

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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TWO MESSAGES

A message from the Sacred Heart!
What may its message be?
"My child, my child, give Me thy heart—
My Heart has bled for thee."
This is the message Jesus sends
To my poor heart today,
And eager from His throne He bends
To hear what I shall say.

A message to the Sacred Heart!
Oh! bear it back with speed:
"Come, Jesus, reign within my heart—
Thy Heart is all I need."
Thus, Lord, I'll pray until I share
That Home whose joy Thou art,
No message, dearest Jesus there,
For heart will speak to heart.

—REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

A REFRESHING CONTRAST

LANSING'S FLUNKEYISM

Paris, May 27, (Associated Press).—The efforts of ex-Governor Dunne of Illinois, Frank P. Walsh, and Michael Ryan, representing various Irish societies in the United States, to obtain safe-conducts for Edward De Valera, Arthur Griffith, and Count Plunket to come to Paris to present the Irish case to the Peace Conference, ended today with a written communication from Secretary Lansing to Mr. Walsh. After acknowledging the original request, Secretary Lansing said:

"I immediately took steps to acquaint myself with the facts of the case which transpired before the matter was brought to my attention by your letter. I am informed that when the question of approaching the British authorities with a view to procuring the safe-conducts in question was first considered, every effort was made in an informal way to bring you into friendly touch with the British representatives here, although, owing to the nature of the case, it was not possible to treat the matter officially.

"The British authorities having consented that you and your colleagues should visit England and Ireland, although your passports were only good for France, every facility was given to you to take the journey. Before you returned, however, reports were received of certain utterances made by you and your colleagues during your visit to Ireland.

"These utterances, whatever they may have been, gave, I am informed, deepest offense to those persons with whom you were seeking to deal. Consequently it has seemed useless to make any further effort in connection with the requests which you desire to make.

"In view of the situation thus created, I regret to inform you that the American representatives feel that any further effort on their part connected with this matter would be futile and, therefore, unwise."

In reply to this, Mr. Walsh wrote Secretary Lansing a long letter declaring that the Irish delegation had not authorized anyone to make an effort to bring its members into friendly relations with the British representatives in Paris or elsewhere, and adding:

"We also beg to advise you that at no time, in Paris or elsewhere, have we sought to deal privately or unofficially with any persons relative to the purposes of our mission."

"The implications in your letter," says Mr. Walsh, "that any person was acting unofficially, privately or secretly is therefore erroneous. Attempted negotiations on behalf of Ireland in such fashion would not only be violative of our instructions, but obnoxious to the principle to which we steadfastly adhere, with multitudes of our fellow citizens, that a just and permanent peace can only be procured through covenants openly arrived at."

The letter concludes with a request for the names of the persons offended by the utterances of the delegation in Ireland, and denies that the delegation made utterances not strictly in conformity with the purposes stated in the application for passports.

THE SENATE'S SCATHING REBUKE

Washington, June 6.—Senator Borah's resolution, asking the American peace delegates at Paris to secure a hearing before the peace conference for the Irish delegates, headed by Professor De Valera, provisional president of the Irish republic, was adopted today by the Senate, 60 to 1. Senator Williams, Democrat, of Mississippi, cast the negative vote.

CATHOLIC PRESS DAY FOR WORLD—JUNE 29

C. P. A. Service
London, April 24.—His Eminence Cardinal Almaraz Santos, Archbishop of Seville, is a prelate who has the propagation of the good press very much at heart, and believes in praying and working for this worthy cause.

At his request, Pope Benedict has accorded a plenary indulgence to all the faithful of both sexes who on June 29, the feast of St. Peter and Paul, confess and communicate, taking part both by prayer and the presentation of an offering, in the observance of Catholic Press Day, which has been organized by the ecclesiastical authorities for this occasion.

The indulgence is applicable to the souls in purgatory, and is available not for the Spanish nation only, but for all Catholics of the entire world; so it is hoped that the faithful everywhere will participate in this day of the good press. The Holy Father's mark of appreciation should inspire all with an active interest in the important works of the apostolate of the press.

"NAKED FORCE"

ESSENTIAL PRUSSIANISM OF IRISH GOVERNMENT

The London Nation of April 12th, reviewing the previous week's Irish debate, says that "no Irish Secretary ever put a sorer figure than Mr. Macpherson." The article then goes on to say:

We are occupying Rhineland as a conquered country with some tens of thousands of conscript soldiers. The only difference appears to be that in the former case our occupation is, on the whole, accepted by the people as a temporary evil. In the latter, it is fiercely resented as a permanent wrong. In time, Germany will see the British army of occupation depart. When will the British army of occupation depart from Ireland.

Mr. Macpherson and men of his calibre think that Ireland can be terrorized into acquiescence by military suppressions or bribed into gratitude by doles. On paper these theories would appear excellent. A man might be forgiven for believing in them if he started his study of Irish history with the year 1919. Unfortunately, they have been tried successively and simultaneously for a hundred years. And their failure is familiar to all the world. When Ireland is quiet—so runs the argument—she is content. Therefore she does not want Home Rule. When Ireland is disturbed, she is manning; it would be dangerous to give her Home Rule. The Irish are poor, and give Ireland British bribes, and riches will bring acquiescence in British rule.

What madness possesses us that we should listen to these follies at such a time as this? Ireland today was never more prosperous and never more fiercely Nationalist. The tariff reformers offered a solution in high artificial prices for Irish products. "What shall a nation receive in exchange for its soul?" asked Mr. Churchill in his Liberal days. "A tax on imported butter." Mr. Macpherson alternatively suggests education and sanitary cottages. But improved education has had no other effect than to create an educated class of brilliant young men even more resolutely Nationalist. And suitable houses and the raising of the standard of a nation have always liberated it to fight evils beyond that of mere poverty. It turns its thoughts beyond the economic struggle to a full national life.

The present condition, therefore, is pitiful. Britain suffers more than Ireland. In face of it our proclamations of self-determination in Paris die away into a dreary cant and snuff. Every why Nationalist has thrown down all barriers. Every where the world is to be remolded on national lines. Committees are examining with ethnological experts the exact nationality of each people and each fragment of people. Poles and Czechs-Slovaks and Ukrainians fight fiercely for the possession of territory. Sometimes the test is plebiscitary. Sometimes it is language, or religion. Sometimes it is the shape of the head, round or square. But everywhere new States are being created in response to this furious uprush of national ideals. And every new State has its Ulster. There will be a German Ulster in Poland. There will be an Austrian Ulster in Bohemia. There will be a Hungarian and a Saxon Ulster in Roumania. We carve out these kingdoms with unflinching hand, in adjusting the map of Europe. Only our effort fails us when we come to our own people at home. Why not a British Ulster in Ireland?

For many years this so-called Ulster has been the spoiled child of the Empire. Its threats of rebellion were certainly one of the operative causes of the European war. Its subsequent implacable opposition to Irish separation turned all Ireland to Sinn Fein. How long is this arrogant minority to be allowed to stand between Britain and Ireland; to veto a reconciliation which all the world is wanting? There are a dozen solutions to the question without partition—given good-will and the desire to make a lasting peace. But Ulster—or the recalcitrant corner of it—has been encouraged by the whole of the British upper-class

until it defies its own fellow countrymen, and the British electorate and the verdict of the civilized world.

It is evident that these things cannot continue. They form an open sore and shame. All the Dominions are protesting against them. America is protesting against them. The better mind of the world is protesting against them. Radicalism and Labor will have none of them. Radicalism and Labor will dominate the next Parliament. That combination will have little patience with or approval of Ulster's veto.

Sir Donald Maclean quoted in last week's debate a letter from a distinguished author who has just returned to Ireland from active service at the war. "Returning to the country after four and a half years," he says. "I am really appalled by the scandal it presents of people governed by naked force: essentially the same system as in Belgium and in Germany; armed police, soldiers, machines, tanks, gas, etc.—all the hideous paraphernalia of war. The whole of it appears to be that a people who are determined, in one way or another, to attain their liberty."

Ireland demands to-day the recognition of a principle which is dominating the whole world. In return she sees tanks lumbering through the streets of her capital and aeroplanes vigilant overhead. Such discipline is calculated—will in time make her loyal. She will accept British rule, and abandon Sinn Fein; and recover what the Chief Secretary is pleased to call her soul. Even Toryism protests against this criminal folly. Mr. Hills expressed profound disappointment at the Government statement. They "have no solution to give for the Irish problem."

Either the Government have got a policy or they have not. If they have not got a policy, it is the bankruptcy of British statesmanship. If they have got a policy, in God's name let them tell us what that policy is. He appeals boldly "to our own consciences and our own hearts." "I, as a Unionist, find the present position perfectly intolerable. We cannot go on as we are."

These are courageous words. It might be well if Liberal Labor and independent Tory members got together to devise a scheme which they could force upon this nerveless Administration. But action there must be. We may refer the Irish problem to the Empire. We may refer it to the United States. We may refer it to the League of Nations. But military terrorism is impossible. The one thing certain is— "We cannot go on as we are."

THE JESUITS WAR SERVICE

London, May 15.—A well known army chaplain, Father Francis Devas, S. J., was invested by King George at Buckingham Palace with the insignia of the Distinguished Service Order for gallantry in the field.

Father Devas was one of the very first Catholic chaplains commissioned at the beginning of the War, being among the twelve Jesuits first supplied by the English Province in August, 1914. His first duty was at Shorncliffe, and in 1915 he went out with the Dardanelles Expeditionary Forces. After exciting work in the trenches and at the front he fell a victim to dysentery, but after several weeks on a transport at Alexandria he returned to duty with the troops. Since the withdrawal from the Dardanelles Father Devas has served, until a short time ago, with the troops in France. His military rank is that of Lieutenant-Colonel.

There appears to be no limit to the patriotic services rendered by the Jesuit Fathers, and this patriotism has been well communicated to those who have been educated under the charge of the Fathers. The war lists of two of the principal Jesuit colleges, Beaumont and Stonyhurst, have just been published, and they will compare very favorably with any such list published by any institution whatever in the world.

Beaumont gave in all 681 men to the services, of whom 49 served in the navy and 582 in the army. Those killed number 116, the wounded 125 and the missing four. Six have been taken prisoners, 121 have received British war honors and 47 war honors from Allied Governments.

The record of Stonyhurst is higher still. This college gave of its students and alumni 972 to the War. Of this number 145 were killed in action, 14 died from other causes, 211 were wounded and four are missing. The war honors awarded to Stonyhurst men run into a considerable number. Three have obtained Victoria Crosses, the highest military honor possible; 27 have been decorated with the Distinguished Service Order, and 74 with the Military Cross, whilst every other possible honor has been conferred on the men from this college.

The Irish and English Provinces of the Society of Jesus stand with the highest possible average of war

honors and services to their credit, and they have covered themselves with great glory.

THE LIMERICK STRIKE

ENGLISH SOPHISTRIES "THE STOCK ARGUMENT OF TYRANTS"

The New Witness, (London, Eng.) of April 26th, commenting on the Limerick Strike, tells some plain truths about British rule in Ireland, and confidently asserts that "before the Conference is over Ireland will be heard." G. K. Chesterton is the Editor of The New Witness and here is what he writes:

The general strike in Limerick as a protest against the proclaiming of the district as a military district and the threat to institute a general strike throughout Ireland must not be treated lightly. For this would not be the strike of a class, but of a nation. The effect would be to deprive England of a very necessary part of her food supply. We assume that it would be less a strike than a boycott. Agriculturists would supply the town folk with food as they have done in Limerick. Only certain services would be suspended; in certain circles the means of life would not be forthcoming, and the export trade to England would cease. Now, apart from naval protection, there is no doubt that we need Ireland far more than Ireland needs us, and the drastic Sinn Fein action is the strongest stroke yet in the battle for Irish freedom. (We regard the Limerick episode as merely a dress rehearsal.)

It is quite logical to say: "We may deal together as freeman with freeman; you shall not deal with us as master with man." What is the answer? To flood Ireland with bayonets and present a dead body instead of a free partner to the Peace Conference? The only other answer is to give Ireland her freedom. It is no use trying to bribe her.

We may make our Irish administration so efficient that even Sir Edward Carson will admire it; and if it is an English administration in Ireland we shall have done nothing—or worse! And if we do nothing Ireland may do all for herself. Out of the various strike committees with their headquarters in Dublin may grow an orderly national government existing side by side with an English Government thrown entirely out of gear by the strike. And you cannot govern a nation which decides to ignore you.

Nevertheless in certain of the English newspapers the old bad arguments continue to be used. Since English rule induces disorder in Ireland let us have more and more English rule. Since the military occupation of Ireland has turned many moderate men into revolutionaries, let us send more troops across the Irish Sea. Since British placemen have been the ruin of Ireland, let us have the incarnate placeman—Mr. Macpherson—as Chief Secretary. Most comic of all is the expression of fear that the Irish would not be able to govern themselves, when it is plain that we cannot govern them. Most dishonest of all is the argument that the murder of a policeman by a X.Y.Z. stamps the whole movement for Irish self-government with the brand of crime. But every student of history knows and every honest one will admit that this has been the stock argument of all tyrants. It is an argument that will look rather silly at the Peace Conference, and make no mistake about it, before the Conference is over Ireland will be heard.

The Peace, Mid-Europe, Russia, India, Egypt, Ireland! Of what value is comment? There is no need even to point to the facts. They burn. One little event, however, reported in the press this Lent, pictures precisely the quality of that official intelligence which now guides the affairs of humanity towards a better day. It symbolizes all the rest. Having won freedom for small nationalities, our experts create a condition in Limerick by "proclaiming" that the condition exists. They then discover that what they have done prevents citizens from working. On discovering this, instead of removing the cause of irritation, they increase it by issuing "permits" allowing people to move to and fro about their own business in their own place. A number of citizens, it being holiday time, cross a boundary which exists in a military proclamation, to attend a hurling match. But they are not allowed to return home. A tank, with guns, bars their way; and that instrument of the Government's enlightened and well-considered policy, that fascinating symbol of a new age, is named, quite felicitously, His Majesty's Tank "Scotch and Soda." Why spoil the beauty of the picture with any comment?—The Gaelic American.

If you would steal your soul against the onsets of Satan, keep before your mind the image of Christ quivering on Calvary's cross.—St. Augustine.

REV. FATHER WHIBBS WINS HIS APPEAL

A JUDICIAL DECISION OF WIDE INTEREST

Campbellford Weekly Herald

The following is a copy of the judgment rendered by Judge Ward on the appeal against the conviction of the Rev. Father Whibbs for violating the order of the local Board of Health closing down churches, including St. Mary's Church, Campbellford, and under which judgment the conviction is quashed with costs against the local Board of Health:

In the 11th Division Court of the United Counties of Northumberland and Durham.

REX VS. WHIBBS

Judgment on appeal from the conviction of the Defendant by the Police Magistrate at Campbellford. The defendant on or about the 6th day of December, A.D. 1918, was convicted by the Police Magistrate at Campbellford of an infringement of an order of the local Board of Health of the town of Campbellford, passed under the provisions of the Public Health Act 218 R.S.O. section 56, and the defendant now appeals:

Section 56 above referred to says: "Where any communicable disease is found to exist in any municipality, etc., and S. 2 of the same section gives power to the local Board of Health to direct that any school, church, etc., shall be closed."

The interpretation clause of the Act thus defines communicable disease: "Communicable disease shall include any contagious or infectious disease and shall include small pox, chicken pox, diphtheria, etc. (but does not include influenza), and any other disease which may be declared by the regulations to be a communicable disease."

It is admitted that the type of influenza which was epidemic at the time had not been declared by the regulations issued by the Provincial Board of Health to be a communicable disease.

It may fairly be assumed that it was the intention of the framers of the Act that, in order to justify action under Section 56, S. 2, only those diseases especially mentioned in the interpretation clause should be regarded as communicable diseases and the responsibility was placed upon the Provincial Board of Health to issue regulations with regard to any other disease before action by the local Board of Health would be justified.

It is quite true that the interpretation clause of the Act says: "shall include any contagious or infectious disease, but it goes farther and defines, as included, certain diseases, naming them and any other disease to be declared by the regulations, leaving it to be inferred that the Provincial authorities were free so to declare a disease, other than those mentioned, to be communicable, before the powers given by section 56 S. 2 should become operative."

"I think the canon of construction 'expressio unius est exclusio alterius' should apply and that the conviction should be quashed."

Regarding the question of costs, a memo was issued by the Provincial Board of Health to the local Boards as follows: "Health authorities have the power under sec. 56, S. 2, of the Public Health Act to close schools, churches, etc., if it is deemed advisable to do so." Asked what the Board advised regarding this measure we have said: "The weight of the public health authority is against closing such places except perhaps in the country districts for the following reasons: (here are given the following reasons which certainly apply to the town of Campbellford.)

The local Board of Health notwithstanding this warning from the Provincial Board, closed the schools, churches, etc., for six weeks, which seems to me not a wise or necessary course to pursue under the circumstances.

The conviction therefore must be quashed with costs.

Dated the Twenty Second Day of May, 1919.

BRITISH PRESS DOES NOT WANT CATHOLICS IN FOREIGN OFFICE

OBJECT TO APPOINTMENT OF DRUMMOND AS SECRETARY OF LEAGUE OF NATIONS

(Catholic News Service)

London, May 10.—The appointment of Sir Eric Drummond as first Secretary-General of the League of Nations, appears to have given some cause of discontent to a certain section of the press over here. The objection to the appointment is not that the Secretary-General is British—he is not English but a Scotchman—the objection seems to be that he is a Catholic.

The Hon. Sir James Eric Drummond, is the second son of the tenth Viscount Strathallan, and half brother and heir presumptive of the Earl of Perth—a Scots earldom. He entered the British Foreign Office in 1897, becoming consecutively private secretary to Mr. Asquith during his Premiership 1912-15, pri-

vate secretary to Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Balfour during their tenure of the Foreign Secretaryship. Sir Eric Drummond was received into the Catholic Church by a Father of the Benedictine Order at Downside Abbey church in 1938. There is a certain section of the press here that is not in favor of Catholics holding posts in the Foreign Office, a sentiment that is by no means universal, as those who hold it would have us believe.

THE BOGUS OATH AGAIN

EDITOR OF ANTI-CATHOLIC PAPER SUED FOR LIBEL

The Knights of Columbus of San Francisco through their attorneys filed a complaint for criminal libel against Carlo Delpino, editor of the local Italian daily newspaper, La Voce del Popolo, for publishing the bogus and defamatory "oath" which the Knights are falsely accused of taking when initiated into the order.

The publication of this scurrilous and mendacious screed which originated in the diseased brain of some foul A. P. A. calumniator cannot be attributed to ignorance of its libelous character as the famous Turner case prosecuted at Santa Cruz proved that no such "oath" ever appeared in a Knights of Columbus ritual and is just the opposite in spirit and words, of true Columbianism. As a matter of fact the Knights take no oaths at all in the ordinary sense.

A Mr. Turner, editor of a Santa Cruz paper, published the false accusation several years ago and was promptly taken to task by the Knights of Columbus. The jury found against the editor and he was fined by the judge. The Court of Appeals sustained the judgment. Evidently Mr. Delpino has some bad hours ahead of him for flippantly and maliciously bearing false witness against his neighbor.

The contemptible article in question appeared in last Tuesday's "La Voce del Popolo" and bears on its face its own refutation, had not even the Masons, who have examined into the matter already denominated it as spurious. Here is the wording of the nasty "oath" which has no existence except in the minds of anti-clerical agitators and anti-Catholic editors who push a pen for profit.

THE LIBELOUS QUOTATION

"We claim (says Delpino) that mass secular Italian societies and non-Catholic Italian newspapers are much more American in their spirit and in their action than, for instance the above said Knights of Columbus Society, and we prove it by stating that no Italian non-Catholic newspaper and no Italian non-Catholic society would sponsor such an American sentiment as those that are expressed in the following excerpt from the oath administered to the members of the K. of C. to wit:

"That I will in voting always vote for a K. of C. in preference to a Protestant, especially a Mason, and that I will leave my party so to do; that if two Catholics are on the ticket I will satisfy myself which is the better supporter of Mother Church and vote accordingly."

"That I will not deal with or employ a Protestant if in my power to deal with or employ a Catholic. That I will place Catholic girls in Protestant families that a weekly report may be made of the inner movements of the heretics."

This same editor is a detectable importation from Italy of the Ferrer type who thrive by organizing atheism to persecute the Christian faith. They appeal to the lowest passions of religious hatred and their disciples are the ilk of bomb-throwers who wreck churches and recently set off an infernal machine in the New York cathedral. They are breeders of Bolshevism in its worst form as a protest against God and Christian morality.

Such disturbers of peace and enemies of liberty have no place on American soil. The American State has succeeded in establishing here the equality of all religions before the law. The Catholics of the Colony of Maryland were the first to bring this principle of religious liberty, so little understood in Europe to the new world. Of course the Puritans didn't take kindly to the idea of tolerating Catholics but today it is against the spirit of America to persecute or even discriminate against anyone on account of their religious beliefs. The European anti-clerical coming to our shores with his old-world prejudices must be taught by force of law, if not of public opinion, that he cannot carry on his un-Christian and undemocratic propaganda in the land of the free.

When any anti-clerical, foreign-language demagogue begins to mislead the people and tell lies harmful to the good name and reputation of his neighbor he should be brought to task before the tribunal of justice to answer for his offense against public decency and law. It is to be hoped that the Knights of Columbus will be able to prove that no one can maliciously slander any organization in this city without paying for his crime.—San Francisco Monitor.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Colonel Bartlett, U. S. M. C., surgeon-in-charge of the Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C., and a 38rd degree Mason, has been received into the Church by the Dominicans.

The Bishop of Auckland, Rt. Rev. H. W. Cleary, uses a seaplane for his episcopal visits. His territory includes the islands surrounding Auckland and the Kermadec group. The Bishop was born in Wexford in 1860.

Paris, May 15.—Miss Bontat, who has just died at Perpignan at the age of seventy-five years, has left her whole fortune to be devoted to the work of rebuilding churches destroyed by the Germans. The amount will exceed 500,000 francs or \$100,000.

Colorado Springs, Col., May 22.—The dedication of the beautiful new chapel being erected by Mrs. Spencer Chase, a non-Catholic, for the Catholics at Broadmoor, near South Cheyenne Canon, occurred yesterday. The ceremonies were among the finest the Pike's Peak district has ever seen.

A Eucharistic Congress will convene at Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Ind., on August 5, 6 and 7. Right Rev. Joseph Schrembs, Bishop of Toledo, is Protector of the Priests' Eucharistic League of America, and chairman of all Eucharistic Congresses in the United States.

Rome, May 27.—With the full honors accorded to rulers of States, President-elect Pessoa of Brazil has been received in audience by the Pope. He afterward called upon Cardinal Gasparri, and made a devotional visit to St. Peter's Basilica. There was a distinguished gathering at the Brazilian embassy (accredited to the Holy See) when Cardinal Gasparri and President Pessoa exchanged cordial greetings.

Georgetown University is to plant on June 16th, in honor of her graduates who gave their lives in the world war, sixty trees. They are to be placed around the amphitheatre on the athletic ground of the historic campus, and Georgetown aviators will fly over the field during the ceremony. Georgetown will be one of the first colleges to plant trees on a large scale.

The Twenty-sixth Division, composed of the National Guardsmen of New York State, in which every man was a volunteer, had a religious census at Camp Wadsworth before its departure for Europe. Of its 27,772 men, 47 per cent. were Catholics; that is, more than 13,000 were Catholics. The commander, Major General John F. O'Riyan, was a Catholic and a Knight of Columbus.

Prof. Alfred Nerinx, of the faculty of the University of Louvain, who acted as Mayor of that city after it was occupied and burned by the German hordes, spoke in Cincinnati recently at the Queen City Club and the Chamber of Commerce Exchange floor. He said the famous university, though badly crippled by the loss of its library and archives, as well as by the illness of its resources, was running and that an American movement toward its restoration had been started under the leadership of Prof. Nicholas Murray Butler.

The London Catholic Universe states that Mrs. G. J. Romanes, widow of Professor George John Romanes, F. R. S., has been received into the Church. Mrs. Romanes is on several committees of work for women, and has lectured by request in New York, Boston and elsewhere on theology and on Dante. She founded St. Catherine's House, which was intended to do for educated women work similar to that which Liddon House does for men. Mrs. Romanes has written several books of a biographical and devotional character, and many reviews.

The late John B. Manning, a broker of New York city, who left an estate of more than nine million dollars, made the following charitable bequests to churches and religious institutions: Apostolic Mission House at Washington, \$21,000; Catholic University of America, \$50,000; St. Vincent's Hospital and Society of St. Vincent de Paul, \$25,000 each; Cathedral College, \$15,000; Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, St. Francis Hospital, St. Joseph's Hospital, \$10,000 each; St. Joseph's Seminary and the Church of the Good Shepherd, \$5,000 each; Misericordia Hospital, \$2,000, and the Church of the Holy Trinity, \$1,000.

London, May 12, 1919.—The new settlement of Oxford, of which Mr. Stapleton Barnes, a converted clergyman, is in charge, is an important venture. It consists of a seminary for priests, who will continue their studies for the priesthood while following the university courses. The old palace of Bishop King has been secured. This stands in St. Aldate's and was built in 1543, the arms of the Bishop appearing on the fine roof which covers premises now divided into dwelling houses and shops. A chapel is to be built on the site of the old stables in the rear of the premises, but for the present Mass is said in the great hall. The property has come back to the Church after many vicissitudes, being given to a Cromwellian colonel after the Bishop's death.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FABER

CHAPTER XV

Mrs. Phillips' last two letters reached Thurston in such quick succession—Miss Balk for some secret motive, notwithstanding the fact that she had done this immediately before her departure—that his reply to the first became also an answer to the second. In it he deplored the cruel necessity of her absence, but he gave so glowing an account of the beneficial effect of her letters upon his health that she cried tears of rapture as she read.

They wrote to each other every day now, and while Mrs. Phillips assumed a most touching melancholy, even an air of feeble health, before Miller, who in his office of her guardian kindly visited her every day, she had no difficulty when alone in putting out of her countenance and out of her heart every vestige of grief. Indeed, she was sometimes wildly happy at the prospect of enriching Gerald. She had now not the slightest doubt of being able to win his forgiveness, having in his letters such strong proof of his ardent love, could she but keep her marriage to Phillips secret until she became Mrs. Thurston. Of his forgiveness in the event of telling him before the marriage she had very grave doubts.

On the plea of feeble health she refused to see a single one of the friends of the Tillotsons who called to proffer their condolence; she steadily refused to go out even for the brief drive which the physician advised for her health, because she was afraid to see the widowed woman; and she even contemplated, when she could find the day of her return to Eastbury, going quietly and secretly, so that she might be spared the necessity of wearing the same solemn costume. That, of course, would tell the shocking story at once to all Eastbury.

Gerald's letters began to hint at some delightful mystery. "Do you remember," one of them ran, "my telling you of a grand hope, which might have been fulfilled? Well, the fulfillment seems strangely near, —so near that it takes my breath away to think of it, and then, my little Helen, all your pride shall be gratified."

Her eyes glistened and her cheeks flushed over such letters as these, and she became so impatient to return that only Mr. Miller's assurance of a very few days more being necessary to decide matters could win from her a promise to remain.

A long and affectionate letter had come from the Tillotsons, every member of the family penning some fond and sympathetic words, but announcing an indefinite postponement of their return. Annette, who had been the more severely injured by the accident, was threatened with a life paralysis of the lower limbs, and in view of the operation advised by several leading physicians, the family had decided that they would remain with her.

Helen was answering this letter when Miller called to make his daily visit. She looked very pale from her long close confinement, and maintaining the grief-stricken air which she was careful to assume before entering his presence, the tender-hearted man found it most difficult to make some evidently disagreeable communication.

"My dear Mrs. Phillips," he began at length, when his kind inquiries for her health were indignantly answered, "do you think you would have sufficient strength to appear in court tomorrow?"

Helen recoiled, and, startled out of her languidness, exclaimed, "In court! Why should I have to appear in court?"

Miller pretended to be amused: "My dear Mrs. Phillips, one would think you had been asked to do some dreadful thing. It is only the matter of your presence in the court for a very short time. You will be treated with the most flattering respect and delicacy."

"But why must I appear there at all?" interrupted Helen, too impatient to wait for the diplomatic explanation Miller sought to make.

The lawyer coughed in order to gain a little time:

"My dear Mrs. Phillips, there is just a little trouble about your husband's will. Some one who in a former will, was named as Mr. Phillips' heir, is seeking to invalidate his will in your favor, but he has a poor case," lowering his voice as if he were speaking to himself, "and it will be necessary for you to go upon the witness stand a few moments, and testify to the last words spoken to you by your husband."

Mrs. Phillips gasped.

The last words of her husband to her! They had been burned in her brain at the time, and for days after the lips which had uttered them were still as if they had rung in her ears like a knell of some fearful doom. What she repeat those words on a witness stand,—must she depict to the delectation of a public court, that last dreadful scene, in which her husband sank beneath the shock of her infamous duplicity? Her head reeled, and she sank helplessly back on the cushions of the sofa. Miller, thinking she had fainted, was about to ring for help, but she opened her eyes and called him before he reached the bell.

He was bending over her immediately:

"My dear Mrs. Phillips, I blame myself for telling you so abruptly; but your sensitiveness exaggerates this matter. It will really be very

little; simply to show that your relations with each other were of the fondest character up to the last."

Helen shuddered.

"What if I do not appear?" she said, "what if I consent to let this claimant, whoever the party may be, contest and win the case? I have lived without my husband's wealth; I can do so still."

Miller looked very grave:

"My dear Mrs. Phillips, such a course would be most unwise; besides, the law, in order to do justice, might compel you to appear. Preparations have been made for your testimony to be taken tomorrow, but if you feel too ill to give it, it can be deferred. However, my dear Mrs. Phillips, I would advise you, if possible, to have this unpleasant duty over at once. I do not think your presence will be required after tomorrow. May I call for you in the morning?"

Her mind was rapidly working. Did she persist in her refusal, did she even return immediately to Eastbury, such a course might entail an unpleasant exposure of all that she wished to conceal; since, as Miller had said, the law might compel her to appear, it might then summon her from Eastbury in no pleasant manner.

She looked up and answered quickly:

"Thank you, Mr. Miller; I shall be ready in the morning." He seemed relieved, and seeing that she appeared too wearied to talk further, he took his departure.

So Mrs. Phillips had to appear in widow's weeds at last; but they were exquisitely becoming, and, even despite of an ominous dread and anxiety which had caused her slumber during the night to be short and fitful, she felt a throb of delighted vanity as she looked at herself in the glass. Her very pallor had made her more interestingly beautiful, and her widow's cap, covering it, did not entirely conceal her beautiful hair, surrounded features so perfectly modelled that the gaze must indeed be dull which did not linger upon her with intense admiration.

Mr. Miller brought his own carriage for her, and her maid accompanied her. As the lawyer had said, she was treated with the most delicate courtesy, assigned a private room until the very moment in which it should be necessary to give her testimony, and then she was escorted to the witness stand by Miller himself. She was politely requested to remove her veil; she did so, and the blush that suffused her cheeks made her transcendently lovely; a buzz of admiration went through the crowded courtroom, and the people jostled each other in their efforts to obtain a view of her.

Being duly sworn, she deposed to the fact of her amicable relations with her husband to the very moment of his illness. She had but left his arms to go to her room for the purpose of changing her dress, and had reached the door when she heard him fall. That was all, and all the questions and counter questions of opposing counsel elicited not one syllable of the actual truth; she had perjured herself as remorselessly as she had broken her pledged troth to Thurston. She had been conscious while she was speaking of some bustle in her rear, of efforts being made to keep some one quiet; but just as she had finished speaking, and was about to draw her heavy wraps veil over her face, some one, as if by main force, rushed in her direction—some one who, with a single bound, seemed to clear the space immediately in front of her, and who stood with outstretched arms in passionate denunciation:

"Helen Brower, are you my father's widow?" It was Gerald Thurston. Like an apparition he stood there, white as a ghost from his recent illness, but with eyes that flamed at her as Phillips' had done in that last terrible scene. Like a flash the peculiar something about Phillips which at times had puzzled her by its strange resemblance came to her now; it bore a conviction as strong as Gerald's words, and with a wild cry, that startled anew the already wildly excited people, she fell at Gerald's feet.

Miller pretended to be amused:

"My dear Mrs. Phillips, one would think you had been asked to do some dreadful thing. It is only the matter of your presence in the court for a very short time. You will be treated with the most flattering respect and delicacy."

"But why must I appear there at all?" interrupted Helen, too impatient to wait for the diplomatic explanation Miller sought to make.

The lawyer coughed in order to gain a little time:

"My dear Mrs. Phillips, there is just a little trouble about your husband's will. Some one who in a former will, was named as Mr. Phillips' heir, is seeking to invalidate his will in your favor, but he has a poor case," lowering his voice as if he were speaking to himself, "and it will be necessary for you to go upon the witness stand a few moments, and testify to the last words spoken to you by your husband."

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that you know about this claimant to Mr. Phillips' property." Swayed still by that influence which her youth, beauty, and apparent artlessness had acquired over him, he cast about him for some means of softening the recital he had to make; despite what he had at last been forced to believe of her, he would still spare her. She seemed to divine his thoughts.

"Please speak to me very frankly," she said, with the same abruptness which she had used before, but with a tone of determination that at any other time would have seemed impossible to accord to her; and sinking into a chair she fixed her eyes full upon his face.

He did not preface his communication this time with his usual "My dear Mrs. Phillips; instead, he said, hurriedly:

"This claimant to Mr. Phillips' property is Mr. Phillips' own and only son. Mr. Phillips' name was Thurston; it only became Phillips some years since, when in order to possess a fortune bequeathed to him, he was obliged to have his name changed by law to Phillips. Being a widower, his son was his only heir, and to guard against all contingencies a will was made entirely in the son's favor. But they quarreled, desperately quarreled; it so angered the father, who had an implacable temper when aroused, that he entirely disowned his son. That time the shock told so fearfully upon Mr. Phillips that it developed an affection of the heart which the physician said might prove fatal any moment. He went abroad, met the Tillotsons, and after, through them, met you. Though continuing so angry with his son that he would make no overtures towards a reconciliation, he must still have had some hope of receiving such from him, for he commissioned Mr. Rodney, who was at that time his lawyer, to keep advised of young Mr. Thurston's whereabouts. Rodney did so; but when he would speak of the young man, since he could bear no plea for pardon from him, the father refused to listen. At length, when angered anew by this seeming stubbornness on the part of the young man, he met you, he resolved to marry you that he might revoke his will in favor of his son, which as yet had remained unaltered. With all these facts Mr. Tillotson was thoroughly acquainted, but neither he nor Mr. Phillips thought it necessary to tell them to you, since by his utter cutting off of his son it was hardly probable you would ever meet him, and the very mention of his name had grown to be intolerable to Mr. Phillips. He had, however, appended a condition to his will: that condition you read just before your marriage."

I read it, but I was too excited to understand it," interposed Helen; "tell it to me now."

Miller paused and looked at her; possibly he was beginning to see under the lovely surface, and to discover interior things which were not so beautiful.

"If you read it at all, Mrs. Phillips," he resumed, "it was very easy for you to understand it. It was simply that you were never on any pretense, or for any necessity, to give one cent of what Mr. Phillips should bequeath to you; that Mr. Thurston; it did not state that the latter was his son, it simply mentioned the name."

A faint "Oh!" which she was unable to repress, escaped Helen's lips, and her face colored for an instant.

The lawyer resumed:

"You signed the paper which contained that condition, Mrs. Phillips, and your marriage took place. What occurred between that and the moment that your husband was stricken down lies between your own heart and God. He, in an interval of speechless consciousness, contrived to make us understand what he wished Rodney sent for, and when Rodney arrived Mr. Phillips was able with some difficulty to speak. He desired to be alone with him. We accordingly withdrew, I going to the library, the physicians remaining within call. In a few minutes they were hastily summoned, to find the dying man again making attempts to speak. He contrived at last to ejaculate some words which were to the effect that he wanted his first will to remain—his will in favor of his son. He was unable to make any signature to that effect; and, while I was summoned from the library, you also were summoned to him,—not by his request, however. I met you at the door, you remember, but those about the bed signalled to me that he had just departed. Mr. Rodney communicated to me the subject of his private conference with Mr. Phillips, and, though Rodney was himself convinced of the truth of the communication, I believed it to be the vagary of a dying man, or, if even it were partly true, that there must have been vastly extenuating circumstances. The physicians also, on hearing his story, declared that it could not stand in court, for the mind of the deceased was affected. However, Mr. Rodney, who is strongly attached to young Thurston, determined to contest the will. I should have told you all this before, Mrs. Phillips, but your feeble state of health made me hesitate to do so. Now, however, you know all the facts."

She rose, her lips quivering, her eyes full:

"Oh, if I had known before that it was Mr. Phillips' son I was debarred from his fortune! But I shall no longer do so; I could not be so cruel. From this moment I waive every title of mine to Mr. Phillips' wealth."

She was sobbing uncontrollably. Much of Miller's old regard for her was restored. He could not remain stoical in the face of such distress, and he said, softly:

"The law will be obliged to decide the case now, Mrs. Phillips, and the chances are all in your favor."

TO BE CONTINUED

"ANGEL NUMBER 20,813"

"Number, please!" rang the operator's voice, as she pushed a nickel plug in one of the thousand tiny holes that lined the board in front of her. Minnie Kane was angry and her tone intentionally revealed the fact. Just as she was about to leave for a night at the "movies" a request came for Miss Kane's services on "night duty." Yes, she would take the regular night shift this week; of course she might not take the day shift next week. Ten minutes later when the night operator's first call was recorded in the tiny electric bulb before her, the number on the disk of light that shot into view not unlike the dropping of an eyelid, was that of Mr. King's, the superintendent's home. Here was her chance; now she would show him that even operators have a few rights in this world. But the voice that came over the wire was not Mr. King's, but that of Kendrick, Mr. King's six year old boy.

"Please give me muvver," Minnie thought she detected a sob behind the words, and her harsh remark was checked, and she asked quickly:

"Where is mother?"

"At the Century Club, came the boy's response. It was the work of a second to insert a plug in the hole that was the property of the Century Club. In about three minutes Mrs. King's brisk tones announced that that lady was in connection. Minnie allowed the key to remain open. It was against the rules of course, but that was a trick of the trade.

"This is Mrs. King," came the business-like tones.

"Hello, muvver. There was no sob in the boy's voice now.

"Kendrick! why did you call mother?"

"I'm awful lonesome, muvver." "Lonesome! Why, where is father?"

The boy had looked for a little comfort, but evidently his mother had none for him that night. There was a catch in his tone as he answered:

"Father was not in for dinner." The boy's voice broke as he blurted out: "Oh, muvver, its terrible here all alone."

Silence along the wire, and then Mrs. King's voice more pitying than sympathetic announced:

"Well say your prayers and go to bed, and mother will see you in the morning."

The boy waited and then asked:

"Muvver please help me say my prayers."

The mother repeated the formula beginning with "God bless Mother" and the little treble followed down to "God bless Aunt Jane," and then mother's quick "good night" was lovingly answered by the child's "good night, muvver dear." Mother rang off.

For a full minute silence reigned in the exchange and then Minnie snapped the key closed, buried her head in her arm on the switchboard and blurted out:

"Poor little kid! Poor little kid!"

Minnie was one of those philosophers trained in the many coursed school of the world. Often had she seen Kendrick and only that day she had remarked to another operator:

"Those kids have nothing to do but live and enjoy life, while we must get out and fight for our bread."

The other operator had heard like words in Minnie's mouth before and saw in her now a surprised now. She preferred to live today and let tomorrow bring life or death. And so she shrugged her shoulders and remained silent. It was useless to talk to Minnie, for she had ideas of her own.

But tonight Minnie had learned that wealth could not bring happiness. She had often thought that if she had a home like that of Kendrick everything would be glad and joyous, and now her ideas were suddenly changed.

"Poor little kid!" she sobbed. "Poor little kid! I was never so bad off as that."

And then the thoughts rushed upon her thick and fast. As long as her mother lived she had always said her prayers just as she heard the poor little rich boy say his tonight. And she too knew what it was to long in vain to kneel again and repeat after her mother the innocent blessing of childhood. When Minnie was left an orphan she too had felt the need of a mother's voice to lead her through the prayers. But the mother's voice was silent and Minnie had learned to say the same prayers without a mother's guiding voice. She could not help wondering what would have become of her if her good mother had neglected her as this mother was now neglecting the little boy on the wire. But his mother was of a different type.

Oh yes, she was a Catholic and a good one. Everyone rejoiced when Marie Kennedy married Nelson King, for she set an example by converting the superintendent of the Delmarvia Telephone Company. She alone of all the Catholics of Denton had the advantage of a convent education and many could remember when Marie

played the organ and was the first soprano in the Catholic Church of St. Raphael. Then Nelson King married her and the charming wife of the superintendent soon won a place in the select circle which Denton boasted as its "four hundred." Then the telephone company declared a bonus. The Kings moved into a fashionable house of pretentious proportions. Kendrick came to ring his baby voice through the wide rooms. Socially Marie was a decided success. Her brisk easy grace soon led her to the first ranks of the exclusive set. Her dinners were always the best of the season; her presence in a line at a reception always warranted that reception a success; she was always eager to help, enthusiastic to an extreme, yet always the best of wives and the fondest of mothers. Her social activities increased. The Century Club became her most engrossing hobby. The Catholics heard with a pang that she could no longer give her time to the choir. Minnie among the rest missed her sweet voice in the Unison Mass that the choir put forth every Sunday. But no one complained.

Yet tonight Minnie wondered if her religious fervor were not cooling, if the Century Club would not draw her away from her home and Church but Minnie waited to see results. The next night about the same time, Kendrick called again; Minnie made connections and with the key between her fingers listened again. "Hello, muvver!" came the timid voice of the boy.

"Kendrick, you must not call mother any more on the 'phone now. Say your prayers and like a good boy, go to bed."

Mrs. King rang off. Minnie listened and then with a sob the boy hung up the receiver. In an instant Minnie buzzed the little blue button under the key and Kendrick's sulky voice timidly answered:

"Hello!"

Minnie was at a loss for words, but summoning courage she responded:

"This is the night operator. I heard your mother ring off and I thought maybe I could say your prayers with you."

Kendrick was evidently non-plussed, but in a few seconds, he answered:

"All right! But, say who are you?"

"Oh, I'm just the night operator."

"Say, operator, talk to me! Will you? I'm awful lonesome."

"Lonesome? You shouldn't be lonesome up there in that great big house."

There was a plaintive tone in the boy's voice as he answered:

"That's why I'm lonesome. Nobody here to talk to. My mother and father are out and I am all alone. —say, I bet your mother stays home. Doesn't she?"

Minnie hesitated before answering and swallowing her anger and her resentment and thinking that matters were getting beyond her, she declared:

"No, my mother is dead."

Kendrick's tone was intended to be sympathetic:

"Say, I'm awful sorry, but I wish my mother would stay at home."

Minnie quickly said:

"Your mother is a very busy woman and I can say your prayers with you and everything will be all right."

Kendrick was reluctant to break off, but he answered timidly:

"All right."

The wires did not convey the red blood that rushed into Minnie's face as she started, "God bless mother!"

In thinking over her conduct Minnie has often wondered how she ever lived through that prayer. At last the end came and Kendrick paused before his "Amen" and asked:

"Say, operator, what's your name?"

"Oh, never mind," answered Minnie; "now say Amen and go to bed."

"Aw say operator, talk to me. Won't you?" came the plaintive tones.

"Now like a good boy, say Amen and go to bed."

Minnie was surprised at her own firmness, but she fairly started at the boy's rejoinder:

"Aw, operator, tell me your name. I want to say 'God bless the night operator.'"

It was the only answer Minnie could fashion. Her cheeks were glowing, her heart thumping at the rate that threatened to unnerve her.

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"You promised to tell me your name tonight, you know you did."
Minnie did her best to silence him and at last she asked:

"Do you want to hear your mother's speech? You know she is speaking at the club tonight."

Kendrick liked the idea immensely. Minnie bade him not to make a sound until she called him. The boy agreed. Quickly she snapped open the keys and Mrs. King was heard declaring:

"—and I propose that during the coming year this club take an active interest in the working girls of this town. The club has never done

much in the line of social work, but now is the time to begin. There are a great many women working in our midst. It is our duty to show them better ways of living. I know my husband has ten operators in his office and one night operator. These girls know very little about culture. Many of them left school at an early age." Minnie was scarlet and the hand that held the key trembled. Mrs. King went on: "Some of them will marry soon, they know little or nothing about housekeeping and the care of children. They do not know how to dress according to their income, they read trashy novels and if you will pardon me for saying so, they think it proper to chew gum."

Minnie cast her gum and her lovely novel into the waste basket in an instant. She was enraged, but her ears eagerly awaited the final words of the new president.

"These young people must be supplied with what is lacking in their educations. Imagine, ladies, if one of our children should come under their influence how horrible might be the consequences. You will pardon me if I speak strongly here. I am of the conviction that the working girls of our community, who use slang, and who chew gum constantly, who spend their entire salaries on clothes, who read cheap novels are unfit to come in contact with our children and so as the work of this club during my administration I intend to further with all my efforts the work of aiding and teaching working girls. Ladies, I thank you."

Mrs. King stepped from the stage to the small antechamber where the telephone receiver lay upon the table. She was glowing with exertion of her speech and she settled herself in a wide armchair. Then with a start she jumped to her feet for just at her elbow she heard Kendrick's voice:

"Aw, come on now, tell me your name, please!"

"No, I can't tell you my name now and I cannot talk to you any more. So say your prayers and we will say 'goodby'."

"The tone in her voice made the little boy realize that she meant to be obeyed, but after he had said, 'God bless Aunt Jane,' he stopped. 'Amen,' prompted Minnie, but he did not answer.

"Hullo, kid!" Minnie exclaimed before she knew what she was doing, then with a catch in her voice she quickly corrected herself.

"Excuse me, I meant to say, are you there Mr. King?"

Mrs. King was not given to eavesdropping, but the surprise of Kendrick's voice had determined her to hear this to the end. Out on the stage the new vice-president was appointing committees, but Mrs. King heard nothing except the two voices on the wire. Minnie had disconnected the Sentinel office, but in her hurry she had completely forgotten the Century Club.

"Please don't call me Mr. King you can call me 'kid' if you want to."

"Now listen, you heard your mother say the working girls are not fit to associate with her children, didn't you?"

"Yes, but you don't chew gum and read books, do you?"

"Yes, your mother knows all about us. What she said was true."

"Well I don't care if you do. My mother don't know all about you."

"You bet your life! I mean no, she doesn't know all about me."

Minnie was indignant. All her anger was in her words as she blurted out:

"She doesn't know that I talk to her little boy and say his prayers with him, while she is at her club, does she?"

"No, of course, she doesn't know you're an angel and I am going to say, 'God bless my telephone angel' every night. Why won't you tell me your name?"

"Because I am not fit to talk to you. I use slang and do all the other things your mother knows about. But she doesn't know that I am not known by my name, but by my number just if I were a slave or an animal. She doesn't know that \$7 a week won't dress me and board me like the Queen of Spain. But I know that, if I had a nice little boy like you, I would stay home with him at night and, if I had a nice home like here, I would try to make my family happy and not worry about people who do their best."

"She stopped to realize that she had said a great deal more than was right to the little fellow and she wondered if he knew everything she meant.

out being prompted, two huge tears splashed on the board in front of Minnie.

"Goodby!" she said. "Goodby till tomorrow night," he responded.

Kendrick did not know that his father had heard the last part of his conversation. Mr. King had entered quietly and concealed himself, but with a gulp he determined to find out elsewhere who the angel was.

Mrs. King took a hasty departure from the club and in the silence of her room she also determined to find out who Kendrick's angel friend was. The next day, Sunday, found Kendrick and his father at early Mass. About 11 o'clock Mrs. King appeared in the living-room looking worried.

"Nelson," she asked, "who is night operator this week?"

Mr. King looked up from his paper, but ignored the question.

"Were you at late Mass, Marie?" he asked.

"No," she answered coldly. "I have a terrible headache."

"Too much speech, I guess," he volunteered and turned to his paper. "For the first time in her life Marie could not summon words to answer him. She sought her room and all that day she pondered on the wall she had built between herself and her family. Kendrick and his father went for a walk. Mrs. King did not appear at dinner and Mr. King endeavored to keep the boy chatting. Immediately after dinner Mr. King left the house. At exactly ten minutes past eight, he reached the telephone office and let himself in the back way. Just off the room of the switchboard another little room served the purpose of a test room for wiremen. Their conversation on any wire could be overheard by a powerful receiver which was not under the control of the operators.

As Mr. King let himself in he felt that he was not alone. Someone was softly sobbing at the table where the phone stood. To turn on the light meant discovery by the operator. He wondered why the person at the table had not moved. Looking closely he recognized his wife. He put his hand out for the receiver but she held it. His arm stole across her shoulders and together they listened. In this very room and on this very wire Mr. King had often talked to Marie when as manager he was compelled to hear what went on at the switchboard. In those days he had told Marie of the wireman's phone and had promised to let her hear herself the town's conversation. The promise was never carried out. But tonight Marie had taken advantage of her knowledge and come here. When her husband entered she thought he had followed her. She dreaded a scene, but the arm across her shoulders reassured her. Like a spoiled child she sobbed out her pent-up emotions. The moment was too sacred for words. Each knew the other's thoughts. The past three months drifting apart was forgotten in the sacred silence, which only Mrs. King's sobs violated. Without knowing why, both were very grateful to the unknown angel operator.

Mrs. King looked into his face as the voices on the wire, unconscious of being overheard, talked of smiles and tears. At last both held their breath for one tense moment as Kendrick called:

"Hullo, angel! Can you talk to me?"

Minnie answered: "Well I am pretty busy, but if you are lonesome, call up in half an hour and we will say our prayers. Good-by, boy."

"Goodby, angel!" came the voice. Mrs. King entered the house together. Kendrick was restless.

"You must be tired, Kendrick. Come say your prayers and go to bed."

"God bless nurse, but without a falter, she added: 'God bless angel number two-o-eight-one-three.'"

Mr. King had stolen to the telephone and removed the receiver so that Minnie had heard the process of the prayers.

Kendrick repeated the words after his mother. Mr. King hung up the receiver and then suddenly Kendrick exclaimed:

"O murther, how did you know?"

"Never mind, darling, an angel told me."

Minnie is now chief operator. She no longer chews gum or reads her cheap novels. Mrs. King resigned the presidency of the club at the next meeting. In resigning she said she had not known how many family cares she really possessed.

Minnie never knew how the secret got out and when she received her appointment as chief operator, she informed Mr. King that occasionally she violated the operator's rules. He smiled and told her not to worry. But in his heart, he thanked her. Yet she never knew the peace she brought to that home and only the recording angel will be able to name her reward. The world is full of Minnie Kanes, but few of them are known, but in the book of life their names are written and some day many a simple heart will receive the reward of its own pure kindness.—John J. McGrath, S. J., in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Ah, Lord, I find in Thy Heart, which Thou deignest to call my temple, so sweet an abundance of good things that there is nothing left for me to desire or to seek elsewhere.—St. Gertrude.

HOMES OF THE SACRED HEART

"The home of homes was Nazareth, and the family of families was the Holy Family and the reason for both one and the other was simply this, that Nazareth was the home of the Sacred Heart," writes the Rev. J. Harding Fisher, S. J., in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart:

"Evil stopped at the door of the little home where Jesus and Mary and Joseph lived, from it all unkindness and bitterness were banished; over its lintel was written, invisibly but unmistakably, a welcome to all that was good. Not wealth, not influence, nor even friends were its treasure; yet it was rich beyond compare, because it sheltered the Heart of the Divinely human Son of Man. God not only crossed its portals. He lived within its lowly walls: Satan and his wiles were forbidden an entrance; angel wings fluttered about its lily of Israel, the foster-father of Christ, the boy Jesus dwelt there in peace; and the blessing of the Most High was on it."

Such was the first home of the Sacred Heart. Pride had no place in Nazareth; there was no straining after effect, no desire for the applause of the world. The Holy Family lived as in a shrine, a shrine of the Sacred Heart. Here Jesus grew from childhood to youth, and from youth to manhood, setting the example for all youth in obedience, in docility, in industry. Here Mary ordered the ways of her household, watchful, silent, loving; here Joseph encompassed his charges with a protecting care, worked for them and with them.

Let us keep before us the model home and the model family in which the Sacred Heart found its first abode. Our homes will be happy or wretched in proportion to the measure in which they resemble Nazareth or differ from it. "On Calvary and at Bethlehem there are lessons to be learned," says Father Fisher, "of which we shall all sometimes have dire need. But for most of us the place of more homely, though not less necessary instruction... is the worshipful and ever memorable cottage in the least of all cities of forgotten Galilee."

"The cross has its place in every life. The Christian home strengthens us to bear it; it prepares us for the test of character that comes, soon or late, to every man and woman. The test tells the quality of the home. If it has been a home of the Sacred Heart the difficulty will be met with Christian courage, the loss with resignation, because it is the will of God."

It was in His home that Jesus garnered the strength to face the public ministry and to crown it by climbing the hill of Calvary. The Christian home strengthens us to bear it; it prepares us for the test of character that comes, soon or late, to every man and woman. The test tells the quality of the home. If it has been a home of the Sacred Heart the difficulty will be met with Christian courage, the loss with resignation, because it is the will of God.

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If Catholic homes are to be shrines of the Sacred Heart, fathers and mothers must train their little ones in love of God, in reverence of His Holy Name, in devotion to His Sacred Heart. The mother is the child's first teacher. To her belongs the privilege of teaching her children the first steps on the road to heaven—to love the Holy Name, to lift young hearts to God in prayers, to be mindful of the things that please Him and soothe His wounded Heart.

And great is the reward which Jesus Christ has promised to those who honor His Sacred Heart in their homes! Let us keep His promises before us and set ourselves to earn the blessing and grace He bestows so abundantly, with heaven at the end—an eternal home with the Sacred Heart.—Sacred Heart Review.

MARY'S EXALTED POSITION

"Now of all who have participated in the ministry of the Redemption, there is not one who filled any position so exalted, so sacred, as is the incomparable one of Mother of Jesus; and there is no one, consequently, that needed so high a degree of holiness as she did. For if God thus sanctified His Prophets and Apostles as being destined to be the bearers of the word of life, how much more sanctified must Mary have been, who was to bear the Lord and 'Author of Life.' If John was so holy, because he was chosen as pioneer to prepare the way of the Lord, how much more holy was she who ushered Him into the world. If holiness became John's mother, surely a greater holiness became the Mother of John's Master. If God said to His priests of old: 'Be ye clean who that carry the vessels of the Lord,' nay, if the vessels themselves used in the divine service and churches are set apart by special consecration, we can not conceive Mary to have been ever profaned by sin, who was the chosen vessel of election, even the Mother of God.

The piety of a mother usually sheds additional luster on the son, and the halo that encircles her brow is reflected upon his. The more the mother is extolled, the greater honor redounds to the son. And if this be true of all men who do not choose their mothers, how much more strictly may it be affirmed of Him who chose His own mother, and made her Himself such as He would have her, so that all the glories of His Mother are essentially His own."—Cardinal Gibbons.

CATHOLIC EXAMPLE

One of the most obvious things in public society to-day is the uncertainty existing amongst multitudes of people on questions of right and wrong, permissible or not permissible, moral or immoral, good or bad. Catholics have sound, safe and sure guidance on all such questions. There is no uncertain sound about the teaching of the Church on any question of right and wrong. How far do we Catholics do credit to that teaching? That is the question we wish to discuss for a few moments.

We ought to be foremost and leading in good example. Arise! We have advantages for want of which the world is starved. We have the true Church from which all other Christian bodies now existing and many which have ceased to exist, broke away. We have the Church which has kept in the world all the Christian truth known to men. All other churches are kept going by the teaching of portions, some more, some less, of the truth which Christ gave into the care of the Catholic Church, and which the Catholic Church preserves and teaches complete and intact.

We have the succession of the Apostles, we have a sacrificing and teaching priesthood; and we have all the Sacraments, God's chosen channels for the distribution to men of the graces and merits of Christ, His Son. We ought to be models to all mankind. The Church ought to be able to prove her truth and her worth and her authority by merely pointing to us her children and saying to infidels, skeptics and heretics: "There are those whom I have taught; by their lives, their actions, their virtues, their piety, you can see at once that I am the true Church of Christ."

How is it with us? Do we measure up to that test?

Alas! Too often we are such; our lives are such the scandal we give is such; our vices are such our recklessness is such; that we make people whom we ought to edify, think ill of our holy Church and our religion. This is not the fault of the Church; but those whom we scandalize think it is her fault. They say: "Well, if your Church is the true church and the only true Church, as you say she is, why does she not turn out better Christians." The Church can answer that. Her holiness and her truth are not impaired because we, her children use our free will perversely and refuse to listen, learn or obey.

But, when we face the critical eyes of non-Catholics, what answer lies in our mouths? "If you are children of the one true Church of Christ," they may say to us "how do you show it in your lives and actions?" What answer can we make to that? The answer is, that we are the diabolical Catholic, the licentious, Catholic—What answer has he to make when critics of his holy Mother Church try to make her responsible for his sins? He knows there is a flaw in the argument; but he knows, at the same time, that if Catholics were what they ought to be, no such reproach could be made against the Church, even superficially.

It is not surprising that those who adhere to Churches which have over-emphasized worldly success and have even cited such success as proof of the superiority of their religion, should be consumed with anxiety to be rich or well-to-do. But how can a Catholic be honest with himself and true to his conscience who gives too much of his time and thought to money-getting. And the same observation may be made all along the line of human action. There are thousands of people to-day whose grasp of fundamental religious truth is greatly weakened. They have made smoking a mortal sin and lost a venial sin. (We do not accuse any church of so teaching.) They have made the selling of a glass of liquor a grave sin, and have classified fraudulent company. Promotion as legitimate business. And we might give many such illustrations.

Catholics can never be so far astray in belief; and it is the more shame to us that we are so often astray in practice. We are more to blame, than those others we have referred to, because our grasp of fundamental religious truth is not weakened; and yet we compete with them, in many cases, for pre-eminence in the sins which they imagine are venial and which we know to be mortal.

The sinfulness of Catholics is a terrible scandal to the world. Those who do not believe in our claims usually know something of our religion, as a Church. If we lived up to our religion, we should make more converts in a year by example than our missionaries, truth societies, pulpits and press can make in a lifetime.

The first social and public duty of a Catholic is to live his religion and his faith in the eyes of all men; not ostentatiously and yet not secretly; to edify non-Catholics; to encourage and support weak and tempted brother Catholics; that in our duty; that is the way in which Catholics can best, and most effectively, and most continuously, forward the interests of Christ's religion and His Church in this world.

Do we do it? It is time to put the question, each of us to himself; and if the answer is not satisfactory; and for many of us it cannot be satisfactory; then—the way to commence is to begin.—The Casket.

We carry with us the beauty we visit, and the song which enchants us.

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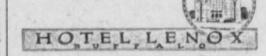
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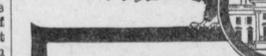
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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1919

ONE GREAT CONSTRUCTIVE WORK OF BOLSHEVIST REGIME

Frazier Hunt, special correspondent to the Chicago Tribune and the Toronto Globe, thus writes of the educational revolution in Russia:

Helmsingors, May 18, via Paris, May 29.—Bolsheviki, while masters at destruction, have been able so far to construct only two great things—a fighting Red Army and a comprehensive educational program for Russia's millions. To-day the Red Army is fighting on a 4,500 mile front, while with regard to education for the first time in the history of the country all children between the ages of eight and sixteen are compelled to go to school.

This statement is a bit sweeping and is indicative of the desire and intention of the Soviet Government rather than an accomplished fact as is evident farther on from an interview with the Commissary for Public Education. Mr. Hunt thus describes the Russian system:

"The whole school program is based on the general scheme of the American Public School and State University system. Briefly, it is one of compulsory education, with Universality for all those who show special ability or desire. Books are to be furnished free, and every child is given free noon lunches.

All private schools are abolished, and every child up to sixteen years is given exactly equal educational opportunities."

The Commissary for Public Education declared to the correspondent that during the past year there were established 7,000 village schools for lower grades, 3,000 schools for the second degree and 12 schools of higher education including five new Universities. He further stated that in addition to free lunches it was their intention, when the plan became feasible, to give all children free clothing. Lack of shoes and clothing in some districts kept 80% of the children at home.

The correspondent adds that "there is little to quarrel with in the whole Russian attempt at cultural development," which in addition to schools includes theatres, concerts, lectures and entertainments.

"You almost persuaded me to become a Bolshevik" might express the feeling of the average reader of this panegyric of the new "Russian Culture."

Yet the Red Terror of Bolshevism—which is the newest name for Socialism—will not down because of the new Russian schools, not at least until we know what is taught in the schools, what is the informing spirit of "Russian cultural development" under Bolshevist control.

A day or so later we read in the Globe this description of the master mind and guiding hand of the new Russia reproduced from the London Times.

After describing Lenin as by far the greatest intellectual force of the Russian revolution has yet brought to light the Times goes on to say:

"The almost fanatical respect with which he is regarded by men, who are his colleagues and who are at least as jealous of each other as politicians in other countries, is due to other qualities than mere intellectual capacity. Chief of these are his iron courage, his grim, relentless determination and his complete lack of self-interest. In his creed of world revolution he is unscrupulous and uncompromising, and in his code of political ethics the end to be attained is a justification for the employment of any weapon. To him capital is the fiend incarnate, and with such an enemy he neither gives nor asks for mercy."

"The individual is only a pawn in the game, and no individual is ever dear, however close he may be to

Lenin's heart, will ever be allowed to stand in his way. His cruelty, however, is not a question of personal vengeance. Where Trotsky and other Bolshevists have pursued their enemies with a bitter, personal hatred, Lenin in certain cases, where the individual has been of little account, has even been guilty of acts of clemency. But where Trotsky might shrink through fear of the consequences from shooting 10,000 men in cold blood, Lenin, although he is not one of the chief advocates of the terror, would assuredly not hesitate if he thought such an action were essential to the advancement of his cause."

"Lenin, at least, knows exactly what he wishes to achieve and how he means to achieve it. Where other politicians try to adapt their program to the needs and desires of society, Lenin is attempting to fit society to the narrow frames of his rigid, Prussian-like program. A fanatic, if you like, but a fanatic who has already made history and who has more genius than most fanatics. Cold, pitiless, devoid of all sentiment, utterly ruthless in his efforts to force the narrow tenets of his Marxian dogma upon the whole world. Lenin is not a lovable character. He is, however, the one Bolshevist of whom non-Bolshevist Russians can ever be brought, albeit grudgingly, to speak with respect."

In private life Lenin is said to be above the breath of scandal; frugal and with few wants, he is not even suspected of graft or profiteering; happily married, he has nothing to do with the orgies of lust which shock a world with none too much reverence for purity or Christian marriage. Yet he is "cold, pitiless, devoid of sentiment, utterly ruthless in his efforts to force the narrow tenets of his Marxian dogma upon the whole world."

Is he likely to neglect the opportunity of moulding the future generations of Russians in the schools. So we come back to the "great constructive work of the Bolshevist regime" which an enthusiastic American correspondent holds up to the admiration of an intelligent public through that other great educative influence—the daily press. That the overwhelming majority of that reading public holds the doctrines of Bolshevism in execration, and turns from its practices with shuddering horror matters not at all. The Bolshevists have established schools. What is taught in them is a matter of indifference; they have accomplished a great work wholly praiseworthy and admirable.

Recently in Petrograd the Bolshevists erected a statue to Louis August Blanqui on which is inscribed Blanqui's famous motto, Ni Dieu, ni maitre—Neither God nor master—a familiar inscription on banners in Socialist parades in Europe before the new name of Bolshevism was used to mislead unthinking and ill-informed people into the belief that Russian Socialism has sprung a fully developed monster from the heads of Lenin and Trotsky; whereas it is the logical application of principles freely taught for generations in every civilized country; though under its new name Socialism is now generally condemned.

This morning we read that Canadian Parliament without a dissenting voice has so amended the Immigration Act as to permit the deportation of British-born subjects as well as of aliens who may be guilty of teaching these subversive principles in Canada.

Yet the correspondent whom we have quoted, in his admiration for the Bolshevistschool system, complacently, approvingly, tells us that all private schools are abolished so that "all Russian children have precisely the same opportunities for education." That is to say that no Russian father, no matter what sacrifices he is willing to make, is free to save his children from the insidious poison of Bolshevist education. Could a more odious form of tyranny be conceived; old-time slavery still left the mind and soul free; the new tyranny in the name of liberty and progress starts out by enslaving the plastic minds and perverting the innocent souls of helpless children.

And we look on in gaping admiration at the "great constructive work" of Bolshevist Russia.

Why not? The principle that the State is supreme in matters of education and has the absolute right to determine moral and ethical standards is the principle which is implicitly or explicitly advocated and conceded by a great many muddle-headed and well-meaning people who regard Bolshevism as the greatest menace to civilization. Yet the Russian State has precisely the same rights in these matters as any other State.

That principle is the greatest menace to human liberty and the greatest danger to Christian civilization. There is, there can be, no real

liberty, no freedom of conscience, no individual rights, where the State usurps the right of supreme and final arbiter in matters educational; for that implies the claim to be the supreme teacher of morals.

Germany, as we were told over and over again during the War, used the school system from primary school to university to so form and fashion and mould the mind of the German people as to make the War for world domination necessary and inevitable, the one great national aspiration and object. The "great constructive work" of Socialist Russia may, if successful, be the greatest disruptive and destructive work that ever menaced Christian civilization. It behooves thinking men to discern the spirit of the new tyranny and prepare for the latest and greatest struggle for human liberty.

A COBENT ARGUMENT

At the Methodist Conference at Goderich the depletion of the ranks of the ministry was attributed to the financial deficits in preachers' salaries, according to the Free Press report of the proceedings. Dr. T. Manning put the case for the Union of Churches forcefully—not precisely along the lines of our Lord's prayer "that they all may be one" but that the world may believe that thou hast sent me—but in terms understood of the people of the twentieth century and with a pathetically human if somewhat unconsciously humorous touch.

This is the Free Press report:

Dr. T. Manning—"The church as it is now constituted does not bid for the ambitions of our cleverest boys. It is a great discouragement on entering the ministry to look forward to a small congregation. It breaks their hearts. It's not very nice, either, to take a refined and well educated girl into the parsonage and know that she will not be able to have nice hats. It's an ungodly organization that keeps our system, as it is. I don't see any hope for our churches except through church union, and then a young man could go to a village of 1,000 people and be a pastor of all of them. We must find the courage to get rid of these little circuits and give a man a constituency worthy of his efforts. There is no business man in Canada who would organize his business as the church is organized."

If all the "refined and educated girls," instead of the few—and apparently diminishing number—who are to preside over the parsonages were prevented by the present "ungodly organization" from having nice hats, the cause of Church Union would receive a very effective impetus whose momentum would probably carry it on to a successful issue where the efforts of mere men have failed.

POLAND AND THE JEWS

Stories of pogroms against the Jews in Poland are industriously and persistently circulated by American Jews and emphatically denied by representative Poles. Mr. Paderewski, the Polish Premier, known in America as a gentleman of the highest honor and probity as well as a great musician, not only declares that "there has not been a single occurrence of the kind since he became Premier;" but he has also insisted that the Peace Conference investigate these rumors which he attributes to German propaganda. Let us hope that his urgent request be granted and the truth be made known.

In the meantime Constantin Busczynski, the newly appointed Polish Consul-general to New York, and other official representatives of Poland forming the Polish Economic Mission to the States, arrived in New York from their native countries the 2nd of June, and denied that there had been any pogroms or persecutions of the Jews in Poland.

To the New York Times Mr. Busczynski said that the first he had heard on the subject was on his arrival here. He said that before leaving Poland, late in April, he had had business relations with scores of Jews and had never heard from them or any one else any reports of the killing of Jews.

And he added, "The talk of a Bolshevist revolution in Poland we also hear for the first time. We heard nothing of it in Poland."

An officer of the American Army who was in Pinsk on April 5th when the Pinsk massacre is alleged to have occurred, added a specific denial to the statement of Mr. Busczynski. This was Colonel Francis E. Franczak, a member of the American Red Cross Commission to Poland and ex-Health Commissioner of Buffalo. He said:

"The Bolshevists at Pinsk had planned to disarm Polish officers, and they began with officers in Pinsk. They had spread their propaganda through the army and planned the uprising, but loyal Polish soldiers revealed the plot. A Bolshevist meeting was held to plan the outbreak in Pinsk. It was broken up by Polish soldiers, who killed many who had taken part."

In attempting to create the belief that there are no Jewish Bolshevists the Jewish Defence Committee is undertaking an impossible task. There is too much evidence to the contrary; and in some of the European countries Bolshevist and Jew are interchangeable terms, so prominently have Jews been identified with Bolshevism.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE AND ON THAT

BY THE GLEANER

Every person who purposes entering the marriage state looks forward to his or her wedding day with joyful anticipations. It is quite natural that this should be so, for it is one of the great epoch marking events in the lives of the great multitude of men and women. The nature of these anticipations varies in proportion as the persons concerned are spiritually or materially minded. There is this, however, in common to all, that the nuptial day is associated solely with orange blossoms and roses that have no thorns.

Much has been written anent the evil of mixed marriages, of the unhappiness in the home that almost invariably follows them, and of the danger of loss of faith to the Catholic party and the children born of the union. But the circumstances surrounding the marriage itself and the contrast that it affords with a Catholic wedding, in which Holy Mother Church, in all the solicitude of her maternal heart, gives outward expression to the graces that she bestows upon her faithful children to give them assurance of future happiness and to gladden the day of their nuptials, should be enough in itself to deter anyone, endowed with Catholic faith, from forfeiting so great a blessing and so great a privilege.

Look now at the first picture, a Catholic wedding. The young couple have made the necessary preparation, not only as regards their spiritual affairs but also in the matter of those necessary or commendable provisions which their Catechism tells them should be made in preparing for marriage. They have consulted their parents and obtained their consent to the contract. They have notified their pastor so that the bans may be duly proclaimed. They have invited their friends and relatives to the wedding, taking special care that those whose poverty or per haps whose estrangement, for some cause or other, might engender sensitiveness, would be assured of a hearty welcome. Moreover "The Mother of Jesus is there and Jesus also is invited to the marriage."

The young couple are present at the re-enactment of that sacrifice of Calvary, wherein blood and water, typifying the Church, the Spouse of Christ, came forth from His sacred side while He slept the sleep of death upon the cross, as did the spouse of Adam from the side of the first parent of us all. At that solemn moment of the Mass when the sacrificing priest prays in the name and person of Christ, using those sacred words that first issued from the divine lips of the Saviour: "Pater Noster qui es in caelis," he turns from the altar, upon which the divine Victim is visibly present, to call down the benediction of heaven upon the contracting parties. To further supernaturalize their union they receive Christ into their hearts in Holy Communion. They can each say: "I live not I, but Christ liveth in me and in us both." What a happy consummation of their boyhood and girlhood days! What a pleasant remembrance to treasure through the ups and downs of the years that are yet to come! As they turn their eyes and their affections to Mary's altar, before starting out on life's journey together, they are filled with confidence that she, at whose request her divine Son wrought His first miracle at the nuptials of Cana, will not permit, come what may, the wine of their happiness to be exhausted.

Now let us look at the other picture, not a marriage before a minister or a justice of the peace, for such is not a marriage at all, nor one of those unions that must be expedited "ad evitandum scandalum," but the marriage of a Catholic young man to an honest Protestant girl before a duly authorized priest. We

once witnessed such a ceremony at a cathedral rectory. The contracting parties were strangers in the city. The relatives of neither were present; nor would they have been present if the marriage had taken place in the home of the young people; for they felt, each according to his or her own viewpoint, that the affair reflected discredit upon them. The "scrap of paper" on which were printed the promises was signed by the bride to be. The young man knelt down in a distracted state of mind to make the necessary confession. Then in the presence of two improvised witnesses and the priest, who acted not in his sacerdotal capacity but as a legal minister, they pronounced the words that made them man and wife. What a cold and depressing ordeal it was for both!

To the bride the few distinctively Catholic pictures that hung on the walls had no meaning, offered no inspiration; while to the groom they were but reminders of what might have been and of what should have been. The young woman's prejudices prevented her from finding any consolation or encouragement in the words of counsel spoken by the priest, and she missed the familiar hymns and the at least joyful if not sublime ceremonial with which marriage in her own church is invested. As they left the rectory, there was no one to meet them, no one to greet them. They were strangers in a strange city and strangers to each other's emotions. The bride assumed a cheerfulness that was evidently forced, and the groom lit a cigarette to relieve his feelings. They stood, as though dazed, at the four corners of the street not knowing which way to turn. Poor misguided children, well might they ask themselves the question: Where do we go from here?

NOTES AND COMMENTS

REFERRING TO a member of the British House of Commons who has been paying a short visit to Canada, an Ottawa press correspondent writes that "he served during the War at the front with his regiment and his wife." This, evidently, was one occasion when a woman was a "host in herself." German opinion upon the point would be interesting.

WHILE SOME Catholic papers on this side of the Atlantic have been heaping maledictions upon the head of M. Clemenceau, it may not be amiss to remind them that upon occasion of the recent murderous assault upon the Premier, our Holy Father, Pope Benedict, thought him a person of sufficient importance and respectability to transmit his concern by wire. On the Pope's instructions Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, sent the following telegram to the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris:

"The Holy Father stigmatising the horrible attack committed against the person of His Excellency Mons. Clemenceau, President of the Council of Ministers, charges Your Eminence to forward to him His Holiness's cordial felicitations that he has escaped this peril, and at the same time his wishes for a prompt and complete cure."

FURTHER, we are told, that Cardinal Amette, bearing the Holy Father's message, was one of the few visitors admitted to M. Clemenceau's bedside; that the patient insisted on receiving the Cardinal himself, and was greatly touched by the sympathy of the Pope, and begged the Cardinal to transmit to His Holiness the assurance of his profound gratitude. Add to this the comment of the Observateur Romano:

"We express the most profound regret for the insensate attack, the news of which certainly fills with just horror an honest people. Such an attack appears still more grave when we consider the place and the time when it was committed, just when the world is awaiting the long desired peace."

And the view expressed in these columns a few weeks ago as to the character and present bearing of M. Clemenceau towards religion would seem to be the more correct one.

THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN while assuring us on the authority of L'Action Catholique of Quebec, that the Church is having her difficulties in South America, and that these difficulties largely arise through the aggressiveness of Protestantism, quite innocently overlooks the further fact as expressed by our Quebec contemporary that "the sects are recruited amongst the poorer

classes, often of questionable morals, and by the circulation of money with tracks against the priests and the confessional."

IT IS quite true that the Church has difficulties in South America as in every other country, and will continue to have them so long as sin and the devil hold sway in the heart of man. In this connection the Christian Guardian quite conveniently overlooks sundry New Testament texts of which at other times and on other occasions it would make smug use. For example: "Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction and many there are that go in thereto." That is a truth corroborated by every page of human history. The Church necessarily, therefore, has to combat this tendency of the many, and we are quite willing to concede to the Guardian that her task is made immensely more difficult and complicated by the loosening of moral ties which Protestantism in its very essence engenders.

IF IN the matter of religious belief man is not a law unto himself is not the first principle of Protestantism then we have grievously misread its exponents. And that the fullest use is being made of this unholy maxim the course of Protestant missionary effort in South America amply proves. As for the rest the Church may be trusted not to sway from the path set before her by her Divine Master, nor to cease for one moment from denouncing and correcting the waywardness of humanity. If on the other hand, Protestantism saps the allegiance of some, even at times of many, it but makes the endurance of the Church and her ultimate triumph the more secure. Perpetuity is the first promise of her Founder.

THAT IN the matter of concession of public utilities and national resources the new Russia, not yet loosed from the swaddling bands of revolution, is determined to outdo all competitors is seen in the great concession which the Soviet Government has decided in principle to offer to foreign capitalists. It comprises partly the railway properties from Ob, in Siberia, to Petrograd and Archangel, and partly the rights and usufruct to 17 1/2 million acres of forests adjacent thereto. The concessionaries are further, to have the use of all water-falls and mineral deposits within the said territory, with the right to open their own banks at all railway stations and in adjoining towns. With the railways alone in this concession estimated to represent a capital of forty-five hundred millions of German marks, its title to be termed, as it is by competent authority, the greatest in the world's history will not be disputed. Future generations of Russians may find to their sorrow that by this action of their provisional government they have as a people but exchanged from one form of despotism to another.

AT THE TORONTO Baptist Convention one reverend speaker referred to infant baptism as "ritualistic rubbish," and called for the "sweeping away" of all ceremonial. Putting aside the blasphemous reference to a divinely-instituted sacrament, what that homely philosopher, Josh Billings, said of "ceremony" (or ritualism, if you will) may very properly apply to this Baptist swash-buckler. "Politeness is dreadful simple if you take the ceremony out of it, but in sitting out the ceremony you often sit out the politeness." Is not that the history of religious belief? Where ceremony has been discarded, dogma has followed in its train. But Baptists, of course, are superior to ceremony. Their precursors, the Anabaptists of the Low Countries, levelled without ceremony everything that was beautiful and ennobling in religion and art, and, if we may judge by their published utterances their self-sufficient successors of to-day are embued with the same idea. Tolerance, or respect for the faith of others if they ever were Baptist principles, have not found exemplification in conduct.

THE CRAZE FOR SPIRITUALISM

IT IS an extraordinary proof of the need of the Church's guidance that those who reject it wander into all sorts of strange delusions and hallucinations. During the past few years there have been crowded attendances at Spiritualistic seances. Men and women who refuse to accept the Christian Faith believe in table-rapping and almost every variety of Spiritualistic practice,

however absurd. Now, whatever view may be taken on the question whether the medium gets into communication with spirits, experience has made two things clear. One is that there has been a vast amount of fraud and deception in connection with Spiritualistic seances. The witnesses to this fact are numerous. They testify that after careful examination they found many artifices resorted to for the purpose of misleading the simple-minded. In the next place, it is clear beyond doubt that Spiritualism has very bad effects on the mind and the whole system. Those who have studied it in theory and practice do not hesitate to say that its influence is debasing, and that it has been responsible for the degeneracy of a large number of men and women. With good reason has the Church forbidden Catholics to have anything to do with the superstition.—London Catholic Times.

THE GRATITUDE OF IRELAND

TO FATHER FRASER

That the initiative to the great Missionary movement now in full swing in Ireland, in behalf of the almost boundless mission fields of China, was actually called into being by Canada's great missionary, Father Fraser, is fully and gratefully acknowledged by these in charge of this great movement there and by the Chinese Mission Society in general. Rev. Father E. J. McCarthy, the superior of the American branch, Omaha, Neb., wrote to the undersigned a month ago: "Need I say that we are all delighted and wish you every success. You can always look to us as friends, and anything we can do to make your work known will be very gladly done." And again: "It is most encouraging for us to feel that there is such a splendid bond of sympathy and mutual affection in Christ existing between the organizations, which are working for the common cause of spreading the faith of Christ. I assure you that the pages of the Far East will be on many occasions at your disposal; for we feel how very much we owe to Father Fraser for the inspiration of our own mission."

Rev. Alphonse Kerr, sub editor of the Far East, writes: "It was due to Father Fraser's little book, 'Unknown China' falling into my hands that I first got the grace which inspired me to become a missionary to China. But I cannot only speak for myself in this matter, for I know that all our priests take the greatest interest and wish the greatest success to your noble enterprise." Rev. Father John Blawick, President of St. Columban's College, Seminary for the Chinese Mission Society in Ireland, writes a work entitled "A New Chapter of Missionary History," an excerpt of which appeared in the Far East telling how Rev. Father E. J. Galvin, Superior General and Founder of the Society, received the inspiration, directions and training for the sublime mission he has undertaken from Rev. Father Fraser. Let us quote his own words:

"Father Fraser had sown his two tiny mustard seeds. He had sown them in Maynooth, and in Maynooth they were to grow. Then he left for China. He returned by way of America. Far from satisfied with the results of his long wanderings, he was quite unwilling to return to China without having made some more lasting impression on the people to whom he had appealed. He determined not to leave America without making another attempt to secure aid for China. He began to collect. We do not know what were his plans, but, apparently, in most cases, he was obliged to seek the permission of each pastor before being allowed to collect any funds in the parish. On such an errand he arrived one day at the door of a rectory in Brooklyn. He was received by the Rector, and invited to dinner. He gladly accepted, for the reason that every invitation accepted saved some of the money which he had, with infinite toil, collected for the diocese in China.

MAYNOOTH PRIEST BECOMES A MISSIONARY

"In that rectory was an Irish priest of the diocese of Cork, Father Edward Galvin. Three years before he had been ordained at Maynooth, and in a few weeks, he would be called by his Bishop to come and devote the remainder of his days among his own people, and in his own country. But Providence had assigned a very different destiny to this young Maynooth priest.

"For weeks he had been thinking of the needs of the pagan mission and, although he had neither met or heard of Father Fraser, China was the country which filled his thoughts. He knew nothing of China or its people. But he did know that there was a vast Empire awaiting conquest for the Master. On the day that Father Fraser arrived at the Rectory, Father Galvin had twice attempted to go to New York to consult the Director of the Propagation of the Faith. In both attempts he failed, owing to what seemed at the time trifling and annoying accidents. At the second failure he decided to postpone the visit to another day, and to dine at home. When he entered the dining room he was introduced to Father Fraser. There it was not much to tell after this. It was soon arranged that he was to accompany Father

Fraser to China. The momentous step was now taken. The plunge into the thick, black gloom was made. About the same time he received his recall to the diocese of Cork, to his home and his family and friends, but these things, powerful as was their appeal to his nature, had been sacrificed, and sacrificed they were to remain. China was now his home, the newly-baptized pagan his family and his friends.

"Father Fraser permitted himself to travel to China by way of Vancouver, and this allowed him to spend a few days with his parents and family at Toronto. Father Galvin accompanied him, and when the short visit came to an end, both set out for the great unknown. The greatest trial which the missionary has to bear is the separation of home and kindred. The Catholic missionary is, almost of necessity, a man to whom home ties mean more than they do to the ordinary man. He was of the kind which ignores them, he would scarcely be fit material for a missionary. Hence the day on which he sets foot on board the train or the ship which is to bear him away, most likely for ever, from all that he knows and loves, will be undoubtedly the most terrible day of his life. On the one hand he has cut the last heart-string binding him so powerfully to home and country, and family and friends, and the other is raw and bleeding; on the other, he is going into a land that he knows not. He is simply walking with his eyes wide open into a gloom that he can almost see—"darkness visible"—he is going to a country with a civilization, a language, customs—everything—absolutely different from anything he ever knew or thought about. Death seems infinitely preferable now, for to one's own anguish is the more exquisite torture caused by the thought that those who are nearest and dearest may regard the whole project as an act of callous ingratitude and neglect—the heaviest cross that a priest can be asked to bear. But this and more, if necessary, must be borne by the zealous missionary, for his life is now a thing devoted; he means to spend himself for Christ. Thoughts like these must have surged one over the other in Father Galvin's breast as he set in the train bound for Vancouver. He supported his head in his hands, and for two hours his mind, was a blank. He could not speak, he could not think, he could not even weep. Then at last tears came to his rescue, and he wept like a child. The people in the car could not understand the spectacle—this manifestation of weakness as they thought. But we can understand it. These people were bound on a short trip—some to visit a friend and spend a holiday; others were on business bent—all would return in a short time to the bosom of their families, to be made welcome by a parent, wife or child. But not so the priest, who had of his own selection become a wanderer for Christ's sake. For all he knew, he was going to China to die. And it is only the loving kindness of a most merciful Providence which has already saved him from that fate."—M. de S. Caralt M. Ap.

POPE BENEDICT

ADDRESSES LETTER TO THE AMERICAN HIERARCHY

The Holy Father has addressed a lengthy letter to the American Hierarchy giving proof of his keen interest in American affairs and his intimacy with conditions in this country. Notably timely is the Holy Father's warning that effort will be made to restrict the liberty of parents in the education of their children. The Pope, too, warns against the menace of social unrest and urges the preaching of the Christian social principles outlined by Leo XIII.

The Holy Father's letter follows: Beloved Sons, Venerable Brethren, Health and Apostolic Benediction.

Your joint letter to Us from Washington, where you had gathered to celebrate the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Episcopate of Our beloved son James Gibbons, Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, was delivered to Us on his return by Our Venerable Brother Bonaventura, Titular Archbishop of Corinth, whom We had sent to represent Us and bear you Our message of joy on this very notable occasion. Your close union with Us was confirmed anew by the piety and affection which your letter breathed, while your own intimate union was set forth in ever clearer light by the solemn celebration itself, so perfectly and successfully carried out, no less than by the great number and the cordiality of those present. For both reasons we congratulate you most heartily, Venerable Brethren, all the more, indeed, because you took the opportunity to discuss matters of the highest importance for the welfare of both Church and country. We learn that you have unanimously resolved that a yearly meeting of all the bishops shall be held at an appointed place in order to adopt the most suitable means of promoting the interests and welfare of the Catholic Church, and that you have appointed from among the bishops two commissions, one of which will deal with social questions, while the other will study educational problems, and both will report to their Episcopal brethren. This is truly a worthy resolve, and with the utmost satisfaction We bestow upon it Our approval.

ASSEMBLIES OF BISHOPS

It is, indeed, wonderful how greatly the progress of Catholicism is fav-

ored by these frequent assemblies of the bishops, which Our predecessors have more than once approved. When the knowledge and the experience of each are communicated to all the bishops, it will be easily seen what errors are secretly spreading, and how they can be extirpated; what threats to weaken discipline among clergy and people and how best the remedy can be applied; what movements, if any, either local or nation-wide, are afoot for the control or the judicious restraint of which the wise direction of the bishops may be most helpful. It is not enough, however, to cast out evil; good works must at once take its place, and to these men are invited by mutual example. Once admitted that the perfection of the harvest depends upon the method and the means, it follows easily that the assembled bishops, returning to their respective dioceses, will rival one another in reproducing those works which they have seen elsewhere in operation, to the distinct advantage of the faithful. Indeed, so urgent is the call to a zealous and persistent economical activity that we need not further exhort you in this matter. Be watchful, however, lest your zeal, carried away by vain opinions and noisy agitation, abandon to their detriment the Christian principles established by Our predecessor of happy memory, Leo XIII. in his Encyclical Letter Rerum Novarum. More perilous than ever would this be at the present moment, when the whole structure of human society is in danger, and all civic charity, swept by storms of envious hate, seems likely to shrivel up and disappear.

DANGER TO SCHOOLS

Nor is the Catholic education of children and youth a matter of less serious import, since it is the solid and secure foundation on which rests the fulness of civil order, faith and morality. You are indeed well aware, Venerable Brethren, that the Church of God never failed on the one hand to encourage most earnestly Catholic education, and on the other to vigorously defend and protect it against all attacks; were other proof of this wanting, the very activities of the Old World enemies of Christianity would furnish conclusive evidence. Let the Church alone keep intact the faith in the hearts of little children, lest her own schools should compete successfully with State anti-religious schools, but adversaries declare that to them alone belongs the right of teaching, and trample under foot and violate the native rights of parents regarding education; while vaunting unlimited liberty, falsely exclaiming, they diminish, withhold, and in every way hamper the liberty of religious and Catholic parents as regards the education of their children. We are well aware that your freedom from these disadvantages has enabled you to establish and support with admirable generosity and zeal your Catholic schools, nor do we pay a lesser meed of praise to the supervisors and members of the religious communities of men and women who, under your direction, have spared neither expense nor labor in developing throughout the United States the prosperity and the efficiency of their schools. But, as you well realize, we must not so far trust to present prosperity as to neglect provision for the time to come, since the weal of Church and State depends entirely on the good condition and discipline of the schools, and the Christians of the future will be those and those only whom you will have taught and trained.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY

Our thoughts at this point turn naturally to the Catholic University at Washington. We have followed with joy its marvellous progress so closely related to the highest hope of your Churches, and for this Our good will and the public gratitude are owing principally to Our Beloved Son the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore and to the Rector of the University, Our Venerable Brother, the Titular Bishop of Germanopolis. While praising them however, we do not forget your own energetic and zealous labors, well knowing that you have all hitherto contributed in no small measure to the development of this seat of higher studies, both ecclesiastical and secular. Nor have we any doubt but that, henceforth, you will continue even more actively to support an institution of such great usefulness and promise as is the University.

We make known to you also how deeply we rejoice to hear that popular devotion to Mary Immaculate has greatly increased in view of the proposal to build on the grounds of the University the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception. This most holy purpose merited the approval and cordial praise of Our predecessor of happy memories, Pius X. We, too, have always hoped that at the earliest possible date there would be built in the National Capital of the great Republic, a temple worthy of the Celestial Patroness of all America, and that all the sooner because, under the special patronage of Mary Immaculate, your University has already attained a high degree of prosperity. The University, We trust will be the attractive center about which will gather all who love the teaching of Catholicism; similarly, We hope that to this great church as to their own special sanctuary will come in ever greater numbers, moved by religion and piety, not only the students of the University, actual and prospective, but also the Catholic people of the whole United States. O may the day soon dawn when you, Venerable Brethren, will rejoice at the completion of so grand an undertaking! Let the

good work be pushed rapidly to completion, and for that purpose let everyone who glories in the name of Catholic contribute more abundantly than usual to the collections for this church, and not individuals alone but also all your societies, those particularly which, by their rule, are bound to honor in a special way the Mother of God. Nor in this holy rivalry should your Catholic women be content with second place, since they are committed to the promotion of the glory of Mary Immaculate in proportion as it redounds to the glory of their own sex.

After thus exhorting you, it behooves Us now to set an example that will lead our hearers to contribute with pious generosity to this great work of religion, and for this reason We have resolved to ornament the high altar of this church with a gift of peculiar value. In due time, We shall send to Washington an image of the Immaculate Conception made by Our command in the Vatican Mosaic Workshop which shall be at once a proof of Our devotion towards Mary Immaculate and Our goodwill toward the Catholic University. Our human society, indeed, has reached that stage in which it stands in most urgent need of the aid of Mary Immaculate, no less than of the joint endeavors of all mankind. It moves now along the narrow edge which separates security from ruin, unless it be firmly re-established on the basis of charity and justice.

In this respect, greater efforts are demanded of you than of all others, owing to the vast influence which you exercise among your people. Remembering, as they do, a most firm hold on the principles of reasonable liberty and of Christian civilization, they are destined to have the chief role in the restoration of peace and order, and in the reconstruction of human society on the basis of these same principles, when the violence of these tempestuous days shall have passed. Meantime, We very lovingly in the Lord impart the Apostolic benediction, intermediary of divine goodness and pledge of Our maternal goodwill, to you Our beloved Sons, to Our Venerable Brethren and to the clergy and people of your flocks, but in a particular manner to all those who shall now or in the future contribute to the building of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception at Washington.

Given at St. Peter's, Rome, the tenth day of April, 1919, in the fifth year of Our Pontificate.

BENEDICT PP. XV.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE NEAR EAST

AN INTERVIEW WITH CARDINAL BOURNE

Henry C. Watts, in New World

His Eminence, Cardinal Bourne, who returned to London shortly before Easter after an absence of three months in the Near East, very graciously consented to receive me at Archbishop's house, that he speak on the progress of the Catholic Church in Palestine since the Turk has been driven out. While the political situation is interesting, the Cardinal was asked to tell of conditions more from the point of view of general Catholic interests.

"The present position in Palestine," the Cardinal said, "is this: The British occupation there is purely a military occupation, though it may be generally accepted that the peace conference will confer a mandate on the British government to administer the country on behalf of the League of Nations.

"I am in favor of this, because I am convinced that Catholic interests will be protected, and so far as the authorities are concerned there will be no religious discrimination. This also is in the mind of the Holy See, expressed by the Holy Father and the Cardinal Secretary of State, whom I visited in Rome.

"The present moment offers one of the best opportunities for the Catholic Church in the East, and the missionaries have a wonderful field before them. I am told that Mohammedan mothers now bring their young children to the Sisters of Charity, asking to have them baptized and brought up as Catholics. You asked me whether American Catholic activity is at all represented in Palestine. So far as I can remember not to any large extent; but the American Methodists are there in considerable numbers, and they appear to be particularly active in their proselytizing."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

WHO SUPPLIED THE MORALE?

The unparalleled success of the Extension Society during the past year has excited a certain amount of wonder and comment. To our mind the success attending the efforts of the Society is not to be wondered at. In fact with the support received from every side it would be truly a great wonder if anything but success had accompanied our Canadian missionary Society.

First and foremost the Society received the blessing and approval of the Holy Father. The representative of the Holy See to Canada and Newfoundland, as will be seen from the following letter, gave every encouragement to Extension:

Apostolic Delegation of Canada and Newfoundland, No. 15441.

(In Reply Please Quote This Number)

Ottawa, May 23, 1919.

19 Government Driveway West.

The Very Reverend Thos. O'Donnell, President of the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada, Toronto, Ont.

Very Reverend and Dear Father:—I am in receipt of your letter informing me of the work of the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada, for the financial year, ending March 1st, 1919.

To my great satisfaction I realized that this year you were able, with the help of God, to double your receipts, and thus double your donations to the missions. Therefore,

Jewish political domination in Palestine is not at all to be desired. The feeling of the Moslems against such a political domination is very strong. It would clash not only with Islamic interests, but with Catholic interests as well.

"Did you find any evidence of religious discrimination in regard to welfare work?" I asked.

"None whatever," His Eminence replied. "That is to say, none on the part of the official administration, who treat with absolute fairness persons of all creeds and races. I think, however, that a great mistake has been made by the Syria and Palestine funds in not having any Catholics on their administrative staff. As things are, they are not in immediate touch with Catholic needs, and it is possible that Catholics may be overlooked. But even so, I am not aware that any willful discrimination has been made."

But, the Cardinal was told, complaints had been made that obstacles have been placed in the way of the return of the religious.

"That is very easily explained," Cardinal Bourne replied. "You must remember that all the ships sailing to the Palestine ports were fitted up for the transport of troops—they are not fitted for ordinary passengers. The conditions on these boats, which are designed to meet the needs of carrying large bodies of soldiers, render them entirely and absolutely unfit to receive nun as passengers. They would have had to carry to accommodate even a small party of nuns would have prevented a considerably larger number of soldiers being carried."

Besides there was and even is still the danger of mines, and in the event of a casualty the women must be saved first, and in doing that the lives of many soldiers might have to be sacrificed. There is also a great shortage of food, and this has an effect on the situation. But there is no religious discrimination behind any of these actions; they are the outcome of military conditions and of nothing else."

On his return journey from Palestine to Rome, Cardinal Bourne made a stop at Constantinople, and I asked His Eminence whether the Holy See had any policy regarding the Church of Santa Sophia.

"The policy of the Holy See," he said, "is to claim the Church of Santa Sophia as belonging by right to the Catholic Church. This claim is put forward on behalf of the Holy See by the Cardinal Secretary of State. There is, as you know, a movement on foot to claim the building on behalf of the Orthodox Church. But the Holy See claims that the church was built for a Catholic temple, and that the Catholic Church has the rightful claim to its ownership. In the event of this claim being met it is not proposed, however, that Santa Sophia should be used for the Latin Rite."

"If Santa Sophia is restored to the Catholic Church it will be used exclusively for the Greek Rite."

"Such a consummation is greatly to be desired. It would, I am convinced, greatly facilitate the cause of the return of the Greek schismatics to Catholic unity. Since the fall of the Russian monarchy the political power of the Russian State Church has greatly diminished, and already the Greek Catholics and the Orthodox are coming much closer together. This I found to be particularly the case in Serbia and Croatia."

"It is too soon for me to say anything respecting the Holy Places in Palestine. Of this much I am certain, however: Catholic rights will be rigorously respected, and as military necessities cease, the religious orders will receive still greater facilities from the administrative authorities, whose wish is not to hinder but to aid them."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

POPE PLEADS FOR RIGHTEOUS PEACE

According to a dispatch from Rome Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of State, in the name of Pope Benedict XV, has sent an official note to Colonel House of the American peace delegation at Paris, requesting a modification of the peace terms imposed upon Germany. The note was sent in compliance with an appeal made to the Holy Father by the German episcopate in which the Pope was requested to make an endeavour to secure a mitigation of the terms. The petition was sent to Rome by Cardinal Hartmann, who asserted that the peace conditions would mean the utter ruin of Germany, and would be a cruel violation of the rights of 70,000,000 inhabitants of the country.

In his note to Colonel House Cardinal Gasparri explains that the Pope has taken this step in favor of Germany as he would for any country requesting his assistance, as he is animated only by humanitarian feelings.

The Cardinal adds that the Pope has done this the more willingly since he was also urged to undertake this initiative by a country belonging to the Entente. He begs Colonel House to submit the situation to the wisdom and enlightenment of President Wilson, hoping that the President will use his powerful influence with the other delegates of the various Powers with a view to securing a peace which will really be lasting.

The Holy Father's proposals for a just and lasting peace were contained in his memorable peace note which was sent to the belligerent nations in August, 1917. The following plan was suggested:

"First, the fundamental point must be that the material force of arms shall give way to the moral force of right, whence shall proceed a just agreement of all upon the simultaneous and reciprocal decrease of armaments, according to the rules and guarantees to be established, in

accept for yourself my hearty congratulations, and for the generous contributors the praise they have so well merited.

May it please God to ever bless more and more your Society so that it may become still more deserving of all the dioceses in this great Dominion.

This, Very Reverend and Dear Father, is my prayer and my sincere wish, while offering you my cordial sentiments of esteem.

Yours very truly in Christ,
P. DI MARRIA,
Arch. of Iconium,
Ap Del.

The Archbishops of Canada expressed in no doubtful terms their entire approval of the Society and the work done by it for the propagation of the Faith in the Dominion. Not only this, but, if our information is correct, in a short time we hope to see the Extension Society receiving generous financial aid from the many dioceses of the provinces.

At a provincial meeting of Bishops a short time since the Extension Society not only received words of approval from the prelates present but also a special mark of favour, viz., that in all parishes of their dioceses a mission sermon would be preached each year and a collection taken up in furtherance of the work of Catholic Extension.

We attribute a great measure of our success to the wholehearted support given by so many to the Catholic Register. Reading each week of the labours of our Canadian missionaries our pious Catholic laity have responded to the generous impulse to aid the ministers of Christ seeking after the sheep of the Master. The letters from the missionary Bishops expressing thanks for the few dollars we have been permitted to give them, have reminded very many Catholics that there are missions in Canada and that those missions as a rule are poor and without that organization we see in well settled places.

The above circumstances have aided the Extension; have made it known and appreciated, and have roused the generous Catholic hearts to acts of love and sacrifice.

Last, but not least, the Extension Society was blessed by thousands of Catholics who experienced its Charity. Bishops and priests offered up Masses for the success of the work; and the prayers of the settlers from the East have ascended to the throne of God and mingled with the prayers of the Indians of Mackenzie and Keewatin in thanksgiving for the spiritual aid which has come to them through the Extension Society.

In a word, the Extension Society has lived up to its name and has faithfully tried to carry out its aims; Bishops, priests and people have cooperated and God has blessed and prospered it.

When you have good reason for thanking God for some special favour, remember you may perform no act more expressive of your gratitude than to aid the Extension Society. You have returned safe from "The Front" or your son or some dear friend has returned through God's mercy; thank God for this by some generous act of Charity. Donations may be addressed to:

REV. T. O'DONNELL, President,
Catholic Church Extension Society,
67 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed:

EXTENSION,
CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE,
LONDON, ONT.

RECEPTION OF MGR. BAUDRILLART

SUPPLIES MOST IMPORTANT DETAIL ON THE LAW OF SEPARATION DISCUSSION

By C. F. A. Service to The Catholic Standard and Times

London, April 17.—The reception of Monsignor Baudrillart into the French Academy this week was a great event. The rector of the Catholic Institute of Paris is universally esteemed for his fine literary ability and for his patriotic propaganda in Spain and America during the War. He takes the fauteuil left vacant by the death of the Comte de Mun, and as is the custom his speech on reception was a eulogium of his predecessor. The Comte Albert de Mun was one of the greatest Catholic laymen of our day and was the founder of those workmen's clubs which have proved so successful in Catholic social service. An aristocrat, he realized the real needs of the people better than most and set himself to serve their moral welfare with a whole-hearted devotion which met with its own reward.

The French Academy loves contrasts, and selected M. Marcel Prevost to reply to Monsignor Baudrillart and welcome him as a member of the Immortal Forty. M. Prevost gave a eulogistic criticism of the writings of Monsignor Baudrillart, in particular "Philippe V. and the Court of France" and also "The Life of Monsignor D'Hulz."

CONFIRMATION PONTIFF'S STAND

There was, however, a passage in his address which Monsignor Baudrillart turned to account the next day. He said M. Prevost had related how M. Renvier, president of the Council, consulted Monsignor Baudrillart secretly on the chances of acceptance of the Law of Separation between Church and State, and that on the morning of its failure he had formally authorized Monsignor Baudrillart to make known to Cardinal Richard, the then Archbishop of Paris, and the Pope, this consultation and his own reply thereto. Monsignor Baudrillart points out that M. Prevost did not add the most important detail, namely, that M. Renvier had authorized the Monsignor to make known also his own (the Minister's) reply, which was of greater importance than that of Monsignor Baudrillart. When the Minister heard that the Pope had declined to accept the law, he said:

"If that is the case, then we are lost, for there is not a Government in France, no matter how radical, which can close out forty thousand churches and expel forty thousand cures. Yet, after all, I must admit that, if I were the Pope, I, too would reject the law."

the necessary and sufficient measure for the maintenance of public order in every State; then taking the place of arms, the institution of arbitration, with its high pacifying function according to rules to be drawn in concert and under sanctions to be determined against any State which would decline to refer international questions to arbitration or to accept its awards.

"When supremacy of right is thus established, let every obstacle to ways of communication of the peoples be removed by insuring, through rules to be also determined, the true freedom and community of the seas, which, on the one hand, would eliminate any causes of conflict, and, on the other hand, would open to all new sources of prosperity and progress."

"As for the damages to be repaid and the cost of the War, we see no other way of solving the question than by setting up the general principle of entire and reciprocal conditions which would be justified by the immense benefit to be derived from disarmament, all the more as one could not understand that such carnage could go on for mere economic reasons. If certain particular reasons stand against this in certain cases, let them be weighed in justice and equity."

But these specific agreements, with the immense advantages that flow from them, are not possible unless territory now occupied is really rationally restituted. Therefore, on the part of Germany, there should be total evacuation of Belgium, with guarantees of its entire political, military, and economic independence toward any power whatever; evacuation also of the French territory; on the part of the other belligerents, a similar restitution of the German colonies.

As regards territorial questions, as, for instance, those that are disputed by Italy and Austria, by Germany and France, there is reason to hope that in consideration of the immense advantages of the durable peace with disarmament, the contending parties will examine them in a conciliatory spirit, taking into account, as far as is just and possible as we have said formerly, the aspirations of the population, and, if occasion arises, adjusting private interests to the general good of the great human society.

"The same spirit of equity and justice must guide the examination of the other territorial and political questions, notably those relative to Armenia, the Balkan States, and the territories forming part of the old Kingdom of Poland, for which, in particular, its noble historical traditions and suffering, particularly undergone in the present War, must win, with justice, the sympathies of the nation."—The Echo.

SERMONS From The Walls

Has it ever been your privilege to sit in one of those charming rural churches which abound throughout England, such as Stoke Pogis for instance?

Your eye has wandered over the numerous Memorial Wall Tablets, telling of those who have fallen in the service of their country, in the Crimea, India, Egypt or South Africa.

Even though entirely unknown to you, have you not been filled with admiration?

Such "Memorial Tablets" whether in Church, College or Club, not only keep alive the memory of our loved ones who have saved the world, but inspire all who read them with a deeper sense of duty and obligation.

We manufacture such "Bronze Memorial Tablets" in our own workshops, and are glad to submit designs and estimates to any who are interested.

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FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

Almonte, Ontario

Dear Friends,—I came to Canada to seek vocations for the Chinese Missions which are greatly in need of priests. In my parish alone there are three cities and a thousand villages to be evangelized and only two priests. Since I arrived in Canada a number of youths have expressed their desire to study for the Chinese mission but there are no funds to educate them. I appeal to your charity to assist in founding bureaus for the education of these and others who desire to become missionaries in China. Five thousand dollars will found a bureau. The interest on this amount will support a student. When he is ordained and goes off to the mission another will be taken in and so on forever. All imbued with the Catholic spirit of propagating the Faith to the ends of the earth will, I am sure, contribute generously to this fund.

Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary,
J. M. FRASER.

I propose the following Burses for subscription.

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We should never repeat to others our kind actions. If we do, their heavenly influence over ourselves goes at once. We should never dwell upon them in our minds. God is in them; they have been operations of His grace. Resolve to lose no opportunity of doing a kind deed. Kindness is the turf of the spiritual world, whereon the sheep of Christ feed; quietly beneath the Shepherd's eye.—Father Faber.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. F. P. Hickey, O. S. B.

TRINITY SUNDAY
OUR NEIGHBOUR

Forgive, and you shall be forgiven. Give, and it shall be given you. (Luke vi, 37, 38. From the Gospel of the First Sunday after Pentecost.)

Two most important works of mercy, my dear brethren, are spoken of by our Blessed Lord in this Gospel. To practise both is most necessary for each one of us, for only by fulfilling these works can we obtain from God the two corresponding graces, without which not one of us can be saved. "Forgive, and you shall be forgiven; and it shall be given to you."

Our duty is summed up in the one word, "Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful." So we are compelled to forgive if we wish to be forgiven. And every one of us needs forgiveness. If we have sinned, we need forgiveness. And who is there without sin? "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." (1 John i, 8.) "Who can say, My heart is pure; I am free from sin?" (Prov. xx, 9.)

Moreover, as we forgive, in the same proportion we shall be forgiven. My dear brethren, how many of us are barring the door of heaven against ourselves through this very fault! Our Blessed Lord says, "Judge not, and you shall not be judged; and condemn not, and you shall not be condemned; but forgive, and you shall be forgiven." We are far more ready to judge and condemn than we are to forgive. Naturally, it is hard to forgive, but by prayer, humility, meekness, we can learn, as the Saints did, to forgive from our hearts. But if in the past we have hardened our hearts by uncharitableness, envy, bearing malice, fancied grievances, what an obstacle we have built up to prevent our own souls from being forgiven! What a work we have before us!—a work impossible for us of ourselves, and only to be accomplished by His gracious help who bids us learn of Him, for He is meek and humble of heart.

There is no evading this obligation. It is present and always present, lying at the threshold of our heart. "Forgive, and you shall be forgiven." There it is, and no excuse can be framed for us to escape from it. The Master has laid it down, and we must obey.

How indignant Almighty God must be when He finds us hesitating about it, and complaining that it is hard. Hard, and this from sinners, who should exult for joy that there is a loophole for them by which to escape from the judgment. Forgive your neighbour, and the Good God has promised to forgive you. And you think it hard, the little you have to forgive. Look at the enormity of that for which we have to pray for forgiveness—mortal sin, a willful, deliberate, and grievous offence against the Majesty of God. Measure its malice by what it did; it crucified the Son of God. Measure it by what it does—plunges wretched souls, who will not forgive, that they be forgiven, into the fire of hell. Humbly, and in the fear of God, let us pray day by day for this virtue of forgiving our neighbour from our heart, that so we may escape the wrath to come.

The second work of mercy spoken of by our Lord is, "Give, and it shall be given to you." My dear brethren, what is there that we have not received from God? And how much more do we still hope to receive from Him? Time, that we may not be cut off in our sins; His grace—faith, hope, love; the Sacraments of the Church, final perseverance, and a holy death—these and a thousand other favours we ask the merciful God to give us. When we pray we are veritable beggars, knocking at the door of our heavenly Father: If He refuses, to whom shall we go? We are destitute and powerless of ourselves. And He will be deaf to us, and He will refuse us, prostrate and in tears though we may be, unless we remember one word, one blessed word that He has said: "Give, and it shall be given to you." "Give" is the golden key that opens the treasure-house of God. "Give," and the Almighty cannot refuse you when you pray and beseech of Him.

Is it not plain and evident what God would have us do? There are the poor, the sick, neighbours in distress and sorrow, our children or aged parents, as the case may be—yea, and the dying and the souls in Purgatory, all asking help from us. It is not necessarily money that they need—though in that case it is often the poor who are the most generous—but kindness in word and deed, patience, good example, prayers, remembrance. As we treat others, and give them of our means and neighbourly love, so God will treat us. Listen to the words of the Scripture, and you will understand the spirit that should animate you. "Give alms out of thy substance"—thus Tobias admonishes his son—and turn not away thy face from any poor person, for so it shall come to pass that the face of the Lord shall not be turned from thee. According to thy ability, be merciful. If thou hast much, give abundantly; if thou have little, take care even so to bestow willingly a little. For thus thou storest up to thyself a good reward for the day of necessity. For alms deliver from all sin and from death, and will not suffer the soul to go into darkness. Alms shall be a great confidence before the most high God to all them that give it. (Tobias iv, 7-12.) "He that is inclined to mercy shall be blessed; for of his

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bread he hath given to the poor." (Prov. xiii, 9.) "Shut up alms in the heart of the poor, and it shall obtain help for thee against all evil." (Ecclesi. xxix, 15.)

"Give, and it shall be given to you." Oh, the mercy of God! the little we have to give and the greatness of that which God gives to us! A little bread, a few pennies, a kind word, an hour spent with the sick and the dying, is all that we can do. But the Lord blesses it, and a good conscience and the peace of God, and graces innumerable, and plenteous redemption and life everlasting are God's generous return.

DEMOCRACY ON ITS KNEES

IN NOTRE DAME DE PARIS

ADMIRALS, GENERALS, PREMIERS AND PRIVATES WITNESS WONDERFUL PROCESSION UNDER AUSPICES OF K. OF C.
(By Robt. W. Egan, Knights of Columbus Secretary)

Notre Dame Cathedral venerable in gray old age was the scene of a new ecclesiastical achievement when seven thousand American soldiers were stirred in heart and soul by what they saw, felt and heard while paying homage to the memorials of Our Saviour. The mothers back in America will thank God that their soldier sons were extended the grace to kneel and kiss a piece of the true Cross of Christ; to kiss the actual Nail which penetrated the flesh of their Saviour and to kiss the Crown of Thorns.

Thousands of miles from home on Tuesday of Holy Week men in khaki heard of the invitation by the Knights of Columbus to appear at Notre Dame and assist in the service of veneration of Sacred Relics. It was expected many would come to perform an act of piety; that others would appear out of curiosity, but no one anticipated that a scene would be enacted which will live with the hallowed memories of this mammoth and magnificent Temple of God.

They came from every part of the A. E. F. in France and Germany. They included Catholic and non-Catholic Chaplains, military men of every rank, leaders in society. One of the first distinguished guests to greet a Knight of Columbus usher at the door of the Cathedral was Admiral Benson, U. S. N. Prominent Catholics of France knelt with our doughboys who have helped to preserve perpetual peace for posterity.

Long before three o'clock when the service of veneration began, Notre Dame was crowded to the doors. Many had their first glimpse of this renowned sanctuary, where saints have died and sinners have been converted; whose walls, arches and stately carved columns have witnessed the most marvelous and historic scenes of centuries. They were within the sacred precincts of a temple of worship teeming with the important epochs of eight hundred years. They were facing an altar before which kings have been baptized. Monarchs newly crowned, have walked in all their majesty amidst the pomp and splendor of Church and State ceremony where American soldiers prayed today. Within this sacred sanctuary have been heard the lamentations of a nation in despair and the "Te Deum" of a multitude when France was victorious. Genius has found inspiration for song and story, poem and praise in this stately pile of stone—the perfection and triumph of Gothic art in architecture. The people of France, nearly all wearing mourning, stood in aisles as a ribbon of black surrounding the khaki of the American soldiers. The colors of our country unfurled between flags of the Allies were above the altar where a shaft of vari colored light was sent by the sun through rose-stained glass as Nature's offering to a glorious scene.

With such inspirational environment an immense audience was prepared to worship God. Gradually the shadows in the church disappeared, as row after row of white electric bulbs penetrated the gloom. The illumination unfolded new beauty and made visible the graceful demeanor from remote parts between the high arches, pillars, towers, and niches of this great gray monument to our Lady of Paris.

What a scene of splendor! Remembling the passing of time from an old age of the church to the present day. Two centuries ago when the United States was struggling for independence, France was our ally. Today the bread upon the waters have returned,—the good seed sown by Lafayette was present in that American audience paying homage to the King of Kings in the sanctuary of the saints of France.

Notre Dame in gloom and darkness shelters the shadows of eight hundred years. Notre Dame illuminated absorbs the form of beauty, youth and faith.

These impressions were being absorbed when the rich melodious tones of the great organ high above the people resounded the prayer present in every soul. The sweet plaintive tones reaching high up toward God seemed to echo the silent prayers of the people. And then, from the sanctuary, the trained voices of France, male and female, singing sacred melody penetrated through the senses to the hearts of soldiers. "The Miserere" chanted by the choir of St. Germain, required no organ accompaniment. Hardly had the note vanished than a figure robed in scarlet appeared with official escort and passed down the aisle separating seven thousand American patriots. Cardinal Amette's face portrayed a welcome for the American guests. Opposite the pulpit he sat throughout the sermon, delivered by L'Abbe Flynn, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France a priest of Suresnes, and a patriot soldier of whom all France is proud.

"Amen" at the close of the sermon, was echoing throughout the church, when the venerable figure of Cardinal Amette was seen standing in his throne. With face animated and emphasizing his remarks by earnest gesture, he extended greeting to the assembled American soldiery whom he characterized as the Saviours of Democracy for their part in the final victory of the Allies against the domination of Prussianism in Europe. After this greeting Cardinal Amette bestowed his blessing.

With the procession of Sacred Relics came the great climax of the day's ceremonial. Before the altar appeared priests and prelates, monsignori, acolytes—all headed by uniformed custodians of the relics. Monsignor James N. Connolly, Vicar-General to the Catholic Chaplain Bishops U. S. Army and Navy Overseas jurisdiction, Chaplain E. March, his assistant and Rev. Father Coll, K. of C. Chaplain, had places of honor in the procession. Slowly they advanced down the centre aisle between the several thousand worshippers. Non-Catholics, but professed Christians, who came to see the Relics, finally remained to worship at the feet of their Dying Saviour. The procession was as a prayer in the sight of a kneeling and standing congregation. Large sheaves of palm carried by the acolytes afforded meditation on the triumphal journey of Jesus into Jerusalem, when the poor and the faithful publicly avowed Him a Saviour. As the journey of the marchers progressed and the relics of the world's great tragedy appeared in sight, there were few Catholic hearts that did not bow low in spirit before Calvary. From the organ loft a beautiful tenor voice seemed to express in song the interior thought of the worshippers "O Saviour, Hear Me." Parnell Egan a Knight of Columbus Secretary, tenor, never before sang so well. His voice conveyed the emotion and the inspiration of a scene which was enthralling.

Cardinal Amette walked with head bent low. The silence was intense and sacred, broken only by the hymn sung to God for all of us. Unconsciously, men dropped to their knees. Many were in tears. In the presence of the Crown of thorns they felt themselves at the foot of the Cross before that memorable day when Pontius Pilate washed his hands saying:

"I am innocent of the Blood of this Just Man."

Who could pray in the presence of the Crown of Thorns and not recall the statement in the Gospel: "Gather together unto Him the whole Band; and stripping Him, they put a scarlet cloak about Him. And plaiting a Crown of Thorns, they put it upon His Head, and a reed in His right hand."

A sense of realization that our eyes were seeing the Crown which penetrated the brow of Jesus; that this Sacred Relic was actually passing in procession aroused the pious emotion of the spectators. This wonderful treasure was brought to Paris during the reign of St. Louis, who constructed the Church of La Saint Chapelle in which to shelter it. How reverently it has been treasured throughout the ages! How tenderly has it been guarded over a period of many centuries! How wonderful for American soldiers to see it after 1900 years! In another crystal encasement, carriers bore a piece of the Holy Cross. This wood was part of the heavy burden under which Our Saviour fell three times before He reached the place of execution. This piece of wood is about seven inches long. It is in a wonderful state of preservation.

The Nail of the Passion was carried in procession by other bearers. Religious souls who have joined in prayers in Paris churches thousands of miles away thought of the Passion of Our Lord in a different way when they beheld these awful instruments for torture. The Nail, six inches long, capped with heavy iron, and shaped from a thickness of half an inch to a

sharp ugly point, was given by Charlemagne and preserved until 1790 in the Cathedral of St. Denis. Again the Lesson of the Cross was impressed in the presence of the memorial. As they took Jesus and led Him forth. And bearing His own Cross He went forth to that place which is called Calvary, but in Hebrew 'Golgotha'; where they crucified Him and with Him two others, one on each side, and Jesus in the midst."

The silent, impressive group escorting the relics passed down the center aisle, encircled the church and returned to the main altar. Men bowed or knelt. Many men and women expressed emotion in tears. All felt that were in the Resurrection on that Day of Sacrifice when human souls were redeemed.

Following Benediction the privilege of kissing the Sacred Relics was granted the American soldier guests. Over five thousand men awaited their turn to kneel at the altar and press their lips against the crystal encasements containing the Nail, the Crown and the Wood as it was passed by the priest of Notre Dame, by every creed, including an admiral, a general, distinguished Frenchmen, women of high position in social life knelt meek and humble of heart alongside of doughboys to touch the relics associated with Christ Almighty's death.

After the veneration the Treasury Notre Dame was opened and thousands of soldiers were permitted to view the wonderful collection of historic jewels, vestments and antiques presented by kings, Popes and monarchs of the world. Their eyes were dazzled by the many jewel encasements given at different times by nations as repositories for the Sacred Relics exhibited throughout the service.

They saw the Missals of the Mass used in the marriage ceremony of Napoleon the Third. The magnificent case used to carry the Crown paid for by the ladies of Paris and designed by Violet Le Duc was shown to the Americans. The collection includes the chalice of Pope Pius VII., contributed to Notre Dame by Napoleon First; coronation robe and cushion on which the Crown rested when Louis Eighteenth was crowned in Notre Dame Cathedral; a Crucifix of the thirteenth century contributed by the Duke of Northfolk, at one time owned by St. Thomas a Becket; the gold crosses of Pope Pius IX. and a magnificent monstrance presented by Napoleon; the chalice used to administer Holy Communion to Marie Antoinette and Louis the Sixteenth, the morning of their execution in 1793; the monstrance given by Louis Eighteenth to Notre Dame Church, studded with diamonds, rubies and emeralds. The vestments worn by Popes and the Bishops of Paris, and the great collection of cameos, bearing the portraits of 238 different Popes to the time of Leo the XIII. Every period of French history is shown in the drawers and compartments of the Notre Dame Treasury. Following this view, the soldiers passed to the rear of the Cathedral and marched about the structure. They had opportunity to study the beautiful and magnificent exterior view so often described by poets, who can best tell of the classic lines of this ancient and historical edifice.

At the time of War, of death, of cruelty, of suffering, of human misery, when the world is buried beneath the sorrows and terrors of the last four years, it was a wonderful thing—in Holy Week to attend this ceremony, in this world famous Cathedral, and in prayer and contemplation gather comfort and strength for the days to come from the lessons of our Crucified Saviour.

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points the Canons, but according to the wishes of the Chapter, which elects its own provost and other dignitaries, whose appointments are confirmed by the Pope.

Article 22 is important. It declares that the right of property in ecclesiastical goods can be exercised by the religious corporations, associations and foundations, and that the goods of the Church must not be used for any other end than that for which they are destined. The direction of the foundations for Masses rest with the Treasurer of the Church. The churches, buildings of ecclesiastical benefices and conventional houses are exempt from taxation, also ecclesiastical funds, the revenues of which are used for the needs of religion, schools or charity.

All laws and ordinances, contrary to the articles of the Concordat, will be abrogated. This gives a general summary of the principal provisions of the Concordat.

The Canton of Lucerne forms a part of the Diocese of Basle. The ecclesiastical power is exercised by the Pope; and the Bishop is elected by the Cathedral senate.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

NEWS OF THE WORLD
Is it news of the world that ye're after?
I'm sorry to say
There's little o' joy or o' laughter
That's in it th' day.

WHEN CRAMPED, KEEP WITS

A cramp is merely a contraction of the muscles caused by the penetration of the cold. Obviously, it could not of itself cause drowning. Its worse effect, according to the "Popular Science Monthly" is to cause panic which throws the swimmer off his guard, causing him to let the air out of his lungs and thus allow the air passages to become filled with water.

The moment a cramp is felt the swimmer should turn on his back and begin to gulp the air, making no attempt to keep himself from sinking. As he sinks he slowly exhales under water, through the mouth, with the lips puckered as for whistling. If it is a stomach cramp, the knees will be drawn up against the abdomen, but the swimmer should force them out, pushing on them with both hands and bring all his strength until they are fully extended. This will no doubt cause great pain for a few seconds, but as soon as the legs are straightened out the cramps will vanish, and the body buoyed up by the air in the lungs, will shoot up to the surface.

In case of a cramp in the leg or arm the same system of breathing is followed and the affected part is straightened out by sheer strength.

DON'T GROW BITTER

"He who is bitter is beaten. This is distilled from a life," said a wise observer of his kind.

Often one meets the man who has become sour by his own life through his own fault—though he blames it all on the chances and circumstances of destiny. He had not admit that the hand of a bad habit dragged him down or kept him from rising; that he made a misstep or took the wrong turn of the road. He prefers to charge impersonal Fate with his personal failure. But he had the same right to struggle and win that we all have. The man whom he regards with envy had to prove that the stars were in him, against odds. The old proverb says that Fortune favors the brave—but that saying really means that Fortune plays no favorites and confers her gifts only upon those who fight hard.

No ruin is so pathetic as the ruin of a man. We may spare our solemn meditations on the moss-bound, ivy-covered castle and spend them on this man before us, who started well and is making a poor finish. He has "lost his self-respect." The first sign of it is in the outward semblance. He does not care what he throws on from the back of the chair in the morning. He does not care how he shuffles and shambles down the street, dodging his creditors. The light of the other days has died out of the east for him. The ghost of Might-have-been has ceased to pursue him. He slides along in a groove, like a car upon its rails. He has lost ambition beyond the primal urge toward the satisfaction of the elemental physical wants. He lives from hand to mouth, and a meal is only a meal to him.

Ideals? He curls the lip at them. He cannot sell them for anything. He merely goes through the motion. His future is behind him. Perhaps it would be right to say that his future and his past have changed places, for his past lives with him still. From the time that he let himself grow bitter he began to lose—Exchange.

THE ANNUAL RETREAT

We are now in the Retreat season of the year. Those of you who have had the privilege of making a retreat in past years are doubtless looking forward to these spiritual exercises more eagerly than they anticipate their summer holiday, for the retreat is the true rest and strengthening of your soul for the work of another year; or, it may be the preparation for death for those who are nearing the brink of eternity. Others are preparing to make a retreat for the

first time, and perhaps they feel a little nervous about it. Let all such timid folk take courage, for if they follow the exercises with generous dispositions they will derive such benefit from them that, in future, they will wish to make the retreat annually. These few days of prayer pass quickly and this is because we are all so fully occupied with the things of God and with what touches us most closely, namely, our own salvation. We have to thank God for past blessings, to purify our souls, to meditate on the truths of our Holy Faith and thus fortify our souls to meet coming difficulties. Now we all desire that the effects of our retreat may be lasting; and to obtain this result we must take our measures accordingly, and among these we may enumerate the following:

1. Have a clear idea in what the fruit of the retreat consists and bear in mind that the retreat does not plane away all difficulties. After these days of silence and prayer you will find yourself still beset by temptations: your irritability, laziness, pride or stubbornness will not have died a natural death, simply because you have made a good resolution to fight against these defects. The same daily difficulties will present themselves, but you will be wiser as regards the means that must be taken to overcome them, and also you will find that your will has been strengthened to grapple with them. So let there be no illusions on this point; and when you are praying devoutly during the retreat do not imagine that the whole year will pass in this sweet contemplation of Heavenly things, and that the devil will never dare tempt you again.

2. Make a sensible practical rule of life. This involves looking your difficulties in the face and settling how you can best meet them. Do not attempt too much in the fervor of the moment. Your little rule of life should regulate your duty toward God, your neighbor and yourself, and it should not be complicated or rigid.

3. Make two or three resolutions at the most; in many cases one will suffice, and let it "hit the nail on the head."

4. Cling to the sacraments. If during the coming year you never through your own fault omit frequenting these sources of grace, you will be doing much to assure the success of your retreat. For the Sacraments strengthen the soul and enable it to resist its spiritual foes.

5. Lastly, never yield to discouragement, for this ruins so many. Trust in God and rise promptly after every fall, even though you fall twenty times a day.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE MESSENGER BOY

When he goes whistling down the street—
His eyes are young and young his feet
He does not know the words that stand
Like rows of flame within his hand.
He casually rings the bell
Of 42, where all is well.
And waits there in the vestibule,
Where it is hushed and clean and cool;

A careless lad, who does not guess
The words he brings bring emptiness.
Bring sorrow and engulfing tears,
And change the smooth march of the years.

The door is opened. Nevermore
Will one pass through that friendly door.
White fingers tear the envelope,
White fingers through the message grope.

There is a cry, a sound of feet. * * *
A boy goes whistling down the street.
—CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

JIMMY'S FOURTH OF JULY

"What's the matter with Dad?" queried Jimmy with a gloomy scowl. "You'd think he was glad the Fourth of July had gone out of style," and he dropped in a sullen heap on the front steps.

"Why, Jimmy!" said his sister Ruth reproachfully. "The Fourth of July isn't out of date. It's only the fireworks that are out of date. If you were in Europe you wouldn't want to hear a firecracker ever again."

"Well, I ain't in Europe," said Jimmy crossly, "an' all the fun is gone out of the Fourth. It used to be more fun than Christmas, and now look at it! Last year was bad enough, but this'll be worse. Nuthin' but a parade! And an ice cream cone! Shucks, what's the use!" More gloom.

"What did you say about Dad?" asked Ruth hastily to change the subject. "Oh, nuthin'." I jest wondered what made him grin so everlastingly lately. S'pose he's glad he don't have to buy any fireworks this year. "Why, Jimmy!" said Ruth indignantly, "that's an awful way to talk. You always had more fireworks than the other boys, and where's your patriotism!"

and caused him to remark hastily, "Ouch! Say, Dad, what made you grin so much all day? You look like a Cheshire cat."

"Well," said his father slowly, "if I were you I believe I'd get up early in the morning to see if I could find out."

"Find out what?" "What made me grin," said his father. "Now get to bed, youngster, there's another day coming."

"What's the matter with that boy?" said his father laughing. "He misses the fireworks," said Ruth. "What have you up your sleeve, Dad? I'm sure it's something nice for Jimmy."

"Your mother thought of it," said Mr. Bennett as he unfolded his plan. "And I expect to enjoy it just as much as Jimmy."

Early next morning Jimmy awoke with an odd sense of expectation, but when realization came to him that this was a safe and sane Fourth, he turned over in disgust. "Jimmy," called his mother. "Your father wants to see you on the front porch in five minutes."

"What's the big rush?" said Jimmy about three minutes later as he came out on the porch. Then he stopped short in his amazement! Ted Martin, Pete and Bob Hayes, Chuck Cummings and Harry Allen, attired in their Boy Scout suits, sat in a row on the front steps, and it was hard indeed to tell which had the widest grin. His father, too, was smiling broadly as he tightened the strap on a queer-looking bundle which he slung, knapsack fashion, upon his back. Seven new fishing rods stood near the bench and Jimmy's eyes glistened as the meaning of it all came to him.

For a moment he was speechless and then he gasped eagerly, "Oh, Dad! Crystal Cove?" His father nodded, for the five scouts, who had been bribed to silence that Jimmy's surprise might be complete, set up such a shout that his voice would have been completely lost in the din.

"Bacon, Jimmy!" shouted Chuck above the rest. "An' fresh buns!" yelled Ted. "We're gonna cook it on a stick!" cried Pete, doing a little war dance around the pany bed. "You wind the bacon around the—"

Breakfast when we get there?" shrieked Bob. "Hey, Jimmy, get your scout suit and let's get started!" "We're gonna fish!" asked Jimmy. "Catch a bunch for lunch," said Harry. "Aw, hurry, can't you? I'm most starved!"

Jimmy cast a grateful glance at his father and plunged wildly up stairs for his scout suit. Five minutes later they were on their way, and by eight o'clock an hilariously hungry crowd entered Crystal Cove.

The fire was made and strips of bacon speared on sharpened sticks, sizzled and dripped and sputtered for a few brief seconds and then embedded in fresh rolls, disappeared with great rapidity. "Gee, this is great!" said Pete between bites. "I never ate such bacon! Your Dad is a good scout. Mine never would have thought of this!"

"You bet he is," said Jimmy heartily, while in his heart he determined many things. "And then the fishing! By eleven o'clock they had a fine string of fish—more than enough—so they all went for a swim in the lower end of the cove where the water was as clear as crystal and there was a fine sandy bottom.

They came out with such appetites that they could scarcely wait to clean and dry the fish for lunch. Nothing ever tasted so delicious. Suddenly a thought struck Harry. "Goodness! We gotta be back for the parade," he said, "an' it's awful hot!"

Visions of the long walk, so pleasant in the early morning with a jolly time ahead, but so long and hot and dusty in the noon-day heat took the joy out of life for them all. "Honk! honk!" came from the road some distance away. "Honk! honk!"

"Sounds like Dad's car," said Ted eagerly. "Oa, wheel it is, it is! C'mon fellows, hurry!" And in less than ten minutes the fire was extinguished, their belongings and themselves stowed in the big car, which was bedecked with flags and bunting, and they were speeding towards town over that long dusty road at a rate that would surely get them there in plenty of time to take an active part in the big patriotic parade.

About nine o'clock that night Jimmy sank wearily upon the front steps. "Some day!" This Fourth of July, Dad," he said.—Extension Magazine.

HONOR THE CRUCIFIX

The cross is the sign of our redemption. As Catholics we revere it, salute it, and whilst venerating it we adore our Blessed Lord Who died on it for our salvation. The cross tops our steeples, surmounts our altars, adorns the Christian royal diadem. The Bishop wears it as a breastplate; it is the insignia of his dignity and power, and of the obligations to his flock. All good Catholics wear it, priests, nuns, and lay people, and many for no other reason than to atone for the insults so frequently offered to the crucifix. We should honor it highly, show our esteem for it; we should form the habit of wearing it, either as a small

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cross inside or ostensibly as a watch guard, or suspended about the neck, a lady's most suitable ornament.

The crucifix has the place of honor in our churches, and how beautiful it looks when given the prominent place in the Christian home. But, too often we miss the cross from where it has a right to be: its place, alas! is given to a portrait, and profane paintings or engravings are substituted for religious pictures.

To bless oneself with the sign of the cross is a profession of faith in Jesus Crucified. The demons tremble at its very name or sign. Our Lord has made it the key of heaven for all: if we but use it according to its meaning, reverence and venerate its rights, it will open for us the celestial portals.

Holy Church has set aside special feasts in honor of the cross of Christ. She prays to God "that her children may conquer and carry off a place of triumph in our heavenly home by the virtue of the beautiful sign of the cross," thus professing and teaching us that our salvation is wrought by the holy cross. In baptism salvation comes to the child by this holy sign; I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost," again in confirmation when the Bishop confirms him in these words: "I mark thee with the sign of the cross," and the one confirmed promises allegiance and fealty to his God even at the price of his life. And what is it that consoles the dying Christian but the last blessing of the priest, the last glimpse of the cross, the last kiss of his crucifix? After death the cross seals his coffin and marks his resting place in consecrated grounds. And on the last day, the cross of Christ shall be the flaming sign of salvation when it shall appear in the heavens, luminous, comforting indeed for the elect, but terrifying for the damned. On that great day the cross will be the rallying sign for those who shall have stood, fought and conquered by it. They will then be blessed by this wonderful sign, and their hearts will be filled with joy.—St. Paul Bulletin.

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