other woman give up her dead child, to fill Amy Martine grave. It is no wonder that you are a favorite of fortune, my father, for you have played her with boldness and impetuous hardihood It surprises you that that other secret of yours is also shared by me? Have you lived to your time of life and not discovered that he or she whom gold can buy once can be bought again, yes as often as there is a purchaser? When I heard the story of the finding of the dead child-I was then in New York-I communicated with the woman. I was a chivalrous impressionable young man who had struck by a newspaper account of her honesty and loyalty. Would she come East and let me be her friend? She did come and has been my pensioner these many years. When I couch and looking wildly around ed her she will not fail me.

The clock on the mantel began to strike and George waited until it had counted its six strokes before replying. Then he said :

" I have heard you, and you have heard me. You have made your de-mand, and I have given you my answer. If you are willing to arrange this matter between us, each pledging secrecy, any demand you make upon me, except one, will be to me as a matter of personal concern. You have wealth, but if you desire more, I shall share mine with you. If you wish to enter upon a political career in this State, I shall political career in this state, a state serve you as a faithful friend and ally. I shall seek your success as I would my own and whatever tends to your advance. ment in worldly interests and happi ness, I shall bend every energy to secure for you. If none of these offers will tempt you to forego the effort to force a recognition, which I shall never give, not even though it were in your power to send me to the scaffold, then there is to be sworn enmity between us two. You have proof, absolute proof, of none of your charges, save the signed suspicions of a dead man, who, many believed, was crazed by grief; and it is St. John Worthington's word against mine that the purse did, or did not, drop from the folds of Amy Martins' dress. My word is as good, as worthy of credence, as his. The world knows that I sought for my cousin's daughter and there is only a disnonest and disreputable woman's word against mine that I deceived it in burying another child. The pre-sumption that she sought to make capital out of her scheme,—and did, according to your assistance of her, and her signed receipts to me for money — will outweigh her story. Take this to the court now, and in the eyes of half this commonwealth whose representative I am, it becomes a political plot to ruin me and defeat the party. Remember, in addition, that I am richer than St. Lahn Worthington, and more powera harsh, brutal laugh.

"I amuse you?" said the other calmly.

"You do. Your inventive genius would do credit to a fictionist, my would do credit to a fictionist, my as your solution of the soul of her husband. Tell age? If she knew that you had a ge? I

the Scripture men reverence; in this conflict, in spite of all that may be said, brought forward, even proven, Gerald Martins' daughter will cling closer to me than my own son. Make your choice, but take time for consideration. And permit me to offer you the hospitality of my house for the night, or as long as you may wish

what effect those coolly uttered statements had upon his enemy, George Martins could not divine. Without pausing for a moment, he

I thank you for your invitation and will accept it for this night and

The family and guests are assem. bling for supper," then said Mr. Martins. "We had better join them. Martins. Permit me to ask your name?"

"The name by which my father was known in the Indian camp—Roderigo Martinez," answered he, with a peculiar, subtle smile, and as he heard it, the heart of George Marting grow faint. It was the Martins grew faint. It was the name of the Spanish Captain that he had ever accepted as the founder of his family, and in a superstitious belief in the legend on the tombstone of the long dead Teresa Martinez, he had assumed it on leaving Virginia for the frontier. Last New Year's eve, in Mrs. Barton's ball room, the name had come to him as the sound of approaching doom; here again it pealed forth its direful meaning.

"It is a name which suits me in various ways," the man was saying.

My appearance is favorable to the impression of Spanish blood, and coupled with the name, my claim to that nationally have never been questioned. If other explanation to your family or friends is necessary, you may say that I am a Spanish Cuban traveling through the United States on business and pleasure. Is this sufficient ?"

'Quite. It is but right for me to tell you that Gerald Martins entered his daughter at Loretto Convent under the same name. She is known as Teresa Martinez. I hear the servant announcing supper," and he opened the door and escorted the stranger to the parlor, where the family and other guests were assem.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE FIRST EASTER MORN

Charles J. McQuirk, S. J., in Extension Magazine

"God of my fathers, spare my Leave him unto me in mine old age. The stately head fell upon the outtretched arms and only the sobbing of a broken heart was heard in that lofty chamber of death.

Upon a gorgeous couch, covered with the finest linen, lay dying s beautiful boy of some six years.
The dews of death had gathered upon his pallid brow and his eyes were growing dim and glazed. The summer breeze, laden with

thousand perfumes, crept silently in from the gardens with timorous from the gardens with the detection of the dying child.
"Is there nothing to be done?"
mourned the father, rising from his kneeling posture at the side of the stand ye idle, ye slaves ?" he cried to a number of gigantic Ethiopians who were in attendance. "Away, away !" and, seizing a richly embossed goblet of gold which was on a table at his side, he flung it at them. The goblet struck one of the men on the

cheek, leaving a gaping wound. At this sudden outburst of violence the slaves fled precipitously from the

apartment. Silence reigned again. The father fell on his knees and clasped the cold hands of the child in his own, gazing with the most unutterable love into the coloriess little face. "My Lord," softly whispered a voice, "my Lord."

Eleazar glanced up and beheld his favorite body servant kneeling before

asked, angrily.

"My Lord," hurriedly answered and the people against Him. Pilate dare not refuse our demands. Come, the slave, "thou mayest save thy dare not refuse our demands. Come, we'll to the Governor. Come! My noble boy. There is still hope. Thou hast heard of the great Prophet of Galilee. He hath been called the Messiah. Thou hast heard of the Messiah. wonders He hath wrought. It is said that He hath made the lame to walk this Man. Nay," as his master was about to intercupt him, "there is no difficulty in finding Him. At this moment He is without the moment He is wi teaching the multitude. May I not bring Him within? He can not re-

"Go, Isscar! Go, faithful slave!"
cried the rich man, starting to his feet, his whole countenance beaming with the joy of new born hope. "Go quickly; bring this Wonder Worker. If He doth save my child, riches untold shall be His. I will make Him the envy of all Israel. Go! Go!"

The silken draperies gently parted and Jesus entered the apartment. So quietly was His coming that Eleazar was unaware of His pres-

"Thou art the Prophet, Jesus of Nazareth?" cried the father, hastily arising and approaching the Saviour with arms outstretched. "Canst cure my child? See, he fadeth away as a summer flower. He is all have. He is the life of my life, the have. He is the life of my life, the glory and support of mine old age. Thou wilt save him. Thou wilt restore him to health again. Say that Thou wilt!" And he caught the mentle of Jesus. "It Thou restorest him, wealth untold shall be Thine. I am rich. I will make Thee mighty in Jewry. Save my boy, my jewel, my all!" His voice broke and Eleazar wept.

Jesus said no word but there was

Jesus said no word but there was an infinitude of love in the depths of

His sacred eyes.
"Hast nothing to say?" continued "Hast nothing to say?" continued the wealthy nobleman, almost roughly. I can do much for Thee. I can help Thee in Thy work. Gold is farreaching and conquerest all. Speak!"

"Thou art blind and seest not the light; thou thyself art in the midst of death." The words fell slowly, solemnly from the lips of Christ.

"I wedgered Thee not I care

not for Thy riddles. Save my child. I swear by the God of Abraham and Isaac that Thou shall not go unre-quited. It will soon be too late! God fof Israel !" he shricked, as he turned and beheld his child in the last throes of his agony. "He is dying, dying !" And h the couch and snatched the boy to his breast. As he did so the child opened its eyes and looked into those of Christ. A faint smile of celestial joy hovered on the tiny lips; he sighed softly and was—no more.

My child, my child, dead, dead !" The despairing cry was raised on

high. "Dead, dead!"

Eleazer laid the corpse upon the ouch and turning to Jesus, he pointed an accusing finger at Him, shricking in his rage: "Thou wouldst not save my child. They say Thou hast cured others. Bah! 'Tis false; I do not believe it. Thou art not the Messiah. Hence, false Prophet, hence hafore I give Thee to the scourges of my slaves! Hence, I say, and let me know Thee no longer. May all the cur-" but he choked and could utter no more.

And Jesus, with love infinite beaming from His eyes, said no word and departed.

II.

Eleazar stood on the roof of his palace in Jerusalem and watched the surging of the crowds in the narrow streets far below, while his kinsman, Prince Naphael, conversed on the various topics of the day.

"Look! Look!" suddenly ex claimed Eleazar, leaning over the parapet and beckening quickly to his companion. "What is the cause of all that commotion? See, the people are all running in the same direction. Ah! 'tis the soldiers of the Roman Governor with a prisoner in their midst. Who can it be? Surely no common malefactor, for behold some of the people are wringing their hands, while others are shaking their fists. Canst see who-?

At that instant curses and cries of pity and mercy were wafted upward.
"Away with Him! Crucity Him! Crucify Him! Jehovah, save Thy Jesus, Son of David Prophet! esus of Nazareth!"

At the sound of the name of Christ. Eleazar started backward, his countenance turning red and pale by turns nd his eyes flashing with diabolical

hatred and revenge. "At last! At last, O Jehovah, Thou hast heard my humble suppli-cation!" he cried. "At last Thou cation!" he cried. hast brought this wretch to His just deserts. Praise be Thy name for ever from generation unto gener

What hath possessed thee?" in quired the Prince, in surprise. "Hast thou lost thy mind-?"
"Hast forgotten my child?" flercely

interrupted the aged nobleman.
"My boy Zebal! The pride and hope of my life?" His voice shook. "That wretch, the false Prophet, Jesus of Nazareth, allowed him to die! He raised no finger to save him. Thou knowest the story : how His very presence was a curse; how my boy died and I prayed that the Almighty would bring this Man to His doom. For a year I have en-deavored to have Him apprehended, deavored to have him apprenenced, but I always failed. At last, at last, the blow hath fallen!" And Eleazar strode, hastily up and down, smiling cruelly. "He shall die!" he continued, hoarsely. "He shall die! I will incite the priests, Pharisees and the records against Him. we'll to the Governor. Come! My day of victory hath at length arrived! Come!

> Before the raging mob, fresh from the scourging, His Sacred Body one great wound, a ragged white robe

seat, ordered a basin of water to be brought. "I will wash my hands from all guilt of this innocent Man," he said to the people. " Look ye to

And the multitude thundered back His Blood be upon us and upon our children," and rushing forward, they dragged Jesus into their midst.

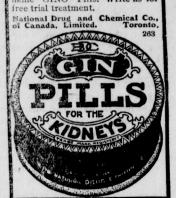
As the soldiers were pushing back the crowd from the Person of the Redeemer, and preparing for the journey to Calvary, Eleazar stepped up to the side of Christ and hissed in His ear: "Dost remember Eleazar and his child, whom Thou wouldst not save? I am he and this day is mine. I have helped to bring Thee "Dost remember Eleazar to this!

Jesus lifted up His thorn-crowned head streaming with blood, and gazed

PERHAPS IT'S THE KIDNEYS

that are making you feel so badly If so, you can easily tell. It head feels dull and achy—if back hurts nearly all the tin our appetite is poorly and you ongue is coated—if the urin burns, is highly colored and offen-sive in odor—if you notice a brick dust deposit or mucus in the urine after standing over night—then you certainly have something the matter with your Kidneys. Get

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anything about horses much.

And I didn't know the man very well; either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse in't alright."

Well, I didn't like that. I was a fraid the horse wasn't "alright" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me tinking.

You see I make Washing.

You see I make Washing

thought about the horse, with quice dia involuginal about the man who over the control of the co

in aix minutes.

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long and sorrowful into the eyes of

"I have not forgotten thee," that voice, sweeter than the sweetest music, murmured; "I have not for-gotten; I have prayed for thee and I

orgive thee !"
The Roman soldiery rudely pushed Eleazar aside. Jesus took up His cross and the procession moved

Calvaryward.
"He doth forgive me !" whispere "He doth forgive me!" whispered the Jewish nobleman to himselt, moving away to the edge of the throng. "It is I—I who have lost my child; I should forgive. Still, why doth my soul yearn toward that Man, after He had spoken to me? Bah! I hate Him. He'll not bewitch. me as He hath the people." And he looked around for Prince Naphael, whom he had quite forgotten in haste

to speak to Jesus.
"I'll see this false Messiah die I'll not be fooled like the rest. Never! O, Naphael!" as he beheld his kineman making toward him. The square was quite deserted now, for the people were all following Jesus to His death!

Eleazar fled with the rest of the populace down the hill of Calvary, those words of the dying Christ echoing in his ears: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

He had stood near the cross and had endeavored with the scribes and Pharises, to blaspheme that blood-robed figure hanging 'twixt heaven and earth. But his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth and no word

passed his lips.
Once Jesus had looked upon him, and so sad, so sweet, so full of love were the sacred eyes that he almost fell on his knees in adoration; but his pride conquered and he would not

Even now, as he rushed along, trembling and afraid, strong man that he was, at the darkness which en-veloped all, and at the preternatural happenings which had taken place when Jesus breathed His last, he cried out in all his pride and obstinancy;
"I do not believe! I will not yield to Thee, false Prophet! Thou art not the Son of God! Thou wouldst not

But the words of the dying Saviou kept ringing in his ears: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" And those other words which Jesus had spoken when he had besought Him to save his child:
"Thou art blind and seest not the

But he listened not and plunged forward into the impenetrable gloom, almost swept off his feet by the curs-

ing, praying multitude.

And Jesus Christ, the Son of the Living God, hung dead upon the Cross -hung dead because of man's trans

And Eleazar vielded not! III

Upon a divan within a lofty apart ment, which was fitted up with more than Oriental splendor and magnifi cence reclined Eleazar. At his side a portal opened into a garden odoriferous with the Persian rose.

His countenance appeared pale an

haggard even in the rich, mellow light which fell from many alabaster lamps suspended from the groined ceiling.

He was alone and was wrapped in

deep thought. At length he arose, and, betaking himself to the garden, he stood in silence gazing up into the midnight sky, sublime with its millions of gleaming stars.
"Everywhere have I sought peace

at last, lifting up his begemmed hand back his flowing locks of gray. "Why does the memory of that Man haun me? I have not been myself since I W Him ve in Him. He is not the Messiah. The curse I invoked upon Him hath fallen! He is dead! He is dead!" He almost hissed the last words.

"Dead? No, no!" as a thought suddenly flashed across his mind. "He will not rise again! The rumor is false! Bah! I am a fool to night! Hath this Man bewitched me also? I hate Him! He would not save my

But again, like celestial music, echoed those words of Christ: "I forgive thee! Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

And the tragedy of Calvary loomed anew and realistic before him. And he heheld that look of love unutterable which the dying Jesus had be stowed upon him. A sweet peace which he had never before experienced began to pervade his inmost soul! he stammered.

of my fathers, have I been wrong?" Veils seemed to be litting upward from his soul. "Have I been wrong? Why was my gold spurned? My child uncured ? Why ?"

And the answer came in the words which the Redeemer had snoken when his child lay dying—words now fraught with the deepest meaning: Thou art blind and thou seest not

Was my faith required and not my gold?" he thought.
Then a voice seemed to whisper

"Go to the sepulchre where the Christ is laid. Go! See if this Man And Eleazar stood and gazed up

into the star-crowned night, thinking.
"If it were true!" he whispered.
"If it were only true!" And turning he slowly entered his apartment

and tapped a silver gong.
"My cloak, Isscar," he said, when the slave had entered. "Delay thou

Around the tombof the dead Christ d in vigilant watch the soldiers

of the Roman Governor.

It was an hour or so before the lawn, and an awful silence brooded

Eleazar, with his cloak wrapp around him, came cautiously up the hill and into the garden surrounding he sepulchre, and then stood quite still. waiting.

It was pitch dark, except for a small fire which the soldiers had kindled near the tomb, for the morning was damp and cold.

"Will He avise?" thought the

Will He arise?" thought the aged Jew. 'Why did I come? I have been a fool. But I shall wait. He stood watching and waiting, now doubting, now almost half believing. Eleazar was almost falling from

excessive weariness, for he had not slept since he had witnessed the death of Christ, when suddenly, without the slightest warning, there came terrific shock, a blinding glare, and ne was flung forward to the earth.

Around about him there arose a pean of triumph and of victory supernal! Raising himself quickly to a kneel-

reasing atmeet quickly to a kneeling posture, Eleazar looked toward the sepulchre, trembling violently.

The east was now red with the approaching dawn. The dawn was

breaking And there, seated upon a huge stone which had sealed the entrance to the tomb, was an angalin garments of celestial beauty! The sepulchre

Christ had indeed risen from the

A wonderful cry of love and adora burst forth from the lips of the aged Eleazar. Christ, my God! I believe! For-

give! Forgive!" And he fell prone upon the ground insensible.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR APRIL

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.

RELIGIOUS INTERESTS IN CHILE

Chile holds a unique place among the countries of the world. If, on some fine day in August, two friends were to set out from the extremities of the republic for the sake of meeting and indulging in amicable conver sation, the one from the south would be clad in furs, to withstand the rigors of the antarctic winter, while he one from the north would be dressed in linen and would be shaded by a Panama hat. Stretched out like fringe along the western coast of outh America, for a distance considerably greater than that from Hudson Bay to Cape Sable, Florida, Chile has a seaboard of immense extent and a background of towering mountains that cannot be duplicated elsewhere

All these scenic attractions, how-ever, have not made Chile a terrestrial paradise; for, while the mineral wealth of the country may prop erly be called vast, the northern part is a rainless desert and much of the land along the eastern border does not readily lend itself to cultivation. Though there are fertile valleys where the farmer and the grazier reap rich rewards for their labor, too much of the soil is rock ribbed and hilly, where a livelihood is obtained only at

the price of much hard toil. The struggle with the reluctant and ungenerous land has produced a deep and lasting impression on the national temperament. If we have idly fancied that all South Americans are so languid and sluggish as to loll about all day in the shade of stately and luxurious palms, we have made two grave mistakes. In the first ce, the noblest palms are of little progressive, resourceful and alert. t would be erroneous, furthermore, to suppose that the population of Chile consists of a few distant and dignified Castilians (in books, all Castilians are distant and dignified), a nondescript collection of mixed bloods not deserving any special des ignation, and a varied assortment of survivors of the aborigines. There are aborigines, it is true, for the Span iards, despite what is said of their harshness towards the Indians, did not sweep them off the face of the earth, as other colonizing nations commonly tried to do; and there are mixed bloods too, who rank very high in the scale of respectability and civic worth. But, from the days when that brave general, known to tame as Don Bernardo O'Higgins, cast his lot with the Spanish colonists, compatriots of d other Europeans not Spaniards followed his example and contributed of their brain and brawn to develop that sturdy self-reliant tem-

perament which is a national characteristic of the Chilean. The administrative paralysis which settled down upon Spain at the beginning of the nineteenth century, owing, among other things, to the Napoleonic wars, threw the government of her vast American colonies into confusion a thousand times con founded. Though the power of the Spanish viceroys and their dependents in the executive was so ample be the Son of God. Go! Go! If He that little was left for private initiabe the Messiah He will arise from the bondage of death! Go! Go!" might be considered almost trivial, were solemnly regulated and directed from Madrid. The colonists had but a feeble voice in local affairs, and were strangers to the inherent weakness of representative government. Hence, when Spain fell a victim to the invader and the central administration in the mother country failed, the Spanish political divisions in South America speedily took on the semblance of as many hives of bees unexpectedly deprived of their

Chile suffered from the general turbulence, lawlessness, and military despotism, but not to so disastrous an extent as, for example, Paraguay. For a quarter of a century, the infant was a prey to factional disputes and bloody encounters; but, at last, the sober-minded element of the population brought order out of chaos. Private feuds were suppressed, chief military adventurers were reduced to silence—often that of the tomb, the neglected mines and fields were megicored mines and helics were worked by the sobered survivors of the years of violence and bloodshed, and an era of progress and prosperity dawned with all the radiance of the

sunburst. If all war is odious in the calamities that accompany or follow it, civil war is especially detestable, because it arouses the most violent passions in a most violent form and engenders a lasting bitterness that words cannot express. Though the mere money loss may be enormous, the destruction of property ought to be looked upon as the least of the woes of such a war. It is the utter disorganiza-tion of the governmental administra-tion, it is the suffering, physical and mental, that falls upon the helpless and hapless non combatants, it is the wretched heritage that awaits the hildren of such a time of fratricidal strife that makes it the abomination of desolation standing in the holy

Education, morals and religion suffered during Chile's blind groping towards the dayspring of peace and prosperity. If right may be won by the sword, the swordsman, in the flush of victory, may easily count as right whatever his sword has won. It is then a short and easy step to tyrannical laws against the van-quished or the defenceless, and to an

inseemly usurpation of power. The Catholic religion is the relig-The Catholic religion is the religion of State in Chile. The Christian Doctrine is taught in all the government schools. The bishops and the diocesan clergy receive their stipends from the treasury of the republic. Does this happy state of affairs leave anything to be desired? It does. In the first place, the way in which the government teachers discharge their duty of instructing their pupils in the catechism is often so slipshod and slovenly that their half hearted efforts must be supplemented by the self-sacrificing labors of the members of the Confraternity of the Christian Doctrine. Government colleges and universities are of such dubious Cath. olicity that the clergy and laity have felt themselves constrained to set up opposing tabernacles in the shape of a university and other schools of higher education where religion pure and undefiled may be taught to the students in lieu of the milk and water variety of the " just as good imitation which is purveyed in establishments under the exclusive control of the government.

If the clergy receive their stipends from the government coffers, is not this a proof of open-handed governmental generosity? Hardly. Dur ing the years of political earthquakes that preceded Chile's public tranquility, the Church suffered in both temporalities and spiritualities. clergy zealously struggled, as they are still struggling, to undo the harm wrought in the domain of religion and morals, for this eminently befits their office, and the State has made good, to some extent, the Church's temporal losses by maintaining the clergy who, by the vicissitudes of war and political changes, were deprived of their long-established sources of revenue. He who simply sources of revenue. pays his honest debts does not deserve to be called generous. Official recognition of the Church by the State moreover, is compatible, unforuse as shade trees; and in the second place; the Chileans are energetic and great deal of official indifference to the welfare of the Church, with a great deal of official connivance, a things harmful to religion and morals, and with a great deal of official hostility to the dearest Catholic interests.

> Had the Church to contend only with the bad example given here or there by some so-called Catholic more protuberant than prominent, there would be little ground for complaint, since such an individual would do some harm to others while doing much to himself; but there are other and more dangerous menaces to the well being of religion and the pursuit of virtue. A few years ago, a Chilean newspaper of anti-Catholic bias published a very strong letter from Rome in which the unpriestly life of the clergy was scourged with scorpions. The document, it we re-member well, had been "filched from the archives of the Archbishop of Santiago." Pious people were pained beyond expression, while the evil-minded were elated in a corresponding degree. The letter was pounced upon by a travelling representative of the Young Men's Christian Association and translated for the edifica-tion of his co-religioniets and for the confusion and shame of Chilean Catholics. But the misguided enthusiast, who had made an extensive tour of South America, during which his buzzard-like avidity for carrion had guided his nose to all kinds of spiritual offal and garbage, had not fathomed the depths of a bad Chil-ean's depravity and vileness. The letter proved to be a vulgar and in-decent hoax. This fact the meander. ing emissary of the Young Men's Christian Association had the grace to admit over his signature. what was the use? Many well disposed people of little enlightenment undoubtedly read the forgery in its English garb and marvelled at the errors and abominations of the Chilipton of the chilipt san priesthood; while the open and explicit retractation made by the travelling representative aforesaid.

after he had been crowded into a corner by evidence that he could not controvert, most likely never reached the backwoods, mental or geographi-cal, in which his co-religionists' tents

were pitched.

The same peripatetic purveyor of exotic evangelism brought out a book of his travels, a publication in which there were upwards of fifty glaring misstatements. Some of these inexact expressions we are inclined to lame on his plentiful lack of familiarity with the Spanish and Portuarity with the Spanish and Portuguese languages; others we attribute to the gulibility of the man who "knows it all" and accepts at face value any cock and bull story that he hears away from his ancestral home, "where the sough of the wind through the hemlook and pine is combined with the low of the home coming kine." But the author was Rome is wrong—and he was predis-posed to put a sinister interpreta-tion on whatever he saw or heard and upon whatever he thought hi informants had seen or heard.

As a matter of fact, the Chilean clergy are a body of picked men. made up largely of the scions of families whose names are interwoven with all that is high-minded and patriotic in the history of the country. Even supposing, absurdly enough, indeed, that supernatural motive were to fail to influence them, their respect for their family names would be more than sufficient to hold them to the execution of their sub lime functions. It would be hard to name a pious organization or a good work that is not recognized, en-couraged, and fostered by the clergy of Chile. Private schools from kindergarten to university, societies for the laity, confraternities of the Christian Doctrine, and associations for promoting temperance, for im-proving the housing conditions of the poor, and for the spread of good reading, are a few that might be

In a word, the clergy are fully alive to the importance of their sacred mission, and they are very much in earnest in their work. They have to be alert and active, for they must make front against a brilliant and unscrupulous foe. They are carrying on a campaign for civilization against heavy odds, because the easy way is so often the attractive way, according to Our Divine Lord's ex press words: "For wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction and many there are that find it.'

The work of the clergy is ably seconded by the co-operation of a great many of the devoted laity, who give freely of their time and sub-stance towards the successful issue of the various good works which are brought to their notice. Without the hearty co operation of the laity the best plans of bishops and priests for the good of religion must fail, if not wholly at least in part.

A scapbox oratory is so attractive in our large cities that some of our Catholic people drift away from their religious practices and clutch with childish delight at the gaudy baubles which it dangles before their eyes as the quintessence of sociology economics; so, elsewhere, including Chile, there is an untiring effort or the part of certain enemies of relig-ion to aleniate the minds and hearts of people from God and the service of God. If the heart is corrupted, the mind can rise in its might and, with the help of grace, assert itself and throw off the corruption, as the recuperative powers of the body may triumph over a serious ailment; but if both mind and heart are corrupted, the case is desperate in very truth. Hence, indifference to pious practices, strictly so called, and estrangement wild incoherence of the envenomed quill-driver and the mouthing of the

abid priest-baiter. There are such writers and speakers in Chile. They avail themselves of weapons that no self-respecting person would be guilty of using. Such weapons are calumny, misrep resentation, ridicule of holy things, disgraceful caricatures, all of which make a vivid impression on the unthinking, who have neither leisure nor the ability to sift out the few shrunken kernels of grain from the mass of mouldy straw and chaff with which they are regarded by their self-styled champions. There is much talk about "spreading the ight," but the light is not the clear light of undying truth; rather, it is the will o'the wisp which merely misleads the traveller, for it is the creation of poor blinded man's seething brain.

If a noisy campaign against religion succeeds in transforming ever one or more or less practical Cath-olic into a man that shies at a priest as a country colt would shy at a fire engine, the campaign has been a uccess; but if it transforms him into a leering, jeering hooligan in all that concerns God and the soul there is much rejoicing over the glorious victory,—but the rejoicing is not in heaven!

H. J. SWIFT, S. J.

A LEGACY OF MGR. BENSON

The late Mgr. Benson has left a legacy to the boys of the Westminster Cathedral Choir school in the form of Lord's Passion.

happily he has left the minutest stage directions, and the choir propose to do their best to render this final work in as perfect a manner as possible. It was to be given on the three days preceding Ash Wednesday in the chapter hall of the cathedral, and will excite great interest. - Church

> Special to the RECORD THE BOND

("I cannot help hoping that when Catholic and Covenanter, Unionist and Nationalist, have written in blood their joint acceptance of this bill of honor on the Continent they may possibly find an easier way of setting their disputes at home after the war."—Professor Kettle at Dublin.)

Long years before the German war-With greed of power and dreams of

far flung sway,
Threw down the gauntlet to a world We fought as brothers as we fight to-

Where'er a sword was drawn in England's cause, On every field where valor found

place, There Erin's sons have won the world's applause, And foes have learned to fear the

Fighting Race." held the Flag aloft at Waterloo; left our dead in Portugal and

Spain: burning winds of Egypt keen a The few; Our bones are whitening by the Gan-

gus' plain. Our best and bravest for the Empire bled, On Africa's veldt, on China's coral

strand; North, east, and west, the muster of Around a thousand ghostly campfires stand.

Our blood has mingled in a common stream, In every age, in every land and clime es not such a brotherhood redeem The bitter past, and heal the wounds

of time?

The flerce unmeaning hates of by gone years, they survive the blood our sons have shed ? And shall we still pay tribute of our

tears To storied wrongs, or to our common dead ?

Here as we stand above the countless graves Of Celt and Saxon, sleeping side by We know no grief-but one prou-

tear that laves
The feud of ages, and bids peace -Rev. D. A. Casey, " Columba."

HAVE CIVILIANS NO RIGHTS?

The Zeppelins have come at last

Recently three of them arrived off the English coast, and after attacking armouth, an open undefended sea side city, passed on inland to drop bombs through the darkness upon peaceful and sleeping villages of Norfolk. Altogether the raider succeeded in killing one shoemaker, two women, and a boy. One of the women was aged seventy-two, and women was agen widow; the shoe-maker was killed as he sat at his window working at his last, and the boy was asleep in bed. These purand serve no military object, but from the clergy are the wretched they are examples of trightfulness, harvest reaped as the result of the and we suppose are intended to terrorize Great Britain. There is nouse appealing to the Hague Convention for that was torn up when the Germans crossed the frontier of Belgium. and no neutral Power has even hint-ed a protest. But obviously such murders of women and boys and unarmed men—done in the darkness and in sleeping country villages—are bound to have consequences. Belgium nearly fifty priests have been executed on the charge that they in cited or had not prevented civilians who fired on the German troops. But have civilians no rights? They are forbidden to shoot at men in uniform but the soldiers of the Kaiser are at perfect liberty to kill them with bombs, even while they are asleep in their beds. The murder of a shoemaker, two women, and a boy is reported to have given great satisfac-tion in Berlin, and we are told to prepare for fresh massacres, and on a more Herodian scale, in the near future. We hold our souls in patience, content to know that the Zeppelins are making the work of the recruiting sergeant unnecessary.—The

> FIDELITY IN THE LOWEST STATION

The words of our Blessed Lord: "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in that which is greater" (Luke xvi, 10), have rarely found a more excellent commentary than in the case of the present Pope Benedict XV. Since he assumed his exalted position as head of the Catho-lic Church, many columns in the press throughout the world have a new mystery play entitled "The been devoted to his virtues, his learn-praised by Cardinal Bourne as a pious and beautiful exposition of Our leading Devoted to his virtues, his learning, his diplomatic acumen, his energy, his zeal as bishop of a great diocese; but there is one side of his character which in a peculiar man-ner establishes the truth of the above The dead priest had hoped to super-intend its production this Lent, but

which he gave to the care of souls when he was a simple assistant priestinone of the Roman churches. He had to preach and catechize, assist at Viaticum to the dying. During these years his parishioners spoke of the openhandedness of this high born priest to the poor and afflicted, for his charity was boundless, and what was still more beautiful, it was exercised in silence. Faithful in little (although it was great in God's sight) he has been entrusted with the great est respectively. he has been entrusted with the great-est responsibilities given to a man upon earth.—The Missionary.

Let us bear in mind this truth—that on the bed of death, and on the day of judgment, to have saved one soul will be not only better than to have won a kingdom, but will overpay by an exceeding great reward all the pains and toils of the longest and most toilsome life—Cardinal and most tollsome life.-Cardinal Manning.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AFRIL 3, 1915

" HOW BELGIUM SAVED BUROPE '

the War "the Belgian Before people were only known to the world as a prosperous, industrious, resourceful people, trained in all the arts of peace. They had only proved they were proficient in the science of living. It was left for the war to

reveal that they knew equally well

Dr. Charles Sarolea is a Belgian of Dutch extraction who, unlike 95 per cent. of his fellow countrymen, is not a Catholic. Yet despite his twelve years residence in Edinburgh, as a University professor and representative of Belgium in the Scottish Capital, his first-hand knowledge of the greatness of the British Empire has not lessened his patriotic pride in glories of the land of his nativity. Charles Sarolea is proud that he is a Belgian ; he is proud of the friendship of the King of the Belgians, and doubtless he feels touched by the fact that Belgium's Catholic Government delegates to him, a Protestant, full discretionary authority to represent his native land in free America.

Apart from the military, political and artistic interest of the subjects, there is, therefore," he writes, in How Belgium Saved Europe, "an emotional and imaginative appeal which no other chapter of this war is able to call forth in quite the same measure. It touches every responsive chord, it calls forth every deeper feeling of human nature. Sympathy for a small nation unjustly attacked, indignation for an odious international crime, pity for the suffering millions, admiration for a gallant people, grat itude for those who sacrificed them selves and who did not count the cost."

We are reviewing a book which w hope every subscriber of the RECORD will read. We shall confine ourselves, practically, to quotations, trusting to the intelligence of our readers without drawing obvious co

"Again it was the defence of Liege which proved the decisive factor after the beginning of hostilities. It allowed France to complete its mobilization. It destroyed the legend of German invincibility. The enormous importance of the resistance of Liege was still further enhanced by a very natural but very grievous mistake of the French Generalissimo which very nearly proved irreparable and which might prematurely have ended the war in favor of Germany. The French Army (was) hypnotized by Alsace Lorraine. . . In consequence, the northern French frontier was nearly denuded of troops, and a mighty tidal wave of two million German soldiers threatened the plains of Belgium and France. But for Belgian heroism, that mighty tide would have carried everything before it. If ever there were at historical event where it was possihle to trace the direct connection between cause and effect, this was pre-eminently such an event. In literal fact, it is Belgium which saved

The book was written, naturally, some months ago. Subsequent developments have not called for the slightest modification of our author's views and conclusions. Although Belgium is still fighting we must go back in spirit a few months to get into sympathetic accord with the author when he writes thus :

"Although Belgium is fighting the battles of Europe, Europe, mainly owing to the initial French mistake, is not in a position to fight the battles of Belgium. For 'strategic reasons' Belgium must be left to her Brussels must be given up to For 'strategic reasons' Belgium must continue to fight in tragic isolation. For two critical weeks the Allies do not appear, and when they do appear it is not in order to co-operate, to come to the rescue, to save Belgium from German occupation."

"Because the German invader chooses to revert to the barbaric stage, the Belgians have to revert to the nomadic stage. Belgium still stage, the Belgiam save to revers to the nomadic stage. Belgium still continues to fight in tragic isolation. Belgium still continues, inch by inch, to defend her native soil."

Dr. Sarolea is not a Catholic. ne is the close friend of Belgium's Catholic King, and the appointee of Belgium's Catholic government. We are proud of the fact. Taken in connection with Cardinal Mercier's immortal pastoral, Dr. Sarolea's book completes the political view of Belgium's all important role in the tragedy that is unfolding before our

eyes. Listen again to Dr. Sarolea:

"I do not think that the Belgians merely did their duty. They did infinitely more than their duty. It was not expected of Belgium, it could not be expected of her, that day after day, week after week, she should continue to stand between invading horder and the allied armies who were preparing for the struggle. It could not be expected of her that she should continue to resist after surrender of her fortresses, after the capture of her cap-ital. It could not be expected of her that she should go on fighting un-aided by Great Britain and France, left to the mercy of a ruthless con-queror, with her villages razed to the ground, with her cities bom-barded, with her armies bleeding to death, with her women outraged with her old men and children driven

orable resistance, had come to honor able terms, and if Germany in conse quence of that Belgian surrender had rushed the French armies as she would certainly have done, Belgium would probably after the triumph of Germany have become part of the Greater German Confederation. But she would have retained a large measure of autonomy. She would never have become another Alsace Lorraine, because Germany would still have had a vital interest in promoting the prosperity of Belgium. Antwerp would have risen into the most flourishing port on the Continent, Brussels into the most popular Ger-man capital. Belgium would have received an immense accession o wealth and weight instead of renaining a small, insignificant Sta without influence on the world's affairs. Belgium would have shared more than any other country in the expansion of the German Em-

They preferred to remain loyal to national ideals. And the first national Belgian ideal was freedom. For a thousand years the unruly and turbulent Belgian democracies had fought for that ideal. They had asserted it even against Spanish tyranny. They had retained it even inder Austrian rule." . . .

Dr. Sarolea, two years before the War, published a book, "The Anglo-German Problem." Despite the flood of similar books since the War, Dr. Sarolea's book holds its place as the best amongst the best. He sadly refers to it as a work intended to prevent the present conflict, hardly noticed before the War, now read by everybody.

Only once in a while does the RECORD review books : "How Belgium Saved Europe" we heartily commend to our readers.

A WORD OR TWO FROM THE FIRING LINE

The Right Rev. Bishop Fallon has received a letter from Captain, the Rev. Edward Gordon Doe, from which we are privileged to publish a few extracts.

France, March 6, 1915 My dear Lord Bishop, - Here I will not allow me to say. I left Boulogne sur mer last Wednesday at midnight and undressed to the extent of removing my collar and belt. I tried to sleep in the railway coach, but, because of the cold—after a half-hour's doze—I had to go through a series of Swedish gymnas tics to restore circulation. Finally at——I had to change cars and after pacing a dark platform for a full hour, boarded a train at 4 a. m.

arriving at —— about 6 a. m.
At 10:30 a. m. I entrained again for —— arriving at noon. After finding my unit, No 2 Field Ambulance. I was billeted for the night with the parish priest, who received me most kindly. He had been despoiled by the German troops who came into his house and took possession of his silver, his linen, his shelled his church to ruins and then burned it, leaving nothing but a heap

Here at—where we now are, I am again with the parish priest. His neat little chapel has escaped destruction. I say Mass in it daily, and on Sunday at a. m. The men come to confession in the evening, receive Holy Com nunion the next morning and are in the trenches that night. I buried one poor fellow yesterday; he had been shot through the head but lived long enough to receive the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. On Monday I am going to visit the troops and see just what arrangements can be made to give them Mass during the week at several central places back of the firing line.

tinguished. From my window I can see the German searchlights which light up the whole surrounding territory—including my room. If the Germans had a mind to do so they could very easily drop a shell or Easter greetings and best wishes

EDWARD GORDON DOE.

TEMPERANCE

"Drink is doing more damage in this country than all the German submarines put together."-Lloyd George.

Amongst the many consoling things incidental to the War is the world. wide object-lesson in temperance. By temperance, however, though we restrict it just now to the popular acceptation of the term, we do not mean precisely what is meant by overzealous advocates of drastic temper ance legislation.

Underlying the almost universa use of alcoholic beverages is the belief that alcohol in moderation is not only harmless but beneficial. Against that belief unmeasured denunciation of unbalanced temperance enthusiasts dashes itself as the waves against a rock. Slowly the faith -or superstitution-in alcohol is giving way to scientific knowledge of its poisonous effects. But scientific knowledge makes very slow progress amongst the masses of the people of any country. Nevertheless the people of all countries have a homely, natural logic which can not escape drawing a conclusion from the great outstand. ing facts thrust on their attention with regard to alcohol since the be-

ginning of the War. Great Britain has done the least by way of legislation to restrict the use or abuse of alcohol during this great crisis. Yet even in Great Britain the popular belief in the matter of alcoholic beverages has seen vigorously assaulted and visibly weakened. In the terse, downright and quotable sentence at the head of this article, Lloyd George has preached a very effective temperance sermon to the masses of the people who idolize him because they know his sincerity of purpose and

fidelity to their best interests. In Canada we feel the effects of the world lesson which the War is giving in temperance. Saskatchewan pro poses to close all bars, and to take the sale of liquor into the control of the Government; and it will not revert to private control unless the people by their votes say so when the question is submitted to them for decision. Whether it turn out well or ill the experiment will be a valuable one for Saskatchewan and for Canada. Ontario is further restricting the hours of sale and placing the administration of the License law in the hands of a non-political Commission. It is too soon to congratulate ourselves on the taking of this question out of politics. But we have no reason to suppose that this is not an honest sonnel of the Commission is such as to command the confidence and respect of the people, the new de parture may mark a distinct and definite advance in sane temperance legislation.

> DEAN DOWNEY'S MOTHER TAID TO REST

On Wednesday of last week the funeral services of the late Mrs. Stephen Downey were held at Seaforth, after which the interment was made in St. Columban.

Diocese, of the large number of the clergy, and a congregation which thronged the church, marked the appreciation of a long life of usefulness identified in a special manner with the pioneer days of the Faith in the Stratford to Goderich district of western Ontario. In the days before churches or resident priests the hospitable Downey houshold was the home of the pastors who ministered to the pioneer Catholic settlers now organized into flourishing parishes; and the commodious dwelling house was gladly converted into a church for the time being where the Catholics of the neighborhood gathered to assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

These facts and his desire to mark his unaffected appreciation of the simple but heroic loyalty and faith of the pioneer Catholics of the district explained the presence of His Lordship Bishop Fallon, who paid an eloquent tribute to the characteristic virtues of the generation now passing away. Some still remain, old and feeble, it may be, yet with faces stamped with the lines of strong character which tell the story I am so near the fight that cannon, machine gun and rifle fire can be disof rugged fidelity to Catholic ideals

Portugal, and settled a dispute beereignty is without that stain; and new vividness the meaning of Our the Society of Jesus, who during his ereignty is without that stain; and new vividness the meaning of Our the Society of Jesus, who during his ereignty is without that stain; and new vividness the meaning of Our the Society of Jesus, who during the society of Jesus, who durin

struggles which marked the chang-ing conditions of their long and admirable lives. His Lordship's eulogy of these pioneer Catholics was in itself an impressive appeal to their children and grandchildren to perpetuate in a generation whose lives are cast in pleasanter places so

under harder conditions. The Very Rev. D. J. Downey was the celebrant of the Requiem Mass, assisted by the Rev. P. J. McKeon as deacon, the Rev. F. P. White as subdeacon, and the Rev. D. J. Egan as master of ceremonies. His Lordship Bishop Fallon presided at the Libera

far as material comforts go, the

virtues and the character developed

and preached. The other clergy present were the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Aylward, the Very Rev. Dean McGee, the Rev. Fathers Corcoran, Northgraves, Brady, Noonan, McCabe, McKeon, Egan, Hanlon, Stanley, Laurendeau, Goetz, Hussey, White, Kelly, and F. J. Brennan.

MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES From the Tablet of London, Eng. land, we republish this week an article under the above heading. There are several reasons for so doing. To those who have read in English Catholic papers the heavy casualty list amongst the Catholic officers during the present war, this article will contain nothing very new to those, however, who know only that amongst the rank and file Cath olics were represented out of proportion to their numbers, the fact that amongst the officers, also, the Catholies of the United Kingdom are overrepresented may come as something of a surprise. It is not so long since Catholics were debarred by law from holding office either in the Army or the Navy. Therefore we publish in full a list of names which otherwise might be devoid of interest.

When the war is happily over even in the game of politics it will be difficult to pander to the dving anti Catholic prejudice of British electors. In Ireland we may conidently hope that our sturdy Orange brothers of the North will see through the political game which keeps alive their distrust, and join hands with their Catholic brothers for the good of Ireland and the Empire. Having fought side by side for ideals and principles equally dear to both Orangeman and Catholic it will be difficult to persuade them that

their true interests are antagonistic Considering the comparatively short time that has elapsed since Catholic Emancipation it will be something of a revelation for the casual reader to find Catholics taking so prominent a place in the army from which they were a generation or two ago excluded by intolerant legislation.

SOCIETY, THE PAPACY, AND

V. Leo IX. (1049.54) made peace between the German Emperor and the King of Hungary. His successor, Victor, was instrumental in preventing a war in Germany over the succession to the throne of the Emperor Henry, who died in 1056.

Gregory VII. (1073-85), the famous Hildebrande, championed the rights of the people against the tyranny of the German Emperor Henry IV. The struggle was long and protracted. but Henry had to submit in the end, and make a penitential journey The presence of the Bishop of the to Canossa, which has since passed into a proverb.

Innocent III. (1198 1216) settled many quarrels between kings, and brought several to a sense of their duty in morals and politics. His intervention prevented bloody wars in Hungary, Poland, and Norway, A more difficult task was his adjudication of the succession to the throne of the Emperor Henry VI. During his pontificate he was also engaged in arranging disputes between King Richard of England and Leopold of Austria; between Alphonsus VIII. of Castille and Alphonsus IX. of Granada; and between King John of England and Philip of France. In the struggle which was closed by Magna Charta he took the part of the English people against the despotism of King John. "He protected their liberties and their laws," says Cardinal Manning, " and he used his power to restrain the violence of the

Honorious III. succeeded Innocent. He effected peace between the warring kings Henry of England and Louis of France. Twenty years later Innocent IV. regulated affairs in

Hungary.

Nicholas III. (1277-80) made peace in Bologna, Florence, Genoa, Siena and Ancona.

Boniface VIII. (1294-1313) dia suaded the German Emperor from his purpose of invading France made peace in Lombardy, Tuscany, in the Romagna and the Marches, and in other cities and communes of Italy. He saved France a second time from invasion by Alphonsus, King of the Romans, and brought about an understanding between Charles II. of Sicily and James, King of Aragon. He made the latter restore to his uncle the kingdom of Majorica, and he gave back their independence to the kingdoms that composed it. He was also instrumental in creating a better understanding between Edward I. and Philip the Fair.

John XXII. (1316 34) successfully intervened on behalf of the perse cuted Irish subjects of King Edward II. and was also enabled to bring to close the devastating war waged between Edward and Bruce. He reconciled the Duke of Cracow and the King of Bohemia, rival claimants

for the throne of Poland. The wars between England an France, which includes in its history of bloodshed and destruction the battles of Crecy and Poitiers, also gave the Popes an opportunity of exercising their authority as ambassa dors of the Prince of Peace. Benedict XII., Clement VI. and Innocent VI. all strove mightily to bring the disastrous conflict to an end. Finally the disputants agreed to accept the Pope's offer of arbitration, and the treaty of Bretigny was the result.

Gregory XI. (1370-78) reconciled Castille with Portugal, Aragon and Navarre, and made peace between Frederick of Sicily and John of Naples.

Nicholas V. (1447-1455) harmonized the Genoese, Venetians, and Florentines; got Germany and Hungary to conclude a treaty of peace ; marked out the boundary of Milan and Piedmont; and had the consolation of seeing all Italy at peace by the treaty of Lodi.

Innocent VII. (1404 06) reconciled King James of Scotland and his sublects, and, by uniting the White and Red Roses of England by marriage ended the civil war which had dis tracted that country for thirty years.

Alexander VI. (1492-1503) prevented bloodshed between Spain and Portugal by his famous Bull Inter Caetera, which defined their respective spheres of influence in the West Indies. By that decision the Pope neither pretended to have power to partition the world, of which he has been often so stupidly accused. nor did he intend to destroy actual titles or to create new ones. He was asked by two Catholic powers to give his decision on a dispute, and he gave it-that is all. Few Papal acts have been so misunderstood. It has stock in trade of a certain class of writers for whom the history of the Catholic Church is a preserve over which they run smelling like sleuth. hounds after the iniquities of Popes, Had the Pope refused to arbitrate he would have been spared a good deal of calumny, but the Spanish and Portuguese would have nevertheless taken possession of the Indies, with the difference that whereas the Pope defined the limits of their dominions with ink and paper, they would have marked them off with blood.

Paul III. (1534-49) used his media tion between the Emperor Charles V. and Francis I., of which the treaty of 1538 was the result. Gregory XV. (1621-23) brought about an understanding between Austria and Spain, Venice, Piedmont and France Urban VIII. (1623 44) settled a long standing dispute between Germany, France and Spain.

During this epoch of the Church's greatest power, from the fall of the Roman Empire to the Reformation, many more instances of Papal arbitration could be recorded. We have given but a sparce selection, but enough has been indicated to enable us to see the great influence for good, for liberty and peace, brought to bear upon society by the Popes of their beneficent action reveals this remarkable fact, that notwithstanding their almost unlimited influence, they never used their power to extend the territory which the course of events brought under their dominion. De Maistre writes : "They have never sought or seized an occasion of extending the Papal States at the expense of justice, whereas no other temporal sov-

and principles throughout the varied | tween Frederick II. and the King of at the present time, with all our Lord's Passion, every detail of which philanthrophy, our civilization, and our literature, there is not, perhaps, position to justify all its possessions efore God and man."

The Reformation, by disrupting Christendom, destroyed the influence of "liberty" achieved for the wellbeing of humanity. COLUMBA

NOTES AND COMMENTS WHY, IT is asked, do Germans spell culture with a " K "? Because, for-

sooth, Britain rules the " C'e."

AN ARTICLE in the February Fortnightly Review, on "The Vatican and the War," by Mr. Robert Dell, " ex-Catholic" and ex-Modernist (for he seems to have abandoned even the flimsy pretence of the latter to Christian profession), is conclusive proof, it any were needed, of the wisdom and prescience of Pius X's unmask ing of that insidious imposture. Answering a correspondent, the Dundee Catholic Herald says that although an Irishman, Sir John French. Commander in Chief of His Britannic Majesty's Forces in Fland. ers, is not, as some have opined, a Catholic. One sister, however, Mrs. Charlotte Despard, is a convert to the Faith, and a zealous participant in many Catholic charitable and social activities. In this Catholic relationship General French is emphatically not without company. The family of position or title in England that does not number one or more converts in its ranks is the excention.

THE RELIGIOUS belief of those of high rank especially in the French Army has been the subject of much interested speculation in England and America since the outbreak of the War. The not unnatural impression has been that since infidelity reigned supreme in the Government, its appointees, civil or military, were prone to be of that complexion. Not necessarily so. Even the truculent Masonic Ministers of France have been more alive to their own and their country's welfare than that and, as the composition of the Army in the trenches proves, have known where to look for loyal and efficient service.

THE SUBJECT WAS debated in the columns of our New York Jesuit contemporary, of January 9th last, at which time the religious belief of the more prominent French Generals was thus tabulated : Pau, admirable Catholic ; Foch, very good Catholic ; D'Amande, a Catholic but less praiseworthy; De Castlenau, practical Catholic ; Joffre, once a Mason ; no longer such, but, by general consent, not a Catholic. That however, was in January and much has eventuated since then. The general revival of religion in the Army has spread up as well as down, and, according to the advices go to show that the General. issimo of the Franco British Forces has, in the words of Shakespeare, "clapped into his prayers."

OUR READERS may be interested in seeing what the now ultra familiar Tipperary " looks like in Hindustani It has been translated into almost every language under the sun, a version in Zulu even having appeared in the press. The following Hindustani version appeared originally in the Pall Mall Gazette We are not aware that it has heretofore been printed in Canada. The translator, Mr. F. M. O'Connor, it is perhaps unnecessary to say, is an Irishman. Thus runs the chorus :

Burra dur hai Tipperary,
Bahoot lumbah, Koouch wo,
Burra dur hai Tipperary, Saki pas pownchenay Ram Ram Piccadily, Salaam Leicester Square, Burra, burra dur hai Tipperary, Lakin dill hooaye phus gayah

It the dusky warriors from the East sang like that as they charged the German trenches, the terror they are said to have inspired is scarcely matter for wonder.

"Among the many varied gifts bethe Middle Ages. And the history of stowed by God in such abundance upon Robert Hugh Benson," writes Cardinal Bourne, "was the power of setting forth in very simple words, but with deep intensity of feeling, the great mysteries of religion." In nothing that Mgr. Benson has written has this faculty been more noticeably manifested than in the little posthumous drama, "The Upper Room." Those who read it, further says the Cardinal, will realise with Father William O'Brien Pardow, of

has been familiar to properly instructed Catholic children from childhood a single European Power that is in a And those who have the good fortune to see it portrayed in accordance with the author's spirit and his minute directions will surely be drawn closer to their long suffering of the Papacy in the councils of the Redeemer, and be enabled the better nations. We shall now proceed to to contemplate the stupendous consider what this much vaunted era mystery which the Church throughout the world is this week celebrating in mingled joy and penitence.

> THE DRAMA is constructed on lines similar to the Mystery plays of pre-Reformation times, but so modernized as to be readable and understandable by children or by the unlearned. The Redeemer, though necessarily the centre and substance of the drama, is so by suggestion rather than direct presentation, for, as is fitting in so sacred a theme, He does not Himself appear. Two of the principal characters are Achaz, landlord of the Upper Room, and Samuel his servent, both devout disciples of the Man of Sorrows, and to the latter of whom, as having waited upon the table at the Last Supper, and been a witness of the scene in the Garden and the subsequent events of Christ's Passion, is mainly committed their recital to the little band assembled again in the Upper Room after the consummation of the Sacrifice on Calvary.

As illustrating the style of the parrative throughout it may be well that we reproduce here one of its heart-stirring scenes. Describing the seizure of Christ in the Garden, the boy Samuel thus addresses his Master Achaz.

Sir! I followed down, Out through the gate behind them; crossed the stream And up the hill. 'Twas Judas led the

way. I saw him! When they came to where the gate Stood barred; one broke it down; and

in they went; Searching and shouting through the olive-trees.
And then I saw Him; and His Face was streaked As if He sweated Blood; and round

about His friends stood all aghast. The flare of light Was all blood red upon them. And

then he, Of Kerioth, that led them there, went forth And kissed his Master! "Hail," he said, "All hail!" Ah! bitter kiss! . .

said the Master, then

-He called him "Friend"!—Friend, whereto art thou come? Betray'st thou with a kiss the Son of

And then He said: "With swords and staves you come
To take me! Whom d'ye seek?" And

They cried out, "Jesus! Jesus of Nazareth!" Well, I am He," said He; and at the The crowd went swaying back : and

some fell down.
The rest ran at Him, shouting. Then one struck A blow : I think 'twas Peter; he of The fisherman : and struck young

Malchus down, Servant to Caiphas-him that kept the gate.
And when the Lord saw that, He bade His friend
Put up again his sword into his

For they that take the sword," He One day shall perish." Then He healed the man said, by sword

And raised him up. And then they all ran in and seized and bound Him.

THE BOOK is published at the moderate price of 80 cents by Longmans Green and Co., New York, in their usual attractive manner, and contains ten illustrations. It was almost the last work of Mgr. Benson, who, sad to contemplate, did not live to see his drama presented. He left, however, minute instructions as to its mode of presentation, and these are now available for those who will undertake the task. It is especially suitable for production in our Catholic colleges and convents, and we are led to hope that some of our Canadian institutions will avail themselves of it. We can never have too many compositions of the kind. The book in itself is a very attractive memorial of a man whose joy it was, as Cardinal Bourne so well says, to make known by so many methods during his sojourn in this world, the Way, the Truth, and the Life, upon Whom, it is by so many souls to whom he was a light and a guide, hoped and believed his eyes now gaze in perfect peace and contentment.

ANOTHER LONGMANS' book which has greatly interested us is the Life of cities and towns of Canada. In its essential features the life of Father Pardow did not differ from that of the average Jesuit missionary, and there is perhaps on that account a lack of general interest in the volume before But to those who knew the great preacher personally, or who at any time assisted at missions or retreats under his direction, the story of his life cannot but be attractive. Born in New York city, and after many years of education under Jesuit preceptors, he developed a vocation for the religious life and entered the Society in his nineteenth year. It is interesting to recall that this event took place in Canada, his novitiate having been made at Sault au Recollet near Montreal, and that he spent the first three years of his religious life there, As a missionary his work later spread all over this North American continent, and Father Pardow's fame as a preacher is a treasured possession of the Society of Jesus, and a blessed memory to many thousands of his hearers

HIS WAS a life of tireless effort under the formidable handicap of a delicate constitution. Severe to himself, he was kind and considerate to others. "He was a man," says his biographer, "of clear and powerful intellect who knew the limitations of the human mind and acted on that knowledge; a man wholly given to God, who neglected no human means of serving Him, and did not expect supernatural power to take the place of human effort, but rather to reinforce it. He made use of human instruments with all their intrinsic imperfections, and tuned them to heavenly pitch. What he has done we may all do. This is the real lesson of his life."

ON THE BATTLE LINE

PRZEMYSL

The great Galician fortress of Przemysl has surrendered after a seven months siege. Apparently it was hunger that vanquished the heroic garrison.

London, March 22.-Przemysl has fallen. Fifty thousand of the enemy, mainly Austrians, piled their arms without firing a shot. The last effort of the exhausted garrison to break through was made on Thursday night, and met with a disastrous repulse. Famished by the pangs of hunger, weakened with disease, and their ranks thinned by repeated detireless foe, the heroic garrison, cut off from its main army, at length yielded to fate. Without food, the last available horse slaughtered to satisfy the pangs of hunger, the de-fenders of this Galician fortress saved their honor while surrender-ing their swords. The defence of Przemysl has won the admiration of friend and foe alike. The news of its fall led to an enthusiastic demonstration in the streets of Petrograd

OPENS DOOR TO CRACOW

The London newspapers assert the most important capture of the war, not excepting Antwerp, in that it not only releases considerable Russian forces which can be thrown into the fluctuating struggle in the Carpathians, but opens the door to Cracow and the plains of Hungary.
It is argued, moreover, that the

moral effect of the surrender will be tremendous, the theory of the allies being that it will stimulate feeling in their favor both in Roumania and Bulgaria, just as the operations in the Dardanelles are causing an agitation in Greece and Italy.

Przemysl fell with honor, the Brit ish press concedes, for it withstood the onslaughts longer than any place during the war, the investments hav ing begun something more than six

The fall of Przemysl releases the besieging Russian army for service

GERMANS DESTROY 95 TOWNS AND 5,500 ALLIED VILLAGES

(Special Cable Despatch to The Globe) Paris, March 22.-Col. Rousset, the French military expert, to-day af-firmed the report that the Germans stroyed 95 towns and 5,500 villages in Belgium, France and Poland during their invasion.

IN THE CARPATHIANS

The Petrograd correspondent of the Daily Telegraph says that "decisive operations are expected in the Carpathians. Apparently the Dual Mon-archy will stake all on the impending struggle. The fight will be long and stubborn. The enemy has many naturally strong positions. These have been elaborately fortified." This is undoubtedly the official Russian view. If it is the Grand Duke Nicholas will scarcely venture to detach any large portion of the army of Galicia for operations against Cracow till the in circum entire Carpathian range is in the pos-

spring will come down to the plains of Hungary contaminated in a hor-rible way; and will carry disease and leath not only to the armies in the field, but to the people of the Hungar-ian plain. An American surgeon, iscussing sanitary conditions in Austria Hungary, is quoted as saying that "cholera and typhoid will sweep down through the nation like a prairie fire as spring and summer come."—Globe, March 27.

THE DARDANELLES

There is still no official informa tion as to the progress made in reducing the forts at the Narrows. A report that 26,000 French troops had been landed on the Asiatic side of the Straits is not confirmed. A land-ing in force is likely to be the first indication that the crisis of the operations is near. British papers are almost unanimous in expressing the belief that the fleet must be supported by an adequate army if the Straits are to be opened and kept open. The stormy and misty weather which has so greatly interfered with operations will not long continue. Spring comes early in that region.—Globe, March 27.

MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES

Cardinal Manning, once put, as i were, the bearers of easily recognizable Irish names upon their mettle by saying how he sought for them in the records of the day's doings, and how, fatherly, he claimed them as his own. It is easy to imagine with what pastoral pride that old would have sounded this week over the lists of men awarded the Victoria Cross or mentioned in Dispatches—a paternity now the precious inheritance of another. Lance-Corporal Michael O'Leary, for instance, has won his V. C. for a deed that recalls the achievements of legendary heroes. He slew eight Germans, took two prisoners, and practically captured the enemy's position. The London Gazette thus coldly recites the facts: "No. 3556 Lance-Corporal Michael O'Leary, 1st Battalion, Irish Guards.—For con-spicuous bravery at Cuinchy on Feb-ruary 1, 1915. When forming one of storming party which advanced against the enemy's barricades, he rushed to the front and himself killed five Germans who were hold. ing the first barricade, after which he attacked a second barricade, about sixty yards further on, which he captured, after killing three of the enemy and making prisoners of two more. Lance Corporal O'Leary thus practically captured the enemy's position by himself, and prevented the rest of the attacking party from being

fired upon.' Such an achievement has not escaped the official "Eye-Witness," who says: "It will be remembered that on February 1, after recapturing a trench which the Germans had taken from us a few hours before, we gained by successive attacks two posts on the canal bank. During this fight one of our men showed the most conspicuous gallantry. Charging ahead of his comrades, he tool up his position on a mound, and shot several of the fleeing Germans at point-blank range as they ran past him. He then ran on up to a barri-cade where two of the enemy were that the fall of the fortress marks manning a machine gun and kept men came up and captured it." How did he do it? His own account is as simple as that of the Irish hero in the Peninsular War who took eight prisoners, and who, when questioned how, replied: "Sure, I just sur-rounded them." The long arm of coincidence would seem to have at

least a part in that amazing proc Among the chorus of tributes evoked by this exploit, the Times remarks that "there are no better fighters in the world than O'Leary's countrymen"; the Pall Mall has to fall back on the old Homeric exploite for a comparison; and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle aptly remarks : writer in fiction would dare to fasten such an achievement on any of his characters." And there is something else to be certainly added. When a newspaper man last week sought out the remote cottage of Sergeant O'Leary's parents near Macroom, Co. Cork, the first remark of his mother upon being accosted with the news of her son's fame, was-"Glory be to God !"

Another Irish recipient of the Victoria Cross is Drummer William Kenny, of 2nd Battalion Gordon Highlanders, who distinguished himself by he rescue of wounded men near Ypres on October 23 last, and previ ously by twice saving machine guns from capture by carrying them o action. The drummer's parents live at Drogheda, and he is himself, invalided with a broken wrist, in hospital at Newton Abbot. He, too, has the simplest of tales to tell "There were men lying about wounded, and I simply brought them in. The Maxims had to be fetched, and I did it—that's all." And a third, Sergeant John Hogan, Manchester Sergeant was personally decorated by the King at Buckingham Palace last Saturday with the Victoria Cross, earned by his gallantry last October nstances already recorded in

our columns. We have, besides, the satisfaction Bugapestiles open perors nim. There to note the names of some 50 Catho may be no need to lop off the lic officers to whom mention is extremities if a stroke can be aimed at the heart. Perhaps the most serious feature of distinguished being, in many cases, levery Catholic school has now its the severe, who were on strike for the lives for the lives for the lives for the lives for the sake of their country's cause.

Every Catholic school has now its the severs, who were on strike for the lives for the l

missionary career preached in many sities and towns of Canada. In its sesential features the life of Father Pardow did not differ from that of the average Jesuit missionary, and there average Jesuit missionary, and there is never a Jesuit missionary career preached in many that care yellows of the verywhere in some distinction. It is also the recipients of honours we have duly specified. Beginning with the chaplains, to whose constancy in bedded in the ice. The floods of spring will come down to the plains of the recipients of honours we have duly specified. Beginning with the chaplains, to whose constancy in bedded in the ice. The floods of spring will come down to the plains of the recipients of honours we have duly specified. Beginning with the chaplains, to whose constancy in bedded in the ice. The floods of the recipients of honours we have duly specified. Beginning with the chaplains, to whose constancy in bedded in the ice. The floods of the recipients of honours we have duly specified. Beginning with the chaplains, to whose constancy in bedded in the ice. The floods of the recipients of honours we have duly specified. Beginning with the chaplains, to whose constancy in bedded in the ice. The floods of the recipients of honours we have duly specified. Beginning with the chaplains, to whose constancy in bedded in the ice. The floods of the recipients of honours we have duly specified. Beginning with the chaplains, to whose constancy in bedded in the ice. The floods of the recipients of honours we have duly specified. Wilfrid's College, Oakamoor, and St. Edmund's College, Ware), and Father Bernard Stephen Rawlinson (Downside.) Under the heading, "General Headquarters Staff, &c." the following are also mentioned: Major-General E. S. Bulfin, C.V.O., C.B. (Stonyhurst.) already promoted for distinguished conduct in the field; Captain Patrick R. Butler, Royal Irish Regiment (Weybridge and Stony hurst,) son of the late Sir William Butler ; Captain Wilfrid F. S. Casson Indian Army (St. Edmund's), son of Lieut-Colonel B. T. Casson; Lieut. Colonel Nicholas C. Ferguson, C.M.G. (Clongowes), son of the late Judge Ferguson, of Garryduff, Co. Limerick; Lieut Colonel Alastair F. Gordon D.S.O., Gordon Highlanders; Lieut James F. Harter, Royal Fusiliers. A.D.C. (Beaumont,) son of Mr. Charles Beard Harter; Captain Walter J Maxwell Scott, Cameronians (Stony hurst), awarded the D. S. O. ; Captain Rudolph C. Mayne, A. S. C., A. D. C. Rudolph C. Mayne, A. S. C., A. D. C. (Beaumont and Stonyhurst) son of Captain Jasper Mayne; Captain F. C. O'Rorke, F.R.C.V.S. Captain W. H. E. Segrave, D.S.O. (Beaumont), son of the late Captain W. F. Segrave; Major Henry Alexander Walker, Royal Fueiliers (Weybridge), son of Lieut. Colonel E. Walker; and Brigadier General G. M. W. Macdonogh, F. (Reaumont), who is created a R. E. (Beaumont,) who is created a C. B. The aforenamed Lieut. Harter has, besides, been awarded the Mili-

The following names occur in the

tary Cross.

section of the Dispatch devoted to regimental officers: Major Daniel Brady, R. E.; Lieut. Vyvian A. C. Clery, K. E. (Downside), son of Sur-geon-General Clery; Lieut. Colonel H. F. H. Clifford, commanding 2nd Suffolk Regiment (Woburn), second son of the late General the Hon. Sir Henry Hugh Clifford, V. C., and now awarded the D. S. O.; Lieut Colonel R. J. Copeland, M. B., R. A. M. C. Clongowes); Captain Edward R. L. Corballis, Royal Flying Corps (Stony hurst); Captain J. A. F. Cuffe, R. M. L. I. and Intelligence Corps, son of the late Mr. Lawrence Cuffe ; Lieut. W. St. J. Coventry; Colonel C. Dalton, R. A. M. C. (R. I. P.); Captain Charles E. de la Pasture, Scots Guards (Down side), nephew of Father de la Pas ture, S. J.; Captain Dunne, D. S. O. R. A. M. C.; Captain Patrick Dwyer M. B., R. A. M. C.: Lieut. Viscount Fielding, D. S. O., Coldstream Guarde, (Oratory School); Major the Hon. Donald A. Forbes, M. V. O., R. F. A. (Oratory); Captain Charles Vincent Fox, D. S. O., Scots Guards (Clongowes), son of the late Captain Fox of Glenageary, Co. Dublin; Lieut. E. Freeman, R. A. M. C. (Clongowes) Lieut. James Roche Kelly, South Irish Horse (Stoneyhurst); Major J. W. Leake, R. A. M. C. (St. Edmund's); Lieut J. A. Liddell, also awarded the Military Cross; Lieut. Cuth-bert H. Liddell, Fifteenth Hussars (Stonyhurst); Captain William Francis Mary Loughnan, R. A. M. C., who is awarded the Military Cross; Captain Thomas J. Leahy, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, awarded the Military Cross; Lieut. Herbert F. C. McSwiney, In-dian Army, awarded the Military Cross; Captain John Victor Macart-Leinster Regiment (St. Edmund's,) the Military Cross; Captain Vartin J. Minogue, East Surrey Regiment, Military Cross; Second Lieut.
M. Murphy, Royal Welch Fusiliers;
Captain J. F. Murphy, M.B., R.A.M.C. (Clongowes), the Military Cross; Colonel T. J. O'Donnell, Clongowes), promoted to Surgeon. (Clongowes), promoted to Surgeon-General; Captain John Joseph O'Keete, M. B., R. A. M. C. (Clon-gowes); Lieut-Colonel Cecil E. Pereira, Coldstream Guards (Oratory) (brother of Father Pereirs), and promoted to Brevet Colonel; Major William Martin Power, R. A. M. C.; Lieut-Colonel H. J. Roche, Indian Army Stonyhurst), son of the late Captain C.P. Roche, of Ballyagran, and created a C.B.; Lt. J. H. A. Ryan, King's Liverpool Regiment (Downside), the Military Cross; Captain Patrick Sampson, D. S. O., R. A. M. C., son of Captain George D Sampson; Lieut. Colonel Denis D. Shanahan, R, A. M. C.; Major Henry Sidney, Northumberland Hussars (Stonyhurst), son of the late Henry Sidney, of Cowpen Hall; Lieut. William A. Silvertop, 20th Hussars (Oratory), awarded the Military Cross; Major Michael J. J. Sweetman, Wor cester Regiment (Downside); and Captain Percy R. Worrall, Devonshire Regiment, awarded also the Military Cross. To these names should be added that of Corporal

R. B. Hawes, who enlisted on the outbreak of the war. Lieut. William Philip Henry Rushprooke, Northumberland Fusiliere, whose name is to be noted among the wounded casualties published during the week, is the eldest son of during the week, is the eldest son of Captain W. H. Rushbrooke, of Cos ford, Thursley, and Whitspoint, Queenstown. On the same list is the name of Lieut. T. D. Murray (Beaumont and Stonyhurst); and another old Stonyhurst boy, Flight Sub Lieut. T. J. Spencer has been reported 'missing' since the air raid on February 17th.

WONDERFUL RECORD OF THE ORATORY

We tell above of the generous recognition which Sir John French has made of the services rendered by Catholic soldiers at the front. It a wonderful record, and fitly supplements the lists published in this

Roll of Honour, but none surely has done so well as the Oratory. And Old Oratorian," in a letter to the Times, tells us that at an outside stimate there may be 480 Oratory nen between the ages of 18 and 40. Of hese, 250 have served or are serving in the Army or Navy. Sixteen have been killed at the front or have died of wounds, and twenty more have been wounded. is, perhaps, more remarkable is that no fewer than seven Old Oratorians are in command of battalions; while one, George Morris, of the Irish Guards, was killed while in command. If you take the average number of boys at the school as fifty six. it means that there is one colonel in school-an almost unbelievable ratio. It is also curious that in Mr. Arthur Pollen and Mr. Hilaire Belloc the Oratory has produced two of the best naval and military critics of the

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

CARDINAL GIBBONS AND MR. J. REDMOND, M. P.

Mr. Redmond's eloquent call to his countrymen for loyal support of Eng-land and her Allies in the war has evoked the warmest praise from Cardinal Gibbons in a letter to him dated February 7:

I wish to tell you of my lively recollection of your courteous atten-tion to me when I was abroad, and of my admiration and gratification when you proved your sterling loyalty by urging your fellow countrymen to support their government in the crisis through which it was passing. Your words were most timely and golden, and have added immeasurably to the esteem in which you are held by right thinking men."

THE BELGIAN MINISTER OF JUSTICE

In a preface to a book founded or the reports of the Belgian Commis-sion on German atrocities entitled "Les Barbares en Belgique," by M. Pierre Nothamb, M. Carton de Wiart, Belgian Minister of Justice, points out that Belgium, "crucified for its honor, must cry aloud the truth, not so much seeking pity as in demand of justice." He proceeds (we quote from the translation given by the

Daily Telegraph):
"Justice!" At the mere mention of the word I hear again the bitter protestations and the sarcasms. say the honest people whose hearths have been destroyed whose families have been over whelmed in the tempest, who see the insolent occupation of our towns and villages. "Justice. What an empty mockery!" "Justice!" A great Power which, in agreement with other Powers, exacted that Belgium should be permanently neutral brus quely demanded that we should vio ate our neutrality for its benefit and against its co signatories. It assumed the duty of a guarantor; then it foully leaped at our throat. Has history ever seen a more flagrant perjury? Not without cynicism the terman Empire admitted it, by the voice of its Chancellor, on August 4, 1914, in the Reichstag. And in the face of such a crime, what have table of such a brind, what have they said, those States which solemnly subscribed Article I of one of the Hague Conventions, "The territory of neutral Powers shall not be vio-

A CATALOGUE OF CRIMES M. Carton de Wiart then goes on to by the Germans in deflance of inter-

national law and conventions : 'Nor in this alone" (they say has justice been manifestly and impunity outraged. An agreement also came to at The Hague by these States, under the title of 'Laws and Customs of Land War,' laid down certain imperative rules as a minimum of the demands imposed on belligerents by respect for human life and the property of others. Of all these stipulations there is not one in regard to which the disregard of the Germans has not been clearly estab-lished. Hardly had their armies forced our territory ere they plunged into pillage, massacre, and violation. Their proclamations, signed by military or civil authority, raised up a whole system of atrocious collective punishments. In thousands, non-combatants, among them priests, old men, women, and children, were shot or tortured. In thousands others were deported to Germany. Without any strategical necessity, undeended towns were bombarded, world famous shrines, scientific and charit able institutions, wonders of art were annihilated. Theft was organized on a great scale, as a programme. That is not war, any more than an assassin ation is a duel. It is a frightful accumulation of crimes against common justice, of bloody atrocities. In face of these crimes, what have they said and done, the States whose laborious agreement is thus set at nought? What official voice has been raised in protest? 'Rights of Vations,' 'Laws of War,' 'Natural Right'—what is the use of these high sounding words unless it be to dope the weak, and enable the strong to invoke them, whenever they find it of advantage?"

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P., AND THE STRIKERS

No one has done better service than Mr. T. P. O'Connor, in the labour troubles which are at present afflict-

estoration of their principle of " subout the men's consent. At a meeting at St. Martin's Hall Mr. O'Connor made an appeal to 2 000 of the men. The Daily Telegraph correspondent thus describes what happened:

There ensued a keen combat be

tween a powerful, argumentative, and

impassioned speaker on the one side and a determined body of men, who were prepared to sacrifice their patriotism rather than abandon their position. Mr. O'Connor for over an hour appealed to the men to be patriots, and put the nation's great need before their own personal griev-, and put the nation's great ance. He pointed out that this was a war for freedom and democracy, and yet the strikers by their action were delivering a blow at democracy, the effects of which would be felt for many generations. In a dramati passage he declared that the strike had held coal from British Dreadnoughts and food and ammunition from the soldiers on the battlefield. The speech did not instantly win There was some dissatisfaction when the chairman, Alderman Hartford, put to the meeting a reso lution to return to work at once and leave the question of "subbing" open to be raised at a more opportune noment. The meeting became un ruly, and it appeared as though the effort at peace was to fail. Mr. O'Connor leaped to his feet again to reply to an exclamation that the ships had been held up by the ship-owners. "What is the use of talking such nonsense," he declared, "when the agreement by which the ship-owners are abiding was signed by your own representatives?" From this point the tide of feeling changed in the peacemaker's favor, and when the resolution was put three-fourths of the strikers put up their hands in support. "May I take that as unanisupport. mous?" the chairman asked, and a deafening chorus of "Yes" came ack in answer. The meeting broke up in perfect barmony, the men evi being jubilant at a way out of their difficulty having been found for hem. They returned to work on Friday morning.

MGR. WACHTER AND AN ALLEGED SERMON

The Westminster Catholic Federa tion has received the following letter from Mgr. de Wachter, Bishop Auxiliary of Malines, concerning the report of a sermon preached by an unnamed Belgian priest :

attention has recently been called, by the Westminster Catholic Federation, to a sermon alleged to have been preached by a Belgian priest, advocating a certain course of conduct to Belgian women who had been the victims of German excesses of a terrible type. I beg to state that and, as all Catholics know, is entirely opposed to Catholic teaching.

OUR CATHOLIC SOLDIERS IN THE

A Protestant soldier of the Devons, who had been through the trenches at the front, has borne testimony to the excellent religious feeling prevailing among the Tommies trenches. He related how he saw the Rosary being recited by Catholics, and referred to the visits of the chaplain, when the soldiers made their confessions in the trenches. The next day, when all was perhaps quiet for a short time, the Catholic would go out and receive Holy Communion.

> Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD THE EMPTY TOMB

Far in a peaceful olive g

works more grand By great creative genius have been planned But yet has sculptured artistry ne'er wrought

The painter's brush, the poet's pregnant pen,

Have limned its beauty for the eyes of men; And from the pulpits of a thousand

fanes. are echoing still the soul stirring refrains Of Alleluins heard that joyous morn That crowned the wonder of the

Babe new born. This monument that in the garden

Man's judgment and man's estimate denies; Silent, it preaches mightily of Faith That Life's sure way lies through the gate of Death;

That Calvary's cross doth ever point the way Unto the glory of the Easter Day.

All human kind for nigh two thousand years, looked to it through mists of blinding tears; And hopeless hearts have learned to

hope again; And bleeding hands have grasped the cross of pain; So down the ages to the crack of

doom mankind kneel before the Empty Tomb. -Rev. D. A. Casey, "Columba" Easter, 1915.

Between God and good men there exists a friendship of which virtue is the tie. What am I saying—a friendship? It is rather an affinity and a resemblance, since the good man differs from God only in the length of existence; he is His dis-ciple, His imitator, His true son.— Seneca.

PRIESTS ARRIVE IN NEW YORK

Seven priests who said they had been driven from Mexico by Carranza, reached New York on the steamer Montevideo. When they reached there the priests were clad in rags.

They said they were the last of a group of twenty-two sent to Vera

Cruz by Carranza and ordered to leave Mexico. In this group were German, French, Italian and Spanish The twenty two priests, they said and others, numbering 150 altogether were summoned by General Obregor City, and ordered to raise \$500 000 as

a tax. When they replied they could not, they were told they would have to do so or leave the country.

The priests said they were locked in the palace all night. Food was sent to them from the outside, and they slept on the stone floor of the building. The next morning diplomatic representatives demanded thei release. The demand was acceded to on condition that the priests leave the country. A special train was pulled into the Buena Vista station, nd on this the priests were ordered Having no military escort many lef the train at way stations, By the time it reached Vera Cruz only eleven of the party of twenty-two were left. Four of these failed to appear on shipboard and the other seven were assigned places in the they would remain here; the others expect to leave on the Montevideo for Barcelona, Spain. - Intermountain

RELIGION IS LOVE, NOT BUSINESS

In a sermon delivered at the be ginning of the year Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., had this to say about the manner in which we should approach God in prayer:
"Some ask me, when I urge them

to pray, 'What is the use of praying when God is omniscient? He knows 'What is the use of praying what you want before you ask. What a waste of time, then, is prayer.' Because God knows what you want that is the reason why He set up the great reservoirs of grace on Calvary. Religion is not a business transaction, but a love affair between your Saviour and your soul. Now with the object of your affection as simply to make the statement, love you and that's the end of it. f you really love Our Lord you will tell Him again and again of your de votedness. Take a young man making love to the girl whom he wants to make the queen of his heart, and the mistress of his home. Does he say, 'I want to marry you;' and there is nothing more to be said in the matter. Just say 'Yes' or 'No.' Does he not, on the contrary, assure her that he even worships the ground on which she treads?—there is a great deal of ground worshiped nowadays. If he were to say, in answer to her love pleadings 'I told you on a post card that I loved you, and did I not con-firm it on the telephone, and go to the expense of a telegram?' the poor girl would be broken-hearted. Love emands unreasonable assurances of

Christ ceased to be human pecause He is two thousand years as man? He is the same Man to day as He was when He walked this earth. He still notices any slight, and is as much hurt by it as He is pleased by a kindly act. Some people say to me, Father, I can pray when there is good music; I can nearly always pray

Mrs. J. McDonald, Almonte. Mrs. Sheeban, Almonte..... The proudest monument that mortal in the Cathedral, sometimes at the Mrs. J. Sullivan, Almonte... eyes
Have e'er beheld. 'Tis true that Farm street, but it is the music that Mrs. C. Sullivan, Almonte... sets my soul going, and keeps it at-tuned to prayer. But when the sing-ing is as bad as the preaching is dull M. P. O..... -well, whrt can you expect? We Miss F. Regan, Toronto...... must not depend upon the music, Rev. M. J. Jeffcott, Colgan... feelings. You can never rely upon You have to face other music, Miss Shanahan, Victoria

Is Our Lord different? Has Jesus

affection.

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with no music, exclaiming 'My God and my All; St Francis Xavier go about his little cell saying, 'More love, more love. St. Teresa could cry out day and night, 'I would suffer and die for You if only I could love You as I ought.' Not grand prayers but simple, childlike prayers are the prayers that count. Are not all the great servants of God childlike, pouring out their little love ejaculations. pressing lovingly their medals, kissing their pictures, embracing their crucifixes? hands upon their breasts, just saying, 'I love You, O my dear Lord, in-deed I love You.' Jesus is satisfied with such prayers. Does He say, 'I do not see much mind in your prayers?' No, but He sees heart in them, and He is human enough to care as little about the mind as He cares much about the heart. Clever people are as uninteresting to Him as to us; simple hearts, broken hearts, humble hearts entrance Him .- St. Paul Bulletin.

THE CHURCH'S CALL

Do let us understand this: The Church's call to obedience is no invitation to take our stand in the ranks of ignorance, but to resist the most destructive of all ignorance. God knows all things, and it is on His side that she asks us to be. He has brought us into His citadel of life and peace. . . Are we to jump overboard from Peter's ship of safety because a man comes drifting by on a bobbing plank he has found for himself in the waste of waters?-John Ayscough.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE

Taichowfu, China, June 7, 1914 Dear Mr. Coffey,—When I cannot here two years ago I only had five catechists, now I have twenty. one. I owe this rapid progress principally to my dear friends of the CATHOLIC RECORD. God bless them and your worthy paper !

It takes about \$50 a year to sugport a catechist and for every suck sum I receive I will place a man in a new district to open it up to the Faith. During the past lew months I have opened up quite a number of new places and the neophytes are very pious and eager for baptism You will appreciate the value of my catechists when I tell that I baptized eighty-five adults since the beginning of the year as a result of their work. I have even brighter hopes for the future if only my friends abroad will continue to back me up financially. J. M. FRASBE.

Previously acknowledged \$5,171 28 In honor of St. Joseph..... Mary Connelly, Brantford... E. A. Malloy, Toronto...... 5 20 1 00 1 00 50 00 A. O'B , Joggins Mines..... 15 00

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. PEPPERT EASTER SUNDAY

" He is risen, He is not here." (Mark xvi, 6) Not only to the pious women who went out to embalm the body of Jesus, but also to us and to the whole world did the angel beside the empty tomb announce tidings of the utmost foy: "He is risen, He is not here."
These words are in perfect harmony
with those sung by the angels at our
Lord's birth: "Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will." By His resurrec-tion Jesus proved that it was really He, Who, for God's honor and peace amongst men, had offered on the Cross the great sacrifice of atone ment—that He was indeed the Redeemer. His resurrection was the seal of our redemption, and there-fore Easter is the great festival when benefits that we owe to it. "With Him is plentiful redemption"; —these words in the psalm are true to day
of our Lord. When He rose, He
showed that death had no power
over Him; His resurrection was a triumph over death. Death had come into the world through the devil's malice, because men by sin had put themselves in the power of the evil one; and Jesus, by conquer-ing death, conquered also the devil, who had power over it, and thus by His death He really delivered us from the power of the devil and from the dominion of sin. As St. Paul says, He blotted out the hand writing of the decree against us, fastening it to the Cross (Cf. Col. ii, 14). In His own Blood He washed away our sins, and He suffered both for our sins and for those of the whole world.

Through our Lord's infinite merits, men are now again admitted to be friends and children of God, and to heaven. Hence the angel's words: "He is risen" remind us that we ought not to let His resurrection be in vain, as far as we are concerned, but we must take part in His redemp. tion, and lead good lives in future after cleaning our souls from sin by penance. In this way only shall we show true gratitude to Jesus for His resurrection, and in this way only will believe, now and for ever, and will it be really Easter, not only in thus we shall reach heaven, our final resurrection, and in this way only the Church, but also in our hearts. Jesus, having conquered death and the devil, through His infinite merits has power to help us in our long struggle against sin and evil.

In thought stand by the empty tomb whenever the tempter whispers to you: "It is too hard for weak mortals to avoid this or that sin." Your Saviour, Who once lay in the tomb, is with you, if you earnestly desire it, and ready to give you strength. Nothing that He asks can be too hard for those whom He redeemed, since He died in order to obtain for them the powerful assist. ance of God.

A pagan may say it is too hard to do right, because his religion gives him no help ; an unbeliever may say it is too hard, because his intellect. though he may value it very highly, is unable to withstand the fury of his it is too hard when he is called upon to obey Christ's commandments with

His Redeemer's help.

Ask all the saints, who relied so firmly upon their risen Saviour, what would have been too hard for them. would have been too hard for them. The world is amazed at their virtues, which in a heathen age would have been deemed unattainable; they accomplished what appeared to be far beyond the power of mankind, and led an angelic life in their Saviour's

We are told that our Lord's tomb was in a garden, and from the moment when it was opened, blossoms and fruits, virtues and good works. such as had never been seen before, have abounded on earth. Christ has redeemed us, too; let us, too, be willredeemed us, too; let us, too, be while ing to be guided by His grace; let us thankfully, by His assistance, prac-tise virtue and good works, and not surrender to cowardice, lukewarm-ness and indolence under the pre-text that what He requires is too hard. He has risen and redeemed us; He has proved by His resurrection that His doctrine is true, for again and again He foretold to His disciples that He would rise again, but they did not understand Him, for His words were hard to comprehend. Therefore, He proved that the hardwas true, thus proving the truth of all the rest. Like a bright light this doctrine flashes forth over the whole world from the tomb of our risen Lord, and what was its effect? It swept away all the superstitions of idolatry, all the horrors by means of which men thought to honor their false gods; Christ's teaching was for all mankind; it was not restricted to a few favored individuals ; even a very ignorant Catholic knows more about God and our salvation than hundreds of learned men would have known in pagan times. The life of whole nations is permeated by the doctrines of Christianity, their moral standard has been raised, their modes of the control of the co of thought changed, and their ideas and actions sauctified. So deep was the impression made upon the whole of civilized existence by the doctrines of our own risen Lord, that at the present time those who in their ingratitude refuse to believe in Him are nevertheless, without being aware of it, influenced by His Spirit. Whatever good they do, or teach, is due to Christianity, without which they would never have known many truths

WORLD'S **GREATEST KIDNEY** REMEDY

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"Fruit-a-tives" cures weak, sore, aching Kidneys, not only because it strengthens these organs but also because "Fruit-a-tives" opens the bowels, sweetens the stomach and stimulates the action of the skin.

"Fruit-a-tives" is sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited,

agreement with our passions, or to interpret them according to our perverse minds; what He taught, we

Jesus is risen, He has redeemed us and so we are destined for heaven. What encouragement does this truth contain! Without it life would, indeed, be cold and hopeless. With-out redemption we should not know why we were sent into this world to undergo so many troubles during our short span of life, nor why we should be encompassed on all sides with sorrows. Life has no meaning for one who does not believe in the redemption, but in its light lite appears full of significance and im-portance. In the light of the redemption we see that life is the narrow way, often painful and perplexing leading up to heaven, if we are guided by the hand of our risen Saviour. We were created not for this brief life on earth, but for eternity, to which we may attain through Jesus Christ. Let us therefore thank Him to day for all the graces of redemp-tion, that He ratified by His Resurrection. Let us avoid sin, resolving firmly to do what is right and faith fully to follow out His teaching. Let us live, not for earth, but for heaven. This should be our thankoffering to Him to-day on the feast of His Resurrection, our thankoffering for His abundant redemption. Amen.

TEMPERANCE

PRISONERS AGAINST BOOZE

Below we quote at length from a article which recently appeared in the Philadelphia North American, entitled, "What Prison Papers Are Saying." We think the article needs no comment :

From the human interest viewpoint, the most impressive feature of these prison papers is that part con-tributed by convicts in signed articles or letters to the editor. With few exceptions, the widest latitude of free speech is permitted the writers, and we are informed by several editors that no attempt is made to influence the selection or treatment of sub-

This being the case, it is significant to note the frequency with which liquor is discussed. In a recent issue of the Umpire, published in our own Eastern Penitentiary, were two letters dealing with this topic. One written by "B 6591," concluded as follows:

"Seventy per cent. of crime is attributed to drink. Why not make an effort to 'burn our bridges' and cut off the principal cause of our being here? A petition signed by 1,400 men and women in this place would carry more weight and be ten times as effective as any petition signed by a similar number of people on the

"Liquor is the cause of 70 per cent. of us being here. It is the cause of 85 per cent. of parole violations. Let us add our little weight to the temperance cause, as a selfish pre-cautionary measure, if for no higher

The other is signed "B 6491," and is more of a confession. He says:

" Many men to-day are social out casts through the use of liquor. It was the cornerstone of my undoing. would never have known many truths that they regard as matters of intellect.

Let us thank our risen Saviour for His teaching and for the precious gift of redemption. Let us beware of trying to bring His doctrines into

'Lobster,' went to a warm bed, and good victuals, a cozy home and a loving wife, taking with him the earnings of a poor man. It was the cause of leading me often to beggary. It is causing men to go to jails for villainy. It is a wife's woe and children's sorrow to neglect. It makes a self murderer out of a man who drinks to another's 'Good health,' and robs him of his own."

We think neither of these needs we think neither of these needs comment. Men in prison usually have time to ponder the real mean-ing of their situation. Love of liberty may have led them to com-promise with facts prior to convic-tion and sentence, but confinement brings them face to face with basic depend upon the Easter date. That the Apostolic Fathers do not mention

The Better Citizen, published by the inmates of the New Jersey Re-form School in Rahway, prints this editorial: An exchange says that "alcohol

An exchange says that "alcohol will remove stains from summer clothes." The exchange is right. It will also remove the summer clothes, and the summer, also the spring, the autumn and winter clothes, not only from the one who drinks it, but from the wife and family as well. It will remove the household furniture, the eatables from the pantry, the smiles from the face of his wife, the laugh from the innocent lips of his laugh from the innocent lips of his children and the happiness out of his home. As a remover of things alcohol has no equal.

A WORSE TASKMASTER THAN PHARAOH

An Ohio saloon keeper once stood in front of his saloon early in the morning; he was watching the long line of laborers filing past on their way to work. Turning to a man at his side, he said: "Those men are going to work for me to-day." The other asked him to explain. "Well," other asked him to explain. "Well," replied the salcon-keeper," to night they will come in my place and spend almost all they made during the day, so, practically, they work for me."

Those words were only too truthful. May God hasten the day when the laborers will work for their families instead of the salcon-keepers, which will be when the salcon evil Cesi Chapel, and other men of renown

which will be when the saloon evil is wiped out .- St. Paul Bulletin.

CUSTOMS PECULIAR TO EASTER

The Catholic Encyclopaedia devotes a portion of its lengthy article entitled "Easter" to an account of those customs which were psculiar to the festum festorum, or greatest feast of the year, as Leo I. called it. How many Catholics, one wonders, have heard of the Paschal Laugh (risus paschalis)? This custom originated in Catholic Bavaria in the fifteenth century. The priest incorporated in his Paschal sermon several funny stories which would cause his hearers to laugh, as, for example, a story going to show how the devil tried to keep the doors of hell against the descending Christ. From this story the preacher would proceed to draw a moral. custom gave rise to many abuses and was prohibited by several Pontiffs. Common though it is, the origin of

the Easter egg is not generally known. It is to be traced to the fact that since eggs were forbidden during Lent, they were brought to the table on Easter morning colored red in token of Easter joy. The egg is the emblem of the germinating life of Spring. The "egg season," as cele-brating the return of Spring, was known to the pagan ancients. In France Easter handball was an amusement of this season, the ball representing the Sun which is be-lieved to take three leaps in rising and monks, after the strict discipline of Lent, used to play ball during Easter week, and this was called 'libertas decembrica," because formerly in December the masters used to play ball with their servants, maids and shepherds. In England the ball game was a hardy annual, and in Norfolk the custom was kept up, until recent years, twelve old women meeting yearly to keep up the practice in a ball alley at Bury St.

Edmunds. More strange is the fact that on Easter Monday the women had a right to strike their husbands, though on Tuesday the husbands though on Tuesday the husbands struck their wives—a gentle tap, presumably,—in order to re assert their right. In the month of December, it may be remembered, there was set aside a day in olden times, upon which servants were allowed with impunity to scold their masters. In the Neumark (Germany) the men servants whip the maid servants on Easter Day, and the maids return the "compliment" on the day after. Easter Fire is, of course, still com-monly lighted in many countries. To comply with the proper practice, the fire is lighted by the friction of newly cut wood rubbed together. The Church adopts this practice in the Easter service, when, on Holy Saturday, the new fire is drawn from the completing the Resurrection of flint symbolizing the Resurrection of the Light of the World from the tomb closed by a rock.

In both the Eastern and the Latin Churches, it is customary to have those victuals which were prohibited during Lent blessed by the priests before eating them on Easter Day, especially meat, eggs, butter and cheese. On the eve of Easter, the homes are blessed in memory of the

viciting Cardinal being, however, blessed by the Pope himself.

Easter, as we have mentioned, is the principal feast of the ecclesiastical year, and Leo I. described Christ-

who writes in the Encyclopaedia. The connexion between the Jewish

Jewish Easter .- N. Y. Freeman's

OUR LADY OF PEACE

"All the people of Rome, the popolino, the little people who live in the narrow streets, are praying for peace," says the paper that takes

its name from the city of Popes. Our Lady of Victories has her shrine

Cesi Chapel, and other men of renown

have left traces of their genius in sculpture and architecture. "It is also the 'title' of a cardinal, and the

was crowded for three days with

most other things in Rome the

when she had restored peace among Christian princes, he would build a

fitting church, on the spot.

The prayer was granted, the Pope

kept his word, and at long intervals

Another crisis came, when Alex-

Lady of Peace, that a war, devastat-

IV. and Alexander VII., and under-

neath them you read two beautiful

Journal.

invocations to peace. This, too, is why the priests of Rome who have a traditional and special devotion to the Church of Our Lady of Peace, organized the triduum there this week, and the Holy Father granted many spiritual privileges for the occasion, and the people flocked thither in such numbers that the church could not contain one court mas as being celebrated only in pre-paration for Baster. It is the center of the greater part of the ecclesias-tical year. The order of Sundays from Septuagesima to the last church could not contain one fourth Sunday after Pentecost, the feast of them. the Ascension, Pentecost, Corpus Christi, and all other movable feasts

THE ROSARY OF THE REGIMENT

it, and that we first hear of it prin-cipally through the controversy of This is a true narrative, the events the Quartodecimans are purely accidental, says Frederick Holweek, of which are of recent date, says the Orphan's Friend. The hero was s young soldier of the infantry who went by the name of the "Little Angel." It was whispered around the barracks that the "Little Angel" Passover and the Christian feast of Easter is real and ideal. Real, since Christ died on the first Jewish Easter Day; ideal like the relation had a Rosary. Some of those who had seen it said that "It was an between type and reality, because Christ's Death and Resurrection had enormous concern, long as the girdle of a monk and with beads the size of its figures and types in the Old Law, particularly in the Paschal Lamb the colonel's plume."
On one occasion more than 200 which was eaten on the evening of the 14th of Nisan, the 15th being the

man jesting and mocking him at the expense of his Rosary. "Let us see it, young fire eater," said one. "He thinks he can hang the whole regiment with that chain of his," shouted another. "You're wrong," said a third. "It's a new fashioned necklace he wants to introduce."

So it continued. Now, what do you think he did? Did he break out in explosive abuse, as young men usually do? Or did he want the insult wiped out on the field of honor? He did neither. He quietly drew the Rosary from

in the high part of the city, and the people are proud of its beauties and treasures. But Our Lady of Peace has a special place in their hearts. Her shrine is down in the maze of his pocket — an ordinary cheap Rosary which had seen much serv-ice in his keeping, and, holding it up mediaval streets in the lower part in both hands, said:
"There now, you see my Rosary

Would you like to measure it?" Not a jeer was returned. One turned his head away; the rest looked at the sacred sign of our holy religion. Who knows what memor

CAN BE SAVED AND CURED OF DRINK

Good News to Mothers, Wives. Sisters

portrait of Cardinal Logue stands over the apse, side by side with that of Benedict XV," Rome tells us, adding: "This week (Jan. 11-16) it To have seen one you love, going down this road to ruin, and to have heard him try to laugh and joke away your fears, while you watched the drink habit fasten on him; is to have known suffering and to have borne a sorrow to which physical pain is nothing. And when at last he comes to that turn in the road that sooner or later must Romans praying to Our Lady for peace for a warring world, and like And when at last he comes to that turn in the road that, sooner or later must come, and wakes to the fact that he is a slave to the drink you think everything will come right. He will fight the habit and you will help him escape it; but he can not do it. Drink has undermined his constitution, inflamed his stomach and nerves until the craving must be satisfied. And after you have heared and then despaired more times reason for this had its roots in his-Away back in the fifteenth century, when Pope Sixtus IV. was on the Papal throne, all Italy was torn with sedition and strife. The Holy Father turned to Our Lady for help, begging her to aid him in securing peace. Among her many shrines in Rome was a very humble one in a little old church that was known as hoped and then despaired more times than you can count you realize that he must be helped. The diseased condition of the stomach and nerves must be cured St. Andrew of the Water Carriers, and there Sixtus IV. made his way in solemn procession to pray at Our Lady's feet, and to promise her, that

of the stomach and nerves must be cured by something that will soothe the inflamed stomach and quiet the shaking nerves, removing all taste for liquor,

My marvellous remedy—Samaris Prescription—has done this for hundreds of cases in Canada. It can be given with or without the patient's knowledge as it is tasteless and odorless and quickly dissolves in liquid or food. Read what it did for Mrs. G. of Vancouver:

"I was so anxious to get my husband cured that I went up to Harrison's Drug Store and got your Remedy there. I had no trouble giving it without his knowledge. I greatly thank you for all the peace and happiness that it has brought already into my home. The cost was nothing according to what he would spend in drinking. The curse of drink was putting me into my grave, but now I feel happy. May the Lord be with you and help you in curing the evil. I don't want my name published." of years, great Roman families engaged the highest talent to adorn the church. ander VII. ruled the See of Peter, and, like Sixtus, he besought Our ing Europe, might be ended. He wrote to all the Sovereigns asking them to lay down their arms, and

FREE-SEND NO MONEY once more Our Lady of Peace triumphed. In gratitude, Alexander I will send free trial package and booklet giving full particulars, testimon-ials, etc., to any sufferer or friend who ials, etc., to any sufferer or friend who wishes to help. Write to-day. Plain sealed package. Correspondence sacredly confidential. completed the decoration of the church. Rome says: This is why the facade is to day adorned with medallions of Sixtus

ies of home and mother, of the little village church, passed rapidly through the minds of those silent men? Only one voice was raised.

"That was sincere, my boy; that was well done." And the soldiers' mockery came to an end. No one can have too much courage, but courage displayed in the

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CHATS WITH YOUNG

EASTER

Easter should find every Catholic young man more determined than ever to be the master of his own body, not to be a slave to his passions, to control his carnal and sensual inclinations, and to live a free man. ns, and to live a free man with the freedom of a Christian in

e state of grace.
With fixed principles of pure mind and chaste conduct, with a firm reso-lution to avoid the occasions of sin with a resolute purpose to practice self-denial in order to cultivate the will power and to subjugate lawless nature, the young man who is anxious to be safe in the midst of temptations from within and without, will keep a

From Holy Communion he will draw strength. That is the source of the virtue of the saints. Christ is there. He loves young men, who for His sake, are sober, continent, willing to be hard on their body and to put it to pain, it necessary, in order to subdue it from its tendency to

They will look forward to a Christian marriage and will keep them-selves worthy of possessing a chaste wife by preserving the lily of their own purity, not simply in act, but also in thought, in imagination, in

deliberate desire.
God made us and His work is good. Let us keep ourselves, with His help, as He wants us to be, and before marriage and after marriage act like Christians.—Catholic Columbian.

HOME AND HAPPINESS

"Aw, come on; you can go home when you can't go any place else." The substance is there, whether the exact words are or not. How often has such an idiotic sentiment been expressed! Two or three young fellows, through work for the day, and with nothing to do until to-morrow, waste an evening when they might be cultivating a happiness more lasting than that stimulated by convivial comrades. How subversive is the sentiment, "You can go home when you can't go any. is that man making for himself, for his wife and his children if home is a place to go when there is no place

Of course, home is what it is made by the occupants. It need not be atial to be unhappy: it need not be an humble cottage to guarantee it against unkind words. Creature comforts are essential; there must shelter, heat, food and clothing. A few of the luxuries of life are not amiss. With these supplied, the rest of the home is a reflection of the character of the makers. It is a little world all by itself, which re-quires just as much thought and care as the most exacting problems at the office or shop. A successful home is even more necessary a successful business if happiness and contentment sought. It is in the home where the foundations are laid not only for the upbuilding of the individual, but of the very nation. It is there that interest in our fellow beings should begin; it is there that sympathy and smiles, love and endearing words, should foster interest in the family and in the struggles of the world

Certainly the man who seeks home only when there is no place else to go has not made a howling success of life—Intermountain Catholic.

HERE'S A EULOGY

"There was no dirty talk where he was." That was one of the words of praise that were uttered by the coffin of a young man the other day. One who knew him well uttered them. He couldn't bear to listen to any

thing impure and never hesitated to show that it offended him. He kept his own mind clean. To all women he was a high-minded gentleman. Instinctively they trusted him. The look out of his clear eyes was open and innocent. There were no bad thoughts back of those eyes. He influenced for good everyone who knew him. He avoided the occasions of sin. He was fond of innocent pleasure and was always cheerful. his gayety was not softness. He had the grit to fast in Lent and to get out of bed to go to Mass every morning. He was a practical Catholic. He went to Holy Communion often. But he made no parade of his virtues and only his intimate friends found him To others he was only a pleasant acquaintance, a neat, clean, ambitious, friendly, likeable fellow, who was noted for being choice in the company he kept. He will not feel ill at ease in the society of the

angels."
Wasn't that a splendid eulogy of the dead young man? -Columbian.

THE VISIT WOULD DO THEM GOOD

As to the "inspection of convents idea that now finds itself expressed in bills before several State legislatures, the Western Watchman remarks: "Let us have visits of State and municipal officers to our churches our convents and our schools. Let them come often and stay for prayers. Let them bring their wives and daughters along. But let them not overlook the collection box at the door. We know of nothing that would do curious, but honest Pro-

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

LUCILE'S EASTER LILY

LUCILE'S EASTER LILY

By Grace Strong

Lucile was a charming girl, but
those who knew her best found a
streak of selfishness in her which
they regretted. Loving her they
tried to excuse her by pointing out
that circumstances had conspired to
aid in its development. She had
lost her mother early in life, and
having only a father who spoiled and
petted her while a child and gave
her full sway over his life and home
when she was grown. She knew when she was grown. She knew nothing of the duties and responsi-bilities of life. In the practice of her religion she lived strictly by the letter and missed entirely the spirit

of its teaching.

If only something would happen, her friends thought, to rouse her good heart sufficiently to break the everhardening crust of selfishness Lucile would not be only more lovable but happier. She was given to bewailing the loneliness of her life, without a mother and sisters or brothers; and this complaining spirit was increasing as she grew older. Selfishness and melancholy are undesirable as life companions They are more powerful in driving

When Lent began this year, Lucile as usual, was one of its strictest ob servers. She sought no dispensation from the flesh, the weather was never too inclement to prevent her from attending the morning and evening services; and all evening services; and all social pleasures were rigorously avoided. The one diversion she permitted her-gelf was inspection of the shops; but that she felt was somewhat of a duty, for one owed it to others as well as to oneself to appear in new garb on the feast of the Resurrec-

A careful study of new styles and new materials, and many an earnest conversation with her dressmaker, had resulted in a selection of gown and hat that promised to be among the most beautiful St. —— church would witness on the swiftly advancing Easter morning. This morning Lucile had received her allowance from her father. In view of the change of seasons it had been made more liberal than usual, but as he gave it to her, he added a word of advice as to care in its expending, since times were still hard.

Lucile drank her coffee and at her regulation slice of thin bread; then hurried off to the 8:30 Mass. As she prayed, she tried to drive off the distracting thought of the pleasure ahead of her, when the sharp scissors of the clerk would give to her the dainty material she had selected, and the charming hat she had induced her milliner to set aside for her would repose in her own wardrobe.

After carefully performing her de

votions, Lucile left the church. She proceeded leisurely along the street The day was fair, with the hint of spring in the mellow sunshine. The sparrows appreciated this, and their twitter was gay. The homeless dog curled up against the wall where the sun fell, looked supremely contented. The poor human strays also looked less desolate, as they walked aim-lessly along, or stood on the street corners watching the hurrying crowds of the world's workers—the men who had found the places which the others had missed.

Lucile thought the city was ex-

ceedingly pleasant that morning, for we are apt to view the world through the spectacles of our own mood. As she was thus sauntering along, she heard a piping voice at her side say-

"Please lead me across the street."
Lucile turned her head, and saw a fragile little girl standing near the electric light pole. Dark, pathetic eyes were set in a pale, but very pretty face. An old thin shawl covered the thin form, hiding the patched and faded calico dress.
"You are big enough to cross the

street by yourself," said Lucile, who had rigid notions regarding the instillation of self-reliance in the hearts of the young.
"But I am blind," said the little

girl, sadly.

'Oh! forgive me!" cried Lucile, with swift sorrow, as she hurried to the child's side. She took the child's little hand in hers, and led her across the street; while the thought beat against her brain that all the fairness of the day was lost to this

helpless creature.
They reached the opposite side, but
Lucile did not relinquish the child's "Were you always blind?" asked

Lucile. "No, ma'am," said the child. "I could see until about two years ago.

The doctor says I could see again, if I could go to the hospital." "And why do you not?" asked

Lucile. "Why, you see, ma'am," said the child, turning her pathetic little face toward the speaker, "there is no one to work but mother. She has to go out every day and I have to stay with the baby."

"Is it possible," exclaimed Lucile, "that there is no neighbor who would take care of the baby for your

"No, ma'am," said the child.
"What selfish people!" she cried,
her heart burning with indignation.
"Even when they know they are de-

priving you of your eye sight ?" "Mother says people have troubles would do curious, but honest Proestants more good: the priests and
isters and children would be deghted to chaperone them through
Il the cloisters and underground pasages, including the 'Chamber of
Horrors,' which generally consists of
a poorly furnished larder."

"Mother says people have troubles
enough of their own and do not want
to have to share other's troubles,"
said the child. "But oh! I wish I
could see! I could be so much help
to mother." She has to work so hard,
and she is not strong and she says if
anything were to happen to her, she anything were to happen to her, she



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does not know what would become of me and little brother.

Unconsciously the child was leading Lucile into the wretched tenement district where she lived. Presently she stopped, and said:

"I am now home, ma'am, and I am much obliged to you for coming with

"I would like to go in and see your mother," said Lucile. The delighted child escorted her to the dark stairway and together they mounted the steps. The poverty, the distress of the situation overwhelmed Lucile. How could people live in such places The air seemed to stifle her, and she felt as if she should never free her clothes of the dirt that covered the place. The child's mother, in the patient way of the poor, repeated the story Lucile had earlier heard; and cate mother to the fragile pathetic child, Lucile's good heart took on strength sufficient to burst the bonds of selfishness.

In her purse lay money enough to free the child from this perpetual night, and lift the burden somewhat from the shoulders of the poor mother. But to do so meant the sacrifice of her spring outfit, meant the wearing on Easter Sunday and many a Sunday of last year's hat. many a Sunday of last year's hat. But the reflection did not cause her a moment's hesitation.

"Get the little girl ready, Mrs.
Mays," she said. She must go immediately to the hospital. These beautiful eyes must not be sacrificed

because of a few dollars.

Lucile, once engaged in a good cause, did not stop half way. After seeing the little girl in the hospital and promising to return in the morning to be with her during the operation, she went back to her mother. Mrs. May told her story. Her husband was dead, She had been well trained in housework, but or account of the children she could not take a place as housekeeper or cook; and had to earn her livelihood by cleaning during the day and wash.

Lucile thought of the inefficient service she was receiving from her ill-trained cook and maid, and she resolved to give this woman, whom none wanted on account of her children, a chance. There was plenty of room, she reflected, in the house for the children, and their presence would brighten its loneliness. So she engaged the surprised Mrs. Mays to come up as soon as her cook month was up; and then with the blessings of the widow showered

upon her Lucile horried away.

Little Lillian Mays had not kept silent regarding Lucile's goodness, and the physicians and nurses were kindly disposed toward her and came to look forward to her daily visits to her protege. Among the able than tolerance; former was one who was especially impressed by Lillian's story and the spirit of tolerance unites all the oftener young Dr. Lawton saw Lucile, the greater became his admiration

The operation was successful, and one joyous day, it was announced that the bandages might be removed on Easter Sunday. During Holy Week Mrs. Mays entered Lucile's service, and in the course of a few days, preparations began to be made

for the coming of little Lillian.
"Where, Lucile, did you get the money to do all this?" asked Lucile's father, as they walked home, arm inarm, from the early Mass on Easter

morning.
"You dear old daddy!" cried Lucile, "I think you need an operation on your eyes, too! Don't you recog-nize this hat and gown and don't you remember this is Easter Sun-

day?"
"Oh, I see!" he exclaimed, "you gave up your spring outfit! My sweet unselfish daughter! How like your mother in all things!"

'Oh, no daddy!" she cried. "I was selfish girl until God led me that



morning to meet blind Lillian. Sh was not only the one who gained sight, I have learned that observance is the mere shell of religion, and service for others its fruit. there is the carriage! Lillian has come home. Daddy I have invited Dr. Lawton to take breakfast with He was very good to my little

In the library Dr. Lawton and Lillian were waiting for them.
"Call Mrs. Mays and tell her to
bring the baby," said Lucile to the maid. "I have a surprise for Lillian," she said, in a low voice to Dr. Law-"Her mother is keeping house for us now."

Trembling with emotion, Mrs. Mays came in, and then the bandages were

"Oh, mother, I see you!" cried Lillian. "And little brother! O Miss Lucile!" and she threw her arms around the young woman's neck. "I knew you were lovely before I saw

"And here is Dr. Lawton!" cried Lucile, who was crying and laughing at the same time.

Atterward, the bandages were put on and leaving Lillian with her little rother in the library, Lucile and her father, with their guest, went out to breakfast.

That was the beginning of Dr.

Lawton's visits to the old home, and when the next Easter rolled around Lucile walked between her husband and father to the late Mass at St. was not wearing her winter hat and

DEPLORE SLANDERS

N. Y. Freeman's Journal

The following statement has appeared in The Arkaneas Gazette, of Little Rock, the most popular daily paper published in that State. The ten names appended thereto are those of prominent Protestant citi-

PROMINENT PROTESTANT CITIZENS DEPLORE PRESENT ANTI-CATHOLIC AGITATION

We regret that there are a numbe of persons in our midst now actively engaged in a campaign of vitupera ion against the Catholic Church. By rearing and sympathy we are Protestants; but we sincerely reprobate such attacks and hope that these mischief makers may be discounten anced in every way. Our Constitu-tion guarantees to all men freedom of religious opinion and of public worship. It is animated by a broad spirit of toleration. It welcomes to our shores men of every faith ; and the spirit of our Constitution should animate our people.

Nothing is nobler or more profitmembers of the community. It brings peace, harmony, mutual confidence and support. It makes a nation powerful and happy. Intoler ance brings only strife, dissension, weakness and disaster. And intolerance is particularly unbecoming in the members of a faith whose Founder built His Church upon the principle that we should love our neighbor as ourselves. It means hatred, not love.

In the past there has been bitter strife between Catholics and Protestants, attended with bloody wars and much oppression on both sides; but centuries have elapsed since then No man living has witnessed any-thing of the kind; and those who in this enlightened century would revive the passions of the dark ages of bigotry are enemies of the public welfare. Let the dead past bury its dead, and let all good men unite for the building of our land.

We have many Catholics among us. We meet them every day in business and in social intercourse; and the man who would say that in patriotism, nobility of sentiment, kindness to friends and neighbors, in public or private morals they are inferior to the rest of us is either ignorant or wilfully seeks to mislead. There are men, who say that because of their allegiance to the Pope Catholics cannot be good citizens; but as the Pope's dominion is only in matters spiritual, and the dominion of our Government is only in matters tem-poral, there can be no conflict. In every crisis that has ever arisen the Catholics have been as patriotic as the rest of us; and it can be safely said that in every crisis that may confront us in the future they will

confront us in the future they will be found loyal to our Government. Many, object to them because they prefer their parochial schools to our Public schools. They think religious and moral instruction should always go hand in hand with instruction in books, and should form an insepar-

shie portion of the education of youth able portion of the education of youth.
They may be right. At any rate, if
they are in error they are sufficiently
punished by being taxed to maintain
schools which they do not patronize
without adding hatred and abuse.
Some wicked and malicious person

has invented a monstrous oath which the Knights of Columbus are supposed to take; and misguided fanatics have given it wide circulation. Any one acquainted with the gentlemen who compose that order knows that they are as incapable of taking such an oath as are the Jews of sacrificing Christian children at

their feast of Passover.

The persons leading these attacks direct their venom largely against the morals of the Catholic clergy and

Sisterhoods.

We have had a great many Catholic clergymen in our midst, and if their morals have been bad, they have had a singular power of conceal-ment. In a small city like this immorality soon comes to light, and the immoral men and women are soon pointed out. So far as we know, the morals of the Catholic clergy have maintained the level of the morals of the Protestant clergy; and we are glad to say that that is a high one.

The Catholics naturally feel in tensely these sweeping and indiscriminate attacks upon their spiritual guides. If names were given and specific charges made, their truth could be investigated in an action of slander or other judicial proceeding. But the parties making these accusa-tions deal only in generalities, for

which they cannot be punished.

The Catholics do not feel so strongly these venomous attacks upon their clergy as the unpardonable assaults upon their religious Sisterhoods. These saintly women are the most conspicuous examples self devotion that this world contains. They give up all the joys of life and devote themselves entirely to caring for the sick and educating the young. Their lives are hard and painful, with no hope of earthly reward. Every Catholic justly resents aspersions upon their virtue as he would resent aspersions upon the virtue of his own sister or mother; and it is asking too much of them to

ask that they sit still while such slanders are being uttered. The Catholic Church, like everything else, is subject to fair criticism but these scurrilous attacks, of which so many have been made of late, can do no good. They only stir up strife and ill feeling; and we appeal to the good people of our State to discour-age them. This can be done by simply refusing to go to hear the in-cendiaries and refusing to read their literature. If not patronized they will cease their agitation. If they have a tangible charge to make against any priest or nun whom they will name, so that an investigation can be had, they should be welcomed; but if they come to indulge in mere general abuse, or to relate imaginary cases beyond our jurisdiction, whose truth there is no way of disproving, they should be treated with the obloguy due to the slanderer.

W. E. Lenon, G. B. Rose, J. W. House, J. M. Moore, J. W. House, jr., W. W. Dickinson, W. L. Hemingway, Charles C. Reid, Tom M. Mehaffy W. E. Hemingway.

THE CHURCH IN MEXICO

"Catholic priests in Mexico extort money from the poor Indians and peons to build their great cathedrals, is one of the reasons some ill-in-formed Americans give for the poverty in that country," said Louis W. Young, a Protestant, in his lecture on "Catholic Persecution in Mexico," held at Powers Theatre, Chicago, on Sunday, December 13. "But how could the priests extort money from

those that have none?
"It is also said that the Church conspired to keep the poor Mexican in ignorance; that she is responsible for the fact that out of the 14,000,000 population, 90 per cent. are unedu-cated. On the contrary, the priest is not only the friend of the poor, but

often his school teacher.
"But it is true that the owner of
the huge Mexican ranch does not want to have his peons taught and made discontented

"Another popular illusion is that the Catholic Church is mixed up in

Mexican politics.
"Neither the Church nor the common people have domination in Mexico. The Government under ordinary conditions has a President rules over the 32 States of Mexico.

To these States he appoints Governors and his own personal representatives, the Jefe Politicos.

"These Jefe Politicos are practically absolute in their own dominion and friends of the large land owners. positions, they plan to get as much money out of it as possible. If a man kills some one, he can escape punish-ment by payment of a certain sum to the Jefe Politicos.

"If the Jefe Politicos dislike a man or covet his property or his wife or daughter, they can send him to the National Valley—the unhealthiest part in Mexico—where tobacco is aised and men work as slaves.
"Dislike of the clergy is a mark of

the Jefe. 'Don't talk to a priest,' was the advice given to the lecturer, the Jafe might see you, and he wouldn't like you any better for it." "So much greater is the confidence of the poor in the priest than in the Jefe and his representatives that American business men who have

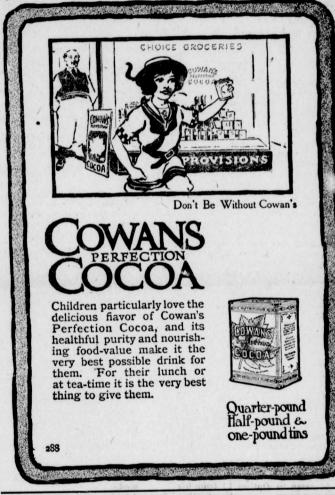
labor troubles there ask the 'padre

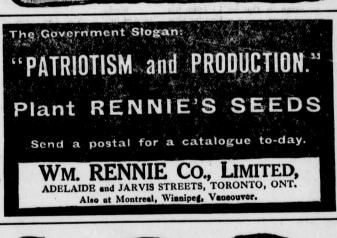
rather than police to help them out. "But aside from its position as friend of the poor and a possible assistant in the economic developnent of the country, every Christian believes that Mexico will not have a etable government until Mexico grants religious liberty to Catholi-cism, and every well-informed Amerian knows that the supremest aid to he the Catholic Church."-St. Paul

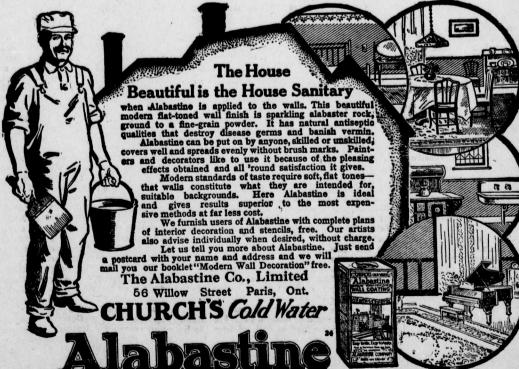
Go always carnesly beyond the mark of duties that are traced out for you, but keep within the mark of pleasure permitted you.—Mme. Swet



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THE C. M. B. A.

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD :- Taking advantage of your generous offer of space in your valuable Catholic paper for the discussion of the affairs of the C. M. B. A., its rates and require-

Are they a correct rate for a fraternal life insurance institution? My contention is, they are not and I further contend that no actuary nor set of actuaries, not even the N. F. C. can, make a rate or schedule of rates that are adequate and only adequate with-out having a definite time to make their deductions to or from, a fact I think I can prove from the figures contained in that misleading and incorrect report given to the executive of the C. M. B. A. in 1912.

of the C. M. B. A. in 1912.

By the actuary employed by them that report implies that the N. F. C. rate would have been the correct rate to have adopted at the inception of ciation and if the Executive of the Society had adopted the above rates they would have instead of a de-ficit of \$5,000,000, a surplus or reserve

fund of \$6,000 000 at the present time.

Now assuming that such was the condition of the Association at the present time what would be the required assessment rate for to con-tinue another thirty five years life surance? Would we require anther \$6,000,000 for the same number of members and them at the same age and if the Association still decided to continue life insurance for still another thirty five years would we still require the N. F. C. rate and another

Why in one hundred years the Association could dispense with assessments entirely and pay their current death claims of 26,000 members out

of the earnings of its reserve fund. This would be a very satisfactory condition to transfer over to a mem-bership of 26,000 who will in all probability replace the present member-ship in about fifty years; but would it be justice or fair play to the present

Thanking you in advance. Fraternally yours, JOHN GLEESON Treas. Br. 308, Napanee.

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD : Kindly allow me space for a few words on the great question of new rates which is agitating the minds of our members at the present time. Having figured out the different options in the official notice sent out by the Grand Council in November last, I cannot find anything for the old mem-bers (sayfrom fifty five years and up) to do but drop out of the Association altogether. The rates have certainly not been adjusted with any degree of fairness to these members. As far as I can see it is a case of freeze out.

Now I would suggest another option. We will take a case which I am familiar with. A member joined the Association at the age of thirty. nne, in October, 1902, and took out a policy for a \$1,000. His rate was 65cts. each assessment for say, 16 assess-ments a year, from 1902 to 1904; from 1904 to 1907, he paid 20 assessments and from 1907 to July 1, 1915, 24 assessments a year. He will have paid in altogether on July 1, 1915, \$179 40. Now according to rates given in Option 1 (of Official notice) he should have paid \$1.61 a month from the time he joined, or \$244.72 until July 1, 1915, making a difference of \$65.32 more than he actually paid. This, with compound interest at 4 per cent., would amount to say about \$80. Now my suggestion is to have the Association deduct the above amount Chivalry's cause she has never beof \$80 (which is the difference be tween what he actually paid in, and what he should have paid in, according to rates in Option 1) from his blade, policy and issue a new policy for this member for \$920 and let him pay the rates of assessment as per Option 1 viz., \$1.61 a month for the balance of his natural life. This would be a great advantage to the Association as it would reduce their liabilities very much and would be very much more satisfactory to the members than anything yet offered, and I think would meet with the approval of a great majority of the members.

Branch 215, Summerside, P. E. I.

Yours truly,

PRIVATE JUDGMENT

I turned first to Scripture, and tried to read it without prejudice, as if it were a direct message from God to me. I knew it was much more than this; but at least it was this. I had already read all the controver-sialists I could find on either side; but like the woman in the Gospel who had spent all her substance upon physicians, I grew worse. I tried, therefore, to set all these aside, and to come to Christ so far as He showed Himself to me in the garments of

Now my Private Judgment upon Scripture told me that the simplest interpretation of Christ's words, as regarded the authority by which Christianity must be interpreted, was that He appointed Peter to be the Head of His Church, and that He intended the office of Peter to be the permanent foundation of that Church. The "Good Shepherd" bade Peter feed his sheep; the "One Foundation" named Cephas as the Rock on which the Church should be built; the

History. So I turned to History in its broadest aspect; and there I became aware of a startling corroboration of my view. For I found, roughly speaking, that those Christians who based their religion upon that view, were remarkable throughout the whole world, and through the whole course of it, for complete unanimity upon all other points of doctrine; that they produced saints such as no other body produced; and that those signs and marvels accompanied them which Christ said should accompany His disciples.

them which Christ said should accompany His disciples.

And, on the other side, I found that those who rejected the Petrine claims were notoriously disunited on points of doctrine, that they were beginning to give up even a belief in that kind of supernatural intervention which is called miraculous.

History, then, seemed to me to corroborate that which appeared to be the evident meaning of Scripture, and the record of God in His dealings with men in general. It ratified the record of that particular and unique dealing of God with men which we call Revelation.—Right Rev. Robert call Revelation.—Right Rev. Robert Hugh Benson, in "Beyond the Road

GIVE TILL IT HURTS'

(Lines suggested on reading an article on Belgium from which the above heading is quoted.)

'Give till it hurts" is the message now flying, Fast as the lightning flash, over the

wave; 'Give till it hurts," for the people are dying, Dying of hunger in land of the brave.

Listen. O World, to the wail of a nation Scourged without crime, as you very well know.

Pleading with Heaven to stop desola-Long the red trail of the merciless

Haughty his words when he came to Hatred of Britain was writ on his

"Let me pass over and wealth shall be thine, here my friendship or die the

could have stepped aside safe from the torrent, One shot sufficient a protest to make; But to her conscience the thought

was abhorrent, Honour and virtue she would not Principle holy whose home is in

Heaven Guided her judgment for Justice and Right, Classing the bribe with the sin un-

forgiven Drew she the keen sword and rushed to the fight. Thoughtless we slumbered when

thus she arose Facing invader who sought but our life, Keeping at bay our inveterate foes

Giving us time to prepare for the strife.

Bravely she fought in that wild battle Humbling the Prussian in crucial

Drawing in streams the best blood of Stemming the tide of tyrannical

Give till it hurts," for now she is

Low now she lies on her war smitten

bed, Hasten, O brother, for soul is yet there, Share with her freely your ration of

bread, Praying to Heaven her life yet to spare.

Praying to Heaven that we may yet 800, Rising from ashes in armour aflame A new born Belgium, both happy and

Phoenix of wonder, of lustre and fame New Westminster, B. C., March 6, 1915.

HENRY VIII. BARRED THE

But few people know that in the sixteenth century an Englishman was not allowed to read the Bible, yet it is perfectly true. Henry VIII.
issued a decree prohibiting the
common people from reading the
Bible. Officers of state were exempt from this law. Probably the king thought these officials would be none the worse for perusing the sacred work, and noble ladies or gentlework, and notice latter to gentuce women might read the proscribed volume if they did so in their gardens or orchards, but no one was allowed even to read it to the lower

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formation ended all this, it is also almost mirth provoking. Perhaps the "chain bible" has been discovered. -St. Paul Bulletin.

ST. PATRICK'S RELIGION

Even still there are people in Ire land who believe, or profess to be lieve, that the religion St. Patrick preached and taught to the Irish people was the same as the religion of Protestants to day—in short that

St. Patrick was a Protestant.

To many Catholics this might seem intended as a joke, but there are those who make the claim quite seriously. How such claim could be established or entertained in view of well authenticated facts of Irish history, it is difficult to understand. We cite a few, as quoted by the learned Irish historian, Abbe Macgeoghegan; who, telling of the early life of Patrick and his resolve to join the ministry of the Church, says:

"At that time he was about twenty

three years of age, A. D. 896. He went first to the monastery of Tours, built by St. Martin, bishop of that city and uncle to his (Patrick's) mother. He (Patrick) received from him the clerical tonsure and monas tic habit."

After the death of St. Martin, "The high character of St. Germain, Bishop of Auxerre, induced him (Patrick) to go to that prelate. . He lived at Auxerre for many years under the discipline of that illustrious Bishop, and prepared himself after the example of such a master for the min-istry of the Church."

"St. Germain sent him to Rome with instructions upon the mission

to Ireland, and gave him letters of introduction to Pope Celestine, who received him with every mark of kindness and respect. Celestine himself then consecrated and appointed him Archbishop of Ireland, and sent him invested with all apostolical authority to preach the gospel to the inhabitants of that island."

In all this there was not much Protestantism, as we know it to-day.
Mauifestly St. Patrick was a "papist"
at the start. How much of a Protestant he was during his work in Ireland is exemplified in this brief summing up by the historian already mentioned:

"The holy apostle having estab-lished the Church of Ireland on a solid basis, and having ordained pastors for the several churches, set Stain of foul murder was never found out for Rome, to give an account of there. consult him on various matters, and weary,

Pillage and slaughter have saddened the heart,

Home late so cheerful is lonely and dreary,

Famine and sword have too well done their part.

Consult him on various matters, and to prove the doctrine he had taught to his people, by that of the first pastors of the Church, in the centre of its unity, where the common oracle of the Christians resided. He obtained this Pope's approval for his having made the Church of Armagh the consult him on various matters, and to prove the doctrine he had taught to his people, by that of the first pastors of the Church, in the centre of its unity, where the common oracle of the Christians resided. He obtained this Pope's approval for his having made the Church of Armagh the metropolitan; which was after-wards supported by the honor of the pallium, and the title of apostolical legate in Ireland, to him and his

These few facts out of many proofs should establish the authenticity of St. Patrick's Catholicity.—N. Y. Freenan's Journal.

HARMONY IN THE CHURCH

one institution, which in so far as it is divine, is never disturbed by discord —the Church of Jesus Christ. The late Monsignor Benson wrote about the early days of his conversion

It seems impossible to make mer of one nation agree even on political doctrines; but it has been found possible by the Catholic Church to make men of all nations agree on religious doctrines. While I was a student in the University of Cambon agreement of the contract of bridge, I used often to find in one lecture room men of one nation and six religions. When I became a student in the University of Rome, I found in one room men of six nations and one religion. Is it conceivable

named Cephas as the Rock on which the Church should be built; the "Door" gave Peter the Keys. These, and twenty six other less significant texts, appeared to my Private Judg. ment, therefore, to support the Catholic claims.

But how was I to test the soundness of my view? The only other guide I had was, as has been said.

ant commentators admit it with an emphasis. Harnack, the Berlin Bible student, says of St. Paul after his German fashion." The only person who ever understood St. Paul was the Gentile Marcion, and he misunderstood him." But to the Catholic devout student St. Paul does not saem difficult to empurehend. Strong saem difficult to empurehend. seem difficult to comprehend. Strong faith, a clean, pure heart, will be helps to comprehend his meaning. And he has the feeling of security that with the Church's guidance under the influence of the Holy Spirit he will not go astray.

At the Reformation the world tried to separate religion from dogma and morality from its divine sanction now it attempts to separate the in-separable. For the divine sanction it substitutes human legislation it substitutes human legislation. Yet human legislation without God defeats its own object. Laws cannot make a man moral. He is a free agent and unless he willingly accepts a change of heart, he cannot soar to the plane of righteouaness. Science cannot make him moral or religious. The celebrated French mathematican Harry Poinces and "Science cannot make him moral or religious." cian, Henri Poincare, said, "Science will never be able, of itself, to prowill never be able, of itself, to provide the moral imperative." Dr. Ferdinand Jeffreys, the eminent pathologist, speaks to the point in a practical case, "I do not know what religion is. I do not pretend to define it. But barring exceptional cases, it is the result of my observation that the only permanent cure tion that the only permanent cure for chronic alcoholism is for the patient to 'get religion'—and get it hard."

There must be harmony and peace in the soul in order to keep sin away from our door—and this harmony is only found in the true Church of Jesus Christ-the Catholic Church. -Intermountain Catholic.

PRESENTATION TO PASTOR

On March 16th a large number of the parishioners of St. Francis Xavier parish, Thessalon, Ont., waited on the pastor, Rev. Thos. H. Trainor and presented him with an address and a presented him with an address and a magnificent set of office furniture. The rev. gentleman made a fitting reply, and expressed his deep appre-ciation of the thoughful kindness of

> DEATH OF SISTER MARY PRUDENTIA

Sister Mary Prudentia, of the Con gregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph, of the Diocese of Detroit vas called to her reward in her forty first year. Her funeral took place a the Motherhouse, Nazareth, Kalama-zoo Co., Michigan, on the 20th inst Her soul is recommended to your pious prayers. R. I. P.

GOOD FRIDAY

O Heart of Three in the evening, You nestled the thorn-crowned head He leaned on you in His sorrow, And rested on you when dead.

Ah! Holy Three in the evening He gave you His richest dower; He met you afar on Calvary, And made you "His own last hour."

O Brow of Three-in-the evening, Thou wearest a crimson crown; Thou art Priest of the hours forever. And thy voice, as thou goest down.

The cycles of time, still murmurs The story of love each day: "I held in death the eternal. In the long and far away.

O Heart of Three in the evening, Mine beats with thine to day; Thou tellest the olden story, I kneel—and I weep and pray

THE TABLET FUND

-REV. ABBAM J. RYAN

Toronto, March 25, 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.....\$374 87 Miss Hayes, Toronto...... 1 00 D. Miller, Toronto..... 1 00 A Canadian Friend..... 2 00

2 00 Mother Superior, St. Mary's Convent, Souris, P. E. I...... Pupils of Separate School, 1 00

Bulger Miss H. Sheahan, Bulger, Ont. Girls 4th Grade Dept. Congregation de Notre Dame, Sydney Mines, N. S.....

It you would be good enough to acknowledge publicly these amounts There is disagreement among acknowledge publicly these amounts nations and individuals, but there is in the columns of the RECORD I would be very grateful. Respectfully yours, W. E. BLAKE.

98 Pembroke St. Tact is a gift: it is likewise s

we are bound either to possess or acquire it.—Christina Rossetti. Beautiful Home Rule

grace. As a gift it may or may not have fallen to our share; as a grace

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Grattan, Charles Stewart Parnell, W. E. Gladstone,
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It is not the victory which gives happiness to noble hearts; it is the struggle.—Count de Montalembert. Each day is filled with its sorrow and its joy; to live bravely every day is to take a closer step to the

great reward. TEACHERS WANTED

CATHOLIC TEACHER (MALE OR FEMALE, tully qualified to teach and speak French and English for C. S. S. No. 3 B. Colchester North, to the term beginning at Baster. Applicants please state salary and experience. Address D. A. Ouellen R. R. No. 1, Amherstburg, Ont.

A QUALIFIED NORMAL TRAINED CATHO olic teacher for Separate school. Duties be ginning after Christmas holidays. Apply statin salary, to W. Ryan, Box 22, Charlton, Ont.

WANTED FOR S. S. No. 6, HUNTLEY, A second class professional teacher. Duties to commence after Easter. Salary \$500 per annum Apply to W. J. Egan, West Huntley, Ont.

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TRIBUTE TO CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

One of the most notable tributes to the excellence of the Catholic parochial schools comes from Denver. The Protestants of that city, realizing the necessity of moral as well as intel-lectual training for the children, have made application for their admission to the parochial schools in such numbers that it is impossible to accommodate them. In order to care for the increased number of pupils several of the schools, among them, St. Dominic's and the Church of the Annunciation, have added new class-rooms. In speaking of the matter Father McMenamin, rector of the Cathedral,



said: "We will admit as many as we can accommodate. Some Protestant parents have begged us to take their children. The action of so many Protestant parents in seeking to have their children enrolled in our schools answers an objection advanced by some Catholic parents for not sending their youngsters to the parish school. The Protestants are endeavoring to escape the very 'fads' which some Catholic parents consider so essential to their children's welfare that they will not send them said: "We will admit as many as welfare that they will not send them to a parish school where they cannot be obtained. These have come to the conclusion that, judged from a

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