

The Catholic Record.

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

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"JINGO PEDANTRY"

DR. CODY'S "WILD WEST SHOW OF PSEUDO-HISTORY"

HISTORY REPEATS HERSELF

When fanaticism sets its fangs in history and poetry as well as politics it is time to call a halt. One of Canada's ex-Ministers of Education, Dr. Cody, has discovered a pernicious influence in her educational system—the admission to its school-books of Longfellow's epic "Evangeline." This revered Sangrado denounces the poem as demoralizing for the rising generation of Canadians and an outrageous distortion of the historical facts. He declares he knows no poem with a more subtle influence to create a wrong yet indelible impression of British justice, chivalry, and administration. He mentions the expulsion of the Acadians from Canadian school-books, and as he has just been appointed chairman of the Board of Governors of Toronto University there is a chance that he may get his way. He has collected around him a number of experts who join in the hue and cry, and rail against the poem from their several standpoints. One of them condemns it with some show of justice, its "tedious hexameters"; another, greatly negative, cannot regard it as "very good literature." So the mischief is loose, and "Evangeline" must be hunted out of Canada again, as her people were hunted out a century and a half ago. This, presumably, in order that the scriptures may be fulfilled which say that history repeats herself. But history could hardly reproduce the past as closely as the Rev. Dr. Cody reproduces the type of official who made Acadia the Canadian Glencoe.

SENSE OF HUMOR MAY SAVE US

Niceties of metre and the suitability of the hexameter for narrative purposes may be left to the correspondence columns of literary supplements. But when it comes to the "scrapping" of literature and the emasculation of history for the gratification of jingo pedantry some form of protest should be raised and the question examined in a better spirit. A couple of years ago Professor Secombe, who was lecturing on this kind of subject in a Canadian university, would have set matters right; but alas! he is dead, and now we must depend upon Professor Leacock. He has a strong Imperialist strain himself, or used to have, but he does not allow it to disturb his sense of proportion or his fairness of mind. If he did he would not be the first-class humorist he is. And when he writes his second volume of "College Days" he may be moved to deal with some of these dullards who strive so hard to make Canada ridiculous. One of these, years ago, resented Kipling's tribute to the Dominion in his poem "Our Lady of the Snows." It was held to be a slight upon her temperance and an obstacle to her campaign for promoting immigration. The poet, in giving her the touching attribute of having taken the notion from one of the most venerable of her shrines; that is all. He declined the proposition that he should submit his Canadian poems in future to the censorship of the High Commissioner's staff in London (Traffic and Immigration Department), and in his published work "Our Lady of the Snows" remains. So, if Canada is wise, will "Evangeline" remain where she is, serene and undisturbed, in spite of the intensive Cody and his Wild West show of pseudo-history.

HUMANITY NOT CONTROVERSY

Let us see what his case amounts to. When "Evangeline" appeared in 1847 it was hailed on both sides of the Atlantic as an idyl worthy of the high-souled man who wrote it. It was praised for its picturesqueness and humanity, for an old-world charm and tenderness, and a freedom from the rancour that had too often spoiled Anglo-American writings. From that high position it has never been dislodged. It was frankly sentimental, but no more so than Gray's "Elegy," which remains, on the whole, the most popular of English monodies. Longfellow certainly never handled the English soldiery half as sharply as he and Lowell and Whittier handled their own countrymen, the planters of the Southern States. Nor is it possible to interpret "Evangeline" as an indictment of a race or period. Its substance is not controversy, but humanity; and if Toronto fails to appreciate this fact, it deserves to be pilloried as Samuel Butler pilloried its neighbor, when he wrote that despairing ode, "Oh God! Oh Montreal!"

AS AN HISTORIAN

Even on the score of history Longfellow is not to be underrated. He went, like the diligent scholar he was, to the best available sources—Halliburton and the rest. He knew full well that transplantations, remote in time and place, like that of Acadia, are hard to trace in the way of detail, because they destroy the evidence with the victims. But in his case the sources were sound.

Halliburton was not merely a pioneer in Western humor; he was a chief justice, native to the place, and a staunch Canadian loyalist. His "Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia," issued at Halifax in 1829, gives the numbers of the dispossessed population and the buildings burned, including a church, and he leaves these figures of Acadia's desolation to speak for themselves. Parkman, whose birth-centenary we have just been celebrating, was a Boston Puritan and a freethinker. Goldwin Smith compared him to Tacitus. Mr. Gooch, the historian of modern historians, praises him for his accuracy, his passion for action, and his thoroughness in research. He took inconceivable pains to obtain his facts, and no man could have been fairer to the English case. He endorses what Halliburton said.

CANADIANS OF EVERY KIND—EXCEPT . . .

Canadians of every kind today take a pride in preserving the few memories which survived that "storm of blood and fire"—the village well at Grand Pre, the site of the Church (replaced by one of a younger faith), and the general conformation of the village. The name "Big Meadow" is one of typical simplicity, and shows this quiet hamlet was a fair specimen of many. Winter, which means a fifth of the year with us, is the longest of the seasons in this maritime province, and those French pioneers must have been what they are described—a temperate, hardy, frugal race. The few descendants who emerged have built up a worthy stock elsewhere, and we can say no more for the loyalist who entered gratis into their possessions.

Today in Grand Pre, surrounded by a terraced garden so ordered as to yield a succession of flowers throughout the summer months, there stands a monument to "Evangeline." Longfellow's mythical heroine could never thus have come to life, like a second Galatea, if she had not had truth and justice for her heritage. The statue is the work of a French artist, given and erected by English hands; and those of us who were present when Lady Burnham unveiled it three years ago saw in it a monument not merely to French womanhood but to English manliness—the manliness that can confess a fault. The best monument to Wolfe is the one that includes the silent Montreal. The English, said Cardinal Newman, are "as generous as they are hasty and burly; and their repentance for their injustice is greater than their spirit." Why should this wreath of laurels be smirched by the white-wash of pedantry?—J. P. C. in The Manchester Guardian.

ISSUES PASTORAL ON SACRED ART

CARDINAL DUBOIS URGES IDEALS OF CHURCH

His Eminence, Cardinal Dubois, Archbishop of Paris, recently directed a Pastoral Letter to the faithful of his diocese which, says the Osservatore Romano, is a document of priestly zeal and of love for art. This letter which has found a strong echo in the press draws attention to a subject of great moment to Catholics, namely, the embellishment and decoration of sacred temples. Such embellishment and decoration, says His Eminence, should prove worthy of the House of God.

Churches, says the Cardinal, ought to be beautiful, and he observed with sorrow that in figurative and ornamental art and in sacred music, there is in many instances evidence of "bad taste" displayed. This taste shows a too great indulgence for the anti-liturgical.

SACRED TRADITIONS

His Eminence reverted to the fact that many of the French churches are at the present time impoverished after the War. But traditions cannot be broken, and the faithful should permit nothing in the sacred temples which is not strictly religious and worthy of a position therein.

To remedy this condition, therefore, the cardinal has instituted for the churches of his Archdiocese a Liturgical Commission of art and music, with ample powers. "It is not enough," he says, "that the pomp of ornaments and ceremonial does not disturb recollection; it should likewise respect good taste." All this counsel bears reference to the construction and ornamentation of churches and chapels, which from henceforth will be under the jurisdiction of the newly-appointed Commission. Art must be reconciled with the sacred ideals of the Church before it becomes worthy to be allied with her.

His Eminence also adverts to the fact that today most beautiful sacred objects are constructed of wood, while objects made of gold and silver sometimes show execrable taste. All should be subdued to the austere, chaste and artistic ideal of the church, which is at all times the sovereign guardian of true art.

I. ZANGWILL, ALARMIST

Mr. Israel Zangwill is an eminent Jewish playwright, author and philosopher. His work is read and appreciated far beyond the confines of Jewry, and he enjoys a wide reputation in the literary world. Mr. Zangwill recently decided to pay a visit to this continent and tell us what the matter is with ourselves. He visited a number of cities in the United States, and proceeded with his telling. His words were watered vinegar in some cases, and vinegar without water in others. Fortunately, the American people's sense of humor came to their rescue, and they continued to give Mr. Zangwill cordial receptions and laughed heartily when he responded by flaying them alive with vitriolic comment.

The eminent author is now in Canada, and is giving us in turn the benefit of his views concerning our unworthy selves. It is a good thing to hear the truth at all times, but especially beneficial when you hear the truth about yourself, spoken in words of inevitable pungency and militant picturesqueness. Mr. Zangwill has the gift of language, and he is not slow to employ it. In Toronto he has been active on this ground, and Montreal is the specific object of his polite attention. This is as it should be. We do not expect any public speaker to criticize us to our faces. But he can do it when talking to a Toronto audience, and we enjoy it. Perhaps radio has something to do with this. Distance has taken on added enchantment since the bodiless voice came into our homes.

But we regret to have to say that there is just one little fly spoiling the balm of Mr. Zangwill's irritating but healing ointment. He has got hold of the wrong city. He says there has been a distinct cry in Montreal to the Catholics to rise up and destroy the Jews. He must have been hearing strange voices in the silence of that solemn Toronto sleep-time, which seized the imagination and thrills the being of so many casual visitors to the Queen City over week-ends. For the cry he has heard never originated in Montreal. Our Jewish citizens are flourishing, happy, contented, and on the most excellent terms with the rest of us, as well they may be, for they enjoy to the fullest extent every privilege every other denomination, race, sect, creed and nationality enjoys.—Montreal Star.

DR. VAN DYKE AND THE MODERNISTS

The religious controversies which bid fair to disintegrate some of the Episcopal groups in New York have spread to the Presbyterians in New Jersey. On January 13, Dr. Henry van Dyke, formerly of Princeton, sternly rebuked the General Assembly which last May reaffirmed the "Five Points" and the "Essential Doctrine."

The Catholic critic, while regretting that the so-called "Modernists" have found another and a popular mouthpiece, will recognize that Dr. van Dyke has done nothing for which his Presbyterian brethren can, with any show of logic, disown or even admonish him. He has merely acted in accord with his right as a Protestant to follow his own lights. His brethren cannot assume that he is cross-grained, possessed of a spirit of discord, unwilling to see the truth, or devoid of the prayerful temperament in which the Scriptures should be consulted. Should they thus indict him, which is not probable, he would be quite justified in asking of what spirit his critics were. "The supreme authority by which all questions of religion are to be determined," announced Dr. van Dyke, after assuring his congregation that they need not concern themselves about the action of the General Assembly, "can be no other than the Holy Spirit, speaking to our hearts in the Holy Scriptures." And with this sturdy Protestant principle, Dr. van Dyke is willing to stand or to fall.

Precisely at this point a grave problem arises for the principle enunciated by Dr. van Dyke is also the principle held, at least in theory, by his critical Protestant brethren. Prayerfully reading the Scriptures, Dr. van Dyke arrives at one set of theories concerning the Virgin Birth, the Inerrancy of the Scriptures, and the Resurrection of Our Lord. He had no doubt that the Holy Spirit had spoken to his heart. Prayerfully reading the same Scriptures, his opponents arrive at their conclusions touching the Resurrection of Our Lord, the inerrancy of the Scriptures, and the Virgin Birth. Nor have they any doubt that the Holy Spirit has likewise spoken to their hearts. But one set of conclusions emphatically denies the truth of the other set. Has the Holy Spirit borne witness to a lie? Or has He spoken to neither? Who shall decide?

Once men appeal to a standard visible to themselves but hidden from all others, a standard to which they alone can bear witness,

"proof" may be had for any purpose. Of this fact the three hundred and more discordant sects in this country alone, all of whose adherents base their claims on the grace of the Holy Spirit communicated to them, is ample warrant. As has been observed by Father Parsons, discussing in these pages the New York controversy, the split in modern Protestantism is inevitable. "By what authority?" is the insistent question. Certainly Our Lord gives no commission to the preachers of these hundreds of mutually exclusive doctrines. On the contrary, He bade His followers look to and obey an external, visible, authority which would guide them, rule them and teach them. Hardly any truth is set forth more clearly in the New Testament. Nor was this authority to last only during the life-time of the Apostles; it is an authority to which Our Blessed Lord promised His abiding presence. Assuredly, it is not an authority locked up in a man's own heart; nor an authority which permits him to be the sole arbiter of what he will and will not accept; nor an authority which can lead to a thousand discordant creeds, all of which cannot possibly be true, but all of which may be absolutely wrong.

The boasted Protestant right of private judgment leads straight to the ditch of rationalism. The critic who rejects the Resurrection of Our Lord, and the teaching office of the Church founded by Jesus Christ, can entertain no lasting difficulty in rejecting any part of the Faith committed to the Saints, even the existence of God and the Divinity of Jesus Christ, when the inner voice which he deems "the voice of the Holy Spirit," but of which he alone is conscious, bids him reject. For the truth is that the man who consults his own heart alone, consults his own will, and not the Will of God.—America.

CARDINAL'S APPEAL FOR PEACE

URGES ABANDONMENT OF HUNGER STRIKE UPON IRISH PRISONERS

Dublin.—Two days after Cardinal Logue had published his appeal for peace one of the prisoners on hunger-strike died in Newbridge, County of Kildare. Denis Barry, a man of thirty-eight years of age, had gone five weeks without food. He died on the 8th day of hunger-strike. He was a native of Cork. He had been in custody thirteen months. He was never put on trial. Mr. Barry was by occupation a commercial traveler. He was a well-known athlete. He joined the volunteers at the inception of the movement. During the Black-and-Tan regime he acted as a police officer in the south of Ireland. Under the British Government he spent twelve months in prison.

The jury at the coroner's inquest found that death was due to inanition caused by refusal to take food. The coroner gave the relatives an order for the removal of the body. The funeral was refused to hand over the body to the relatives. The Labor Members raised the question of the refusal in the Dail. Mr. Murphy said that the intention to retain the body and to bury it in the prison seemed to him to make out that the deceased, an untried prisoner, was to be treated as an ordinary murderer on whom the sentence of the law had been carried out. General Mulcahy, replying on behalf of the Government, stated it had been decided that in the case of men on hunger-strike, if any of them should die, their bodies would not be handed over to their friends "at this particular stage." The remains would get proper and reverent burial within the prison premises.

CARDINAL URGES PEACE

Cardinal Logue urged that everything possible should be done to secure perfect peace in the land. He says he sympathizes sincerely with those interned in prisons or concentration camps. A considerable number persisted in hunger-strikes to force release. This was his chief anxiety, owing to danger to the health or life and even to the souls of those concerned. He appeals in the first case to those engaged in hunger-strikes. The Cardinal says:

"To abandon this dangerous and unlawful expedient and to seek in future some more lawful means of enforcing their liberation from what they consider an unfair or harsh imprisonment."

In the next place he earnestly appeals to the Free State Government not to do things by halves, but to liberate without delay all untried and unconvicted prisoners. He says: "I think that the best policy of the Free State Government would be to clear the prison and camps of all inmates, except those convicted of crimes, or liable to be tried for crime, without paying much heed to useless undertakings."

ADVICE WILL BRING PEACE

The Cardinal believes that his advice, if acted upon, would bring

peace and that it would enable the country to get into a condition of settled government. He concludes: "The suggestions I have made are mere human suggestions. Some of them may be found foolish suggestions. But there is a wisdom which infinitely transcends all human wisdom, a guidance which can never err, the wisdom and guidance of Almighty God. We should implore the Prince of Peace, through the intercession of His Most Holy Mother, that He may bless our poor country, granting her that peace, tranquility, union and charity, which may make her in the future what she has been in the past, 'an island of Saints.'"

AMAZING ADVENTURES

OF A CELEBRATED CATHOLIC JOURNALIST SIR PHILIP GIBBS

The latest of Sir Philip Gibbs' delightful books, "Adventures in Journalism" (Wm. Heinemann, 15s.) is one of the most interesting volumes I have ever read, writes "Reader" in Manchester Evening News. Perhaps this is because I, too, have known the delights of Fleet Street; but then the book I am sure will charm the layman no less than the journalist. It is a personal history of intense interest, and I cordially commend it.

In it Sir Philip tells us of many incidents in his life as the special correspondent of a great daily paper. He tells how, with amazing courage for a young man, he exposed Cook's bogus voyage to the Pole. He risked his reputation and that of his paper on that occasion, and the story of how he came to do it is a romance in itself. He tells of unusual happenings in the United Kingdom—the Sidney-street affair, events in Ireland, the death of King Edward (of which he was the first journalist to learn) of curious adventures with royalty, and of an astonishing variety of things. There is romance, too, in his travels over Europe and America, his adventures as a war correspondent in the Balkans, and most of all, in his long career as a war correspondent throughout the Great War.

I have tried to count the number of occasions on which he was arrested. It must number half a dozen. He was arrested in Belgrade as an Austrian spy, again at Mustafa Pasha by a Serbian guard, again in France as an unauthorized correspondent in the early days of the War, and Lord Kitchener himself ordered his arrest after reading a long article of his from the Belgian front.

It was Gibbs who, giving the public their clearest insight into events at the front, finally gained the goodwill and confidence of the military men who at first opposed all correspondents and put every obstacle in their way. It was this man who, in the end, the King delighted to honor.

THE FIGHT FOR PUBLICITY

The fight which Gibbs made for publicity was more than personal. It meant honor for him, but it meant for the press, as a whole, a measure of liberty which had been denied it previously, and if the credit is not his alone his share is a very big one. So critical was the position at General Headquarters in France at one time from a war correspondent's point of view that all the correspondents went on strike and refused to write another line until certain obnoxious restrictions were removed. After 24 hours the military authorities capitulated, and the Press Chateau became a happy sphere of work—that is, as happy as the conditions would allow.

Sir Philip tells of some amusing incidents. There was one when King George and Queen Mary were at the opening of the exhibition at the White City, in London. The day was bad, and King George, stepping into a puddle which splashed his uniform, with pardonable irritation uttered the word "damn." "Hush, George," said the Queen, "wait till we get home!"

The press were kept back by a rope over which Gibbs stepped unnoticed and joined the Royal Commission in place of a French diplomat whose progress was barred by a mistake on the part of the police. The Royal party were busily engaged in conversation, except Queen Alexandra, who, being deaf, lingered behind to study the showcases. Gibbs also lingered behind and attracted the kindly notice of the Queen-Mother, who made friendly remarks to him about the exhibition. When he returned to his office he found the news editor startled by many photographs of his correspondent walking solemnly beside Queen Alexandra.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL

One of the many highly placed friends made by Gibbs was the late Duke of Argyll, who as Marquis of Lorne, was at one time a Manchester M.P. "As poor as a church mouse," says Sir Philip, "he was

given house room in Kensington Palace, where I used to take tea with him now and again. I was a neighbor of his, living, at that time, in what I verily believe was the smallest house in London, at Holland-street, Kensington, and it used to amuse me to step out of my doll's house with or without eightpence in my pocket and walk five hundred yards to the palace to take tea with the Duke.

"The poor old gentleman was so bored with himself that I think he would have invited a tramp to tea for the sake of a little conversation but for the austere supervision of Princess Louise, of whom he stood in awe. As an editor I had bought some of his literary productions and had put a number of useful guineas into the old man's pockets, so that he had a high esteem for me as a man with immense power in the press, though as a free lance I had none.

"The acquaintance started some of my brother journalists on the day of King Edward's funeral at Windsor. The Duke was a grand figure in a magnificent uniform with the Order of the Garter, decorations thick upon his breast, and a great plumed hat. After the ceremony he hailed me and walked arm in arm with me along the ramparts. I felt somewhat embarrassed at this distinction, especially as I was in full gaze of my companions of Fleet-street. They saw the humor of the situation when I gave them a friendly wink, but afterwards accused me of unholly 'swank.'"

VARIED ACTIVITIES

Gibbs once interviewed King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who had a horror of cameras, and rescued an English photographer from the royal wrath by saying that he was merely carrying out the duties of his profession. "Photography is not a profession," said the King, "it is a disease."

Ferdinand was not the only potentate with whom Gibbs came into contact, for he feasted at one time or another with the ex-Kaiser, the Kings of Portugal, Italy, and Spain, several Presidents of the French Republic, and the King and Queen of England. For professional purposes he has been a great motorist and during the four and a half years of War he covered sixty thousand miles. "I have hired motors in England, France, Italy, Portugal, Spain, Germany, Austria, Poland, Russia, Turkey, Asia Minor, and the United States. I have had every sort of accident that may happen to a motorist this side of death. Wheels have come off and gone rolling ahead of me down steep hills. Axles have broken beneath me. I have been dashed into level-crossing gates, I have had my car smashed to bits by a collision with a lorry which laid my right arm out of action for three months." What a life!

THE PENITENT ROMANCER

When Paul Feval announced that he had written his last romance, those sitting in the seats of the scornful dubbed him "the penitent romancer." Yet surely the story of the conversion of this celebrated French novelist is itself a remarkable romance.

For thirty years money had poured in and Paul Feval at sixty still longed for more. He invested his all, but overnight it was swept away.

"What can I do? What would you do in my place?" he asked his wife, the mother of eight children. The answer of his wife, who might have seen only desolation and despair for herself, and her children had she looked through her husband's spectacle, is soul-stirring in its simplicity:

"In your case, dear husband, I should go to confession."

Feval had no intention of doing any such thing when he went to talk over business affairs with a priest. But at that time he knew nothing of the working of grace or of the demands created by the continuous prayers of his life partner. He who had not been to confession since he had made his first Holy Communion fifty years before, left the presbytery unworried by his financial difficulties, repeating to himself:

"I love God, I belong to Him, I will always love Him!"

That love was grounded in penitence and penitence had to be shown in works. The future no longer disturbed him when he thought of the past. He was converted, but his books were not—and there were more than a hundred of these on the market. He set himself the task of revising every one of them, preparing new editions in which he eliminated every objectionable passage.

That done, he turned to writing again; but now he wrote only of God and the Church. His works "Jesusita," and "The Steps of a Conversion" are among the most notable offerings of any lay apologist in modern times.—Liguorian.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Paris.—The Academy of Science has voted an award of 10,000 francs to Abbe Teilhard de Chardin, lecturer at the Catholic Institute of Paris, in recognition of his geographic paleontological explorations in the Mongolian region.

Dublin.—A League of Nations Society of Ireland has been formed. The object of the organization is to provoke an intelligent interest in the principles and work of the League of Nations. Among the members of the Society in Ireland are clergymen, professional men and university professors.

The oldest known bell still in use is in the parish church of St. Mary of Loreto, at Villalago, in the Abruzzi mountains, and bears the inscription "Ave Maria," followed by "Anno Domini 600." Considering that bells were invented, according to Church authorities, by Pope Sabinianus who died in 606, no older bell is recorded.

Paris.—An historical chapel, dedicated to Saint Victor, belonging to the ruined abbey of Montmajor, not far from Avignon, has collapsed. It dated from the twelfth century. Its most remarkable feature was a frieze, dating from that epoch, executed in various colors and ornamented with fish, each one of which carried a blade of grass in its mouth.

Paris, Jan. 14.—Captain du Plessis du Grenadan, commander of the air-ship Dixmude, was a devout Catholic. In a pocketbook found on the body of the dead commander along with photographs of two children were a little figure of St. Christopher and a prayer to St. Francis de Sales.

A year ago Captain de Granadan walked 600 miles to the Shrine of Lourdes on a pilgrimage of thanksgiving for the recovery of his wife.

London, Jan. 14.—An important gathering of members of religious orders and the secular clergy took place at Oscott College, in the Birmingham Archdiocese, last week, when the fifth Catholic Conference on Higher Studies met. The aim of the conference is to discuss abuse problems of the day, and enable the Catholic clergy to defend the Catholic position in higher departments of knowledge against attacks of so-called scientists and other disturbers of Christian tradition.

Cologne, Jan. 2.—The German Chancellor, Dr. Wilhelm Marx, has addressed letters to Pope Pius XI, and to Mgr. Testa, delegate to the Ruhr District, expressing the thanks of the German Government for the efforts made on behalf of the Vatican to bring about an amelioration of conditions in the occupied area. Dr. Marx attributes the release of 800 prisoners in the Ruhr to the efforts made by the Pope and his representative.

Rome.—The Anti-Blasphemous and Anti-Swearing League is conducting a campaign to erect a monument to the Madonna in one of the public squares of Milan. The Mussolini government has given strong support to the movement against profanity. The Fascisti has got behind the movement, one section sending out the following bulletin: "All Fascisti of this section who offend God or the sacred objects by the constant use of blasphemous and profane phrases will be fined five lire."

Prague.—The sum of 800,000 kornen has been raised by voluntary contributions of Catholics throughout Czechoslovakia to replace the famous statue of the Blessed Virgin which formerly dominated the city from the height of an artistic column on the square of the Old City of Prague. This statue was thrown down five years ago by an anti-clerical mob led by a crowd of fanatical demagogues. It is hoped that the statue may be replaced at an early date.

Paris, Jan. 24.—The death is announced in Jersey of Father Marc Dechevrens, S. J., founder of the Observatory of Zi-Ka-Wet, the most important in the Far East. In 1878 his superiors, impressed by his unusual ability along scientific lines sent him to China with the mission of founding the observatory. Father Dechevrens directed it for fourteen years. It is from Zi-Ka-Wet that the presence of typhoons and the cause of their formation is reported by wireless to coast stations for several hundred miles and to ships at sea, thus obviating many disasters.

Dover, O., Jan. 12.—The Knights of Columbus and a committee of Catholic men and women of this city took effective measures to prevent the public vilification of Mrs. Helen Jackson, the purported "escaped nun." In a three column display advertisement in the Daily Reporter, the K. of C. announced the deposit of \$1,000 in the First National Bank, to be paid to Mrs. Jackson if she produced satisfactory proof that she was ever a professed nun, and her history, as disclosed by Our Sunday Visitor, followed. As a result the officers of the American Legion, in whose hall Mrs. Jackson was scheduled to lecture, cancelled the engagement.

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FABER

Author of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc.

CHAPTER LVIII.—CONTINUED

"Some o' you come wid me," he said; "he's killed intirely, I'm afereed—he fell into the gien, an' his cries are ringin' in me ears!"

It was decided that the prisoner, who was surly and who refused to open his mouth, be left in charge of one of the stalwart young men, while the other accompanied Tighe and Mrs. Carmody, and Moira volunteered to go and tell Father Meagher.

"An' if he's so badly hurt that he won't bear much movin', where'll we take him?" said Tighe. "Oh, I have it; I'll take him into our house, mother—it's only a little piece beyond where's he's lyin'."

All departed on their various errands.

"Aisy; even if he is a robber, he has a soul," said Tighe, as his companion and himself, having scrambled down the descent, were about lifting the writhing, groaning form.

It was that of a large, heavy man, and having fallen head foremost, the face was downward. They lifted him carefully and turned his face to the moonlight. It was Mortimer Carter. Tighe, in his surprise, well-nigh ceased his hold.

"Well, you could sinner," he said, as soon as he recovered from his astonishment sufficiently to speak; "you've got yer deserts at last, an' it's a wonder Almighty God didn't shrike you afore!"

They tried in vain to bear him from the gien—the ascent was too steep; and though Tighe had felt confident of being able to do so, he found now that with every effort he made he but incurred the danger of all three being precipitated backward. So Carter was placed gently upon the stones again, his head lying in Tighe's lap, while Tighe's companion went to arouse some of the people who lived near, in order to get more effectual assistance.

Carter was dreadfully injured; his arm and one of his legs seemed broken, and his face was a frightful mass of blood and bruises, beside some internal injury which caused a groan with every breath.

"Mebbe now you'll confess all the wrong that you done to Lord Heathcote," Tighe could not refrain from saying; "now, when there's no hope for you; for if you do get over this, which isn't likely, seein' the luk o' you this mornin', you'll be thransported for the way you broke into the praste's house."

"Transported!" said Carter, faintly, and striving to look up into the face above him.

"'S; what else would it be," said Tighe, "wid all the proof that's agin you? meel' an' the two min that were wid me saw the whole o' it, an' the villain that was wid you is taken—he's a prisoner this mornin', an' I'll be 'nough, I guiss, to tell all he knows."

Tighe was not so sure of the truth of his last words, but, with his usual cunning, he hearkened the remark. A deeper groan than any he had yet given issued from Carter, and a worse agony than that caused by his physical pain distorted his features.

"Will nothing save me?" he gasped.

"'S; said Tighe, fairly trembling with the hope which filled him, "if you will confess the guilt that you denied in Lord Heathcote's prison, I'll ingage that Father Meagher'll not prosecute you for this."

"I will confess," gasped Carter, "tell Father Meagher I will!" and then, from the combined effects of pain and exhaustion, he fainted.

"Oh, blissed mother av God, kape him alive—don't let him die till he sets matters right!" prayed Tighe, while he kept an agonized watch on the top of the descent for a glimpse of the aid he expected.

They came at last—a perfect array of the neighbors, and in a little while, by the help of ropes, a chair, and sturdy hands, the still insensible Carter was borne up, and carried to Mrs. Carmody's residence, where Father Meagher had just arrived. A physician was summoned, but, before he came, Carter had recovered sufficient consciousness to know the clergyman. The latter had been told by Tighe of the promises which had been made by himself and the injured man.

"Will you prosecute me for this act," said Carter, wildly, his very agony giving him strength for the moment, "if I confess the crimes I have committed?"

"Confess your crimes for the sake of your poor soul, Mortimer Carter," was the priest's answer; "seek the pardon of your offended God while there is yet time."

"God—pardon—there is none for me!" shrieked the agonized wretch.

"There is," whispered the clergyman, "even at this late moment, if you are sorry for the past, and will make what atonement may be in your power."

"No, no," screamed the despairing man, "there is only hell's fire for my soul; see, Marie Dougherty! the young wife that I tore from her home, that I slandered to her husband—she taunts me—she curses me! Oh God I am damned—damned!"

It was horrible to look at him; horrible to listen to his ravings. He tore away the bandages which charitable hands had put upon his wounds, and the blood spurted

forth, causing him to shriek and blaspheme at the sight.

The doctor now arrived, and he at once pronounced the case hopeless. The size of the man had rendered his internal injuries fatal, and a few hours at most would end his wretched life.

"Die!" he said, when Father Meagher whispered his danger in his ear, and besought him to prepare for his end: "who says that I shall die?"

He would have forced himself erect in the bed, but they held him down.

"I tell you I have years of life before me, only do not prosecute me—tell me, Father Meagher, that you will not!" and he tried to clutch the priest, who was standing by his bedside.

The clergyman whispered that he would not, and the dying man became quieter, during which time Father Meagher seized the opportunity to say:

"Carter, are you willing to do justice to those you have wronged? Will you state now, in the presence of witnesses, that Marie Dougherty was innocent of all that you said of her? that the story which Rick of the Hills told of your crimes is all true?"

"Yes, yes!" was the faint response.

"Will you let me take down, from your lips, such facts as may be required to convince Lord Heathcote of the innocence of his wife; and will you swear to them in the presence of the witnesses I shall call?"

"I will."

All were summoned within the room—Carroll, who had now arrived, Tighe a Vohr, his mother and two of the neighbors who had been foremost in helping the injured man, and Father Meagher, rapidly jotting down the brief facts which were necessary to convince Lord Heathcote; Carter was assisted to rise, and his feeble hand was guided while he affixed his dying mark to the paper; then were appended the signatures of the witnesses. After that he sunk into a fevered slumber.

Father Meagher, with crucifix in hand, knelt beside him, striving with Heaven that contrition might be vouchsafed this wretched soul. He woke to know the priest for an instant, then to glare at him with eyes whose look the clergyman never forgot, and to give such an unearthly scream that every one within reach of the sound was startled, and then, with one wild gasp, to die—unshriven, unrepentant, the soul of Mortimer Carter had gone to its Maker.

CHAPTER LIX.
A HAPPY RESTORATION

The two funerals took place on the same day—but Rick of the Hills followed to the grave by sincerely mourning hearts, Mortimer Carter was laid in the ground without a regret being passed above his coffin, and with only the prayer said over his remains that charity prompted. The money for which he had toiled and schemed, for which he had sacrificed his soul, having no one to claim it, reverted to that government whose spy and informer he had been.

His accomplice in the surreptitious entrance to Father Meagher's house, who was no other than Thade, Carter's paid spy, being told of Carter's death, and hoping to obtain some mitigation of the punishment due to his own crime, made a frank confession. On that night which had resulted so disastrously for Carter, the latter, not knowing that Marie had gone to the home of Rick of the Hills, to be absent until morning, had stolen after midnight to the pastoral residence, and noiselessly cutting a pane from one of the kitchen windows, the blinds of which Moira habitually kept unfastened, he had found it easy to insert his hand and loosen the clasp which held the window down; that done, he had raised the sash and entered the kitchen, while his companion waited without. His purpose had been to drug every sleeper that he found in the house, and then, with the insensible form of Marie in his arms, to walk boldly out of the front door, which he, being within, would have little difficulty in opening. He intended to have borne her to a vehicle that, in the charge of another hired accomplice, waited a little distance up the road, and the driver of which, at the first sound of Tighe's voice calling to his companions, had whipped up his horse and escaped; Thade gave his name and description, but the officers of the law were unable to find him.

Thade's punishment was mitigated through the merciful interposition of Father Meagher, and the fellow in his gratitude promised with apparent sincerity to reform his evil ways.

Father O'Connor was summoned to Dhrummacol, and just as he had heard a full account of Carter's death a letter came from Walter Berkeley, he who had been so well known as Captain Dennier. The letter contained an alarming account of Lord Heathcote's failing health, and Father Meagher, perceiving Marie's eyes fill with tears, and Father O'Connor looked troubled, said, with his hand on the young priest's shoulder:

"Charlie—forgive me—William, it is just that you all, father and children, should meet one more; and you Marie be yourselves the bearers to his lordship of this paper signed by Carter; I shall telegraph to the Bishop for leave of absence for you, and Father

McShane will go down to your place until His Grace sends a substitute."

Marie hailed the proposition with frantic delight; the young priest, with some misgiving as to whether it was quite his duty to leave his beloved parish for the sake of visiting a parent who had even doubted the evidence of his own heart; and Carroll looked with blank dismay at the prospect of a separation from his affianced, short though it might be; he would have accompanied her, but Father Meagher said quietly:

"No, Carroll; this affair comprises a time and a place upon which you must not intrude—Lord Heathcote's family must be alone until this dreadful business is finished."

So the brother and sister departed, first telegraphing the time of their start from Dhrummacol, and that they bore important news. What was their surprise, on their arrival in London, to be met by a servant in livery who mentioned their names, asking respectfully if he was correct. Being answered in the affirmative, he requested them to follow him; he led them to an embellished carriage, drawn by two magnificent horses.

"Mr. Berkeley sent it for you," said the liveried servant; and with wondering looks at each other, the brother and sister took their seats within the handsome vehicle.

Could that be their destination—that palatial edifice before which the carriage stopped? It was, for Berkeley himself, too impatient to wait, at the first sound of the wheels grating on the space before the house had come forth, and was descending the broad stone steps. Another moment, and he was embracing his brother and sister. He drew them within the house, so excited, so eager to tell them his news that he could hardly wait to hear their tidings; and when he heard, when he held the paper and saw upon it that blotted mark—the hand had been so weak that made it—when he read the signatures of the witnesses, he fell upon his knees and said aloud:

"My God! I thank Thee."

Rising, he told them how on the receipt of their telegram he had acquainted his father with the facts, and the suffering nobleman—already strangely softened because of that very suffering, and yearning, as he felt his death approaching, for another sight of his children—broke forth into joyful expressions at the unexpected news, acknowledging to Walter that for the last few days he had been struggling with himself to subdue his pride and send for them.

"I shall go to him now," said young Berkeley, "and tell him all; and in the meantime you can rest, and partake of some refreshment."

He rung for a servant to conduct his guests to separate suites of private apartments, and he repaired to Lord Heathcote. In a comparatively short time, however, he rejoined his brother and sister—his face aglow, his form so violently trembling that his very voice quivered:

"Come," he said, seizing a hand of each; "he knows all, and he is convinced—he yearns for you, he waits to clasp you both!"

Yes, there he stood in the center of his private apartment, actually standing, though his feeble strength had not permitted him to assume that position for days before—his arms outstretched, his stern face now softened to inimitable tenderness by suffering and the wild yearning of his long-pent heart, and his voice crying: "Come! my children—my children!" He encircled them both, he pressed each in turn to his heart, but it was to Marie his longest and fondest caress was given. "My darling! my darling!" he murmured; "it is as if my lost one had returned to me—my poor, injured, slandered lost one!"

His sudden strength gave way, and he was borne to his bed, but with his children about him; Marie's hand performing for him the tender offices she had so often performed for the sick and lonely poor.

With the next day came a transient return of strength, and while it lasted the nobleman would work. Lawyers and friends whose friendship he had tested, and whom he wanted now to serve as witnesses, came in obedience to his summons, and the story of his Irish marriage, with the legitimacy of his three children, and their right and heirship to his property, were for the first time given to the English public; then the matter of his will was settled—his title, with the bulk of the property, would descend to Walter, who was the elder twin brother; the remainder of the estate, comprising a much larger portion than Marie dreamed of, would be divided between her and Father O'Connor, now compelled to assume his true name of Berkeley. When all was completed Lord Heathcote laid his head on the pillow again with an air of intense relief.

Walter wrote a faithful account of all to the anxious ones in Dhrummacol, adding that, as his father's death seemed so near, his guests would remain until the end.

The end did take place, but not as the young priest and Marie had devoutly prayed and wished—Lord Heathcote did not die a Catholic; though expressing himself satisfied that his children should be of the faith of their mother, he persisted in his determination to die in that creed in which he had been reared.

So, even with his priestly son at his bedside tenderly holding one of his hands, the Episcopal clergyman came and read the prayers prescribed by the Church, and the old nobleman breathed forth his soul in one of his efforts to respond.

Carroll and Clare, now deeming it a duty to join their bereaved friends, arrived in London in time for the costly funeral; and when the obsequies were over, everything pertaining to the strange events which had been made public regarding Lord Heathcote's early life was arranged, then all turned their faces once more to Ireland.

TO BE CONTINUED

A HEART-Y VALENTINE

By Marjorie LaFleur in Rosary Magazine

The corner stationery shop was displaying a fascinating array of valentines. Betty Roberts, on her way home from school, stopped to admire the windowful of lacy hearts, with their decorations of cupids and ribbons. A pile of old-fashioned "comics" at one side attracted her attention.

"I wish I could find one about a carpenter," she said aloud, as she turned to enter the store. "I'd send it to Joe Brent, just to get even for his teasing me about my red hair!"

A few moments later Betty was a gleeful possessor of a hideous caricature labelled "The Carpenter," with a sarcastic and badly rhymed "poem" beneath it. Hastening to the post-office, she addressed and stamped the envelope and dropped it in the slot, to be delivered the following morning at her tormentor's home.

As Betty came in sight of her own house, she glanced mischievously to its roof, which for several days young Brent had been re-shingling. To her surprise, two sparrows were its only occupants.

Her mother's anxious face appeared at the door.

"I've been watching for you for half a hour, Betty," she called. "I want you to look after the baby while I go down to Brents. Joe ran a rusty nail through his foot about two o'clock, and Dr. Wall took him home in his car. Isn't that dreadful, when his family needs him so?"

Without stopping for a reply Mrs. Roberts hurried away, and Betty slowly entered the nursery where young Jack was playing in a patch of February sunshine.

Joe's misfortune would, indeed, be a blow to the Brents. The fifteen-year-old boy had left school the year before, and his earnings had barely taken care of his mother and two little sisters. They owned a tiny shack and a small garden on the outskirts of the town, which helped a great deal, but Mrs. Brent was not at all well and could do nothing to add to their income.

Thinking of these things, Betty suddenly remembered the valentine she had mailed so gleefully a short time before. What would she not give to be able to recall it! To send such a sarcastic missive to a perfectly well boy who good-humoredly teased you about red hair is a very different matter from sending it to one laid up with a painful wound, and hopelessly wondering what is to become of his mother and sisters until he is better. Betty Roberts had never felt so ashamed in all her eleven years. The words of the valentine's silly rhyme kept ringing in her ears, but now they seemed far from funny.

When Mrs. Roberts returned an hour later Betty flew to the door to meet her.

"How's Joe? What are they going to do?" she asked anxiously. Her mother shook her head.

"Joe won't be around for several weeks," she answered, and I'm sure I don't know how Mrs. Brent will manage. "I'll be all she can do to look after him and the household. I'm afraid they've been having a harder time than any of us suspected. Marie, the little girl about your age, couldn't go to school this week because her last pair of shoes had given out, and little Jean was just bursting through her faded rompers."

Betty's face brightened suddenly. "I know!" she cried happily. "Tomorrow's the 14th of February, and I'm going to send them a valentine!"

Mrs. Roberts looked incredulously at her daughter.

"Elizabeth Mary Roberts!" she said. "Are you crazy? How in the world could people in such trouble enjoy a valentine?"

Betty laughed at her mother's shocked face.

"But this won't be an ordinary valentine!" she answered. "Why can't we send them a box like you read about in the 'Messenger'?"

Mrs. Roberts understood and entered heartily into the plan.

"That would certainly be a splendid valentine," she said with enthusiasm. "Marie is quite a bit smaller than you are, and you have several outgrown dresses that are warm and good yet. And Jack's things will do for Jean!"

Betty's eyes shone with excitement.

"And can I make them a fruit cake in the morning, Mother? Isn't it lucky St. Valentine's day is on Saturday this year? I'll put the box on that old sled and draw it over after dark, and rap on their door and scot away, and they'll never know who brought it!" she added breathlessly.

All that afternoon and evening Betty and her mother worked on

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the strange valentine. Dresses were mended, or cleaned, and pressed and folded carefully in the box. A faded pink sweater of Betty's was brightened by a dip into a sudsy bath of one of the new quick dyes and spread to dry over a newspaper on the radiator.

Betty woke the next morning with another idea. "Mother," she called, as she ran down stairs, "I have nearly two dollars that I was going to spend on valentines for the girls to day. May I take it to buy a good dinner for the box instead?"

"Indeed, you may," answered her mother. "I'll make you out a list and you may run over to Sim's grocery with it right after breakfast while I do some cooking. And stop at Aunt Mammie's on your way home. I phoned her, and she'll have a suit and a sweater of Cousin Bob's that she thinks will fit Joe, ready for you."

When Mr. Roberts came home for his dinner the large wooden box was in place on the sled, filled with warm clothing and good things to eat. On top were, appropriately, heart-shaped chocolate cookies, part of his wife's morning work. It was the task of only a few minutes to nail the wooden cover in place and tie the box securely to the sled with strong ropes.

But Betty was not yet satisfied. With her wax crayons she drew a large red heart in the center of the cover. Below it she neatly lettered:

To My Valentine

and above it "Mrs. J. H. Brent."

Just before it was beginning to grow dark, Betty started on her journey across the town, dragging the valentine behind her. She had been too busy all day long to think, but now her thoughts returned to the one she had mailed the day before. Had it been delivered yet? At the thought, Betty hung her head guiltily. She did not notice the large limousine coming around the corner until a cry from its occupants roused her. She sprang forward, escaping injury herself, but the mud-guard of the large machine caught the rear end of the box, ripping it open at the corner and spilling its contents into the snow.

The car, which had slowed to round the corner, stopped a few feet beyond and a richly dressed woman stepped from its interior. Betty recognized Mrs. Blaisdell, a prominent member of her church, and soon had poured the whole story of the valentine into her sympathetic ears.

"Don't cry, dear," said Mrs. Blaisdell, for she saw that Betty was fighting hard to keep back the tears. "Gulbord can soon fix the box. See, it is hardly broken."

The chauffeur, with tools from the car soon had the box as securely nailed as before the accident. Just before he put on the last broken piece, Mrs. Blaisdell slipped an envelope into the pocket of the sweater for Joe.

Smiling she turned to the wonderful girl. "That twenty dollars will add to your valentine, Betty," she said. "If you'll give me Mrs. Brent's address, I'll see what I can do for them until Joe is around again."

Fifteen minutes later Betty came in sight of the Brents little home. A light burned in the living-room. As quietly as she could, Betty pushed the sled, with its cheery load, to the side door. Then, summoning her fast-falling courage, she knocked loudly and ran madly around the corner. A trolley soon bore her to within a few minutes' walk of her home.

Her mother met her as she entered the front door. "A man in a big car stopped and left a package here for you just a moment ago, Betty," she said. "Whatever can it be?"

Betty's fingers trembling undid the wrappings. A large heart-shaped box of chocolates emerged and an engraved card fell to the floor. Mrs. Blaisdell's name stared at her from one side, and in delicate handwriting, the other side bore the words, "For a heart-y little girl."

As Betty started to explain to her amazed mother, Mr. Roberts entered the hall with a large white envelope in his hand.

"Isn't this queer?" he said, holding it out to his wife and daughter. "Some one sent this here, addressed to Joe Brent. They must have known he was working on our roof!"

Betty glanced at the letter, and her heart gave a bound of joy. It was the valentine she had mailed the day before. In her excitement she had written her own address by mistake!

AN EDIFYING SPECTACLE

A devotion which has almost passed away in recent years is the making of the Stations of the Cross, individually, says the Brooklyn Tablet. About the only persons one sees performing this splendid act of true contrition, and developer of fervor and will-power, are elderly women. In fact, if a young person is seen in the act of going the rounds nowadays, even in Lent, any one else who may be in church looks on in amazement, perhaps with the thought that a penance for some terrible misdeed is being performed. For this reason we were given a real thrill last Sunday night when, after the good Passionist Father, had strongly recommended that each man make the Stations daily during the Lenten season, about five hundred followed the advice.

After service more than half of the congregation went around and the congregation was such that little headway could be made. There was a sight in 19.8 worth going miles to see. Imagine it, a block-up of men making the Stations of the Cross! One young fellow behind us noticed one of the boys some distance up and turning to the friend alongside of him said: "For heaven's sake, look at 'Red' McDevitt making the Stations of the Cross." Undoubtedly, many were giving a striking testimony of their faith who had never participated in this devotion before. And many like "Red" were a source of edification, as well as surprise, to those who never witnessed such a strange sight. Long may such thrills, which are the real ones, continue.

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A comparison of Huron & Erie and Canada Trust Company financial statements for 1923 with those of 1922 reveal combined increases which eclipse all previous records. Huron & Erie Debentures issued to Canadians increased \$800,459 while Sterling Debentures show a gain of \$562,850. At the close of 1923 Debenture investments totaled \$18,730,000. Savings Deposits stood at \$6,116,000—being an increase of \$4,800. The net profits for the year were \$370,036 an increase of \$4,488 over the preceding year. Assets are up \$1,655,000 and now total \$26,322,000. To the Reserve Fund there has been added \$150,000 bringing the total of that Fund and the Paid-up Capital to \$6,650,000.

There is a noticeable increase of \$1,586,000 in First mortgage investments which reach a total of \$18,283,161. In this connection the Directors of The Huron & Erie are able to announce for the sixteenth consecutive year that they hold no real estate, either directly or indirectly, other than office premises. That announcement is to be further emphasized in the Corporation's published financial report by the very definite statement that as in other years, the few properties which came into its possession during 1923 were sold outright to individuals who had no connection of any nature with the institution. In addition to making full allowance for actual losses the Corporation has, as in the past, made ample provision for possible losses.

Following an established practice, the liquid position of the Corporation has been maintained at a high point. Liquid assets, such as readily negotiable Government and Municipal bonds and debentures and cash on hand and in banks, were equal to 82% of Savings Deposits.

The Canada Trust Company under the control and management of The Huron & Erie, likewise has experienced outstanding success in marketing its Guaranteed Mortgage and Trust Certificates. At the close of 1923 funds invested by the public totaled \$4,347,281—an increase of \$1,464,587 in twelve months. The assets of estates under administration show a gain of over half a million dollars. Twenty-five thousand dollars was transferred from profits to the Reserve Fund which now totals \$725,000—being equivalent to 2 1/2% of the Paid-up Capital. The net profits for the year—\$108,278—were \$1,294 greater than for 1922. Total Assets have advanced from \$18,218,000 to \$15,253,000—a gain of \$2,035,000.

The past year has been recorded in Canadian History as one of financial crisis—the question of the security of Savings Deposits having provided a topic for conversation in home, factory and office. Throughout the whole period The Huron & Erie and The Canada Trust Company stood firm as rock. The splendid reports now being published will undoubtedly strengthen and increase public confidence in these institutions which throughout the past sixty years have established for themselves an impregnable position as safe depositories for the savings and investments of the public.

THE MAGI

TYPE OF PERSEVERING FAITH

There are few feasts of the ecclesiastical year which have touched the Catholic heart more profoundly than the Epiphany, recalling as it does the touching story of the Magi. There is a striking contrast between their simple unquestioning faith with only a star to guide them, and the modernist revolt which is stirring Protestant church circles. A revolt which closes its eyes to all the Christian light of 2,000 years. A mere star would not attract the passing glance of a real modernist.

We can well imagine the obstacles which the Magi encountered, before leaving home. The perils of the long journey across Syrian and Arabian deserts, the danger of losing the star, the folly of placing trust in an obscure Jewish prophecy about a star appearing out of Jacob, these and a thousand other objections must have been voiced by anxious friends or sneering enemies. Yet, in spite of them all, the Wise Men faced the hazardous trip across the weary leagues of Arabia's

sands because they had seen His Star and wished to adore Him.

The anniversary of their adoration is a feast of great solemnity, especially in Catholic countries (notably Italy and Ireland) because they were the first gentiles, to the first outside of the Jewish fold, to do honor to the newborn King. Their appearance, with precious gifts, was the first homage of the outside world to the Saviour who was to die for all.

The faith and perseverance of the Magi stood many a test, even the disappearance of the guiding star. When they refused to be disheartened, but sought information from the Jewish priests, the latter interpreted the prophecies aright, but did not go themselves. The re-appearance of the star over the road to Bethlehem was the reward of the undaunted Magi.

The Wise Men disappear from the scene in obedience to a command of God that they return by another way so as to avoid Herod, for Herod wished to kill the Divine Babe whom the Magi had announced as "King of the Jews" to Herod. He immediately appeared as a possible rival to be removed, and the heartless Slaughter of the Innocents was his brutal effort to remove Him.

The Magi taught faith and perseverance in the eloquent language of self-sacrificing effort. A dim prophecy which they were certain was from God guided their faith. The taunts and pleas of those at home, the perils of a robber-infected trade route, the disappearance of the star, the order to return by an even more difficult route, all failed to dampen their perseverance.

Was God outdone in generosity? The sight and blessing of the Divine Child, the gift of divine faith, baptism at the hands of St. Thomas, the Apostle, the veneration of the Christian ages, a last resting place beneath the great altar of Cologne Cathedral, are the temporal rewards of the God with whom they are spending a happy eternity.—Catholic Mirror.

SUPERSTITION

We live in an age when superstition rightly carries the odium of lack of good sense, and it is well that it is so, for among the many senseless characteristics of human-kind, superstition has done its share of mischief. It is an idiosyncrasy founded on ignorance or a practical denial of God and His providence; yet while it is severely condemned, the fact is that many who affect to despise it, are not free from its baneful influence.

Superstition commenced in the days of paganism, in places where it was impossible for mankind to know anything about the attributes of Almighty God; and so the wind, the sea, the sun, moon and stars were looked upon with veneration as deities. From this sort of grievous error many strange beliefs and customs were spread over the world, some of which are not entirely eliminated at this time, even among intelligent Christian people.

We see men who would condemn superstition as strongly as they would condemn a burglar, and yet were they to sit down to table in a company of thirteen, their faces would blanch with fear.

You would not be liable to think that a hard-headed business man had any tinge of superstition, but when did you know of a shipping company to send out one of their ships on a Friday?

Oh, yes indeed, there are many remains of the old pagan nonsense still with us, and it will be very hard to root them out. The peculiar thing about it is that persons placing faith in such foolishness, will get very indignant if you tell them they are superstitious.

Persons who tell you they have more common sense than to place faith in astrologers, will get mighty scared if the astrologer tells them anything disagreeable. Then there are those who tell you they don't believe in fortune-tellers, but rarely such and such a thing came true. Of course it did; the fortune-tellers and most other people, can tell many things that will happen or something so very near it that no doubt remains in the mind that the fortune teller "told the truth," etc.

A woman breaks a mirror and she "knows" this means some mishap to her. She watches very carefully for the mishap, and something always happens of course, to everybody; but the moment that the slightest accident happens after the breaking of the glass, that accident is put down as the sure result of the glass incident. No doubt of it; it all "came true" just as she expected, though her neighbor Mrs. Jones had much more serious accident happen to her, and she never broke a mirror, nor did anything happen that caused her to look for misfortune. But the superstitious woman is confident in her superstition, and the little accident that may occur at any moment to any one, and which came to her after a time, long or short, confirms her for good in her belief; and it would take much argument to disabuse her mind of the delusion. Thus the evil grows, and it is found rooted in the minds of many who ought to know better.

the providence of God; and all superstition is therefore the work which Satan (to use a common expression) takes delight in; or rather which he furthers to the extent of his power. It is often the cause of much anxiety, bad feeling among those who should be friends; very often it is the cause of the loss of one's fortune; always of misfortune.

There are many kinds of superstition, and they all tend towards evil results, because they are founded on an evil principle.—D. in The Guardian.

WAY OF HAPPINESS

"If you want to be miserable, always think of yourself. If you want to be happy, think of others first." How true is this quotation, because if we were always thinking of ourselves we will become selfish, self-centered, seeing and magnifying every other person's fault, yet being blind to our own. There is not one among us who is perfect. We are all sinners. Therefore, it behooves us to speak kindly of our neighbors, always remembering that if we are kind and courteous to others they in turn will prove to be our friends. How very often we come in contact with people who are always complaining, always grumbling, refusing to see the good things of life, not having a kind word for anyone. These people make everybody near and connected with them miserable. How much better it would be to be cheery and kind-hearted, to bestow a smile upon all we meet. A kind word and a smile mean a great deal to someone who is not so well favored with this world's goods as we are.

We can all do something in our way according to our means, to help others—less fortunate. We can help with our sympathy and kind words to shed joy around us. To be really happy we must, instead of being miserable, do all we can to help others by our sympathy, cheerfulness, and kindness of heart, and so win for ourselves a host of friends, for a friend in need is a friend indeed.—The Monitor.

When you have conceived and promised friendship, impress its duties on your heart. They are many! they are nothing less than making yourself worthy of your friend all your lifetime.—Pellico.

GAS IN THE STOMACH IS DANGEROUS
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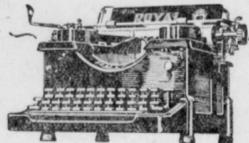
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LONDON, SATURDAY, FEB. 9, 1924

TWO STIRRING ADDRESSES

An Ottawa newspaper just to hand carries a summary of a "stirring address" by Mr. Vincent Massey to the members of the Canadian Club of that city which had for the occasion a quite unusual gathering of distinguished guests. As we read through the summary of Mr. Massey's address we became more and more conscious that it stirred depths left untouched by the common or garden variety of stirring addresses to which we have become painfully accustomed.

In the first place there was not a trace of Jingoism from the beginning to the end.

Here, remembering that a younger generation of readers is always with us, we inject a definition of Jingoism. It originated in 1877 during the weeks of national excitement prelude to the despatch of the British Mediterranean squadron to Gallipoli, thus frustrating Russian designs on Constantinople. While the public were on the tiptoe of expectation as to what policy the government would pursue, a bellicose music-hall song with the refrain

"We don't want to fight
But by Jingo if we do,
We've got the men, we've got the ships,
And we've got the money too"

was produced in London by a singer known as "the great MacDermott," and instantly became very popular. Thus the war-party came to be called Jingo, and Jingoism has ever since been a term applied to those who advocate a national policy of arrogance and pugnacity.

The Rev. Dr. Cody, President of the Board of Governors of the University of Toronto, and ex-Minister of Education for Ontario, in a very stirring address recently advocated the exclusion or rather the expulsion of Longfellow's "Evangeline" from Ontario schools. Now we are not going to say a word about Dr. Cody's chivalrous attack on "Evangeline" chiefly because J. P. C. in the Manchester Guardian, whose article we reprint elsewhere in the RECORD, has left not a word to say. J. P. C. is a scholarly Englishman—not a Canadian imperialist nor a Celtic Anglo-Saxon—who speaks with authority; and he spurns the "Jingo pedantry" and "emasculated history" that Dr. Cody brings to the defence of "British justice, chivalry and administration."

But the scholarly English journalist and the Canadian educationist and divine are two; and Dr. Cody may not be halted by the Englishman's satire, ridicule and open contempt of his self-assumed task as defender of "The Empire." And so we have hastened to define Jingoism before it is absolutely "Verboten." (For the very young, again, "verboten" is the German for "forbidden" whose use, we learned a few years ago, was so common as to irritate or amuse all-free-born Englishmen but which was patiently endured and obeyed by the slavishly docile Germans). Though not, as yet, forbidden should it savor of political heresy to the great unofficial censor of English (and American) literature, we enter herewith the plea in extenuation that we have taken the aforesaid definition verbatim from an unexpurgated edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica which we

have so far been allowed to retain.

As we have said, in Mr. Massey's address at Ottawa there was not a trace of Jingoism. And while we should be astonished if we heard Dr. Cody get through an address on Patagonia or Cuba root without the "British Empire" or "The Empire" or some other variant rolling sonorously from his eloquent tongue, Mr. Vincent Massey mentioned the British Empire only once and then to laugh at a Jingo policeman. The Citizen summary thus tells the story:

"We have inherited spiritual qualities," he said, "and one of these was the liberty of the individual. The example of the last few days, he said, gave one added confidence in the political influence of the race. Then there was freedom of speech, as to which Mr. Massey told of an experience which greatly delighted his distinguished audience and drew loud applause. He said he was in Hyde Park, London, and as he sat in his car he listened to one of the typical orators asking for the demolition of the present economic order. It happened that the car he was sitting in was a Ford, and the sounds of the engine were considerably audible, so much so that a policeman went up to him and asked him to kindly move his car a little farther away as the noise of it was preventing the crowd from hearing the speaker. Yet that policeman was there as a representative of the very order the speaker wanted destroyed, added Mr. Massey, when the laughter had subsided.

"He thought in Canada they had a fairly good idea of this kind of thing, he said, though he did notice some time ago that a man had been arrested in a certain city for calling the British Empire the British Vampire. But he thought that only tended to make the man a martyr and the police ridiculous."

The subject of the address was "Some Canadian Problems." At the outset he stated that he would emphasize the word Canadian rather than Problems. He dismissed the material problems, wasting little sympathy on the pessimistic or unduly optimistic view of them. He quoted D'Arcy McGee, whom he called the Mazzini of Canada: "You have sent your young men to guard your frontiers: have you got a principle to guard your young men?" In the rediscovery of the spiritual significance of Canada they might find strength for the job before them. They should define Canada's ideals, the things that characterized Canadian life and justified their being a separate entity. The spirit of Mr. Massey's address was admirable. He dwelt on higher things than material problems or material progress. In Canada and Canadianism the speaker found ample matter for a heart to heart talk with fellow-Canadians. His Canadianism was robust as well as enlightened. The one reference to the Empire had its pointed lesson for Canadians. He seemed to be ignorant or oblivious of the fact that the latest and supreme achievement of Evolution was the development of the Englishman of very composite origin into the superman, the pure and unadulterated Anglo-Saxon who is now stooping from his lonesome height to absorb the "Nordic" races. He went further:

"I should say we have made far too little of the French-Canadian qualities in our national life," said the speaker, amid applause. "To him it was a humiliating point how few of them could speak the language of the French-Canadians, for no one could understand the problems of Canada unless he learnt their language."

There isn't a doubt in the world, though he did not say it, that Mr. Massey has read and enjoyed "Evangeline" and would discuss with French-Canadians that great human poem with sympathetic appreciation of the effect of the historic event therein commemorated on his fellow-Canadians of French origin. Indeed the spirit that pervaded the whole address would warrant the inference that he might regard the reading of "Evangeline" an excellent corrective of prejudice and stimulus to sympathy for English-speaking Canadians even—or should we say, especially—in their impressionable years.

Here is another sample brick:

"He wondered whether there was not a tendency to rely too much on statutory salvation. Churches were falling into the habit of relying on the coercive machinery of the State

to help them in the moral reformation.

"Recalling the saying of the man who said he did not care who made a nation's laws if he could write its songs, Mr. Massey remarked he thought they had too many laws and not enough songs. The spirit of self-reliance was a characteristic they could rely upon, he thought, but they were leaning very heavily on legislation in Canada. He pointed out that it had been figured there was one law-maker to every 9,000 of the people. We are asking governments to do impossible things, he said, from inviolable institutions to making men good by statute."

Such sanity of thought must make its way. There are sane and intelligent prohibitionists or there were before the experiment was tried. But few thinking men now pretend that to abandon moral suasion for the coercive machinery of the State is an open confession of defeat, an abject surrender; an acknowledgment that moral forces are impotent to develop the character or to cultivate those virtues that pre-Christian pagans esteemed and practised. Mr. Massey favors our cherishing and developing our own traditions, British and French, rather than giving way to the influence of our neighbors the Americans who broke loose from these traditions and started afresh.

"Sixty years ago," he said, "it used to be urged that the British colonial office was the greatest obstacle to the development of true Canadianism. But the foe today was not Downing street, but Main street."

Older readers will remember when a more virile generation of Canadians used in their fight for greater national freedom, the political slogan: "No dictation from Downing Street." "Main Street" is a reference to an American novel wherein the author paints a drab and dreary picture of debasing materialism. Each and every character is smugly self-satisfied with the pettiness and sordidness of such a life. The author left the picture unrelieved probably not because he believed it to be true but the better to serve his purpose of satirizing a growing evil tendency. Few will deny that Canadians have at least some of the virtues and some of the vices of Americans and that Canada may be powerfully affected by its very close neighbor.

While rejoicing at the better mutual understanding and esteem that now obtains between Canadians and Americans he claimed that the boundary line is not an imaginary one; "that we are fundamentally a different people."

"We have to develop a new self-determination," said Mr. Massey, who urged that Canada was the expression of certain ideas. In the 19th century Canada made a great contribution to politics and national thinking, and two races were now living in amity and co-operation side by side.

"Mathew Arnold had even claimed that the great contributions to the world had been made by small nations. 'We have got to find today a common denominator which will unite the spiritually scattered sections of this country,' urged the speaker. He claimed it was the intangible things which united people and the material things which divided.

"He said they needed the prophetic note in Canada and they had got to rediscover the vision of the fathers of Confederation for themselves.

"Our economic ills need economic solutions, of course, but the wise physician never overlooks the mental side. We must be fully conscious of the psychological ills, but faith will give us consciousness of what we stand for, and it will enable us to fight the battles that lie ahead. With faith there is nothing which we Canadians cannot do. At the same time it was only a very robust kind of Canadianism that would be able to resist the subtle encroachment of American magazines, American made movies, and the latest scientific development, the radio, through which Canadians were able nightly to listen in on political speeches of another country.

"Mr. Massey recalled a cartoon he had seen portraying John Bull and Uncle Sam as two distinct personalities, and Jack Canuck as an amiable young man. He thought it was a warning against merely accepting second-rate ideas, and such as had

largely been discarded by the Americans themselves."

It may have been intended to indicate the immature youth of Canada. Too many Canadians would look on that as quite a matter of course. Is it not time that Canadians should put aside childish things and quit themselves like men.

We are glad to be able to give so much of Mr. Massey's inspiring address; it has its appeal, should we not say an especial appeal to Canadian Catholics.

We are glad, too, to say that Mr. Massey is a fellow townsman of Dr. Cody. Toronto and England and Ireland and Quebec are precise and accurate as geographical terms; but in an age when loose thinking is as general as half-education they are often personified, and then an adjective or two supplies the place of knowledge. We ascribe to them love and hatred, narrowness and breadth of view, culture and ignorance and so on. Such personification is often misleading and always dangerous. It fosters those very prejudices that militate against the development of true Canadianism. So it is well to remember that "Toronto" speaks through Mr. Vincent Massey as well as through the Rev. Dr. Cody.

Dr. Cody is a scholarly man, a fluent and forceful speaker, with a mastery of the English language. In pitiable contrast is the intellectual and cultural poverty of the author of the Jingo song who, however, gave a permanent place in the language to a new and useful word, a new and useful family of words. Nonetheless the Rev. Dr. Cody and "the great MacDermott" are brothers under their skins; while Mr. Massey and J. P. C. of the Manchester Guardian are kindred spirits; may their tribe increase.

Mr. Massey by his sturdy Canadianism and J. P. C. by his outspoken condemnation of spurious imperialism renders each in his own full measure the most intelligent service to his own country and to the British Commonwealth.

Perhaps even Dr. Cody may repent and give evidence of that English manliness that can confess a fault.

"SOCIALISM" IN ENGLAND

A short time ago there were vehement exhortations in England that both the old parties should unite to prevent the advent to power of a Socialist government which portended ultimate ruin. But the "Socialists" are in power and the alarmists are quieting down. It is not fair to call the Labor party socialist; they do not themselves assume that name nor do they adopt a socialist policy, and all who work with hand or brain are welcome to their ranks. Catholics to a large extent supported Labor and in the House of Commons the greater number of Catholic representatives are found in that party. Nevertheless there are Catholic alarmists who invoke Pope Leo's condemnation of Socialism as a reason why Catholics should withdraw their support from the party of their choice. Socialism is an elastic and equivocal term. The socialism that is condemned is that which denies and would destroy the right of private property. To some public ownership of public utilities is socialism. A score of other things were denounced as socialist which are now generally conceded to be enlightened and necessary advances in social legislation.

As school boys we were taught to look on the great Reform Bill of 1832 as an unprecedented advance in democratic freedom. As a matter of fact it reformed only the grotesque abuses of the "rotten boroughs" and extended the franchise only to a small fraction of the English people. There was far more democracy in the 14th century in England than in the 19th. A considerable advance was made in 1884 but it was not until 1918 that Great Britain had what we on this continent would recognize as a democratic franchise. Even yet there are strange anomalies, some constituencies having ten times the population of others.

The Catholic Times, London, England, has this week comment on the present situation:

"In view of this alarmist outcry it is interesting to look back to an earlier crisis in English politics. In the years after Waterloo had ended the long series of wars with France, though there was much traditional boasting about the glories of the British constitution and the freedom of the English

people, the country was really governed by a small oligarchy of peers and wealthy commoners. The mass of the people had no voice in its government. Birmingham had no representative in Parliament, while a solitary shepherd living in a hut on the margin of Salisbury Plain, and voting by order of his employer, returned to the House of Commons two members for the city of Old Sarum, whose abandoned site for centuries had been marked only by its grass-grown rampart. An agitation for Parliamentary Reform was met by a series of coercion measures. At last, when England was on the verge of armed revolt, a very moderate measure of Reform was passed in 1832, and the Liberalism came into power. There were widespread predictions that this meant the ruin of the country, the disappearance of its trade, the re-enactment before long on English ground of the horrors of the French Revolution. Sir Walter Scott, broken in health, wrote that he was not sorry to think that his end was near and that he would not live to see the loss of all that had made Britain a land of freedom, order and happiness. The story of the country during the ninety years that have passed since then shows how baseless was the alarmist outcry of 1832. If the wood-pulp paper on which the Daily Mail is printed holds together for another ninety years, those who turn over its files in future days will wonder at Lord Rothermere's panic-stricken cries of today as we wonder at Scott's sad forecast in this earlier crisis."

Catholic alarmists, we take it, are chiefly Catholic Tories and some other enthusiasts who become confused in their thinking because they have never learned to define clearly their terms. Right reasoning is impossible without such clear definition. Labelling a party "Socialist" and then invoking the Pope's condemnation is not fair, and not honest unless excused by ignorance. We had a precisely similar experience in Canada with the term "Liberal." But ours was a much more serious religio-political question than is ever likely to arise in England.

The Catholic Times shares not at all the fear of the "Socialists."

"We are," it says, "not as a body in any way committed to the Labor party, but if it deals wisely with the problems of the day and fulfills—as we anticipate that it will fulfill—the pledges given by so many of its members at the elections that it would respect our educational rights, it can count upon an increasing measure of Catholic support."

"Estimating the probable trend of their programme by the ideas their responsible leaders have advocated, we feel that we have much common ground on which to base our support of them. On many points their programme on labor reform runs on parallel lines with the principles laid down by Leo XIII. in his Encyclical on the Labor question, and on the all-important matter of peace and good will among the nations their policy is that of Benedict XV. and of Pius XI. We do not mean to read into the policy of a Government that will be mostly, if not entirely, formed of non-Catholics a distinctly Catholic programme, but it is well in practical affairs to be ready to recognize points of contact and to avoid exaggerating points of difference."

That seems to be a sane and unbiased review of the political situation on the other side of the ocean. May it not in some ways point a moral for us on this side?

TOO MUCH ABUSE

By THE OBSERVER

Readers of newspapers cannot have failed to note that the gravest crises that arise in the relations between employers and employees are avidly seized upon by political partisans for the purpose of making political points against their opponents. Good citizens cannot fail to resent this unpatriotic practice. The relations between capital and labor go deep into the bases of the welfare of this country. The probable results of partisan misuse of the occasions that such relations afford for arousing passion, are so grave that any man who attempts such misuse is as little worthy of public confidence as would be the man who should toss a lighted match into a vast magazine of powder.

This is so true, and so plainly true, that hardly any intelligent school boy in the land can possibly mistake it, and yet there are only too many signs to be seen that this class, unfortunately, includes men who are highly placed as well as some who are in lower places; are not only willing, but eager, to take the risk of doing irreparable damage to the future peace and welfare of this country, if, by inflaming the minds of one class or another they can increase the chances of their party's winning a temporary success.

The disputes between employers and employees are so serious in these days, that one might expect to find at least the most prominent men in every party resolved to be moderate in their utterances, just to those on whom at the time the responsibility rests of governing a province or the whole country, and generally helpful in matters in which, if they cannot be helpful, they had far better hold their tongues. It is surely time that politicians began to perceive that much of the bitterness that is now to be seen in social discussions on such problems as wages and conditions of labor, is due to the methods that have been employed by political partisans in the past, and can be traced directly to that source.

When a demagogue addresses a great meeting in tones of real or simulated passion, when he holds up his opponents to ridicule, scorn and contempt, when he exaggerates every circumstance which can by exaggeration be made to tell, or to appear to tell, against the class he is attacking, what is he doing but imitating a practice that has been set him for generations past by a large proportion of lesser politicians and by not a few of a higher class? There has been altogether too much abuse in the past amongst partisan politicians; too much sniping; too much determination to twist and distort the simplest and most innocent facts to the discredit and disadvantage of opponents. It is not surprising that these evil practices should be imitated by some of those who are attacking all political parties in the supposed interests of the working classes.

But, it would seem that there are public men, and some of them in high places, who so far from reading the plain lessons of the times, are still determined to exploit the passions of capital and labor in the hope of turning them to the advantage of their party. So it is that when there is a tense conflict between workmen and their employers, we see political papers and political speakers, whilst they pretend to be much concerned for peace and for good understanding between all classes in the country, slyly inflaming the feelings they pretend to wish to allay and soothe. They say, with an appearance of sincerity, that they are eager to see justice done, and then proceed to insinuate that justice is not to be expected by anyone until they and their friends are entrusted with power in the political world.

With an affectation of concern for the restoration of peace, they proceed to inflame the feelings of distrust which have done so much to disturb peace and to prevent mutual concession and understanding between the employers and the employees. With an appearance of strongly desiring to uphold the authority of law and the constitution of the country they proceed to direct the anger of those who are discontented with conditions against the party which happens to be in power at the time. It is, unfortunately, not alone the more insignificant papers, and the most unimportant public men that are from time to time engaged in this dishonest and unpatriotic work; sometimes one is shocked to see men of very high position in the political world toss their matches into the open bulk of powder, seemingly not caring in the least what evil results may follow to the country and to its best interests, how much the prospects of future peace, socially, may be injured, if only a passing advantage, in the shape of votes, can be had for the party they support.

It is always an evil thing to lower in the mind of the public that respect for law and for authority which is essentially necessary for the maintenance of our free political institutions. That authority has, in the past, been materially weakened by the unscrupulous tactics of scheming politicians; and

this is not a time to weaken it further.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

It has all along been a source of some surprise to us that the natural scenery of Scotland and Ireland has been so little utilized on the screen. It now appears that a leading European film-actor, Henry Victor, who himself plays the part of Haddres Creegan in the Stoll production of "The Colleen Bawn," the exterior work of which was done in Ireland, expresses preference for that country over France for the exterior work in the picture, "Henry, King of Navarre," now in the process of making. His views on this point will bear reproduction.

"I think Ireland is full of wonderful backgrounds," he says, "and it seems to me a pity that more Irish stories, or stories in Ireland, are not converted into pictures. There is a wonderful scenery in the south of France, but there is also wonderful scenery in Ireland, and the atmosphere of the Irish scenery is to my mind better, because it is natural, whereas the atmosphere of the Riviera is artificial. The Riviera is a pleasure resort, full of gamblers and *nouveaux riches*, but in Ireland you get back to rock-bottom nature. The people are poor, but sincere—and natural."

"As a film actor," continues Mr. Victor, "I am essentially temperamental, I suppose, and my surroundings influence me. I like to portray the natural passions, love, hate, greed, fear, and so on. And in Ireland the passions have full play, largely, I believe, because the Irish have suffered. Even in England we are much more natural in our passions today than we were before the War, and this is because we have suffered. Suffering strips us of our artificiality; but in the south of France, (because of the preponderating tourist traffic) everything is clothed in it. Even the scenery looks artificial, because it is cultivated. In Ireland, on the contrary, and largely because of its past sad history, the scenery is wild—and I like wildness, because it is natural." Coming from an Englishman, these views, though not necessarily correct in every particular, are of unusual interest.

REFERRING to the changing complexion of political and social conditions in England, as typified by the advent of Labor to Governmental control, the learned editor of the Catholic Herald of India recalls the fact that the book which first inspired English democracy as it is known to-day, and was the basis of Milton's celebrated "Defensio," was written by the Jesuit, Father Robert Parsons. This was his celebrated "Conference." The book was first published in England in 1594. King James convened the Convocation of 1603-10 expressly, as the summons has it, to counteract "the principles laid down in that famous book of Parsons, the Jesuit," which, it should be added, was reprinted in England in 1648, 1655, and 1681, and solemnly burned at Oxford in 1683. So that as things go, the real founder of modern British democracy was a Jesuit.

IT SHOULD not be forgotten either, avers the East Indian editor, that for centuries the Anglican Church has been essentially the bulwark of Royal autocracy, and that by her "Constitutions and Canons" (1610) her clergy were ordered to at least four times a year preach that "the most sacred order of Kings is of divine right," and that "any precept of setting up under any pretence whatsoever any independent co-active power, either Papal or popular, whether directly or indirectly, is treasonable against God as well as against the King."

OUR REFERENCE three weeks ago to the interesting circumstance that there are at least "four" Catholic Premiers in the British Dominions at the present time has excited much comment in the Maritime Provinces. We have received several communications calling attention to what one writer terms a "singular" omission on our part in making no mention of the name of the Premier of New Brunswick, the Hon Peter Veniot, who is, as one Glace Bay correspondent puts it, "not only a Catholic, but a representative of the Acadians of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, whose forefathers suffered persecution for their Faith."

We at once plead guilty to the omission and hasten to rectify it. In penning the paragraph Mr. Veniot's name did not at the moment occur to us. That the gentleman in question is a worthy representative of the Faith, is well known; and that he is in addition a coming figure in Dominion affairs is the judgment of those who know him.

"In your issue of January 19th you state that there are but four Catholic Premiers in the British Dominions. You have, however, overlooked the fact that New Brunswick has for its first Catholic Premier, an Acadian, in the person of Hon. Peter Veniot, who after proving himself to be the most progressive and efficient Minister of Public Works for years, was unanimously selected by the House of Assembly as Premier. Since assuming the Premiership he has further distinguished himself by the careful, honest and economical administration of affairs.

"He is the honored representative of the Acadians who form about one third of the population of New Brunswick, yet have three Senators and three Members of Parliament. He is besides a master of eloquence in both English and French, and there is scarcely a public undertaking in the Province in which he is not invited to participate. . . . It is the belief of his friends that his political future will be most brilliant. Ottawa is calling loudly for just such men."

ONTARIO CHILDREN'S PROTECTION ACT

AN INFORMING DISCUSSION OF PROVISIONS OF A VERY IMPORTANT LAW

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

Sir:—In a recent editorial referring to the Bigras Case you suggest that from a religious point of view, the Ontario Children's Protection Act as it stands is entirely satisfactory. I think, however, that upon further consideration you will come to the conclusion that this is by no means the case.

"(3) For the purpose of this Act, a child shall be deemed to be a Protestant child if its father is a Protestant, and a child shall be deemed to be a Roman Catholic child if its father is a Roman Catholic, unless it is shown that an agreement had been entered into in writing, signed by the father that the child should be brought up in the faith of its mother and that faith is not the faith of its father."

"(4) The illegitimate child of a Protestant mother shall be deemed to be a Protestant child, and the illegitimate child of a Roman Catholic mother shall be deemed to be a Roman Catholic child."

At those request these provisions were inserted in the Act, I do not know. The Ontario Association of Children's Aid Societies, of which I was then president, had asked to be consulted as to any proposed amendments, but this was not done. They may have been passed in consequence of the decision in Re Kenna (1918) 29 O. L. R. 590, where it was held that the child was too young to have any religion, but if so the remedy applied was extremely crude. As will be observed, the principles enunciated into a long line of decisions are all swept away and a rule of thumb substituted therefor. The law is made absolutely rigid and inflexible. It provides that the child shall be deemed to be of the religion of the father, regardless of any different religious convictions which the child may itself have acquired (which have always heretofore been respected by the Courts) and regardless even of the wishes of the father. There is, it is true, an exception in the case of a written agreement, but you will observe that it reads "unless it is shown that an agreement had been entered into." Apparently it would be too late to enter into such an agreement at the time of the application. You will note further, that the agreement must have been "signed by the parents." Whether or not that was the intention, the effect would seem to be to exclude the "document" required to be signed by the Protestant party in the case of a mixed marriage, since that is not usually signed by the Catholic party.

Under the law as it now stands, therefore, in the case say, of a family of children ranging all the way up to almost sixteen years, the offspring of a Protestant father and a Catholic mother, where there is no agreement signed by the parents that the children are to be Catholics, although the children have been brought up as Catholics and have definite religious convictions, and although the father is still willing and even anxious that his children should be brought up Catholics, yet upon their commitment under this Act, the Court would be forced to deal with them as Protestants. This is highly objectionable and would, of course, be equally objectionable in the converse case of children of a Catholic father who had, with his consent, been brought up Protestants. But in practice the provision does not necessarily cut both ways. It is often possible to deal with children voluntarily, without actually bringing them before the Court, and where the administration of the Act is in the hands of Protestants, there is a natural tendency to protect the faith of Protestant children in this way more often than that of Catholic children.

Soon after the Section was passed, a case arose showing how unfairly it might work out. A family came under the notice of a Children's Aid Society, consisting of a mother and a number of children, one of whom was almost sixteen. While the mother was, in some respects, not a good woman, yet she had brought her children up as Catholics and desired them to continue so. Her husband, however, had been a Protestant and although she had not heard of him for many years and was uncertain as to whether he was dead or alive, it was clear that the children, if committed to the Children's Aid Society, must be committed as Protestant children. The unfairness of this appeared to the Protestant members of the Executive and the Act was, in this case, ignored; but the Society had, of course, no right whatever to treat the legislation in this way.

Soon after the amendment was passed, the Ontario Association of Children's Aid Societies adopted a resolution expressing disapproval of it and asking that it be further amended. Then, in 1921, the Association appointed a Committee to consider various proposed changes in the Act. The recommendation of the Committee, concurred in unanimously by the Association, was that the provisions in question should be amended to read as follows:

"28 A. For the Purpose of this Act, prima facie, and unless the contrary is shown, a child shall be deemed to be a Protestant child if its father is a Protestant, and a child shall be deemed to be a Roman Catholic child if its father is a Roman Catholic, and a child shall be deemed to be of that religion, other than Protestant or Roman Catholic, to which its father belongs, unless it is shown that an agreement had been entered into in writing, signed by the father that the child should be brought up in the faith of its mother and that faith is not the faith of its father, or unless, in the absence of such an agreement signed by the father, a request in writing, signed by the father, is filed with the Court asking that the child should be deemed to be of some religion other than that of the father."

"(2) Where one parent is dead or has deserted and the child is being brought up by the surviving or remaining parent the child shall be deemed to be of the religion of such surviving or remaining parent."

"(3) An illegitimate child shall be deemed to be of the religion of its mother unless the mother has abandoned or deserted it and it has since been brought up in a religion other than the religion of its mother."

Notwithstanding anything in this section contained, where the Court finds upon the evidence and upon a private examination of the child that a child has acquired religious convictions, the Court shall not make an order the effect of which would be to disturb those convictions."

These, with certain other proposed amendments not now in question, were forwarded by the Association to the Government, with a request that the Act be amended accordingly, but although some of the other proposed amendments were last session inserted in the Act, the request for the amendment of Section 28 has so far been ignored.

W. L. SCOTT

YOUNG IRISH POET WINS PRIZE OF CHICAGO MAGAZINE

Dublin, Ireland.—H. F. Stuart, a young Irishman, has won the "Young Poet's Prize" awarded for the best poem or group of poems published in "poetry" of Chicago. Seven out of the eight poems to which the prize was awarded appear in the volume of Mr. Stuart's poems: "We Have Kept the Faith." Many of these poems were written while the author was prisoner in the internment camp at the Curragh, in the County of Kilbare, and while he occupied the same hut as one hundred other men. In these surroundings he also wrote a novel. He was released from internment only recently.

Mr. Stuart was born in Australia of Irish parents and is only twenty-one years of age. His early boyhood was spent in the neighborhood of Coleraine, in the north of Ireland. He was sent to school at Rugby, in England, but disliking English school-life he soon came back to Ireland. He began to write poetry at the age of sixteen. A few years ago he was received into the Catholic Church.

UNPARALLELED

There are 7,000 parish schools in the United States of America, taught by 42,000 religious teachers, training 2,000,000 children.

This gigantic system saves the nation annually at least \$80,000,000 in tuition alone, exclusive of buildings, equipment, and the apparently indefinite number of items of expense that make up the budget of a modern school system.

If the nation were compelled to provide class rooms for this army of American children, an expenditure of some \$288,000,000 would be required.

Catholics often wonder why the cost of parish school education is so meager compared with the mounting cost of Public school education.

The 42,000 religious teachers in the parish schools of the country explain the greater part of the discrepancy.

It is not that parish school education is so much cheaper, but rather that the Church has a body of religious men and women whose annual contribution to the cause of American education is unparalleled in the annals of philanthropy.

The 42,000 Sisters and Brothers who staff our parish schools save the nation annually some \$36,000,000. This represents an endowment of the staggering sum of \$700,000,000.—The Missionary.

ASSAULTS SOVIETS' RELIGIOUS STAND

CONGRESSMAN TELLS OF RUSSIAN ATTITUDE

Washington, Jan. 24.—How the rulers of Bolshevik Russia war against religion by refusing any share in the affairs of government was related by Representative C. L. Beedy of Maine in an address before the House of Representatives. Mr. Beedy made a tour of Russia during the past summer.

"The Communist body of Russia, consisting of 400,000 members, is in absolute control of the Soviet Government," Mr. Beedy said. "To its membership are admitted only those who having been put upon probation, are found to be wholly trustworthy. But irrespective of his other qualifications it is a fact that no member of a church will be admitted to membership in the Communist Party. Aye more! A man not a church member will nevertheless be excluded from the Communist Party if he marries a woman who belongs to a church."

"And again more! Though neither man nor woman belong to a church, should their child be christened in a church the man is barred from membership in the Communist party. And since, generally speaking, only communists attain to high position in the Government, it is a fact that the policies of the Soviet Government in Russia are determined by men who are professed atheists and agnostics. For this reason, if for no other—although I am not prone to boast of my religious scruples, possessing merely as profound a reverence for things spiritual and religious as the average man—for this reason I shall never raise my voice within the walls of this Chamber or elsewhere to urge my people through recognition to put the stamp of American approval upon this godless government of Russia."

STATUS OF WORSHIP

Dealing with the background of religious persecution by the Soviets and the present status of religious worship in Russia, Mr. Beedy said: "Much has been said about the religious persecution in Russia. The Greek Orthodox Church was formerly part and parcel of the czaristic regime. It was naturally the object of great suspicion and whenever evidence was actually uncovered proving that priests in the Greek Orthodox Church were conspiring with alien enemies for the overthrow of the Soviet Government, they were arrested and their churches were closed. Some priests received prison sentences and some were shot for treason. In the great majority of cases, however, upon promise of priests to cease their hostile plotting and to support the Soviet Government, they were granted their freedom and their churches were opened."

"Religious worship is not encouraged in Russia. It is more accurate to say that it is tolerated. While in Moscow I saw near the gate which leads into the Red Square, the notorious sign 'Religion is the people's opium.' Prior to my arrival in Petrograd the figures of Christ and a capitalist in effigy were dragged through the street."

NOT IN SYMPATHY

However, despite the fact that religion is tolerated rather than encouraged, the Russian people as a whole are apparently very reverent. The Russian working man or peasant rarely passes a cathedral without doffing his hat and crossing himself many times. We attended divine services in the Russian churches which were uniformly well filled with worshippers, and in which elaborate services were being conducted without interference by the Government."

Mr. Beedy is of the opinion that the mass of the Russian people are not in sympathy with the godlessness of the Soviet rulers. "We shall do well to bear in mind," he said, "that the Russian people are not responsible for the atheism of the Soviet leaders. They can in no sense be held any more responsible for the present tyranny of the communists than for the iron rule of the Czars in former years. In this connection it is but fair to state my opinion that any government which attempted to rule Russia with other than the firmest hand could not retain its power for six months."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

UNITE AT GOD'S ALTAR

The best thought of the world today is devoted to the problem of how to bring about a greater spirit of unity. And war with its horrors has demonstrated clearly its necessity, if Christian civilization brought so near the edge of the abyss, be not plunged into it. Let us not be so foolish as to believe that the forces which preach a destructive programme are silenced. They are merely quiescent. They are watching every move of Christian social activity to note its weakness and be ready at a favorable moment to declare its failure.

But many will assure us that God Who proclaimed He would not be conquered by evil will not permit Christianity to perish. True, but if we are to depend upon the extraordinary means promised by our Divine Lord, what guarantee have we who have wasted our opportunities and disregarded our plain duty that He will rescue us? He may choose other millions for His sublime gifts of special providence and leave us to our deserved fate. Catholics, though they are well aware that Our Lord will never fail to maintain His Church, have no assurance whatever that His special providence will be applied to the Church in any particular locality or nation. Let us have no illusions on that point. We, by the grace of God, have received the sublime and priceless gift of faith, but that gift we carry in fragile vessels. Like a great inheritance, it is ours only while we care for it. And God demands of us to give constant proof that we are not unworthy of our trust. That great heritage so valuable in itself and so fruitful for the salvation of all, must be appreciated for what it really is. Like Christ Himself, it is given to us and will be for the destruction as well as the resurrection of many.

Why is our duty towards that faith which God has given us? Are we "slackers" or not? This is our question and a question for which God Himself will without a shadow of doubt require an answer. In these days when Christian faith is being tried in the balance, what are we doing to make its divine principles better understood, better appreciated, better known? When men are striving after a greater measure of unity, are we uniting them about the altar of Jesus Christ? What are we doing to have the Holy Sacrifice better known, more loved and more frequently celebrated for the benefit of our own souls and those of our neighbors?

Father Gihy, in his excellent work on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass says: "With His heart's blood Christ acquired the Church (Apostle 20, 28); upon the altar He continually renews, in an unbloody manner, the bloody Sacrifice of Golgotha for His Church, so as always gloriously to present her—without spot or wrinkle, holy and immaculate (Eph. v). By virtue of the Blood of the Lamb (Apostle xii, 11), that daily flows in the chalice, the Church gains the victory over her enemies, and invariably comes forth triumphant from her combat with the gates of hell and the anti-Christian powers of the world. In the Sacrifice of the Altar, Christ comes forward as mediator and advocate with God in behalf of the Church, to sustain and exalt her in all her necessities and tribulations, to humble her enemies and put them to confusion." No Catholic can read these words without a sense of profound humility at the grandeur of that sacred gift from the very hands of Christ Himself at once so powerful and so holy. No Catholic who reflects at the conditions which generally prevail can fail to realize just what is required of him.

Let us show our zeal for the Church of God by supporting her programme. We are never in doubt about the practical obligations we have towards our parishes and dioceses. We are far from being so well instructed or convinced of our duties towards the Church among the pioneers. As a people we look upon that work simply as a work of passing generosity, as we do our gifts to those suffering from sudden calamities. We fail to realize that this work is inseparable from our necessary Catholic activities.

To inspire us with the zeal we ought to have for this great and

ever-increasing work, the Holy Father established the Extension Society, nominating the President himself and approving its Board of Governors. Catholics can easily advance the welfare of their faith by constantly supporting this society. We need Mass Intentions to send to the missionaries, that they may even in that small way find some means of carrying on the hard work of the missions. We need donations for our missionary works. Here is what a friend wrote us from the missionary West: "The money you send to the poor parishes in this Western country is certainly a charity. The cities are all right, but I am sure there are places in (mentions the province) where the Catholics never see a priest. There are just a few Catholics scattered around here. We have a priest who comes from X. We had Mass here on St. Patrick's Day in one of the houses—we are having it at another next time. The priest called to see me about a week ago and I was unfortunately absent. I was sorry to miss him, as I was going to ask him if he might not rent the little hall here and have Mass once a month." It is ridiculous to think that Catholics can ignore such a situation as this. We must simply unite our forces and stir up our missionary zeal that the proper means may be taken to solve the problem.

Contributions through this office should be addressed: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

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What are afflictions, if rigorously borne, but the raw material out of which we can weave the royal garment that we shall deserve to wear in Heaven at the banquet of the great King.—Cardinal Gibbons.

The law is the reason and mind of a wise being well fitted to order or obey or forbid.—Cicero.
Power's footstep is opinion, and his throne the human heart.—Sir Aubrey de Vere.

THE DOMINION BANK

At the Fifty-third Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of The Dominion Bank, held at the Head Office, in Toronto, on 30th January, 1924, the following statement of the affairs of the Bank as on 31st December, 1923, was submitted:

GENERAL STATEMENT

Table with columns for Capital Stock paid in, Reserve Fund, Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward, Dividend No. 165, payable 2nd January, 1924, Bonus, one per cent., payable 2nd January, 1924, Former Dividends unclaimed.

Table with columns for Total Liabilities to the Shareholders, Notes of the Bank in Circulation, Deposits not bearing interest, Deposits bearing interest, Advances under the Finance Act, Balances due to other Banks in Canada, Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere, Bills Payable, Letters of Credit Outstanding, Liabilities not included in the foregoing, Total Public Liabilities.

Table with columns for Gold and Silver Coin Current, Dominion Government Notes, Deposit in the Central Gold Reserves, Notes of other Banks, United States and other Foreign Currencies, Cheques on Other Banks, Balances due by other Banks in Canada, Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada.

Table with columns for Dominion and Provincial Government Securities, not exceeding market value, Canadian Municipal Securities, and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian, not exceeding market value, Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, not exceeding market value, Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans in Canada on Stocks, Debentures and Bonds and other Securities of a sufficient marketable value to cover.

Table with columns for Demand Loans in Canada against the security of grain and flour, Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest) after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts, Other Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest) after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts, Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit, as per contra Real Estate other than Bank Premises, Non-Current Loans, estimated loss provided for, Bank Premises, at more than cost, less amounts written off, Deposit with the Minister of Finance for the purposes of the Circulation Fund, Mortgages on Real Estate sold, Other Assets not included in the foregoing.

E. B. OSLER, President. C. A. BOGERT, General Manager.

AUDITORS' REPORT TO SHAREHOLDERS

We certify that the above Balance Sheet is in accord with the books of The Dominion Bank, and that, in our opinion, it discloses the true condition of the Bank as at 31st December, 1923. We have received all the information and explanations we have required, and all transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have been within the powers of the Bank.

G. T. CLARKSON, F. C. A. R. J. DILLWORTH, F. C. A. Auditors for the Shareholders.

The Ontario Equitable Life and Accident Insurance Company

S. C. TWEED, President Waterloo, Ontario

FOURTH ANNUAL STATEMENT DECEMBER 31st, 1923

Table with columns for Total Assets, Policy Reserves and other Liabilities, Excess of Assets (Capital and Surplus), Insurance Gained, Insurance in Force Dec. 31st, 1923, Total Income, Excess of Income over Disbursements, Government Deposits for Protection of Policyholders.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

THE PROPER INTENTION
 "All whatsoever you do in word or in work, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him." (Col. iii, 17.)
 God has a claim on each and every one of our actions. Without Him we could not perform the least of the acts we are wont to do during life. Our whole sufficiency is from Him. The power to perform an action and the knowledge necessary to execute it properly come from the gifts with which God has adorned our being. As we had, therefore, our beginning from God, depend upon Him for our existence, and daily reap benefits from the blessings with which He has surrounded us, it is but just that whatever we do, we should do it so as to please God. We expect many blessings from Him—in fact, we expect Him to confer upon us the greatest of all blessings. We must, however, be reasonable in our demands and expectations. It is true that God gave us our existence and the powers we possess, freely and without the least merit on our part; but He intends us to have a blessing far surpassing any He has yet given us. However, He will not give it to us unless we merit it by our good life and daily actions. He is ready to help us to obtain it. We cannot gain it without His aid, since it far surpasses the merit of our human actions alone. His grace will fit us to receive it.

The work of gaining this greatest of blessings—the eternal happiness of heaven—is to go on during our whole life. It is true that it is gained sometimes only at the hour of death, but this comes from a special privilege of God. The ordinary way is by passing our whole life working for it. Unless we do this, we are continually running a risk and greatly endangering our chances for eternal salvation.

It is easy for us to work for God in our religious duties. As a general rule, they are performed solely for Him, or He is entreated to grant us favors we consider useful for our temporal and spiritual welfare. But, on the whole, we spend only a short interval of our day in the performance of strictly religious duties. Some people act thus because their duties of a secular kind—particularly the duty of gaining an honest livelihood—do not permit them to spend more time in religious practices; others because they are careless and indifferent. It is almost always true that people of the world who could give more time to God, fail to do so. God is jealous of our actions, however, and wishes to see everything we do done for Him. How sad and neglectful on our part would it be, did we stop at these duties we call strictly religious! In that case but little of the time God grants us would be given back to Him. No Christian so should live that it could in truth be said of him that he neglects God. Every action he performs, every moment of the day, should be offered up to God. Every minute spent rationally should be passed also for God. The man in the industrial plant, the machinist in the workshop, the laborer in the fields, the builder on the scaffold, the mother in the home surrounded by her children, the instructor in the schools—every one employed in any legitimate occupation, should spend all his or her time for God. Nor need any one think that this is difficult. In truth, it makes our work lighter and our duties more pleasant. It also will make us perform our work more conscientiously. Whatever we undertake, if we think that it is to be done for God, we will certainly try our best to do it well. We would not offer to God a task carelessly performed, or a work half done.

A zeal for God's service also will be the means of causing us to do only such things as would be pleasing in His sight. If we would take as our motto, "do all for the honor and glory of God," we should refrain from doing anything that would not be to His honor and glory. In this manner, our time would be well spent. Every day would be a day of grace for us. Life's journey would not be as difficult as it sometimes appears, for, though perhaps we would be gaining little from a worldly standpoint, we would realize that our merit before God would be increasing every moment. And to the earnest Christian, this is really the important thing—to sow seeds of eternal life. This present life is passing and whatever we do for it and for it alone, will pass along with it. What we do for it, however, and at the same time for God, will be lasting. It even may not produce any effect here for our earthly existence, but it never can fail to bring merit before God.

When we perform all our actions for God, we are only reciprocating His kindness. Anything that is done by God on earth or permitted by Him is for the good of man. It may not be best for the individual, but it is invariably of profit to the human race as a whole, or to the elect part of it. It may not profit man temporarily, but infallibly it will be for his eternal good. This is an undeniable truth. As God made the world for man alone, so also whatever He does in it is done

temporarily for man—either for his temporal or his spiritual welfare, or for both. The man who does not profit by God's actions in the world is himself to be blamed for the loss he suffers thereby.

Let us all as Christians do whatever we do for God. All lawful actions can and should be offered up to God, no matter how secular they be. We owe everything we can accomplish to God for His innumerable benefits to us, to endeavor to repay Him for His never-ending favors in our behalf, and in order to have a security that some day heaven will be ours.

THE BIBLE

PROF. GOODSPEED'S NEW AMERICAN TRANSLATION

Professor Edgar J. Goodspeed who made the new American translation of the New Testament answers in the January Atlantic Monthly those who have criticized him for attempting to modernize the Bible. Prof. Goodspeed is not discouraged by criticism. He is an optimist, who finds consolation in the thought that "the most remarkable thing about the reception of the new translation is not the opposition it has aroused but the welcome it has received." After reading the specimens of the translation published in the newspapers most people will agree with him, not that the welcome received by the translation has been remarkable, but that it is remarkable that it should have received any welcome at all.

With all due allowance for the translator's good intentions, a careful reading of his defense of his translation, and his statement of the reasons that impelled him to publish it, confirms still further the conviction that the American translation of the New Testament is not destined to meet with the translator's success. It is a real need of American readers, "an American translation, presenting each book in English of the same kind as the Greek in which it was written, and in English familiar in diction."

The Bible is not an ordinary book. It is the inspired word of God. Hence, what the reader needs is not to forget that he is reading a translation, but to remember that he is reading the word of God. An accurate rendering of the exact meaning of the New Testament is what the reader wants to feel sure of, rather than to be impressed with the fact that "the New Testament is not a collection of disjointed texts, but a library of coherent and powerful books." Just here is where Professor Goodspeed's version fails. The reader can never be sure that he is not reading the ideas of Professor Goodspeed instead of the inspired word of God. For the professor admits that all the modern translators like himself can do is to try to do the best of his ability to interpret the Bible for his readers. He writes, "The modern translator takes up the soundest obtainable text of the original Greek, saturates himself with the language of the contemporary papyrus documents, and with the aid of the ablest modern lexicons, grammars, translations, commentaries, and special treatises, seeks to understand without bias or prejudice, just what each sentence of the Greek New Testament was intended by its author to mean. This meaning he then to the very utmost of his ability strives to cast into modern English of the same kind as the Greek he is translating."

What is the soundest obtainable Greek text? What canons of criticism does the translator follow in determining what each sentence was intended by its author to mean? How can we be sure that the ability of the translator is such that he can cast this meaning into modern English of the same kind as the Greek? There are uncomfortable questions that suggest themselves to the reader, and make him feel that in reading the new American New Testament he is not reading the New Testament itself, but Professor Goodspeed's own personal interpretation of the New Testament.

Of course it may be argued that such objections can be urged against every translation of the Bible, for there is no complete original text of the Bible in existence. The complete Bible exists only in versions and translations. How then can anyone be certain that he is reading the real Bible? The objection is valid. It was for this very reason that the church from the earliest ages has jealously guarded the Bible and has striven to preserve and maintain the purity of its texts. Even in St. Jerome's day in the fourth century there was no complete Bible officially accepted by scholars. And so the Church through the Pope, commissioned St. Jerome to translate and collect the sacred writings into an official version. This official version called the Vulgate has been accepted by the Church as the official authentic version in Latin and guaranteed by the Church. But it was not produced by one man in a few years, after cursory study of ancient languages. It is the result of centuries of investigation and research, of consultation and conference, of deep meditation and silent prayer, all performed under the guidance and with the aid of the Holy Spirit.

It took Professor Goodspeed but a few years to translate the New Testament. St. Jerome spent lifetime making his translation. When that translation had to be revised scholars worked forty years to give us the Clementine revision. Pope

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Plus X. appointed a commission under Cardinal Gasquet to revise the Vulgate again. Scores of scholars who have spent their lives in Biblical research have been ransacking the libraries of Europe for years, collecting, and comparing manuscripts and texts, in order to give us an accurate authentic, genuine text of the Bible. Yet this age of rapid progress of advancing science and new discoveries has apparently convinced the Chicago professor that he can do alone in a few years, what learned exegetes have been laboring a life time to accomplish.

Celerity is seldom the parent of accuracy. It often begets error. And the New Testament from Chicago, in spite of its author's protestations cannot be accepted as a correct New Testament. The Bible is a difficult book to understand, all vainglorious theories of private interpretation to the contrary notwithstanding. The Constitution of the United States is also difficult to understand. It might be simplified for the unintelligent reader, but it would be robbed of some of its meaning in the simplification process.

Better by far to consider the Bible as the Catholic Church considers it as the inspired word of God, and guard it against the callous hands of any unauthorized translator, than to consider it merely as a masterpiece of literature and to try to clothe its sublime utterances in the motley garb of popular phraseology. And better too to elevate the people up to the understanding of the New Testament, as the Church does, than to try to debase the sacred writings to the level of the popular parlance of the day, in order "to point a moral or adorn a tale."—The Pilot.

JESUIT'S DEVOTION TO LITTLE FLOWER

A striking instance of devotion to the Little Flower of Jesus in the Life of Father Frederick Ruppert, S. J., who lost his life shortly before Christmas on the Alaskan missions is related by friends of the dead priest who are at Woodstock College, the Jesuit house of studies for the eastern province.
 When rector of Loyola College, Los Angeles, California, he was unable to negotiate the purchase of land for new buildings. Incomplete faith in the intercession of Blessed Teresa, Father Ruppert cast a picture of the "Little Flower" on the site desired while walking by one day. The owners, up to that time utterly unwilling to dispose of their holdings, came to terms within the next three days.

Oh, blessed, blessed Eternity, and blessed are they who rightly ponder it! All we do here for a brief, uncertain time is but as child's play. It were less than worthless, save that it is the passage of eternity.—St. Francis de Sales.



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Issued in Great Britain	2,226,000	
Savings Deposits	6,116,000	54,000
Guaranteed Mortgage Certificates	3,984,000	1,249,000
Guaranteed Trust Certificates	362,000	215,000
Total increase in four departments		\$2,941,000

Assets	End of 1923	Increase
Huron & Erie	\$26,822,000	\$1,655,000
Canada Trust Company	15,255,000	2,036,000
Reserve Funds		
Huron & Erie	1,650,000	150,000
Canada Trust Company	725,000	25,000

For the SIXTEENTH consecutive year the Huron & Erie had no real estate on hand—either directly or indirectly—other than office premises. The few properties which came into its possession during 1923 were sold outright to individuals who had no connection of any nature with this institution.

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IN the good old days when we were boys in the country there was no lack of exercise.

When other jobs ran out there was always wood to be cut and there is no denying that pushing the buck saw and swinging the axe are real exercise.

Rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes told of pure blood and an active liver. There was no lack of appetite those times and no complaints of indigestion.

But wood piles are not so plentiful now as they used to be and the tendency to avoid exercise is continually on the increase.

For this reason it becomes absolutely necessary to resort to other means of keeping the liver active and the bowels regular.

Particularly in the cold season when we live so much indoors with too little pure air to breathe and too much artificial food to eat do we require the use of medicine to regulate the vital organs.

In the great majority of homes Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are constantly kept on hand for this purpose because they have proven to be the most dependable regulator and suitable for all the family.

Neglect to keep the liver, kidneys and bowels in healthful activity is only courting trouble from such ailments as appendicitis, Bright's disease of the kidneys, diabetes, high blood pressure or other dreaded diseases.

By the use of one pill a dose at bedtime once or twice a week you can be sure of the healthful action of these eliminating organs and the prevention of such ills as naturally develop in a poisoned system.

Please note that while the price of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills is increased to 35 cts. a box the number of pills in a box is increased in the same proportion. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

TO ACTION

Rise for the day is passing, And you lie dreaming on; The others have buckled their armor, And forth to the fight have gone; A place in the ranks awaits you, Each man has some part to play; The past and the future are nothing In the face of the stern today.

—ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR

KEEP DOING SOMETHING

Idleness is the father of much of the trouble in this world. People who have something to do, even though it may not be "setting the world on fire," rarely get into serious trouble.

Franklin says, "the bird that sits is easily shot." The mind put to useful purpose has no time in which to meditate upon useless ends.

Better do humble work and keep busy than be idle and dream of great tasks, and never accomplish them.

Keep doing something. Take pride in doing the simple things well and then you will be assured of the great things, and you will in addition have the confidence in yourself to handle them worthily and efficiently.

Every hour that you waste takes that much lustre away from every hour that remains to you.

Strange as it may seem, you who aspire to proud heights must first throw pride away. You must accept the doing of little things and you must do them as though each in its turn was very important and great. That is how big things come about.

Fitness precedes greatness. Prepare. Keep getting ready for important tasks—and the tasks will come sooner or later.

Go to bed at night with at least one important thing learned and accomplished. The next day will dawn in finer garb.—Catholic Universe.

DULL BOYS WHO BECAME BRILLIANT MEN

One of the noblest utterances of the late W. E. Gladstone is his observation that "in some sense and in some effectual degree there is in every man the material for good work; not only in those who are brilliant, not only in those who are quick, but in those who are stolid, and even in those who are dull.

These are golden words that should be taken to heart by every young man who is despondent on account of his mediocre or mean ability. All experience shows that there is nothing in this fact which should dishearten any beginner in a calling. It is not brilliant ability, but resolution and persistence that as a rule win the prizes of life. It is proverbial that "slow but sure wins the race."

A tortoise on the right road will beat a roach on the wrong road. Slowness is far less a foe to success than sloth. Quickness of parts often proves a disadvantage, since a boy who acquires knowledge quickly will often forget it as quickly, and again, because he sees no necessity for that strenuous application and dogged perseverance which a dull, slow youth is compelled to manifest and which are the surest means of success in every career.

It is a notorious fact that worldly success depends far less upon the general superiority of one's intellectual forces than on special adaptation to the work in hand. Moderate talent, steadily applied, will achieve more useful results and in the end win higher respect than ability of a high order whose temper is too fine for the drudgery and mechanical parts of a profession. The astonishing variety of talents which some men display is often acquired at the dear price of comparative feebleness in every part.

In reading biographies of eminent men one is surprised to learn what great things have been achieved by men who in youth were pronounced dunces. Histories of their careers are full of encouragement to timid, self-distrustful beginners in life. Among the illustrious dunces—dull and even stupid boys, but most successful men—were Justus von Liebig, called "Booby Liebig," by his schoolmates, who, when he replied to a question by his teacher, said that he intended to be a chemist, and provoked a burst of derision from the whole school, yet lived to become one of the greatest chemists of the nineteenth century; Tommaso Guido, the great painter, was known as "Heavy Tom," when a boy; Thomas Chatterton, who was sent home from school as "a fool, of whom nothing can be made;" Isaac Barrow, a quick-tempered, pugnacious and idle boy at school, but in manhood a celebrated mathematician and preacher; Dean Swift, "plucked" at Dublin University; Richard B. Sheridan, the brilliant wit, playwright, and orator, but "an incorrigible dunce" at school; Thomas Chalmers, one of Great Britain's most noted pulpit orators; John Howard, the noted philanthropist, and even William Jones, who, besides writing various legal and other solid works, distinguished himself as a judge in India and at his death, at an early age of forty-eight years, had mastered twenty-eight languages.

Not less illustrious than this roll of dunces were Robert Burns, a dull learner at school; Adam Clarke, "a grievous dunce," as his father said, in his boyhood; the "dull

scholar," Napoleon; and Wellington, characterized by his mother as a dunce, who was only "food for powder;" "useless" Grant, as Ulysses was termed by his mother; and Robert Clive, "the heaven-born general," as Lord Chatham styled him, who, a dunce at school, was sent, to get rid of him, as a clerk to India, proud, poor, and irritable, but who entered the British army, rose to high command, and laid the foundations of that mighty Oriental empire which has been the source of such enormous wealth to Great Britain. Last, but not least—perhaps the most marvellous blockhead of all in the long roll—was Walter Scott, of whom his teacher, Professor Andrew Dalzell, said that "dunce he is and dunce he will remain," and who visiting the school when at the zenith of his fame, asked to see its dunce, and when taken to him, gave him a half sovereign, saying, "There, take that for keeping my seat warm."—Southern Cross.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

ONLY A BOY

I am only a boy, with a heart light and free; I am brimming with mischief and frolic and glee; I dance with delight, and I whistle and sing, And you think such a boy never cares for a thing. Now off when I've worked hard at piling the wood, Have done all my errands and tried to be good, I think I might then have a rest or a play; But how can I manage? Can any one say?

If I start for a stroll, it is "keep off the street!" If I go to the house, it is "Mercy, what feet!" If I take a seat, 'tis "Here give me that chair!"

If I lounge by a window, 'tis "Don't loiter there!" If I ask a few questions, 'tis "Don't bother me!"

Or else "Such a torment I never did see!" I am scolded or cuffed if I make the least noise, Till I think in this wide world there's no place for boys.

At school they are shocked if I want a good play; At home or at church, I am so in the way; And it's hard, for I don't see that boys are to blame, An' most any boy, too, will just say the same.

Of course, a boy can't know as much as a man, But we try to do right just as hard as we can, Have the patience, dear people, though oft we annoy, For the best man on earth, once was "Only a Boy."

—Southern Cross

A GOOD MOTHER

"One good mother," says George Herbert, "is worth a hundred schoolmasters. In the home she is the lodestone to all hearts, and lodestar to all eyes." Imitation of her is constant—imitation which Bacon likens to a "globe of precepts." It is instruction; it is teaching without words, often exemplifying more than tongue can teach. In the face of bad example, the best precepts are but of little avail. The example followed, not the precepts. Indeed, precept at variance with practice is worse than useless, inasmuch as it only serves to teach that most cowardly of vices—hypocrisy.

Remember, therefore, girls and boys, that a good Catholic mother is a blessing, and more and more as we grow we appreciate the finer traits of human nature. Men going out into life never forget the mother who stays at home, and who has presented to them a reason dominant with a high moral sense, with refined and sweet affections, with taste, with patience, with gentleness.—The Universe.

MEEKNESS A GREAT VIRTUE Meekness is not weakness; it is a virtue, and for that reason it is an exhibition of strength. No one would consider trained muscles evidence of weakness of body. Virtues are the trained muscles of the will by the help of which man exercises his freedom energetically, at the proper time and in the proper way. Meekness, then, is strength.

All virtues keep to the middle of the road, to the golden mean; they swerve not to the side of excess, nor slip to the side of defect. Meekness has a hard road to travel. It holds the curb upon anger, keeping it to the path. In this work, meekness should have occasion enough to display its strength.

Have you ever considered why Our Lord said: "Learn of Me because I am meek and humble of heart?" Christ was opening a school in opposition to that of the Pharisees. He invited all to come to it. "Learn of Me." Never had any school a more attractive advertisement. The teacher was "meek and humble of heart;" the pupils would find rest for their souls; the lesson was sweet and easy. The pupils of Christ might shudder at the words, yoke and burden, if they forgot how their meek teacher would fit the yoke and burden sweetly to their shoulders and necks, and how by His hand He would make them light. Yokes are made for two, and the other one they would recall, is Christ.—The Pilot.

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Applicants should state whether they require experienced, partly experienced or inexperienced single men, or experienced married men with or without families, length of time services will be required and rate of wages.

Applications will be filled as far as possible in the order in which they are received—preference given yearly engagements.

By Authority of **THE HONOURABLE JOHN S. MARTIN,** Minister of Agriculture.

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THESE records are the outward evidence of the unexcelled financial position attained by the Company, and of the solid foundation upon which it has been built. In the North American Life, policyholders' interests are paramount, over 99% of the profits earned being allotted to them. When contemplating new insurance, see one of our representatives. If you desire fuller information about the Company's operations during 1923, mail the attached coupon.
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Agencies in all important cities in Canada
Please mail me your complete Report for 1923, also "Solid as the Continent" Booklet.
Name
Address
Age

It Was REAL FUN - Learning to Play the Piano in 90 Days

By a Wife

We had been married only three years, and already Bob's love for me was slipping. Instead of remaining in evenings, he used to spend his time elsewhere, or devote his time to playing on his violin, entirely indifferent to me. Frankly, I was living through days of misery.

One day while reading a magazine I came across an amazing story—of a woman who had learned to play the piano in 90 days! Was it possible? Fascinated, I read on and on, and learned how she had mastered the piano by herself, in her spare time, without a teacher.

I stopped. A wonderful thought had occurred to me. Why couldn't I do what this woman had? And—how happy I could make Bob by accompanying him on the piano! Full of enthusiasm, I wrote to the U. S. School of Music, for their course. I, who had never known a single thing about music, was absolutely astonished at the remarkable simplicity of their print-and-picture method. As easy as the A. B. C.!

My progress was wonderfully rapid, and soon I was rendering selections of music which pupils who study with private teachers for years can't play. You see, through this amazing short cut method, all the difficult, confusing, tiresome parts of music are eliminated, and the playing of melodies is reduced to a simple, easy-to-understand method that any one can follow with ease.

But my greatest happiness came the day that Bob found out. Words can't describe his look of astonishment. And what a change seemed to come over him as he eagerly drank in my story. Then it was I realized what music had meant to him. As he expressed it, playing the violin was absolutely flat without the accompaniment of a piano.

Today Bob finds new delight in his violin, and I have kept right on with my piano studies. Our musical evenings are a marked success and we are able to offer our friends entertainment they enjoy.



Do you like music? Do you like to listen to it? Hum it? Do you find yourself tapping with your foot or drumming with your fingers when music plays? Then by all means, write to the U. S. School of Music for a copy of the booklet, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," together with an illustrated folder, explaining our easy print-and-picture method. The booklet gives complete information about this wonderful course in music, also about our special short-time Reduced Price Offer.

Remember, you can master any instrument through this wonderful course. Whatever your favorite instrument, you can learn to play it in your spare time, through this short-cut method. Send the coupon—the book and illustrated folder will come AT ONCE. U. S. School of Music, 2932 Brunswick Building, New York, N. Y.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 2932 Brunswick Bldg., New York City
Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with the folder illustrating your easy print-and-picture method, also full particulars of your special short-time offer. I am interested in the following course:
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(Name of Instrument or Course)
Name
(Please Write Plainly)
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Clarinet Double
Flute Guitar
Saxophone Hawaiian Steel
Trombone Guitar
Harp

FAMOUS CRUCIFIXION IN ANCIENT MUSEUM

In Kolmar, a quiet town of Alsace in what was formerly a Dominican monastery, are several beautiful paintings by Matthias Grunewald. The building which enshrines them is now a museum and many tourists come to visit it and to admire the treasures it contains.

Father Wibbelt, the noted writer, gives a vivid account of one of these pictures, the Crucifixion. "It is a picture," he writes, "that fills the heart with terror; the impression that it makes is overpowering, for here we see in very truth the Man of Sorrows—a worm and not a human being. The drooping head is swollen, the fingers are convulsed; the whole body is torn and mangled. The beams of the Cross are sagging under the weight of such frightful pain and agony. Ah! What a death is this! We can easily understand that those lips drank the chalice of suffering down to the very dregs; we can hear the cry: 'My God! My God! Why hast Thou forsaken Me!'"

"Such is the effect on the bystander of this picture," further writes Father Wibbelt, "that no soul, however much its affliction, who comes here, beholding this piteous affliction, but forgets its own. No sinner, however great the guilt, but may feel that his sin will be forgiven if he repents, burned in this furnace of sorrow and love. No despairing heart can stand and look upon its God in His agony and not fall prostrate at His feet and weep bitter tears."

"As the first dreadful shock of this painting is over these thoughts follow. Compassion dries our tears. We find confidence and consolation. We shall fear Death no longer. Since Our Saviour endured this terrible death for us, He has indeed triumphed over death.

The same artist depicts also the triumph, painting it with colors that seem steeped in sunlight. In the Resurrection Our Lord, radiant and glorious, comes out of the grave, the very embodiment of Life. The guards lie prostrate on the ground—types of the hostile forces He has overcome. He lifts the hands that show the red scars of the nails; His face is so radiant that it is scarcely distinguishable. The Man of Sorrows is the King of Glory, Who has conquered Death. "But," says Father Wibbelt, "it is on the painting of the Crucified that tourists linger." And he happily concludes: "May the Cross be in our hands when we lie on our death-beds. May the last ebbing gleam of vision shine from our eyes upon it. May we carry it with us as a beacon-light. May our souls bear the imprint of the Cross and through the Cross we shall obtain glory."

DR. CRAM ON REUNION

A paper on 'The Eucharist as the Center of Unity,' read at a Eucharistic conference at All Saints, Ashmont, by Dr. Ralph Adams Cram, is printed in the American Church Monthly. Seeing "65% of the people of these United States" ignoring religion altogether, and Christianity bulking less in our social, economic and public life, he concludes: "We have tried sectarianism and manifold isolations; we have rejected the one, visible, organic Church of Catholicity for the vision of a mystical Church Invisibile of Protestant theory, and the results are pressing upon us, the fruits ripe for the fall." Describing the Protestant efforts at reunion he adds:

"On every hand there are tentative efforts at compromise and minor concessions. An half dozen sects of some sect, in itself perhaps a scission from another, meet and argue—and then agree to disagree; two or three denominations, now divided only by lingering traditions of old history and the embarrassments of vested interests, approach, concede, and in a few instances actually coalesce, as regards the major part of their adherents, though an irreconcilable few, pursuing the law of their being, withdraw and form yet another sect, whereby the number remains the same, though the proportions are changed.

"Vast movements, universal in the scope of their vision, come into being, with much mechanism and an inclusive charity, striving with prayer and fasting to find the least common denominator of two hundred mathematical abstractions; brave and adversity patient under discouragement, cheerful and

ardent under rebuffs and refusals. And after twenty years of effort and refusals can it be said that anything actually has been accomplished?"

In Dr. Cram's views there is no possibility of Christian unity except around the Holy Eucharist and indeed more largely around the entire "Catholic sacramental system and philosophy with the Seven Sacraments of the Church." This is perfectly true, but recent happenings should more forcibly than ever bring home the further truth that this unity can never possibly be found except within the one and only Church whose keys Christ laid into the hands of Peter.—America.

THE DOMINION BANK

STRONGEST STATEMENT IN ITS HISTORY

FIFTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING

At the Annual Meeting of The Dominion Bank held at the Head Office in the City of Toronto on Wednesday, January 30th, the fifty-third Annual Statement was presented to the Shareholders.

The Directors' report showed that the business of the Bank had received careful supervision during the year and that the statement was one of the most outstanding in the Bank's history.

The Annual Statement of The Dominion Bank has always been notable for the strong liquid position shown and this year's statement is no exception. In fact, the figures make clear that the Bank's position has been still further strengthened in this regard during the past twelve months.

While 1923 was a difficult year in Canadian business, it is satisfactory to note that the profits have been well maintained.

After deducting charges of management and making full provision for bad and doubtful debts, the profits are shown to be \$1,129,370, somewhat less than in 1922 but \$4,000 better than in 1921. To this amount is added \$758,163 available from the previous year, giving a total of \$1,887,533, distributed as follows: Dividends at the rate of 12% and a bonus of 1%—\$780,000; Dominion and Provincial Government taxation—\$162,158; contributed to Officers' Pension Fund—\$45,000; written off Bank Premises Account—\$75,000; leaving a balance of \$925,374, carried forward to Profit and Loss Account.

In no previous year in the Bank's history has it been able to carry forward such a large sum to Profit and Loss, in fact, the figures this year are 67,000 greater than in 1922 and \$110,000 more than in 1921.

Dominion, Provincial, Municipal and public securities appearing in the Bank's statement show an increase of some \$8,000,000 over the same character of securities held last year; they now stand at \$21,500,000 as compared with \$13,700,000 on December 31st, 1922.

As has been indicated above, strength and liquidity have always been features in the Dominion Bank's statements. This year the liquid assets stand at a higher figure than ever before. The cash assets are \$26,260,000, or a fraction under 25% of the Bank's total liabilities to the public, whereas liquid assets have reached the large figure of \$38,800,000, or 67.7% of the Bank's liabilities to the public.

Capital and Reserve Fund remain the same as in the previous year's statement. Capital at \$6,000,000 and Reserve at \$7,000,000 or \$1,000,000 in excess of the Paid up Capital. A careful survey of the Bank's statement shows very clearly that the policy of its founders is being continued and that careful and prudent handling of the Bank's business is from year to year increasing its always strong position.

Announcement is now made of the first awards from this Fund. Minor award, Fusakichi Omori of Tokio, unpublished treatise "The Rotary Knife in Surgery," five hundred pounds and publication of treatise.

Award, Charles P. Steinmetz of Schenectady, privately published treatise, "The Nervous System as a Conductor of Electrical Energy," one thousand pounds and republication of treatise.

Major award, Pierson W. Banning of Los Angeles, on published work, "Mental and Spiritual Healing; All Schools and Methods; A Text Book for Physicians and Metaphysicians," two thousand five hundred pounds, scholarship.

ROBERTS LLOYD-GRESHAM, For the Trustees. London, W. I.

© Praise is the tribute of men, but felicity the gift of God.—Bacon.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE DO BIG BUSINESS

The business of the North American Life Assurance Company, whose Head Office is at Toronto, came ahead wonderfully during 1923 as is evidenced by the figures presented in the 43rd Annual Report of the Company. The policies issued and Revived during 1923 amounted to \$20,287,711, showing an increase of \$2,306,884 over last year and making one of the most successful years in the Company's history. The total Business in force now amounts to \$115,055,491, which is another splendid increase over last year.

Some conception of the vast scope of the Company's business may be found in the fact that during 1923 there were paid to policyholders and beneficiaries over \$2,480,000. This amount included \$497,766 paid as dividends to the Company's policyholders, while, in contrast, it should be noted that only \$8,000 was paid to the Guarantors of the Company as dividends. During his address to the policyholders at the recent Annual Meeting of the Company, Mr. L. Goldman, President and Managing Director of the North American Life, made the important announcement that the same liberal scale of dividends is to be continued during 1924, which, he states, is another indication of the fact that in this Company the interests of the policyholders are paramount.

The President also pointed, with just pride, to the splendid increase in the Assets during the year, bringing the total amount of these to \$25,394,128. Of these Assets, \$6,283,304 is represented by Dominion and Provincial Government Bonds, while Municipal Debentures, Bonds and Stocks amount to \$9,647,070. All these are security holdings of the very highest character.

After all its liabilities have been fully provided for, the Net Surplus of the Company amounts to \$3,776,828.87, the largest figure in the Company's history, establishing beyond a doubt the unexcelled financial position of the Company, which has entitled it to be known everywhere as the Life Company, "Solid as the Continent."

DIED

MULCAHY.—At Orillia, Ont., on Monday, January 14, 1924, Mr. Thomas Mulcahy, aged eighty-six years. May his soul rest in peace.

COLTON.—At Havelock, Ont., on Thursday, January 10, 1924, Mr. Thomas Laurence Colton, aged twenty-seven years. May his soul rest in peace.

FOLEY.—At Shepard, Alberta, on Tuesday, January 22, 1924, Joseph Foley, formerly of Kinkora, Ont., son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Foley, aged twenty-eight years. May his soul rest in peace.

KENNY.—On Sunday, January 20, 1924, Peter Kenny, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kenny of Lot 55, Con. 2, Logan, aged sixteen years. Funeral from St. Patrick's Church, Dublin, Ont. May his soul rest in peace.

MCDONALD.—At her late residence 1806 Griswold Street, Port Huron, Mich., on Saturday, January 19, 1924, Mrs. Nellie McDonald, wife of Thomas McDonald, Conductor. Funeral from St. Peter's Church, Goderich, Ont., on Tuesday, January 22. May her soul rest in peace.

RYAN.—At St. John's, Nfld., on January 24th, 1924, Francis J., youngest son of W. J. and Margaret Ryan, aged nineteen years, leaving to mourn a father, mother, two brothers, John at home and William, a student at Irish College, Rome.

\$7500.00 GIVEN FREE

This amount has been Given Away FREE also hundreds of Merchandise Prizes, \$2000 more IN CASH will be Given Away as follows

- 1st Prize, \$500.00 in Cash
2nd Prize, \$400.00 in Cash
3rd Prize, \$350.00 in Cash
4th Prize, \$250.00 in Cash
5th to 9th Prizes—Each \$10.00 TOGETHER WITH MANY MERCHANDISE PRIZES



Solve this puzzle and win a CASH PRIZE. There are 6 faces in the picture besides the two Campers. Can you find them? If so mark each one with an X, cut out the picture, and write on a separate piece of paper these words, "I have seen the faces and marked them" and mail same to us with your name and address. In case of ties, handwriting and answers will be considered factors. If correct we will advise you by return mail of a simple condition to fulfill. Don't send any money. You can be a prize winner without spending one cent of your money. Send your reply direct to: GOOD HOPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 215 CRAIG STREET WEST, MONTREAL, CANADA

Our February Bond List

With the Dominion Guaranteed 5% Loan practically disposed of, and as most recent Provincial and large Municipal issues have been sold in the United States, (due to the strength of that market) it is probable that the shortage of high-grade bonds in Canada will become even more pronounced.

Fortunately, however, our February Bond List offers, at attractive prices, an even wider and more comprehensive list than usual, and we suggest that you write immediately for an advance copy.

It will be gladly mailed upon request.

36 King Street West Toronto Telephone Main 4286

Wood, Gundy & Co.

and one sister, Sister Mary John Gorgum, at the Convent Marie Reparatrice, Montreal. R. I. P.

Moral beauty is the basis of all true beauty.—Cousin.

TEACHERS WANTED

QUALIFIED teacher wanted for S.S. No. 15, Emily County Victoria, British Columbia to commence Feb. 1st. Salary \$1,000. Apply to Joseph Corbett, Sec. Treas., Downeyville, Ont. Phone Dundasford. 2361-10

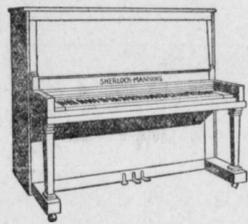
ST. CATHERINE'S HOSPITAL OFFERS a two and one half year course in nursing, 300 bed general hospital. Registered School Classes enter in September and January. For further information apply to Director of Training School, N. Y., Brooklyn. 2365-22

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Trafford's Retiring-From-Business Furniture Sale

Everything Reduced. Absolutely No Reserve. An opportunity like this to save money probably will come to you only once in a lifetime. One day's delay may mean the loss of dollars to you. As the time is getting shorter every day, it makes us more anxious to unload this stock—hence these extraordinary low prices. A word to the wise is sufficient. Please do not compare our prices with the ordinary February sale prices.

Kitchen Cabinets

Hoosier Beauty, white enameled interior and exterior, fully equipped with everything that makes a high class Kitchen Cabinet. Regular \$111.00. Retiring-From-Business price

\$65.00

Ruddy Kitchen Cabinet 100 per cent. good natural oak finish, complete with porcelain top and fully equipped. Regular \$86.00. Retiring-From-Business price

\$42.00

We Specialize in Living Room, Dining Room and Bed Room Furniture

Trafford Furniture Co.

129 Dundas St. LONDON, ONT. 11 Market Square

WANTED SILK threaded shamrocks direct from Japan \$1.25 per 100 \$11.00 per 1,000; they retail at 10c each. \$12 at once. Postage paid. Preserved maiden hair fern \$1.25 a doz. Lilies, Apple Blossoms, Tulips 50c a doz. You can arrange your own terms. Write Brantford Artificial Flower Co., Brantford, Ont. 2365-2

MALE HELP WANTED ABOUT men and their work is the title of a new book just out explaining to young men opportunities in a Railroad career. It is free. Simply write Dominion School Railroading, Ltd., Toronto. Men in this paper.

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED HOUSEKEEPER wanted for family of two (adults). Good wages, light work. Apply stating experience and salary expected to Box 46, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2365-3

HOUSEKEEPER wanted for widower and son on small farm near town. State age and wages. Apply to Box 47, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2365-3

MULHOLLIN'S-MONTREAL BUY your Pianos and Phonographs from this reliable Catholic firm. High grade, low price. Shipped to all parts of the world. Terms to large and institutions. Write for particulars. 786 St. Catherine West, Montreal, Que. Phone 347. 2365-2

AGENTS WANTED AGENTS to sell Donalds Knitting Yarn suitable for machine or hand knitting. We are the largest Yarn, mail order house in Canada and can give you lowest prices. We allow you to make a profit from 50c to 75c per pound on the above yarn. Write for particulars. Customers with printed knitting instructions free. Write today for territory and sample card showing 25 shades of our Yarn. Donalds Knitting Co., Dept. 162 Toronto. 2365-4

FREE YARN We will send absolutely Free 50 worth of our High Grade Knitting Wool, for a few small services you can do for us at your own home. Positively no canvassing. Send stamped addressed envelope for a free sample card at once. Canadian Distributing Co., Orillia, Ont. Canada

CHILDREN FOR ADOPTION FOSTER homes are desired for the following children: 2 boys of two years, 1 boy of five years, 2 boys of seven years, 4 boys of nine years, 2 boys of ten years. Applications for the above children will be received by William O'Connor Children's Branch, 133 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario. 2365-4

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WANTED Nurses in Training Course two years and four months. Write or call at St. Francis Hospital, Port Jarvis, N. Y. 2365-4

WANTED a priest's housekeeper. In reply please give age, references and experience. Address Rev. W. E. Cavanagh, V. F., Almonte, Ont. 2365-4

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES MERCY Hospital Training School for Nurses offers exceptional educational opportunities for competent and ambitious young women. Applicants must be eighteen years of age, and have one year of high school or its equivalent. Pupils may enter at any time. For full information apply to the Director of Nurses, Mercy Hospital, Toledo, Ohio. 2365-4

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