

The Catholic Record.

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

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ORGANIC

The trouble with many who rail against private ownership and property is organic. They cannot be cured by philanthropic poultices. What they need is a dose of right principles supplemented by object-lessons of charity and justice on the part of Christians.

THE BEST ARGUMENT

The best argument against Socialism is achievement. They who chafe under the exactions of the capitalist may not attach any importance to academic disquisitions, but they can understand sympathy and effort to redress their grievances. To ridicule them is to violate the laws of tact and social amenity. And men not far from the ragged edge of starvation are not disposed to wax merry over witticisms at their expense. They should be guided, given vision, and the self-sacrifice which is characteristic of many of them should be turned into other channels.

THE CORRECT THING

It is the correct thing for Catholics to know the Catholic position on all the public questions of the day. For parents to permit no reading matter in their homes which might have a bad effect on their children.

To be as incensed at a person who recommends a bad book as at one who would mislead them into a mud-hole.

To remember that as pitch cannot fall on a white gown without leaving a stain so neither can the pitch of bad reading fall on the soul without leaving a mark.

Many novelists whose problem-stories are so eagerly devoured would no more permit their daughters to read one of their books than they would allow them to enter a plague-stricken sanitarium.

To remember that there is a good deal of fallacy in the much quoted saying that "to the pure all things are pure," for practical demonstration has proven that mud is mud, sin is sin no matter what angelic purity may characterize their victims.

This quotation is often on the lips of battered men about town whose standards of morality are vague and who mistake the phosphorescent gleam of corruption for the light of purity.

This true some natures have an abnormal capacity for getting soiled. Just as some are naturally clean and wholesome. This does not lessen the tendency to leave a spot wherever it touches.

Let the atmosphere of the home be Christian with memorials of Catholic history and devotion—teaching art upon its walls and Catholic books to familiarize the young with Catholic literature. Let the conversation sometimes turn to Catholic subjects and that sympathetically—not in an offensive and critical spirit. And above all let there be occasional prayer together.

GOOD SERVICE

Mr. Taft is serving his countrymen effectively by his wise dealing with facts and fallacies. Not so long ago he flayed mercilessly the eugenists, and his criticism was endorsed by the thoughtful everywhere. Now he points out that Socialism is not conditioned by the facts of human nature. Discussing the Owen experiment in socialistic communism he puts forward an argument tersely and very wisely in the following words:

"The plan was based on the assumption that man was a different being from what he is. If he were so perfect that his love of human kind would banish from every one in human form selfishness and retain in him the same energy, self-sacrifice and industry in behalf of others that he now manifests in himself, then there would be no need for the organization of a socialistic community because we would have it at hand. Until men are perfect beings of this kind socialism must either constitute a tyranny so rigid as to destroy not only the right of liberty and to interfere with the pursuit of happiness, or it must be a failure."

THE NEW WAY

If we are to believe what the "experts" tell us the present day child must be a veritable compendium of mysteries. The boy of other days used to get along somehow without expert aid, and his guardians never suspected that he needed the combined assistance of educators, doctors, nurses and the juvenile court. To much of his mischievous pranks, due oftentimes to exuberant vitality, they were wisely blind: they punished him when necessary and had an idea that the parents were his teachers duly certificated by God. But our children are different. When they are bad, it is due not to perversity but to their teeth or to the fact that they do not breathe properly through their noses, or to defective vision. The recipe for making a good boy is, according to the experts: Equip him with eye glasses, cut his adenoids and accustom him to the dentist's chair. It is very simple and much money is made by it.

THE IRISH IN CANADA

There have been few more flagrant examples of a man using his imagination to support the arguments of his editor than the contributions of "E. B. O." to the National Review. At present this publication is striving to convince the English speaking world that the entire Home Rule movement is a conspiracy between Irish shebeen keepers and ultramontane priests for the destruction of the Empire, and it was to be expected that "E. B. O.'s" monthly causerie on Canadian affairs would take color from his editor. Thus we find the assertion: "There can be no doubt that the recent crisis in Ireland stirred English speaking Canada to its depths." If it did we must be a very shallow people indeed, for no one noticed the disturbance. But the fervid imagination of "E. B. O." does not stop short at this general assertion. In his zeal to insult Irish Catholics as a class, in accordance with the precepts of his editor in chief, he says: "In comparison with the Orangemen, the Irish settlers from Catholic Ireland are weak and unorganized. In Canada as in the United States, these men are seldom settled on the land; the great majority are wage earners, navvies, and so forth, and saloon keeping is the only industry of which the more intelligent can be said to have a grip. There are of course brilliant exceptions."

Now the only truthful statement in the above extract is ambiguously embodied in the final sentence. The assertion that the Irish Catholics in this country are weak and unorganized, is one that is constantly denied by Orangemen, and a reverse condition is alleged as an excuse for the existence of their Order on Canadian soil. The allegation that Irish Catholics are seldom settled on the land is nonsensical to anyone familiar with the political complexion of Ontario. Moreover the day is long gone when navvies were chiefly recruited from Ireland. Our navvies are now chiefly Italians, Macedonians and men from the various countries of Eastern Europe. Forty years ago many poor Irish lads began life in this country as navvies, but the class of immigrant that has come to Canada has been quick to seize the opportunities which the resources of this country afforded. His sons are prosperous professional men, and tradesmen in a great or small way.

Finally the statement that saloon keeping is the only industry of which the more intelligent can be said to have a grip, is a calculated lie. In the city of Toronto, in the English speaking sections of Montreal and Ottawa the Irish Catholic is firmly entrenched. In the down town sections of Toronto, if we except the great department stores, the number of merchants of Irish Catholic descent is out of all proportion to the complexion of our total population. "E. B. O." has grudgingly covered himself with the phrase "brilliant exceptions."

Perhaps he had in mind the fact that the Chief Justice of Canada is an Irish Catholic, as are also the Minister of Justice for Ontario, and the Attorney General of Ontario. But not alone in the legal profession is the Irish Catholic prominent. In the medical profession he has been successful in all our Canadian cities, a notable instance being Sir William Hingston, of Montreal. Canada's greatest railroad happens to be presided over by an Irish Catholic, and the meat industry of the Canadian West is practically controlled by another. Most of our great public works have been constructed by Irish contractors. That the Irish Catholic has had a grip of the saloon keeping business is to some extent true. This is not due to lack of intelligence, however, but to the instinct for money making which the Irishman from the South or from the North has shown in this young and prosperous country ever since he came here.—"The Colonel" in Toronto Saturday Night.

RELIGIOUS QUACKS AND SILLY BIGOTRY

ENLIGHTENED PERSONS AVOID THE ITINERANT VENDOR AND CONSULT MEN AND BOOKS OF RECOGNIZED AUTHORITY

Speaking recently before the United German Catholic Societies of Baltimore, the Rev. M. J. Riordan, pastor of St. Charles' Church, Pikesville, Md., discussed "Bigotry." "Bigotry," said Father Riordan, "springs from a narrow outlook and gives evidence of an undiscriminating mind. It flourishes most where intelligence is lowest. There is less of it in metropolitan cities than in provincial ones, less in the town than in the country, less in the university and college than in the elementary school. It assumes its most obstinate form among the credulous and unsophisticated. It may sometimes be found among intelligent men of the crusading type, but never among those of intellectual breadth and acumen.

"Men of superior minds are too proud to yield to bigotry. It offends their intelligence and sense of dignity. Pick out the twelve most enlightened clergymen in Baltimore, name the twelve foremost physicians, the twelve ablest lawyers, the twelve keenest journalists—and among them all you will not find a bigot. Not one of them, whether Jew, Protestant or Catholic, will read or countenance literature caricaturing or reviling another's religion. If they wish to know something of their neighbor's religion, they will observe its influence upon his daily life. If they want to examine its dogmas, they will not read sensational and salacious literature prepared especially for persons of feeble discriminating powers. They will procure standard works on the subject, written by authors of recognized worth.

Let those who would know the truth about the Catholic Church use similar methods. If unwilling to accept the word of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Chief Justice Taney, General Phil Sheridan, Chief Justice White, Cardinal Gibbons and Charles J. Bonaparte, let them at least consult the highest, not the lowest, Protestant authorities. Let them go to men of the type of Bishop Murray, the Rev. Dr. M. H. Lichtner, the Rev. Dr. Harris, E. Kirk, the Rev. Dr. D. H. Steffens and Rabbi William Rosenhan. Let them avoid religious quacks, with their sensational pornographic literature.

"Enlightened persons do not prefer the itinerant medicine vendor to Dr. William H. Welch or Dr. John M. E. Finney. They do not believe that the lurid pamphlets distributed from the village medicine wagon are more reliable than Sir William Osler's works. Why not use as much care and sense in the study of religious questions?"

"An excited patient who listens to the harangues and reads the pamphlets of medical fakers must inevitably grow worse, while consultation with a reputable physician would restore him to sound health. So those alarmists who read sensational attacks on their neighbor's religion would drop their fanaticism if they consulted men and books of undisputed authority.

"How a well-balanced mind can entertain fears of domination by Catholics is beyond me to imagine. We form but one-seventh of the population, yet certain fanatics credit us with the ability to subjugate the other six-sevenths. That is to say, one Catholic is superior in resourcefulness and power to six non-Catholics!"—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

SUPREME COURT CONFIRMS CONVICTION OF LIBELER

DEFAMER OF BENEVOLENTS IN ORIGIN MUST PAY FINE

In an exhaustive opinion written by Justice McNary, the Supreme Court of Oregon on June 16 affirmed the verdict of the Marion County Circuit Court that J. E. Hosmer, editor of the Silverton Journal, was guilty of criminally libeling the prioress of the Benedictine Convent, Mount Angel, in a pamphlet published several months ago. The opinion was concurred in by Chief Justice McBride, Justices Bean and Eakin.

One paragraph in the decision reads: "The essence of the crime of libel is the publication of libelous language, and does not necessarily lie in the authorship of the article. Every repetition of a false and scandalous matter originated by a third person is a willful publication of it, rendering the person so repeating it amenable to the law. If he repeats the libelous words, he must be prepared to prove them or suffer the legal consequences."

A feature of this case that should be known to the world is the fact that no one connected with the administration of justice in this instance is a Catholic—non-Catholic attorneys, non-Catholic Circuit Judge, non-Catholic jury and non-Catholic

Supreme Court Judges, but all men who love, justice and fair play.—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

TRIBUTES TO OUR LADY

A writer in the Irish Monthly quotes five noteworthy tributes of praise to Our Lady from eminent writers outside the Church.

Says Hawthorne, in The Blithedale Romance: "I have always envied the Catholics in that sweet, sacred Virgin Mary who stands between them and the Deity intercepting somewhat of His awful splendor, but permitting His love to stream upon the worshipper more intelligibly to human comprehension through the medium of a woman's tenderness."

Ruskin's well known tribute to the influence of the Blessed Virgin appeared in the instalment of Fors Clavigera, issued May 1, 1874:

"Of the sentiments which in all ages have distinguished the gentleman from the churl, the first is that of reverence for womanhood, which even through all the cruelties of the Middle Ages developed itself with increasing power until the thirteenth century and became consummated in the imagination of the Madonna, which ruled over all the highest arts and purest thoughts of that age.

"To the common non-Catholic mind the dignities ascribed to the Madonna have always been a violent offence. They are one of the parts of the Catholic faith open to reasonable dispute and the least comprehensible by the average realist and materialist temper of the Reformation.

"But after the most careful examination, neither as adversary nor as friend, of the influences of Catholicity for good and evil, I am persuaded that the worship of the Madonna has been one of its noblest and most vital graces, and has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character. I do not enter into any question as to the truth or the fallacy of the idea. I no more wish to defend the historical or theological position of the Madonna than that of St. Michael or St. Christopher. But I am certain that to the habit of reverent belief in the contemplation of the character ascribed to the heavenly hierarchies we must ascribe the highest results yet achieved in human nature."

"There has probably not been an innocent cottage home throughout the length and breadth of Europe during the whole period of vital Christianity in which the imaged presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties and comfort to the sorest trials of the loves of women; and every brightest and loftiest achievement of the arts and strength of manhood has been the fulfillment of the assured prophecy of the Israelite maiden: 'He that is mighty hath magnified me; and holy is His name.'"

This tribute is remarkable, coming from an Irish Protestant, but surely a still more unlikely person to pay such homage to the Blessed Virgin is the Rev. Charles Kingsley, who shows in many of his writings an ugly, un-Catholic spirit. Yet he says: "Our hearts and reasons tell us, and have told all Christians in all ages, that the Blessed Virgin must have been holier, nobler, fairer in body and soul than all women upon earth."

Lastly, Mr. Robert Buchanan, author of "God and the Man," wrote in one of the newspapers not long before his death:

"The worship of the Virgin is to my mind—the mind of an unbeliever—full of holiness and beauty. We owe to it a great deal that is ennobling in life, in art, in literature. I myself see in the Virgin the exquisite incarnation of Divine motherhood, well worthy of the reverence of any man, whatever his theological belief may be."

INCONSISTENCY OF ENGLISH SUFFRAGETTES

One of the strongest arguments in favor of withholding the franchise to women is the action of the suffragettes in England. It seems to be a matter of daily occurrence in that country that valuable property is destroyed without any regard to propriety.

There might be some consistency with these women if they assailed individuals who were responsible for refusing to legislate in favor of their cause even, though such actions would be entirely unlawful; but when they resort to violence and destruction in the burning of houses, churches and historical places not to speak of slashing portraits and demolishing works of art, it clearly shows how absurd it would be to come to the rescue in defence of the claims these destructionists have been making for recognition.

It must be argued and with some force that the time is not ripe to grant women the right to exercise an important function in the affairs of civil government, because their actions clearly show that with the granting of equal suffrage there would be little prospect of conducting the affairs of the government

along reasonable, safe and sane lines, but on the other hand with the slightest provocation force would be resorted to the extent of putting not only the lives of citizens in peril, but jeopardising the existence of any nation that would recognize the rights of women in granting equal suffrage.—Internountain Catholic.

TWO SOURCES OF BELIEF

What a different course the world pursues in reaching information to that which Catholics follow in seeking principles. If the world takes an opinion of the Church that tabernacles the truth and mystically hushes the Christ, it hails the rotten-hearted or the foul mouthed to "feed fat its ancient grudge." The impostor or the angry and excommunicated priest gets its ear and mind. No allowance is made for conditions, but the mad, the false, the extravagant are received as eternal verities. The wilder the howling, the greater the applause that greets it. Everything is taken absolutely; nothing relatively, and why? Because the world, an old liar, hankers after the crude, the common, the vulgar, the hypocritical and malicious.

How different with Catholics! We go to no man for our principles and the education that is their sequence. No matter how noble in birth, how gracious in manners, how learned in mind, how sublime in soul, we eschew humanity as our teacher. We go to Him who brooded over the apostles with His eternal wisdom, we go to the Holy Ghost for our teaching, in bowing head and heart to the Church, whose divine knowledge and power are conserved by the third Person of the Blessed Trinity. The world, in its course, and we in ours, are as far apart as hell, the home of liars, and heaven, the sanctuary of saints.—Buffalo Union and Times.

THE BOND OF UNION

The spectacle presented to the world by the gathering of an International Eucharistic Congress, such as that to be held at Lourdes from the 22d to the 26th of this month, makes a strong impression on the thoughtful non-Catholic. To see men of every race and tongue assembling in thousands at the Church's invitation on purpose to pay enthusiastic homage to the Blessed Sacrament, and to give joyful expression to their faith in the mystery of the Real Presence, must lead a reflecting Protestant or unbeliever to wonder what the secret is of such a remarkable manifestation of concord and union.

The Holy Eucharist itself is the explanation. "Thou hast hidden me in Thy Tabernacle," the Psalmist sang, "from the strife of tongues." As the words are even more strikingly applicable to the Blessed Sacrament to day than they were of old to the Ark of the Covenant, the text may suggest during the coming solemnity of Corpus Christi a strong gift of thanksgiving to God for the Real Presence, like the Primacy of Peter, is a dogma that unites and keeps united millions of Christians. "For we being many are one bread, one body, all that partake of one bread." Full of mystical significance too, is the fact that many grains of wheat unite to form the particles consecrated at Holy Mass, and the juice of many grapes fills the sacred chalice. Moreover, when the faithful receive Communion they kneel at the altar-rail as humble Catholics merely, all distinctions being forgotten that arise from race, nationality, wealth, ability or social standing. By the act of open profession of their faith in a mystery that runs counter to the evidence of the senses. Their intellect submits to God's word, and this submission has been made joyfully from the beginning of the Church's history until now by millions of her children of every clime and tongue. It is a mystery which a long line of martyrs, confessors and virgins, countless sages, scholars and geniuses have lived and died believing; a mystery which the little child who received his First Communion only this morning in a parish church professes with the same unshaken faith as that proclaimed by St. Peter in the synagogue of Capernaum centuries ago, when he answered, saying: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. And we have believed and have known that Thou art Christ, the Son of God."

One excellent way, therefore, of celebrating this year's Corpus Christi solemnity is to thank Our Saviour fervently for giving us the Holy Eucharist as the Sacrament of Union and the Bond of Unity. There is, perhaps, no tenet of Catholicism that appeals more strongly to those outside the Church than does the dogma of the Real Presence. It has drawn thousands into the Fold but millions stand aloof still who would like to believe in a mystery so consoling and attractive, but it is too hard a saying. The earnest prayers that Catholics offer on Corpus Christi Day can do much to win this gift of faith for Protestants, but striking proofs and manifest fruits of

our own belief in the Real Presence will do more. The use, for instance, of frequent Communion is a striking proof of a man's faith in a striking Eucharist and the vigor of soul gained from the practice is a manifest fruit of his belief in the mystery.

A great increase is needed of living arguments for the Real Presence, Macaulay considered the life and character of Blessed Thomas Moore the strongest proof there is for transubstantiation. That, of course, is a little of the essayist's "journalism," still it is clear what he meant. The union and harmony so desirable and necessary to-day among American Catholics will be wonderfully promoted by an increase of faith in the Real Presence, a warmer devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and a more frequent use of Holy Communion. Those hindrances to concord or co-operation, which arise from differences in birth, ancestry, condition, and the like, can be, in a large measure, removed if Catholics will only show a more general and practical appreciation of the Sacrament of Union. In the Tabernacle we can find not only a refuge from the "strife of tongues," but also the bond uniting closely together the children of one Mother.—America.

BECAUSE PATRICK MURPHY KNEW HIS CATECHISM

In a recent pastoral the Right Rev. Bishop of Newport and Monavia observed: "The friend who knows how to explain to a friend some point of Catholic doctrine; the servant who can give a clear answer to an employer; the young man or young woman who shows careful teaching in the Catechism—it cannot be estimated how much good such Catholics as these can effect." An illustration of this is afforded by the circumstances of the conversion of Mr. Milne, a son of the Rev. Dr. Milne of Edinburgh. Inflamed with a desire to convert his father's Irish gardener from the error of his Romish ways, the young man undertook the task with great zeal. But he had reckoned without his host. Patrick Murphy was proud of his faith, and knew the Catechism "like a book." Instead of converting him, Mr. Milne's own mind was disturbed, and he began to doubt seriously the tenableness of his position as an Anglican. His reverend father, to whom he exposed his doubts, not being able to clear them up, recommended him to the Bishop of Edinburgh. But the difficulties raised by the interview with "Pat Murphy" were to be settled in quite another way.

His Lordship held forth in his library for two hours on the points submitted to him, with all the eloquence and logic at his command. Mr. Milne had just finished his university course in Cambridge, and had a sound knowledge of logical processes, and accordingly he yielded to the force of logic there and then. "Are your doubts removed?" queried the Bishop; to which young Milne answered, "Yes, my Lord; I have no longer a doubt that the Church of Rome is the Church of Christ." True to his convictions, he became a Catholic; and two of his friends were converted by means of the books which he had studied while preparing for his reception into the church.

Good books are abundant, but there is a dearth of Patrick Murphys everywhere; and the example of such as he is needed to render good books effective for the conversion of souls. This is the apostolate of the laity.—The Examiner, Bombay, India.

NOT SATISFACTORY

In the Daily Post of Liverpool, Mr. Joyce, J. P., a Protestant and a business man, well known in that city, gives his views on Australia, which he has recently visited. Speaking on religion he says:

"The Christian Church, so far as her inner life and energy are concerned, appears to be almost entirely in the hands of the Catholics. The Church of England and dissenting bodies are a negligible quantity both as to attendance and activity. The churches are empty everywhere, the clergy are an indifferent class of men, the choirs are not worth calling such, while there is little or no organization; in fact, everything points to the practical disappearance of the Protestant religion. The teaching of the children has been surrendered to the State, and the only attempt at religious education is made in the Sunday schools, which are for the most part very feeble institutions indeed. In Australia, as in England, however, the Catholics look after their youth, and show no signs of yielding up their charge even though the State with its boundless resources could offer more efficient teaching."

This is noteworthy testimony coming from a Protestant. But it is not such as could be gratifying to Catholics so far as "the disappearance of the Protestant religion" means the disappearance of belief in the fundamental doctrines of Christianity.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Riches exclude only one convenience, and that is poverty.—Johnson.

CATHOLIC NOTES

There were 580 non-Catholics received into the Church in the Archdiocese of Milwaukee during the past year.

The announcement is made of the reception into the Church, at Farm Street, London, by Father Considine, S. J., of George Henry Boynton of Twyford Abbey, son of the late Captain G. H. L. Boynton, 17th Lancers, of Haisthorpe Hall, Yorks.

Whilst engaged in turf cutting operations on June 2 James Carson, of Conagher, a few miles from Ballymoney, County Antrim, Ireland, unearthed an old dug-out canoe, with two paddles of oak, all standing upright in the bog, at a depth of about 8 feet, together with three poles 6 feet in length and a small oaken shaft. The canoe, which is in a good state of preservation, is about four feet in length and 18 inches in width.

The foundation for one of the greatest hospitals and medical schools in the world was laid for St. Louis University in the will of the late James Campbell, utility magnate, filed in the probate court of St. Louis recently. The entire estate, valued at between \$85,000,000 and \$40,000,000, eventually goes to the university for a hospital for the care of "sick and injured persons" and the "promotion of the sciences of medicine and surgery."

Since the wholesale conversion last year of Anglican Benedictines in South Wales, close upon 25 Anglican rectors, vicars and curates have been received into the Church in England. With two or three exceptions all are unmarried, and are, therefore, hoping to enter the priesthood. The Beda College, which is attached to the English College at Rome is already filled to overflowing with ex-Anglican clergymen, who are pursuing their theological studies.

Francis B. Randall, formerly a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal church, has been received into the Catholic Church, making his First Communion at St. Luke's Church, Saint Paul, on Pentecost Sunday. Mr. Randall served several parishes in Maryland and Virginia for about fifteen years, coming West in 1905 where he served various missions in South Dakota and Wyoming until the spring of this year.

Four thousand Catholic men, women and children marched in solemn procession through the streets of Santa Fe on the Feast of Corpus Christi as a public expression of faith in the Real Presence of God in the Blessed Sacrament. The procession was unusually interesting because it was composed of religious as well as laymen,—nuns, Christian brothers, priests and prelates walking as they prayed. The procession was under the general direction of Col. Jose D. Sena, and a score of prominent men of the Cathedral parish and its arrangements were well carried out.

A famous old violin, hundreds of years old that is supposed to be the handwork of one of the great Amatis, is among the treasured possessions of the Sisters of the Visitation in their convent at Park avenue and Centre street, Baltimore. An inscription in quaint old letters within the instrument records the fact that it was repaired by order of "Lord Baltimore in 1635." This date would make the violin of an age contemporaneous most likely with one of the family of Amati, who attained their greatest fame as makers of violins in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. Stradivari, the greatest of violin makers, was a pupil of Niccolò Amati, the greatest of his name.

According to the latest Catholic census for China, there are no fewer than 764 native priests laboring side by side with European missionaries. Sir Frederick Weld tells of meeting one of these Chinese priests in Straits Settlements, when he was made governor there in 1880. I was up early in this morning," he writes in a letter to his brother in England, "and went to Mass at the Cathedral, which is modern and larger than the one at Singapore." Mass was said by a Chinese priest, so reverently and quietly; he had a light, thin mustache and I think, a pigtail under his chasuble. He is a confessor, having been imprisoned and condemned to death and finally banished for the faith. After Mass I went into the Sacristy and asked his blessing.

R. Kopelka, postmaster and bank president of Gresham, Wis., is a wiser man these days because of a personal encounter he had with Rev. L. C. Becker, Kopelka, who owes some of his inspirations to The Menace, had made serious charges in a saloon reflecting on the moral character of Father Becker. The latter immediately instituted court proceedings against his traducer. When thus called upon to prove his charges Kopelka suddenly saw things in a different light. He paid Father Becker's attorney's fee and wrote the latter a letter of apology retracting his charges and authorizing the publication of his communication. The letter was accordingly published in 8 newspapers of Shevawano County, Wis.

TWO

AILEY MOORE

SALES OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW EVICTIONS, BURDENS AND BODILY PAIN ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRELAND TOGETHER WITH MANY OTHER INCIDENTS IN OTHER LANDS

BY RICHARD A. BERRY, D. D., DEAN OF NEWCASTLE WEST CHAPTER XXII

FRANK TYRRELL

"Throth, then, sir, that's id, just," said a young fellow, about fourteen, addressing a gentleman in fashionable morning costume, who stood by a huge round stone at the corner of a narrow street, and at the foot of the bridge, which crosses Shannon from Thomond Gate to the old town of Limerick. "Throth then, sir, that's id, just," said he. "And why is it called the 'Treaty Stone'?" asked the gentleman. "Why, sir, because Sarah had signed the treaty on it."

temples over the ears and under the chin left no portion of the features unnecessarily exposed. Each carried a heavy basket, which contained refreshments and simple medicines for the sick. "Sister Mary Monica," whispered the child, getting behind the pedlar, and Sister Mary Patrick, she added: "The pedlar took off his hat, and bowed low to the ground; and the strange gentleman followed his example only he did not bow so very low."

heaven, and his eyes were fixed upon his "home above," and he prayed for her the love for whom warmed the cold current of his chill old age; and his Mary was once more beside him, as he used to see her with the eye of youthful fancy; for she now came in him, fresh and fragrant, from the company of the angels. Ailey knelt at a little distance from his group, and joined her prayers and tears with those of her father. "And then the good nuns spoke of what a changing thing the world is, and how we are made to leave it, not to live in it; and old Mr. Moore said, often Father Mick had told him the same. And then he would ask them whether they knew Father Mick; and he would tell them of his fine silvery hair, and large, fond eyes, and that he came every day to see him, because Father Mick loved Gerald. He said Gerald was a brave young fellow, but he was out just then, he was to be in very shortly; in fact, immediately. He hoped they knew Gerald; and Gerald would thank them for him, he added, because Gerald was fond of his father. And then old Mr. Moore would join them in 'forgiving all who had offended or injured him,' although there was something very heavy on his heart that he could not remember; but he forgave it, and every one; and he prayed for the forgiveness of 'every one of whom he had offended.' And then he would ask them, 'Wasn't it time for them to pray for poor Mary?' She was such an angel."

while Mr. M'Cann, a trader well-known for his peace and order" qualities, case in hand, stood behind. The nuns escaped without taking leave. Aunt Benn seemed to enjoy the joke wonderfully; but Ailey, and, in good truth, Frank Tyrrell, looked as like two people who had something to conceal from one another, as well they might. "Really, Miss Moore," he came forward and said—while Aunt Benn was looking mook "proper" behind his back—really, Miss Moore, I am quite ashamed of myself to have spoken so loudly; but, to say the plain truth, I entirely forgot myself. The melody was so divine that my soul was lost, and I had no command of my heart or tongue!" "You are most welcome!" said Ailey, quite frankly, and giving her hand. "How long have you been here? When did you see Cecily?" "I have not seen Cecily for a fortnight, but I hear from her two or three times a week."

as a passing phase in a boy's life. Children, she said to herself, have little or no stability. It will pass away. Mr. Morris was a hale, hearty man, with a cheerfulness of manner that was simply contagious. What is more to his credit, he brought this cheery manner into the home. His grey hair and son in his customary manner, and then looking at his wife more closely, observed the agitation which she tried to conceal. "Hello! what's the matter? Servants leave, or get saucy? A bad day at the bargain-counter? Donald fail in school? Come, what's the trouble?" She said nothing for the time being, but looked distressingly from the father to the son. The father understood. Something in his wife's manner indicated to him that she desired to say something, but not in the presence of the boy, and then turning to Donald, he said, "Well, boy, how goes it? What's new on the carpet?" "Oh, everything is all right, father," answered Donald. The father looked at him closely, after exchanging looks with his wife. "I saw the score-board to-day. Giants were ahead in the eighth inning. Donald will have to take in that series with the Cubs. I see they're scheduled for next week." Noticing that Donald did not respond in his usual manner to his favorite team and topic, the father stopped, looked sharply, and was about to say something, but Donald's calm manner, his innocent look, disarmed any suspicion of wrong doing, and the father turned to address the mother on a few commonplace topics. The dinner being over, Mr. Morris took his paper, and the wife busied herself about the house. Eight o'clock struck, and Donald came into the room where sat his father, threw his arms around his neck, kissed him, bade him good night, and left the room. The mother then entered. The father spoke: "Well, Mary, what's the matter? You seem all worked up; what is it?" "I have reason to be," answered Donald. Thereupon she told him of Donald's avowal to her that afternoon, and then placing her hands over her face, burst into tears. "Tut, tut, woman," said Mr. Morris, "you are wrong to be giving away to such fears. Donald is only a boy, with a soft, foolish heart like his mother; sure, that will pass away." "Yes, John," answered his wife, "Donald has a soft heart, one that is easily impressed, especially with anything that borders on the heroic; but he has a strong will where the object of good is concerned, and is not easily deterred. He is not like Gerald or William." These were the two older brothers of Donald. "Well," answered the father, "what if he does go away; he seems to have the notion." "What if he does—go away," repeated his wife, slowly, looking hard at her husband. "John Morris, are you serious?" "Never was more serious in my life," answered Mr. Morris. "Surely," continued his wife, "you have not forgotten the provisions of his Uncle Daniel's will—the money left to pursue his course for a doctor; and for the past two generations we've always had a doctor in our family." "Well, Mary, I don't know what your reasons might be in trying to combat this desire on the part of Donald. The provisions of his Uncle Daniel's will do not determine what he must be. There is an explanatory clause that says, if he is so inclined. Evidently he is not." "But," said his wife, "to be a Brother!" and her manner of saying it somewhat roused her husband. "You forget, Mary, answered Mr. Morris, "I myself, was a pupil of these good men for years, and whatever success I have to day I can attribute to them, at least in a measure. It was for this purpose that I moved to this parish, that the boys might have a chance to attend the Brothers' school." The wife colored at this candid avowal, and was preparing to leave the room, when her husband gently detained her. "Wait a minute, Mary. Let us view this affair calmly. I know, in a way, how you feel about it, and I am prepared to make due allowance for your feelings; but, on the other hand, I am pleased with the desire of Donald. I can go back to my own school days and recall some of the examples I have seen, and the lessons that were taught me. I have had a good deal of experience with the world for the past thirty years, and know what a man will do to gain a footing on the social ladder, to add a few dollars to his income, and to hold a little power. But when I recall the life of these good men, I almost think it impossible. But it is a reality. They have sacrificed the identical things to which the heart of man tenaciously clings, and have given themselves up with an abandon that seems almost reckless. Did they not receive the approbation of the Church and the universal endorsement of good and sagacious men, I would consider them as fools, even for Christ's sake." Nothing more was said on the subject that night. Sunday night it was raining quite hard, and when the "first bell rang" for vesper, Donald was heard in the vestibule fumbling with the umbrellas. "Mother," he called, "did you see my umbrella?" "Your umbrella?" "I was going to vesper," said Donald. "Going to vesper on a night like this?" said his mother. "Yes," answered Donald; "Father K— is going to preach on a choice of life, and I am anxious to hear it." Quick as a flash of lightning came the thought, she would accompany Donald to the church, and by her interpretation of the priest, easily dissuade him from

the notion he was now entertaining. When the mother and the son reached the church, Donald immediately made for the side aisle. "Donald," said his mother, plucking his sleeve, "our pew is in the middle aisle, 66. Where are you going?" "But, mother," said Donald, "I always sit in front, near the Brothers." She followed him. The priest in the course of his sermon touched on many points concerning a "choice of state of life," but upon one point he was most insistent. He urged all fathers and mothers to encourage religious vocations in their children, and held it to be a most sacred and solemn duty to do this, especially when the children themselves took the initiative. The reasonableness of his statements was plain enough for a child to understand, and yet suggestive enough for older heads. Mrs. Morris' plans were turned awry. She was vexed with the priest and with herself. What passed in Donald's mind can be readily inferred. When Donald was bidding his mother good-night, she held him caressingly in her arms for some time, and then kissing him again, looked him full in the face and murmured, "Donald, Donald." With his arms still around his mother's neck, he looked earnestly into her eyes. "Mother, I think God has heard my prayer and wants me to be a Brother. I am so happy. Good-night, mother, dear: I will pray as I never prayed before." Donald said no more, but left his mother, who sat gazing out of the window into the darkness. He turned as he was about to leave the room, and saw her with outstretched hands. He came back to her and said: "Why, mother, what's the matter?" She never answered him; but holding him convulsively in her arms, kissing him, and Donald left the room in silence. She remained for some time in a listless attitude, then arose impatiently. Her mind was made up. She would see the Brothers in the morning and tell them what she thought of them. The afternoon of the next day the bell rang violently in the Brothers' house, and when the Brother Porter opened the door, it was to admit Mrs. Morris, who, in a voice that showed much irritation and annoyance of manner, inquired for the Brother Director. He came, expressed his delight on seeing her, but was considerably taken back when she launched forth in a flow of violent invective. She reproached the Brothers for taking advantage of Donald's innocence, enticing him from his parents, his home and friends. The patience of the good Brother was finally exhausted. He assured her that nothing was said to Donald in particular. They had noticed in him an increase of piety that brought with it a graveness of manner, but this they ascribed to the coming examinations and hopes of promotion, two factors that enter into every schoolboy's life at this season of the year. The explanation was useless, and she left the house in a huff, with the avowed declaration that never again would Donald enter the school. Nor did he. The following September Donald was registered as a student in another school of higher pretensions, and the Brothers lost sight of him. To counteract any influence that the example of the Brothers might have on him, it was arranged that he should take his music lessons Sunday at home, and so Donald dropped out of sight, but not out of memory. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and an innocent heart, enshrined in the memory of a religious teacher, lives always. As to Mr. Morris' attitude in the matter, he had acted like the proverbial father, "leaving it to the mother." A period of successful business ventures waned, and the money was fast making shipwreck his love for home. He, too, saw little of Donald, and the older boy was in possession. Gerald, the mother boy, was a mining engineer in the West, and William was studying in Germany. The years passed. The Morris had ascended the social ladder. Donald was finishing his last year at University, when there was a stabbing in one of the "Frat" houses following a night of dissipation, in which Donald was the chief actor. Aye, he had fallen from grace and "left his first love." Other disclosures followed—forged checks, unpaid bills, and entanglements of a more grave nature were exposed. These the mother endeavored to cover up, but the awful discovery of Donald's wicked and criminal escapades was too much for the father—he never recovered from the shock. He died, and Donald was not at the funeral. The mother continued sending him remittances, but his escapades had so worked on her feelings that she for a time closed her heart against him. He dropped out of sight, and out of mind. His name, if ever mentioned in the parish where he was raised, was the familiar tale of the spoiled child, too much of his own way. Was it? Was it not rather of interfering with his own way, or rather the way of God manifesting itself in his beautiful young soul. He had given all the exterior signs of a vocation. His beautiful behavior was an index of his innocent heart. Alas! how often it is that young hearts, noble in their aims, lofty in purpose, and eager for the things of God, have wilted and shrunk up and sunk to things low and degrading. Parents have lived to see the day and to regret that, when God called, they hardened their hearts. It was Christmas Eve. Gloom reigned in the Morris home. Gerald had moved to the West; William was in Germany; the father dead, and

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TO BE CONTINUED

DONALD'S CASE

A TRUE STORY

By B. F. P. in the Little Messenger

Donald came into the house in a somewhat excited manner, but his books away, and entered the room where his mother was sitting. She looked up fondly, and was somewhat surprised at the flushed face. "Well, Donald, dear, anything amiss to-day?" "No mother," and he began to fidget about the room. The mother's eyes followed him. There was something in his thoughts that his mother divined, an intuitive process known only to mothers. She rose, placed her hands on his eyes, and looked into his eyes. He met her look calmly, almost smilingly. "No, mother, except—" "Except what?" said his mother. "Why," said Donald, "we had a visit from a strange Brother to-day, and he spoke to us about going away to be Brothers." "Yes, dear, and was that all?" said the mother. "Yes, mother, except that I—I told him that I would like to go away," Donald answered. "That was nice of you, Donald, dear; but you are young yet you know, and you must finish school. Why, to be a Brother finish school. You are a learned man. You are but thirteen years of age now. Look at Gerald; he was twenty when he finished, and William is still going to school. There is plenty of time to think of it, Donald, dear." He listened in silence, and in a few minutes was playing ball in a neighboring lot. After he had gone, Mrs. Morris affected to regard the whole affair of Donald's inclination

Donald?—Nothing had been heard of him for some years. Though he had broken the heart of his mother, she still hoped as only a mother can hope. His room was kept as if he were expected every day. In her loneliness she was wont to fondle and rummage among the things belonging to him. His baby clothes, his first pair of pants, his school books, his toys. She picked up a prayer-book. She recalled it was Brother F— who gave it to him. Here was a book well thumbed. She was a Bible history; a book she had covered herself. She even remembered the cloth. She looked at the fly leaf: "Master Donald Morris, Sept. 6, 1890. St.—School," written in a neat, flowing hand. The handwriting was Donald's. She opened the book. Some faded rose leaves were between the pages. She remembered them. The rose he had worn on his coat when he had made his First Holy Communion. Her heart began to beat violently. She took up the leaves, tenderly, lovingly and gazing on them for some time, burst into tears. Recovering herself, she glanced at the open page. She read the words: "A book she had handed his heart, would not let the children of Israel go." She read no further. She felt and understood.

There she sat in the midst of splendor, surrounded by all that taste could dictate and money could supply; but, alas! her heart, like the dying embers in the hearth before her, was cold and desolate. Grief, when intense, has the power of softening the heart, as flowers, when pressed, emit the sweetest perfume. She recognized the hand of God. It was heavy; still she knew it, and had faith enough to welcome it. She rose from her chair and turned on the light. On the mantle was a picture of Donald in his First Communion clothes. Hastily snatching the photograph from its silver frame, she covered it with kisses, buried it in her bosom close to her heart, threw herself on her knees, and that night the angels rejoiced in heaven. Those assisting at Mass in the parish church in the early morning, were much surprised and most edified to see the rich society lady, Mrs. Morris. Still the wonder grew when she became interested in the poor of the parish. For poor boys, in particular, she evinced the greatest solicitude. She furnished the houses of the Sisters and Brothers attached to the parish school, paid for a new organ in the church; in fact, she became the fairy godmother of the parish. At the early Mass daily, she was seen occupying the pew where Donald was wont to sit, and it was said of her, that when the Brothers were returning from Communion, she would look at them with rueful, wistful eyes.

In the hospital ward of one of the Western prisons a man was dying. He called for a priest. He was in the last stages of tuberculosis. The priest came, heard his confession, and the history of his life; and turning to the warden, said: "He has but a few hours to live. You might send a telegram to his mother. He comes of good stock." It was sent. She came, but he had been dead for some time. Let us draw a veil over the rest. He was brought home.

The people of the parish knew nothing of his lamentable end, and his history was locked in the secret recesses of his mother's heart.

The funeral was private. In the graveyard a monument rears its stately white head, and near it a small willow tree throws its drooping branches over the well kept grave. When the weather is fine, a lady dressed in black, with a sweet, sad face, comes to the grave, and is often seen kneeling by it, plucking a weed here and there, now softly patting the earth, now arranging the powers, now standing in pensive sorrow. On the tombstone we read: "Sacred to the Memory of Donald A. Morris, aged twenty-nine. R. I. P. Erected by his loving mother."

"There scattered oft, the earliest of the year, By hands unseen are showers of violets found; The red breast loves to build and warble here, And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

So the fair young life, nipped in the prime of life's bright promise, is rendering an account of his words, deeds and omissions to a Merciful God, after his fitful, inglorious career, and yet he was born for other things. How will it fare with thee, dear young reader? The history of every parish furnishes its quota of good young men, in whose hearts "glow the generous purpose," and where the instinctive faith shows the "Divine Spark," but whose high ideals have been turned into ridicule by an ignorance hardened by contempt, and who have been dissuaded from the call to the higher life by good but misguided friends, and in many cases by parents who, "hardening their hearts, would not let the children go."

(Feast of St. Philip and James, May 1st.)

On your deathbed you are the most interested spectator in the grand review of your past life.

If you are not satisfied with yourself better find out the cause and apply the remedy.

Reticence and courage usually go hand in hand, and not infrequently are we conscious of a latent strength emanating from people whom we often speak of as a man or woman "of few words."

SOME WORK FOR GRADUATES

This is the month of graduation exercises. Catholic colleges throughout the land are sending forth young men and young women set firm in much that is high and holy and hopeful. These children of the morning are going out to the battle of life inspired by the lofty purposes and noble ambitions of vigorous palpitating youth chastened under the influence of Catholic thought and Catholic traditions. The colleges are proud of their youth; the graduates are proud of their youth; the fathers and justly so; for they are a noble set, clean of heart, keen of intellect, and strong of will. They leave the portals of their Alma Mater with benedictions on their heads, followed by an affection that should be a consolation to them in trial and suffering. The world is waiting to receive them, ready to claim them as its citizens. Soon they will be down in the arena of life, waging a battle from which they will emerge either heroes or cowards. Strange scenes will lie round about them; new problems will vex their intellects; unwelcome temptations will tempt their wills; for, as we may say, we have come to a critical period in morals and religion. Radicalism is replacing conservatism; ideals that were once thought essential for the safety of our nation have been swept aside in scorn; new standards of thought and action have been set up. Progress is honored once again in us; man has become sufficient unto himself, with the consequence that despite the good found in modern civilization, there is a vast deal that fairly cries to heaven for remedy. This cry must be answered. No one can answer it with more confidence than our graduates. The fate of this nation depends, to a large extent, on Catholic principles worked out in the lives of educated men and women. The dangers that beset the State, the evils that are corrupting numerous hearts, the haunting sense of lack that is driving so many to desperation are met and matched and over-matched by Catholic doctrine and practice.

True, our graduates can not accomplish all this at once. Much of it is the work of mature men and women of different ranks and states of life. But the young can make a beginning. They have a distinct obligation in this regard which they seldom accomplish with entire satisfaction. They keep the faith, remain clean of heart and altogether upright. But this is but part of life's work. The demands of religion are broader than this. Others have claims on them. All about them are people who need their assistance, poor afflicted children of God, redeemed and sanctified in the blood of a common brother, Christ. The cities are thronged with boys and girls, heirs of the faith by baptism, waiting for the truth that will set them free, the word of God contained in the manuals of Christian doctrine. Their little souls cry out for help, and the cry is either unheard or else answered by the howl of wolves in sheep's clothing. "I called for my friends, but they deceived me. They have heard that I sigh and there is none to comfort me."

To some extent this is our graduates' fault, they are neglecting part of the principles which they carried away from their college. Life has caught them in an eddy and swung them round and round, until they are giddy and thoughtless from the whirling. Thus people who they could help are neglected. Boys are waiting devotions; girls are reflecting from the path of virtue; men and women are struggling with grinding poverty or tossing on beds of pain in charity hospitals, cellars and garrets, and no word of counsel or comfort or cheer, as the case may demand, is spoken to them. Who should do this, if not the graduates of the Catholic colleges? They have been brought up in the presence of the Crucifix which teaches lessons of love and mercy and pity. Whence, then, their apathy, their neglect of social work? Not a half of 1 per cent. of the goodly number of the young men who remain lay people are found among the gentlemen who are reflecting honor on the Church by their labors in the St. Vincent de Paul Society and the Ozanam Association. How many of these same graduates present themselves to their pastors with an offer to assist in the spiritual or corporal works of mercy? Yet such virtues are vital in the life of every Christian.

Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess you the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty and you gave me to drink; I was a stranger, and you took me in; and you covered me; I was sick, and you visited me; I was in prison, and you came to me. . . . Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these, My least brethren you did it to Me.

This surely is worthy of serious thought on the part of the army of young men and women who are now receiving their degrees. There is another point too which demands the consideration of the young men. In their class of ethics, they heard much of the State. They learned its nature, its end, its obligations toward citizens and so on. All this they realize. But do they realize, as well, their obligations to the State? They have heard about them. Will they observe them? Many men of intelligence and probity rejoice in the protection the commonwealth affords them and their property, cast their votes for their party with un-

falling regularly, and then imagine that their duty is done. Not so. The true citizen of education meets many civic obligations. He upholds lawful authority by word and deed; he demands justice for all; he combats doctrines subversive of law and order. Just as he is not afraid to defend the State, so neither is he afraid to rebuke it, when it transgresses the limits of its authority by unwarranted interference with the family or the Church. The real citizen knows his duties and performs them fearlessly; knows his rights and insists on them according to the enlightened dictates of conscience, knows the State's prerogatives and obligations and sees to it as far as lies in his power, that the former are respected and the latter fulfilled. This requires more than adherence to a party and the mechanical casting of a vote. It demands a watchful eye, an enlightened conscience, a clean heart, assistance to movements that tend upward to heaven, legitimate resistance to movements that tend downward to earth.

Never was there more need of such service than there is to-day. A double cause then is calling for recruits: individual men and women and children stand in need of assistance; so, too, does the State. Here are two spheres of action in which lay-graduates of Catholic colleges are not exercising the influence warranted by their training. Is there hope of better things?—America.

NOT YET BLOTTED OUT

It is only a couple of years since Messrs. Briand and Viviani were vauntingly bragging of their success in "blotting out" Christianity. M. Briand figuratively put it as "blotting out the sun in the heavens"—meaning the one Name at which every knee shall bow. M. Viviani was less specific, but more sweeping, and he gloated more vulgarly over what he and his fellow Titans were trying to accomplish in the direction of a reversion to Paganism. The brag and the sneer of these cocksure geniuses are as false as they are vulgar. Catholicism is too deeply imprinted in the mind of France to be stamped out by the hoof of persecution. Briand and Viviani and all the rest of their own country, and all other countries, in vain if they delude themselves into a belief that they falsified God's promise regarding the Church. We may accept the testimony of such an enemy of Catholicism as The Times (London) as free from the taint of suspicion of insincerity on the subject, or a desire either to minimize or exaggerate, when presenting a picture of existing conditions. A special correspondent has been investigating the subject, and the editor introduces his article to the readers with an expression of his own belief that there is a revival both of Catholicism and those looser and undogmatic religious views and sentiments which Frenchmen describe as "spiritualists." The special correspondent does not depend on generalities. He sets forth some concrete facts that sustain his postulate clearly enough:

A Catholic publication lately gave from official returns the number of Easter communicants in 58 out of the 78 parishes of Paris as 314,000—a figure which would not have been reached, we fancy a very few years ago. But the number of Catholics in France, as in other Latin countries, can not be measured by the number of those who "practice." "On meurt assez bien chez nous," said a French lady from a manufacturing district, where the workmen are ostentatious in their irreligion. Most Frenchmen, and nearly all Frenchwomen, like to have the blessing of the Church on the great events of their domestic life. They are christened and married and buried with the same rites as their fathers and mothers. Many observe the custom as a custom but it means something to them. It takes more than a few statues and even then a few decades of "education laïque" to wean a nation from traditions bred in their bone for countless generations. The Roman Church has those traditions to build on, and she is making earnest efforts to turn them to account.

A number of ardent uprooters set to work, during the Terror, to extirpate religion so thoroughly that not even the names of the days of the week were allowed to remain as they were, and the week itself turned topsy-turvy, so that there should be neither Sabbath nor Sunday any more for the French people. The Catholic churches survived the bestial fustigation of the "Goddess of Reason" revelers, and when they were free to open and get purified, they restored the old marks and nomenclature of the Church and the almanac very speedily, and Thermidor and Fregidor and all the booby verbiage of the charlatan classicists of the Revolution vanished into the abyss of a hideous memory.

The most heartening fact about the new awakening is that it is among the youth of France that its symptoms are most noticeable. The correspondent gives a wide survey of the reverberated field:

The class in which the revival is most unmistakable is that of the educated young men. It is said that of the students at the Ecole Normale Supérieure about a third are convinced and "practicing" Catholics, while as many more are spiritualists, with a craving for supernatural belief of some kind, and the rest are active or passive unbe-

lievers. There is plenty of evidence that the movement extends to other bodies of the youthful "intellectuals." It has already lasted long enough to have set its mark on literature. Some of the new writers avow opinions which are frankly Catholic, while others speak of re- and social force.

We need only recall the venerable adage concerning the repetitions of history to find an explanation of the phenomena which this clear-sighted chronicler sets down for the enlightenment and edification of the readers of The Times. Now he goes somewhat into the question of how the reawakening came about:

The aristocracy in France have always made a profession of Catholic belief since the guillotine beheaded the noble patrons of the "philosopher." The growth of syndicalism and anti-militarism the open dissemination of doctrines fatal alike to the State, to private property, and to the family, have undoubtedly led many good citizens of all classes to reflect whether religion can constitute the sure and stable foundation for the life of a great people. We believe, however, that there is a deeper cause. Man does not live by bread alone. The "lights of heaven" always are relit. At all times and in all societies crass materialism provokes reaction. Man will look before and after; and, as he looks, he feels that he is more than a chance group of atoms, that he has imperious needs and cravings which neither wealth nor ease nor fame can satisfy.

And to think that all we have been quoting, and very much more to the same end and purpose, should be found in the columns of the whitom Thunderer of the Thames side—a potentate who fifty years ago described the clergy of Ireland as "surpliced ruffians" and gloated over the flight of the peasant, saying: "The Celtae are gone—gone with a vengeance." Verily, we are living in an age of wonderful transformations. When The Times has changed its price from three pence to one penny and allows correspondents to tell, without blue penciling, of the revival of the Catholic religion in France and the decay of infidelity, then we may expect anything!—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

Satire is a sort of glass wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own, which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets with in the world.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1914

THE CHURCH IN MEXICO

The Rev. J. W. Reardon, S. J., spent two years in Mexico under conditions that gave him exceptional opportunities of informing himself of the religious conditions of that unhappy country. He describes in a lengthy article contributed to the Catholic Northwest Progress. The better class of Mexicans are highly educated not only in the best schools of the country but often in American and English universities while many spend years in Germany or France.

Amongst the wealthier classes the women are, for the most part, sincere Catholics, pious and devoted to home life. Amongst the men the influence of French ideas, of German rationalism, of American indifference, is more strongly noted. However there is a large proportion of sincere and practical Catholics.

The reason why an able and learned episcopate is comparatively powerless is found in the iniquitous laws that sequestered all Church property, suppressed religious orders and hampered with official red tape what semblance of liberty that was left. Colleges were seized and converted into government schools in which infidelity is openly taught. New parishes may not be opened without government permission. Building can not be undertaken without funds, and these will not be forthcoming when it is known that the government will take possession of the buildings when erected. For a priest or sister to appear on the street in a religious garb subjects them to a fine. Father Reardon tells of the burial of one of the Jesuit Fathers at which he assisted. "We had to consign the body to its last resting place with a hurried prayer and a few drops of holy water, and even this furtive act rendered us liable to fine or imprisonment."

The hampering laws of a hostile government leaves the Church in Mexico in a great measure helpless before the great work which confronts it; and an eloquent contradiction of the stupid and misleading charge so often made by ill-informed Protest-

ants that the Catholic Church is all-powerful in Mexico. The concluding paragraph of this Jesuit-Father's article would lead one to think that American intervention which would entail for many years American occupation might not be an unmixed evil for the Church in Mexico.

"Give Catholicity the freedom that it has in our own land; allow the bishops the freedom which our own enjoy, and we have no fear for the rebuilding of the Church in Mexico, which, in its sorrows and persecutions, richly deserves our sympathy and admiration. It is the only way for the regeneration of the nation; it is the only way for the uplifting of the masses; but it is the only way excluded by the infidel Government of Mexico."

AUTHORITY AND FREEDOM

The Christian Guardian extends its sympathy to Catholic editors in general and to "poor Father Phelan" in particular because he has been called to order by the Apostolic Delegate. The Delegate speaks of the Watchman's "reprehensible article on the Tango," and "its repeated attacks on the hierarchy." "Protestants seem to consider him an oracle of the Church and quote his intemperate utterances as doctrines of the same." The Guardian knows how true this is; it gleefully quoted Father Phelan's "intemperate utterances" (sometimes making him a bishop or even an archbishop) when such utterances served its purpose. If ecclesiastical authority remains silent, its silence is interpreted as acquiescence; if it speak, ecclesiastical discipline is tyranny. Father Phelan knows that he has been treated with a great deal of forbearance and will doubtless recognize the justice of the reprimand that he has received. Even if the "foot-note" is abolished it is amusing to see the Methodist Guardian condoling with the champion of the Tango. "How long," asks the Guardian, "can Roman officialdom stifle the voice of free men in the Roman Catholic Church?" G. K. Chesterton not long ago pointed out that Catholic dogma no more hampered the freedom of Catholics than the nebular hypothesis hampered the freedom of scientists. Neither does ecclesiastical authority hamper the freedom of members of the Church any more than civil authority hampers the freedom of citizens. Authority secures the freedom of the individual in either case. The absence of authority is not freedom, it is anarchy. The I. W. W., the suffragettes and others regard civil authority in much the same light as the Guardian regards the authority of the bishops who rule the Church of God.

ALCOHOL AS A BEVERAGE

At the recent Alcohol Congress held in Paris Dr. G. Bertillon gave some statistics that upset many theories and preconceived notions. The figures are based on the number of litres of pure alcohol consumed per capita of the population in each country.

Table with 2 columns: Country and Litres per capita. France: 18.18 litres; Italy: 12.12; Belgium: 12.08; Switzerland: 11.96; Denmark: 10.95; Spain: 10.50; Germany: 9.44; Great Britain: 7.77; Sweden: 5.81; Russia: 5.21.

It will be seen that Russia, where the traffic is a government monopoly, and where we have been led to believe drunkenness is appalling, stands lowest on the list. We have been told over and over again that the Russian government is deliberately debauching the people for the sake of the enormous revenue it derives from alcohol. Yet the per capita consumption is nearly fifty per cent higher in Great Britain. Russia makes a somewhat better showing than Sweden where temperance has made enormous advances in recent years. That the wine-drinking countries consume a very large quantity of alcohol is quite evident. Nevertheless drunkenness is almost unknown where wine is the ordinary beverage of everybody. While this may be a matter for congratulation so far as it goes, the weight of medical opinion seems to indicate that alcohol even when always taken in moderation produces deleterious effects.

The figures given above are for the whole population. In many countries there is a large proportion of total-abstainers; so that the amount consumed by those who do use alcoholic beverages would be relatively much larger than shown in the table.

Everywhere throughout the world, varying with varying conditions, there is an anti-alcohol movement. A notable case is that of Finland, once the most intemperate country in Europe, now the most temperate; the Finnish per capita consumption of alcohol is now only a litre and a half. It would seem that where the evil effects of alcohol are most in evidence the reaction against it is most complete. Hence we find that the sober wine-drinking countries now lead Europe in the consumption of alcohol, and in these countries the anti-alcohol movement is slow to take on any effective shape.

MORGANATIC MARRIAGE

The shocking murder of Prince Franz Ferdinand and his wife at the hands of a fanatical young Serb illustrates the effects of racial and nationalistic passion and prejudice on unbalanced minds. The details of this awful tragedy have already reached our readers. We refer to it because in the daily press reference was made to the Prince's morganatic marriage as though it was something less than a real marriage. As the Prince was a Catholic there was no other than a real marriage indissoluble except by death possible for him. But by Austrian law he should have chosen his wife from the family of a reigning prince in order that his children should come into the line of succession to the throne of the dual monarchy. Marrying below this rank it was definitely agreed by all concerned that the children should be debarred from the succession. Hence the marriage is called a morganatic marriage. This is in the nature of a marriage settlement which according to our own laws may give binding legal force to certain financial arrangements sometimes entered into before marriage which debar the wife from what otherwise would be her legal rights in her husband's property. A morganatic marriage is, therefore, in every sense of the word a real marriage.

TWO WEIGHTS AND TWO MEASURES

"Clericalism! that is the enemy." Our Protestant friends have always been ready to subscribe to this as one of the first principles of civil liberty. That is of course when Catholic priests are concerned. The recent election campaign saw Protestant clergymen aggressively taking sides in party politics. Individually and collectively they threw all their influence on one side. True the Anglican clergy as a body maintained a dignified neutrality. It may also be true that many clergymen of other denominations abstained from active participation in the political campaign. But it remains true that a large proportion of the Protestant clergy were, throughout the campaign, aggressive partisans. They claimed, and doubtless many were honest in their contention, that what they considered as the chief issue dividing the parties was a moral question. Here they seemed to beg the whole question. They assumed that legislation such as was proposed by the party would cause them to vigorously espoused would be effective in wiping out the evils of the liquor traffic. And because they decided they conceded no liberty, no right of private judgment to the elector or whom might honestly think otherwise. The moral question was not at issue at all between the parties. Rather was it the political question as to the wisdom of superseding the present legislation for regulating and restricting or entirely abolishing the liquor traffic by a province wide measure that might possibly be fairly successful, or might easily disappoint the hopes and defeat the object of its advocates. There was certainly room for honest difference of opinion. The clerical politicians, however, were possessed of an intemperate zeal for their special brand of temperance legislation. They assumed an intolerant attitude. They monopolized the virtue of temperance; those who dared disagree with them were the allies of the liquor interests. The temperance voters of the province have emphatically resented this aspersion on their honesty and this infringement of their political liberty. They have shown that clerical dictation is a poor political weapon.

ANOTHER CONVENT HIGH SCHOOL

Although we are without a Catholic High School system in Ontario, many of our convent schools, without sharing in the generous financial aid extended to secular High Schools, nevertheless do remarkably efficient High School work. Some of them are equal to the best College Institutes; they prove it at the departmental examinations. We are pleased to learn that our energetic old friend the Rev. D. R. Macdonald, pastor of Glen Nevis, has secured for the historic county of Glengary a Convent School that begins its work with the complete High School course. In another column will be found an account of the dedication of the buildings by the Right Rev. Bishop Macdonnell of Alexandria. There are many Catholics who are in the immediate vicinity of a secular High School which they may attend from home. Many are not so favorably situated. When girls are sent away from home the Convent school is an inestimable advantage; and even when the secular High School is at hand all who can afford to place their daughters with the sisters feel amply repaid in the holy atmosphere of religion that there surrounds them, and in the wholesome and refining influences of convent life.

We understand that in addition to High School work of this nature special facilities are afforded at Glen Nevis for the preparation and training of teaching sisters who will later devote their lives to the great work of Catholic education. The work is one, therefore, that is of diocesan rather than local scope and importance.

using their pulpits as places from which to address political arguments to their hearers. When Catholic priests in Quebec did a like sort of thing much ado was made over the matter, and there was talk of tyranny and undue influence, and protest, and even lawsuits. The principle behind the clerical action was the same in each case. The circumstances may not greatly affect it. The wise preacher will think long before he decides to mix political matters with his greater message.

The Toronto News, however, makes a distinction in favor of clerical action in Ontario. "Law suits entered against Roman Catholic ecclesiastics in Quebec were not taken because they addressed political arguments to the people, but because they employed spiritual intimidation and coercion." In the next column under the heading of "Foolish Denunciation" the News says: "The length to which men will go when they lose their heads has been amply demonstrated in this campaign. Last Sunday Mr. Flavelle was told that he was spiritually lost if he did not vote for the Liberal candidate in South Victoria. The message was delivered from the pulpit." In Ontario this is "foolish denunciation;" in Quebec it would be "spiritual intimidation and coercion." It makes not the slightest difference whether the News was misinformed or not; it was commenting on what it assumed to be a fact.

The Canadian Courier, independent politically, failed like the Gazette to see the fine-spun distinction between clerical dictation and clerical dictation. It does not seem to care whose ox is gored.

"For many years the Protestant churches of Canada have been complaining of the interference of the Roman Catholic Church in general elections and the influence of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in political affairs at other times. Just now the Protestant churches are doing exactly what they have condemned in their Roman Catholic brethren."

The Globe says: "The drink traffic is a crime against humanity. It cannot survive education and persistent agitation."

But it can survive temperance legislation that outruns temperance education. Under present conditions all creeds and political parties may unite to further the cause of temperance and abolish the bar. Each municipality is free to set its own house in order but must concede like freedom to every other municipality. Education must prepare the way. Legislation can only hold the ground already won.

It is all over now and we venture to think that never again will the cause of temperance be linked up with the fortunes of a political party. Protestant ministers who are honest temperance advocates will find non-partisan temperance work, if less spectacular, much more effective.

PIRIST-RIDDEN

The popular Protestant concept of a Catholic country is of a people dominated over by an arrogant priesthood. Not only cannot a Catholic call his soul his own but the clerical arm reaches out to and directs the civil and temporal affairs of every individual subject of the Church of Rome.

Across the border the Guardians of Liberty, supported by the Menace and its brethren in the press, are on the war path against the intriguing power of Rome. They are out to defeat the designs of the Roman hierarchy upon the liberties of the American people. The other day they discovered that Major Butt, Taft's aide, who was drowned on the Titanic, was returning from Rome with instructions in his pocket directing American Catholics to vote against President Wilson. And at the same time they would have us believe that Wilson is in league with the Catholic Church.

An American Protestant magazine warns its readers about the well-olled lobby which the Pope maintains at Washington. On another page of the same issue of the same magazine we are informed that Henry King Carroll has been appointed Washington lobbyist for the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, a union of some of the leading Protestant sects.

Irish Protestants pretend to believe that a Home Rule Parliament will be dominated by the Irish priests. To lend color to the argument a correspondent of the Toronto News informs us that there are 19,000 priests in Ireland. It matters little that the last census gives the total of priests in that country as 3,051. These 3,051 priests attend to the spiritual interests of more than 3,000,000 Catholics, whereas it takes 2,881 parsons to look after the handful of Irish Protestants. Seeing that the number of parsons falls short of the total number of priests by only 170 it would seem that Ireland might more truthfully be described as parson-ridden rather than priest-ridden.

The President and the Secretary of State delivered addresses at the dedication of a Methodist University in Washington recently. We are still waiting to hear the Guardians of Liberty protest against this union of Church and State. Suppose the President had delivered an address at the Catholic University in Washington some poor fool would be looking for the Pope in the national capital.

The part played by the parsons in the recent Ontario elections is still fresh in the public memory. Priest-ridden indeed. The priests cannot hold a candle to the parsons when it comes to having a finger in the political pie. As a rule the priests are too busy attending to the work of their divine Master to have any time for the kind of activity beloved of the spiritual guides of the sects.

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING

Whilst it would be utterly impossible for us to notice in our columns every individual college magazine that is sent us for review, yet we were so pleased with "Echoes From The Pines," that we must perforce pay it the compliment of a reference. The "Echoes" is edited by the students in residence at the Ursuline College, Chatham, and bears witness more eloquently than lengthy lists of honors and distinctions to the excellence of the educational work of that institution. We have always felt that a certain amount of "cramming" had more or less influence on the composition of the honors' list, but we have little faith in the permanent value of the information so imbibed. The only real system of education is that which trains the child to think and to express its thoughts, and it is for the evidences of this that they afford that we value the various college publications.

"Echoes From The Pines" comes well through the above ordeal. Being entirely the product of the student body it would be unfair to institute a comparison between it and, say, "St. Joseph Lilies," which gives space to contributions from the alumnae and literary friends of St. Joseph's. But the "Echoes" need fear no comparison with publications of its own class. Whilst the youthful writers may lack some of the graces of more experienced artists their work has none of the crudeness that is associated with literary beginners. The style of the various articles is free and original;

several short stories show considerable imaginative power, and the poetical numbers are full of promise. We are entirely pleased with "Echoes From The Pines."

COLUMBA.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

A HUNGARIAN Bishop, Mgr. de Zichy, has instructed the priests of his diocese to preach a special sermon every year in behalf of the Catholic Press. This is a practical apostolate.

A SPEAKER of prominence in Galt is reported to have alluded to one of the popular leaders in the late election as having "stood at the foot of the cross when the temperance cause was being crucified by the government." We are not told how the allusion was received by the audience, but if, as it appears, it passed without rebuke, one must needs despair of the survival of Christian feeling among our non-Catholic fellow-countrymen. Politicians are not usually conspicuous for moderation nor is reverence one of their outstanding qualities, but Christian audiences have at least a right to expect that sacred persons or events shall not be made the subject of profane insinuations or dragged through the mire of party animosity.

THE EDINBURGH Scotsman, the most influential newspaper published north of the Tweed, is not the source to which we should ordinarily look for sympathetic treatment of Catholic questions. Yet in several instances of late, it has shown a commendable independence of judgment and a breadth of outlook which must have caused its Presbyterian readers to rub their eyes and wonder if said orbs had not for once deceived them. The latest instance of this kind upon an address delivered by Lord Skerrington (the first Catholic judge in Scotland since the "Reformation") before the Catholic Young Men's Society of Edinburgh. His Lordship, on that occasion, made a vigorous and well-reasoned protest against the injustice done to both Catholics and Episcopalians by the mode of administering the Scottish Education Department. Under the system in vogue they are not only deprived of any voice in the management of the Public or Board Schools of the country but their children are precluded from participating in the educational advantages which might otherwise accrue to them, through the peculiar construction placed upon the legal provisions for religious instruction in these schools.

WE HAVE not space to go fully into the matter here, nor, perhaps, is it interest for the generality of our readers sufficient to warrant us in doing so. We content ourselves therefore with reproducing an extract from Lord Skerrington's address as illustrating the injustice to which Scots Catholics are subjected in regard to the education of their children, and, further, an extract or two from the Scotsman's comment thereon as evidencing the broadening sympathies of its editorial management. Lord Skerrington said:

"Such being the Scottish system of education, the Catholic grievance is simple and easy to state. We pay the same school rates and the same imperial taxes as other people, but we are treated exceptionally and differently from the rest of the population as regards education. The majority of parents have their children instructed in their own Presbyterian faith and also in secular, knowledge—absolutely gratuitously and at the public expense, partly by means of Government grants, partly by means of a school rate. This seems to us Catholics right and just, and we have no objection whatsoever to paying rates and taxes for that purpose. On the other hand we desire the same advantages for ourselves. In return, however, for the school rates which Catholics pay they are offered by the School Boards a scheme of education in which they would no doubt have the benefit of a "conscience clause," but in which the doctrines and practices of their religion would be studiously ignored, a system which was rejected by the Presbyterians of Scotland when it was offered to them. Accordingly no course was or is open to the Catholics of the country except to provide and equip at their own expense separate schools in which their children may receive proper teaching, both secular and religious. These schools they have to maintain without any assistance from the rates and with the help only of certain Government grants which are obviously inadequate to pay the annual cost of maintenance. In other words, we are compelled to tax ourselves in order to defray first the capital expense of providing these schools, and second the deficit on the yearly cost of maintenance. In some cases this deficit on

revenue account cannot be fully met and debt is incurred, which goes to increase the volume of debt already incurred on capital account. We naturally ask why it is that we are placed at this cruel disadvantage in comparison with our Presbyterian brethren? How would they like to find themselves deprived of the whole advantages of the national system of education for which they pay school rates?"

THIS GAVE occasion to the Scotsman to comment as follows:

"Voluntaryism in Scotland as has been repeatedly pointed out in our columns, draws an impossible distinction between the public endowment of denominational religious teaching in the churches, and the equally public endowment of sectarian religious teaching in the schools. The strongest supporters of the Liberalist doctrine in Scotland appear to find no difficulty in combining the most emphatic opposition to a State Church with warm approval of State subvention for the inculcation of their own particular form of religion in the schools. Only the fact that the non-Presbyterian minority in Scotland is relatively small compared with the Presbyterian majority has enabled this self-deception—for presumably it is self-deception—to be maintained so long. In the presence of a large Roman Catholic or Episcopalian element in the population it must have gone the way long ago of all delusions upon which the light of day is admitted. But the Roman Catholic and Episcopalian minority in Scotland are largely unnumbered, and hitherto they have been comparatively silent under the invidious distinction made against their religion with the approval of the Liberalist supporters of absolute religious equality for all sects and denominations."

IT HAVING been urged in extenuation that the Catholic and Episcopal minority are a mere handful, the Scotsman asks if the minority is so small as is generally supposed, and proceeds to answer this futile objection after this fashion:

"In 1913 the number of Roman Catholic schools qualifying for the Government grants was 224, and the average number of scholars in attendance over 87,000. Between 11 and 12 per cent of all the children attending schools under Government inspection in Scotland were in Roman Catholic schools. The minority is not, therefore, so very small, and to the 87,000 Roman Catholics must be added the 8,000 in Episcopal schools, making a total of 95,000 children, or 12.6 per cent of the elementary school population, excluded from the Public schools by a religious barrier. And to that the number for which no estimate can be given, of Roman Catholic or Episcopalian children who attend Public schools, because they have no other to go to, and consequently receive no school instruction in religion at all, and the full effect upon the national life of the sectarianism of the religious instruction will begin to be realised."

LORD SKERRINGTON had spoken of the crushing burden which this state of things imposed upon Scottish Catholics, and with one more extract illustrating the emancipated outlook of the chief organ of public opinion in Scotland in their regard the subject is for the present dismissed:

"It is a burden that is not measured only by monetary contributions since it exacts and obtains in personal service, either unremunerated or inadequately remunerated, self-sacrificing labours which Presbyterian teachers are never called upon to make for their religion. But, as the figures are interesting, it may be mentioned that last year 124 5d per scholar, or for £54,000, was raised locally for the support of the Roman Catholic schools, and 16s 0d per scholar, or over £6000, for the Episcopal schools. These sums were for annual maintenance only, being exclusive of capital for building, and represent the annual burden falling upon Roman Catholics and Episcopalians for the education of their children apart from taxation, in the Imperial grants from which they share, and from rates to which they contribute but in the distribution of which they do not participate."

From all of which it may be seen that the battle for the Faith and for the safeguarding of the welfare of Catholic children is being waged as unremittingly in the stronghold of Presbyterianism as in the wider field and less tradition burdened atmosphere of this continent.

WHATEVER may be thought of President Wilson's attitude in regard to Mexico or towards the many internal problems with which he has had to deal since assuming office, it must be generally admitted that he has infused a new and a loftier spirit into the conduct of public affairs in the United States than has ordinarily obtained in the past. A striving after high ideals and the exercise of independent judgment and vigorous common sense are thus far the outstanding characteristics of his administration. This (to cite an instance still fresh in the public mind) was seen in his undeviating

opposition to the Panama Canal Regulations, tending thereby to preserve the national reputation for integrity and treaty-observance which every true American prized but which was threatened by the attitude of a section of the people's representatives at Washington.

COMMON SENSE, no less than high ideals, is an asset to the nation as to the individual. President Wilson's possession of this quality became strikingly apparent by his reference to the use and misuse of the nation's flag.

HIS WORDS in this regard should go far beyond the boundaries of the United States, and should be especially weighed and pondered upon in Canada. We, as a nation, have had to suffer many glaring misuses of our flag, and within the next few days will have to witness once again its degradation in being made use of as an instrument to inflame and perpetuate the spirit of hate and discord.

THE WORDS just quoted, together with those that follow, have a claim to perpetual remembrance. If absorbed and acted upon by the leaders of public opinion no less than by the multitude, they would give a new meaning to patriotism. They should be found a place on the wall of every schoolroom in the Republic, and, for the same purpose, might fittingly be so utilized in Canada.

"The Flag," said the President, "is henceforth to stand for self-possession, for dignity, for the assertion of the right of one nation to serve the other nations of the world—an emblem that will not condescend to be used for purposes of aggression and self-aggrandizement; that is too great to be debased by selfishness; that has vindicated its right to be honored by all nations of the world and feared by none who do righteous things."

SISTERS OF CHARITY TO CARE FOR IMMIGRANT CHILDREN ON NORTH GERMAN LLOYD STEAMERS

White-garbed Sisters of Charity, to look after the welfare of women and children among the immigrants on all steamships of the North German Lloyd, is the latest and probably the most novel and humane feature ever introduced in ocean travel.

The North German Lloyd has made arrangements with the mother house of the Franciscan nuns in Vienna to supply each of their steamships with two members of the order, whose sole duty it will be to minister to the wants of the immigrant women and children.

with two members of the order. The mother house in Vienna has agreed to furnish as many of the Sisters as may be required by the North German Lloyd.

During the trips across the ocean the Sisters will be members of the steamer's official family. During the steamer's stay in port they will be cared for at the mother house of the Order of Franciscans at 52 East 129th street.

What to do with little children in the steerage, when their parents are suffering from seasickness has long been a problem. Sometimes children, too, become seasick. The doctors and other members of the crew have tried to look after the children but their many duties prevented them from giving much time to the little ones.

Officials of the North German Lloyd are much pleased with the success of the experiment, and state that within a very short time all of their ships will be supplied with the white-clad, ministering Franciscan Sisters. Last year the North German Lloyd landed 164,536 steerage passengers in this country.

SOME APPRECIATIONS OF THE LATE SENATOR COFFEY AND HIS WORK

THE CATHOLIC UNION AND TIMES, BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Union and Times learns with sincere regret of the death of Senator Thomas Coffey, editor and publisher of the London, Ont., CATHOLIC RECORD. Mr. Coffey was in his seventy-second year.

Deceased was born in Castleconnell, Ireland. He left his native land with his parents when but nine years old, coming to Canada. He learned the printing business, meantime educating himself as best he could.

Blessed with a fine mind, he progressed rapidly, and in due time established the CATHOLIC RECORD, one of the very best Catholic papers published on the continent.

FROM THE CASSETT, ANTIGONISH, N. S. It was with very deep and sincere regret that we heard the news of the death of Senator Coffey, founder and owner of the CATHOLIC RECORD.

We have sometimes ventured to disagree with the RECORD, but we pay tribute to it, willingly and heartily, for the noble work it has done for Catholic faith and morality. We are not very familiar with the particulars of Senator Coffey's career; but we know that a Protestant member of the Senate described him as "the finest man in the Senate."

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA CATHOLIC STANDARD AND TIMES The dean of Catholic journalists in Canada is dead. Senator Thomas Coffey, publisher of the CATHOLIC RECORD, of London, Canada, passed away last week, at the age of seventy-one years, after an illness of several weeks, mourned by all who knew him, regardless of party and of creed.

He was long known as the "foremost Catholic layman of Ontario," and his life was a credit to his country and his Church and an inspiration to his fellows. Born in Ireland, he was not yet in his teens when his parents emigrated to Canada.

From the humble occupation of printer's devil he arose by the force of his own sterling worth to a place of great prominence in business and statesmanship. He made the CATHOLIC RECORD a prosperous and powerful journal, and this will continue to stand as his chief monument.

FROM THE SUNDAY WORLD With many another we deplore the death of Senator Coffey, a good man and true, and an encouraging friend. He was a joyous soul. Never have I laid eyes upon him, but now and then a cheery message from him would come out of the mail bag, and there was always in the words, the light-hearted humor which—as well as melancholy—is racy of the Celt.

He was—as all Canada knows—an able journalist, and his journal, the CATHOLIC RECORD, while upholding all the practices and traditions of the Catholic Church, was never intolerant or bigoted. Senator Coffey had a mind as broad and big as his heart—and that was the kind heart. Peace and happiness to him!

FROM THE SACRED HEART REVIEW, BOSTON In thick black mourning column lines, the CATHOLIC RECORD of London, Ont., came to us last week, chronicling the death of its editor and publisher, the Hon. Thomas Coffey, LL. D., of the Canadian Senate.

In thick black mourning column lines, the CATHOLIC RECORD of London, Ont., came to us last week, chronicling the death of its editor and publisher, the Hon. Thomas Coffey, LL. D., of the Canadian Senate. Senator Coffey was born in Castleconnell, Tipperary, Ireland, in 1843. At nine years of age he was brought by his parents to Canada.

RECORD has been in every sense his paper," says our esteemed contemporary. "He was not merely its publisher but its informing and guiding spirit. His own gentle yet staunchly Catholic personality pervaded the RECORD from those early uncertain days when its very existence depended upon his abiding faith, his never failing courage and his unwavering tenacity of purpose."

It is with deep regret that I learn to-day that Hon. Senator Coffey, the proprietor and publisher of the CATHOLIC RECORD, is dead. He is gone beyond the reach of human hearing, and beyond the state in which he can do any more good by pen and word. But his works will live after him.

Senator Coffey was more than ordinarily zealous in the cause of the Catholic press. Some years ago when the present Pope Pius X. spoke very strongly on the mission of the press, I wrote to every Catholic editor in Canada and to some of the editors of the best known papers of the United States giving some of my own views on a way by which the Catholic press could be more widely circulated.

While we remember sacredly the great work which he has done not only with pen but also with words in the senate chamber, we cannot but console with the CATHOLIC RECORD, the child of his love bequeathed of the parent who gave it birth, but who reared it well, and saw it grow into years of manhood, sturdy and strong, loyal and faithful to the traditions of the Catholic Church, ever and always her strong defender.

The Montreal readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD wish to convey to the family and friends of the deceased Senator heart-felt sympathy in their great loss and sorrow.

The spontaneous tributes of praise and admiration expressed on all sides, by Catholics and non-Catholics alike, for the noble character and great achievements of our lamented chief are very consoling and a splendid proof that a Catholic can win the highest confidence of his fellowman without sacrificing any religious principles.

Senator Coffey, whom I had the honor of knowing somewhat intimately for the last ten years, was one of the noblest types of Canadian citizens whom I have ever met. He was a man of keen judgment with a strong sense of duty, courteous at all times. As a journalist he always sought to direct public opinion in the very best possible channels.

When the sad news reached Ottawa that Senator Coffey had passed away, a feeling of sorrow and regret was most noticeable in the corridors of the Senate. The expression so general at the time "Poor Coffey is dead" was said in such tones as to clearly indicate how keenly his fellow members felt the loss of a colleague so much respected and appreciated. His kindly disposition and cheerful manner made of him a great favorite.

I have only known Senator Coffey personally since his appointment to the Senate; quite long enough to form a warm friendship for one possessing the late Senator's qualities of mind and of heart. As to his journalistic career—need I say anything? The high place that the CATHOLIC RECORD holds is certainly a greater tribute to his memory than any words that I could say. Ever ready to defend the Church to which he himself belonged, he was always careful to avoid anything offensive or discourteous to those who differed from him.

Mindful of the land of his birth he was a thorough-going Canadian and his life and work may well be an inspiration to thousands who are making their homes here as well as to those of us who are proud to call Canada the land of our birth.

The late Senator Coffey has deserved well the esteem and the gratitude of the Catholics of Canada. Few Catholic laymen in any country have accomplished so great a work for the faith as he has done by building up and placing in so commanding a position a great journal like the CATHOLIC RECORD of London. It has been truly said that a good Catholic paper is a real library in the home and a perpetual mission in the parish.

Senator Coffey's work and that of his devoted associates is of the apostolic order—teaching divine truth, correcting error, and showing to the excellence and beauty of virtue countless readers, within and without the Church. In helping our priests, by his weekly publication, to form the mind of Christ in our people the late publisher of the CATHOLIC RECORD has had no small share in bringing the Catholic Church to her present happy position in English-speaking Canada.

THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS THE GENESIS AND DOMINATING SPIRIT OF THE MOVEMENT [A special permission of the Montreal Star, and of the Chicago Tribune Syndicate, who control the copyright, we are able to give our readers the following very interesting letter by T. P. O'Connor, M. P.] London, June 20.—The Nationalist volunteer movement is one of the most curious phenomena of history. It can almost be compared to one of those volcanic outbursts that suddenly transforms a whole landscape and produces chaos in a region that has known little for years but a blue sky, a sleeping and breezeless atmosphere and the stillness of a tropical zone.

fact, nobody of men ever lent themselves to such a revolutionary outlook as the army in the minds of both the English and the Irish masses.

In England these officers produced an outburst of popular fury such as is unexampled in our times. These O'Connell officers shook many of the oldest and apparently strongest institutions of their very foundations. They transformed a comparatively unknown member of the House of Commons—an ex-private soldier—into a popular hero who today could get returned for a score of constituencies; and it brought out in the House of Commons when that gentleman—John Ward—spoke the longest, the fiercest shout that has been heard in the House for several generations.

That shout did not die in its effect in the days that followed. It is true, of course, that the state of panic to which it brought the Tory party has to a certain extent disappeared; it is true that the outburst of popular rage which for the moment obliterated every fissure in the progressive ranks and promised an alliance defensive and offensive between their claims and labor has since been interrupted; all this is true, but yet the effects of John Ward's speech still echo, and indeed the echoes will never die.

It is certain that the English army of to-day is doomed; it may come soon or it may come later; but a demoralized English army instead of the Tory army of to-day has taken its place among the purposes to which the democratic forces are pledged to devote themselves.

In Ireland the Curragh camp revolt helped to give birth to the National Volunteers. It was known that this movement of revolt was largely inspired by Irishmen and Irishwomen of the classes that have always been opposed to Irish liberty. It came from landlords from Orange-men, from all the ranks and associations of that ascendant party that is responsible for the worst horrors of Irish history—famine, exile, wholesale eviction, wholesale immigration, and wholesale death. There was only one answer to a challenge so insolent, and that was for the people to defend themselves.

Another force which produced the volunteer movement was the inborn military spirit of the Irish people. It is known, of course, that the Irish nation has always supplied a far larger proportion of the British soldiery than any of the other races; and the achievements of Irish soldiers in British battles also are well known. Imagine the effects on such a people of centuries during which they were forbidden by the law to carry arms. To drill, to carry a gun, to exercise any of these primordial rights of a free nation have been put down in Ireland for centuries by every weapon which the law can create.

Probably the real genesis of the movement was the Carson campaign. That movement, so bigoted in its origin and purpose, yet did make a strong appeal to the imagination of the southern and the Catholic Irishman. There is always—at least to foreigners—something ironical and contradictory in every Irish movement, and in almost every Irish emotion. It is, for instance, scarcely credible, and yet it is true that there is no personal bitterness in the relations of the Orange and Nationalist representatives in the House of Commons.

They listen to each other's violent rhetoric quite unmoved, and without a particle of profound resentment, and often they meet after a hot encounter over a friend's cup of tea in the same rooms of the House of Commons. The Orangeman loses his temper when he hears an English Liberal advocating Home Rule; the Nationalist does not begin to see red until he hears his country and his cause denounced by an English Tory. Thus it is, though it is scarcely credible, it is yet true, that there has been a sneaking admiration in many Nationalists' hearts for the Orange volunteer movement. It was a little incident, but it counted for something, when, the other day, a body of Nationalist volunteers met on the road a body of Orange volunteers and the two forces stopped to give each other a respectful salute.

When the Orangemen accomplished their gun-running expedition; when they seemed for the time being to overawe the powerful Government; when apparently they seemed to be able to dictate their own terms—all this was in reality only appearance, for reasons I can give—when the Irish Nationalists saw all this it was natural that they should begin to think it was time for them also to have the powerful argument of an army and the gun. It took them some time to come to this conclusion, for it remains the fact that Ireland has accomplished the most overwhelming and most sweeping transformation of a country ever recorded in history in the transfer of 300,000 farms from the hands of the landlords to those of the tenants in Ireland and Parliamentary action in the House of Commons. Never was there such an example in the history of a peaceful revolution carried through by peaceful methods. But still there remains the fact that the Orangemen had been able to produce considerable political impression by organizing an army.

A further element was added, of course, in the fact that the Catholic minority in some parts of Ulster were in real danger, remaining unarmed and undrilled in the midst of an armed and drilled population, who though in ordinary times livable with, have been subjected in the last two years to exciting appeals to their religious and racial passions.

The final impulse, I believe, was given by the incidents in the Curragh. The officers who revolted there have since been hailed as heroes by their admirers of the most political opinions. As a matter of

fact, nobody of men ever lent themselves to such a revolutionary outlook as the army in the minds of both the English and the Irish masses.

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I never shall forget the day when Parnell, somewhat unconsciously and after his frigid fashion, traced to me the story of his inner soul, and how, amid the peasants who surrounded his father's house and property, he learned the story of the Irish rebellion in which his native county of Wicklow played so large a part. And one of the stories he repeated to me, given to him by an old Irish peasant, was of a rebel being flogged on the stomach by a yeomanry officer until his bowels protruded, and of the tortured wretch's prayer that he might be flogged on the back instead.

These, then, are the subterranean factors in the Irish mind which have burst into the water spout—if I may so call it—of the national volunteer movement. Employing the language of modern psychology, I may describe the volunteer movement as Ireland's spirit revealing itself, transformed from the subconscious to the conscious.

This amounts for the fascination which the movement has exercised over so many tens of thousands of people at the same time. It resembles rather a great revival in a country, say like Wales, than a mere military movement. It is also a curious part of this new phenomenon that it seems to appeal to the imagination of Irishmen of all classes, and abroad as well as at home.

I spoke a word some mornings ago to a porter at a club. I knew he was an Irishman and I knew that he had been a soldier. He was a taciturn, deferential man who never opened his lips until spoken to, and I never thought that there was any deep passion under his calm and modest exterior. But I said to him, just to sound him, that things were serious in Ireland, and that some of us in England might have to go over. "I'm quite ready," was the immediate response. "These fellows in Ulster," he added, "are getting intolerable."

Stock with Par Value of \$160,000, Worth Only \$1,940

"With a par value of \$160,000, shares to the number of 9,560 in six different companies, comprising a part of the estate of—, the well-known lumberman who died last April, have a market value of only \$1,940. In the Surrogate Court the whole value of the estate of the deceased is sworn at \$2,552. The deceased's daughters are the principal beneficiaries. They also share equally six life insurance policies valued at \$6,000 each."

Note the depreciation, almost to the vanishing point, of the estate invested "to make more money than I can make out of Life Insurance." The Life Policies were worth par.

Capital Life Policies ARE ALWAYS WORTH THEIR FACE VALUE

and are paid promptly on proof of death, without any administration charges. Get particulars from nearest agent, or write to Capital Life Assurance Company.

HEAD OFFICE: OTTAWA

J. J. SEITZ, President. A. E. CORRIGAN, Managing Director.

Irishmen had already been drilled, and it was their spirit and example that inspired the procession and accounted for the orderliness and the precision of the march.

These men have been drilled at their own expense. That is the essential distinction between this and the Orange movement. The latter movement is largely the creation of boundless money sent into Ireland by the rich Tories of England; the national volunteer movement has been financed by itself. The men who drill pay weekly their 3 pence and ask aid from nobody. The fever is spreading now into the ranks of the higher officers of the British army who have retired from active work, but are ready to stand by their own people if lawless Tory officers try to embarrass the law of parliament.

Names are mentioned of men of European reputation who have signified that they are ready to take their share in organizing the Irish volunteers and give them the benefit of their military training and experience. I ought here to add that the movement owes a great deal to Col. Moore. Col. Moore is the brother of George Moore, the celebrated Irish nationalist. The colonel for many years was the head of the Eighty-eighth Connaught Rangers, one of the most brilliant regiments in the British army, with a long roll of gallant exploits behind it. And other officers of even higher rank have privately indicated that they are also ready to shoulder their share of the work.

It is also one of the curiosities of the movement that it excites as much interest and sympathy among English Liberals as among Irishmen. Whenever the name of the volunteers is mentioned in the House of Commons, cheers of approval are heard from the Liberal benches and the Labor benches. It is known that several men among the Liberal leaders have expressed satisfaction at the inception and growth of the movement.

I know of one Englishman who has had a distinguished military career and who is a member of Parliament, who is going to Ireland publicly to be enrolled in the new force. What the future of the movement is going to be it is impossible to say. It is for defense, not for offense; it is to defend the law of parliament, not to oppose it; it is to help in keeping the peace, and not to break the peace. One thing it has already accomplished; and it is a great service to the national cause.

People in England, especially on the Tory side, are so ignorant of the state of Ireland and her mind that they have begun to think and to say that Ireland no longer cares for Home Rule. It is vain to point out that Ireland gave a record subscription to the parliamentary fund last year—amounting to £25,000. They persist in replying that the Irish farmer now has his land; now has money in the banks, and therefore has grown cold, selfish, and money grubbing.

The enthusiasm with which this new movement has been taken up is a sufficient answer to this taunt. Nobody can say that this national uprising is due to sordid ends or comes from a sordid people. It is one more outburst of that idealism and that national spirit which Ireland has preserved amid all the change of good and evil fortune in her checked history.

Capital Trust Corporation, Limited Authorized Capital \$2,000,000.00

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Offices: 29 Sparks St., Ottawa, Ont. Consult with us in regard to your business requirements. Have you money to invest? Do you require a Mortgage Loan? Have you made your will? Are there other matters that require attention? Correspondence invited.

THE Thornton-Smith Co. Are now engaged upon the Decoration of the Church at Tweed This, when finished, will be one of the handsomest Church interiors in Eastern Ontario, the building lending itself to a highly artistic scheme of decoration. Visitors to Tweed, interested in ecclesiastical decoration, should make it a point of seeing this fine church. STUDIOS 11 King St. West, Toronto

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

DEATH
For the days shall come upon thee...

The sinful city of Jerusalem, which caused Our Saviour to shed bitter tears...

Death is a punishment of sin. In what day do you see that you are dead...

The young die as well as the old. Death is the end of life; and, although the young are but beginning life...

Before the glorious orb of day sinks in the distant west, those who do not wish to surround the bright springtime of their lives with the gloomy atmosphere of death...

The serpent may whisper in your ear, young friend, that although you must one day die, you have many years yet to live...

Then listen not to the tempter whispering "long life." He is but deceiving you as he deceived our first parents in Paradise...

Often think of this; think well on it, and it will be well for you. Often imagine that the hour has come...

Only one step, and you are on the broad, boundless ocean of eternity. One step, and you are standing before the Judge of the living and the dead...

Then, at whatever time God requires you to render an account, He will find us ready and watching. Impress, then, firmly upon your minds: first, that you shall certainly die; secondly, that the hour so decisive, so full of consequences, is not far distant...

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WILSON'S FLY PAD. POISON. KILLS THEM ALL! Sold by all Druggists and Grocers all over Canada.

while everything else changes, remains unchangeable, our good Father and faithful friend. Death cannot deprive us of Him; but if we are faithful to the end, we shall see Him face to face...

TEMPERANCE

WARNING AGAINST INTEMPERANCE

Not only Christ's life and doctrine, but the sound sense of mankind demands that sincere aversion for any vice...

Do you not see the need of thus making war on intemperance? Do you not know how widespread an evil it is? What family is without its drunkard...

Every element of Christianity in a good man or woman sharpens their anxiety for the welfare of their brethren. The drunkard is my brother; he needs good example to reform; I have made up my mind to give it to him...

It is not sinful perhaps, for me to drink moderately, but for the drunkard to do so is a deadly peril. If he is going to be saved, he must totally abstain...

Scorned and despised, the drunkard needs a friend to share his compulsory abstinence I am that friend. I will pick him from the slough of despond. I will cleanse him and strengthen him; I will speak tender words of encouragement to him...

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words of encouragement to him. I will be the drunkard's Good Samaritan. But some one might protest: "I do not need to abstain..."

AN ENGLISH PROTESTANT'S VIEW OF IRELAND

Harold Begbie, an English Protestant writer, confesses that he has inherited, and declares that his experience of the world has deepened in him, "an almost violent antipathy to the Roman Church..."

A well-financed campaign of calumny has lately been vigorously conducted against the Catholics of the South of Ireland in the English press...

In the south, where Catholic influence is supreme, the people are almost enchanted in their sweetness of disposition, entirely admirable in the beauty and contentment of their domestic life...

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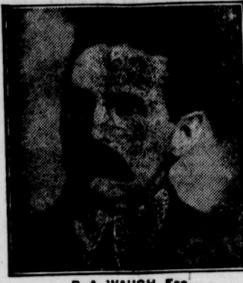
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REMARKABLE CURE OF RHEUMATISM

Supt. Of Sunday School in Toronto Cured By "Fruit-a-tives"



R. A. WAUGH, Esq. Toronto, Ont., Oct. 1st, 1913. For a long time, I have thought of writing you regarding what I term a most remarkable cure effected by your remedy "Fruit-a-tives"...

"Fruit-a-tives" will always cure even the most stubborn cases of Rheumatism because it is the greatest blood purifier in the world and acts on the bowels, kidneys and skin...

"Fruit-a-tives" is sold by all dealers at 60c a box, 6 for \$3.50, trial size 25c, but will be sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Ireland," says Mr. Begbie; "for if their poverty is afflicting, it does not embitter them; it seems to purify and sweeten them; and if their toil is hard, it is at least never out of partnership with hope..."

I would beg the reader to bear in mind that which was said at the beginning of this chapter. Belfast is in some ways uglier and more depressing than any city I have yet visited; but I do not mean to imply for a moment that it occupies a worse position morally and religiously than other centers where money-making is the paramount concern of humanity...

Mr. Begbie was lucky enough to meet a living exponent of this constant vigilance of the Church in the person of Father Aloysius of whom he writes most enthusiastically of a "noble saint," a temperance reformer and a student of municipal reform.

His conversation showed him to be well acquainted with many movements of social reform in England. I discovered that he is something of an expert in public questions; and, believing that it is good to be alive and fighting for the progress of mankind, he would make an excellent member of Parliament, invaluably so.

There are 920 Catholic elementary schools, with an attendance of 184,907 children. This is a large number for so small a country, yet it would no doubt be much larger but for the fact that in the South at many of the public schools the attendance is preponderantly Catholic.

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THE CHURCH IN HOLLAND

The information presented in an article on the Church in Holland published in the recent issue of the London Tablet certainly bears out the writer's contention that perhaps no other Protestant country affords a more encouraging illustration of faithful Catholic zeal...

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Nimeguen, and Amsterdam; two others with a two instead of a five years' course, and Catholic secondary classes in six other large towns...

Mr. Begbie does not seem to have run across the bull-dozing, hectoring, brow-beating, tyrannical priest who has figured so prominently of late in the British Protestant people (already prejudiced enough, heaven knows) against the Irish Catholics.

As for Catholic intolerance, that is the purest moonshine. I do not know anything that more disgraces me with our Protestants than their shameful use of this detestable invention. It is an excuse for you in England, but none for Protestants in Ireland...

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Maastricht conducted by the Fathers of the Sacred Heart, was made the subject of a surprise visit some time ago by the Minister of Justice, M. Ort, who was accompanied by 2 inspectors. They saw everything and expressed not only satisfaction, but delight with the institution and the way it is being carried on...

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LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS. A. McTAGGART, M.D., C.M., 155 King St. E., Toronto, Canada. References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by: Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice, Toronto; Rev. H. Burdett, D.D., Pres. Victoria College, Toronto; Rev. J. G. Shearer, B.A., D.D., Secretary Board Moral Reform, Toronto; Right Rev. J. F. Sweeney, D.D., Bishop of Toronto; Hon. Thomas Coffey, Senator, Catholic Record, London, Ontario. Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are healthful, safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no publicity loss of time from business, and a certain cure. Consultation or correspondence invited.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE WAY TO KNOW
Idle wishes are of no use. As a rule, a young man can have anything in reason, that he wants, and become anything, in reason, that he wants to be.

When things seem to have gone wrong generally, and nothing is quite as it should be; when the other man gets the promotion; the other man makes the wise investment; the other man, in short, annexes to himself the desired things of life, the trouble is that you forget your part in the game while watching him play his.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

WHAT A CHILD CAN DO

It was a stifling hot day in July; the flag-stones burned one's feet as one walked along the uneven, broken pavement, and no shade seemed to fall on the closely-packed houses of a dingy court, reeking with bad smells, dirt, and misery of all kinds, through which I one day wended my way to see a sick child.

In one of the rooms of the most wretched of these tenements lay a little girl about twelve years of age. A broken staircase led up to the place which was divided by a rough sort of boarding from the sleeping dens of the other lodgers in the house—you could not dignify such places by the names of homes! Each room had its distinct family—its tale of woe, misery and sin; and the one which I now entered was no exception.

On a miserable little bed, covered with rags which never could have laid claim to the name of bed-clothes, lay the object of my search. Pallid, dirty and uninviting as the poor child was, there was something in her face which instantly arrested my attention. Her large, lustrous eyes had a hungry expression, as if ever seeking after that which could not be found. As there was no chair in the room, I sat down on the edge of her poor little bed, and began to talk to her. I found her as ignorant of the most elementary truths as if she had never lived in a Christian land; she could not read a word, nor did she know a letter. She had been sent out to work as soon as she could understand anything, and there was no money at home for food, much less for schooling.

Do not moan over the loss or waste of youthful opportunities. The adult mind is better formed for learning than the child mind. Just get the habit of studying. Stop wasting your time wishing for a better chance; go to work now to fit yourself for the better chance.

Do not wait, even until fall, to start this work. You will find summer study a restful, agreeable recreation. Mere idleness and amusement are poor forms of recreation. The best rest is change of work, of thought, of occupation. A few hours a week devoted to study, will make your summer this year one that you will always remember, for the pleasure and profit derived.

If you really want to improve yourself; if you really want to make the most of your opportunities, don't waste time in wishing, but begin to act—to inquire, to read, to study and to practice. Every day bring your progress nearer to the goal of perfection.

FORMING REGULAR HABITS

One of the most interesting secrets of success in life is the forming and keeping of good and regular habits. Any boy who wants to grow into a successful man, no matter what vocation or profession he may decide upon should begin early to form good habits that he must allow to become a regular part of his daily life.

The morning is the time to invigorate the lungs by inhaling the fresh atmosphere. It is the time to harden the muscles and to strengthen the nerves by a vigorous exercise. It is the hour to establish a good, healthy boyish appetite, which will soon make a bright, rosy complexion. It is the time to study the birds and flowers. The birds are the happiest, and sing the sweetest in the early morning. The flowers are the most beautiful, and the dewy perfume is the most delicate in the morning hours.

Our morals will improve also, for we will see the wisdom of the Lord in providing all the many blessings for our benefit. The boy who determines to make a useful man of himself will find much to assist him if he will only get out early in the morning and look for it. He will establish habits that will remain with him all through life and which will assist him in many ways which are invisible to the boy.—St. Paul Bulletin.

YOUR MOVE NOW

Long years ago the wise old bard told us that "Life is a game of chess," but it still remains for the disappointed man of to-day to find out for himself that the trouble with his particular game is that it is "his move," while he sits waiting for someone else to make a play.

GILLET'S LYE
The Standard Lye of Canada. Has many imitations but no equal.
CLEANS AND DISINFECTS
100% PURE

"And isn't it enough to break any one's heart to see a poor little Mary there—with nothing to give her, and she was dying, as one may say, and all the wages as would keep her comfortable going to the saloon; and I can earn nothing now, so to speak!"

I said a few words to her of sympathy, and of the Healer of all troubles, if we only lay them at His feet; and then took my leave, promising to return the next day.

The morrow came, and the bright look of welcome with which I was greeted by the sick child amply repaid me for my hot walk. She had got her mother to paste all the little prints on the wall of her room in their order—so that the whole life of Our Blessed Lord was before her; and she remembered every word of our previous day's conversation. Gladly, therefore, did I continue it, having first washed and dressed the wound, which she submitted to patiently, after I had talked to her a little of the pain borne by Our Lord for her, and how she could offer up her suffering to Him. And so went day by day! and every hour the truths she was learning seemed to sink deeper and deeper into her heart.

Soon I felt that she was fitted for higher teaching than mine; and so, one morning I brought to her beside the kind and gentle priest who had so often striven in vain for admission into that wretched room. He was greatly moved both at the fervor of her piety and the freshness and vividness of her religious impressions, and lost no time in preparing her for her confession and first Communion, which she received with a faith and joy which will ever remain on my memory.

But soon after this, a sudden stop was put to our intercourse. One day, as I was reading to her as usual some parts of Our Lord's passion, which was her great delight, the door opened suddenly, and a man entered, of rough and surly aspect.

"What are you doing here?" he exclaimed to me, in great anger, "I want no canting Sister of Charity in my house!"

"But, father! father!" exclaimed the poor child, "she has been so kind to me, you don't know—and—" "And I don't choose she should stay here," he retorted, fiercely interrupting her; while thrusting back into my basket the jelly and other little comforts I had brought, he motioned me to the door. Fearful of the effects this scene might have on his child, and not wishing to excite him further, I rose at once, and quietly saying that I hoped some day he would feel differently towards me, I kissed the little girl and went away.

Home troubles and sickness prevented my returning to the court for a fortnight or three weeks; but the first morning I found myself at liberty I went back to see if I could once more gain access to the sick child's room. A woman met me on the first landing.

"Oh, Sister, you're wanted upstairs. That man in No. 6 is bad with fever. Yesterday he was not expected to live."

"What! the father of little Mary?" I exclaimed; and hastily climbing up the ladder-like staircase, found myself in a few moments in the room.

There was the man on a pallet by the side of his child, moaning in agony; and she, having crawled out of her little bed, was lying by him, gently repeating to him the "Our Father," and trying to make him follow her. When he saw me, he hid his head under the bedclothes, murmuring, "This is your revenge!"

"I took no notice, but, lighting a little stna I had brought with me, soon succeeded in making him some tea. The expression of his face was quite changed—he thanked me with tears in his eyes; and as for little Mary, she was radiant.

"He can say it all now," she whispered eagerly to me; "and he's never going to drink any more!"

I looked at the little apostle, as she lay with her, thin, wasted face close to his, and smoothed the hair on her white forehead.

"Father's all right now," she exclaimed; "he can say a 'Hail Mary,' and will never turn you out of doors any more!"

But the effort had been too great. The strain of the last few days had exhausted the child's remaining strength, and her head suddenly sank forward.

"My poor dear child!" cried out the penitent father, vainly striving in his weakness, to rise and help her. A cordial revived her, but it was only for a time. Her work was done—her father was saved—and that night the Master called her home.—Sunday Visitor.

LANGUAGE, RELIGION AND IMMIGRATION

An American resident in France has called our attention to an article in Revue Pratique l'Apologétique of March 15, by the late Abbe Guibert, S.S. stating that language and religion are the chief factors in preserving the racial characteristics of a people, and that race and language are essential elements in conserving the religion of its emigrants. The first part of the thesis seems well founded. A nation's language, carrying down in an unvarying channel the centuries traditions of a race, links together the habits, customs and ideals of the present with the past; and continuity of the same religious beliefs and practices perpetuates the identity of thought and action in those matters which impress themselves on mind and heart as most solemn and sacred. It therefore exerts constant influence on the formation and conservation of character, reacting not infrequently on expression and physique; its doctrines beget right thinking, its morals right living, and the interaction of both tends to produce and conserve a race mentally and physically sound. The loss of a language in which the varied and distinctive expression of a religion and race is treasured is detrimental to religion and race, as the Gaelic Revivalists have realized in Ireland; but Ireland is also a witness that it need in no way be destructive of either.

England and much of France are proof that a people's language may survive religion, but also that their best characteristics do not. "Gentle France" exists only where faith survives, and since Reformation days "Merrie England" begets merriment only by its irony. But faith is not based on tongues, neither in its roots nor its fruits, even when the faithful are transplanted. That the retention of the language which holds their oral and written traditions, racial and religious, conduces to the permanence of both, and the loss of it to their decadence, especially for emigrants settling amid a populace of opposite faith, is undoubtedly true. French Canada exemplifies the former, and examples of the latter are countless. The children of the Cromwellian settlers in Gaelic-speaking Ireland learned Gaelic, and grew up as Catholic and Irish as the rest. But the Catholic religion yields less easily to such influences. The presence of some 16,000,000 English-speaking Catholics in the United States, nine tenths of whose ancestors a few generations back spoke Gaelic, German, Slavic, French, Italian, etc., is ample refutation of the thesis that the conservation of linguistic and racial distinctiveness is essential to religious continuity. Our correspondent, however, is less concerned with M. Guibert's theory than with the following proofs he alleges in support of it:

Catholicism has suffered a frightful loss among the Irish emigrants to the United States. Certain authors reckon as high as twenty million the number of defections that have taken place during several centuries among a people who, on their native soil, are remarkable for their faith. The two causes of this apostasy are: the lack of a special language and the lack of priests from their native land. Speaking English, having no language which would isolate them from their surroundings and group them together, the Irish quickly amalgamated with the English and American elements, and embraced their ideas, their religion or their indifference.

Regarding these statements we are asked: Has M. Guibert exaggerated the number of Irish, by birth or by descent who have apostatized in the United States? If he has not, is his explanation of this apostasy the correct one?

Both questions can be answered together. In the first place apostasy is the wrong word. A large number of Catholic Irish were forcibly deported by Cromwell, and by or with the connivance of his successors, as slaves and "redemptions," and scattered through the colonies where priest and church were barred, and everything Catholic was anathema. Many were mere children, and it these grew up in the ways around them they could not justly be called apostates. The adults and the more or less free emigrants who came towards the end of the eighteenth century had, for the most part, to marry and the marriage, to be legal, had to be performed in a Protestant church. This, with the inevitable intercourse in school and social relations made it practically impossible for the children to be other than Protestant, unless where Irish communities were established. The authorities were careful that this should not occur, and where such establishments were effected, in Maryland, Philadelphia, and a few other places, the faith of the parents was transmitted, usually in the teeth of grievous disabilities. Under similar circumstances in pioneer States and throughout the South, the faith was gradually lost, though seldom consciously renounced, not because of their loss of language, though most Irish immigrants of the period were Gaelic speakers, but because of conditions that, humanly speaking, were bound to preclude the transmission of language or religion. The continuity of the priesthood was heroically maintained at home, but priestly immigration was effectively prohibited.

Of the total loss there can be no accurate estimate; but it must not be called apostasy. Reckoning all our non-Catholics who are to some degree descended from Irish Catholic immigrants since 1650—and few of these are of unmix Irish blood—we are inclined to place the figure not far below M. Guibert's, Mr. Maginnis' "Irish Contribution to American Independence" (reviewed in America, vol. ix, 16 and 17), shows that the number of Irish Catholics imported as slaves, servants and free, was very large, and their intermingling with Protestants the usual procedure: so that their Protestant descendants in 1776 formed a considerable part of the then population of 200,000. As priests arrived and dioceses were formed the subsequent losses decreased, but many children of the famine-stricken immigrants of 1847, and the following decade, were picked up by Protestant societies and families, and reared in their faith. Several of these became noted Protestant preachers. Allowing for the influence of Irish fecundity in the various intermarriages, the number of American Protestants who have some Irish Catholic blood would probably approach twenty millions. The purely Catholic proportion would be scarcely one-sixth of this: but at all periods, and particularly now, the number of deliberate apostates among Irish Catholics is negligible. Our foreign friends seem prone to misjudge American conditions, especially when working out a theory for a purpose. Our correspondent cites from another European magazine this passage:

Life in American cities is so hard that nature can not resist it. With very few exceptions families become extinct in the third generation. Were it not for the continual importation of immigrants the deaths would surpass by far the births in all our American cities.

The United States death-rate, 13.9 per 1,000, is less than that of any European country, except Sweden, which has 13.8. In Italy it is 21.4, in France 19.6, in Germany 17.3. The city average is somewhat higher here, as elsewhere, but of all our cities of 100,000 population and over, not one has a death-rate as high as the general rate in Italy. New York is 14.5. Moreover, the increase of population is considerably larger in our cities than in the urban districts, and this is equally true of States that are not affected by immigration. There are but two States, and these among the least populous Montana and Wyoming, that show a greater increase in the rural districts than in the cities. Civic growth is due, of course, to influx, as well as to births, but the wild assertion of "extinction in the third generation" is refuted both by figures and by experience. It is true of part of the New England stock, and here and there elsewhere, but as a general statement it is no more of America than of Europe. It is quite commendable for foreign writers to endeavor to keep their people at home and prevent their country's veins being bled by emigration, but ultimately they will not serve the interests of their publications or their people by reckless mis-

statements, especially when the facts are easily ascertainable. The language errors, touching not only facts but principles, are still more dangerous. Language and racial customs are often conservative of religion, as are many other unessential helps, and it is laudable to foster them in reason, especially where they have rights of priority and constitutional authorization; but we must not make of them a fetish. The Catholic Church can prosper through whatsoever tongue has words enough to explain her creed. Those who identify language with religion are preparing apostasy for those of their people who come under the necessity of receiving religious ministrations through another tongue. Such teaching is Gallican and Protestant, rather than Catholic. The capacity of Catholicity to diffuse itself through all lingual mediums may be called a part of "the gift of tongues."—M. Kenny, S. J., in America.

TO METHODISTS
Bishop Luther B. Wilson, in a sermon to the members of the Newark conference in session in the Halsey Street M. E. Church, praised Catholic men for the public reverence they display in removing their hats as they pass Catholic Churches. He commended the example to Methodists and men of all other denominations. He urged that Methodists follow the example. Speaking of this matter Bishop

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DURABLE—Fire grates are three-sided; last three times as long. Shaped in the McClary's Sunshine Furnace to grind up clinkers when "rocked". See the McClary dealer or write for booklet.

Wilson said: "I see many times Catholic men lift their hats as they pass their places of worship. I would that you and I had such deep regard for religion. It seems to me that we should second this practice and exhibit this reverence. And I commend this to you for your consideration." This certainly is a commendable practice. But it is not to the Church that the Catholic shows this respect but to Him Who dwells therein—Christ in the adorable Eucharist.—Newark Evening Star.

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THOUGHT CATHOLICS DID NOT SEEK MEMBERS

HAD IMPRESSION THAT THE ONLY WAY TO BECOME A CATHOLIC WAS TO BE BORN ONE OR MARRY A CATHOLIC

From the Denver Catholic Register

"When I was a girl I sometimes attended Catholic services and was impressed with the beauty of the music, of the flowers and of the solemn worship. But I never heard an invitation from the pulpit to join the Church, such as one can hear at almost any Protestant service, and I gained the impression that the only way to become a Catholic was to be born one or to marry a Catholic and be converted to the Church by him."

So spoke Mrs. William Laney, of 4404 Alcott, whose entire family was recently converted to the Church as the result of the beautiful moral tone prevailing at St. Mary's Academy, where her daughter, Miss Edna Laney, was a student, and as a result of the earnest work of the Rev. E. J. Mannix.

Her experience bears out the contentions of the Register that the average Catholic layman does not interest himself in urging inquiring non-Catholics to attend the instruction classes conducted at the rectories and convents. That these people need urging is borne out by the experience of almost every Denver convert. It is extremely difficult to make the break and take the first instruction. It is easy to get the students back after the first time, though. A number of friends of Mrs. Laney have shown an interest in the Church since she joined it.

The way she made the break and secured the first instruction is an interesting story. As a prominent member of the Baptist church, she took her daughter out of high school because she was afraid of the dangers confronting the young woman in the social life there. She sent her to St. Mary's, after having looked into all the Denver private schools. Members of her Sunday school class were horrified when they learned that her daughter was attending a Catholic school, and the minister chided her, telling her that the Catholic nun never mentioned Christ in their teachings, speaking only of the saints and Mary. He also expressed a fear that Sisters were not the proper persons to guide the career

of young women, and that they tried to make a nun of everybody who fell under their control. Mrs. Laney decided to investigate for herself and to take her daughter out of the academy if the charges were true.

She had her daughter arrange an interview with Father Mannix. For a half hour she put that earnest young priest through the "third degree." The result was that Miss Laney remained in the academy and Mrs. Laney took instructions in the Catholic faith, her husband's happy conversion following some months later.

RELIC OF MURDERED ARCH-BISHOP

ROSAIRY OF MGR. DARBOY, ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS, FOUND ON DYING POLICE-MAN

The death of a gendarme who was actively employed in the terrible days of the Commune revives a dark epoch in the history of Paris, and brings to light a relic of one who may be said to be a martyr for the faith. This gendarme found in a railway carriage from which some communards had alighted, a rosary, a strange object to be associated with such a crew. The rosary was a large and beautiful one. Its beads were of Pyrenean marble, the Hail Marys were of yellow marble speckled very beautifully like a bird's egg, with blue, red and green; the Cross was of red marble, and the Patre Nosters were of rock crystal. It was not a time to inquire for the owner of objects of piety, and the gendarme kept the beautiful rosary, and being a good Catholic used it until his death. It is now in the possession of his widow, but its description having got abroad, it has been proved to have belonged to Monsignor Darboy, the Archbishop of Paris, who was murdered by the Communards, and no doubt it had fallen from the pocket of one of his murderers when picked up by the gendarme.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THERE IS A DIFFERENCE

We believe that comparatively few of those outside the Catholic Church are in bad faith in remaining where they are. With the great majority it is their misfortune, rather than their fault, that they are not within their belief and they are faithfully striving to make their conduct and their lives pleasing to God. These really belong to the soul of the Church although they are not identified with the body of the faithful. They are in error, it is true, in regard to many important doctrines; but since they do not knowingly reject the truth of Christ, their error is not blamable. For such we can have only the most kindly feelings. We know, indeed, that all are obliged to belong to the Church which Christ founded here on earth; but it is not for us to question the good faith of our neighbor unless he himself, by word or act, raises the question.

There is a great difference, however, between this type of non-Catholic and those who slander their neighbors because of difference of religious belief. Such men are certainly not acting in good faith. Those who assist in a propaganda of moral filth are certainly not ignorant of the harm they are doing. Those who stoop to the basest means to stir up religious prejudice are certainly

not actuated by motives of charity. We refuse absolutely to believe in the good faith of those who attack by vile falsehoods the Church and her members—religious and political. Those who concoct vile slanders against their neighbors are moved by no motive of religion or patriotism. They may pretend that their motives are good—the claim is but another falsehood that does not deceive even themselves.

Religion inculcates the virtue of charity; patriotism means disinterested love of country. Neither religion nor patriotism can be served by sowing suspicion and hatred between citizens of the same country, though of different faith. No one can be ignorant of the difference between right and wrong as to believe that he is the better citizen for lying about his neighbor, or that he is promoting public morality by spreading filth through the printed page or by lectures "for men only" or "for women only." No. The men engaged in this work are not fools; they know what they are doing, but their hearts are filled with malice and corruption. That is the explanation of their conduct.

It is no violation of charity to brand such persons for what they are. They are conscious enemies of good morals, of religion and of good citizenship. Moved by selfish motives and the hope of securing political advantage for the moment, they descend to the depths of dishonesty and hate. They have sold themselves to Satan, as they would sell their country, if they had an opportunity, for cash or for an office. We respect the honest Protestant; we can pardon even the honest bigot. But for the slanderer of true womanhood, for the political trickster who raises a religious issue to help him in his schemes, we have only contempt. There is no honesty and no decency in him. He is potentially a traitor, as he is actually an enemy of all good citizens.—True Voice.

MARTYRS' HILL

The Shrine of the Canadian Martyrs will be re-opened on June 30th, for two months. Boarding and sleeping accommodations is now provided for at the rate of 25 cents per meal and 25 cents per bed. For those who stay one week or more, \$5 per week. Martyrs' Hill is a flag station half way between Fesserton and Port on the Toronto, Lindsay and Tay McNicoll line of the C. P. R. Pilgrims should ask their tickets for Fesserton, then pay on the train for the two miles between Fesserton and Martyrs' Hill, where trains stop on demand to the conductor. A daily train leaves Toronto at 5 p. m. via Burketon Junction and Lindsay for Fesserton and Martyrs' Hill, where it arrives at 10. The return train leaves Martyrs' Hill at 5:30 a. m. Pilgrims from points on the G. T. B. or the C. N. R. should take their tickets for Ocellia, and, there, walk to the C. P. R. Station (5 minutes). Pilgrims coming from points on the Toronto, Sudbury line, have to transfer from the Coldwater Junction Station to the Coldwater Village Station (a little more than a mile.) For further information, write to Rev. J. B. Nolin, S. J., Waubaushe, Ont.

ABBAY AND SCHOOL DEDICATED

Freeholder, Cornwall Since its earliest days, Glengarry has been noted for its educational institutions, and another fine religious edifice, added through the energy of Rev. Father D. R. Macdonald, one of the most distinguished men the old county has given to the service of the church. The new Maryvale Abbey and Catholic High School, as well as a school of lower grade, are situated on a commanding eminence at Glen Nevis. The cornerstone of the Abbey was laid on June 22, 1913, by His Lordship Bishop Macdonnell of Alexandria, and the work was forwarded so rapidly that pupils were received in the following September. The building is a handsome one of two stories, with basement, in which are heating apparatus and laundry. On the first floor are two large class rooms, reception rooms, business office and chapel. A commodious stair way leads to the roof, which can be utilized for certain outdoor sports in pleasant weather. The school house has one story, with basement, and has several class rooms, cloak room and office. In addition there is a parish hall capable of holding four hundred people, with a stage, drop curtain and wings and scenery.

The abbey and school are of pressed cement blocks, well finished throughout, and a tribute to the liberality of those who contributed to its erection and the hard work of the esteemed pastor. The abbey and schools are under the direction of the Sisters of Providence.

The new buildings were dedicated on June 10th with appropriate ceremony by His Lordship Bishop Macdonnell, who sang High Mass, with Rev. J. E. McEae, D. D., of St. Andrew as deacon and Rev. Father Foley of Lancaster as sub-deacon. Rev. Jos. Dulin of Alexandria was Master of Ceremonies. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father O'Reilly of the Redemptorist Order, London, Ont. Most of the priests of the diocese were present, as well as a number of laymen, including Hugh Munro, M. P., and his partner, Mr. McIntosh, and D. R. Macdonald, ex M. P., Alexandria; Col. D. M. Robertson, Williamstown and J. A. Chisholm, W. B. O'Connell, J. McDonald, J. C. Broderick and Rev. J. A. McDonald of Cornwall.

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A STRANGE WAY

This remarkable story vouched for as true by a writer in one of our exchanges has several morals any one of which may serve as a stimulus to effort:

A priest acquaintance was visited some months ago by an insurance agent whose purpose was to induce the good Father to take out a policy. Presumably to ingratiate himself in good will of his reverend victim he remarked that he had great esteem for the Catholic Church, that in fact his wife was formerly a Catholic, but was not living up to it at present. This was enough to rouse the interest of the priest. He proceeded to ask a few questions and interject some wholesome explanations of Catholic truth, the agent meanwhile growing more and more interested until the question of insuring the body of the priest was lost in that more important question of insuring his own immortal soul. At any rate, he left the house with a catechism under his arm and the date of his next instruction impressed upon his mind. A few weeks ago that agent and his twelve-year old son went both into the kingdom through the life giving waters of baptism, and the next morning agent and wife and son knelt side by side to partake of the Bread of Life—Sacred Heart Review.

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TEACHERS WANTED

WANTED QUALIFIED CATHOLIC TEACHER for S. S. No. 10, Carleton Place, Ont. Duties to commence September 1st, 1914. Apply stating salary and qualifications to J. H. Scherer, Sec. Treas., R. R. No. 3, Midway, Ont. 1863-3

WANTED QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR Junior grades of Separate school, Killaloe St., Ont. Duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1914. Apply stating salary and qualifications to P. J. Harrington, Sec. Killaloe St., Ont. 1863-2

QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR Separate school No. 4, Burgess St. Apply stating salary and qualifications to R. T. Noyes, Sec. Treas., Burgess St., Ont. 1863-2

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE school Section No. 10, East and West Williams. Holding second class certificate. Duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1914. Apply to J. D. McEae, R. R. No. 5, Parkhill, Ont. 1863-2

TEACHERS WANTED HOLDING FIRST OR second class certificates for Catholic schools, Fort William, Ont. Salary \$500 per year. Apply to commence September. Apply to G. P. Smith, Secretary, Simpson St., Fort William, Ont. 1863-1

WANTED A PROFESSIONAL TEACHER Union S. S. No. 1, Logan and Ellice. Duties to commence after summer holidays. Apply stating experience and salary to John Dwyer, Sec. R. R. No. 5, Mitchell, Ont. 1863-2

WANTED FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL Union Section No. 3, Greenock and Brae, one male or female teacher as Principal. Male preferred. And one assistant lady teacher, holding second class professional Normal certificate. State salary and salary expected to commence Sept. 1st, 1914. Applications will be received up to July 20th, 1914. Address to M. M. Schuster, Sec. Treas., Chesworth, Ont. 1863-3

CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE school section at South Gloucester, Ont. Holding first and second class certificates. Salary \$500 per year. Duties to begin after summer holidays. Apply to Rev. Geo. D. Prudhomme, P. P. Sec., South Gloucester, Ont. 1863-4

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE KEWATIN Separate school, holding third or second class certificate and to be able to teach both French and English. Salary \$500 per year. Apply to Sec. Treas., Joseph Gagnon, Kewatin, Ont. 1863-4

TEACHER WANTED FOR PUBLIC SCHOOL Section No. 3, Greenock township, Bruce county (south). Average attendance 34. Rural mail. Duties to begin Sept. 1st, 1914. Applications will be received up to July 22nd. State experience, qualifications and salary expected to Daniel Mandan Cheslow, Ont. 1863-3

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE school section No. 7, Township of Glengarry. A Normal trained teacher. Duties after vacation. Salary \$500 per year. Apply to Sec. Treas., Application to J. S. Black, Sec. Treas., Princeton R. R. No. 2. 1863-4

TEACHER FOR S. S. No. 10, ARTHUR Township, Ontario, for summer holidays. Salary \$575. State qualifications and experience. Apply to George Lang, Sec. Treas. S. S. No. 10, Arthur T. P. Wellington Co., Derbyville, P. O. R. R. No. 2. 1863-3

WANTED TEACHER WITH FIRST OR second class professional certificate for C. Separate school, Maryvale, Hastings Co. Salary \$500 per year. Duties to commence after midsummer vacation. Apply to J. J. McCallum, Sec. Treas., Maryvale. 1863-1

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING FIRST OR second class professional certificate for S. S. No. 9, Township of Lanaste, Glengarry Co. Salary \$500 per annum. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Apply to C. McEae, Green Valley, P. O. R. R. No. 2. 1863-2

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