

# The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1916

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### TO BE REMEMBERED

That "the child is father to the man" is no longer a mere political flourish, but a fact demonstrated by science and social statistics; a truth of family experience which grows clearer and more expressive from year to year. Home and school provide the mental and moral outfit which for the most part determines the life-course of the nation's youth. Hebrew and Greek, the masters of philosophy in all ages, have taught that childhood held the keys of progress. Montaigne remarked that "our nurses are our chief rulers." Bacon enlarges upon the accountability of parents, declaring that "he that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune," and Napoleon's dictum that "France's greatest need was a new race of mothers" applies as forcibly to the European populations who are at each other's throats today as it did when the great dictator was undermining the autocracies of the earlier nineteenth century. Not all the sensational interest of the battlefields and hospitals can cloak the insistent needs of the children now deprived in so many cases of parental oversight.

### NEAR OUR DOORS

In our cities, where the temptations spread so lavishly before young and old, weak and strong reach their maximum development, where vice wears its most glittering guise, there are too many fetid slums in which polluted bodies and minds grow up to plague and perplex those who are charged with the duty of maintaining public order; too many dwellings that by no stretch of fancy can be called homes; too many young lives doomed from the start to run through the successive phases of industrial struggle and failure, caught in blind alleys of hopeless drudgery or flung into occupations which afford no inducement to virtue; too many parents who are grossly neglected of their God-given charge. We who hate squalor, dinginess and clamour get as "far from the madding crowd" as we can. We woo the country freshness; gladden eye and ear with the golden gorse and the songs of birds. What do we accomplish for the poor little folk; how can we help them to acquire a new outlook through "magic casements" upon the world with whose labors and struggles they must soon become familiar.

### OUR DUTY

Too many never stop to sound the depths of that saying heard so long ago when the Master set a child in the midst. Surely this is the promise that will one day make pale the schemes and systems that contend in the market place for rule, authority and power. At the solemn hour when the world and the things thereof are of fading from us, and a strange new possibility confronts our visionary sense, the recollection that we have helped to care for His little ones will prove a solace with which no earthly gains or conquests can compare. For the child-heart many mysteries are made clear. The kingdom of love, peace and joy opens when the Highest is revealed in the lowest and least of the beings who wear His image. The "vision splendid" lurks in the candid outlook of the childhood we too often view with undiscerning eyes and pass by with insensitive hearts.

### IN THE SHADOWS

The deepest, darkest shadow that can fall on the path of any thinking man or woman is the one which blots out the light of life, removing a familiar form and blackening the whole environment to sense and thought. How many are suffering this most awful of losses day by day! The agony of apprehension when the latest lists of the wounded are inspected and the hourly fear that overhangs thousands of homes when casualty is reported represent a flowing tide of misery that no tongue or pen can rightly estimate. Sad songs have been sung about the loved and lost. Odes and threnodies

by the sons and daughters of genius haunt the minds of those to whom the affections glorify this earthly life. Milton, Shelley, and Arnold have voiced the grief of those left behind when precious gifts and graces have been extinguished by some blast of misfortune, or have expired in the throes of mortal pain and weakness. Tennyson has woven a network of golden verse within which those who are doomed to wear "sorrow's crown of sorrow" may enshrine their sacred memories and soothe their sense of desolation.

### THE SOLACE

Alas! such palliatives are not within the reach of the simple souls who constitute the main body of mourners in this holocaust of war's victims. To many of these bereavement is an absolute sentence of ruin. Their happiness has been bound up with the life just ended; husband or son can never be replaced. For such sufferers no ordinary solace will suffice. We can only remind them that the world has ever been a field of stern conflict, a sphere of trial through which the loftier virtues have been learned. The hero and the saint have been conjoined in the noblest lives throughout the ages. War is a hateful thing; aggressive war is the crime of crimes. Yet it is the highest form of sacrifice for the common man who stands in the breach and lays down his life in defence of his country's plighted word, with all the treasures of nobility and happiness that are ruthlessly assailed. Is there no moral beauty of grandeur in this conception? There is, and the common man knows it. To those who share in some sort his vicarious offering, light arises. Even out of the dense gloom of the present hope dawns afresh and the end justifies the cost. Death, the blackest shadow of all, is the servant of Life. His commission ends with time; but unless we are the dupes of the faith that has raised us above the perishable things of earth, and made men and women into heroes and saints our deepest concern is with the issues of eternity.

### CARDINAL MERCIER'S

PATRIOTIC ADDRESS IN THE CAPITAL OF OCCUPIED BELGIUM

DELIVERED IN THE SAINT-GUDEULE COLLEGIATE CHURCH, BRUSSELS JULY 21ST, 1916

FOURTEEN YEARS, HENCE

My dear beloved brethren,—We were called to meet here where we should have celebrated the eighty-fifth anniversary of our National Independence.

Fourteen years hence, on the same date, our restored cathedrals and our reconstructed churches will be wide open; jubilant crowds will invade them; our King Albert, standing on his throne, will bend, but in freedom, before the supreme majesty of the King of kings, his undaunted brow; the Queen, the Royal Princess will surround him; we shall then hear again the cheerful ringing of our bells and, throughout our whole country, under the vaults of our temples, all our Belgian people, hand in hand, will renew their oaths to their God, to their sovereigns, to their liberties, while their bishops and their priests, interpreters of the Nation's soul, will sing aloud, in a common cry of thankfulness, a triumph Te Deum.

To-day, the hymn of joy expires on our very lips. The Jewish people, captive in Babylon, sat, their eyes full of tears, on the shores of the Euphrates, looking at its flowing waters. Their silent harps hung on the willows along the river banks. Who then, among them, would have had the courage to sing the canticle to Jehovah on a foreign shore?

"O my dear native land of Jerusalem," exclaimed the Psalmist, "should I ever forget thee, may my right hand wither! may my tongue to my palate stick if I should ever fail to think of thee, if thou cease to be the first of my joys!" The psalm ends in imprecatory terms. We do not wish to repeat them; we do forget the Old Testament which tolerated the "Lex Talionis": "eye for eye, tooth for tooth." Our lips purified by the fire of Christian charity will never utter a word of hatred. To hate is to have for object other people's harm or misfortune and to delight in it. Whatever be our distress, we do not have any hatred for those who inflict it upon us. Here, among us, national concord is allied with universal brotherhood. But, even above that sentiment of universal brotherhood we place the respect of absolute right,

without which there can be no possible intercourse, neither among nations, nor among individuals.

And therefore, do we proclaim, with Saint Thomas of Aquinas, the best authorized doctor in Christian Theology, that "public vindictiveness is a virtue."

### CRIME MUST BE REPRESSED

Crime, the violation of Justice, any outrage against the public peace, whether committed by a single individual or by a collectiveness, must be repressed. All consciences are upheaved, restless, on the rack, as long as the guilty has not been, as ready language so soundly and so forcibly expresses it, "put back where he belongs." To put back things and men in their proper state, that means re-establishing order, resettling equilibrium, restoring peace upon the basis of Justice. Public vengeance thus understood alarms the sensibility weak soul; it is, nevertheless, the law of purest Charity and of zeal, which is its flame. It does not take suffering as a target, but as a weapon to avenge ignored right.

How can you love order without hating disorder; intelligently wish for peace without expelling what corrodes it; love a brother, that is to say, wish well to him, without desiring that, willingly or forcibly, his mind bends before the impressive rigours of Justice and of Truth? It is from such lofty summits that war must be considered to realize and understand its grandeur.

Once more, you may run against, perchance, some effeminate temperament for whom war is nothing but mine explosions shell bursting, slaughtering of men, bloodshed, heaping of corpses; you will find politicians, rather short-sighted, who see in a battle no other stake than a day's interest, the taking or retaking of a territory or of a province. But if the liberating war has such a grand beauty, it is because it is the outburst, altogether disinterested, of a whole nation giving, or intending to give, what is most precious, its own life, for the defence or the claiming of something that none can weigh, figure up, write in ciphers or fore-stall: Right, Honour, Peace, Liberty.

Do you not feel, have you not felt for two long years, that the war, the ardent expectation, ever kept up, even from here by yourselves, purifies you, clears the dross; gathers you in and elevates you all to something that is better in you?

### OUR IDEALS

It is towards the Ideal of Justice and of Honour that you are ascending, its very beauty upheaves you. And, because that Ideal, if it be not a vain abstraction which evaporates with the fictions of a dream, must be seated in a subsistent and living subject, I shall never grow tired in asserting this truth which is keeping us under its yoke: God reveals Himself the Master, the real Conductor of the events and of our own wills, the sacred Master of the universal conscience.

Ah! could we only grasp in our arms our dear heroes who, over yonder, are fighting for us or over waiting, in the under-ground, quivering with anxiety, that their turn shall come to rush into the battle; if they permitted us to hear the beating of their hearts, is it not for this that they would answer us: 'I am on duty; I am sacrificing myself to Justice.'

And you, wives and mothers, do tell us also, each in turn, the splendid beauty of these tragical years. Wives, whose every thought goes, sad but resigned, to the absent one, conveying to him your aspirations, your overlasting hope and your prayer. Mothers, whose broken existence is consuming itself in the anguish of every minute, you have given them, your sons and your husbands and you will not take them back. At every minute, also, our admiration keeps us, panting, before you.

The head of one of our most noble families wrote to me: "Our son, in the 7th Infantry, has fallen; my wife and I are broken-hearted, however, were it necessary, we would give him once more."

A vicar attached to a church of the Capital, has just been sentenced to twelve years hard labour. I was permitted to go into his cell, to embrace him and bless him. "I have, said he to me, 'three brothers at the front; I believe I am here, especially, for having aided the youngest one—he is seventeen years old—to go and join his elders; a sister of mine is in a neighbouring cell, but I thank God that our mother is not left alone; she has let us know it, besides, she is not weeping.'"

Do not our mothers make us think of the mother of the Maccabees?

### ADMIRABLE TEACHINGS

How many teachings of moral grandeur, here, and even on the road to exile, and in the jails, and in the detention camps, in Holland and in Germany.

Do we fully realize the sufferings those brave ones who, since the beginning of the war, after the defence of Liege and of Namur or after the retreat from Antwerp, have seen the end of their military career and champ their bit, of those keepers of our rights and of our communal

franchises, whose own valour has reduced to a state of inaction?

To start, needs courage; to contain one's self, requires as much. Sometimes, there is even more virtue in suffering than in acting.

And these two years of calm submission on the part of the Belgian people to the inevitable are an evidence of that profound tenacity which inspired a humble woman before whom the possibility of a near conclusion of the peace was being discussed, to say: "Oh! as far as we are concerned, there is no hurry; we can wait a little longer!"

What a fine sentiment and so full of teaching for the coming generations!

That is what we must see, my brethren; the Nation's magnanimity in its sacrifice, our universal and persevering brotherhood in suffering, in mourning, and in the same invincible hope—that is what must be considered to esteem, at its full value, the Belgian country.

Now, the first artificers of this moral grandeur, they are our soldiers. Until the day of their return, and that grateful Belgium acclaims the survivors and glorifies the memory of the dead, let us build for them in our souls a standing monument of religious gratitude.

Let us pray for those who are no more. Let us exclude none from our commiseration; the blood of Christ has flowed for all. There are some, likely, in purgatory atoning the last traces of their human weakness. It behooves you to hasten their admission into Paradise. Relieve the distress of the poor you know, of the bashful ones. Give your superfluity to those who are in need of the necessities of life. Attend the Mass which is celebrated weekly in your parish church for our deceased soldiers; take your children there with you; make them receive the sacrament and receive it with them.

Let us pray also for those who, on the battlefields, are always on the firing-line. As I am speaking to you, let us perform that there are many who are agonizing. The prospect of eternity is confronting them. Let us think of them; let us mortify ourselves for them; let us be resigned for them, that they die saintly.

### OUR SOLDIERS!

"Our soldiers are our masters," wrote yesterday a French academicien; "they are our leaders, our professors, our judges, our supports, our true friends; let us be worthy of them and imitate them; to encourage you, to perform that there are many who are agonizing. The prospect of eternity is confronting them. Let us think of them; let us mortify ourselves for them; let us be resigned for them, that they die saintly."

The hour of deliverance is near, but it has not yet sounded. Let us remain patient. Let us not waver and let us leave to Providence, the task of perfecting our national education.

Young women, young ladies, let me ask you whether you realize fully the gravity of the present hour. Pray, do not show yourselves as being strangers in the Country's plight! There are dresses and attitudes which are an insult to grief.

For you, always, modesty is a glory and a virtue; to-day it is, moreover, a patriotic duty.

Do you think, you also, of the privations and of the endurance of our soldiers.

Let us all bear in mind the great law of austere living.

"How we should, adds the patriot I have just quoted how much should we under comparatively easy conditions and in our less exposed areas which are really not on the firing lines, apply ourselves to be reduced, simplified and, as our soldiers, but in our own way, assert ourselves with a steeper energy! Let us not bear a single minute of distraction or relaxation. Let us spend every minute of our life only for the grand winnings to which our soldiers are so fondly sacrificing their own."

### THE PATRIOTIC CONCORD

And, just as, at the front, our heroes offer us the admirable and consoling picture of an indissoluble union, of a military brotherhood that nothing could break, so then, in our ranks less close and of looser discipline, we should have at heart, however, the observance of the same patriotic concord. We respect the truce imposed upon our quarrels by the great Cause which must alone engage and absorb all our means of attack and of combat; and if some ungodly or wretched ones, not understanding the urgency nor the beauty of this national prescription, are obstinately bent upon wishing, in spite of everything, to maintain and stimulate passions which, otherwise, separate us, we will turn our head and continue, without replying to them, to remain true to the covenant of bonded friendship, of good and loyal confidence which we have, even in spite of ourselves, made with them, under the great blast of the War.

The approaching date of the first centenary of our Independence should find us stronger, more intrepid and united than ever. Let us therefore prepare ourselves for it by work, patience and in full brotherhood.

When in 1980, we will recall the gloomy years 1914-1916, they shall appear the most luminous, the most

majestic and, on condition that we know even how to mean it, the happiest and the most fruitful in our National History. *Per crucem ad lucem*; through sacrifice shall light burst forth!

D. J. CARDINAL MERCIER, Arch. of Malines.

### SOUTH AMERICA'S RELIGION

A Protestant minister, writing from South America to the Living Church, conveys a disheartening message to some of his brethren in this country when he declares: "The support of men and money from Great Britain and the United States is to proclaim that Latin America is without religion, without faith, and relapsing into a condition of paganism. The people of Latin America are happy, affable, and full of aspirations; their cities are clean and well governed; wealth is rapidly increasing; schools, universities and modern engineering industries are constantly expanding. Their churches are attractive and full of activity. There are four thousand priests and students. I have heard splendid sermons, have been inspired with the magnificent influence of the Catholic Church upon the people, and have prayed to God to provide a movement as effective in Boston, Washington or Milwaukee."

The religious status of Latin America cannot be as bad as it was represented, for instance, at the recent Panama Congress. In the great work of conversion of pagans and sinners, the zealous missionary of the sects in America might well begin at home. Where the Catholic Church has been at work for four centuries there is little use of invoking the aid of other religious agencies to spread the Gospel of Christianity.—Providence Visitor.

### EARL'S DAUGHTER A CONVERT

The former Lady Victoria Pery, daughter of the Earl of Limerick, now Mrs. James C. Brady, is a recent convert to the Catholic faith. She was formerly a member of the Anglican church in Ireland. Mr. Brady's first wife was one of the victims of the Westport wreck several years ago. She was a Catholic also, and left two children who are being brought up Catholics. Mr. Brady himself however has never been a member of the Church. His mother was a Protestant and the children were brought up Protestants. Nicholas Brady, the brother of James C. Brady became a convert to the Faith some years ago.

The conversion of the former daughter of the Earl of Limerick was foreshadowed when she had her child by her marriage with Mr. Brady baptized a Catholic although at the time both the parents were Protestants.—The Catholic Convert.

### CHURCH OF THE POOR

We take serious exception to the statement of the professor of church history in Crozer seminary, that the Christian religion began as the faith of the poor and the persecuted, but that modern conditions have changed it. The contention of the professor that the Church was taken over by Constantine and Christianity was transformed from a church for the masses to an appendage of the state is contradictory to fact.

We have read much of the arrogance of the Church. Volumes have been written to condemn the Church for her despotism, her interference in matters of state and the autocratic manner in which she deposited kings which gave ground for such a charge. The Church was autocratic and despotic in things spiritual and in things which were necessarily associated with the spiritual life of man. Until the sixteenth century the Church never yielded one inch to prince or potentate. The leaders of the Reformation did attempt to hand the Church over to the state. As they were not the Church or her accredited representatives they could not speak for her.

Never for one instant has the Catholic Church sacrificed herself to the secular power. She has made concordat with kings when it was necessary to protect the liberty of religious worship for her children, but never at the loss of her authority or dignity.

The Catholic Church is and always has been the Church of the poor and the lowly. The Popes have frequently and at different ages been of the people. Alexander V., was of poor, unlearned parents and passed his early life begging from door to door. Adrian IV., the only English Pope, was abandoned by his parents and lived on charity until he entered a monastery in France. Sixtus V. was the son of a laborer and his sister was a laundress. Benedict XIII., was the child of a baker. The father of Urban IV., was a carpenter, as was also the father of Gregory VII., Benedict XI., was the son of a notary.

So down through the hierarchy the

Church has never tested the worth of a man whom she would honor by his possessions in this world. There have been abuses. One of the Apostles prostituted his high office, but the Church has never ceased to show a special predilection for the poor. She is the Church of all mankind. The shepherds were the first to adore the Saviour, but they were closely followed by kings. The Church teaches and strives both prince and peasant. She is as Catholic as her Divine Founder.

The enemies of the Church may criticize her for many things which in their judgment are wrong. In the light of her nineteen centuries of work no man can say to her she has surrendered to the world.—Intermountain Catholic.

### ANGLICAN CATHOLICS

There is a certain body in the Episcopalian Church who insist that they are the real "Catholics." They are not in the majority among their own co-religionists; on the contrary they are in a very decided minority. But they make up in energy what they lack in numbers. They have evolved a history of their own and this history tells them that England did not get its Christianity from Rome but from the East, that St. Augustine was the agent of an usurper and that after continuing for a thousand years under Roman domination the English Church threw off the yoke and became once again the pure Church Catholic whose identity had been partially lost in the centuries when the Bishop of Rome held sway.

This is all very interesting, and particularly so because the great historical discovery was not made until some three hundred years after the revolt of Martin Luther. These Anglican "Catholics" if you please have nothing but scorn for the Protestant Reformation. When asked the awkward question why it was that the English Church under Edward, Elizabeth, and James was intensely Protestant, and made no claim to be a part of the Catholic Church, they reply that this was the painful era of heresy which ended in the nineteenth century when the real Anglican Church came into its own again under the guidance of the Catholic or High Church party.

The High Churchman is very tenacious in his belief and he shuts his eyes to all the anomalies. He is very active in insisting that we Catholics be kept in our place. We are "Roman Catholics"—that is, the Roman branch which ranged alongside the Anglican branch is impure and corrupt. The newspapers are more or less intimidated by the propaganda, as we were reminded by the following incident: After one of the lectures given by the New York Converts' League last winter, the religious editor of a leading New York daily called up and asked if we were not mistaken in terming ourselves the "Catholic Converts' League." Ought we not to be known as the "Roman Catholic Converts' League." The reply was of course that the former was our legal title under which we were incorporated at Albany. The religious editor then confessed that he had been driven to raise the question by the numerous letters which he had received protesting against the word "Catholic" in describing the League meetings.

This illustrates the activity with which High Anglicans guard their fetic and try to impress the public through the newspapers that they are Catholics as much as we. Once in a while, however, they get a jolt from within and it comes in the humiliating case where a High Churchman of Catholic views finds himself, when he tries to impress them, rejected by the great majority of his own clerics and lay-folk. Mr. Floyd Keeler of Kansas, who rose to be an Episcopal archdeacon, dedicated his Anglican days to an attempt to persuade his fellow Episcopalians that they were Catholics. He ran up against the Low Church Protestant majority, bishops, clergymen, and the rest, who repudiated his doctrine. It opened his eyes and he was frank enough not to be willing to fool himself any longer. He was received two months ago in the Catholic Church with his wife and children.—The Catholic Convert.

### LIVE IN GOD'S FRIENDSHIP

"That the angel of death has not gone on a vacation, needs no proof," says the Brooklyn Tablet. "Every Monday morning in particular we read of his activities in auto accidents on the road, accidents in the water, drownings in the surf, canoes upsetting on the lakes, etc. Death's toll is increasing fast. Death is no respecter of persons, either. Dozens of young people have been snatched away. It might easily be that the reader of these lines to-day will be dead to-morrow and the writer will be reading of it in the Monday papers under the caption, 'Three Deaths at Conny,' etc. Does it pay to miss Mass on Sundays for the sake of an excursion? Have you a guarantee on the morrow? To-morrow is not yours. It pays infinitely to live in the state of grace and friendship with God."

### CATHOLIC NOTES

This year is the seventh centenary of the Third Order of St. Dominic. But for the war, all the tertiaries of St. Dominic in the world would be represented at the tomb of St. Dominic in Bologna, Italy.

Rev. Roderick A. McEachen, pastor of St. Mary's church, Carton, Ohio, and author of a series of popular, simple catechisms, has been appointed as instructor in the Catholic University at Washington.

Dr. Charles G. Herbermann, one of New York's most prominent laymen, scholar and litterateur of note, and editor-in-chief of the Catholic Encyclopedia, died on August 24. Dr. Herbermann had been in poor health for some time, and his death was not unexpected.

The death is reported in Yokohama, Japan, of Father F. X. Bertram, who was in literal truth another Father Damien. For twenty-eight years he lived with the lepers at Gotemba, and tended them in their physical and spiritual extremity, dying at his post.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland has appointed the Very Rev. James G. Byrne, pastor of St. Mary's church, St. Paul, Vicar General of the Archdiocese, a position occupied by the late Father Gibbons at the time of his death.

The emperor of Austria has just bestowed a Madonna medallion of silver upon Frau Marie Mirtler of Welsberg, Stiermark, in recognition of the fact that she has given to the army seven sons, three stepsons and two grandsons.

The annual Eucharistic Congress of the Diocese of London takes place this year on September 27 at Chatham, Ontario. The Rev. Franciscan Fathers are preparing a programme and expect the clergy and many of the laity of the Diocese to attend.

There are now fifty students following courses of study at the Catholic University, as beneficiaries of the endowment fund of half a million dollars contributed by the Knights of Columbus. This is a very practical illustration of what can be done by united effort. The promotion of higher education among our Catholic youth is a cause which should enlist the active support of all our people.

A modest little news item tells us of an agreement between Russia, Germany and Austria to allow twenty-four nuns from their respective countries to inspect the prison camps in each other's domains and remain to nurse and care for wounded prisoners of war. It is a small enough concession, perhaps, but is bright with the evidence that concessions are possible.

A generous benefactress in Pennsylvania sent a check for \$5,000 to the American Mission Society at Maryknoll, N. Y., as a burse to be named for Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal. The check was sent with the request that the donor be some times remembered in prayer.

Miss Doris Dean, youngest daughter of Richmond Dean of Chicago, Vice-president of the Pullman Company, and a niece of Father Finn, S. J., popular author of stories for boys, recently took the vows of a Visitation Nun at the convent in St. Louis. Henceforth she will be known as Sister Claude Agnes.

The Sisters of St. Joseph, who conduct St. Joseph's Academy at Brentwood, Long Island, have arranged for the opening in Brooklyn on Oct. 2, of a college for the higher Catholic education of young women. The college will be opened at St. Angelas Hall, 292 Washington avenue, where the Sisters of St. Joseph have for many years maintained an academy and preparatory school.

Some twelve thousand New Yorkers witnessed the ceremonies incident to the laying of the cornerstone of a new school for St. Bernard's parish. It is one of the most modern parochial schools in the country and will accommodate 1,600 pupils. There will be twenty-eight classrooms, a large roof garden and a gymnasium. The structure will cost about \$140,000.

The death occurred at Colway, Lime Regis, England, recently, of Orby Shipley, one of the last of the band of converts to the Catholic Church whose conversion is traceable directly to the Tractarian movement. His great grandfather, Dr. Jonathan Shipley, and his grandfather, William Davies Shipley, held high preferment in the Church of England, the former as Bishop, the latter as dean, of St. Asaph, while his father, the dean's fifth son, was rector of Mappowder, Dorset.

Cardinal Mercier will be sixty five years old on November 22 next. On that day Belgians throughout the world are preparing to honour him as a patriot and churchman. In a little booklet recently issued by friends of the Cardinal and sent to all parts of the neutral world occurs this passage: "No one knows what the future has in store for Cardinal Mercier, but he will at all times be equal to his task. The whole world admires him, and Belgium in particular is proud of her great son."

MOONDYNE JOE

THE GOLD MINE OF THE VASSE

BOOK THIRD VI. FEMALE TRANSPORTS

The morning arrived for the convict ship to sail, and the last chains of male prisoners were mustered in the prison yard of Millbank, ready to be marched to the train, for embarkation on the convict ship at Portland.

In one of the pentagonal yards stood the female prisoners, fifty in number. They whispered covertly to each other, enjoying for the first time for years the words that were not orders, and the faces that were not cold.

"What is your name?" "How long have you served?" "What nice hair you have."

"Will they cut off our hair again in Australia?" "Were you lagged before?" "That one there with the red mark on her cheek, was sentenced to be hung."

"This is my second time." These were the words that might be heard in the ranks—short sentences, full of direct meaning, such as are always spoken when formality is absent, and curiosity is excited.

The male chains having been inspected by the governor, who was accompanied by Mr. Wyville, had marched from the prison to the railway station.

Four great wagons or tumbrils rolled into the yard, to carry away the female convicts. Before them entered the wagons, the governor addressed the women, telling them that their good conduct in prison had earned this change; that their life in the new country to which they were going would be one of opportunity; that their past was all behind them, and a fair field before them to work out honest and happy lives.

Many of the prisoners sobbed bitterly as the kind governor spoke. Hope, indeed, was bright before them, but they were parting from all that they had ever loved; they would never more see the face of father or mother, brother or sister; they would never more see an English field or an English flower. Their lives had been shattered and shameful; but the moment of parting from every association of youth was the more embittered, perhaps, by the thought of their unworthiness.

When the governor had spoken, they entered the tumbrils, and the guards fell in. The old governor raised his hat. He was deeply affected at the scene, as he thought it must have been to him.

"Good-by, and God bless you all in your new life!" he said. The driver of the front tumbril looked round, to see that all was ready before starting his horses.

"Wait," said a tall man, who was rapidly and eagerly scanning the faces of the women, as he passed from wagon to wagon; "there's a mistake here."

"What is the matter there?" shouted the governor. "There is a prisoner absent, sir," said the tall man, who was Mr. Haggitt; "one prisoner absent who was ordered for this ship."

"What prisoner?" asked the governor. "Number Four," "Start up your horses," shouted the governor; and the first tumbril lumbered out of the yard.

The governor was looking at Mr. Haggitt, who stood beside the last wagon, his face a study of rage and disappointment.

"That prisoner was specially ordered for this ship," he repeated. "Sir Joshua Hobb wrote the order with his own hand."

man, vainly seeking for interest in the picture-galleries and churches. It was during one of these peaceful nights within the cell that he, without, led by the magnetism of strong love, found himself beneath the gloomy walls of Millbank, round which he wandered through the night, and which he could not leave until he had pressed his feverish lips against the icy stone of the prison.

On the day when Will Sheridan at last stood before the door of Alice Walsley's cell, and read her beloved name on the card, she sat within, patiently sewing the coarse cloth of her transport dress. When the door opened, and his yearning sight was blessed with that which it had longed for, she stood before him, calm and white, and beautiful, with downcast eyes, according to her own modesty and the prison discipline.

When he passed her door a few weeks later, and saw within the sweet-faced Sister Cecilia, and heard, after so many years, the voice of her he loved, in one short sentence, which sent him away very happy, she dreamt not that a loving heart had drunk up her words as a parched field drinks the refreshing rain.

So strong and so futile are the out-reachings of the soul. They must be mutual, or they are impotent and vain. Reciprocal, they draw together, until the one reaches for the other weakly, as a shadow touches the precipice, hopelessly as death.

That which we desire, we may feel; but that which we neither know nor think, might just as well be non-existent.

BOOK FOURTH

THE CONVICT SHIP

I.

THE PARLIAMENTARY COMMITTEE

"Mr. Sheridan is to go before the Committee to-day, is he not?" asked Lord Somers, the Colonial Secretary, as he sat writing in Mr. Wyville's study, with Sheridan reading the Times by the window, and Hamerton lounging in an easy chair.

"What Committee?" asked Hamerton, heedlessly. "The Committee appointed to hear Sir Joshua Hobb's argument against our Penal Bill," said the Secretary as he continued to write.

"Does Sheridan know anything about prisons?" drawled Hamerton. "He knows something about Australia, and the men we send there," said the Secretary.

"Well—Hobb doesn't. Hobb is a humbug. What does he want?" "To control the Australian Penal System from Parliament Street, and instead of Mr. Wyville's humane bill, to apply his own system to the Penal Colony."

"What do you think of that, Mr. Sheridan?" asked Hamerton, without raising his head from the cushion. "That it would be folly before Mr. Wyville's bill was drawn and criminal afterward."

"Bravo!" said Hamerton, sitting straight. "Bravo, Australia! Go before the Committee by all means; and talk just in that tone. When do they sit?"

"In an hour," said Lord Somers. "We are only waiting for Mr. Wyville and then we go to the House."

"May I go?" asked Hamerton. "Certainly," said the Secretary. "You may get a chapter for a novel or a leader for the Telegraph."

Mr. Wyville soon after entered, and the merits of the opposing bills were freely discussed for a quarter of an hour. At length, Lord Somers said it was time to start, and they proceeded on foot toward the Parliament House. Lord Somers and Hamerton leading, and Mr. Wyville and Sheridan following.

On the way, Mr. Wyville led his companion to speak of the sandalwood trade, and seemed to be much interested in its details. At one point he interrupted Sheridan, who was describing the precipitous outer ridge of the Iron-stone Hills.

"Your teams have to follow the winding foot of this precipice for many miles, have they not?" he asked. "For thirty-two miles," answered Sheridan.

"Which, of course, adds much to the expense of shipping the sandalwood?" "Adds very seriously, indeed, for the best sandalwood lies back within the bend; so that our teams, having turned the farther flank of the hills, must return and proceed nearly thirty miles back toward the shore."

"Suppose it were possible to throw a chain slide from the brow of the Blackwood Head, near Bunbury, to a point on the plain—what would that save?" "Just fifty miles of teaming," answered Sheridan, looking at Wyville in surprise. "But such a chain could never be forged."

"The Americans have made slides for wood nearly as long," said Mr. Wyville. "Five ships could not carry enough chain from England for such a slide."

"Forge it on the spot," said Mr. Wyville. "The very hills can be melted into metal. I have had this in mind for some years, Mr. Sheridan, and I mean to attempt the work when we return. It will employ all the idle men in the colony."

Sheridan was surprised beyond words to find Mr. Wyville so familiar with the very scenes of his own labor. He hardly knew what to say about Wyville's personal interest in a district which the Sandalwood Company had marked off and claimed as their property, by right of possession, though they had neglected Sheridan's advice to buy or lease the land from the Government.

The conversation ceased as they entered the House of Commons, and proceeded to the committee room, where sat Sir Joshua Hobb at a table turning over a pile of documents, and beside him, pen in hand, Mr. Haggitt, who took in a rest of lip as Mr. Wyville and Sheridan entered.

Since Haggitt's return from Australia, three years before, he had adopted a peculiar manner toward Mr. Wyville. He treated him with respect, perhaps because he feared him; but when he could observe him without himself being seen, he never tired of looking at him, as if he were intently solving a problem, and hoped to read its deepest meaning in some possible expression of Mr. Wyville's face.

On the large table lay a map of the Penal Colony of Western Australia. The Committee consisted of five average M. P.'s, three country gentlemen, who had not the remotest knowledge of penal systems, nor of any other than systems of drainage; and two lawyers, who asked all the questions, and pretended to understand the whole subject.

The Committee treated Sir Joshua Hobb, K.C.B., as a most distinguished personage, whose every word possessed particular gravity and value. He delivered a set speech against lenience to prisoners, and made a deep impression on the Committee. He was about to sit down, when Mr. Haggitt laid a folded paper beside his hand. Sir Joshua glanced at the document, and resumed in a convincing tone.

"Here, gentlemen," he said, touching the paper repeatedly with his finger, "here is an instance of the sentimental method, and its effect on a desperate criminal—and all those who are sent to Australia are desperate. Twenty years ago, a young man was convicted at York Assizes, for poaching. It was during a time of business depression; the capitalists and employers had closed their works, and locked out their hands. Nothing else could be done—men cannot risk their money when the markets are falling. During this time, the deer in Lord Scarborough's park had been killed by the score, and a close watch was set. This man was caught in the night, carrying a deer on his shoulders from the park. He made a violent resistance, striking one of the keepers a terrible blow that felled him to the earth, senseless. The poacher was overpowered, however, and sent to prison until the Assizes. At his trial he pleaded defiantly that he had a right to the deer—men, women, and children—in the streets of the town; and that God had given no man the right to herd hundreds of useless deer while human beings were dying of hunger. The ignorant and dangerous people who heard him cheered wildly in the court at this lawless speech. Gentlemen, this poacher was a desperate radical, a Chartist, no doubt, who ought to have been severely treated. But the judge looked leniently on the case, because it was proved that the poacher was starving. The prisoner got off with one month's imprisonment. What was the result of this mildness? The very next Assizes the same judge tried the same prisoner for a similar crime, and the audacious villain made the same defence. 'If it were a light crime six months ago,' he said to the mistaken judge, 'it is no heavier now, for the cause remains.' Well, he was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, and was transported to Western Australia. After serving some years there, the lenient system again came in, and he was hired out to a settler, a respectable man, though an ex-convict. Three months afterwards, the violent Chartist attempted to murder his employer, and then escaped into the bush. He was captured, but escaped again, and was again re-captured by the very man he had tried to murder. Mark the dreadful ending, gentlemen, to this series of mistaken lenities to a criminal. On the way to his manacles, seized a pistol from a native policeman, murdered his brave captor, and escaped again to the bush."

"God bless me!" what a shocking story!" said one of the Committee. "Was the fellow captured again?" asked one of the lawyers.

"No," said Sir Joshua; "he escaped to the swamps. But there is a rumor among the convicts that he is still alive. Is there not, Mr. Haggitt?" "Assent. Then he rubbed his forehead and eyes, as if relieved of a strain. He had been watching the face of Mr. Wyville with painful eagerness as Sir Joshua spoke; but in that impulsive visage no line of meaning to Haggitt's eyes could be traced.

Sir Joshua sat down, confident that he could depend on the Committee for a report in his favor. "Is there actual evidence that this convict of whom you spoke murdered his captor?" "Mr. Wyville addressed Sir Joshua Hobb, standing at the end of the long green table. There was nothing in the words, but every one in the room felt a thrill at the deep sound of the resonant voice.

The Committee, who had not looked at Mr. Wyville before, stared at him now in undisguised surprise. He was strangely powerful as he stood there alone, looking calmly at Sir Joshua for an answer.

"Evidence? Certainly there is evidence. The brave settler who captured the malefactor disappeared, and the bushman from whom the convict seized the pistol saw him point it at the head of his captor. Is not that evidence enough?" "Not for a court of justice," quietly answered Mr. Wyville.

"Sir," said Sir Joshua Hobb, superciliously, "it may not appeal to sentimental judgments; but it carries conviction to reasonable minds."

"It should not—for it is not true!" said Mr. Wyville, his tone somewhat deepened with earnestness. "Sir Joshua Hobb started angrily to his feet. He glared at Mr. Wyville. "Do you know it to be false?" he sternly asked.

"Yes!" "How do you know?" "I, myself, saw the death of this man that you say was murdered."

"You saw his death!" said in one breath Sir Joshua and the Committee. "Yes. He accepted a bribe from the man he had captured, and released him. I saw this settler afterward die of thirst on the plains—I came upon him by accident—he died before my eyes, alone—and he was not murdered."

Sir Joshua Hobb sat down, and twisted nervously on his seat. Mr. Haggitt looked frightened, as if he had introduced an unfortunate subject for his master's use. He wrote on a slip of paper, and handed it to Sir Joshua, who read, and then turned to Mr. Wyville.

"What was the name of the man you saw die?" he asked. "Isaac Bowman," answered Mr. Wyville. Both Sir Joshua and Mr. Haggitt settled down in their seats, having no more to say or suggest. "You have lived a long time in Western Australia, Mr. Wyville," asked one of the lawyers of the Committee, after a surprised pause. "Many years."

"You are the owner of property in the Colony?" "Yes."

Sir Joshua Hobb pricked up his ears, and turned sharply on his chair with an insolent stare.

"Where does your property lie?" he asked. "In the Vasse District," answered Mr. Wyville.

"Here is a map of Western Australia," said Sir Joshua Hobb, with an overbearing air; "will you be kind enough to point out to the Committee the location of your possessions?"

There was obviously so malevolent a meaning in Sir Joshua Hobb's request, that the whole Committee and the gentlemen present stood up to watch the map, expecting Mr. Wyville to approach. But he did not move.

"My boundaries are easily traced," he said, from his place at the end of the table; "the northern and southern limits are the 38d and 34th parallels of latitude, and the eastern and western boundaries are the 115th and 116th of longitude."

One of the Committee followed with his finger the amazing outline, after Mr. Wyville had spoken. There was deep silence for a time, followed by long breaths of surprise.

"All the land within those lines is your—estate?" diffidently asked one of the country gentlemen. "Mr. Wyville gravely bowed.

"Estate!" said one of the lawyers in a low tone, when he had summed up the extent in square miles; "it is a Principality!"

From whom did you purchase this land?" asked Sir Joshua, but in an altered tone.

"From the Queen!" said Mr. Wyville, without moving a muscle of his impressive face.

"Directly from Her Majesty?" "I received my deeds through the Colonial Office," answered Mr. Wyville, with a quiet motion of the hand toward Lord Somers.

The Colonial Secretary, seeing the eyes of all present turned upon him, bowed to the Committee in corroboration.

"The deeds of Mr. Wyville's estate, outlined as he has stated, passed through the Colonial Office, directly from Her Majesty the Queen," said Lord Somers, in a formal manner.

The Committee sat silent for several moments, evidently dazed at the unexpected issue of their investigations. Mr. Wyville was the first to speak.

"I ask to have those prison records corrected, and at once. Sir Joshua Hobb," he said slowly. "It must not stand that the convict of whom you spoke was a murderer."

"By all means. Have the records corrected immediately," said the Committee, who began to look askance at Sir Joshua Hobb.

Mr. Wyville then addressed the Committee, in favor of the new and humane penal bill. Whether it was his arguments, or the remembrance of his princely estate that worked in his favor, certain it was that when he had concluded the Committee was unanimously in his favor.

Mr. Wyville, said the chairman, before they adjourned, "we are of one mind—that the Bill reported by the Government should be adopted by the House, and we shall so report. Good-day, gentlemen."

Sir Joshua Hobb rapidly withdrew, coldly bowing. He was closely followed by Haggitt.

Lord Somers, Hamerton, and Mr. Wyville were speaking together, while Sheridan, who was attentively studying the map, suddenly startled the others by an excited exclamation. "Hello!" said Hamerton, "has Sir Joshua dropped a hornet for you, too?" "Mr. Wyville, this is terrible!" cried Sheridan, strangely moved.

"Those lines of your property cover every acre of our sandalwood land!" "Ah—ha!" ejaculated Hamerton. "I thought this land was ours," continued Sheridan, in great distress of mind. How long has it been yours?"

"Ten years," said Mr. Wyville. Sheridan sank nerveless into a seat. The strong frame that could bear and bear the severest strains of labor and care, was subdued in one instant by this overwhelming discovery.

He had been cutting sandalwood for nine years on this man's land. Every farthing he had made for his company and himself belonged in common honesty to another!

Mr. Wyville, who was not surprised, but had evidently expected this moment, walked over to Sheridan, and laid a strong hand on his shoulder, expressing more kindness and affection in the manly force and silence of the act that could possibly have been spoken in words. Sheridan felt the impulse precisely as it was meant.

"The land was yours," Mr. Wyville said after a pause; "for I had made no claim. I knew of your work, and I gave you no warning. According to the law of the Colony and of higher law, you have acted right."

Sheridan's face brightened. To him personally his success had brought little to covet; but he was sensitive to the core at the thought of trouble and great loss to the Company, caused under his supervision.

"We return to Australia together," Mr. Sheridan said Wyville, holding out his hand; "and I think, somehow, we shall neither of us leave it again. The vigor of your past life shall be as nothing to that which the future shall evoke. Shall we not work together?"

Swift tears of pleasure rushed to Sheridan's eyes at the earnest and unexpected words; and the look that passed between the two men as they clasped hands was of brief but beautiful intensity.

"Well, Hamerton?" said Lord Somers, smiling, as if astonished beyond further speech. "Well? What of it? I suppose you call this strange," said Hamerton.

"You don't?" asked the Secretary. "No, I don't," said Hamerton, rising from his chair. "I call it utter commonplace for these Australians—the most prosaic of events I have yet seen them indulge in. I begin to realize the meaning of the Antipodes: their common ways are our extraordinary ones—and they don't seem to have any uncommon ones."

TO BE CONTINUED

A SAVING DREAM

A TRUE STORY

By Rev. Richard W. Alexander in the Missionary

It is truly wonderful to a thinking mind to note how God seems to plan ways and means to bring honest and good souls to a knowledge of His love and mercy. He desires only our salvation and He visibly adapts the means to the intellect of the being He calls to the truth.

Missionaries, and in fact all priests, see this every day, but few have time to mark down these almost miraculous graces which fall like lights from heaven on the pathway of earth's exiles.

I was giving a mission to non-Catholics in a good-sized town near the Oklahoma line in the State of Kansas. There was a remarkably large attendance and a very attentive audience. The pastor did not live in the town, and so the missionaries (two of us) were located with a private family, who made us as comfortable as the circumstances permitted.

We were visited by many of the non-Catholic audience, and always gave them special attention. Sometimes their inquiries were very amusing, sometimes they displayed the densest ignorance, but we always listened gravely, and did our best to satisfy them.

It is wonderful how many of our "separated brethren" long for the truth! They are groping in the darkness of either prejudice or misinformation; falsehoods which in their hearts they never believed, but for which they profess credence, because they do not know the other side and dare not ask information.

One day two ladies called to see me. One was a Catholic, the other was not. The first managed to say to me in a low voice:

"Father, my friend is on the way to the faith, but she is ashamed to tell you that it is on account of a dream. She is sure you will laugh at her. Can't you manage it somehow not to be surprised if she mentions it?" I nodded assent, and the conversation proceeded on various lines—talk about the mission, about God's grace and so on. I was particularly interested in everything the non-Catholic said. I noticed she was beginning to be more at home with me. At last she said with some embarrassment: "Father, I know I have no right to your time, but I should feel extremely grateful if you could spare me a few moments all to myself."

"Certainly," I said pleasantly; "our friend can visit the church while we have a chat. What do you say, Mrs. X—?" and I looked knowingly at her.

"With pleasure, Father. I am very glad my friend may have a chat with you. She had been wanting for a long time," and she rose and left the room.

There was a slight pause when the lady saw we were left to ourselves, and I knew she was rather shy, but I

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spoke to her pleasantly and told her I was now to be father to her, a spiritual father. She was about twenty-eight years old and rather attractive, but utterly ignorant of religion. She began timidly, but grew more at her ease as she continued: "Father, I am almost ashamed to ask an intelligent man to listen to a dream, a woman's dream, but the fact is I am haunted by it. I have tried to forget it. I have tried to make myself believe it was nonsense, but it is forever in my mind. At last my husband noticed there was something the matter, and he persuaded me to tell him. I did so with much difficulty only last week, and I saw it impressed him, too. He has been coming to your sermons, and the other day he said to me: 'Sarah, go up to see the missionary and tell him that dream. If there's anything in it he will know it,' and so I have come, Father, even if it is foolish."

"You did perfectly right, my child," I said earnestly. "Dreams are not always foolish, nor are they to be scoffed at. Sometimes the Lord will convey a great lesson in a dream. We often find instances in the Bible. Tell me your dream and I will explain it as well as I can."

"Well, Father, I must tell you a little about myself. My mother died when I was about sixteen. I loved her intensely, and that is the reason I have always defended Catholics about honoring Christ's Mother. I consider it a beautiful thought, for I imagine Christ's Mother to be a most lovely woman, one whom everybody could love. I have often prayed to her to guide and watch over me, although I have only the mistiest idea of where she must be. Well, I had to leave school when I was only in the eighth grade to take care of the house and my younger brothers and sisters. I never have received a religious training. I know nothing about religion, but I believe in the Supreme Being and I have a sort of private love for Christ's Mother. I have always tried to do what was right, although I know little of books, especially novels and light books."

"Now, this was my dream. I thought I died suddenly in the night. All at once I was walking along a level road, clothed in a poor black gown, spotted with stains. I knew I was dead, and my one thought was to find the road up to heaven, as I thought everybody went to heaven. As I went along I saw a beautiful road all ablaze with light some distance ahead. I felt thrilled and began to walk faster to get there. As I drew nearer I saw a tall figure at the roadside, just where the beautiful road began. He was very noble looking, with a long, full beard and a beautiful kind face. His eyes entered my very soul. He wore a sort of flowing garment, and as I attempted to pass him and enter the beautiful road he held up his hand and motioned me back. "You cannot go that way," he said. "Isn't that the road to heaven?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "but you have never done anything to get there, and look at your stained garments!"

"I looked down again. "Besides," he continued, "here is the Book of Life," and he picked up a large book and opened it. I saw my name in large letters at the top of a page, but the page was perfectly blank. Nothing had been recorded. "I was confounded. It was true I had never done anything to win heaven. "Who are you?" I said. "He looked at me, oh, so kindly, and His beautiful eyes went to my very soul, and then He said in the sweetest voice: "I am Christ the Saviour."

"I stepped back overcome and remained silent with folded hands. A young girl clothed in white and with an angel at her side passed by. The Saviour raised His hand and motioned them onward, and they passed straight up the beautiful road. It seemed there were many on it now, but not so many as there were on a road in the valley below. I heard great crying and wailing and saw many people in rags all on that road, and I could not make out where they were going. Suddenly a tall lovely lady seemed to be coming down the beautiful road. She was veiled in white and had soft flowing garments. Her face was like exquisite marble tinged with rose color. She went directly to the Saviour. She did not even notice me, but whispered in His ear and immediately turned and went back on the beautiful road. The Saviour turned to me and said: "That was My Mother; she seems to know you. I give you another chance. Go back to life and do good and find out what will please Me."

"I thought I came to life again! Everything had disappeared. I was very cold, and yet a copious sweat covered my body. I could not move. I have never spoken of this to any one but my husband, and he told me to speak to you about it. I must, because it never leaves my mind, although it happened six months ago. Now, Father, what does it mean?"

She had grown animated, her cheeks were flushed, her eyes sparkled and she clasped her hands in the energy of her earnestness.

I answered her as follows: "My dear child, God sometimes allows such things to haunt our mind both sleeping and waking, and it is for our good. You tell me you have no religion, never was baptized, and yet you had a good heart and always tried to do what was right; moreover, that you had loved Christ's Mother and defended her. Here has

been your salvation. That dear Blessed Mother, Christ's Mother, has interceded for you and God has given you another chance. It is very plain to me. Our dear Blessed Lady has taken you under her protection and has brought you near the beautiful road. What have you done since this happened?"

She took out of her pocket one of our little catechisms, torn and soiled. "I found this in the street, Father," she said, "and I took it home, and for six months I have read it and I know it all by heart. I have even read it to my brothers and sisters. What must I do next?"

This simple, candid soul touched me. I asked her to wait a few minutes and I went for the pastor, who was in an adjoining room. I told him the story briefly, and he immediately came to see her. I introduced her to him, and with a few kind words left them together. It was time for a sermon in the church. On my return in about an hour he was just about dismissing her. He turned to me and said:

"This is the most wonderful case I have ever met. She not only knows the words of that catechism, but seems to penetrate into the very depths of their meaning. I am amazed."

The next morning she was at Mass, and shortly afterward was baptized with her husband, brothers and sisters, who were thoroughly convinced of the truths of faith by her explanations and her example. They are now good Catholics.

She has entered the beautiful road and will surely meet the smile of our Blessed Lord when death really comes to release her from this mortal pilgrimage. And it all came from a vision! Had we not better say it was a tender vision of the Saviour whose love for His creatures is beyond their understanding?"

THE APOLOGISTIC CATHOLIC

The apologistic Catholic coughed behind his hand, thus registering conventional but none the less miserable confusion.

"My dear friend," went on his neighbor in the "L" train, "it's just this way. I can forgive the Catholic Church much, and as a tolerant man I do, but really her neglect of education during the 'Dark Ages' was quite inexcusable."

The apologistic Catholic sparred for time with another cough, but as there was a pause, he saw that something was demanded of him. "Of course," he murmured, smiling like a criminal at the judge who was sentencing him, "it is rather difficult to excuse, but—"

"Excuse?" spluttered his neighbor; "why, it is quite unpardonable. Certainly the function of any Church is the enlightenment of its people, and for the Church to neglect education in any age—well, you must forgive my saying so, but frankly, it quite turns me against your religion, don't you know?"

The apologistic Catholic ran his index finger between his collar and his neck, almost scorching it in the process, and looked despairingly at the passing L. station. Only three more and then 'downtown and freedom from the subject of religion. If his Church had only a stronger case educationally!

INTERFERING WITH EDUCATION

In his office the A. C. found his partner reading his paper. As he entered, the partner glared vengefully over the topmost line of print. "See the paper this morning?" he asked accusingly.

"No," said the A. C., "I was talking on the train down—"

His partner laid his paper open on his knees and marked a place savagely with his index finger. "You're a broad-minded Catholic," he said, "so you won't mind my speaking plainly. But here is an account of a new group of buildings projected by your Catholic University. Now, I don't object to your Church, not altogether; but really it seems to me it is going quite outside its field in this whole educational scheme."

He paused and the A. C. coughed just in time to save the necessity of a rejoinder. For his partner went on, emphasizing each point with a sharp rap on the crackling paper.

"Education is the function of the State, simply and solely of the State. Do you see any of the Protestant Churches interfering in education? Frankly, it looks to me like a patent attempt on the part of your Church to control the intellectual life of the country. The Church should always and everywhere confine herself to her own duties in which education is strictly not included. To speak quite plainly, the tendency of your Church to invade the educational field, now as in the past, quite turns me against your religion."

Religion was a frequent subject between them, and now as always the A. C. retreated leaving his flags and what Quaker cannon he possessed in the possession of the enemy.

TILTING WITH CHRISTIANITY

At luncheon, a customer from out of town led the conversation gradually to his pet subject of the hour, Nietzsche.

"Now Nietzsche," he went on, "had the glorious ideal of a man—a great blond demi-god, with power in his arm and steel in his heart. A man without fear and without the weakness of pity was the man of his heart. You're a Christian, I take it?"

The embarrassment of the A. C.

would have moved to pity any but a follower of the pitiless Nietzsche. For Nietzsche was a dreadful man to him. Had not the mad philosopher punctured terrible holes in the Armor of Christianity? So 'twas said there was nothing to do but shy like a colt at a yellow roadster.

"Yes, I'm a Christian, but a broad-minded one, you know—"

"Oh, I see. Well, I believe with Nietzsche that what we need is men of blood and steel, none of your weak turn-the-other-cheek sort. Christianity has peopled earth with a race of cowards, don't you know. The law of non-resistance to insult, of patience under injury is the more terrible impediment in the progress of evolution. Every great advance has been made at the point of a sword, you will remember, and frankly, the opposition of your Church to war and to active resistance is sufficient to turn me against your religion."

Nietzsche and evolution in one breath. It was adding shrapnel to chlorine gas. The A. C. signalled wildly for the waiter, and the arrival of the check saved him the dreaded necessity of answering. But he rose feeling that that chap Nietzsche was a regular ecclesiastical battering ram.

THE CHURCH AND WAR

The headlines were announcing a tremendous, and probably highly imaginative, victory as the A. C. entered the uptown L. train and saw beside a neighbor who was wide-eyed over the news. As soon as he noticed the A. C. beside him, he abandoned the occupation of absorbing news for the more pleasurable occupation of dispensing it. Finally he said:

"Just think of your Christian nations cutting one another's throats like so many savages. What has Christianity done for the world's peace? It has made men a race of warriors and armed Christian Europe to the teeth. Here's Catholic Belgium and France, and Christian Germany, and Orthodox Russia firing machine guns and praying God to help them!" He was plainly growing excited.

"But," began the A. C., "look at the Church's action in—"

"Ah," triumphed his neighbor, "look at the Crusades! Holy wars? Bah! If anything has turned me against your Church it is her constant and unequivocal defense of war."

That night the A. C. and his wife dined out. Next to him sat the principal of a High school, a maiden lady whose taste in dress and subjects of conversation were equally bizarre and deplorable.

"So you are a Catholic," she said, in a tone that matched the lemon ice before her.

"Well," he began, and he could have murdered the woman who penned their place cards, "you see—"

"Precisely," she went on. "There is a point I have always wanted some Catholic to clear up for me. You hold the Papal dominion is merely spiritual, do you not? How then do you account for the fact that the Pope has dared to dictate terms to princes and to force the pope to arbitrate? How have they dared to fling out their excommunications and their interdicts, to crown and to depose? Doesn't it look rather like unwarranted assumption of sovereignty?"

The A. C. watched his hostess with appealing eyes? She seemed on the point of rising, and if he could stave off—

"Of course, for our point of view—"

"For," continued the lady, fixing him through her lorgnette, "if anything could turn me against your Church, it is the unwarranted aggressions of its Popes."

There was a rustle, his hostess rose and the A. C. clapped his hand weakly to his heart, a saved man.

THE POPE AND ARBITRATION

Over the cigars the conversation waxed perfervid.

"I tell you," blustered a red-faced man, who in business hours handled the output of a baby-food factory, "Wilson is not the man to arbitrate this war. There is only one man who can do it, and that is the Pope. He turned suddenly to the A. C.

"You're a Catholic, are you not?"

"Yes," assented the A. C., gripping his chair hard and staring straight ahead, "but—"

"Now I don't want to offend you, but will you please tell me why the Pope doesn't interfere? If he were to step in and force these kings and kaisers and czars to arbitrate, he would make people believe he really wants peace. Why not excommunicate a few of those high and mighty potentates and interdict a few of their countries? That would bring them to time. Instead, he never lifts a hand. I'll tell you plainly, I was quite well disposed toward your Church, but the failure of the Pope to terminate this war has turned me quite thoroughly against her."

They carried the A. C. fainting from the room. Within an hour he was no more, and the post-mortem examination revealed five severe twists in his spine. The doctors said that a sixth seemed imminent, but he evidently expired from the tremendous nervous energy which was called forward to make it. So he passed away; but from his obituaries as from his life, no one gathered that he was the product of a Catholic school. For our apologistic Catholic came of a family of "weak-kneed" Catholics, who, often to the astonishment of our separated brethren, habitually choose the "fashionable" school for their children.—Daniel A. Lord, S. J., in America.

KILLING THE CALVES

PUBLIC DEMAND FOR VEAL IS THE CAUSE OF THE HIGH COST OF MEAT

The increasing cost of meat and white flour has naturally led to widespread public protest in all parts of the country—and this protest in many cities and towns invokes the aid of food commissioners and health authorities in an effort to find the cause.

Of course the butchers always come forward with a plausible reason. "This time it is claimed that the demand for veal causes the killing of calves which should be allowed to grow into regular beef." Every time you buy veal you contribute to increasing the high cost of meat," says the President of the Master Butchers in a recent convention. "The little calf which is cut down in its youth by the butcher's hand to supply the public appetite for veal would have contributed to a hungry world four hundred additional pounds of good, sound meat if it had been allowed to live just eighteen months longer."

So far as the bakers are concerned, it is easy for them to find an excuse for a small loaf at a larger price in the increasing cost of wheat. While the bakers have decided for the present not to do away with the five cent loaf, at the same time they very strongly urge the purchase of the ten cent loaf by consumers.

While these excuses and protests seem serious to some people, they have a somewhat humorous aspect to men and women who know something about food and what is needed to keep the human body up to high efficiency. As a matter of fact neither of these food commodities are necessary to human existence, or even human happiness.

There is more actual body-building nutriment in a shredded wheat biscuit pound for pound, than there is in veal or white flour bread. In shredded wheat you have all of the rich body-building material which Nature has stored in the whole wheat grain, prepared in its most digestible form.

Most persons eat too much meat and this imposes a heavy tax on the eliminating organs, such as the liver and kidneys. White flour bread is all right provided one makes up the deficiency in the proteins by eating other foods with it. In shredded wheat biscuit, however, you have a complete, perfect, well-balanced food which contains everything the human body needs, including the outer bran coat of the wheat berry, which serves the useful purpose of keeping the bowels healthy and active.

No housewife who knows shredded wheat and its food value need have any concern about the high cost of meat or white flour bread. Shredded wheat biscuit is always the same price and always the same high quality. Two biscuits served with milk or cream and fresh fruit make a complete, perfect, delicious meal at a cost of only three or four cents. Being ready-cooked and ready-to-serve it also saves the housewife all the kitchen worry and bother of preparing a meal.

MILTON'S DEBT TO THE CHURCH

In his essay on "Eugenie de Guerin," Matthew Arnold has told us of the ennobling and inspirational effect of Catholicism upon the character of the individual and upon the character of the work which that individual performs. It is true, he could not understand the real essence of Catholicism, the real reason for its nobility; but he does say that in it there is something European, august and imaginative, while in Protestantism he finds to a great degree "something provincial, mean and prosaic." He contrasts the effect which this elevating influence of Catholic atmosphere and traditions has upon the life and writings of Mlle. de Guerin with the effect of Protestantism upon an equally sincere and pious lady of a non-Catholic sect. In the acts and expressions of the latter there is not the vision or sense of beauty or depth of feeling that the former always shows.

In a not too sympathetic review, this attribute of Catholicism has again been dwelt upon by a recent writer in speaking of the work of the great English poet, John Milton; the poet who, he says, "Teutonized the 'versi sciolti' imported from Italy." The great source of Milton's inspiration, so we learn, was Catholicism. "It is this sympathy (with Catholicism and the Medieval) which explains the presence in Paradise Lost of an Anselmian theory of the Atonement. It is this sympathy which accounts for the strange intermingling of allegory with the historicity of the poem; an allegorizing tendency which is scarcely inferior to that of Gregory the Great or Guillaume de Loris, and which stirred Addison to utter astonishment."

"It is not necessary," this critic goes on to say, "to believe with Monsignor Barnes that he was a Catholic at heart and died in that faith, in order to realize his indebtedness to the old religion. His grandfather was a Catholic and his brother became one; and the fragments of emotional sympathy still lived in the determined intellectual opponent of the Papacy." (The British Review, December, 1915, p. 443.)

Chateaubriand in his "Genius of

Christianity" has cited M. Iton's poetic efforts as an example of the happy effect of Christianity upon the genius of the world. And now we know that the essence of this thought and inspiration came from that pure form of Christianity the Catholic Church. Catholics should learn to understand the beauty and nobility of their religion, not alone in a spiritual sense but from a natural viewpoint. They should seek, too, to reveal this beauty of their Church to those who live about them. It is an obligation which should not be allowed to pass.—N. Y. Catholic News.

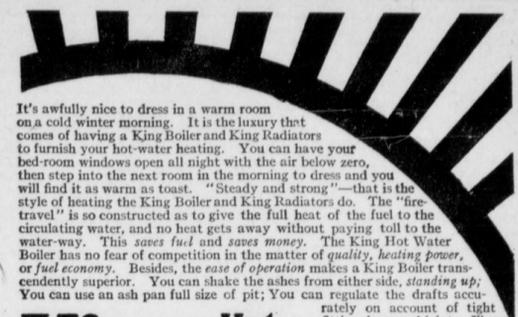
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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1916

WHAT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH HAS DONE FOR LIBERTY

While upon the battlefields of Europe, the struggle still rages between militarism and the champions of liberty, it is a fitting season to recall the fact that the very liberty of which all Britons are so proud was won for mankind by the Catholic Church. When a Briton thinks of liberty, he can hardly help thinking of "Magna Charta." That was the foundation of his liberty, so his history tells him. It was won by no atheist or freethinker. Freethinkers were few in those days. It was won in the days when England was a Catholic nation. The first meeting held by the barons to decide upon a plan to secure liberty from King John was held in a Catholic Church—St. Paul's cathedral in London, England. There was no Anglican church in those days. All over England there were Catholic churches, and the holy sacrifice of the Mass was a fact in the life of every Englishman. It was the Catholic Archbishop, Stephen Langton, who addressed the barons at that meeting, and produced before them the charter of Henry I. It was this same Catholic Archbishop who threatened King John with excommunication if he assailed his subjects by any but due process of the law. And when the English barons subsequently met at the abbey of St. Edmund, did they not each take a solemn oath, with their hands placed upon the altar rail of the church, to withdraw their allegiance to King John if he rejected their claims and to levy war upon him till he should grant them. Did not the English barons and their adherents in that famous struggle for liberty declare themselves to be "the army of God and of the Holy Church."

If the Catholic Church had never existed, it is morally certain that the majority of mankind would have been living in slavery at the present moment. When Christ came to earth, the majority of people were in slavery. Out of the population of the city of Rome, in the height of her glory, three parts of the people were slaves. Even the wealthy were slaves of the State in the fact that they had to accept a State religion. The slavery of this may be seen from the fact that a State religion may be either true or false, according as its government is religious or infidel. Once a man accepts the principle that the State has necessarily the right to dictate his religion, that man becomes a slave.

The Catholic Church is founded upon principles of liberty. She was founded to promote liberty. Pagan states were tyrants in their claim to decide what was true and false in religion, apart from Divine authority. They had no Divine revelation to guide them in their beliefs, nor any Divine mission to preach them to the world. Religion with them was merely a State matter. The whole fabric of the Roman State rested on polytheism, and the laws relating to religion being a part of the general civil code, any violation of them was considered a violation of the latter. And then came Christ, with His teaching that it was a man's privilege and duty to believe what was true.

Liberty was inseparable from the principles of the early Christians. They recognized that no one in the world had a right to tell them to believe what was false. They had seen their Divine Saviour and had been taught the truth by Him or they had been taught it by those who had seen and heard Him. They knew that the acceptance of His doctrines

meant a safe path to Heaven, and that a rejection of His doctrines meant a loss of the Beatific vision. So when persecution arose even on the part of mighty Roman emperors, it did not dismay the Christians. Nero might burn or torture them; Decius might bid them sacrifice to the heathen gods; Diocletian might order them to surrender the Holy Scriptures on pain of death—but the Christians did not yield. They preferred to die for their Master and for liberty.

There is no slavery more degrading than the service of Satan. Before the time of Christ this slavery was widespread and had been found in the highest society. Neither learning nor rank was a certain safeguard against vice. Tacitus, writing of the Romans of Nero's day, says: "Corrupting influences or subjects of corruption are to be seen everywhere; our youth is degenerating through foreign studies; the colleges are the scene of filidness and immorality, and all these vices are encouraged by the emperor and the senate, who not only give a free rein to vice, but give it their protection." Juvenal, in the sixth satire, tells us that Rome is the scene of every crime. Seneca tells us that among the Romans of his time there seemed to be a constant contest as to which could be the wickedest. And all this degrading slavery of Satan was largely removed by Christianity. From being the slaves of Satan, men became the servants of Christ. There was no degradation in this new service. It did not involve the sacrifice of conscience, or the stifling of truth. Once a man had entered the Catholic Church, which is the Kingdom of God on earth, he not only learned the truth but enjoyed liberty to believe it, and to shape his life on its model.

The work of Christianity in abolishing slavery would require many volumes of description. According to ancient Roman law, slaves were regarded not as persons but as chattels and the principle prevailed that a master could do exactly what he pleased with a slave. Slaves were not allowed to marry. They worked in chains, and when exhausted by disease or old age, were either killed or exposed in desert places to death by hunger. Crucifixion was a common punishment for slaves. Pollio, the favorite of Octavius Augustus, used to fatten lampreys (a sea-fish of which the Romans were fond) with human blood, while slaves who had offended him in any way were by his orders cast into a den of serpents. These horrors were gradually banished by Christianity. Liberty was the certain outcome of the teaching of Christ who declared that all men were the sons of God, and heirs of God. Not that the Church was ever the patron of anarchy or of disobedience to lawful government. She was founded upon principles of order but upon order in combination with legitimate liberty. The Church was to rule her children but her rule was to be permeated by the spirit of Christianity. She was to be kind and merciful like her Divine Master. Liberty dawned with Christianity for countless souls who under pagan creeds would have been subjected to countless wrongs. Strength and craft were the leading virtues of pagans. Achilles, the strong, and Odysseus, the crafty, represented the pagans' ideal of the men fitted to rule the earth. A recrudescence of this belief came with the philosophy of Nietzsche and recent unbelievers in revealed religion. No pagan religion or philosophy ever recognized the rights of the weak or infirm to enjoy liberty to live and think and speak without fear of cruelty or oppression. It was part of the mission of the Catholic Church to take the weak and the poor and the infirm and to give them their place in the sun and their proper share of liberty.

Woman was a slave by the fundamental principles of paganism. It was part of the work of the Catholic Church to emancipate woman. In woman, the Catholic Church was ever more to see an honorable member of the sex ennobled forever by the fact that the most perfect of all human creatures, the Blessed Virgin Mary herself, was a woman. Around each woman henceforth the Catholic Church was to see an actual or possible foreshadowing of the glory of a citizen of Heaven. From the holiness of Mary henceforth there was to go forth upon every woman a new atmosphere of sanctity, a new right to reverence and honor. Instead of a slave, woman, in the sight of the Catholic Church, was henceforth to be a

queen, with rights of her own to believe and follow the truth and work out her own salvation in the path of Christian liberty.

Liberty for all men, rich or poor, to play their part in the great business of preparing for Heaven, is the outcome of the teaching of the Catholic Church. The Church stands for the living wage, for fair conditions of employment, for reasonable hours of labor. Every Catholic employer knows it is his duty to pay fair wages, and to treat his employees kindly and liberally. If he does not do so, he ceases to be a practical Christian.

Without liberty, there can be no real intellectual progress. It was the liberty that Britain received through the Catholic Church that, despite all events, still lingers in her heart to-day. At the so-called Reformation, she temporarily lost that liberty, when she accepted King Henry VIII's claim to dictate the national religion. But her people know better to-day. They know that there is a realm of conscience where no civil power can enter on its own authority. Only God or His representatives on earth have authority in religion. And this haven of Catholic truth has spread to the Anglican Church, many of whose ministers are entering the Catholic Church to-day, because they are convinced she is the guardian of truth and of Christian liberty.

WHAT ARE YOUR CHILDREN GOING TO BE?

"What will my boy be when he grows up?" is a question that frequently occurs to the mind of every mother. Wise mothers are always on the lookout for some marks of the vocation for which their children are adapted. Wise mothers can greatly help their children to choose a suitable vocation by surrounding them with the influences by which a fitness for this vocation is fostered. Take, for example, the boy who shows striking signs of having a fitness for the priesthood or for the religious life. A wise mother will watch such a boy with considerable care. She will endeavor to see that everything in his home life be calculated to help him to lead a religious life. First of all, she herself will set him an example of piety by frequent attendance at church, if it be possible. She will go to Holy Communion frequently and in her thanksgiving after Mass will pray for her boy, that God may shower graces upon him. She will read to him in the evening some pious book, adapted to his capacity. She will introduce him to the Lives of the Saints, which are exceedingly interesting if intelligently read. There are all sorts of religious books which can hold a boy's attention if read by a loving mother. These readings will be precious memories for ever after in her boy's life. When she passes at length out of his life to the brighter life within the veil, he will often recall those readings, and, realizing the effect they have had upon his life, he will thank God that he had such a mother.

A child's best fortune is virtuous parents. St. Teresa opens the book of her life with a eulogy of her pious parents and by describing the influence which their example had upon her life. "My father," she writes, "took great delight in reading good books, and he had them in Spanish, that his children might be able to read them. This circumstance, together with the care which my mother took to make us say our prayers, and to show us the way of being devout to Our Lady and some other saints, began to affect me when I was about six or seven years old, to the best of my remembrance. I was also assisted by observing I should receive no favors from my parents, except I was virtuous, and they were very virtuous themselves. My father was exceedingly charitable towards the poor, and kind to the sick and infirm. . . My mother," she writes, "had many virtues, and she passed through life under great infirmities."

The influence of St. Teresa's parents was never erased from her life. From the beginning, it directed her mind into pious channels. It was his mother that St. Augustine owed his conversion, for which she had prayed for eighteen years. The part played by pious mothers, in the direction of their children's lives towards eventual sainthood would require volumes to describe.

What a child will become depends very largely upon the formation of his habits in youth. The habit of rising early each morning, is one of

the chief things needed in every child's life, if that child is ever to be worth his salt in this world. Parents should see that their children rise early. Lying in bed to a late hour is a habit that grows upon a child. The child who is allowed to lie late of a morning will become a lazy man, devoid of industry or energy. Employers want no late risers. Six o'clock is quite late enough for any healthy child to sleep. If living near a church, children should be encouraged by their parents to go to Mass before school each morning. The child who is never encouraged to go to Mass in the week day will soon begin to ask himself why he should trouble to go to Church on a Sunday. The problem of the irreligious man is often to be traced to the fact that he had easy-going parents. Wise parents concentrate their care upon making religion the chief factor in their children's lives. Wise parents know that whatever their children may become, worldly success is not worth a candle if their children have no religion. It is only part of the real question to ask: What shall my child become in this world? The remainder of the question, infinitely more important is: what shall my child be in the life beyond the grave? No vocation in life is worth a cent if it does not lead to the Beatific vision.

MILITARY CROSS TO OUR CHAPLAINS

In our issue of Sept. 2nd we referred to the distinguished honor which came to Father Ambrose Madden for heroic conduct on the field. Since that time we have received the following notes from a Catholic officer on the Battle Line.

Father Wolstan T. Workman, O. F. M., of the Franciscan Friary, Montreal, was born in Woodchester, Gloucestershire, Eng., in 1881. His father, who by the way is an Anglican, lives in Woodchester and is a Crimean war veteran. His mother became a Catholic after her marriage and brought her children into the Church with her. He joined the Franciscan order in England. Father Workman completed his studies in Paris and Rome and came to Canada in 1904. He joined the first contingent as chaplain at Valcartier. After several months at Salisbury Plains he came to France with No. 1 General Hospital, May, 1915. The following month he was posted as chaplain to the 2nd Infantry Brigade, a post he yet holds. On January 3, 1916, he was appointed the Senior Roman Catholic chaplain at the front. On June 3, in the King's Birthday honors he received the Military Cross. Unassuming and unselfish, Father Workman possesses both the confidence and the esteem of colleagues and superiors alike. Two of his brothers have been serving since the beginning of the war and a third is Rev. Father Hyacinthe, O. F. M., of Montreal.

The second to receive the Military Cross was Rev. Father J. A. Fortier, chaplain to the Canadian Cavalry Brigade. Father Fortier is a well known Quebec Oblate who for a number of years taught at Ottawa College and who was in recent years engaged in giving missions. He was with Father Workman in Valcartier and Salisbury Plains and came with the Canadian Cavalry Brigade to France in May, 1915. He has been with the cavalry ever since. His fearless services, both in the field and in the trenches, were fittingly awarded in the latter part of June by the Military Cross.

The heavy fighting in the Ypres salient during the first fortnight of June brought the Military Cross to one Canadian chaplain, Father Ambrose Madden, O. M. I. Father Madden was educated at Ottawa University. He joined the Oblate Order and was ordained priest in Ottawa in 1901. His priestly career has been spent in Missions of British Columbia. In the summer of 1915 he was appointed military chaplain to Vernon Camp, B. C., and in November went overseas. After serving a short time at No. 1 Canadian General Hospital at the base in France, he was appointed chaplain to the Second Brigade, First Canadian Division. He went through the June fighting with the Fifth Battalion, his presence being a help and an encouragement to all the men of this battalion, irrespective of creed. The Military Cross which Father Madden thereby won may be taken as an honor to him personally for his distinguished conduct to the body of Canadian Chaplains, Catholic and Protestant, whose daring and devotion to duty during the June ordeal was quite remarkable.

In The Times of August 21st, 1916, appeared the following official text of the reasons why the Military Cross was conferred on Father Madden:

MILITARY CROSS

"Hon. Capt. the Rev. Ambrose Madden, Can. Chapl., attached to Hdqrs. Staff, Can. Infy. "For conspicuous bravery under heavy fire. He assisted to dress wounds, and conducted men who had been blinded to dressing stations. He did much to cheer up the men and undoubtedly saved lives by digging men out of buried trenches."

THRIFT

In another column of THE RECORD is an advertisement by the Capital Life Assurance of somewhat remarkably attractive features.

Apart altogether from the insurance feature, apart from the educational benefits, the proposed Policy, incidentally but inevitably, inculcates the practice of the virtue of Thrift.

Thoughtlessly, perhaps, certainly without malicious intent, but none the less effectively, we are now teaching our children habits of extravagance and self-indulgence, habits directly opposed to Thrift, which is closely allied to the Christian virtues of self-discipline and self-denial.

Children receive from their parents, relatives or friends, silver bits which they immediately spend on candy, ice cream, etc. They are not reproved for it—far from that—they are given the money for this very purpose.

Later on in life when as thrifless, wage-earning youth, by a perfectly natural and logical development of habits already formed, they substitute beer and whiskey for sweets, we deplore the evil habits of the age, but do not trace the effect back to the cause. We are training our boys to be self-indulgent and extravagant, but we blame others when the training bears fruit.

We have known children who have acquired the habits of saving in very early childhood, and who derive more pleasure in putting the change which comes to them into their little banks than do others who spend every cent to gratify an acquired appetite.

This feature is of transcendent importance and we think that any observant and thoughtful man who gives the matter consideration will be more and more impressed with its far-reaching influence the more seriously he considers it.

How often priests see families, who live on a moderate salary, spend, when the wage-earning capacity of the family is doubled, every cent, without materially improving their condition.

Thrift is practically an unknown virtue amongst us. Habits of Thrift have never been formed. But—and it is a big But—habits of Spending have been formed by every member of the family since it could toddle to the store for sweets.

THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY

The Catholic people of Toronto deserve much credit for their generous support of the Church, and for their zeal in the interests of religion. Many beautiful churches have been erected or are in the course of erection, and much has been donated to charitable and educational purposes. There is one institution of which Toronto is the headquarters and which owes its origin and permanence largely to a little coterie of zealous laymen. We refer to the Catholic Truth Society. It has now been in operation for more than a quarter of a century and has accomplished untold good in giving evidence to the truth.

Perhaps there has been no time in the history of our country when there was greater need of an apostolate of enlightenment especially on the part of the laity than the present. The disruption of dogmatic religion outside the Church has left many earnest souls stranded, as it were, and looking intently for the ship that will carry them to the harbor of peace and salvation. Then again the non-Catholic soldier is returning from Europe, with his religious viewpoint very much altered. He has seen something of the outside grandeur of the Church, and he wants to know more of the beauty that is within. He has seen the effect of the religious ministrations of the Catholic chaplains, and he wants to know the secret of it. He will not always go to the priest for this information. He will seek it from his Catholic friends. Woe to them if they turn a deaf ear to his questions, if they do not cooperate with that movement of grace that may mean the salvation of a soul. To equip themselves for this work, they should review the knowledge of their religion and inform themselves of the best books or pamphlets of instruction, to meet the wants of their non-Catholic friends.

Here the work of the Catholic Truth Society comes in. It affords through organization the means, first of all, of instructing our own people, especially those living at a distance from church and priest; by providing them, at a nominal price,

with good Catholic literature. It offers, moreover, an organized front to the campaign of proselytizing that is continually going on, especially among our emigrants. Lastly, it places in the hands of the laity, in convenient form, the answers to the objections that are brought against our faith, a refutation of the calumnies that are aimed at the Church, and an explanation of her religious ceremonies and practices.

It is to be hoped that our Catholic people will rise to the occasion, and rally to the support of a society that is engaged in such truly apostolic work. By so doing they will be imitating Our Divine Lord, who said: "For this was I born, and for this I came into the world, that I should give testimony to the truth."

OUR AMERICAN CATHOLIC COUSINS

Admitting the principle "Fas est et ab hoste doceri—it is lawful to learn even from our enemy," we may be excused if we point out some lessons that we may learn from our Catholic friends across the border. The Church in the neighboring American cities is certainly making rapid strides. New parishes are being formed, school buildings erected, and even the mighty domes of majestic new cathedrals, towering aloft, attract the attention of the most casual observer. What is the fountain spring of all this? Faith. Yes, that is true. But there is something else besides faith, something that does not always accompany faith; and that is generosity. This suggests the subject of our first lesson.

There seems to be a mistaken idea among many of our Canadian people that Americans are just rolling in wealth, and that they earn their money much more easily than we do. Perhaps wages are a little higher and that there are fewer unemployed; but the average American working man or working girl is obliged to labor just as hard, if not harder, than those in the same position in Canada. These are the people that are the main support of the Church. We do not deny that the wealthy give, and, in some instances, generously; but, without the laboring class, the works referred to above would never have been accomplished. If they have been accomplished, it is because the ordinary parishioner gives generously and in a business like manner. There are many servant girls in American cities that give more to the support of the Church than some well-to-do and even wealthy Canadian families. When one hears a prosperous Canadian farmer grumbling because the Separate school rate is a mill on the dollar higher than the Public school rate, we cannot help contrasting his niggardliness with the self-sacrificing liberality of the American Catholic who pays the Public School rate and, in addition, supports the parochial school by his voluntary offerings. Nor does the latter make an everlasting boast, to be perpetuated by his children after him, of the fact that he actually paid \$50 towards defraying the school debt. No, he gives generously, says nothing about it, and is ready to give again, according to his means, when the money is needed.

Another virtue that our American cousins possess, and one that is worthy of our emulation, is the evident pride that they take in being Catholics. There is none of that speak-easy, servile spirit about them that is so noticeable among some classes in this country. They feel, to use a popular expression, that they are the people; and they would no more think of concealing their religion than of denying their allegiance to the stars and stripes. Listen to a bevy of young ladies on a street car discussing the lovely time they had just had at Father's garden party, or giving vent to their enthusiastic admiration of the beautiful service they had just attended at the close of a Forty Hours, and you catch our meaning. We would not have the reader suspect that there was any ill-mannered loudness in this. No, it was simply unconscious girlish frankness, untrammelled by false conventions or cowardice. Some of our Canadian young ladies would never be guilty of such an indiscretion. Oh, dear no! But they would have no aversion to advertising the fact that they had just been at a meeting of the I. O. D. E., or at Mrs. Gotrock's at home. When, oh when, will we rid ourselves of that cringing supineness, bred in the bone

through centuries of persecution and serfdom!

One other characteristic of American parishes is worthy of note. Lines of social cleavage are happily wiped out. If a young man or woman dresses respectably, is nice mannered and a practical Catholic, he or she has a passport to any social event. No enquiries are made as to what occupation they follow or as to the financial standing of their parents. Hence the parish is one large happy family. How different it is here! For ridiculous snobbishness commend us to some of our Canadian communities. We sometimes find in one parish three or more social sets, with very little or no reason for their existence. If the forefathers of some had been grand seigneurs under Frontenac or had fought with Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham, we could understand the reason for their aloofness. But it is not among such people that we find this spirit. Those who have a right to social preeminence are usually the ones who are most willing to occupy the humblest post in any parochial work. Apart from the uncharitableness that this spirit generates, the lack of parish unity and effectiveness that it causes, it deprives the seclusive ones of much of the joy of living and makes them very unhappy; for there is ever present to them that uncomfortable feeling that they might fall off their imaginary pedestal.

Of course our neighbors have their shortcomings. As a class they are not as well instructed in their religion as Canadians. This is not due to any lack of zeal on the part of the clergy, but to the fact that many attend early Masses at which there is no sermon, and that few of them read Catholic books of instruction. The consequence is that socialism is making sad inroads in some places among the men. Then again their mentality is very insular. They are not willing to learn from others. They have a commiserating sense of superiority that blinds them to their own defects, and prevents them from learning from other peoples. It is surprising how little the average American knows of the history or geography of even neighboring countries.

When one hears an intelligent-looking man say to his lady friends as they approach an Upper-Canadian port, "Now brush up your French," he can scarcely believe the evidence of his senses. Perhaps we learn too much about other countries and not enough about our own. Certainly our American cousins have not made that mistake. Withal they are a very charming people.

THE GLEANER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

OF THE many millions who daily peruse the War news in the papers and marvel at the colossal proportions which the great conflict has assumed there is one here and there only who is able to realize to himself just what it implies to raise, equip, sustain and feed an army such as any one of the Great Powers has put into the field. To bring this home in some measure to the average reader will be the purpose of our reflections this week and next.

THE SUBJECT has been dealt with more or less exhaustively as the War has progressed by the military and economical journals of the Old Land. In this country, too, it has received some attention, and we cannot, therefore, pretend to say anything new. We can but summarize from various official and journalistic sources such details as have been made public up to the present time. For, it must be borne in mind that the time has not yet come, nor will it until Peace has once more thrown her beneficent mantle over the world, to fully record the wondrous tale. Then and then only will it be permissible to lift the veil and exhibit to the world the mighty work that was achieved and which it will then be seen constitutes one of the most wonderful chapters not only in the history of the War but in the entire annals of the race.

TO PLUNGE forthwith into figures that fairly stagger the imagination let it be said, quoting in part from a notable article in the London Times, that during the first twenty months of the War the amount of woollen cloth required in Great Britain alone has been 90,000,000 yards, or forty-seven times the consumption in the like average period before the War. Or, to put it in another form, the material of this kind actually used

since the opening of hostilities would put a girde twice round the earth. At the same time the amount of flannel required for Britain's army and supplied to her Allies was 84,000,000 yards, or forty-one times greater than the average pre-war consumption.

IN THE matter of values the figures are impressive. We quote herein from the Times. The census of production returned the entire annual output of flannels and delaines as being 48,478,000 yards, worth £1,774,000.

AFTER SECURING the khaki worsted tissues and the flannel, came the question of making them into garments. It must, at the outset, be borne in mind that whether in training-camp, in trench or in other phase of active service, the soldier wears out his clothes very rapidly.

IN THE actual making-up of the several garments required the Army clothing factories, we are told, strained to their utmost capacity, were quite unable to meet the requirements that began to be felt the moment that the first expeditionary force made ready to cross the Channel.

IN THE department of service jackets the production has risen from the average 78,000 per annum to the amazing total for twenty months of 11,490,000; trousers from the annual 92,000 to 11,004,000; what are described as "khaki drill frocks" from 58,000 annually to 1,134,000 for the period of the War to March last; great coats from 34,000 to 4,886,000; caps from 222,000 to a total of 11,088,000; cardigans and jerseys from 77,000 per annum to 7,555,000; woolen and cotton drawers from 194,000 to 23,144,000, or 72 times the peace production; socks from 900,000 pairs per annum to 54,684,000 for twenty months of War. These

figures may help us to realize as nothing else can do, the manner in which Great Britain, under the guidance of Lord Kitchener, Lloyd George and others not necessary here to name, has come to realize the magnitude of her task in this great world crisis.

THUS FAR we have touched only upon articles of woollen or cotton clothing. There is now to be considered articles of leather, and most important of them, boots. An army without boots would in these days be a doubtful asset, and especially in the work of the trenches. The situation then in regard to boots is what one journal characterizes as "extraordinarily interesting."

THE BOOT and shoe factories in Northampton, Kettering, Leicester, and other centres of the trade were totally unprepared for the new demands, and only the most careful organization, backed by stupendous energy, made it possible for the manufacturer to undertake with safety in addition to the Nation's requirements huge orders on behalf of Allied Governments.

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THUS FAR the question of clothing Next week we shall deal with camp equipment, food, drugs, etc., another important department in the maintaining of an army.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

Incessant artillery activity, raiding of the enemy's trenches to discover how strongly they are held, the bombing of the German ammunition depots and railway centres, and various other signs of a coming storm are reported from that part of the British front between Arras and the Lys at Armentieres. These events have been interpreted as indicating the intention of General Haig to extend the offensive into the Lens-Lille district. The fourth division of the Canadians is believed to be among the troops that will be engaged in the Lille thrust, which, if determined upon, will come this time not only from the southwest by way of Lens, but also from the northwest by way of Armentieres.

The German-Bulgar invasion of Southern Roumania is still the outstanding feature of the campaign in southeastern Europe. The capture of Orsova by the Roumanians has been far more than offset by the enemy's victories at Tutukai and Dobric. By the occupation of these fortified frontier towns the Bulgars have forced their way into the Dobruja, and are now advancing rapidly upon Silistria, one of the most important places on the lower Danube. It is probable that the Roumanians have recalled some part of the large army which invaded Transylvania on the declaration of war to meet the Tenton thrust. Russian troops are also arriving at the front, and, according to German reports, have been counter-attacking the Dobric. A combined naval and military assault on Varna will be the best possible means of relieving the pressure on Roumania's Danubian towns, and as Russia has absolute command of the Black Sea it should

be arranged with comparative ease. Recent despatches from Petrograd to the Morning Post have been hinting that the Russian preparations for the Balkan campaign were on a scale that would startle the enemy when disclosed. The enemy needs startling badly in the Balkans at this moment. If the Russians have three or four hundred thousand men to throw into the fight in Southern Roumania they cannot bring them up too soon. Under normal circumstances Roumania should be able to tackle Bulgaria single-handed, even while engaged in operations on the Transylvanian frontier. The army that is striking at her southern frontier appears, however, to be a composite one of Germans, Bulgars and Turks, and as it occupies a front of about 120 miles it cannot be less than a quarter million strong. Such an invasion Roumania cannot face alone while engaged with Austria on a three-hundred-mile front.

There is no sign of a move yet from Saloniki. The artillery has been extremely active on both sides, and there are affairs involving patrols almost nightly, but nothing that indicates the imminence of General Sarraill's big push. The country over which the advance must take place is an extremely difficult one, and the valleys of the Vardar and Struma are so narrow that the hills on either side must be carried and held by the advancing troops to guard against flank attacks. The Allies have a stiff job before them, and a short period during which field operations are practicable. The probable program of the Saloniki army is one of the mysteries of the war.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

REVULSION OF POPULAR FEELING

London, Sept. 9.—It never rains but it pours, even in war as in other things. Thus the past ten days have brought about such a rapid succession of big strokes of luck for the Allies that already they begin to see visions of a much earlier termination of the war than anybody believed might be possible a few weeks ago.

The sudden entrance of Roumania into the conflict on the side of the Entente Allies; the almost equally sudden and complete transformation of the Greek situation; the happy succession of advances along the French front, cheering as they are, have no greater significance nor have they caused more universal rejoicing throughout England than the destruction of one of the huge Zeppelins which participated in the raid over the southeastern counties early last Sunday. The strength of public feeling over this incident, which is apparent on every hand, clearly reveals how burning is the rage and hatred which these savage air attacks on women and children have excited in England. At the same time, it ought to be added that a great measure of pity has been extended to the unfortunate Germans whose charged bodies mingling with the wreckage of the giant air craft shocked even the triumphant onlookers. It is creditable to English spirit that they are to be buried with full military honors.

by the aspect of the House of Commons. That body is one of the most shifting things in the world. Its mood one week may not be the same the next; indeed its mood in the early afternoon may have entirely changed by the evening. When first the Coalition Government was formed it looked for some time as if the Ministry were going to be left without any enemies; and that it could pursue its course quite smoothly and uninterrupted to the end of the war. All the men of official position had been caught in the Ministerial net; the men who made the criticism very often did themselves more damage than the Government. For instance, Lord Kitchener was enormously helped at a critical moment in his career by the violent personal attacks made upon him; otherwise there might have been much sooner the changes in ministries and other things which afterwards followed. In addition, feeling went so strongly against any washing of dirty linen during the war, that everybody who criticized the Government was supposed to be lacking in patriotism.

The change in this attitude of the House of Commons was partly caused by the House of Lords. That assembly has the enormous advantage over the House of Commons of being quite a law unto itself. In the House of Commons every member is more like a barrister or witness in a court of law—that is to say, there are certain shackles of rule and precedent from which they cannot release themselves. In the House of Lords the Lord of miracle is still dominant; the Lord Chancellor is theoretically and apparently in the same position as the Speaker in the House of Commons; but, as a matter of fact, his functions are entirely different. Nobody ever would think of appealing, for instance, from the decision of the Speaker to call one member instead of another. In the House of Lords, on the other hand, the choice of the Speaker is more or less in the hands of the Chamber itself, and occasionally I have seen divisions on the question whether one peer should address the House rather than the other, the Chancellor being entirely ignored. In the same way a member of the House of Lords can raise a discussion at any time he likes, whereas in the House of Commons time has to be found for him by the Ministry of the day, and as most of the time of the House of Commons is pledged several times over in advance, no member can get any time unless he has a tremendous backing behind him.

Finally, party ties, which are usually strong in the House of Commons, practically do not exist in the House of Lords. In the House of Commons the Party Whip can usually respond quite confidently for the vote of nine out of ten if not ninety-nine out of one hundred of the members of his Party. In the House of Lords each peer, though he have Party ties, is an independent and to a large extent an isolated being. He follows his own sweet will. He attends the House of Lords or he does not, just as it pleases him. Sometimes indeed there have been peers whose attendance in the House of Lords was so rare that the doorkeepers refused them admission because they were entirely unacquainted with their appearance.

In war time all these differences between the two Houses asserted themselves to the advantage of the House of Peers; unshackled by Party ties and by rules, each peer having an entirely independent existence, members of the House of Lords were able to debate on subjects on which the House of Commons, partly compulsorily and partly voluntarily, abstained from saying a word.

With this curious result; that the House of Commons remaining dumb and inactive about many of the things which were disturbing the minds of every man in the street, and the House of Lords, rushing to the discussion of those very subjects with frankness and freedom, the popular Chamber was not for the moment apparently to represent the public will and the public opinion, and the House of Lords seemed to be its only mouthpiece. The mouthpiece, from the assembly, consisting in the main of one caste and one creed—religious and political—was of course inevitably very partisan. In war time, however, when people are eager for news and being in a highly emotional state, anxious for the most vehement expression of their feelings, this partisanship was not very severely criticized. The main point with the public was, that there was somewhere or other in some form or other, an expression to their enormous anxieties and their worst fears, and that it was that the debates in the House of Lords gradually during this interval assumed an importance which was lacking in the debates in the House of Commons, and these debates often forced the hands of the Government. It was from the House of Lords that the impulse for the Mesopotamia and Dardanelles enquiries, for the survey of the Irish situation and for many other things, originally came. To a democrat and a believer in the omnipotence of the House of Commons, this presentation at once a curious and a humiliating spectacle. Such were the relations between the two Houses of Parliament during the first phases of the war and especially after the creation of the Coalition Ministry. In the one House there was reticence, self-restraint and general agreement, in the other and the less popular House there was frank discussion, candid

and sometimes severe criticism, and generally an attitude of vigilant criticism if not actual hostility to the Ministry. However, the balance was redressed in the central fact of British Parliamentary life, that though the House of Lords can discuss and criticize, it cannot decide on the fate of Ministers. Fifty hostile votes against the Ministry in the House of Lords do not count so much as one bad division against it in the House of Commons. Thus it was that in spite of often just criticism in the House of Lords against the Ministry, things remained pretty much in statu quo; the House of Commons lay helpless and powerless against the Coalition, and such criticism as came was regarded as either nagging or unjustifiable. Nobody could even suggest that there was a possibility of a proposition or a proposal of carrying a vote of censure on the Ministry. There were all kinds of rumors of internal dissension, and of course in a Coalition Ministry there was bound to be some dissension. As I have said already on several occasions, it looked as if the Ministry could not last. Everybody felt, besides, another great factor which enters always into Parliamentary situations in a war. It is the guns that ultimately tell in the political as well as in the military fields. A great defeat will break down a Ministry in an hour, although the hour before it had an overwhelming majority of votes on its side; and similarly a great victory would re-establish a Ministry that had been tottering to its fall. So far, therefore, as the battle-fields were concerned, there was in the first two years of the war no event, either of victory or of disaster, which stood out in such relief as to influence seriously the fate of the Ministry at home. There was, of course, a growing sense of impatience. On the Western front there was nothing but stalemate, and the stalemate on the English front which was not in favorable contrast with the splendid defense of the French at Verdun. But stalemate does not mean disaster; and even in the hours when British advance against the German lines seemed to be most difficult and most delayed, there always came news from the British front of strong optimism, and the feeling in Parliament accordingly was that things had better be allowed to drift in the House of Commons as apparently they drifted on the battle front, in the hope that a decisive moment would soon come.

Thus, then, we had this curious state of affairs; that the stalemate on the battle fronts was reflected on the stalemate in the House of Commons. There were plenty of growls, there was a great deal of criticism—more in private than in public; this Minister or that or the other was described as incompetent and impossible; and very often a week began with the certainty in the minds of many that there might be a Ministerial crisis. But a Ministerial crisis never came; and so things remained until gradually the Ministry broke somewhat from within, and some of its scattered remnants found themselves in opposition. This was the beginning of something like a real opposition on the old lines, and marked a new phase in the life of both the Ministry and the House of Commons.

SAFETY FIRST FOR HIS SON

Not long ago a minister presented himself at a Catholic university with his son. He said he had brought the boy there because he was certain that his religious ideas would not be jeopardized.

"Time was," says the New York World, commenting on the incident, "when most good Protestant folks thought that every Catholic educational institution had as one of its primary aims the 'railroading' into the Church of as many unsuspecting non-Catholic youths or maidens as might, through frailty or accident, be enrolled among its students."

POVERTY OF THE CHINESE

Taichowfu, China, Aug. 1, 1916. My Dear Friends,—The fundamental reason of all appeals for alms from a mission in China is the extreme poverty of its inhabitants. This morning a feeble old man came to me to beg entrance to the poor house or else he would have to beg his bread. How many more like him throughout China. The country is swarming with beggars. Even the workmen do not get enough to keep their families on. Imagine bricklayers, masons carpenters and tailors only getting 10 cents a day for their labor. They must live most frugally on a little rice and salted vegetables when they have work and are forced to beg when they are disabled or out of work. The only thing provided by the city for beggars is a big shed in which to sleep (on the floor) and cook their food. No firewood nor food is provided—they must beg that. Those living in the shed elect a chief, who alots to each one the part of the city he must beg in. Sometimes whole armies of beggars are formed who journey through the country in quest of food. A traveller in Kiangsi lately says he came across "a body of two thousand moving beggars. The whole countryside was alive with them; men, women and children. The people in the district lived in terror till they had passed on. A Chinese beggar will not be refused; you may frown and shout at him and you may as well do it to yourself for all the effect it has on him. No sane Chinese ever dreams of insulting a poor beggar. If he does, here is what will happen. The insulted man will immediately appeal to the leader of his company and a detachment of beggars will take up a position at the merchant's door and await developments. A Chinese beggar seems blest with time. Very few people have seen one in a hurry. His main business in life is to beg and his chief asset is patience. He could wait till money poured from a rock. The merchant pays for his insult by feeding a hundred instead, of one and the company moves on

The beggar undoubtedly has reason on his side, as in China it is perfectly lawful to beg.—North China Daily News.

The Church is doing what she can to ameliorate the condition of the poor in China but it is only like a drop in a bucket compared with what remains to be done. Only one in a thousand can be aided by the meagre funds coming from abroad. And why does not the State, the Chinese government, take a hand in helping the needy? It is desperately poor itself. It cannot pay its debts let alone assume other responsibilities. And is it not always trying to borrow foreign money to stave off bankruptcy? The whole affair looks hopeless in the extreme—poverty everywhere—and the ever recurring floods and blights to increase the misery. Such being the case is it any wonder Catholic missionaries appeal for alms? To take up collections in our congregations would be like oppression of the poor, and moreover shutting the door to pagans who, not having enough to live on as it is would be afraid to become Catholics.

Yours very gratefully, J. M. FRASER. P. S.—Yesterday I baptized a baby that was thrown at my door. I christened her Teresa and we will call her Sio huo, "Little Flower" if she lives. But she appears so delicate from starvation, nothing but skin and bones. I am afraid she will go to join her elder sister in Heaven. J. M. F.

JUDGING THE PARENT BY THE CHILD

"The Catholic schools will soon begin the scholastic year," says the Catholic Universe. "When the doors swing open, let all concerned see that the work of the schools is not impeded by their fault or remissness. Some listen, but do not heed. The careless, dilatory parent is represented by the unprepared, unequipped child. We do not need to see the home or the parent when we look at the representative—the child. The child's deportment, his dress, his attendance, his books, all form a mirror by which we see his home and his parents."

REV. DR. O'GORMAN WOUNDED

POPULAR OTTAWA PRIEST HIT BY SHELL WHILE SUCORRING WOUNDED MEN Ottawa, Sept. 11th.—Maj. the Rev. Dr. John J. O'Gorman, pastor of the Blessed Sacrament church, of this city, who went overseas some months ago as a chaplain of the Canadian forces, since assigned to the 3rd Infantry Brigade in France, has been wounded and is now in hospital in Amiens, France. The news was received in a cablegram this morning to his father, Mr. John Gorman, 459 MacLaren street. The brave young priest sustained his wound, a fracture of the left arm caused by a German shell, while engaged in bringing in the wounded from the firing line. Happily, the cablegram states that his condition is not dangerous.

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SCANDAL

A whisper broke the air. A soft light tone, and low, Yet barbed with shame and woe; Now might it only perish there, Nor further go!

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Dec. 11, 1916. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going. I am glad when I see that amount contributed in the RECORD, but when it is less I am sad to see my little reserve sum diminished and the catastrophe arriving when I must close my chapels, discharge my catechists and reduce my expenses to the few dollars coming in weekly. I beseech you to make one more supreme effort during 1916 to keep this mission on its feet. You will be surprised to learn what a great deal I am doing with \$100 a week—keeping myself and curate, 80 catechists, 7 chapels, and free schools, 3 churches in different cities with caretakers, supporting two big catechumens of men, women and children during their preparation for baptism and building a church every year. Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary. J. M. FRASER.



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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. N. M. Redmond

FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

"SEEK FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD"

"Seek first the kingdom of God." (Matt. vi. 33)

Short, indeed, but very comprehensive is our text. It contains man's entire duty. The present life is our time of probation; the future will be a reward or punishment for the manner in which we have spent the present. There is but one way of spending the present time so as to attain the reward, that is, the kingdom of God. That way is to have God constantly reign in our hearts by grace, because, this is the only sure guarantee that we will hereafter reign with Him in the glory of His Kingdom. In other words, this is to practically "Seek first the kingdom of God." No Catholic, be he rich or poor, great or humble, religious or laic, sees else in this short precept than a most indispensable obligation. The same precisely is it as to make it our business to save our souls, and the world first obliges us to make it our chief business. Who can question that every one is bound to make the saving of his soul his chief business, and to hold it above and beyond all the concerns of this life, be their importance what it may? Are not all rational creatures bound to make it their chief business to attain the end for which they have been created? Was this not the evident design of the Creator, as man's very constitution bespoke, long before our divine Lord made it a special precept? It certainly was. The consequence then of not living strictly in accordance with this precept, is to set up our own will in opposition to the will of God; it is to refuse to follow the order of Providence; it is, in fine, to frustrate, as far as we can, the design of Our Creator—the principal end of our creation. But one way there is for us to avoid this dreadful consequence, and this is, to do by choice that which irrational creatures do by impulse or necessity. They never resist the hand that made them, but serve as so many ready instruments. We are rational; we are endowed with the noble boon of free will; we can therefore either serve or swerve from the end of our creation. When the latter is the case, we are our own greatest enemies; we forfeit peace here and hereafter; we degrade ourselves.

What a noble end is that for which we were created! How perfectly in keeping is it with man's dignity to serve it faithfully! Otherwise how he degrades himself! No sooner are we in the world than our constitution begins to evidence that ere long we must of necessity go hence. There can be no room for quibble on this matter. But once in the history of the human race has the devil ventured to deceive man into the idea that he would not die. That once he succeeded, but never again has he tried the deception, because the mortality of the body, and the continual changes to which it is subject, leave no room for this gross error. The term of the life of the human body is fixed; it comprises but a small number of years, and when these years are about spent, decay and disease are the forerunners of its final reduction to its original dust. Thus ends the temporal life of the mortal part of man. But the better, the immortal part of man, his soul, never satisfied, never satisfied, are never at rest in this world, and can never be till she reaches the kingdom of Heaven for which she was created, survives forever. Does not therefore, the very nature of the soul of man teach man that the end of her existence is above and beyond this world; that God created her and stamped upon her His own Divine image, not indeed, for the ignoble end of being a slave to the body, and an accomplice to its inordinate lusts; but for that most noble end of serving Him in this life, and of enjoying Him in the next? Is it not the most noble work of a creature to serve his Creator, and is it not his sovereign happiness to enjoy Him? Hence, when man aims at aught less than serving his God, and the attaining His heavenly Kingdom, he is far out of harmony with his rank, and in quest of his own degradation. Alas, how many there are who through the abuse of that noble prerogative of free will find themselves in this sad plight! Ah! how comparatively few are governed by the short precept! How very few employ their time so as to afford grounds to judge that they make Heaven their chief business; that they really prefer it to the pleasures and concerns of this life! The kingdom of Satan seems to have spread itself over the whole face of the earth, and the highways are full of those who flock to it, whilst the one way—the way of grace which leads up to the kingdom of God, is traversed but by the comparatively few. Yes, thank God, there are those in all ranks and states, who amid the general corruption constantly keep themselves in a state of grace, and thereby walk in the only way which leads up to the kingdom of Heaven. Are we of their number? Let each one's conscience speak for itself. Can you, O Christian, I speak to that person whose conscience accuses him or her of mortal sin committed by violating one of the Commandments of God, or one of the precepts of His Holy Church,—say that you obey the precept, "Seek first the kingdom of God?" You know you cannot. For what then are you

waiting? Why do you, contrary to the cravings of your soul, contrary to the voice of your conscience, contrary to the practice of all good Christian people, and contrary to the direct precept of Jesus Christ, to "Seek first the kingdom of God," remain in such a sad state? O, my dear Christian man or woman, let me beg of you to use, at least, as much prudence in the business of your salvation as you use in the ordinary business of this life. You do not fail to insure your house because of the mere possibility that it may burn down. But why do you not insure, by keeping in a state of grace, that Spiritual temple within you your soul—against the certainty that otherwise it will burn eternally in hell? You can give no answer that will be consistent with the faith that is in you. Then insure your soul by living in a state of grace, for, thus only can you observe the precept, "Seek first the kingdom of Heaven."

TEMPERANCE

SERVING MARY BY TEMPERANCE

Love is the only coin of Christ's Kingdom and all else is counterfeit. By it alone is all the law fulfilled and by it alone are the favors of His Kingdom obtained. Many a Christian wonders that his prayers are not more profitable, who has not yet learned to pray aright. Building shrines and making votive offerings may help to make Mary loved, but they will not do. Such things may be senseless monuments to vanity rather than magnets for human hearts. The wayward son who mistakes a natural tenderness for his mother for a genuine love for her may give her houses, and automobiles, and everything that he is willing to give away. But that his mother wants his heart and the love which only a clean heart can give. She may accept the tokens of his tender thought of her, but she hungers for that gift which alone can fill up her heart's desire. So it were better that, instead of shrines to Mary and costly gifts, we give her our love and win for her the love of others.

He who protects the Blessed Mother from a single blasphemy uttered against her Divine Son; or wards off some threatening sin; or renders any service that love dictates, will do more than he can hope to do who enriches her shrines with costly gifts. Better far to get a drunkard to become sober, or to save a boy from a drunkard's fate, than to offer many novenas made for selfish ends. Not that shrines are of small value or novenas of little effect, for by them are largely fulfilled that great prophecy of Mary, "Behold from henceforth all nations shall call me blessed." But they must be inspired by love and must not fail in an intelligent appreciation of that ultimate purpose of all religious symbols—the salvation of souls.

Every pledge of total abstinence will gladden our mother by the greater assurance of safety for one more of her children. The establishment of a temperance society will bless those who ward off from her the cruel sting with which drunkenness in her children wounds her. Build up the Kingdom of her Divine Son and her maternal blessing will be upon the builders. Temperance is one of the four cornerstones of that Kingdom. Make men sober and you will make glad the heart of Mary. Let us then sing the praises of Mary with love and joy! Let us breathe in devotion to her with every breath of spring! Her month is the month of the earth's awakening! Let us be glad in these days! Let us gladden our Blessed Mother by gifts of love and thoughtful service!—Catholic Temperance Advocate.

THE PLACE FOR THE CATHOLIC CHILD

"Education is a subject of vital importance to Catholics, one to which they should give the fullest consideration," says the Western Watchman. "The Catholic Church—realizing that education exerts a strong influence for good or evil—teaches the necessity of a true education. To be true it must recognize three parts in the human make-up. The soul, the mind and the body; and give training to all three. First place must be given to the training of the soul, and mind and body must be developed in harmony with the soul, that man may exist for the honor and glory of God. The non-Catholic school does not give this threefold training, which is true education. The Catholic school does give it. For which reason parents are told that the Catholic school is the only place for the Catholic child."

THE ROLL OF HONOR

Our indefatigable, zealous and discerning chronicler of conversions to the faith, Mr. Scannell O'Neill, gives out the following list of ministerial converts in America during the past ten years, adding to each name the date, needful for knowing their standing and antecedents. Truly it is a Roll of Honor. The number is forty-five. Rev. John Holland Whitaker, priest of the Diocese of Providence; formerly pastor of Memorial Congregationalist Church, Quincy, Mass.; graduate of Boston University. Rev. Stephen Innes, pastor of St. Mary's Episcopal Church, San Fran-

cisco; graduate of the General Theological Seminary, New York; son of a clergyman (1905).

Rev. George A. Cain, curate at the Church of the Holy Innocents, Hoboken, N. J.; student at the General Theological Seminary, New York, class of 1902; son and brother of Methodist ministers (1905).

Rev. St. Ethelbert Yates, pastor of an Episcopal Church, Portland, Oregon; student at the General Theological Seminary, New York (1905).

Rev. D. H. E. Gilchrist, rector of St. Luke's Church, Roselle, N. J., and formerly a Universalist minister; Theological Seminary, New York (1905).

Rev. David St. George West (1847-1907), Protestant-Episcopal clergyman in Maryland and Littleton, Conn.; graduate of Trinity College, Hartford, 1872, and of General Theological Seminary, New York, 1874; studied for the priesthood, but died before ordination (1906).

Rev. Henry Chapin Granger (1847-1914); graduate of University of Michigan, 1871, and of Union Theological Seminary, New York, 1875; Presbyterian minister, Presbytery of Chicago, 1875-1889; Episcopal minister diocese of Chicago, 1889-1906, his last charge having been that of rector of St. Matthew's Church, Evanston, Ill. (1906).

Rev. William Emery Henkel, priest of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rector of St. Barnabas Church, Reading, Pa., until his conversion; graduate of the Union Theological Seminary, and member of the class of 1893 General Theological Seminary, New York (1907).

Rev. Dr. William McGarvey, priest of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia; graduate of the General Theological Seminary, New York (B. D. 1887); ordained Episcopal minister, 1889, and for ten years thereafter assistant to Dr. Percival at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Philadelphia; Rector of St. Elizabeth's Church, Philadelphia, 1896-1908; in 1891 mainly instrumental in founding the religious community of the Companions of the Holy Saviour (of which he was Superior-General; Chaplain General of the Episcopal Sisters of St. Mary, Peekskill, the Mother-General of which followed him into the Church with two nuns, and is now a member of Mother Drexel's Sisterhood author, (1908).

Rev. Dr. Sigourney Webster Fay, Headmaster of the Newman School, Hackensack, N. J., and priest of the Archdiocese of Baltimore; graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and of the Episcopal Divinity School, Philadelphia; successively Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, Archdeacon of Fond du Lac and "William Adams," Professor of Theology at Nashotah Seminary; member of the Companions of the Holy Saviour (1908).

Rev. Russell Jones Wilbur, priest of the Archdiocese of St. Louis, and graduate of the American College, Rome; successively Rector of the Episcopal Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul, Chicago; Archdeacon of Fond du Lac and Secretary to Bishop Weller; graduate of Northwestern University, Evanston, and Head President of the Northwestern University Settlement, Chicago; graduate of Western Theological Seminary, Chicago; student at Williams College, 1893-70 (1908).

Rev. William Leo L. Hayward, priest of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia; graduate of Nashotah Seminary; assistant at St. Elizabeth's Church, Philadelphia; member of the Companions of the Holy Saviour (1908).

Rev. Francis McFetrich (1866-1911), priest of the Diocese of Rochester, N. Y.; graduate of St. Stephen's College, Annandale, N. Y.; and of Philadelphia Divinity School; Episcopal minister; became a Catholic 1908; ordained priest 1910.

Rev. William H. McClellan, of the Society of Jesus; graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and of the General Theological Seminary, New York (B. D. 1902); assistant minister, Church of St. Elizabeth, Philadelphia; member of the Companions of the Holy Saviour (1908).

Rev. Otto Gromoll, priest of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia; rector of St. Joseph's Episcopal Church, Pullman, Ill.; member of the Companions of the Holy Saviour (1908).

Rev. Maurice L. Cowl, priest of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia; graduate of Trinity College, Hartford, and of the Berkeley Divinity School; Rector of St. Elizabeth's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, and later assistant there to Dr. McGarvey; chaplain to the Anglican Sisters of St. Mary, Peekskill, N. Y.; member of the Companions of the Holy Saviour (1908).

Rev. Edgar A. Cowan, priest of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia; successively rector of St. James Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, and assistant at St. Elizabeth's, Philadelphia, under Dr. McGarvey; chaplain to the Anglican Sisters of St. Mary, Peekskill, N. Y.; member of the Companions of the Holy Saviour; graduate of the General Theological Seminary, New York, 1904 (1908).

Rev. Charles E. Bowles, priest of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia; rector of All Saints' Episcopal Church, Ravenswood, Ill., and member of the Companions of the Holy Saviour (1908).

Rev. John G. P. Ewens, priest of the Vincentian Order, Philadelphia; born in Ireland of Protestant parents, where he was ordained a clergyman in 1890; came to this country and was rector of Holy Trinity Church, Manistee, Mich., until his reception into the Church in 1908. It is interesting to recall in this connection that Mr. Ewens succeeded Father Jewell as rector, the latter now being a convert priest of the Diocese of Grand Rapids.

Rev. Edward Hawkes, priest of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia; graduate of Nashotah and instructor in that institution; member of the Companions of the Holy Saviour (1908).

Rev. James E. Bourne, priest of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia; graduate of Nashotah Seminary and instructor in that institution; member of the Companions of the Holy Saviour (1908).

Rev. E. Howard, a Protestant minister in the Philippines, who with his entire congregation was received into the Church by the late Father Stroebel (1909).

Rev. J. Ellis Butler, Short Hills, N. J.; pastor of Methodist Churches in California and Colorado (1909).

Rev. Charles F. Uebelhoefer, Lutheran minister, Eden Valley, Minn.; graduate of the University of Heidelberg, and missionary of the German Evangelical Synod of North America (1909).

Rev. Lewis Thomas Watson, priest of the Archdiocese of New York; in religion Father Paul, Superior-General of the Society of the Atonement, Garrison, N. Y., which began as an Anglican Order and is now a recognized community in the Church under the Franciscan Order; graduate of the General Theological Seminary, New York, and of St. Stephen's College, Annandale, N. Y.; son of a clergyman; editor of The Lamp (1909).

Rev. Henry Rufus Sargent, priest of the Archdiocese of Boston, and now studying at the Benedictine Abbey of Downside, England, preparatory to establishing in this country a house of Benedictines; graduate of Harvard, and of the General Theological Seminary, New York; formerly Superior of the Anglican Order of the Holy Cross, and founder of the Oblates of Mt. Calvary (1909).

Rev. Isaac Gamewell, Tertiary of the Society of the Atonement working in Louisiana; formerly a Presbyterian minister (1910).

Rev. James A. M. Richey, graduate of Nashotah Seminary; rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Quincy, Ill.; founder and editor of the American Catholic (Anglican), Los Angeles; son of the late Canon Richey, of Fond du Lac (1910).

Rev. John Cyril Hawes, priest of an Australian diocese; an Episcopal minister in the Bahamas; received by Father Paul at Graymoor, N. Y. (1911).

Rev. R. M. Edwards, priest of the Third Order Regular St. Francis; Professor of Greek and Hebrew in St. Francis' College, Loretto, Pa., ordained 1915; graduate of Trinity College, Hartford, 1874; for over thirty years an Episcopal minister and journalist; rector of Christ Episcopal Church, Brentwood, L. I., N. Y., etc. (1911).

Rev. James L. Small, deacon in the Episcopal Diocese of Milwaukee and Secretary to Bishop Webb; graduate of Nashotah Seminary; author and lecturer (1912).

Rev. Charles Meyer, candidate for the priesthood at Seton Hall, South Orange, N. J.; in charge of St. Edmund's Episcopal Church, Los Angeles; graduate of Nashotah Seminary (1912).

Rev. Bryant Gray Harmon, rector of an Episcopal Church at Fairhaven, Vt.; graduate of Princeton University (1912).

Rev. Henry S. Dawson, minister in the Protestant Diocese of Fond du Lac, graduate of Yale University and valedictorian of his class, and of the General Theological Seminary, New York, 1904 (1912).

Mr. Foster Waterman Stears, Librarian of the Fine Arts Museum, Boston; rector of Christ Episcopal Church, Sheffield, Mass.; graduate of Amherst and of the General Theological Seminary, New York; M. A., Harvard; son-in-law of Professor Genung, of Amherst, the author of text-books (1912).

Rev. Henry Byron Sanderson, Vicar of Oakfield, Wis., and Registrar of the Diocese of Fond du Lac (1913).

Rev. Franz M. W. Schneeweiss, priest of the Archdiocese of Baltimore; graduate of Rutgers Grammar School and of the General Theological Seminary, New York; curate at St. Clement's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia (1913).

Rev. George Benson Hewetson, an English clergyman and poet who refused the Protestant Bishopric of Springfield, Ill., to which he had been elected; kinsman of the late Archbishop Benson of Canterbury (1914).

Rev. Frederick Schuchard, Lutheran minister, Dubuque, Ia. (1914).

Rev. John B. Pitcher, rector of All Saints' Episcopal Church, Orange, N. J.; graduate of Drew Theological Seminary; formerly a Methodist clergyman and son of a minister of that sect. His wife, who was received with him, is also the daughter of a minister (1914).

Rev. Francis Randall, pastor of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Dixon, Wyo. (1914).

The late Rev. Wesley Noble, Los Angeles, for forty years a Methodist preacher (1915).

Rev. Wilmoth Alexander Farmer, Atlanta, Ga.; for fourteen years a Methodist (South) missionary in

China; graduate of Emory College, 1898 (1915).

In addition to the above named clergymen, thirty candidates for the ministry in various sects have been received. One of these, Father McGuire, of the Clerics of St. Viator, was ordained this year.

A further addition to our Roll of Honor is the name of the contribu-

ting editor of the Missionary, Mr. William Sloan, M. A. of Rochester University, entered Baptist ministry 1873; missionary to Burma; afterwards missionary in Mexico for many years; author of a complete concordance of Holy Scriptures in Spanish, and of other works in the same language; converted in 1908.—The Missionary.

Advertisement for Old Dutch cleanser. Text: "After washing dishes a rub with Old Dutch makes the sink as clean as the dishes." Includes an illustration of a woman washing dishes and a can of Old Dutch Cleanser.

Advertisement for Eno's Fruit Salt. Text: "When you Rise in the Morning take a dose of ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Includes an illustration of a bottle of Eno's Fruit Salt.

Advertisement for Safford Boilers and Radiators. Text: "His Wife Was Like an Icicle." Includes an illustration of a woman and a boiler/radiator unit.

Advertisement for LUX soap. Text: "LUX Won't Shrink Woollens." Includes an illustration of a woman washing clothes and a box of LUX soap.

Advertisement for O-Cedar Polish. Text: "CONSULT THOSE WHO KNOW." Includes an illustration of a woman cleaning a floor.

Advertisement for Wilson's Fly Pads. Text: "WHEN USING WILSON'S FLY PADS READ DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY AND FOLLOW THEM EXACTLY." Includes an illustration of a fly pad.

Advertisement for Absorbine. Text: "Don't Cut Out a SHOE BOIL, CAPPED HOCK OR BURSITIS FOR ABSORBINE." Includes an illustration of a foot.

Advertisement for Stammering. Text: "STAMMERING." Includes the name of The Arnott Institute.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

PERSONALITY AND CONFIDENCE

A pleasing personality and a well-poised self-confidence—belief in one's self—are valuable qualities in business. This combination usually is the result of natural abilities of qualities, plus training and experience, in which determination plays an important part; this desirable combination may be increased and developed by persistent, intelligent and determined efforts. Believing in yourself does not mean that you necessarily are unduly egotistical. It is your duty to know your ability and to be confident about what you surely know and can do.

The world demands a considerable amount of self-thought from each of us. We must believe in ourselves, if others are to believe in us. If you think about yourself intelligently and systematically you will discover many ways of improving yourself. This will give you confidence.

Believe in yourself, without fancying that you are infallible. We all make mistakes. Believe in yourself sufficiently to make the most of yourself. Personality and individuality are increased by sound health—regular habits, careful study, conserving energy. Cultivating a pleasing personality and believing in yourself will enlarge your opportunities. If you have not belief in yourself and a pleasing, forceful personality, there is lacking that action—that agreeable manner—so essential in securing friends and patrons.

JUST FOLKS

Do you belong to the "people" or are you "just folks"? Have you personally enough, have you the individuality to stand out from the crowd, to be a "person" or would you be counted in with the "folks"?

In your work, in your play, in your home, are you a real, vital force or are you colorless, one of the "folks" who don't count, a creature so lacking in strength, in vitality that you make no impression?

If you are so neutral as that it's your very own fault. You weren't born that way. You have an individual soul, an entity—we presume you have a mind, but quite evidently you are not using it, not giving it a chance to do its work or you couldn't be passed by, you couldn't be forgotten, some individual characteristic would stick out, would mark you, make you one of the people, not one of the folks.

It is the people who do things, who are impressive, forceful, who make themselves felt—folks just drift along, they herd with the crowd like sheep.

It is the people who think and work, who plan, who get ahead. Folks never have any ambition. They don't aspire to a place in the sun; they don't attempt to mold their own destiny; they stick where circumstances planted them and never pull themselves out of the rut. They do things as their fathers and grandfathers did them; they never progress. They are sluggish, torpid, not easily stirred out of their lethargic state.

But people! Nothing daunts them, they reach out, they pull themselves up, they have with them the elements of success—determination, ambition, hard work, a restless spirit that constantly goads them into greater and greater activity.

WHY HE IS WELCOME

Who has not felt the uplift, the refreshment that comes from the sight of a cheery, smiling face!

I have in mind a sunny soul who sometimes drops in to see me when I am too busy that I do not know which way to turn. But I do not remember ever being so busy as to regret this man's call, for he brings with him a care-free air that is like healing balm, and wherever he goes he leaves sunshine behind him. He scatters his flowers as he goes along, for he knows he never will go over exactly the same road again.

There is an invitation waiting for this man wherever he goes just because he has the lovable, cheery nature which everybody admires. If he had a mean streak in him; if he had a sour, sullen disposition, if he went around with a long sad face no one would want him.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A NEWSBOY'S FIND

By L. Jones, in The Leader, San Francisco.

Many years ago a merchant was occupied in the lunch room of a railroad station without failing to keep a close watch on his satchel. Perceiving, after moments, that his train had unexpectedly begun to move, the traveler arose suddenly, ran for the departing car, caught it and dropped into a seat, but also to spring up again in great excitement. After all, the small bag had been forgotten and left behind. He had hardly arisen when a boy, who had also jumped on the moving train, rushed in.

"Here, Mister!" he cried, "here's what you left in the lunch room!"

A second later the youngster, at no small risk to himself, had jumped off.

All this was done so quickly that the owner of the bag hadn't recovered enough from his surprise to do or say anything at all. As soon, however, as the man was able to speak, he exclaimed, "What an honest lad!"

Of course, the lad was honest! He had returned a great deal of money which he could have kept. For

while the find was every dollar of it left untouched, the bag itself had been carried wide open into the car. It was clear therefore, that the youngster had looked within and knew just exactly what he was returning to the owner, even at the risk of his own life.

Now, the traveler, being a good hearted person, was much upset by the thought that a youngster should have acted toward himself dishonestly without receiving any reward, and his one thought was to make some suitable return as quickly as possible. But for this it was necessary to find the money finder, a thing that proved more easily planned than done. The gentleman could only describe the lad as a bright looking fellow of about fourteen, poorly dressed, and wearing a small square of brown cloth on his half naked breast. This description was sent back to the station where the money had been returned, but the youngster, like the description belonged was not to be found. As for the small square of brown cloth, the railroad people answered that it was worn by newsboys about the station, none of whom, however, had turned out to be the lad wanted.

The honest money finder, they said, could not have been one of the boys regularly about the depot, but was some chance visitor who happened to be on hand that particular day.

Much disappointed at this report, the gentleman felt constantly a growing regret for having let himself appear thankless. In the course of time, indeed, the matter weighed on him so heavily that, could he have seen any possible way of bringing his missing young friend to light, he would willingly have spent in the endeavor all of the one thousand dollars that had been returned.

A little later the merchant, while in a store charged upon some of the brown cloth articles, the scapular, of course, that had been worn by the missing lad, and at once inquired concerning them. Learning that they were used by Catholics, he asked for a point that would explain the practice.

"I have a book on the Catholic religion," answered the dealer, "but I am not sure whether it tells about these particular articles or not." So saying, the dealer handed the buyer a large catechism. The inquirer read the catechism through, and learned from it a great deal about our religion without, however, finding just what he sought. Afterwards, coming across a print treating of the scapulars, he learned that they are a simple way of showing honor to the Blessed Virgin, and became much interested in reading how the devotion began.

In the early days of the Christian Church there were religious men gathered on Mount Carmel, in the Holy Land, the land where our Lord lived and died. These men, who took upon themselves the special duty of honoring the Mother of God, were called then, as now, the Carmelite Fathers. In the course of time people wishing to be connected with the Blessed Virgin in honoring her purpose some part of the brown habit of clothing, and were permitted to use that portion of the brown habit which cover the shoulders and is called the scapular. The scapulars worn by the Carmelites themselves are large enough to be considered small cloaks, but those used by other people were, for convenience sake, cut smaller, as we now have them. Resting on our shoulders, they make us as being like the Carmelites, special servants of the Blessed Virgin.

The gentleman learned further of a belief held by the Catholics that the Mother of our Lord had promised those who wear the scapular a special protection. In fact, the good man was told by a Catholic acquaintance that if one would be of the true faith he is obliged to believe that the promise of special protection has certainly been given.

Now, as all of you ought to understand, this acquaintance was entirely mistaken. That the wearing of the scapular with the Blessed Virgin's special guardianship is by no means an article of faith binding on Catholics. It is what we call a pious belief—something that the Church simply permits Catholics to hold. However, since confidence in the scapular is permitted, one is clearly justified in wearing it with a hope that it may bring protection while he is swimming or in any other way exposing his life to some danger.

Meanwhile, as should be carefully noted, the great promise the Mother of God is piously believed to have made in favor of our devotion is far more precious than that of merely shielding us from earthly harm. As you will be pleased to learn, the books our Protestant friend read in order to understand the scapular taught him something of far greater importance—the truth of our holy religion. And so it happened that after learning all about the small square of brown cloth, the inquirer became a Catholic and wore it.

More than forty years after these events, the merchant, by that time an old man had become the owner of a gold mine in California. This property brought in little money, chiefly because the men working it were dishonest. The owner tried one agent after another, with the same poor results. Finally he became anxious to sell out and gladly received an order from a well-to-do ranchman living in those parts. Hearing that the would-be purchaser was regarded as being strictly honest the merchant laughingly remarked

"I do not believe there is an honest man living within one hundred miles of my California property."

However this dark view of Pacific coast character proved to be wrong. Having received an offer of \$25,000, the mine owner at once wrote back: "Yes, I will sell at that price."

But great was his amazement on reading later the following letter from the Western man:

"Dear Sir: I have received your note consenting to sell for \$25,000. However being well up in mining, I have just examined the property more carefully than before and find it far more promising than it seemed at first. For that reason I wish to raise my offer from \$25,000, to \$35,000, and do so without any risk of paying too much."

In receiving this note than honest treatment, the millionaire could only think of what happened long years before.

"Here!" he exclaimed, "is another honest mortal! When one turned up at my side nearly fifty years ago, I let him slip away without receiving even a word of thanks. Now, however, I'm going to take my man in time and treat him as he deserves."

Accordingly the delighted owner wrote:

"Dear Sir: Your unspeakably kind note has given me more pleasure than could be had from the price you offered. But, under the circumstances, I cannot bring myself to sell at all. Instead of so doing I am going to ask you to run the mine for both of us and to accept for yourself one half of all the profits."

The merchant received splendid returns for this big hearted act. His property began at once to yield such large gains that even the half share given the ranchman was hardly felt, and finally the old gentleman, who had formerly been ready to sell in disgust, came to think so much of the mine and of every worthy person working it that, even in extreme old age, he took a trip to the Pacific Coast in order to see things there for himself and to have the pleasure of better acquaintance with the excellent partner chosen in such an interesting way.

When the visitor entered the other's ranch house the first thing he noticed was a pair of brown scapulars on the wall; they were kept behind glass and in a frame.

"You seem interested in those pious objects," said the ranchman. "Yes, and with reason," replied the visitor, "for it was wholly through the scapulars that I was led to become a Catholic. But tell me," he continued, "why is it that you have a pair framed in this unusual way?"

"I shall explain with pleasure," remarked his partner. "You must know when a lad I was guilty of considerable stealing, and, in fact, was beginning to be an out-and-out thief, until one evening I went to confession and made up my mind to be done with that sort of thing. The priest then enrolled me in the scapulars, using the very one on the wall. They are, therefore, the first that I ever wore. This enrollment moved me to kneel at once and ask of the Blessed Mother help to become a thoroughly honest boy. The needed help was granted most abundantly."

"The very next day brought me the best chance for a young crook that you could imagine. I struck a regular bonanza—had the thing in my hands and could have got off with every bit of it. At that moment there was a big difficulty in being honest, but, thanks to the Blessed Virgin's prayers, no crime followed. Knowing where to find the owner, I straightway returned all of the lost money, and from that day to this have never felt like stealing a single cent."

"Dear me!" spoke the millionaire, "you cannot imagine how it stirs me to hear of your honest act. Happy, indeed, would I be if you could only tell me that it took place forty-eight years ago and in Washington!"

"But that's exactly the when and where of it," exclaimed the agent. "Forty-eight years ago and in Washington."

"At the Baltimore and Ohio depot?" "Yes, at the Baltimore and Ohio depot."

"You were the newsboy?" "I was."

"The money was forgotten in a travelling bag, and to deliver it you jumped on a moving train?" "Just so."

And then the former newsboy received the thanks that had been kept warm for him for half a century gone.

"It is truly wonderful," exclaimed the old merchant, "that you and I, having become such close friends, should now suddenly find that so many years ago, we were the actors in a most interesting and edifying affair, an affair, indeed, that brought me even the great blessing of becoming a Catholic. Truly, we ought to do something in the way of celebration. What shall it be?"

"Let us build a church," returned his partner. "We now have quite a number of Catholic families connected with the mine, and some of them have been saying it is time for us to have a priest of our own."

"That's exactly the thing," said the elder gentleman, "we'll build a church with our money, and if the Bishop consents I shall give the church its name, for I have a good one in mind."

"And I," spoke the ranchman, "have the same good name in mind. Why, there's only one way of calling a house of God built with your money and mine. As a matter of course, it must be known as the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel."

CARDINAL FARLEY

ON NECESSITY OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me." Since Our Saviour uttered these words eight upon twenty centuries have passed and many generations of little children have been born into the world. Yet in all that time no other religious body professing to follow the teaching of Christ has remotely approached the Catholic Church in the literal acceptance of and obedience to this one of His commands. Among her most distinctive and distinguishing activities has been the way in which, as soon as she was in a position to address herself systematically to the problem of education, she has upheld courageously the right of children to receive from the very beginning of their mental lives a thoroughly Christian training and her refusal to divorce this training from secular studies. And there are not wanting instances of thoughtful men and women who have been led to accept her as the representative and mouthpiece of the Son of God because of her tender motherly care of His little ones. And now, at a time when faith is becoming weak and in a land where countless boys and girls are being brought up without any knowledge of God or heavenly things, Catholics are more determined than ever that these words of Our Lord shall not be made void, and that no manner of temporal sacrifice shall deter them from providing in the Catholic school an avenue by which the little ones shall be brought closer to Christ.

FALSE MORAL STANDARD

The Church's position in this matter is simple and clear. Since we are commanded to love God with our whole heart and with our whole soul and with all our mind and with all our strength it follows that religion is not a matter that concerns only certain types of character nor a thing to be restricted to certain times and places, but is the duty of every human creature at every moment of his life. It is not to be confined within the walls of a church, but must permeate all our activities, social, intellectual, economic. As St. Paul tells us, "Whether you eat or drink, or whatever you do, do all for the glory of God." And it is the forgetting of this and the unnatural separation of religion from the every day affairs of life that has begotten that false morality which would set up one standard for private pursuits and another for public relations, which would allow a man to be godless in business on week days provided he was externally devout on Sunday. And nothing has done more to foster this pernicious idea than the establishment of a school system that tries to impart an intellectual training without any reference to the God that gave the intellect, thereby creating, subtly but surely, the impression that the Supreme Being—if He exists at all—has no share in secular knowledge or in the things of this world. On the contrary, the Catholic Church maintains that if the child is to learn and fulfill his duties toward his God and his country his early education must include moral training, and that not simply as an accomplishment, but as an all pervading influence, the very foundation of all other training, and that if circumstances ever make the choice necessary the claims of the more important discipline shall be given the precedence.

RELETTING RELIGION

This has been strongly expressed by the fathers of the Third Plenary Council in Baltimore, in that passage of their pastoral letter wherein they say: "To shut religion out of the school and keep it for the home and church is logically to train up a generation that will consider religion good for the home and church but not for the practical business of life. But a more false and pernicious notion could not be imagined. Religion in order to elevate a people, should inspire their whole life and regulate their relations with one another. A life is not dwarfed but ennobled by being lived in the presence of God. Therefore the school which principally gives the knowledge fitting for practical life ought to be pre-eminently under the influence of religion." Such is in part the unanimous voice of the American Episcopate on the place of religion in education, and it requires but an elementary acquaintance with the history of education, from the days of Clement and Origen at Alexandria, down through the period of medieval cathedral and monastic schools to our own time, to enable one to perceive that these words are but the echo of the mind of the Church throughout her career. She has always claimed and exercised the right to supervise the training of her children in the formative years of their lives, surrounding them with religious influences from the start, and we may say that the story of civilization is the record of her efforts on behalf of Christian education.—Hartford Transcript.

THE HOLY NAME BUTTON

"At first," says the New World, "we did not even know that the young fellow was a Catholic. We only knew that he was remarkably clean cut, and that although employed on a job which afforded every opportunity for roughness and profanity he seemed always the manly gentleman. Then, one day, we spied a button of the Holy Name Society fastened to the lapel of his coat, and the secret was explained. What the Holy Name Society means to that young man it means to thousands of others. It represents one of the most virile moves in the direction of personal holiness in which we of modern times have been privileged to share. It makes its appeal to Catholic men of every station and age and race. It incites to reverence for God, and the man who reveres God will reverence himself and those with whom he is associated. It would be a fine idea for every Catholic girl who engaged to be married to demand of her fiancé that he join the Holy Name Society."

BUFFALO SCORES DRINKING BY WOMEN AND GIRLS

TREATING HABIT ALSO CONDEMNED BY CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION

The growing tendency of women and girls to drink intoxicating liquors and the national habit of treating to intoxicants were condemned in resolutions which were adopted at the forty-sixth convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union which was formally opened last Wednesday morning in St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D. C. The resolutions further re-affirmed the adherence of the organization to the sound principle of Christian self-denial, fortified by prayer and the sacraments.

The following statement was issued by the executive council of the union: "In view of false and misleading statements frequently made regarding the attitude of the Catholic Church, in regard to the use of and traffic in intoxicating liquors, we call attention to the formal and official utterance of the third plenary council of Baltimore, in which the faithful are solemnly warned against the many dangers incident to the use of intoxicating beverages and those engaged in the sale of intoxicants are exhorted to choose a more appropriate way of making a living."

Dr. William J. Kerby, professor of sociology in the Catholic University, spoke at one of the business sessions of the convention and said that "intemperance will have one of its eyes knocked out when the 'treating evil' is done away with in the United States." Drink, the speaker said, was the cause of poverty, rather than poverty being the cause of drink. He advised the delegates to get "practical politicians" within the organization, "who can do much toward organization and get the right sort of publicity."

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C. M. B. A.

**THE SEVENTEENTH TRIENNIAL CONVENTION**

The most momentous Convention in the history of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of Canada, held its closing session, after three days in the City of Quebec, last Friday morning at 3 a. m. with the election and installation of the Grand Officers.

In addition to the Grand Officers, there were 157 credentialed delegates present, less than one half the number at former Conventions, this latter fact is due to the amended constitution, whereby only branches of 25 qualified members or more were entitled to representation. Another feature of the smaller representation is the reduction of the cost of Conventions, as it is estimated that the sum of \$8,000 will be saved the Association in the cost of the Convention just closed.

The uneasiness resulting from the increase of rates and causing the loss of part of the older membership was proven to have been unavoidable, as a select committee, chosen from the floor of the Convention, and composed of men strongly opposed to the drastic increase of rates, reported that the readjustment of rates was necessary, just and inevitable.

Mr. Barnard, the Actuary, presented a comprehensive and detailed report of his investigations and his findings were approved of by the Government Insurance Department, who also in a letter from Mr. Finlayson, Government Actuary, endorsed his judgment that the rates adopted would place the C. M. B. A. on an actuarially solvent basis permanently.

Owing to the large withdrawal from membership a revaluation of existing policies was recommended by the Committee and adopted by the Convention and ordered forthwith. While it was admitted by all that the increased burden was heavy and impossible to be borne by some of the older members, it was not generally known that this burden would have been still greater had not the sum of \$400,000 been distributed and apportioned on the policies of all members in good standing sixty five years of age and over, and should the revaluation now in progress, show an available cash surplus, it will be used in a similar manner, for the relief of members initiated prior to 1907, fifty-five years and over.

Next to the question of rates, that of the Association's Executive was the most interesting and important. The almost universal desire for a change and the wishes of the old executive to retire was apparent soon after the session had opened, the positions of Honorary President, Honorary 1st Vice and Honorary 2nd Vice Presidents, were created and conferred upon the Hon. Justice M. F. Hackett, Hon. A. D. Richard and Bernard O'Connell, Esq., respectively. The elections resulted in an entirely new personnel to the Grand Offices as follows: F. J. Curran, K. C., Grand President, Montreal; A. E. Vigneault, 1st Grand Vice-President, Bathurst; N. B. W. G. Sutherland, 2nd Vice-President, Smith's Falls, Ont.; John J. Behan, Grand Secretary, Kingston, Ont.; William J. McKee, Grand Treasurer, Windsor, Ont.; Grand Trustees, James I. Brady, Montreal; W. E. Farrell, Fredericton, N.B.; B. A. Bourgeois, Moncton, N. B.; H. E. R. Stock, Toronto, Ont.; John A. McDougall, Glace Bay, N. S.

The appointments of Grand Solicitor and Grand Medical Examiner, will be made in October by the new board of Trustees.

As a direct result of the Convention, confidence in the C. M. B. A. has been re-established and an active educational campaign on sound fraternal insurance has been inaugurated.

**MAN'S GUARDIAN ANGEL ON EARTH**

Woman is the guardian angel of man. She sets before him an example of all that is pure and elevated, all that is tender and loving, of every unselfish and generous virtue. She draws him by the cords of love to overcome his coarser and ruder nature. She consoles him in misfortune, animates him in discouragement, checks and softens him in the moment of triumph and prosper-

ity. It is hers chiefly to care for the sick, to relieve the poor, to comfort the wretched.

Oh, the greatness, the beauty, the blessedness of true Catholic women! More lovely in her soul than the morning dawning, purer in her heart than the untrodden snow, braver and stouter her unconquered spirit than armies with their rifles and machine guns! She is tender and patient and loving and faithful and true with the charity and truth of Christ Himself.—Rev. J. Havens Richards, S. J.

**DEATH OF MRS. McGRATH**

There passed away at her home at Eganville, Ont., on Sunday, Aug. 27, one of earth's noble women! More than a morning dawning, purer in her heart than the untrodden snow, braver and stouter her unconquered spirit than armies with their rifles and machine guns! She is tender and patient and loving and faithful and true with the charity and truth of Christ Himself.—Rev. J. Havens Richards, S. J.

The late Mrs. McGrath possessed a most beautiful character, and enjoyed the respect and love of all who knew her. But in her own home she most manifested her qualities of mind and heart. Her patience and resignation in trials, her generous self-sacrifice, and her mild and gentle manner are an inspiration for her bereaved children. Of her can it be truly said, "Her children rose up and called her blessed." During her illness she was faithfully attended by her parish priest, and there is little doubt that she has heard those words, which she ever kept before her in all her trials. "Well done thou good and faithful servant; because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will place thee over many things."

The deceased, whose maiden name was Margaret Grace, was born at Almonte fifty-seven years ago, a daughter of the late James Grace and his deceased wife, Mary Foley. Thirty-two years ago she married Michael McGrath who survives with a family of six children. They are Ignatius and John in Arran, Sask.; Morgan of St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Matthew, Mary and Loretto at home. The funeral, which was a very large one, took place on Tuesday morning to St. James Church, where High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father O'Gorman who also delivered an eloquent discourse on death. After the chanting of the Libera the remains were conveyed to the cemetery and interred in the family plot. R. I. P.

**SETS PRESBYTERIANS RIGHT**

**ON VIRGIN BIRTH OF CHRIST**

Rev. Dr. Frederick N. McMillan, (Presbyterian) From the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune, June 19, 1916.

"To the careful and sympathetic student of revelation the virgin birth of Jesus is a beautiful and logical fact. The seer of Israel looked down the centuries and saw the incarnation of the Son of God. He said 'Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son and shall call his name Emmanuel.'"

"A supernatural being has a supernatural advent into the world. Matthew and Luke in no vague or obscure way, but as integral and essential parts of their records, give the narratives of the virgin birth."

"Matthew says: 'When his mother Mary had been betrothed to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child of the Holy Spirit.'"

"Luke says: 'The angel said to a virgin, thou shalt conceive and bring forth a son and shall call his name Jesus, and the holy thing which is begotten shall be called the Son of God.'"

"Evidently the virgin birth of Jesus is not a theory to be argued, it is a fact to be believed and proclaimed when the Bible says that God created the world out of nothing by the word of His power; that Jesus raised Lazarus from the dead; that upon His sacrificial cross He redeemed the world; that He rose from the dead the third day; that He was born of the Virgin Mary, the Bible means exactly what it says. To a capable and logical mind it is apparent that in order to be consistent the one who refuses to believe in the virgin birth because of the unusual and supernatural elements involved must reject all that is unusual, supernatural and miraculous in the Bible."

"What may be termed the divine philosophy of the virgin birth is revealed in two considerations—the first that so great was the guilt of sinning humanity that God Himself must suffer and atone for the sins of the world; becoming incarnate it must be made clear that while He was man He was also God—hence the supernatural conception and the virgin birth; the second, that only a perfectly sinless Saviour could redeem the world; there must be no inherited or imputed sin in the perfect nature of the redeemer, hence the virgin birth."

"The ministers and the members of the Presbyterian church, with almost no exception, believe in and teach the virgin birth of Jesus. If a pitifully small minority does not, that is their misfortune; it is not the fault of the Lord, the Bible, or the Presbyterian church."

"The General Assembly at Atlantic

City called attention to its deliverance in 1910, that 'it is an essential doctrine of the Word of God and of our standards that Our Lord Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary.'"

"To this statement of belief the commissioners of New York Presbytery, including its Moderator, pledged their loyalty and that of their presbytery, and pledged further that their presbytery would not in the future ordain to the Presbyterian ministry young men who have not mental caliber and spiritual grace enough to understand that the Bible means what it says about the virgin birth of Jesus and all other matters."

The great creeds of Christendom, the Apostles' and the Nicene Creed, the Augsburg and Westminster Confessions and the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England all declare their belief in the virgin birth. The highest and the finest productions of literature reveal the faith of multitudes. Canon Farrar in his 'Life of Jesus' says: 'As one stands moved by emotion in the Chapel of the Nativity and looks upon the silver star in marble, surrounded by sixteen ever burning lamps and encircled by the inscription, 'Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus Est,' he has a picture painted in the colours of heaven of the sinless birth of the Redeemer of Men."

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born beyond the sea, With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me."

"Art has paid its tribute to the virgin birth. Who can look upon Raphael's 'Madonnas' and not believe that a divine fact was the inspiration of their creation?"

"Music has rendered its symphonies in honor of the virgin birth. Who can listen to the strains of the 'Adeste Fideles': 'God of God, light of light, very God begotten, O come, let us adore Him, Jesus Christ, the Lord,' and not believe that a divine fact was the inspiration of such harmonies?"

"Such a Christ we worship, such a Lord we follow, to such a Saviour we ascribe the glory and the praise of our redemption."

**SOBRIETY BY CONVICTION**

In an address delivered at the forty-sixth annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, Archbishop James J. Keane emphasized a lesson that is much needed in these days of prohibition by civil statute. He warned his audience that men must be made sober by conviction, not by legal enactment which disregards the very crux of the whole problem, weakness of character.

The drunkard is such by an act of the will, and the will is an elusive faculty, far beyond the reach of statutes. Though law may prevent the sale of intoxicants, yet it does not abate the passion for drink. As a consequence, men who are sober by compulsion only are apt to give themselves to vices as destructive as drunkenness. They cannot indulge their passion in one way, but it will find an outlet in a thousand other ways. It would be a blessed thing if all people were temperate to the last degree, but this boon must be brought about by voluntary self-denial which is founded on love of God and not on fear of law. This has been the central idea of our most successful apostles both of temperance and total abstinence, priests like that flaming sword, Father Mathew, of whose work Archbishop Keane says:

"I saw communities in my boyhood who, when they wanted to reform, knelt down in reverence and pledged to God their word that they would never taste drink again, and to-day, throughout America, you can shake the hands of men who took the pledge from Father Mathew and have still kept it unbroken. It has made innumerable communities prosperous and honored, and it is winning favorable consideration from those outside our faith who are interested in movements for the betterment of man and for a truer and greater America."

Men knelt in reverence and out of the fulness of adoring hearts swore unto God that they would never drink again. Their souls belonged to the idea of educating a child with a view to his eternal welfare. The tendency to-day is to acquiring wealth, to display, and to worldly interest generally. On all sides this false education is being extolled. "To get there" is the motto. How does not matter? So the child is forced through a system that cultivates intellect and muscles, but not the soul. What lasting good can come from such a system? Bishop McFaul puts the pertinent question:

"Amid the storms of life what will become of him whose intellect alone is disciplined, if he be not hallooed by religious training? Of what use to be expert accountants, skillful speculators, able business men 'Captains of Finance' if we have no conception of the rights of God and man, are ignorant of the obligations of the ten Commandments, and bereft of the means which the Almighty has established for the express purpose of conquering temptation, of controlling the furious assaults of the passions and without the inclination and the strength to lead a virtuous life?"

The Bishop emphasizes the truth that it is well to be learned, polished and cultured, yet it is far more necessary to be God-fearing, to recognize that on a day of reckoning man must account for the acts of his life. The moral law, the decalogue, furnish the strength and stability of nations. George Washington insisted on this truth, in the following advice to his countrymen:

"Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness—these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician,

equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles.—Sacred Heart Review.

This problem is not new to the Church. It reaches back to the first days of her existence. Her solution now is as it was then, prayer and the Sacraments, not statutes which drive the vicious to new excesses and deprive the virtuous of legitimate liberty. By prayer and the use of the Sacraments the self-indulgent Roman became the confessor of the catacombs or the martyr of the arena; by prayer and the use of the Sacraments the wassal-eleging Saxon was transformed into the gentle ascetic; by prayer and the use of the Sacraments all men will be rendered at least temperate. Thus does the Church work: of the half-brute she makes the whole man; of the whole man she makes the saint.—America.

Woman trained in the school of Jesus Christ and filled with His spirit is called to exercise the most beneficent and salutary influence on the family and on society.—Leo XIII.

Beyond our power of expression rests the eternal silence of thought.

**DIED**

McDONALD.—At Monkland, Ont., on August 9, 1916, Mrs. Angus J. McDonald, formerly of Penetanguishene, aged seventy-eight years and eight months. May her soul rest in peace.

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**END OF EDUCATION**

"Here is the object to be kept unceasingly in view," says the Right Rev. James A. McFaul, D. D., Bishop of Trenton, N. J. "The Kingdom of God and His justice." That man may possess these is the supreme purpose of his life on earth:

If then we would have a true idea of education, of the Christian school and of the benefits it imparts, we must judge them by this standard. It applies equally well to the primary school, the college and the great university, for they are all only means to an end. These questions, therefore, are paramount. Does our education bring us nearer to God? Do the teachers, the equipment, the studies, the discipline, all minister to the entire well-being of the scholar? In a word does the educational training received make us physically, mentally, morally and religiously healthier and stronger? If it does not it is a failure: nay more, it may be a danger, a hindrance, and even an obstacle to our present and future happiness.

Too many attach little importance to the idea of educating a child with a view to his eternal welfare. The tendency to-day is to acquiring wealth, to display, and to worldly interest generally. On all sides this false education is being extolled. "To get there" is the motto. How does not matter? So the child is forced through a system that cultivates intellect and muscles, but not the soul. What lasting good can come from such a system? Bishop McFaul puts the pertinent question:

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"Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness—these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician,

equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles.—Sacred Heart Review.

This problem is not new to the Church. It reaches back to the first days of her existence. Her solution now is as it was then, prayer and the Sacraments, not statutes which drive the vicious to new excesses and deprive the virtuous of legitimate liberty. By prayer and the use of the Sacraments the self-indulgent Roman became the confessor of the catacombs or the martyr of the arena; by prayer and the use of the Sacraments the wassal-eleging Saxon was transformed into the gentle ascetic; by prayer and the use of the Sacraments all men will be rendered at least temperate. Thus does the Church work: of the half-brute she makes the whole man; of the whole man she makes the saint.—America.

Woman trained in the school of Jesus Christ and filled with His spirit is called to exercise the most beneficent and salutary influence on the family and on society.—Leo XIII.

Beyond our power of expression rests the eternal silence of thought.

**DIED**

McDONALD.—At Monkland, Ont., on August 9, 1916, Mrs. Angus J. McDonald, formerly of Penetanguishene, aged seventy-eight years and eight months. May her soul rest in peace.

**TEACHERS WANTED**

QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR SEPARATE school section No. 4, North Burgess. Salary \$60 per annum. Apply to R. T. Noonan, Sec. Treas., Stanleyville, R. D. 2, Ont. 1916-2

**END OF EDUCATION**

"Here is the object to be kept unceasingly in view," says the Right Rev. James A. McFaul, D. D., Bishop of Trenton, N. J. "The Kingdom of God and His justice." That man may possess these is the supreme purpose of his life on earth:

If then we would have a true idea of education, of the Christian school and of the benefits it imparts, we must judge them by this standard. It applies equally well to the primary school, the college and the great university, for they are all only means to an end. These questions, therefore, are paramount. Does our education bring us nearer to God? Do the teachers, the equipment, the studies, the discipline, all minister to the entire well-being of the scholar? In a word does the educational training received make us physically, mentally, morally and religiously healthier and stronger? If it does not it is a failure: nay more, it may be a danger, a hindrance, and even an obstacle to our present and future happiness.

Too many attach little importance to the idea of educating a child with a view to his eternal welfare. The tendency to-day is to acquiring wealth, to display, and to worldly interest generally. On all sides this false education is being extolled. "To get there" is the motto. How does not matter? So the child is forced through a system that cultivates intellect and muscles, but not the soul. What lasting good can come from such a system? Bishop McFaul puts the pertinent question:

"Amid the storms of life what will become of him whose intellect alone is disciplined, if he be not hallooed by religious training? Of what use to be expert accountants, skillful speculators, able business men 'Captains of Finance' if we have no conception of the rights of God and man, are ignorant of the obligations of the ten Commandments, and bereft of the means which the Almighty has established for the express purpose of conquering temptation, of controlling the furious assaults of the passions and without the inclination and the strength to lead a virtuous life?"

The Bishop emphasizes the truth that it is well to be learned, polished and cultured, yet it is far more necessary to be God-fearing, to recognize that on a day of reckoning man must account for the acts of his life. The moral law, the decalogue, furnish the strength and stability of nations. George Washington insisted on this truth, in the following advice to his countrymen:

"Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness—these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician,

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WANTED COMPETENT NURSE FOR TWO children. Good wages to suitable person. References required. Apply Box 8, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 1916-17

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WANTED A HOME IN GOOD CATHOLIC family for girl of ten years. Would be willing to pay cost of board. Apply Box Y, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 1916-2

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WANTED MIDDLE AGED CATHOLIC woman who can do plain cooking; can secure a good home with Catholic family, consisting of two young men, the youngest eighteen years of age. Wages \$15 per month. In town in Niagara District. References preferred. Write Box V, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 1916-2

**COOK WANTED**

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**Granny Visits The Exhibition**

Do you see her? Dear old Granny! There she is trying to make her way into the lunch room. What a good time she has been having! And, oh! Look! There is a bulky parcel under her arm! How can she get through that crowd? Ah, she is in! She is giving her order! How the people smile at her! She is so quaint and sweet!

Her order arrives, and with it a large bread knife. Granny then opens up her parcel.

Everybody around gazes at her with good-natured curiosity as they watch Granny take out a loaf of bread. Oh! the grandest, most-tempting loaf of Granny's own homemade bread. It really makes one's mouth water.

"Where did you get it?" ventures one. "I made it," said Granny smiling benignly and unconcernedly on all. "Won't you have some?"

As many as could sampled the loaf.

"I always bake my own bread and cakes," Granny is saying, addressing her admirers, "because—"

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