

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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A VALUABLE ARTICLE

The pressing topic of the hour is—Coal: its scarcity and high price. The fact admits of no question: its exploitation sets countless tongues wagging and supplies many professional pens with an unwonted theme. That is something when the War and its alternations of gloom and brightness are apt to fill the whole horizon of popular thought. So let us turn aside from trench life to dwell for a few moments upon the uses and aesthetic qualities of the substance, costly both in cash and in the lives of men.

We are all more or less familiar with the history of the coal deposits situated in the vicinity, and never very far from the sea. Time and space open out into limitless vistas as the eye of imagination instructed by science, gazes into the past of our planet, visualising the vast forests which sank into their graves, burying with them relics of flora and fauna which had shared their exuberant life. Here in the north temperate zone, where most needed, the carboniferous strata are chiefly found.

How fascinating the story of the Earth's changes, with its gradual development of living forms, told in the Stone Book of the geologist all may know who care to read.

Few will dispute the priority of the fireplace in the homely dwelling. Furniture is of course necessary, but in our climate a good fire is a boon that has no rival. Once upon a time the ingle-nook was the vital centre of hospitality.

THE HEARTH

Mine host knew its value, and there are still rural spots which respond to its glowing appeal. With cheap grates, hot-water pipes, and gas stoves, the old idea of the sacred hearth has died out for multitudes who are fain to content themselves with such things as the builder provides. Yet what form of friendly intercourse can compare with the exchange of confidences which the heat and comfortable firesides encourage? Poets have sung the praises and scenes enacted under the stimulus of the radiating warmth that transformed even a "clay biggin" into a palace of the soul. Cowper, who blended the homeliness of Burns with the classicism of Pope, celebrated the humble glories of the genial guest-chamber, all aglow with the light and warmth of the blazing fire. Lamps and candles and logs seem to fit in with certain of our moods as truly as the sunset harmonizes with others. Southey speaks of the delight of contrast, for while the wind blows in the chimney and the hail dashes against the window "Tis pleasant by the cheerful hearth to hear of tempests and the dangers of the deep." Goldsmith, the gentle Elia, and how many others of our literary charmers we need not count, deem the fireside a favorite haunt of the muses—a confessional where secrets are whispered and counsels breathed to take effect in the long ears that make history and shape character.

There is another side to the open fire-grate question, as we are often reminded. Coal consumption involves much waste when not scientifically controlled. We have much to learn concerning the wise and economical use of the black diamonds hewn out of the strata.

ECONOMY

These are not inexhaustible, and we may yet have to go straight to the original source of heat—to the sun, whose splendour gave birth to primeval forests—parents, in turn, of the coal-beds upon which our wealth and labour jointly depended. How proud a place the open hearth fills, with its generous flame, fed by coal and fragrant wood. This is of course a luxury denied to the myriads who toil and lodge in places that are heated from basement furnaces. For these there is no play of coloured rays and flickering shadows, no bright fancies born of the leaping and sinking flames in their ever-changing patterns. What company one finds when alone with a bright

burning fire! Silent, yet in motion, fit helpmeet when easy chair and favorite book invite deliberate thought, who that likes solitude after mingling with crowds does not own the subtle charm of firelight and measured warmth? No mechanical heating apparatus can take its place. Dull pipes, radiators of sorts—all are prosaic substitutes for the ruddy blaze with its enchantments that liberate soul from sense. But the evening wanes and the sinking fire bids us to the couch of darkness. As we leave the cosy hearth let us give a thought to the brave men who labor in gloom and danger to win the black diamonds that are more needful than the crystallised carbon the proud beauty wears. What national obligation can exceed the one that pertains to their heavy risk and toil. In peace and war they supply the sinews of efficiency. Let us honour their service and never grudge their reward. Would that all who handle the coal they win at such cost had hands and hearts as clean as theirs.

VACATION

Change of air and scene seem to be a necessity during the summer season and we often hear people speak with some pity and more contempt of a poor man or woman who has never been out of his native town or beyond the boundaries of his parish. What a life! they think. Indeed, it does not seem life to them at all, but a living death, a stagnant existence, a rooted life like that of a limpet on a rock, or some vegetable which, although it may have winged seeds, yet is anchored in some poor yard of earth, and can never get away from that one tedious spot. But possibly these philanthropists are throwing away their pity. All nature was meant to localise. Even birds with wings which could fly leagues are confined within a narrow ambit, and we have heard, on the questionable authority of entomologists, that there are insects peculiar to one certain locality, and found nowhere else. So that to those folks who cannot rest at home, but must need travel, the wings of these would seem to be thrown away. But if you inquire into it, even man's wings—such as the patient old stage-coach, the railway, the electric car, the motor, the aeroplane—do not really change habitats. But it is certain that habits are stronger than wings, and that men and birds and insects take root, and live comfortably and die easily enough, although they have never seen the world.

TRAMPS

There are those who think that their neighbors who stay at home are to be pitied like a bird in a cage, and who think to assert their freedom by this will-o-the-wisp proceeding of going from place to place. But in many cases the caged bird is better in the room than in the forest, and the man who does not love his cage, home, is only a tramp. The tramp doubtless, seems a hero to boys, but he really is an idle loafer; and these waifs of the highways, who really go afoot from place to place, are not only peripatetic pickers up of unconsidered trifles, but are one of the nuisances of our times. It is these that are the shuttles which carry the fatal thread of disease from place to place.

BETTER THAN CHANGE

This was natural enough in a child, but for people that have grown up there ought to be something better than mere "change," and they ought to know—for nature has taught them—the error of their ways by the wholesome disease we call "Home sickness," which is the centripetal force which nature has set against the centrifugal, fly-off-at-a-tangent force, which is the ruling motive of those runabouts of which we have been speaking.

Travelled heads are better than travelled feet, which, as a fact, bring home nothing but foreign mud. But it is a fact also that the travelled head and the travelled feet are almost incompatible. The feet travel because the head is empty, and the head that is full does not care to cull common experiences by jaded travel. Indeed, the wise head sees that we have those who will travel for us, if we will only stay at home. Here is

the sun, which has been "round the world," as we say, since we saw him last, and the moon, and the stars. These too, are travellers, and their great orbits make our little tours look ridiculous.

THE POPE'S APPEAL

TEXT OF LETTER

"To the leaders of the belligerent peoples:

"Since the beginning of our Pontificate the horrors of a terrible War having been let loose on Europe, we have had in view above everything three things to observe: perfect impartiality towards all belligerents, as is suitable for him who is the common father and who loves all his children with equal affection; continually to attempt to do all the good possible, and that without exception of person, without distinction of nationality or religion, as is dictated to us by the universal law of charity, of which the supreme spiritual charge is confided to us from Christ; and, finally, as our pacific mission also requires, to omit nothing so long as it was in our power which might contribute to hasten the end of this calamity by trying to lead people and their leaders to more moderate resolution and to hasten a serene deliberation of a peace just and durable.

"Whoever has followed our work during these three painful years which have just passed has been able easily to recognize that if we have always remained faithful to our resolve of absolute impartiality and to our attitude of benevolence, we have not ceased to exhort the peoples and the belligerent brothers again, to become brethren, although publicity has not been given to all that we have done to attain this very noble aim.

"Towards the end of the first year of the War we addressed the nations in conflict most lively and the part to be followed to arrive at a stable and honourable peace for all. Unfortunately our appeal was not heard and the War continued desperately for another two years with all its horrors. It became even more cruel and extended over the earth, over the sea and in the air, and one saw desolation and death descend upon the cities without defence, upon peaceful villages and on their innocent peoples; and now no one can imagine how the sufferings of all would be increased and aggravated if other months or, worse still, other years are about to be added to this sanguinary triennium.

"Is this civilized world to be nothing more than a field of death? And Europe, so glorious and so flourishing, is it going, as if stricken by a universal madness, to run into the abyss and consummate its own suicide?

"In such a terrible situation and in the presence of a menace so serious, we, who have no particular political aim, who do not listen to suggestions or to the interests of any of the belligerent parties, but are solely compelled by sentiment of our supreme duty as the common father of the faithful, by the solicitation of our children who implore our intervention and our pacifying word, we, through the voice even of humanity and of reason, once more emit the cry of peace, and we renew a pressing appeal to those who hold in their hands the destinies of nations. But in order no longer to speak in general terms, as the circumstances had counselled us in the past, we now wish to make more concrete and practical proposals and to invite the Governments of the belligerent peoples to come to an agreement upon the following points, which seem to be a basis of a just and durable peace, leaving to them the task of analyzing and completing them.

"First of all, the fundamental points must be that the material force of arms be substituted by the moral force of right, from which shall arise a fair agreement by all for the simultaneous and reciprocal diminution of armaments, according to the rules and guarantees to be established in a measure necessary and sufficient for the maintenance of public order in each State. Then in substitution for armies, the institution of arbitration, with its high pacifying functions, according to the rules to be laid down and the penalties to be imposed on a State which would refuse either to submit a national question to arbitration or to accept its decision.

"Once the supremacy of right has thus been established, all obstacles to the means of communication of the peoples would disappear by assuring by rules to be fixed later, the true liberty and community of the seas, and would decrease the numerous causes of conflict and would also open to all new sources of prosperity and progress.

"As to the damages to be repaired and as to the war expenses, we see no other means of solving the question than by submitting as a general principle complete and reciprocal condemnation, which would be justified, moreover, by the immense benefit to be derived from disarmament so much so that no one will under-

stand the continuation of a similar carnage solely for reasons of an economic order.

"If for certain cases there exist particular reasons they would be deliberated upon with justice and equity, but these specific agreements, with the immense advantages to be derived from them, are not possible without a reciprocal renunciation of the territory at present occupied.

"Consequently on the part of Germany the complete evacuation of Belgium with the guarantee of her full political, military and economic independence.

"Also the evacuation of French territory. On the part of other belligerent parties, similar restitution of the German colonies.

"As regards the territorial questions, as, for example, those which have arisen between Italy and Austria and between Germany and France there is reason to hope that in consideration of the immense advantage of a durable peace with disarmament, the parties in conflict would wish to examine them with a conciliatory disposition, taking into consideration, as we have said formerly, the aspirations of the peoples and the special interests, and of the general welfare of the great human society.

"The same spirit of equity and justice ought to be followed in the examination of other territorial and political questions, notably those relative to Armenia and the Balkan States and territories making a part of the ancient kingdom of Poland, whose noble and historical traditions and the suffering which it has endured, especially during the present war, ought to compel the sympathies of nations.

"Such are the principal bases whereon we believe the future reorganization of the peoples ought to be built. They are of a nature to render impossible the return of similar conflicts, and to prepare a solution of the economic questions so important for the future and for the material well-being of all belligerent States.

"Therefore, in presenting these bases to you, who direct at this hour the destinies of the belligerent nations, we fervently hope to see them accepted, and see thus the conclusion at an early date of the terrible struggle which more and more appears a useless massacre.

"The whole world recognizes that the honour of the armies of both sides is safe. Incline your ear, therefore, to our prayer. Accept the fraternal invitation which we send you in the name of the Divine Redeemer, the Prince of Peace. Reflect on your very grave responsibility before God and before man.

"On your decision depend the repose and the joy of innumerable families, the lives of thousands of young people, in a word, the happiness of a people whose welfare it is your absolute duty to obtain.

"May the Lord inspire your decision in conformity to His very holy will. May God grant that while meriting the applause of your contemporaries you will also obtain in the future generations a splendid name of pacificators.

"As for us, closely united in prayer and in penitence with all those faithful souls which sigh for peace, we implore for you the light and counsel of the Divine spirit.

(Signed) BENEDICT.

At the Vatican, Aug. 1.

FRENCH CATHOLICS WANT THE IMAGE OF SACRED HEART ON NATIONAL FLAG

(Catholic Press Service)

The Bishop of Nice (France), Mgr. Chapon, has published an important note in his diocesan journal regarding a new movement amongst French Catholics. He says he has learned with pain that a petition has been distributed throughout the diocese of which neither the object nor the text have been submitted to him.

The object of the petition is to request the public authorities that the image of the Sacred Heart should be superimposed on the national flag of France. Praiseworthy in itself, the Bishop considers that it is destined to certain failure, and he cautions therefore against the petition. He says, rightly, that it will be impossible to obtain from the present government of France that which Blessed Margaret Mary was unable to obtain from Louis XIV. three hundred years ago, at a much more favorable hour.

He considers that the petition provokes a refusal and opposition, which may perhaps end in blasphemy, while it will create division amongst Catholics themselves, which will be fatal to the sacred interests they desire to secure. Finally Bishop Chapon points out that the movement is vitiated in its origin, since it is established at Paris without, and even against, the advice of the Archbishop, Cardinal Amette, than whom there is no more ardent devotee of the Sacred Heart, and who has disavowed the enterprise.

Our self-respect is largely due to the love we get in childhood and youth.

PRESIDENT'S REPLY TO THE POPE

August 27, 1917.

"To His Holiness, Benedictus XV., Pope:

"In acknowledgment of the communication of Your Holiness to the belligerent peoples, dated August 1, 1917, the President of the United States requests me to transmit the following reply:

FOLLY TO TAKE STEP

"Every heart that has not been blinded and hardened by this terrible War must be touched by this moving appeal of His Holiness the Pope, must feel the dignity and force of the humane and generous motives which prompted it and must fervently wish that we might take the path of peace he so persuasively points out. But it would be folly to take it if it does not in fact lead to the goal he proposes. Our response must be based upon the stern facts and upon nothing else. It is not a mere cessation of arms he desires, it is a stable and enduring peace. This agony must not be gone through with again and it must be a matter of very sober judgment what will insure us against it.

THE POPE'S PLAN

"His Holiness in substance proposes that we return to the status quo ante bellum and that then there be a general condemnation, disarmament, and a concert of nations, based upon an acceptance of the principle of arbitration: that by a similar concert freedom of the seas be established; and that the territorial claims of France and Italy, the perplexing problems of the Balkan States, and the restitution of Poland be left to such conciliatory adjustments as may be possible in the new temper of such a peace, due regard being paid to the aspirations of the peoples whose political fortunes and afflictions will be involved.

THE IRRESPONSIBLE LEADER

"It is manifest that no part of this program can be successfully carried out unless the restitution of the status quo ante bellum be a firm and satisfactory basis for it. The object of this War is to deliver the free peoples of the world from the menace and the actual power of a vast military establishment controlled by an irresponsible government which, having secretly planned to dominate the world, proceeded to carry the plan out without regard either to the sacred obligations of treaty or the long-established practices and long-cherished principles of international action and honor; which chose its own time for the War; delivered its blow fiercely and suddenly; stopped at no barrier, either of law or mercy; swept a whole continent within the tide of blood—not the blood of soldiers only, but the blood of innocent women and children also, and of the helpless poor; and now stands balked, but not defeated, the enemy of four-fifths of the world. This power is not the German people. It is the ruthless master of the German people. It is no business of ours how that great people came under its control or submitted with temporary zest to the domination of its purposes; but it is our business to see that the history of the rest of the world is no longer left to its handling.

RESTITUTION OF POWER

"With such a power by way of peace upon the plan proposed by His Holiness the Pope would, so far as we can see, involve a recuperation of its strength and a renewal of its policy; would make it necessary to create a permanent hostile combination of nations against the German people who are its instruments; and would result in abandoning the new born Russia to the intrigues and the manifold subtle interference, and the certain counter-revolution which would be attempted by all the malign influences to which the German Government has of late accustomed the world. Can peace be based upon a restitution of its power or upon any word of honor it could pledge in a treaty of settlement and accommodation?

NO ECONOMIC WAR

Responsible statesmen must now everywhere see, if they never saw before, that no peace can rest securely upon political or economic restrictions meant to benefit some nations and cripple or embarrass others, upon vindictive action of any sort, or any kind of revenge or deliberate injury. The American people have suffered intolerable wrongs at the hands of the Imperial German Government, but they desire no reprisal upon the German people, who have themselves suffered all things in this War, which they did not choose. They believe that peace should rest upon the rights of peoples, not the rights of governments—the rights of peoples, great or small, weak or powerful—their equal right to freedom and security and self-government and to a participation upon fair terms in the economic opportunities of the world—the German people, of course, included, if they will accept equality and not seek domination.

THE REAL TEST

"The test, therefore, of every plan of peace is this: Is it based upon the faith of all the peoples involved

or merely upon the word of an ambitious and intriguing government, on the one hand, and of a group of free peoples, on the other? This is a test which goes to the root of the matter: and it is the test which must be applied.

SEEK NO GAIN

"The purposes of the United States in this War are known to the whole world—to every people to whom the truth has been permitted to come. They do not need to be stated again. We seek no material advantage of any kind. We believe that the intolerable wrongs done in this War by the furious and brutal power of the Imperial German Government ought to be repaired, but not at the expense of the sovereignty of any people—rather a vindication of the sovereignty, both of those that are weak and those that are strong. Punitive damages, the dismemberment of empires, the establishment of selfish and exclusive economic leagues, we deem expedient and in the end worse than futile, no proper basis for a peace of any kind, least of all for an enduring peace. That must be based upon justice and fairness and the common rights of mankind.

WORD IS VALUELESS

"We cannot take the word of the present rulers of Germany as a guarantee of anything that is to endure, unless explicitly supported by such conclusive evidence of the will and purpose of the German people themselves as the other peoples of the world would be justified in accepting. Without such guarantees treaties of settlement, agreements for disarmament, covenants to set up arbitration in the place of force, territorial adjustments, reconstitutions of small nations, if made with the German Government, no man, no nation could now depend upon. We must await some new evidence of the purposes of the great peoples of the central powers. God grant it may be given soon and in a way to restore the confidence of all peoples everywhere in the faith of nations and the possibility of a covenanted peace.

(Signed) ROBERT LANSING,
Secretary of State of the United States of America."

BITTER ANTI-CATHOLIC SPEECH

INFIDELS PLAN TO ROB ORPHANS OF THEIR FAITH

(C. P. A. Service)

London, August 2.—Certainly at the present time the Catholics of France have all they can do to protect their essential rights from the dominant infidels. Recent events in the Chamber of Deputies prove this. M. Pion, a Catholic deputy, has just made a remarkable speech, pointing out the dangers of loss of religion to which the orphans of the War are subject by the new bill for their care and education, and the fury with which his fine speech was received has sufficiently unmasked the designs of the infidels against this sacred trust of souls left them by the dead heroes of France. The eloquent deputy submitted that if the "Law of the Orphans" was a national work it should include in its central organization all the national forces. Yet among the ninety-nine members composing the committee responsible for the administration of the law, every political and civil organization is represented except religion. M. Pion moved an amendment that representatives of the Church be included in its administration.

VIVIANI'S BITTER ATTACK

Viviani replied in a speech forecasting persecution after the War. He said the Catholic Church in France had no legal existence since she had not made "Associations Cultuelles," and consequently the law did not recognize her ministers! This argument was smashed by M. Pion, who pointed out that even under the Law of Separation the State recognized the chaplains for the army, for hospitals and for schools, and the pastor of parishes. Were they not included in the National Committee of Succor? Had not the government called upon them to promote the "Sacred Union" which they themselves were now violating.

Viviani then claimed for the minister of public instruction the sole right of applying the law, alleging that this work for the orphans was rather one of education than of assistance, and his subordinate declared that the religious convictions of the father would be respected in the bringing up of the child. M. Pion asked whose convictions would protect the child in the case of orphans who had lost one or both parents, and he pointed out the moral debt we owed our brave dead. But all in vain. The amendment was lost, and Law of the Orphans becomes yet another work of oppression against the Church in France, designed to cut off her supplies by capturing souls in their first youth.

The end of reading (as of every thing else we do) should be self-improvement.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The emigration from Ireland last year was only 7,302. Twenty-two years ago, the number was 48,708.

In the catacombs of St. Sebastian, Rome, there are buried 46 Popes and 147,000 martyrs.

In fourteen months, ten new Catholic churches have been dedicated in Chicago.

Four important sees are now vacant in the United States—the Sees of New Orleans, Los Angeles, Trenton and Denver.

In Birmingham, England, a new Sacred Heart church is to be erected in honor of the souls in purgatory as a war memorial.

The "Summa" of St. Thomas, that wonderful work, has been translated even into the Chinese language by the Jesuit Fathers.

Sir Alfred Keogh, chief of the British medical service, is a native of Roscommon, Ireland, and was a student in Dublin University. He is a Catholic.

The Church in Greenland is the oldest in the Western Hemisphere. It was established about the year 1000. At one time it had as many as sixteen parishes. After the fifteenth century the Church there practically disappeared.

The Sultan of Egypt has conferred upon the Earl of Denbigh the Order of the Nile. Lord Denbigh is one of the senior Catholic peers of England, and no family among the aristocracy has done more War work than the Fieldings, of which he is the head.

Most Rev. Edward Thomas O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, Ireland, died Sunday, Aug. 19, at the Palace, at Corbally, Limerick. For a generation the Bishop had been a prominent figure in Irish politics. He was born at Holycross, County of Tipperary, in 1842, and was consecrated in 1886.

It is not as well known as it should be, especially by anti-Catholic bigots, that the city of San Antonio, Texas, was founded more than two hundred years ago by the Franciscan monks. Coming up from Mexico they claimed the country for Spain, laboring to convert the native Indians to Christianity.

Replying to Mr. Byrne, M. P., in the House of Commons a few days ago, the British under secretary of war admitted that the Irishmen serving at the front in the English army have not been allowed a single holiday since the start of the War. Englishmen, however, have received their regular furloughs from time to time.

Dublin, Aug. 23.—This year's pilgrimage to Croagh Patrick took place despite the removal of all railway facilities, the curtailing of trains and the absence of low fares. The Masses began at 7 a. m. and continued uninterrupted till noon. At the last Masses there were sermons in Gaelic and in English. The former was preached by Father Corcoran and the latter by Father Maguire, of the China mission, from Maynooth.

A very widely known and esteemed Jesuit Father has died at Malta—Father Strickland, S. J. Italy was his adopted country, and he spent many years there, teaching at Florence and at the great Jesuit college of Mondragone by Frascati. Since the War broke out he had been serving as chaplain in the English forces and was one of the first priests in khaki to be received in audience by Pope Benedict XV., while passing through Rome two years ago.

A model of a priest's last will and testament is furnished by the following paragraph taken from that of the recently deceased Monsignor O'Brien, who was for many years pastor of the Sacred Heart Review, Boston: "I recognize the fact that I came to this parish a poor man. Whatever property I have has come to me from the people, and, except for a few mementoes, I feel morally bound to leave it for religious and charitable purposes. If my relatives will bear this in mind, surely they will have no feeling of disappointment when learning of such disposal of my estate according to my conviction of duty."

John Bennett Gray, his wife and their three boys, Stephen Gifford Peter Paul, John Howard, an entire family, are converted to the Catholic faith, says the Denver Catholic Register. "This family comes from a little town of Colorado, known for its prejudice against the Catholic Church. Sickness brought two members of the family to Mercy Hospital, Denver, last year. They were shocked at first at finding themselves in a nun's house, but the great work they could observe for themselves soon caused them to change their mind. They concluded that the Christian spirit was with the Catholic Church and they asked for instruction. The father and the mother were the first to be baptized and they decided, at the price of great sacrifice, to bring their children to Denver, so that they might have the advantage of attending the Sisters' school.

AMBITION'S CONTEST

BY CHRISTINE FABER

CHAPTER XXIV

THE ROMANCE OF LOVE

On the evening of Howard's return a strange scene had occurred in the kitchen of Ashland Manor. Dick Monahan, though delighted at the return of his young master, seemed in a perplexed, and, at times, even grieved state of mind. More than once he had hazarded a remark to Anne Flanagan relative to his own supposition, that the brother and sister would speedily depart for America, but that lady had been too much absorbed in her own engrossing thoughts to do more than reply in a monosyllabic and very unsatisfactory manner; and when she left the kitchen, as Dick supposed to retire for the night, that gentleman disposed himself before the fire, and began singing to a very doleful air, but in a rich and clear voice, a portion of an old Irish song:

"Each bush and tree was dressed in green,
And valleys in their prime."

Anne Flanagan had not left the kitchen to retire, she had gone to ascertain Ellen would require her again that night; and finding that the brother and sister were closeted in the room of the former, she had returned to arrange some detail of work for the morning. So absorbed was Dick in the strains of his ditty that he did not hear her entrance, and having his back towards the door he could not perceive her. She paused, as if the melody had some strange attraction for her, and, as if the strain was singularly influencing the singer, his voice became replete with tender feeling; it was no longer a mere song—it was the plaint of a heart which had long borne and long concealed its sorrow. An indescribable expression flitted into Anne Flanagan's face, as if a host of emotions were struggling together for some visible form, and when his voice rang long and sorrowfully on the refrain with which each stanza closed, she sprang forward, startling him into a sudden and awkward rising from his chair.

"I know you at last," she cried wildly. "Owen Ramahan."

It required an instant or more for the man to recover from the alarm which her sudden appearance had occasioned; then there broke into his face an expression at once tender and melancholy.

"I have waited long for you to know me," he said, "but it is only the eyes of love that are sharp. I recognized you when I hired with Master Courtney, and ever since I have been looking for some token that would tell that you remembered me. Do you remember the day, over twenty-eight years ago, that in this house I asked you to become my wife? You refused me; afterwards I understood why your heart was in somebody else's keeping; you gave it to them that were too much above you to care for the gift. Maybe you didn't think that I knew this, but, as I said before, the eyes of love are sharp—it wasn't for nothing that your cheeks would redden and your eyes shine every time that Mr. Allan Courtney would chance to speak to you; it wasn't for nothing that I see you sometimes looking at Miss Ashland in a wild, wicked way."

Miss Flanagan's cheeks were as scarlet as ever they had been in their youth, and her eyes shone as much as they could possibly have done at the time of which Dick, or Owen, as was his name by right, spoke; but it was the flush and sparkle of rage—rage that her weakness and her wickedness should have been so well known.

"Hear me out," Owen continued, seeing her evident desire to interrupt him. "Listen to me before you speak—God knows I have kept silent long enough. When you went away with the bride you hated, I said to myself that it was little comfort you were putting in store for yourself. You had refused a comfortable home, and the love of a warm heart, and its not always a woman does well when she slight the offer of an honest man."

I might have stayed on in my old place, for the people who were wont to live after the Ashlands would have kept me, as they kept others of the servants; but the Manor was no place for me then; it was too lone some with all of you gone. I had friends among the fishermen on the shore—the place where I hired with Master Courtney—and I went down there to try to go out of myself, to forget that it was of a woman I was all the time thinking. I took a hand at their labor; the water, and the wind, and the place itself, suited my rough, wild thoughts. I liked the life, and I stayed there. I used to have a queer longing to come back and look at the place where I had seen the only woman I ever cared for, and when the times would be slack I used to come up and have a sad look at the old house. You see, with all my trying, I couldn't forget. I never expected to meet you again, and I little thought, when our boat answered the signal of the French vessel, who it was I was going to see. I wasn't sure, even when I took long looks at you, that it was really you for you were so old, and so faded, and my memory had you still young and fresh-looking. But when you cried so suddenly upon the beach, something seemed to tell me that it was surely you, and that it was your return to Ireland, after so many

years, that brought the tears from you. I was glad, then, of the opportunity to hire with Master Courtney. I didn't give him my own name, for I didn't want to bring myself to your memory in that way till you'd know me yourself first. But you didn't know me, owing, I suppose, to the way that wind, and weather, and rough fare had changed me. I used to think that my speech would betray me, or that the knowledge I seemed to have of the old times must make me and once I gave you of knowing me, you seemed on the point of knowing me, looking straight into your face when in the hotel in Dublin. I was telling Miss Courtney about Ashland Manor; but even then you didn't recognize me; and as you did not, I thought maybe it was better to keep my secret to myself.

"When I heard that the name of the young master I hired with was Courtney, and that the young lady with him was his sister, I judged they must be the children of Mr. Allan Courtney, and I wondered if Mr. Allan and his wife. I thought they were, when I saw you so affected the day that we visited Ashland Manor and my own heart grew heavy. I was glad then that you didn't know me.

"To-night, when the young master returned, it seemed natural to think that he and his sister would be soon going back to America, and I was puzzled to know what in that case I'd do with myself. If Master Howard would keep me, his willing enough I'd go with him; but if he did not need me, and you were all going away, why then I would have to say all that I have told to-night, because—I have been able to put you out of my heart. Maybe I'm wrong again as I was before when I imagined I could make you happy. Maybe it's a queer thing to be saying all this now, when the saying of it twenty-eight years ago did little good. But it's hard to change some men's feelings, and for the five years past that we have been under the one roof, my feelings have been the same as they were in the long-ago when I asked you to be my wife."

He extended his hand. The passion which the first part of his speech had roused in his listener had rapidly calmed. Touched by a recital at once so generous and so flattering to her woman's nature, springs of feminine feeling, which had long been sealed opened to flow more purely than they had done in the old days, when unholty passions held their sway. She put her hand in his grasp, answering while the tears streamed from her eyes:

"I am not worthy of all this."

But the matter of her worthiness was of little moment to the faithful fellow whose heart she had so long possessed; he only knew that her words, her emotion argued well for his hopes so strongly renewed; and, with a singular feeling of boyish joy, blending strangely with his sober dignity of fifty years, he could scarcely refrain from attempting a more extravagant expression of his joy than that which conveyed in his warm grasp of her hand.

"Think of all I have told you," he said, "and give me your answer tomorrow. I would ask it tonight, but I am afraid this has all come so sudden that maybe you would want time to think over it. If your answer should be favorable, and you'd like to go back to America, I'm willing enough to go, for there's nothing to keep me here. If it's the answer that you gave me twenty-eight years ago, then I'll return to my old trade of fisherman."

The last words were uttered so sadly that the spinster's heart was touched anew, and almost unconsciously she pressed the hand she held. Owen's hopes assumed more fervor and his courage rose.

"Maybe," he said bending to her, "maybe you could answer me tonight. Which is it, Anne, yes or no?"

With all her years, with all her asperity, the erratic spinster was as powerless as the majority of her sex might have been to withstand such an appeal. The magic power of a love which had been so true to its object was as resistless in her case as it would have been to romantic eighteen, and she answered as Owen desired. Then, as if ashamed of the feminine weakness to which she had yielded, she broke from his grasp and hurried to her own apartment, while Owen, too happy to retire to his rest, resumed his seat before the fire to indulge in blissful meditations. Thus love had come once more to the spinster's life, and her forty-six years were tinged with the golden romance which is usually ascribed only to the lightsome period of youth.

CHAPTER XXV

A SAD FAREWELL

The next morning brought a happy awakening to Ellen; almost before she fully opened her eyes her newly-found joy was flooding her heart. Again and again, even while holding Howard's hands in her morning salute, while replying to his loving inquiries, while looking at him across the cozy breakfast table, she had to think was it all true?—was he really there?—would not his delightful presence vanish in a few moments, and making an empty space where he sat, leave her a prey to the old fears, the old sickening uncertainty? But he was there, smiling, and with as rich a flush upon his cheeks, produced by his happy emotions, as that which burned upon her own. Then the joy of the consultation after breakfast, when the arrangements

for their early departure for New York were detailed; the delight of seeing Howard add to the letter to Mrs. Courtney, which Ellen had left unsealed, a postscript stating the time in which the mother might expect the arrival of her children; the telling to Anne Flanagan, when Owen—or Dick, as he was still to the brother and sister—had gone to post the letter, and Howard had retired to read his Office, the wonderful news of Howard's ordination; it was all happiness well-nigh too sweet to last.

Miss Flanagan was scarcely as much surprised at Ellen's communication as at any other time she herself would have expected to be. After the singular change which had come to her own life, she was prepared for almost any tidings. But she rejoiced with her young mistress, though she forebore, through a feeling of womanly delicacy, from telling what had occurred between herself and Dick, muttering when she was alone in the kitchen:

"It will be time enough to tell her—to tell them all, when we're back in New York."

So Owen still remained as Dick, and the faithful fellow's heart was speedily gladdened by a proposal from his master to attend the latter to America.

"I hardly think my mother will find it difficult to obtain employment for one who has so faithfully served her children," Howard said; and Dick bowed his thanks, and hurried to communicate his good news to Anne.

Every arrangement for departure was completed. Ellen had made her round of farewell visits, which consisted of calls in very humble homes, where the inmates knelt to thank and bless her for her goodness, and where heartfelt tears accompanied the sorrowful adieu. Howard, desirous of keeping his presence in Ireland a secret—both because of his having been obliged to fly the country nearly five years before, which fact might now, if his return be publicly known, be unpleasantly remembered, and because of his own wish to escape all notice—had paid no visits, and had even taken the precaution to warn Dick and Anne to secrecy about him. For the same reasons the departure from the Manor took place in the early morning, and before even Granny Cleary, to whom Ellen had bade farewell the night before, was up, the little party were some distance on their destined way.

Nothing occurred to mar or interrupt their journey to the port from whence they were to take passage for New York, and Ellen's heart panted more wildly, and her joy frequently found audible expression as the different stages of the journey were swiftly passed.

They were safely on board at last, and Ellen, fatigued alike from her journey and the swell of emotions which had been so wild and unintermitting for the past few days, had retired to her state-room. She was aroused by Howard's voice, who seemed anxious and somewhat agitated.

"I am sorry to disturb you," he said, "but a friend is on board—he has come to bid us farewell."

Though no name had been mentioned, the sudden gladness which overspread her countenance, and her suspended breath, told that she had divined the identity of the person of whom he spoke.

"You will at least see him this time, Ellen," Howard continued. "He is an outcast from his father's house; the doors of Grosvenor Mansion, have been, as he anticipated, sternly closed to him. Lord Grosvenor will not only disinherited, but he now disowns him. When I parted with him in London, I told him from what port we should sail for home, but I could not tell him the precise time, not knowing what your arrangements might be, and I gave him a date in advance of this. He has been here waiting for us, waiting for the explanation I had promised him to obtain. Ellen—lowering his voice to a sad and tender key—"he is suffering for that faith which is so inexpressibly dear to your heart and to mine; we are on the eve of bidding him, perhaps, a long farewell. Is this, of all others, a time in which to adhere to some, perhaps pious, but mistaken sense of duty? Surely the resolution you have formed cannot preclude a kind and good-by—at least give him that."

"Oh my God!" she cried, lifting her eyes, and her clasped and trembling hands to Heaven, "Thou seest my heart and Thou knowest that I cannot."

Her tears choked her further utterance.

Her brother grew slightly impatient.

"What is the meaning of this, Ellen? If a rational case exists for your acting in this manner, why do you not tell it?"

"I cannot," she moaned, "O Howard! in pity cease to press me, for you are only breaking my heart!"

The young priest paused in grave and anxious doubt.

"I cannot understand you," he said at last. "And since it distresses you so much, I will refrain. But answer me one question; have you no message, no last word for Malverton Grosvenor?"

"None a name."

She turned from him and flung herself in an agony of grief upon the narrow bed, while her brother slowly and sadly retired.

Wormwood and gall were mingled with Ellen Courtney's cup of bliss. For the first few moments after her brother's departure, it seemed as if

her whole soul almost rose in rebellion against this keen and bitter trial. But prayer, her resource in every sorrow, conquered even here, and though her heart still ached and her eyes were heavy with tears that she would no longer shed, her demeanor bore naught to betray her recent stormy suffering. But the air of the little confined room was stifling. Hearing the bustle of preparation for departure which the ship's crew were making, she ventured to repair to Anne Flanagan's room, and, leaning on the latter's arm, ascended to the deck for breathing space. Fearing to encounter Howard, lest she should find him accompanied by Malverton, she sought a retired part where she could quietly watch the scene on the quay. The bustle and excitement, everywhere so apparent, drew her somewhat away from the painful tenor of her thoughts, and calmly and silently her eyes roamed over the varied view.

The hour for sailing had arrived. Farewells were tearfully spoken. Friends hurried from the vessel, and in a few moments she was moving majestically out. Then Ellen Courtney's eyes suddenly rested on one form amid the many on the pier—a form that stood motionless, and whose face betrayed only too well the grief, the despair with which a noble manhood had been blighted.

"O my friend!" she murmured, forgetful of Anne's presence—forgetful of everything but the cruel grief by which her soul was wrung, "farewell—a long, a last farewell."

She hid her face in her handkerchief, and sobbed aloud.

Anne Flanagan was touched, though at the same time very much perplexed. She had not discerned Malverton Grosvenor's form on the quay, and the thought of him in connection with the grief of her young mistress did not once enter her mind. She gently beckoned Ellen to go below, perchance with the hope that the latter would gratify her curiosity; but though the young girl obeyed, it was only to leave Anne in the same state of troubled wonder, for without vouchsafing a word, she shut herself in her room.

Hope so long and so constantly deferred had painfully told on Mrs. Courtney's appearance. Though still bearing traces of a beauty which in younger days had commanded much admiration, her face had a faded and worn look, like that which might be devoted to unceasing good, and, like Ellen, her soul was also often near to fainting on the thorny path it had set itself to travel. But the hope, nay more, the presentiment that an answer to their prayers would some time be vouchsafed, made her still strong enough to abide in the sorrow and loneliness of her desolate home. Few of her neighbors but had transferred their residences to fashionable up-town localities, and gossip was rife as to what charms the old-fashioned house on the Battery could have for its wealthy mistress. The same gossip had long ago exhausted itself with conjectures about the prolonged absence of the Courtney children. But not a hue of the time-worn building, not an inch of the space it occupied, but was sadly and inexpressibly dear to the heart of the sorrowing mother.

For four years she had not entered the presence of Brother Fabian. Sometimes, in the church in which she was so regular and so devout an attendant, she caught stray glimpses of his stern, gloomy countenance, as he entered or left his monastic brethren, but no more.

After intervals, during the four years, had the Oriental-looking stranger made his singular visits—each time presenting the same card, and each time receiving Mrs. Courtney's message to the effect that her daughter was still in Ashland Manor, her son she knew not where—without doing more than making his usual dumb sign that he heard, and would carefully convey all that she said.

But her years of weary waiting were at last to meet their reward.

The mail had come, and O'Connor hastened to bear to his mistress the only letter which ever came for her—she had long dropped every other correspondence. It was the old man's privilege, one which Mrs. Courtney herself, because of his long and faithful service, had bestowed upon him, to wait for the reading of the letter in order that he might hear how Miss Ellen was. He had long since ceased to hear more of Howard than a sadly spoken, "I trust he is well." This time, while he respectfully lingered, he was suddenly startled by a cry from his mistress. With the open letter in her hand—with the color to which her cheeks had long been unused rushing in one wild, mad sweep to her face—with her whole form trembling with the intensity of her joy, she rushed to the old man, catching his hands and ejaculating brokenly:

"Rejoice with me—my children are coming home, and Howard—Howard is a priest!"

Her heart was too full of its overflowing joy to utter more, and with one great passionate sob she sank on her knees, and, as Ellen had done, lifted her eyes and hands in voiceless prayer.

"Poor, bewildered O'Connor!—he was busily, according to his wont, smoothing down his peculiarly-combed forelocks, as if by that action a clearer idea of the singular state of affairs might be induced to enter his perplexed brain. Howard a priest!—Howard, the reprobate, and the cast-

away—Howard, whom the old man had long since, with all charity, regarded as almost beyond the pale of salvation—he could hardly credit it! But when Mrs. Courtney, having recovered her voice, poured forth aloud her burning gratitude to Heaven, he could no longer doubt the statement, and he too raised his eyes reverently, and murmured softly:

"Surely the Lord works wonders."

It was the same remark he made to his fellow-help, when, having given to Mrs. Courtney all the evidence that even she could desire of his joy at the glad tidings, he left her to tell in the servant's hall the good news he had heard; and great was the wonder, and great the rejoicing among the warm-hearted, faithful Irish domestics.

Mrs. Courtney's eagerness to reach the religious house in which Brother Fabian dwelt, could hardly restrain itself. She had ordered the carriage for this visit, feeling that her trembling limbs would be unable to bear her, and, though the vehicle was driven at full speed, it seemed to her to be long in arriving at its destination.

The religious, when he saw her, after so long an absence, evidently expected some startling news, for his face flushed slightly, and, as if to gain time to compose himself, he was unusually long in closing the door on his entrance to the reception room. She could not wait his approach to where she stood, but, hurrying to him, immediately that he turned, she proffered Ellen's letter, crying:

"My hope is realized—read!"

With unseemly haste he grasped the missive; he appeared even to tear it open in his eagerness to devour its contents; his cheeks flushed holy, and his hands trembled in such a manner that the letter shook visibly in his grasp while he read.

The mother waited, her head bent forward, her bosom heaving, her lips parted in her eager listening for the first word which should fall from the religious. His eyes, when they turned from the perusal, met her face—her glowing, eager face. His own stern countenance softened; an expression akin to pain, and yet bearing all the semblance of a tender and passionate joy, crossed his features. He turned away, and lifting his cap said, with his eyes reverently raised:

"Thy justice never fails—mysterious and inscrutable are Thy ways; Thou hast rewarded the penitent, the patient, and the believing. Blessed, thrice blessed be Thy name forever."

He turned back to the waiting woman:

"Since one hope has been so well accomplished, you have little doubt, I suppose, that the other will be equally fulfilled?"

"None!" was the trembling reply.

"Something seems to tell me that God, who has already been so good"—she clasped her thin hands together—"will grant my one other prayer before I die."

"When will this news reach—"

he seemed about to pronounce a name, but, as if checked by some impulse, he uttered after a moment's hesitation—"him?"

"I know not. When next his messenger comes, I will pray for him to come soon."

The brother bent to her:

"When that time arrives—when the master of the house once more takes his place as such—immediately apprise me."

She bowed her head, and he, uttering a rapid adieu, went hastily from the room.

In the carriage on her return, Mrs. Courtney drew from her bosom an ivory case, attached to some slender chain.

"At last," she murmured, "I may look at it." And pressing the spring, the miniature likeness of a young and handsome man was revealed. Her tears obscured her vision, and, putting the picture to her lips, she pressed wild and repeated kisses upon it.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE UNWELCOME BABY

Never since their marriage had Nan looked so sweet to Ralph. Perched on the arms of his chair she was preventing him from going to the office, her glowing cheeks, resting so cozily against his head that he could not bear to disturb her until she had told him the secret over which she seemed so mysteriously elated.

At last she whispered it, and leaving the chair prouetted across the room fairly alive with joy. "Just think of it, Ralphie! The most wonderful event in the world is going to happen to us. When Dr. Campbell told me I could hardly believe him. I have always so loved them and now to have one of my very own seems too good to be true. Oh, oh!" delightfully, "what if it should be a boy and have black eyes like yours and—"

There was something electric in the atmosphere. Her pleased voice trailed into silence. She turned to see Ralph slumped into his chair. Tragedy was evident in every line of his sturdy, youthful figure. To him the news spelled gloom with a capital. He didn't know anything about babies and he didn't care to know. Of course, after awhile when a fellow got older, perhaps it would be all right to have a shaver or two hanging around the house. But now! He was only twenty-two and Nan was nineteen. They had been married but five months. Hardly long enough to become acquainted with

each other, he reminded himself savagely. And along comes an atrocious baby to muddle things up. Especially when he had planned a jolly house party for September when his frat brothers were leaving Harvard on their journey homeward. He had engineered this affair just to show off his beautiful wife. But now all was off. No dances, no country club dinners. Just long dreary evenings at home. And after the baby came what did it mean but broken rest, anxiety, and many other responsibilities which he did not care to shoulder! Suddenly he recalled what his mother had told him of his infancy. He had contracted every childish disease going, had convulsions with each double tooth, and had the best or the worst pair of lungs on record. Heavens! What about this heredity dope? What if this baby should inherit all those tendencies? The thought was too much. Jumping from his seat, he seized his cap and rushed to the door.

"There a hurt voice halted him. "Ralph," Nan held out beseeching hands. "Have you nothing to say to me?"

For an instant he softened. Then a thought sent their spirit apart. He couldn't rejoice and be honest with himself. He kissed her coldly.

"I don't know what to say. The thing can't be helped, of course. But I'm certainly not keen on babies, Nan."

After his departure Nan sensed the meaning of anguish. It seemed unbelievable that Ralph did not want their little baby. Never since her sure knowledge had the secret been so precious to her. Her head lifted proudly. Well, at least he should hear no more about it. She had looked forward to evenings of planning, to chat about its clothes, and whether it should attend Fordham or Georgetown, and deciding on a name, and all manner of beautiful little things. But now—she would look her disappointment in her heart. He should never know how she suffered. A burst of lonely tears followed this brave resolution which were eventually dried on Mother Baring's shoulder when she stopped in on her way to town and had drawn from Nan the reason for her tears.

Dear Mother Baring understood her boy's intolerance and was able by her sweet counsel to soften the bitterness against him in the young wife's heart.

Absorbed in her sweet dream world the months slipped uneventfully by to Nan. Ralph was very kind but at times she saw him watching her with a peculiar look of resentment. They never mentioned the baby, but she knew it was always on his mind, and not pleasantly. Times there were when she had to excuse herself because of this conviction and seeking her room would cry herself to sleep over it.

Later on came the test of her womanhood. The boys began dropping in to carry Ralph away to the club. And though she did not mind this very much it was their attitude toward herself that hurt. They were all boys with whom she had grown up. Boys who had called her "Nan" all her life. Now she was, "Mrs. Baring!" On St. Valentine's Day, Fred Gibson, who formerly acted as escort to all the college affairs, brought her a bunch of violets. But he seemed surprised and embarrassed when she called him "Fred" and took his hand in thanking him.

To be just to him Ralph always pretended that he did not want to leave her alone, but he could not hide his relief when she urged him to go. She suffered over this but never mentioned her feeling to him. Watching her, Mother Baring often reproached herself over the thought of her reluctance to see Ralph marry Nan. She had been such a pampered girl and was so very pretty that Mrs. Baring feared her extravagance would drag Ralph into debt. But here was this young girl exhibiting a far greater womanhood during a trying period than she herself had shown.

Once she mentioned this to Nan and the girl's lovely eyes filled with tears. "But I am not patient. Sometimes I grow so nervous that—that—Well, I shall not dwell on my feelings. There is always the thought of what I owe to my baby and that knowledge brings me strength."

And then came a night when the doctor was hastily summoned and Ralph was roused from sleep to keep his lonely vigil below stairs and shuddering at the very sounds which now and then floated down from Nan's hours. What a cad he had been. If God would only spare his darling Nan to him he would spend the rest of his life making it up to her. He would show her just the kind of husband and—father he could be.

Father! the word stunned him. Why, even now there might be a little tyke above stairs that would soon be able to call him father. Electrified he sprang up the steps and met the nurse coming from his wife's room with a bundle in her arms. Yes, all was over but he could not go in just yet. Listening at the door he heard Nan's voice and a weary little laugh in answer to something the doctor had said. Contented he wandered after the nurse. She had entered his room. He followed her. She was standing near the door with the bundle still in her arms. She started a bit at his entrance.

Without knowing the reason why his heart contracted. Something uncanny seemed to reach out invisible fingers and clutch him. He moved

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closer to the nurse. She looked up at him and their glances met and held while both young faces paled. There were tears in her eyes as she held the baby out to him. It was dead!

For a long time Ralph stared down at it. His baby—Nan's baby was dead! That firm, beautiful body, those perfect features, that well-shaped head with its wisps of black curls, and yet no breath of life. Incredible! His boy must not die. Why, he had to make up to him for all the coldness over his coming. And Nan! The knowledge would kill Nan!

Brutally he shook the nurse and he-seed her with glaring eyes. There must be some way she could prevent this calamity. She must do something—anything—money was no object. This baby must live! But the girl, worn from her night's task, only cried helplessly and forced the baby into his arms.

At last he held it, his baby. At first he shuddered from the contact. Had he been the cause of its death? Could his coldness to Nan have hurt her so as to cause this result? Frantically he crushed the small, cold body against his breast trying to impart to it some portion of his own virile life. But it was not to be. In that dreadful realization he sensed a hundredfold what Nan must have felt. He loved it wildly. He had no tears. His anguish was too deep. Hopelessly he laid the body down on the bed and staggered from the room.

Three hours later a different nurse entered the library and shook him. He was crouched over the table with his face buried on his arms and she thought him asleep. But when he raised his head the sight of his haggard face touched her. Her voice was tenderly-soothing as she told him that Nan desired to see him. "You must fix your hair a bit first," she suggested. "The night has been a trying one, I know, but Mrs. Baring is now completely out of danger and you may see her."

Composing himself he followed the nurse with lagging steps. How he dreaded this first meeting with Nan! In the room adjoining he saw his mother asleep on a couch. She looked worn but there was a smile playing about her lips. Boyishly he resented it. How could she smile while his baby lay dead?

The nurse left him and he was alone with Nan. He could not look at her. Crossing the room hurriedly he dropped to his knees beside the bed. And Nan put her hand on his bowed head.

For a time their silence held, then her hand urged him and he looked up to meet her eyes. Glorious eyes they were—eyes in which lay no reproach, no misery; only immeasurable happiness and peace.

"Poor boy!" she commiserated when she saw his face. "I gave all of you a bad scare, didn't I! But I am thankful now that I was goose enough to stop breathing when they told me Ralphie was dead. Otherwise they would not have sent across to the fireman for the pulmotor which they tried on Baby. Wasn't it absurd to say that he was dead? See, dear; cannot you love him a little? He looks exactly like you."

And right then the miracle happened. She turned down the covers on her right side and there, cuddled in the crook of her arm with its slender, pink fingers weaving in and out of the laces of her gown, was the same baby Ralph had lately laid aside, cold and stiff in death. Now it was glowing with warm life and while he watched it stretched itself and he saw two dimpled kneecaps.

Just this one sight upset him. He remembered them dimples so plainly. They had been so rigid and cold. After all he was only a boy and who could blame him for the tearing sobs that now shook him. Surely not Nan who, though equally young, had the true mother's heart and cuddled both crying boys to her soft bosom as she crooned lovingly over them. Oh yes the baby, as if to show its father that there was something in that hereditary idea, had set up quite a respectable walling for its break-up—Anne Scannell O'Neill, in Christian Family.

THE HOT WEATHER

Hot weather is by general consent a bore, a burden, a trouble. Now while no man can add a cubit to his stature by taking thought, any son of Adam can indefinitely thicken, widen, deepen and elongate his troubles by the simple process of thinking about them. Tiny, they may be, no bigger than the smallest of all seeds, but if put under the hot-house glass of persistent reflection, they will quickly grow into a great tree, in the branches whereof all manner of annoyances from all parts of the universe will find an undisturbed refuge. Acquainted with this psychological truth, Mrs. Wiggs was wont to hide all her worries in the bottom of her heart, and "set on the lid and smile." Then they could not grow.

Yes, it is hot now, but think of the crisp October that impends, of the delightful blizzards that may rage about our heads next January, of the bracing chill that comes from the Atlantic with the winds of March and April! It is sure to snow, if we wait long enough. There was once a man, newly imported from the interior, who used to worry whenever the tide went out. Unmindful of the governing moon, he seemed to entertain some doubt about the certainty of its return. But it always came back. If the weather were invariably hot or unalterably cold,

incessantly dry or wet without end, we might have some reason to complain. Happily it is set in a cycle, and the turn is always at hand. "Tis war-rum," says Dooley's Clancy, "but ye can't look fr snow-storms this time iv' th' year. Anyway," he says, "me mind's taken af th' heat be me wurruk. Dorsey that had th' big cinder-pile—th' wan near th' fince—was sun-struck Fridah, an' I've been promoted to his job. 'Tis a most re-sponsible place," he says.

Perhaps it is a strain in August to imagine what it feels like to come to seasons when sere leaves fill the paths, or snow-drifts sparkle in the moon. If so, try to think how much better off you are, even with the mercury menacing the century mark, than thousands who like Tim Clancy, "wurruk out in th' mills, tin hours a day, runnin' a wheelbarrow loaded with cinders."—America.

BRILLIANT ADDRESS

RT. REV. T. J. SHAHAN, RECTOR OF CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA

AT ANTIGONISH, N. S., AUG. 16, 1917
Your Grace, Right Reverend Bishops, Venerable Fathers, Dearly Beloved Brethren:

The happy occasion which brings together this vast assemblage seems at once particular and general, particular inasmuch as it gathers about the most worthy Jubilarian of today a multitude of friends, admirers and well-wishers, general insofar as he stands for the highest and holiest cause which could in these times and in this land be committed to any man, the cause of Catholic Education, on all its higher levels and in all its grave relations to the welfare of the English speaking Catholics of this province, and of Canada generally. For that matter, the priesthood is in every sense and always a public office, function, burden, and its joys like its sorrows concern intimately the entire people. It can never sink to the level of private and domestic things, but exhibits forever the spectacle of a city square—set upon a hill, or a light anchored amid the reefs and shoals of life. The good priest is ever a leader, a captain who directs and encourages by word and example, by unremitting toil and sacrifice of self, the faithful people from whom he comes and who look to him as the herald of God amid all the shifting and wavering of the lines which mark the conflict, world-wide, of life and between the divine order of life and the order set up by the world, the flesh, and the devil. For twenty-five years Father McPherson has filled with admirable success the places of priestly trust which have been confided to him, and his reward if earthly reward ever entered his mind, is here today in the universal respect and esteem, the universal confidence and approval which go forth to him from every Catholic heart in this province, and from a great number of those who are not of our faith but who love to honor any man to whom the care and temporal interests of the State are at all times dear and sacrosanct and who combines in his heart at all times the sincerest patriotism and the holiest love of God.

Dearly beloved brethren, one could travel far in the new world before he discovered a diocese in which, all told, a nobler or more successful struggle for the preservation and welfare of our holy religion has been carried on for more than a century. Churches, convents, schools, religious institutions have sprung up as if by magic, and within the limits of a comparatively small land no interest of our holy religion has been neglected. And now you are crowning this great work of manifold sacrifice and toil with the creation of a great school of higher studies where your own youth and those of neighboring provinces, and even from remoter parts, may be trained on all the highest lines of human attainments, and never apart from the highest and most useful knowledge, that of their Creator.

All honor, indeed, to your young and vigorous University! Its fine advantageous site, in the very heart of a resolute, numerous and vigorous people, rightly proud of their record in the annals of Catholic faith and devotion, would alone promise success, that success which is always assured where there are unity of direction, clearness of thought, courage and firmness in execution, harmony of counsel, and wise forecasting of needs and opportunities. Here is a strong and earnest race of men, closely united in government, social life, language, economic progress, and largely in religion. They inherit from a brave and faithful ancestry great qualities known and esteemed the world over,—nobility and tenacity of purpose, a keen ardor for knowledge, the will to sacrifice and endure, a larger vision over the future and what can be carved from it, adaptability to all that is good and permanent in the spirit and methods of modern progress. Why should there not arise here all the great and helpful institutions of modern life, and foremost among them a great centre of the best studies, to which nothing shall one day be lacking that Catholic generosity and an honest racial pride can compass? A temperate climate, fertile soil, inexhaustible staples, rich resources of every kind, are here, the prodigal gifts of nature. Your population is growing, active, intelligent, progressive, generous and filled with a sense of its

high calling, in the divine councils, to render great service to the Catholic faith in the grave decades which we now enter upon. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the work already done toward the creation of a noble school of learning, even now your chief distinction, the fine buildings, the professors, numerous, well-chosen, highly trained, and eager to form a generation of scholarly and good men to whose hands may be safely committed the sacrifices and the gains of a wonderful century, the century in which you went forth from oppression and poverty and obscurity, your sad inheritance in the Old World, and in which you entered upon freedom and knowledge, comfort and honorable recognition, your glorious inheritance in the New World. What better monument of gratitude to Divine Providence could you erect than a well-endowed centre of the highest studies where your history will be forever taught your children and your children's children, and whence they shall issue yearly in great numbers, every ancestral virtue deeply inbred, and their Catholic hearts and minds rightly formed for all the great works to which the peoples of the New World must now devote themselves with new and holy ardor.

So much that once seemed incredible has been done in the near past that one need not fear for the future. New buildings will arise, larger and more varied equipment will be provided, more professors will be called for by the growth of the schools, and the opening of new courses. You will retain here the most promising of your young Catholic laymen as teachers, and so create in the heart of Nova Scotia that most honorable and useful of aristocracies, an aristocracy of intellect, of great academic services, of research and invention and application,—philosophers and historians, chemists and engineers, journalists, poets and artists, essayists and critics, in a word that active little world of thinkers and teachers without whom no society is perfect, and to whose devotion, wisdom, and inspiration all progress is mostly due. Let the day not be far distant when it can be said in all truth and with honest pride that any Catholic youth of these provinces can study at Antigonish any human science worth teaching, and that he can find there competent teachers, libraries, laboratories, reasonable equipment, and above all a most generous devotion to the Catholic religion and a commensurate pride in its services to mankind.

Do not say that we are a small people, remote from the great centres of New World population and activities. The history of Education abroad with precedents of powerful schools established in places that seemed unpromising, but were in reality happily adapted to the views of Divine Providence. The peace, good order, simplicity, and regularity of smaller communities are no mean advantages, not to speak of the independence and self-respect which develop gradually in such schools and lend them a dignity all their own. Such great schools as Harvard and Yale Universities were almost in the memory of man, small and insignificant in promise, and there clings to them yet some aroma of the days when they arose amid the forests and the rocks of New England. Do not say again that we are too few and too weak to ever realize such an ambitious ideal. You have already made a successful beginning, and you bid fair to reach in due time the proportions I have described.

There are things and values in life which dwarf into insignificance all merely personal advantages, comforts and interests. One of them is Education, today more than ever the concern of all right-minded men and women. Who can imagine a more permanent, a more efficacious, a more popular, a holier investment of surplus wealth than in works of Education? Is there on this earth a body of men, judging by secular standards and criteria, to surpass the great millionaires of the United States? And yet see with what liberality many of these men have treated the older Universities and Colleges, or have called new ones into being. Profound faith in Education, and respect for its tremendous influence, have been, as a rule, the guiding motives of these men, and no one can honestly gaze at their mighty works and not feel a deep sympathy with the natural grandeur and nobility of their deeds, coupled with a natural regret that men of such breadth of view and elevation of mind had not been born and bred faithful sons of the Catholic Church, in which case they would surely not have failed to grasp the meaning and the uses of Catholic Education, and would have endowed in an identical spirit our Universities and Colleges.

To some extent our Catholic men of wealth have imitated these giants of educational generosity. Of this the annals of your University bear eloquent testimony and the fine edifices which bear the names of these generous benefactors. The future will certainly behold an ever increasing roll of honor on which will be inscribed for eternal gratitude and remembrance the names of Catholic benefactors of University Education, great and good men and women who will rise above all narrower thoughts and will rejoice in providing for generations yet unborn the advantages which they themselves perhaps could not enjoy. I do not fear to say that the day is approaching when the improvement, enlargement, adornment and endowment of our Catholic schools of

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higher learning will appeal to our Catholic men and women of wealth no less powerfully than such public works of the highest utility have appealed to non-Catholics. There will surely arise a holy emulation in the creation and solid establishment of such centres of University teaching surpassing, if possible, the generosity that hitherto has spent itself on works of parochial character and importance. The highest things appeal surely to Catholic hearts as well as to their non-Catholic brethren, and what work can be higher or more pleasing to God than to establish and secure the fountains and sources whence an enlightened and self-respecting Catholic faith must draw its force, its power of survival amid the fierce onslaughts of a hundred adversaries equipped with every advantage this world can furnish them.

Education is sometimes set over against charity as a thing apart and distinct, another order of ideas. But Education is itself at all times a form of charity. Indeed it is the highest form of charity, and this is particularly true of Modern Education so varied in its content, so specialized and subdivided, so expensive in a hundred ways that the individual can no longer expect to meet its overwhelming cost, but must accept the precious thing as a public gift. To aid schools, colleges, and Universities, is therefore a very holy work of charity toward the young upoming generation, which could never enjoy the benefits of the best education unless it were offered to them as practically a gift. And such generous aid is meritorious in proportion as it is bestowed upon the highest schools, the Universities, whose generous benefactors must always be the high-minded and large-hearted few so blessed by God that they are able to act as the happy agents of His Providence.

Let us not forget that the University is ways the nursery, the source, the training place of the modern teacher. You need only look about you to see that the normal schools are entirely dependent on the Universities, are manned, directed, ensouled by them, and that in purely secular education you are getting in the poorest instance community precisely what flows down from the great master-school at the top. And when you multiply its action by decades, and add the incalculable indirect power, influence, authority, prestige, which this vast control of the teachers' ideas and sentiments assures, you can measure, however insufficiently, the role allotted to the University in our modern life. It is like an atmospheric force which interpenetrates all regions and phases of intellectual activity and nothing escapes it,—the fine arts, political and social science, literature, the press, finally public opinion itself which in the long run is the last word of the great social forces laid up in the highest schools of any people.

Is it not the University professors of Germany who have fed that nation steadily with the ideas and pretensions to which the present conditions of man and are owing? Is it not the University professors of France who created the abnormal and cruel conditions which in the last two decades brought the Catholic Church in that land to the verge of extinction? And in general, is it not the professors of our modern secular Universities who are responsible for the vulgar materialism, the cheap hollow rationalism, the frivolous pleasure-philosophy, the irreligious and soon anti-religious hearts of multitudes of modern men and women?

What doctrine of the Christian religion could be more simple, more natural, more easily credible than

the doctrine about a personal God, all knowing, all good, all powerful, all just and all merciful? Yet today from one end of the intellectual world to the other the character and office of the Deity are denied or maligned most cruelly, in the University class-room first, and then in the press, in fiction, in the drama. In every possible way the Creator of the Universe is blasphemed as never before in the history of mankind. Our most popular hero of war-fiction advocates a "finite God," i.e., no God at all, and amid all the horrors of the Great War undermines the one consoling belief that changed the face of the world, while it denounces with fury Prussian morality, falsehood, cunning and violence. If French and English blasphemers continue to construct their own false and helpless God and to impose him on the world, why is it wrong for the Prussian enemy to set up his cruel Lord God and enforce him on mankind? No, what we should believe, about God is so essential to Christian faith and civilization, so basic in the order of right and wrong, of law and authority, so far-reaching in all the applications of the moral sense, so essential to right government, so intrinsic to the light of conscience that we cannot accept the new gods made by the foolish minds of men of to-day any more than our fathers could accept the old gods made by the idolatrous hands of Greek and Roman. But if we send our young people to the poisoned pastures of modern intellectual shepherds of youth we may be sure that they will imbibe this fundamental lie in one of its many vagrant shapes, and so their Catholic faith lies open to corruption and denial at its very foundation. Now what hope is there for this fundamental doctrine of our holy religion in a world so malignant, after all its chastisement, except in our own strong and prosperous schools of the highest class, where the Catholic teaching about God, the glorious outcome of two thousand years of moral progress shall be vigorously and successfully expounded and defended, where the wretched identity of all the new sophisms with their ancient forbears made clear as the sun? And so it is with the solid and unshakable Catholic teaching concerning the soul of man, the origin of the world and its destiny; concerning right and wrong and the broad province of Ethics; concerning the human mind and the human will. Here is the "No man's Land," visible and definite, between the Christian order and the non-Christian.

Look only to the anti-religious character of most modern Universities for the true root and fountain head of the unspeakable disasters now crowding one another along the broad red line of battle which divides mankind today, and shoots its lurid glare into the once innocent air and amid the once peaceful depths of the ancient seas. It is in the coarse materialism of their teachers, the denial of another world, of sure and condign punishment, of sin and its consequences, that we must seek for the universal mercenary and grasping commercialism of our times.

Under the influence of such teaching, gradually filtering down to the common man, the world has soon become too small for mankind, and in the frightful rivalry for its possession and use men have come into the last and greatest of wars whose ultimate evils no one can foresee. Justice is henceforth what

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the sword, or worse still, a militarized science can enforce. The warm heart has been killed in the nations, and men fight one another with the cold and deadly intellect, regardless henceforth of the claims of pity or the promptings of chivalry.

Shall we therefore abandon this field to the adversaries of religion, of Jesus Christ, of the Catholic Church? Certainly not, no more than we have abandoned our holy Catholic faith to Henry VIII, and to our adversaries, in primary education to our adversaries. In one way or another have we bravely and self-sacrificingly created our own lower schools and thereby

have saved to Holy Church and to our nations and up coming generation of Catholic men and women, whose hearts are filled with sincere patriotism and who consider no toll or sacrifice too great to defend the splendid inheritance of New World liberties which God Himself gave them when He mysteriously moved their ancestors across the wide and uncharted ocean and established them in the equally wide and unknown stretches of virgin prairie, in the heart of primeval forests, or along the stormy coasts of the Northern Atlantic.

CONTINUED ON PAGE SIX

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London, Saturday, Sept. 8, 1917

THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY TO THE POPE

To appreciate how much the situation is clarified by the peace negotiations initiated by the Pope it is necessary to clear our minds of the confused and confusing comments of the daily press on the Holy Father's attitude. The Holy Father in no sense assumed the position of an arbitrator making an award between rival claimants. He was not laying down terms of peace. To avoid the repetition of the charge that there was nothing practical in his appeal, he suggested a basis, or rather certain concrete bases, on which or from which discussion might begin.

In striking contrast with the irresponsible press the belligerent powers without exception gave to the Holy Father's proposals mature and benevolent consideration. In contrast with the spiteful and unjust attribution of unworthy motives to the Holy Father the opening sentence of the President's reply is notable for courteous and sincere recognition of the considerations which prompted the Pope's appeal:

"Every heart that has not been blinded and hardened by this terrible war must be touched by this moving appeal of His Holiness the Pope, must feel the dignity and force of the humane and generous motives which prompted it and must fervently wish that we might take the path of peace he so persuasively points out."

There can be no doubt in the world that the President and the Pope are at one in desiring "no mere cessation of arms" but "a stable and enduring peace." The momentous declaration, clear-cut and definite, of the President that no covenanted peace can be concluded with the Government of Germany as at present constituted, is not intended as a bar to negotiations for peace with Germany; rather it clears the way. "This power is not the German people. It is the ruthless master of the German people."

That this is a definite step of tremendous significance will be recognized by those who do their own thinking; those for whom their favorite paper usurps that function may be under the impression that the allied aims have always been clearly defined. The following extract from so friendly a source as the President emeritus of Harvard may be instructive; the article from which it is taken was published a day or two before the publication of the President's reply to the Pope:

"Although all the nations involved are longing for peace, their Governments are in no condition to discuss terms of peace. The political and industrial changes brought about by the war are tremendous; but they are manifestly incomplete. Democracies have been obliged to change many of their habitual modes of action; autocracies are facing internal agitations; one autocracy has just disappeared, but no stable government has as yet taken its place; many industries have to be carried on under new conditions as regards both labor and capital; and war itself is conducted in new ways which disregard the ethics heretofore thought to be universally accepted. There is a general wondering as to what is going to happen next, which disposes responsible persons to large commitments, or decisions which cannot be recalled. The Entente

Allies do not state clearly their minimum demands or lowest terms for peace, and the Central Monarchies state no terms at all.

"Under such circumstances it is wholly natural for combative and indignant men and women to say, 'What is the use of talking with the German rulers about terms of peace; they will not keep their word if they can obtain any military advantage by breaking it?' We must fight till we are plainly victorious." On the other hand, the various official and unofficial statements of the terms on which the Allies would be willing to make peace produce on the German mind, so far as their opponents can discover, only this effect: 'We are fighting a war of defense against dismemberment or imprisonment; we must fight to the last gasp in the hope that some favoring chance or discord among our enemies may save us from the threatened destruction.' This is, indeed, a horrible dilemma, and many righteous men say that there is no way of escape from it, except by the overpowering of one or other of the combatants. Before settling down, however, to this long struggle it is not worth while to try a limited preliminary experiment on human capacity for good feeling and sound reasoning even under the most adverse circumstances."

President Wilson has now stated clearly for the Entente Allies "their minimum demands or lowest terms for peace. And the German people can no longer be deluded into believing that they are 'threatened with destruction' and 'are fighting a war of defense against dismemberment or imprisonment.'"

Not less important and significant is President Wilson's unequivocal and unreserved acceptance of the Pope's clearly implied condemnation of the widely advocated economic boycott of Germany after the war is over:

"Responsible statesmen must now everywhere see, if they never saw before, that no peace can rest securely upon political or economic restrictions meant to benefit some nations and cripple or embarrass others, upon vindictive action of any sort, or any kind of revenge or deliberate injury. The American people have suffered intolerable wrongs at the hands of the Imperial German Government, but they desire no reprisal upon the German people, who have themselves suffered all things in this war, which they did not choose. They believe that peace should rest upon the rights of peoples, not the rights of governments—the rights of peoples, great or small, weak or powerful—their equal right to freedom and security and self-government and to a participation upon fair terms in the economic opportunities of the world—the German people, of course, included, if they will accept equality and not seek domination."

There can be no manner of doubt that the Allied Governments fully assented to the terms of the President's reply. There can be little doubt that President Wilson's own great influence and the pivotal position of the United States were decisive in the matter of this definite rejection of the proposal to burden and endanger peace when it comes by vindictive economic warfare.

Thus two great steps are taken to place the issue of the struggle clearly before the peoples of the central powers.

It may be objected that no foreign country or combination of countries has the right to impose a form of government on Germany other than that desired by the German people. But the objection is more specious than real. As spokesman for the Allies President Wilson is perfectly within his rights in declining to trust the word of a government which treats international agreements as scraps of paper and whose philosophy of statecraft places the interest or advantage of the State above all obligations of conscience, honor or international law.

The basic principle of democracy, profound faith in the people's sense of right and justice and equity, is splendidly asserted by the great democratic leader when he offers peace to the German people just as soon as they transform their government, now a ruthless master, into the responsible servant of the people governed. If the German people prefer to remain the willing slaves of their present ruthless master, then the war must go on until that menace to the peace of the world is removed.

There is a movement, and so far as outsiders can judge, a real and deep-rooted desire on the part of the German people to secure responsible government. President Wilson's statement must deepen that desire and give a tremendous impetus to that movement. It is not extravagant to hope and believe that that way lies the path to peace.

With magnificent courage and magnificent faith President Wilson has pointed out a more excellent way

than through the carnage of war by which the world may be made safe for democracy. It is a message primarily to the peoples of the Germanic countries, but it is a message also to the peoples of all countries. It is the dawn of peace.

The Pope's appeal has already borne abundant fruit.

AUTOCRACY AND DEMOCRACY

Deep down under many frothy and frivolous pronouncements in its name lies the profound truth that the cause of democracy is involved in the great struggle now convulsing the world. Naturally democracy is the theme of every tongue and pen. It is not surprising then that many silly things are said and written.

Here is an example from the London Free Press:

"The Laurier rule in the Liberal party has not been less autocratic than is the rule of the Kaiser in the German political system. . . . Surely such a party is Liberal in name only. As a fact it is in the hands of autocracy. And in these days, when democracy and autocracy have nothing in common, it is not surprising to find the Liberal party split in twain."

Now we care little how the Liberal party is ruled or how the Conservative party is led. The democracy in which we believe is not dependent on the fate of parties; nor are the lines of cleavage in both parties, quite visible to the least observant, of great interest or moment.

But it is interesting to examine why a leading and reputable Canadian paper should bracket one of the foremost of Canadian public men with the Kaiser as an enemy of democracy "in these days when democracy and autocracy have nothing in common."

Now what has this Kaiser-like autocrat done? He has simply adhered to the view on conscription openly held and expressed by every man in Canadian public life for a considerable period of the war. Others have seen reasons for changing their attitude on the question. Sir Wilfrid opposed the enactment of legislation putting conscription in force without consulting the people. If the people approved conscription they would have it; but it would not be forced on them without a man date or against their will. He did not make the acceptance of his position in the premises the touch-stone of Liberalism; he openly declared that his followers were free to follow their own judgment and conscience in the matter. One of these, Hugh Guthrie, M. P., expressly stated as a reason for voting against the referendum that he believed the people of Canada would reject conscription. It would be interesting to read the definitions that would explain the picture of the autocrat Laurier ruthlessly suppressing that Parliamentary champion of democracy.

There is another phase of the question which demands attention, and there are admirers of Laurier who should heed his patriotic and statesmanlike advice.

Speaking on the question which has been the occasion of so much bitter controversy, honest and otherwise, Sir Wilfrid said:

"Members of this House are aware that the principle of this bill is one of which I did not and do not approve. But, while that is my sincere position it is also known that my opinion is not entertained by all the members of the Opposition. There are important and representative members of the Opposition who approve the principle of the Military Service Act, and the policy of the Government in applying it. Their convictions are as sincere as my own. But the importance of such a measure of such importance that I consider that whether we approve or do not approve of its principle, it having become law and having just received the sanction of His Excellency, the Governor-General, it behooves us all, as loyal British subjects, to do our part to see that it is carried out as harmoniously as possible."

Louis Wiley, manager of the New York Times, who spent some time in Quebec before going west, speaking at the Winnipeg Canadian Club said:

"I cannot think that there is any great body of hostile opposition to conscription in Quebec. The people must realize that since it is law they must submit to it. There is a lot heard, doubtless, from a few malcontents, but so far as I could gather there are hundreds of truly patriotic and loyal citizens for every one malcontent."

It may be that Mr. Wiley, trained and impartial observer as he is, reflects more accurately the feeling of Quebec than the noisy anti-conscription crowds whose words and actions are so widely advertised. In any case the idiotic demonstra-

tions and speeches of certain sections of the population of Quebec, are doing more to popularize and promote the cause of conscription than the reasoned and eloquent appeals of its most sincere advocates. Conscription has now become law, and "it behooves us all, as loyal British subjects, to do our part to see that it is carried out as harmoniously as possible." At a general election the people will have the opportunity to exercise their right of passing judgment on the measure. In the meantime it is the law of the land. And we are much mistaken in the temper of our fellow-Canadians if any attempt to engraft the ideas of Russian anarchists on Canadian politics will not be warmly and emphatically resented by the Canadian people. Extremes meet. There is room for a saner conception of democracy and autocracy. In a democracy as well as in any other form of government, there is need for education in the respective rights and correlative duties both of those who exercise authority and those who are subject to it.

Canada is not going to imitate Russia either in the despotism of her erstwhile autocracy or in the anarchy of her present democracy.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE PREVAILING idea that when the War ends there is to be an immense influx of immigration to this continent may be doomed to disappointment. By the ordinary processes of this long-drawn-out conflict Europe is being largely decimated of its able-bodied male population, and those that survive will have employment enough and to spare in rebuilding their ruined cities, restoring the soil to cultivation, and in other ways overcoming the widespread ruin and desolation which the War is leaving in its train. That there will be some movement of population westward is certain, but for years to come the manhood of Europe is likely to find tasks nearer home which will call for all his energies and resource.

FOR EXAMPLE, to fit in with the re-adjustment of the social order in Great Britain alone, the erection of one million new houses will be required. The Joint Committee on Labor Problems after the War, which embraces the whole trade unionist movement, is pressing for an immediate decision as to the Government's housing policy. One million houses (5,000,000 additional rooms) the committee states in a manifesto just published, ought to be completed within four years from the declaration of peace. The cost is placed at £250,000,000, of which probably £200,000,000 would be regarded as a sound financial investment, covering not only repairs, management and interest, but also a sinking fund to repay the whole debt within sixty years. The real expense would be represented by the free grant from the Exchequer to enable the several housing schemes to pay their way. The project itself is revolutionary and marks but one aspect of the widespread social changes to which the War has given an impetus and which may remake the British Constitution.

EVEN AFTER the present shortage of a million houses is made up, the committee points out that 100,000 additional dwellings will be needed a year. When the Rent Restriction Act expires rents in many manufacturing towns and in mining and agricultural districts are, in view of the undeniable shortage, likely to be advanced, causing severe distress. Where the local authority refuses to build its quota it is recommended by the committee that the Local Government Board should itself undertake the building, placing the work under the supervision of a local committee appointed by itself, on which the Trades Council, the local trade union branches and the local women's industrial organization should be represented.

A STRIKING sign of the times in this connection is the movement thus inaugurated for the better housing of not only the industrial classes but of the very poor. Utilitarianism and aestheticism are joining hand-in-hand. "We do not want," says the report, "a uniformly ugly Government cottage dumped down all over the country. The model plans should be sent only as suggestions for the assistance of the local authority to be adapted to local conditions or to be improved on." The plans must of course provide for cottages or other dwellings of different sizes and accommodations of up-

to-date sanitary construction. Each home, under this suggested plan, is to be "self-contained," with rooms of adequate size and window-lighting, properly equipped with kitchen range, with hot water fittings, stoves, sinks, and gas and water laid on (where available), with ample cupboard and storage facilities for food or coal, and invariably with a fitted bath. Every cottage must stand in its own garden of not less than one-eighth of an acre. "We ought to determine," concludes the report, "that the one million dwellings of the great peace shall be a model for the ensuing generation."

WHAT SUCH a movement means no sociologist or no student of the past can misunderstand. The close of the Napoleonic wars gave birth to a great spirit of unrest in England which, having the inherent rights of humanity as its starting point, eventuated in the great Chartist movement, the Repeal of the Corn Laws, the Reform Bill and those numerous other measures for the betterment of social conditions which made the period memorable. In our own time we have seen further extensions of the principle of popular rights and with the coming of peace after this greatest of wars we are likely to see changes of a far-reaching character embracing not alone the condition of the toiler, but of every rank and condition in our complex civilization. That such changes may be wisely guided and in full recognition of man's spiritual and moral as well as his physical well-being should be the concern of all.

OF THE many expressions of opinion regarding the future of religion in France which one sees from time to time in the press, none is more entitled to respectful consideration than that of the late Major William Redmond who with his own blood testified to the righteousness of the cause represented by France and her Allies in the War. Major Redmond's testimony first published, we think, in the London Daily Chronicle, is clear on this point, that the War, manifold as are its resulting evils, has led to the revival of religion in a most remarkable way. And this, he opined, is especially true in regard to France, where the enforced participation of the clergy, which, from some points of view was no doubt wrong, has in effect turned out a blessing.

THIS EFFECT is summed up in a feeling paragraph which, emblematic of the whole article, deserves to be long remembered: "The spectacle of thousands of priests marching and fighting for the country and the flag has touched deeply the heart of France, and many and many a man who was, perhaps, ready enough to proclaim himself anti-Cleric will never so describe himself any more. The bravery displayed by the French priests in battle (2,000 have been killed) has been only equalled by their devotion to their holy office. Few things are more appealing than the sight of the soldier-priest turning to administer the last consolations of religion to his fallen comrades round about. And this has been witnessed on every battle-field of France, and it has its natural effect upon the impressionable French character, and the effect will remain long after the last shot of the War has been fired."

"FORTES CREANTUR FORTIBUS"

"If you didn't want to go, Jack, I should feel that I'd been the wrong sort of mother," is the admirable comment made by "The Whistling Mother," the heroine of an excellent war-story that has lately appeared, when she learned that her enthusiastic son was among the first to volunteer. She had little advice to give her boy when the hour of parting came, for as he remarks: "If she hadn't done her level best, long before that, to teach me to keep clean and think straight and 'hit the line hard,' it was too late to begin then." Mothers and sons whose sincere convictions nowadays are expressed in words like the foregoing are true patriots indeed. According to the old Latin line: "Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis." "The brave are generated by the brave and good," and it is particularly true of mothers. On no one else does the burden of war bear more heavily. Fathers freely offer their means to their country, sons nobly offer their lives, but mothers in giving their boys generously offer what is often far dearer to them than life itself. However, if they are not "the wrong sort of mother" they will make the sacrifice bravely, remembering that the right of their country is the call of righteousness.

Moreover, mothers of that kind will have, in all probability, sons who are worthy of them. In the first place they will not be youths who are so enviled by self-indulgence and evil living that they are unable to meet a soldier's physical requirements. Secondly, because a patriot-mother has taught them from their earliest years, "to keep clean, and think straight and 'hit the line hard,'" they will not easily forget the lesson at the time it is most needed, amid the temptations of camp-life and the horrors of the front. Finally, if the influence exerted by the memory of a thoroughly patriotic mother will do so much to keep our soldiers, sober, chaste and courageous, what high-minded and invincible defenders of their country they will be, if they are also armed with a living practical faith in Christianity, particularly if they are consistent adherents of the only perfect form of Christianity there is: Catholicism?—America.

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ON THE BATTLE LINE

UNOFFICIAL REPORTS say that there is increasing evidence of the using up of food reserves on the Western front. There is food for reflection, however, in the statement by Stephen Lauzanne, head of the French Official Information Bureau in the United States, to the effect that the Central Empires have approximately 2,055,000 men on the Russian front, including about 60,000 men each from Turkey and Bulgaria. Of the total force, Lauzanne says that Germany has eighty-eight divisions, roughly 1,420,000 men, of whom only 180,000 are of the active army, the rest being Landwehr and Landstrum troops. On the Western front, he says, the enemy has 2,220,000 men, of whom 1,200,000 are opposed by the French. The foe is strongly entrenched, and while the forces of the Allies are strongest numerically, according to all accounts, demoralization of the Russian armies has greatly weakened their offensive power. It is plain that the Allies have still before them an amazingly difficult task, and that every man and every gun must be brought to bear in the solution of it.

THAT THE SUBMARINE MENACE is still a factor in the War is shown by the latest British return, stating that eighteen vessels of more than 1,600 tons were sunk, compared with fifteen in the previous week, and five vessels of less than 1,600 tons, as against three. No fishing vessels were sunk. If there has been any discovery which will enable the Allies to make a better fight against the U-boat it has not yet come into effect, and so long as the loss of British shipping is on the scale above given so long will there be cause for anxiety, in spite of reassuring statements recently made by Lloyd George and others as to the progress of shipbuilding in the Old Land and the United States. Until the foe submarine bases in Belgium are taken by the Allies there can be little real hope of an effective coping with the U-boat problem.

GENERAL CADORNA'S irresistible troops have so far reclaimed three hundred square kilometres of the Isonza. The War Office at Rome yesterday reported the repulse of counter-attacks and the capture of 550 prisoners. It is significant of the waning military power of Austria that every gain made by the Italians in their present campaign has been firmly held, and that nowhere, even though aided by the tremendous natural advantage of holding the higher positions, has the enemy been able to gain single success.

MAJOR GENERAL MAURICE, Director of operations at the British War office points out in his weekly talk that a pause, accentuated by stormy weather, has come in the operation extending from the North Sea to the Italian sea coast. He explains that the apparent cessation of active fighting on the Isonza front is necessitated by the advancement of the artillery positions, which in the theatre is an exceedingly difficult task. General Maurice says that it is a race between Cadorna's offensive and Austria's defensive manoeuvres. The enemy is rushing reinforcements from the Russian front where their need seems to be daily lessening. Little doubt remains in the minds of military observers that Cadorna can outspeed the foe.

"AS MINISTER OF JUSTICE I abolished the death penalty, but as Minister of War I decided, if necessary, partially to re-establish it. This re-establishment hurts to the very soul, but for the salvation of the country we will kill with all our souls. The army must be organized and disciplined." Thus Premier Kerensky, at the conclusion of the Moscow Conference, showed how determined the new Government is to restore discipline and save the nation. The announcement at the War Office at Petrograd yesterday that a large portion of two regiments had withdrawn from their positions in the Fokshani region on the Roumanian front without making any resistance clearly shows how urgent the need is for the sternest measures. A high British military official yesterday expressed his wonder that, in view of the paralysis of the Russian army, the Germans had not made greater progress on the East front.—Globe, Aug. 31.

PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS PRAISED BY DR. HALL

One of the most remarkable tributes ever paid to the Catholic educational system by a non-Catholic school man came a week ago from Dr. G.

Stanley Hall, president of Clark University, Worcester, Mass., in an address given at a reception to the Catholic students at the State Teachers' college summer school, Greeley Colo., by the Newman club of that institution.

Dr. Hall said that he was a Protestant, and his family had been Protestants for generations. Still, he must confess that the Catholic Church had some things most precious which the other churches do not have. Among these is religion in her educational system? Our public schools, he said, are devoid of this, as a result of the work of politicians long ago, and we are not able to repair the damage today. It is the most unnatural thing in the world, he declared, to expect to educate a child while denying him the knowledge he should have of God.—Catholic Transcript.

A PRIEST AT A FIRST DRESSING STATION

By Father Philip

It was a dark winter evening in a small French town situated just within hearing of the guns. A friendly little group of men in khaki were seated at a round table, lit by an overhanging lamp. Dinner was over, and the men looked happy and contented. The soup, well thickened with vegetables and bread, the delicious yellow omelette, so fresh and succulent, the delicately roasted breast of veal, with its accompanying "pommes de terre salutes," the caizebert, the clear, clean flavoured gravy, had all come in for a word of praise. The smiling little French school suit, had served the dinner (for the party were in temporary possession of a billet with a well-to-do family) had brought in the coffee and retired. There were five in number at the table, and four of them were chaplains. There was Father E., an R. C. chaplain in the Regular Army, who had served in Egypt and South Africa, and who had been through the stress of the Mons retreat; there was Father G., who had done a good work since the beginning of the War; there was Mr. N., of the Scottish Church, whose strong Protestantism never interfered with his Catholic friendships; there was Mr. L., a young Anglican clergyman, who but recently left England. The fifth member of the party was a young lieutenant of the R. A. M. C.

The conversation had been general; no one had prosed; each had contributed his share; the young lieutenant, who perhaps had spoken least, proved an attentive listener. The elder padre in narrating a reminiscence, had mentioned the name of a small Flemish village, and some slight discussion of its precise position had ensued. The Lieutenant at once located it, adding that he knew it well. Something in the young fellow's face as he spoke attracted the attention of the Presbyterian, and turning to his young friend, and looking at him kindly, he said, "Something out of the common, I'm thinking, happens here, doesn't it? What was it, lad?" "Well, yes," he answered, "something quite uncommon did happen to me there, something which changed my view of life entirely, but the matter would hardly interest you. I've only been an R. C. for eight months, and I got it there." There was silence for a few seconds. The Presbyterian padre looked pleased (for neither of them knew that their acquaintance was a Catholic); the Anglican looked expectant. It was the Anglican who broke the silence. "I should like to know the silence more, but one knows how sacred to himself a man's thoughts are when he contemplates a change in his religion." The Presbyterian looked searchingly at the young man's face. "The thing is too intimate, to talk about, but doubtless you had your reasons for the change." The elder Catholic leaned forward and said simply, "Tell us, we are all friends here."

"Well," said the young fellow, "I'll tell you; there is nothing personal or confidential about the matter. Before I studied medicine, I was at Marlborough. My father was a parson and though religion never pressed heavily upon me, I was, of course an Anglican—rather of the old fashioned kind, I think. When I joined the Army at the beginning of the War I was far too occupied in my new employment to give religion a thought."

"You were speaking just now of that little Flemish village up near the firing line. I was stationed there about a year ago; and we had then an advanced dressing station, well to the west of it. You know the sort of thing—a ruined house with the roof mostly gone, and the walls supplemented by sandbags. On the day I have in mind there had been pretty severe fighting and the stretchers were coming in freely. We did what we could, but we could not get abreast of our work, and a number of cases had to be lying more or less in the open waiting their turn. We had a C. of E. clergyman with us, a fine athletic young fellow, cheerful and efficient, who worked like a Trojan. When the work was at its hottest, I saw the R. C. padre approaching the station, dodging and crawling along as best he could, for the snipers were active and shells were coming all over the place. He had the wispiest white ribbon, which he called his stole, fluttering about his neck, and I knew that he had come on duty. He was the only R. C. chaplain for the Brigade and had but-

one of the most remarkable tributes ever paid to the Catholic educational system by a non-Catholic school man came a week ago from Dr. G.

recently come out. In consequence he did not know his men. But I had had enough experience of the working of the Church of Rome to know that this did not matter in the smallest. It was the priest, not the man, that the Catholic soldiers wanted. He just nodded to us as he passed and went on to the poor fellows who were lying waiting for their turn. There must have been some thirty or forty waiting, and had cases there were amongst them. Some lay still, enough, dead or unconscious probably, but most were in a fever of excitement. You know how it is. The frenzy of the fight was in them still. Some talked incessantly in a high unnatural voice, with quick jerky gestures; some rolling on the ground; some moaning piteously. Curses too you could hear, and foul words and imprecations, and prayer and blasphemy, but more of blasphemy. I don't blame them; they were not conscious of what they said, or of what words meant, they were for the time being out of themselves with excitement and pain.

"From where I was I could get a glimpse of the Father, as in a business-like sort of way, he moved amongst them. He seemed to visit each. To most he merely spoke a word or two and when he had passed on, the man whom he had left would resume his former state of recklessness and excitement. But with some he stayed longer. He had found some of his own flock, I supposed with that marvellous instinct, which, I had often noticed, seems to characterize the Catholic priest. I saw his whispered conversation lasting perhaps some sixty seconds. I saw the motion of his hand, and then I saw something which aroused all my professional interest. I saw him clearly taking something from a small box he carried in his breast, and approach it to the men's mouths. He was giving them, it seemed to me, some drug or anodyne, and its action must be both rapid and efficient: for those to whom he gave it lay still and calm and silent. It was fearful ignorance on my part, but you must remember my early training. The thought of the Eucharist never even entered my mind. That was a thing to treat with all solemnity and awe. Its distribution was associated in my mind with the Church's chancel and with well-dressed devout men and women approaching with reverence and decorum. That the Eucharist could be administered on the battlefield, without rite or ceremony, to mud-stained soldiers, amidst curses and imprecations, to men who but a minute before had, for all I knew, been adding their share to the bad language used, never even crossed my mind.

"Next day I met the priest. 'What was it, Padre, I asked, that you gave to those men which seemed so wonderfully to calm them, and dull their pain. I only hope if I am copped that you may be near me to give me the same.' He looked strangely at me for a moment and then said, 'Do you not know, man, do you not know? It was no thing I gave them; but as a priest in Christ's Church—God help me—I brought them Jesus Christ—Christ, do you understand, Who never asked for pomp or state when He went amongst the poor, Who came to save the sinner, Who's heart went out to human suffering in every form, Who passed through death to ease its agony for us. You know Him, but you cannot know Him as we do. The day that brings this fuller knowledge of Him will be the date from which your conversion dates, and then—not before—you will receive Him.'

"That day of 'fuller knowledge' was the day when first I saw the priest working amongst his wounded at the dressing station near—"

THE WRONG WAY

If reports are true, Frank Little, the I. W. W., was in many respects an undesirable citizen. Just keeping within the limits of a benign interpretation of the law, he did all that he could to make the prosecution of the war a failure. Last month he took a principal part in stirring up revolt in Arizona. A few weeks ago, he went to Montana, where he urged the miners to cripple the Government as far as they could, by striking. According him the sincerity of his convictions, it is still true that wherever he went a storm arose, a storm that swept away no undeniable abuse or palpable exercise of tyranny, but only engendered class hatred and rancor. So undesirable did he become, that early on the morning of August 1, certain men, hiding their cowardly faces under masks, called him to the door of his house, bound him, and forthwith hanged him from a neighboring telegraph pole. The man who had counseled violence as a fit and proper means of righting wrongs, ended his life as a victim of violence.

No doubt there will be many to applaud the action of these murderers. They undertook to rid the community of what many good citizens must have considered an intolerable nuisance, and at this perilous time a source of danger not to be left unchecked. But it is wrong, all wrong. Law and order want no such aids. Violence only begets violence. In stress, too many of us not only lose our heads, which is pardonable, but our sense of ethical values as well. Two wrongs never make a right, and never can. To do evil that good may come of it, and all well, is not only bad morality, but a philosophy bound in the end to make even the attainment of the good

aimed at impossible. And the scandal is greater when officials, by adopting evil practices, put themselves on a level with the forces which today are lifting up unholly hands against the authority that comes from God. It is not long since that in New York, petty tyrants in the uniform of the army disgraced the cause of liberty for which the country is at War. Happily, a recurrence was made impossible by the prompt action of the authorities at Washington. But it will be long before the incident is forgotten.—America.

FULLER CONTROLS EXPORTS

Paul Fuller, a Catholic lawyer of note and formerly dean of the Fordham University Law School, New York, has been appointed head of the Export License Division of the Department of Commerce for the purpose of exercising the Federal control of exports which became operative on July 15.

Mr. Fuller was born in 1847. In his youth he engaged in newspaper work. He was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one. He took part in the Venezuela Boundary Case, the Philippine Tariff Cases, the Porto Rico and Philippine Church Cases, and has also served as counsel for the French and Russian Governments. Mr. Fuller is widely known as an international lawyer, and has served as a special agent abroad for President Wilson. As a member of the Haitian Commission he helped reorganize Haiti's fiscal system.

LATE MAJOR MURPHY

TRUE IN LIFE AND IN DEATH TO PRINCIPLE

Chatham in common with practically every city, town or rural section in Canada, has been called upon to make many sacrifices because of the War and many homes have been saddened by the message which told that some officer or soldier was killed or wounded or missing.

This War has claimed the lives of some of the best, most brave and brightest men of the country and careers which would have meant much to the development of the country have been cut short. It will be impossible to state with any definite degree of certainty just how great a loss the country has sustained through the sacrifice which some men have made, are making and will make for the cause of liberty, freedom, justice and civilization.

Numbered among the men who have given their lives is Major James Hector Ross Murphy, whose mother, Mrs. Catherine Murphy, and one sister, Sister Scholastica, are residents of this city. Another sister, Mrs. (Dr.) Holland, of Malden, Mass.

Valor in battle and strict attention to duty and service was recognized in the advancement given the late officer during his service, and also in the awarding of a Military Cross for a particular service. The spirit which prompted the service on the battlefield had prompted the enlistment, which took place soon after war was declared. The late officer was then in Winnipeg, and was appointed as Lieutenant in the 16th Winnipeg Highlanders. In service he rapidly advanced to the rank of major and was serving in that capacity when on August 16th he met death on the battlefield.

Though details of the last hours of service have not been received those who knew the man are confident that the record he had established was sustained by his service at that particular time and to the grief-stricken relatives and the sorrowing friends there is the strong measure of comfort that he died in the path of duty and in service of the Empire in the cause of liberty and freedom and the protection of humanity.

Born in Montreal, Ross Murphy was educated in the schools in that city and later in the University at Ottawa during the time when Bishop Fallon was there. This was followed by four years in Kingston at the Royal Military College. After graduation he entered banking circles and from this took to real estate and insurance. During his years in commercial life he made many friends by his upright dealings, and the future held for him exceptionally bright prospects.

Suffering from wounds received on the battlefield the officer was returned to England and then on furlough to visit his mother. He recuperated rapidly and when his furlough expired he declared himself ready for further service despite the fact that an application would have meant an extended furlough, which friends really felt he needed and was entitled to. His own expression at the time was that he must be true to his fellows at the front and that other officers and men were entitled to relief but some person had to stay if he was not back. This was the spirit of duty which animated the man who later was awarded a decoration and later still gave his life for the Empire.

The spirit of service was in the blood, for a brother, the late Gladstone Murphy, was about to don khaki when he was injured in a football game at Toronto and after weeks of patient suffering passed through into the sleep that knows no mortal waking.

The brothers were perfect specimens of Canadian manhood, the pride of a fond mother and loving sisters and the ideal of many a young man who was fortunate enough to know either or both of them. They both had the confidence of business and

social associates and the ceasing of life's labors was a distinct loss not only to the family and friends but to the community and the country.

The memory of the two men will live long in the hearts of many. The one is numbered among the heroes of the nation because he gave his life on the battlefield and the other because he was ready to serve but death intervened at the time the memory of the former lives and records are sources of comfort and the relatives and friends now look forward to the time of reunion where sorrow does not enter.—Chatham Daily News.

War with its daily inexorable death toll has claimed another victim in the person of Major James Hector Ross Murphy, son of Mrs. Catherine B. Murphy, for some few years past a resident of this city, and of the late J. E. Murphy, at one time a partner in the well known Montreal firm of Hudson, Murphy and Sumner.

The late Major Ross Murphy had been on active service since shortly after the outbreak of this terrible world war, having enlisted in Winnipeg with a Toronto friend, Major Hugh Osler. He has held successively the different military offices of Lieutenant, Captain and Major, and recently, for heroic achievement on the field, was rewarded the Military Cross.

Ross, as he is known among his friends, was always loved and esteemed as a man among men, while his sterling and noble qualities won the confidence of all with whom he associated. His early education was received in Montreal, where he was born, and in Ottawa College, after which he spent four years in the Royal Military College, Kingston. The three years before going overseas he spent in business in Toronto, where he was well known as a distinguished athlete, belonging as did his brother, the late Gladstone Murphy, to the Argonaut Club.

Almost coincident with the official despatch from the capitol, announcing the death in battle of Major Murphy came a telegram of condolence to the bereaved mother from Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Borden, Premier of the Dominion. The prime minister offered the sympathy of himself and colleagues in the loss of her gallant soldier son.

At present Mrs. Murphy is out of the city spending the summer with her son-in-law and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Holland, of Malden, Mass.

As is the general occurrence since receiving the sad news of "killed in action," several letters from the deceased have reached members of the family here. In one Major Murphy revealed in a marked degree the secret of his popularity in military circles—his generous appreciation of his comrades. He writes: "The men in the 16th Highlanders are splendid fellows—so brave, so responsive to duty's call. I consider it a privilege indeed to be placed in command of such genuinely heroic soldiers." In another he writes thus: "I am well and we are all in the best of spirits. The French and British armies have lately had some wonderful successes against the Hun, while American troops are daily expected to help us on. Uncle Sam's entrance into the War has been a severe blow to old Fritz, as he scarcely expected such an addition to the strength of the Allies. Don't worry about me, mother, everything is going well; the men and myself attended church here in this quaint little French village last Sunday.

In all his missives to the dear ones at home there shone the same self-sacrificing patriotism, indomitable devotion to the cause and a manly spirit of faith and trust in Providence. He knew the meaning of war, as he had been twice seriously wounded, and therefore stood in cheerful readiness to accept war's inevitably varying fortunes.

As yet, details have not been received. The sorrowing mother and family have the sympathy of all who must at least partially realize what loved ones at home are constantly suffering for King and Country.—Chatham Planet.

As is usual in such cases several letters from Major Murphy have reached his family since the announcement of his death. In one he alludes to the fact of being on very friendly terms with the pastor of the little town near by and adds: "Mother you will be pleased to know that I went to Mass and received Holy Communion last Sunday with my men, and intend to go again this week." The postscript of a letter dated Aug. 8th and received Aug. 23rd read: "I received Holy Communion to-day and this afternoon attended Benediction with my men." THE CATHOLIC RECORD extends to the bereaved family its sincere sympathy while rejoicing with them in the solid reasons for consolation in their affliction.

ONE OF THE USES OF A GARDEN

The campaign for increased food production, with the use of every inch available for garden space, suggests to us that a happy result of it all may be a recrudescence of the spirit of neighborliness, so often, alas, blighted by the exigencies of city life.

You will recall—if you are fortunate enough to have been reared in the country—how it was part and parcel of rural etiquette to send over to one's neighbor a "mess" of the first peas from the garden or a dozen

ears of early corn. Even the pastor was remembered. Possibly one of your childhood recollections is that of picking your way gingerly along the street to deliver to His Reverence, at your mother's bidding, a mysterious dish covered with a snowy napkin and accompanied by her compliments.

These little amenities of life form part of the ritual of friendship. If, indeed, "God made the country, and man made the town," then it remains for man to leave his inferior creation with that of a higher order.—New World.

WORK AND DRUDGERY

In an address at a meeting of mechanical engineers, a Western manufacturer pictured in colors somewhat dark, the growing disposition of the day to look upon all work as "mere drudgery." This disposition, said the man of business, often leads to ill-considered strikes, occasional sabotage, and other industrial diseases which by lowering the output seriously interfere with "efficiency." "Industry," he concludes, "must find a substitute for the valuable relationship of master and man, which passed away with the coming of greater industrial concentration."

Honest work usually becomes dull drudgery because the laborer is not interested either in what he is doing, or why he is doing it. Why he is not interested is another question. In some cases, the lack is undoubtedly traceable to a mistaken vocation. Many a brilliant lawyer or struggling physician realizes too late that the simpler duties of the farm or the counting-house would be more in keeping with his mental equipment. More than one young man now engaged in occupations almost menial, bitterly regrets the youthful folly that spoiled his preparation for a place of wider usefulness and profit in life. Others, perhaps, today find honest work "mere drudgery," because they have been caught by the false philosophy that life's main purpose is to seek amusement.

Lost opportunities, mistaken vocations and a bad philosophy will account for some ranks of the army of discontented workers, but not for all. The man who toils hard and faithfully for a pittance that barely suffices to keep body and soul together, may easily be pardoned for considering his occupation "drudgery." Of course, he ought to urge his interest to the flaming-point, by remembering that a half loaf is better than no bread, and that the laborer's cap is a badge of honor. But a badge of honor, along with all time honored apothegms, grades low in calories, and to live for any considerable period on half a loaf means only half a life.

Probably the best way at the manufacturer's disposal of taking the drudgery out of work, is to consider the feasibility of paying the worker a living wage. It is just possible that the thing might be made to pay, in the form of an increased "efficiency." Rest rooms, gymnasiums, mutual benefit societies and other devices usually viewed out of all perspective, it is to be feared, by the "socially minded," are excellent as far as they go, but they do not go far enough. They stop short of justice. It was on justice that the old "valuable relationship of master and men" was founded, and it can be revived only when "the greater industrial concentration" of today realizes that justice comes first, and frills second. The worker who sells a dollar's worth of labor for fifty cents in silver and twenty-five cents in some unwanted gymnasium privilege, simply because an habitually manipulated market makes better terms impossible, has a fair cause for regarding his honest, poet-praised work as very prosaic drudgery. It was no less an authority than Leo XIII, who authorized terms far stronger, by saying that in this case the worker is the victim of fraud and injustice.—America.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Nov. 26, 1916

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD

That your charity towards my mission is approved by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Canada let me quote from a letter from His Excellency, The Most Rev. Peregrine F. Stagni, O. S. M., D. D., Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa: "I have been watching with much interest the contributions to the Fund opened on behalf of your missions by the CATHOLIC RECORD. The success has been very gratifying and shows the deep interest which our Catholic people take in the work of the missionary in foreign lands. . . I bless you most cordially and all you laborers, as a pledge my earnest wishes for your greatest success in all your undertakings." I entreat you to continue the support of my struggling mission, assuring you a remembrance in my prayers and Masses.

Yours faithfully in Jesus and Mary,
J. M. FRASER.

- Previously acknowledged, \$11,504 76
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 - Mack, Winnipeg,..... 2 00
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 - J. J. Carolan, Winnipeg,..... 10 00
 - In Memory of Mother, Lucknow,..... 5 00

FORMER GOVERNOR BALDWIN

APPROVES PAPAL PEACE PROPOSALS

That this is the "psychological moment" for the advancement of peace proposals is the belief of former Governor Simeon E. Baldwin, one of the best known international law authorities in the United States. He believes His Holiness Pope Benedict XV. has seized upon the right time for placing before the powers of the world, a basis upon which a settlement of the War may be brought about.

His statement to the Hartford Times upon the Pope's proposals follows:

"Anything coming from the Pope at such a juncture of affairs as the present deserves to be considered very carefully. No one else could recommend terms of peace from a better standpoint. He is head of the oldest branch of the Christian Church and the most numerous one. The Roman Catholic Church is the best organized human institution for world-wide influence that has existed since the dismemberment of the Roman empire in the dark ages. The main point which the Pope

makes is that international arbitration shall be permanently substituted for war so far as possible for the settlement of international disputes. All the great powers agreed to this in signing The Hague conventions prepared by the two great peace conferences of 1899 and 1907. The trouble has been to get them to do practically what they have all agreed to do theoretically.

"So far as Germany is concerned, she repeatedly stated before we were at war with her that she would submit any controversy we had with her about sinking ships in war zones to arbitration by the Hague tribunal. It was we, who at that time declined that mode of settlement.

"The reasons why we are at war with Germany are stated by congress in the declaration of war. Congress said in that declaration that Germany had thrust the war upon us by her aggressions. We are, therefore, waging a war, on our part of defence. Congress said nothing about the Alsace-Lorraine question, nor the Balkan questions, nor the Polish question. The United States has not gone into the War with the purpose of changing the map of Europe, but with the purpose of defending our own rights, which Germany attacked

"A few years ago in a presidential address, which I delivered before the American Historical Association, I said that the three men most talked about in the world at that time were the Kaiser, President Roosevelt, and the Pope. They were the three men in whom the world everywhere took the most interest as to their doings, and sayings. I said that in the case of the Kaiser and Colonel Roosevelt, it was not simply because of their high official standing, but their personal qualities, whereas in regard to the Pope then reigning it was purely a question of his official position as representative of a great religion or religious order.

"This immense representative power the present Pope has made I think useful to mankind by the peace proposals he has now put forward. They are not such as any nation concerned would wish. No terms of peace ever suit everybody. But they are terms carefully thought out, forcibly stated and I think well timed. Somebody has said that history is a question of applied psychology. This appeal of the Pope cannot fail to have a great psychological influence."

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as pleasant weather.—Franklin.

Catholics of Ontario!

TO YOU

THE OVERSEAS CHAPLAINS CALL FOR HELP! WHAT WILL BE YOUR ANSWER?



There is today no appeal to Catholic generosity more compelling than that of our self-sacrificing overseas Canadian Catholic Chaplains. They are facing all the horrors and dangers of war to give spiritual comfort to the brave troops who are fighting our battles. Amid the terrible carnage, the Chaplains are struggling to win souls for Christ. In their work during the past three years, they have been dependent on the good-will of other denominations and associations for shelters in which to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, to hear confessions and perform the other sacred functions developing upon them, which functions are of such vital importance to the thousands of sons of Canadian Catholic fathers and mothers. The Canadian Catholic Chaplain Service have no huts or tents of their own, and each Chaplain out of his own funds has so far personally provided the necessary articles of religion, including altar equipment, as well as rosaries, crucifixes, medals and prayer books, for distribution among the soldiers. Are YOU going to allow that condition to continue? Huts, chapel tents, and recreation centres for our Canadian soldiers—these are absolute necessities. They are wanted AT ONCE.

Under the Auspices of the State Council of Ontario Knights of Columbus
A GREAT ONE-WEEK CAMPAIGN FOR FUNDS
WILL BE CONDUCTED
Commencing Sept. 23, Closing Sept. 29

EVERY CATHOLIC should have a part in this great work. The Knights of Ontario have contributed several thousand dollars, and will do more, while they have undertaken to act for the Chaplains in raising this fund.

\$100,000.00 IS REQUIRED

The work has the hearty endorsement of the Hierarchy of Ontario. The fund raised will be remitted to and expended under the direction of Lieut.-Col. Rev. W. T. Workman, Director-General Canadian Catholic Chaplains Services, London, England; Major Rev. F. L. French, Assistant Director Canadian Catholic Chaplain Service, In the Field, France; and Major Rev. J. J. O'Gorman, Ottawa, Ont.

Make your contribution to the Grand Knight of the nearest Knights of Columbus Council, or send direct to either of the undersigned—

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BE PREPARED

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Hullam's Animal Bait } \$1.00 per bottle
Hullam's Muskrat Bait } at Six Bottles
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Fishermen— We can supply you with Hoop, Brook, Trammel, Gill, Pound and Dip Nets, Seines, Lines and other Fishermen's Supplies at very close prices.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON
REV. F. P. HICKEY, O. S. B.
FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
PENTECOST

THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT
"Honor thy father and thy mother." (Exod. xx. 12.)
It is disheartening, my dear brethren, to preach on this commandment. It is so well known, so little observed. Fresh knowledge about it can hardly be imparted; and who can hope to impart respect and reverence for it in the hearts of the young?

How is this? The very names, father and mother, are high titles indeed. They are the stewards of God. To them He entrusts the immortal souls, as well as the bodies of their children. To have faithfully fulfilled the duties of a good father or mother is indeed a valid claim to the kingdom of heaven.
But, my dear brethren, how many parents themselves forget their dignity and responsibility—lower themselves, and are themselves answerable for their children's disrespect and disobedience. So this Fourth Commandment regards parents as well as children. Parents must be worthy fathers and mothers, with a knowledge of their high calling, and religiously living up to that high calling or they are themselves the cause of their children's sins. For a trade there is an apprenticeship, a business has to be learned; but how few young people, when they rush into matrimony, give even a thought as to the responsibility of becoming parents. Young, foolish, and not too religious themselves, perhaps getting married in disobedience to their own parents, how are they fitted in the slightest degree to fulfill the duties of good parents?

Their duties are to love their children, their souls far more than their bodies or their worldly happiness; to tend, care, work for them; to educate them; to give them good example and shield them from evil. Take these one by one, for they are the life-work of good parents; if these duties are fulfilled, the children indeed should honor their father and mother.

Love their souls. An early baptism is the anxiety of good parents, and the first words for the infant lips to form, "Jesus" and "Mary." Long before school age, the sign of the cross, short prayers, and to do as they are bidden should be taught them. Yes, obedience, even that early in life, and quiet, grave correction, no haste or passion, and the infant mind will soon see who has to be master. What more hateful sight on earth, than a petted child mastering its own parents?

Their bodies, their health, their welfare, require constant unselfish watchfulness on the part of the mother. And the father, by daily toil, provides food, clothing, and home for them. A parent's work is indeed a prayer, if done for the love of God.

Education, as the children grow up, is an anxiety for the parents. A Catholic school must be chosen, and a regular attendance insisted on to gain lifelong habits of carefulness and industry. Teachers and priests do a great work, but good parents a far greater. What are school hours to the continued influence of home? The good of the school is paralyzed and formed into habits by a good one. Daily prayers, Sunday Mass, frequenting the Sacraments, are all in the hands of the parents.

Good example to be given calls for continued watchfulness on the part of the parents. Children are so quick to pick up evil, and yet thoughtless parents talk of matters before them, that children should never hear mentioned. And what about parents who quarrel, use bad language, are drunk before their children? Of parents who miss Mass and are out of the Church? They make the Commandment an impossibility.

But if parents have been faithful to their duties, they can justly claim love, respect, and obedience from their children.

Now, let us look at this Commandment from the children's point of view. It is only human nature to hate to be controlled; and the young have not much idea of doing anything from a spiritual motive. And they are quick, too quick, to see faults even in good parents, and very soon to think they know best—that their parents are too strict and old-fashioned. They grumble; others are not treated like that; things have changed since their parents were children. Oh, the devil will fill their minds with specious excuses and arguments, for he hates the young to keep this Fourth Commandment. May they give ear to better counsel, and stand by this Commandment! To be obedient is to be safe; to be obedient is to be victorious in the battle of life; to be obedient is to unite ourselves to, and become like, our Master, Jesus Christ.

And is there not gratitude insisting on children to honor their father and mother? Gratitude? Yes, they have well earned it! For how many years has each child been a care, an anxiety to its parents? Many a long hour have they sat up, tending you in your ailments and accidents; many a comfort and pleasure have they begrudged themselves to give to you. How have they sought your good and advancement, effacing themselves that you might get on. Beware of ingratitude; it will taint your heart for life.

You will not always have your parents: be kind and loving to them whilst they are with you. "Son, support the old age of thy father, and grieve him not in his life. . . Have patience with him, and despise him not in thy strength, for the relieving of thy father shall not be forgotten." (Ecclesi. iii. 14, 15.) Is it not true that we do not know the value of a mother till we have lost her? And then we can only requit her love with a few tardy tears. The graveyard is not the only time or place to show gratitude to your parents.

And to encourage us to keep this Commandment, remember it is the Commandment with a promise. For fear we should forget or grow tired of keeping it, God tells us what He will do if we fulfill it. "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thou mayest be long lived upon the land, which the Lord thy God will give thee." (Exod. xx. 12.) And again: "that thou mayest live a long time, and it may be well with thee." (Deut. v. 16.) And to those who have loved and honored their father and mother, how consoling these words of the Holy Spirit: "He that honoureth his mother is as one that layeth up a treasure." He that honoreth his father shall have joy in his own children, and in the day of his prayer he shall be heard. He shall enjoy a long life. Honour thy father in word and deed and all patience, that a blessing may come to thee from him, and his blessing remain to the latter end. . . In justice thou shalt be built up, and in the day of affliction thou shalt be remembered; and thy sins shall melt away, as the ice in the fair, warm weather." (Ecclesi. iii. 5-17.)

BRILLIANT ADDRESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE

You will go on enlarging your excellent Catholic school of higher studies, perfecting it in every useful way as time or opportunity, pressing need or noble generosity compel you. You will cherish it in your hearts as the best and most useful work to which you have yet put your hands. It is in vain that you build churches and raise proud cathedrals, if the men who preach in them the word of God are not most efficiently formed to combat every bad modern doctrine in language and with arguments that leave nothing to be desired. It is in vain that you build churches and cathedrals if you have not in them an intelligent and well-instructed laity whose good religious lives are based on a broad, logical and sympathetic knowledge of the Catholic Church and all that she stands for through twenty centuries of history and philosophy, of art and letters, of science and government, of peace and war.

Let no one say that the tide of modern thought, the impact of modern institutions, are against us, that we react in vain against all the world-forces of evil and the tremendous drift of public opinion saturated, so to speak, with ignorance of religion, with satanic malice in regard of it, or with an ineradicable temper of injustice where its interests are concerned. Even did we have no assurance of success, we should still struggle on satisfied that we were doing logically and obediently the work God had set us in this time and place. We should be in the good company of our fathers and our fathers' fathers, whose hearts could not forecast the present felicitous conditions of our holy religion as compared with the hopeless outlook of the early decades of the nineteenth century.

It may be that the Great War will sooner or later modify the sad intellectual bias of so many of our fellow men and reveal to them the uses of religion, and in particular the nature of Catholicism, in a higher and purer light than they ever before suspected. Death, after all, is the great business of life, and it may be that the glorious services of the Catholic priest on the battlefield and in the hospital, the edifying deaths of countless heroes in defence of right and justice and of the institutions and the spirit of democracy, may have a far-reaching effect in the reshaping of public opinion and popular sympathies in those days of peace which the Almighty will in His good pleasure restore to a broken and humiliated world. In the depths of that humiliation it may be that the world will find itself again, and will recognize the existence and the rights as well as the love and the mercy of the God whom it too long blasphemed and denied. Surely one of the best ways to bring about this desirable result is the restoration of the traditional Catholic teaching concerning God and man, the natural world and our future above, the nature and destiny of the soul, the heart, the mind of man, the relations of men to one another, as individuals or as members of the social body, the uses of this world, the nature of good and evil, of right and wrong, of duty and conscience.

But this is the highest teaching imaginable, and in its development lies the future goal of our Catholic schools of higher learning. Not that they will neglect, far from it, any branch of secular learning that is useful for mankind, but that they will lay stress from earliest youth on the religious character of man, on the subordinate nature of the world and its treasures, on the higher order of the soul and the heart, on the duties of man as well as his rights.

One word on the two other important phases of the grave question before us, the necessity of higher education under Catholic auspices:

Good leadership, sane and reliable, in our Catholic life is the crying need of the hour. How shall we obtain it in all parts of our beloved country with earnest and profound and sustained study, without a broad and solid grasp of history, and a sure hold on right philosophy, a thorough understanding of the nature and uses of good government, of the false but specious makeshifts daily put forth to deceive the ignorant and unsuspecting. Consider the great Catholic laymen of the nineteenth century, men like Daniel O'Connell, Donoso Cortes, Windthorst, Montalembert, and know that all were very learned men, highly trained by the best masters. If there were five such laymen in every province of Canada the highest and holiest interests of the Catholic Church would be everywhere secure. As it is how proud we are of the small number of learned and self-sacrificing Catholic laymen who stand daily in the breach, and defend our holy religion with splendid success.

If it were only to secure for each generation a fair percentage of such Catholic leaders among our laity, men splendidly equipped with the best history, philosophy, political science, literary finish, the polished diction and logical skill, our Catholic schools of the highest grade would be necessary. Men do not gather grapes from thorns.

I say nothing of the need of higher studies for the holy priesthood. It was to emphasize this need and this duty that the Catholic Church through its great Popes established universities. They were unknown before she created them in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries and set up her system of scientific degrees, and obliged her highest officers to make profound studies before they were allowed to enter on the administration of any great ecclesiastical office. If there is higher learning in the world today; if the rules and the spirit of good speech, good writing, good history, above all good logic, good philosophy and good law are still with us, it is owing to the Catholic Church and to the hard discipline of long and severe study which she laid upon her clergy, and which her laity eventually accepted from the clergy.

Dear beloved brethren, while you have every reason to be proud of your excellent school of higher studies, and can rightfully look upon it as the key-stone of the arch of religion in this Diocese, it behooves you to sustain it generously and thus to encourage the brave and earnest men who are giving their lives to this holy work.

In the old Catholic days no one thought of closing his earthly career without making some provision in his or her will for the education of youth. In this way Europe came to have so many good schools that Martin Luther used to say that under the papacy it was impossible for a boy to escape a good education. Every Catholic will ought to make some provision for religion, education, or charity, and education, as we have seen, is to-day the highest form of charity. Chairs of the various sciences could well be founded as memorials of departed parents or children thus assuring forever their memory in the community. Funds, large or small, could be created for specific purposes. Scholarships could be established, securing for poor boys or girls the opportunity of an excellent education, which otherwise they could not hope for. God blesses abundantly all gifts for Catholic Education, and in due time these accumulating gifts will make your young University widely known and respected, and will draw to your town Catholic youth from far and near. How could money be better spent than in the bestowal of the best opportunities upon youth, with addition of Catholic moral and doctrinal training, a secure hold upon the great gift of faith handed down to you by your self-sacrificing forefathers. God bless the University and the College of St. Francis Xavier and open more truly yet the eyes and the hearts of this faithful people to its splendid worth, its imperative necessity, and the bright future which opens before it in the coming decades, when it will surely be hailed as the distinctive honor and pride of the Catholic people of Antigonish.

Let no one say that the tide of modern thought, the impact of modern institutions, are against us, that we react in vain against all the world-forces of evil and the tremendous drift of public opinion saturated, so to speak, with ignorance of religion, with satanic malice in regard of it, or with an ineradicable temper of injustice where its interests are concerned. Even did we have no assurance of success, we should still struggle on satisfied that we were doing logically and obediently the work God had set us in this time and place. We should be in the good company of our fathers and our fathers' fathers, whose hearts could not forecast the present felicitous conditions of our holy religion as compared with the hopeless outlook of the early decades of the nineteenth century.

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One word on the two other important phases of the grave question before us, the necessity of higher education under Catholic auspices:

has been cut to 10,000,000 barrels. All barley, that is unmalted, has been put under government control. It is being used to "stretch" wheat flour; that is, all cereal flour must have as much as 80% barley flour added.

FRANCE
All plants that distill alcohol from grain have been commandeered by the government and the alcohol is used in manufacture of high explosives. Importation of alcohol and liquors into France is forbidden. This does not apply to rum made in the French West Indies. Wine and cognac are still made from grapes.

The French soldiers are allowed wine in their daily rations and the war ministry requisitions millions of gallons to insure this supply.

RUSSIA
Under the Czar manufacture of vodka, a highly alcoholic drink in which the government had a monopoly, was absolutely discontinued. The only alcohol allowed was for manufacture of high explosives. Kvas, a beer with only 1% alcohol was allowed.

In the Caucasus, Transcaucasia and Russian Central Asia, where the local popular demand was for wine of the country instead of Russian tea, the sale of the vintage was allowed.

However, it was not permitted to ship this wine to other parts of the empire unless by special permission.

ITALY
Here, as in France, alcohol distilled from grain is used by the government in manufacture of explosives.

Wine is still made and forms part of the regular rations of the soldiers.

GERMANY
The government has prohibited the use of more than 40% of the barley for malt that the brewers used to employ. The earlier restriction was to 60%.—Sacred Heart Review.

BELGIANS RAISE CROSS FOR DEAD BURIED IN LONDON

London, Aug. 16, 1917.—The Belgian national fete brought a brilliant assembly to Westminster Cathedral. Princess Napoleon, the Belgian minister, and others were present at the Mass and the "Te Deum" which followed. In the afternoon there was the great patriotic gathering in the Queen's Hall, at which the Prime Minister made a speech. A touching ceremony took place between these two events. Mgr. Carton de Wiart consecrated at Kensal Green Catholic Cemetery a beautiful Calvary which had been set up over the graves of forty Belgian soldiers who died here from wounds at the commencement of the War. The names of the dead, drawn from all parts of Belgium and all sections of the service, are carved on the cross round which they are gathered. After blessing the cross Mgr. Carton de Wiart, who was surrounded by a group of well known Belgian officers, knelt and kissed the base, and then, with the Belgian flag held at the

salute to the dead, all present sang the "Brabanconne" in this corner of earth that "will be forever Belgium" for the heroes who rest therein.

A penny's worth of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow.

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TEMPERANCE

EUROPE HAS CURBED TRAFFIC IN LIQUOR

With America in the midst of heated debate over the prohibition issue of a war measure, "wets" and "drys" are arming themselves with ammunition from European experience with the drink question. Neither side has complete information, but there is gathered as complete an outline of European war measure relating to King Alcohol as can be made in America.

ENGLAND

In February this year an order was issued by the food controller practically preventing further use of food grains for malting purposes.

The maltsters had quite a large stock of malted barley on hand and the brewers were permitted to use this. It is estimated that this would last until November this year.

On or before this date new regulations will have to be put in effect else the brewers will have to close down.

The average peacetime barrelage of beer in England used to be 36,000,000. This was reduced early in the War to 26,000,000 barrels and now

The Simplest Boiler to Operate
A Woman or a Child Can Manage a KING BOILER without the Least Trouble
A man feels an immense satisfaction in knowing that he can leave town on business and have the heating of his house cause no trouble or exertion or anxiety to his wife and family. Hot Water Heating is the most efficient and the easiest to manage. No Hot Water Boiler could possibly make a stronger appeal for preference than the
KING HOT WATER BOILER
It is well made throughout and the tight fitting doors prevent gas and particles of dust from escaping. It is so clean in operating that "ash day" has no terror for one's "good clothes" where the King Boiler is used. The King Boiler gives quick heat and that means a saving of fuel. Coal comes high now and it is important to remember that the King Hot Water Boiler will "pay for itself" in the fuel it saves.
IMPERIAL RADIATORS
The difference in Radiators in various heating systems is important. The Imperial Radiators have full sized channels and every inch of radiator surface is heating surface. In addition, they have a grace and dignity of design that make them more attractive in appearance than radiators have ever had before. Don't wait for autumn's chill to remind you—get your improvements for next winter's heating arranged at once—Do it Now.
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Steel and Radiation, Limited, 68 Fraser Ave., Toronto.
DEAR SIR:—Without any obligation to me, please send me free copy of your Booklet—Comfortable Homes—no literature and full particulars regarding the King Boiler and Imperial Radiators.
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HEADACHES! What woman isn't subject to them? Some frequently. Others less often. But, in any case, if the womenfolk would only follow the example set by their husbands and brothers in the use of Eno's "Fruit Salt," they, too, would escape the annoying, painful headaches caused by a lazy liver or deranged digestive system. Made of the stimulating and refreshing elements of ripe fruit juices, Eno's rouses the torpid liver to fresh activity and cleanses and invigorates the whole digestive and eliminative tract. A headache has no show where Eno's is.
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

I'M SORRY; I WAS WRONG
There may be virtue in the man
Who's always sure he's right.

PHYSICAL UNFITNESS

It is the experience of recruiting
officers that many men anxiously
desire to enlist who, it only needs
a glance to know, are physically unfit.

A New York sergeant of marines,
looking at a group gathered in front
of a recruiting office, spoke of this
discrepancy between the spirit and
the power as a common thing.

"Look at that crowd—nearly all
the young ones pasty and flabby.
Before I joined out in Erie, when I
got out of the shop it was to swim
or play ball.

THE EASIEST WAY
Never did an insatiable longing for
an easy life accompany greatness in
any line.

Now the easiest way is the danger-
ous way, the way that is fatal to all
progress, all distinction. The easiest
way is the path of the weak, the in-
efficient, the superficial, the indolent,
the lazy.

How many of the multitudes of
youths who envied Abraham Lincoln
in his time would be willing to work
as he did to undergo the agony, to
suffer the humiliation, the chastity,

It is not the easiest way, my boy,
but the hardships, the sacrifice of
ease and comfort, struggling with
difficulties, that make stalwart char-
acters.

Never were there so many opportu-
nities for achieving greatness as
there are today. Never was the call
for men—real men—so loud and so
insistent. Are you ready to answer
the call? Are you ready to pay the
price for greatness?—Catholic Colum-
bian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SAY, BOYS! CAN YOU TELL WHEN A COUN-
TERFEIT COIN
Is tossed on the counter to you?
Of course you can tell, for you know
every time
That it strikes it doesn't ring true.

And, boys! do you know that counter-
feit life
That's a regular sham through and
through
Is as simply detected in every-day
strife

And, boys! if you know how your
country respects
A genuine man, then you, too,
Will endeavor to live a life that
reflects
God's image—and always ring true.

Ring true in your contests and games
on the field,
In your homes, with a crowd or a
few;
Though others may try their short-
comings to shield,
Yet, boys, just remember, ring true!

ST. ROSE
The merciful designs of God's pro-
vidence upon America were never
more clearly manifested than when
he planted St. Rose in the virginal
soil of this new continent.

Her life was cast in that period
of Peruvian history which synchronized
with its era of greatest prosperity.
The land was filled with men in
search for gold and other rich min-
erals so abundantly found in the Per-
uvian soil.

Now, St. Rose's life was eminently
one of the spirit. She lived to pray.
Communion with God was the de-
light of her soul, and the means by
which she was lifted out of herself
into a rare atmosphere of sanctity.

It is not the easiest way, my boy,
but the hardships, the sacrifice of
ease and comfort, struggling with
difficulties, that make stalwart char-
acters. An idle, luxurious life never
develops the real man, never makes
a great man.

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In 1912, I was taken suddenly ill
with Acute Stomach Trouble and
dropped in the street. I was treated
by several physicians for nearly two
years, and my weight dropped from 225
pounds to 160 pounds.

WHEN THE DAY OF RECKONING COMES
If there is one thing more than
another that this present war is
making plain to us, it is that the
remnants of the millions who are
toiling and battling in the trenches
will come home far different men
than they were when they left to take
their part in this titanic struggle.

SALVATION
IS THROUGH JESUS CHRIST
IN HIS CHURCH
O. A. BROWNSON, formerly Protestant Minister
That Protestantism in most coun-
tries, especially in this country, is
developing into infidelity, irreligion,
nativism, rejecting and losing even
all reminiscences of the order of
grace, is too obvious and too well
known to be denied, or to demand
any proof.

THE WORK ASSIGNED US HERE
AND NOW IS A GREAT AND PAINFUL
WORK. WE CANNOT ADDRESS
THOSE OUT OF THE CHURCH AS
MEN WHO ERR MERELY, AS TO
THE FORM OF CHRISTIANITY, AND
ARE YET RESOLVED NOT TO PART
WITH THE SUBSTANCE.

Who is going to pay these taxes?
Heretofore it has mainly been the
consumer and the worker. If he
did not pay them directly in so much
cash to the Government he has paid
them indirectly in the increased
prices he has had to offer for clothes
and rents and the necessities of life.

THE STRENGTH OF UNITED
CATHOLIC PRESS
The Catholic Columbian remarks
apropos of the Catholic Press Con-
vention: "Many men of many
minds cannot fail to advance the good
and great projects of Catholic jour-
nalism, when they religiously amal-
gamate their forces for such important
and thrice blessed work."

If you have understood our Lord
rightly, if your intercourse with Him
is intimate, your life may be a mar-
tyrdom, and yet you would say, "I
thank Thee!" it might be a contin-
uous state of suffering, and you would
say, "Amen—so be it!"—Father de
Regnon.

society from its foundation—it calls
for the abolition of the whole present
industrial system. Catholic sociol-
ogy aims not at destruction but at
reform—it would retain the present
industrial arrangement but elimin-
ate and rectify its abuses through
remedial legislation and then bring
about a more equitable distribution
of the profits by either co-operative
ownership or profit-sharing. It is all
very well to rail at Socialism. Un-
doubtedly a great measure of the
stigma that attaches to the name of
Socialism is well deserved. It
claimed to be not only a system of
sociology, but also a philosophy of
life—as such both its principles and
its authors were frankly irreligious
and immoral.

Do you know that over five hun-
dred thousand Americans and Cana-
dians are at the present time seeking
freedom from small, as well as
serious, ailments, by the practice of
Internal Bathing?
Do you know that hosts of enlight-
ened physicians all over the country,
as well as osteopaths, physical cul-
turists, etc., are recommending
and recognizing this practice as the
most likely way now known to secure
and preserve perfect health?

It is ten to one that no specific
trouble would have developed if
there were no accumulation of waste
in the colon.
And that's the reason that the
famous Professor Metchnikoff, one of
the world's greatest scientists, has
boldly and specifically stated that if
our colons were taken away in in-
fancy, the length of our lives would
be increased to probably 150 years.

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Use one-third "Lily White", and
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protects preserves of all kinds against
fermentation and mould.

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ments. No hypodermic injections, no loss
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The Wonderful Mission of the Internal Bath
By C. G. Percival, M.D.
Do you know that over five hundred thousand Americans and Canadians are at the present time seeking freedom from small, as well as serious, ailments, by the practice of Internal Bathing? Do you know that hosts of enlightened physicians all over the country, as well as osteopaths, physical culturists, etc., are recommending and recognizing this practice as the most likely way now known to secure and preserve perfect health? There are the best of logical reasons for this practice and these reasons are very interesting to everyone. In the first place, every physician realizes and agrees that 95 per cent. of human illness is caused directly or indirectly by accumulated waste in the colon; this is bound to accumulate, because we of to-day neither eat the kind of food nor take the amount of exercise which Nature demands in order that she may thoroughly eliminate the waste unaided. That's the reason when you are ill the physician always gives you something to remove this accumulation of waste before commencing to treat your specific trouble. It's ten to one that no specific trouble would have developed if there were no accumulation of waste in the colon. And that's the reason that the famous Professor Metchnikoff, one of the world's greatest scientists, has boldly and specifically stated that if our colons were taken away in infancy, the length of our lives would be increased to probably 150 years. You see, this waste is extremely poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls of the colon, it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation—that's what causes Auto-Intoxication, with all its pernicious enervating and weakening results. These pull down our powers of resistance and render us subject to almost any serious complaint which may be prevalent at the time. And the worst feature of it is that there are few of us who know when we are Auto-Intoxicated. But you never can be Auto-Intoxicated if you periodically use the proper kind of an Internal Bath—that is sure. It is Nature's own relief and corrector—just warm water, which, used in the right way, cleanses the colon thoroughly its entire length and makes and keeps it sweet, clean, and pure, as Nature demands it shall be for the entire system to work properly. The following enlightening news article is quoted from the New York Times: "What may lead to a remarkable advance in the operative treatment of certain forms of tuberculosis is said to have been achieved at Guy's Hospital. Briefly, the operation of the removal of the lower intestine has been applied to cases of tuberculosis, and the results are said to be in every way satisfactory. "The principle of the treatment is the removal of the cause of the disease. Recent researches of Metchnikoff and others have led doctors to suppose that many conditions of chronic ill-health, such as nervous debility, rheumatism, and other disorders, are due to poisoning set up by unhealthy conditions in the large intestine, and it has even been sug-

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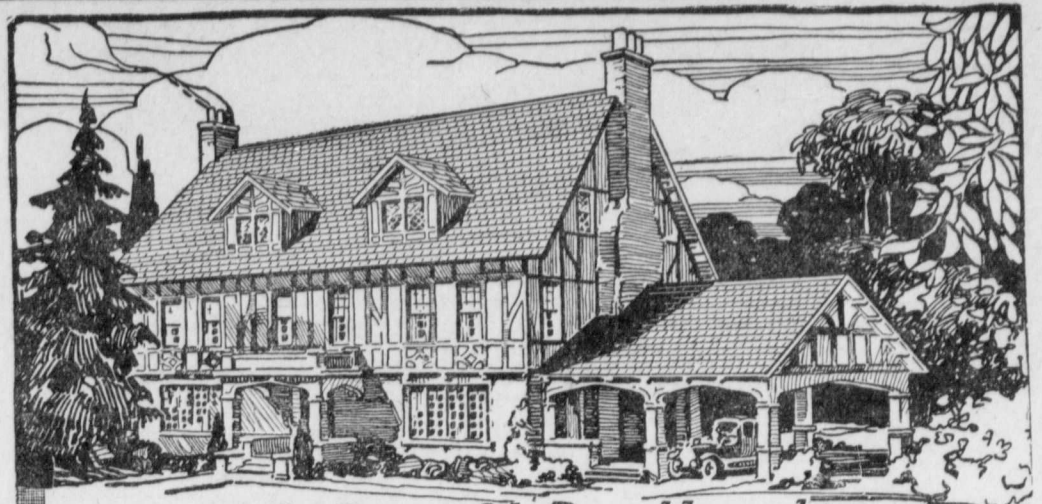
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ALL CATHOLIC PEOPLE ASKED TO HELP

In regard to the appeal from the overseas chaplains, appearing in the advertising columns of this paper, word reaches us, from the executive officers of the Knights of Columbus, that splendid progress is being made in the organization for campaign week. All the subordinate councils of the Order, in Ontario, are being lined up, so that the individual membership will be reached, and a canvas made of the Catholic population generally.

State Deputy Murray points out, that in the proposed campaign, it is desired to include every man, woman and child, who will make a donation, to assist the work of the Canadian Catholic chaplains. The directing of the campaign is in the hands of the Knights of Columbus and also the responsibility, but the help of all fraternal and church societies has been asked for, so that active and representative canvassing committees will cover every parish throughout the province.

There are nine District Deputies, acting under the State Deputy. The District Deputies, in turn, each have charge of from three to five subordinate councils, in all thirty-three, situated in the cities and larger towns of Ontario. A certain well defined territory is within the jurisdiction of each subordinate council, reaching out in many directions, so that when thoroughly organized, it is hoped to bring the appeal before the Catholic people of the province generally.

It is most important that there should be a clear understanding of the circumstances governing the organization of the proposed campaign. The executive officers of the Knights of Columbus are anxious to have the assistance of all willing workers, who will undertake to help in the collection of funds for the cause in question, and suggestions will be most happily received as to the best methods of reaching the public of any particular community. To raise every possible dollar, for the overseas chaplains, is the sole aim and object of the proposed campaign, and those in charge readily recognize that the co-operation of the Catholics everywhere must be secured, if success is to crown the effort.

Considering the necessities of the case, and how deserving of assistance, one can readily assume that the appeal will be given a generous response by the Catholic people in the first province of the Dominion. From the blood-cries of the battlefields of France and Belgium, and from the training camps in England, the Canadian Catholic chaplains are appealing. Their clarion call comes overseas to the people at home. They ask for assistance in the promotion of their work; they require money to secure those absolute necessities that will enable them to properly minister to the soldiers; they appeal for help because there is no other way of getting the money, that is so badly needed.

Recollection of the events of the past three years impress upon every reader of this paper our closeness to, and interest in, the titanic struggle being waged in Europe. Patriotic zeal is rekindled by the contemplation of events transpiring overseas, and among the record of splendid achievements, the work of the Canadian Catholic chaplain services stands out preeminently. It is a record of which every Catholic citizen at home may well feel proud.

Circumstances have not always been favorable; the work of organization for a long time was unnecessarily hampered, through no fault of the chaplains; there have been days of trial and discouragement, yet those brave self-sacrificing Canadian priests made the best of the situation, and performed their duty ever and always. Letters from the boys at the front, and the reports of the returned sol-

diers, are loud in their praise of the Canadian padres. The chaplain service is now well organized. A much greater work, even than in the past, can be accomplished by the chaplains, if the people at home will help them. The way to help is by assisting the Knights of Columbus campaign week, and making a generous contribution to the cause. Every Catholic citizen should consider doing so a duty.

THE SOLDIERS' ROSARY

A correspondent writes from "some-where in France":
"The day and night before a battalion goes to the trenches the chaplains are busy in the churches, for the men throng to confession, and it is a wonderful and most faith-inspiring sight to see them in hundreds approaching the altar before marching off to danger, and in many cases to death itself. The Catholic chaplains are everywhere greeted affectionately by the Catholic troops with the title 'Father.' Nothing is more noticeable, the officer says, than the way the Catholic soldier holds by his beads. In the change and chance and turmoil of active service many things get lost, but the rosary beads seem to be always treasured and every soldier at Mass seems to have them. Prayer-books are often missing, but the rosary, as a rule, never is. The writer has seen men who were killed in the line. Their little personal belongings are carefully collected by their comrades and safely kept to be sent home, but the rosary, when found in the pocket, is often, usually indeed, reverently placed round the dead man's neck before he is wrapped in his blanket for burial."

We can always find happiness in accomplishing the will of God, and in knowing that we are not rebelling against His designs. To suffer for His sake is to do what He wills; and there is an ineffable sweetness in carrying the cross which He places upon our shoulders. Can we give less to Him Who has given all to us?
—Sister Blanche.

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