

## The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1919

### BIOGRAPHY

Modern fiction deals so variously and minutely with the lives of all classes that it may be truly described as expanded and transformed biography. When Swendenborg spoke of the human race as the Grand Man he was assuming that certain elemental qualities constituted a spiritual unity, and this idea underlies all the great philosophies, earlier and later. Unconsciously this conception gives vital force to many forms of dramatic representation, and may not much popular fiction be ranked as subsidiary to the stage? The cinema has become the meeting-place of the pictured and written story. "The play's the thing" now in a mightily enlarged sense. While heroic romance still attracts the young, children of larger growth are fascinated by moving representation of life's tragedy and comedy. The lights and shadows which partly reveal souls contending with seen and unseen influences that make or mar their fortunes bear messages that often shape their own course amid the world's confusions. The true function of the embodied tale in its several forms is "to hold the mirror up to Nature," but Hamlet himself could not have foreseen the vogue of the psychological novel as we know it. The style and manner of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and the rest of the Early Victorians has few imitators; with George Eliot, Hardy, and Meredith, a more analytical method came into use; for the rest we may say, in Tennyson's phrase, "All can grow the flower, for all have got the seed."

The current novel in its most opulent and highly-developed form concerns itself with the most intimate affairs of men and women, studies their relations to one another, appraises their worth to society at large and to their own circle in particular. Every moral and social question is suggestively touched, whether wisely or recklessly depends upon the author's own personality, for no writer can avoid depicting his own interior self while tracing the careers of the children to which his imagination has given birth.

A very characteristic type of the most up-to-date biographer may here be referred to.

Mr. Augustine Birrell is a bookman by descent and by personal choice, but unlike many literary students he brings the fruit of his garnering into the market-place and offers them cheaply to his inquiring neighbors. He has been an interpreter to numberless middle-class Englishmen by virtue of his engaging candour, and by a style of his own which holds scholarship and wide knowledge in solution. His essays on notable writers have delighted thousands who would never have read exhaustive works by shallow but diffuse biographers. To Mr. Birrell books are not relics to be superstitiously venerated, but windows through which the thoughts of many hearts may be viewed in their concrete form and effects. His volumes on Hazlitt and Charlotte Brontë show him to be a scrupulously careful commentator, while his short studies of lives so different as those of Newman and Arnold, Tennyson and Browning, are models of crisp and suggestive portraiture, irresistible in their directness of appeal to the ordinary reader.

Yet a discerning critic such as Mr. Birrell is would be forward to avow that genius is its own law. Talent reads more or less correctly the signs and tokens of greatness; genius creates inimitable models which have in them the stuff of immortality. Life takes the form of art when Dante projects Beatrice into the celestial spaces, as Raphael typifies elect motherhood in the Sistine Madonna. So Cervantes made Quixote an apothecary of chivalry. He was more concerned with the truth of the inner life than with superficial facts.

Therefore the gentle Don calmly throws doubt upon the existence of the peerless Dulcinea, "Much may be said upon that point. . . . These are things the proof of which must not be pushed to extreme lengths." Then he goes on: "I behold her as

she needs must be, a lady who contains within herself all the qualities to make her eminent throughout the world—beautiful without blemish, dignified without haughtiness, tender but modest, gracious from courtesy, and courteous from good breeding."

Thus the actual is merged in the ideal. The seeing eye balances the understanding heart. Biography can only be partial, for the best of us know only in part. We look through a glass darkly. Only when the perfect comes and the divine idea is fully embodied can we see ourselves as we are and our fellows in the radiance of the eternal purpose.

### "PLEDGES TO ULSTER"

#### MASTERY REFUTATION OF FAMILIAR SOPHISTRY

MR. HARRISON, EX-M. P., ASKS IF PRIVATE PLEDGES OVERRIDE THE CONSTITUTION

We continue to receive more letters about Ireland than on any other subject, and we publish a selection to-day. These include one from Mr. Henry Harrison, who represented Tipperary in the House of Commons thirty years ago, and won the Military Cross during the war.

To the Editor of the Times:  
Sir,—In your leading article of the 10th inst. on Ireland you express the view that no solution which appears to present any possibility of agreement should be ruled out, subject to two controlling factors, viz.:—(a) that Ireland with the constitution of a self-governing Dominion could, whenever she liked, "cut the painter" if she desired to do so; and (b) that both great political parties in England are pledged to the hint to observe their solemn undertakings to Ulster. Perhaps you will permit one who approaches the question from a purely Irish standpoint to offer some observations upon your two reservations, and from one's own personal experience to illustrate the general and inevitable trend of the evolution of political feeling of the present generation of Irishmen.

Granting, for argument's sake, that a self-governing Dominion could "cut the painter" if and when it likes, the fact remains that no Dominion has done so; and that in the recent case South Africa—a case at least as extreme as that of Ireland—all the prophets of war were signally disappointed in the event. The prospect of war in the present instance apparently consider it sound reasoning to forecast that if you proceed upon the basis of your Colonial experience, the result is certain to be one which is unprecedented in your Colonial experience. They overlook the factor of propinquity to Great Britain which distinguishes the case of Ireland from that of the Dominions, and which, apart from all other considerations, too numerous to detail here, constitutes an *a fortiori* case against Ireland doing that which the Dominions have abstained from doing. They ignore, as pacificators and unifying influences, the grant and enjoyment of autonomous institutions, and the honorable execution of the policy of "government with the consent of the governed"—a policy sanctioned by general experience, which was formally adopted by the British Empire in 1918 as one in support of which she was waging war.

The pledges given to the Church by both great political parties in England are a greater difficulty—the one and only difficulty in my judgment—and in all the long correspondence in your columns there has been no attempt so far to come to close quarters with it. For on accurate definition of the issues involved it would be convenient if one of your correspondents would detail the exact pledges which are relied upon, and to whom, and by whom, and under what circumstances, and at what dates they were given. Unquestionably, however, some pledges were given of a large and general character, and were repeated with or without certain modifications, and they are binding, *inter partes*, according to the rules of morals, honor, law, and equity, applicable, directly or by analogy, in such cases. If conflicting pledges were given, similar considerations apply, and the position will be one falling well within the competence—by analogy at least—of jurisprudence to adjust.

It is usually stated that the Home Rule Act cannot come into operation because of "the pledges to Ulster," which, in effect, center on the Ulster party the right of preventing any of its provisions from affecting Ulster. It is also stated in the most general terms that "Ulster must not be coerced," which is taken to mean that Ulster must not be called upon, like other integral portions of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, to submit herself to the laws of the State.

The most binding pledge, the highest form of assurance known to the British Constitution and to British jurisprudence, is created by the

enactment of a statute by the Imperial Legislature. The sovereign act of the State confers political rights or creates title in property, from which no political party, no Minister or other executive official, and no judicial authority has power to derogate. That which the State gives, the State alone can take away by a formal act in the exercise of its sovereign power. The Home Rule Act of 1914 created such an indefeasible right in the Irish people to autonomous institutions for an undivided Ireland. The Imperial Executive, shrinking from its duty to make good the sovereign will of the Legislature in the face of the violence threatened by the Opposition and Ulster parties—certain pledges were given by certain Ministers or members of the Executive Government to the parties of resistance, but without the concurrence or consent of the Irish people. Other pledges have possibly been given at some time or another by certain members of the 1914 Opposition, who have become members of subsequent Executive Government. In the absence of detailed and accurate knowledge of the exact pledges upon which reliance is placed, the general propositions applicable to them must be broadly stated. No Minister of the Crown, and, *a fortiori*, no political party, was competent by any pledges, written or oral, public or secret, whether prior or subsequent to its enactment, to derogate from the full force and effect of the Home Rule statute. No Minister can lawfully contract not to do his duty—the duty of giving effect to statute law—and no citizen (and, of course, no political party on his behalf) can lawfully bind himself not to do his duty in the event of his being appointed as Minister. Such pledges, if any have been given, therefore, must, according to their nature and quality, be construed as having been consistent with the provisions of the Home Rule enactment itself, as well as of the general laws of the Realm, or in the alternative must be declared void as illegal or fraudulent, or *ultra vires*.

It must be admitted, of course, that technically the Legislature which enacted in 1914 can now in 1919 revoke or amend the Home Rule Act; but to do so because of "the pledges to Ulster" would be to confess to having made an solemn grant to Ireland in 1914—subject to a postponement due to the war—with the intention of never making it good; the intention being demonstrated by the existence of these pledges, contemporaneous, or approximately so, with the grant, but of a conflicting character, entered into with third parties by unauthorized agents, and now being carried into effect. No great nation can afford to make such a confession; and yet the declared policy of His Majesty's present Government comes perilously near to making it. And, apart from "the pledges to Ulster," all general considerations of Imperial policy point to the expediency, as your article shows, of expanding rather than restricting the scope of the new Constitution for Ireland.

It must also be admitted that "the pledges to Ulster" have been accepted seriously in the Unionist portion of Ulster, and that action was taken by the Unionist portion of Ulster upon the faith of them. The result has been that all recent attempts in Ireland to arrive at a settlement by consent have broken down owing to the irreconcilable views of the contending parties, due wholly and solely to the existence of the Home Rule Act of 1914 on the one hand and the conflicting pledges on the other. And the cynicism or loose thinking of British statesmanship has actually relied upon these irreconcilable views, so which it is directly responsible, in absorbing it from further effort to settle the Irish question! No Irishman of patriotic party with whom I am acquainted would like to see Ulster dragged into compliance, and all most earnestly desire Ulster reconciled with the rest of Ireland. Those of us who fought side by side with the 36th (Ulster) Division saw how the realization of the common heritage of Irish birth and Irish blood formed a bond of union between Northern and Southern Irish on the battlefields of France and Flanders far transcending all minor differences based on creed or party politics; and we know how far the spirit of fraternization for which Major Willie Redmond labored has made its way. The Southern Irish soldiers desire fair play for the North, just as we are confident that the Northern Irish soldiers desire fair play for the South. If British statesmanship has given to the North pledges which cannot be fulfilled it is its duty to provide terms of accommodation so generous as to achieve by suasion and negotiation that which is not permissible by executive compulsion.

Lastly, as to the evolution of political feeling in Ireland. The ambiguous policy of the Government as to the Home Rule Act and the conflicting pledges to Ulster, the mismanagement of recruiting in Ireland, and the tendency of executive and administrative policy in Ireland generally, convinced a small section of the community that the constitutional movement had been betrayed.

Hence the revolt of a still smaller section in Easter Week, 1916. The extravagance of executive severity, unduly protracted, which followed, and the again ambiguous policy of the Government shown in connexion with the so-called partition negotiation of 1916, drove the majority of Irishmen into active sympathy and co-operation with the malcontents. Those of us who have fought in the War have kept faith, in spite of deep discouragement, to the bitter end. If the declared policy of the Government today is to stand, we, too, shall say that Ireland has been cozened and betrayed. Constitutionalism, which has achieved its success only to be robbed of the fruits of that success by unconstitutional action in which the two great parties of the State are accomplices and participants, must fall of its own weight. There would then remain for Ireland nothing save counsels of despair, the manifestations of which may be unapologetically grave for Britain as well as for Ireland.

I write as a lifelong constitutional Nationalist, a friend and follower of Parrell, a friend and excolleague of Redmond. I have served in the front line against the Germans, and up to the last hour of the War I was helping to raise recruits in Ireland. Soon I shall be laying aside my uniform, and shall be freed from the obligations which in honor it binds me. If the betrayal of constitutionalism is to be finally consummated, what moral scruple is to deter me, who regard my duty to Ireland as the loyalty that overrides all other loyalties, from betaking myself to such course (if any) as may seem most expedient to me for helping Ireland's cause, whether or not the law allows or the Constitution warrants? And there are very many more in the same case.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,  
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### A NEW ERA DAWNING

#### OUTLOOK FOR CATHOLICISM AS INFLUENCED BY THE WAR

In an exceptionally able review of the year contributed to the Irish Ecclesiastical Record for February, Canon James McCaffrey discusses at length the "new era which is dawning in the history of mankind," and the effect which the new order is likely to have upon the Church. He says that the world outlook today is not what it was in the years before the War; "the old order is gone for good, whatever may take its place." Continuing, Canon McCaffrey says: "To teach for years the overthrow of autocracy, the uplifting of democracy, the right of peoples whether weak or strong to determine their own form of government, the banding together of nations into one great league to enforce disarmament, compulsory arbitration and international peace, and, when the opportune moment comes, to do nothing to put these high sounding principles into operation is to court swift and terrible disaster."

Canon McCaffrey considers how the victories of the Allies and the downfall of Austria and Germany are likely to influence the Church. He sees no special hope for a revival of religion in Italy and France as a result of the War. He anticipates slight change in the relations of the governments of these alleged Catholic countries toward the Church. The politicians in charge of affairs in France and Italy will soon forget the heroism and self-sacrifice of the Catholics for their country.

The danger to the Church in Austria was threatening from Russia. If orthodoxy had remained entrenched in Russia, the outlook for the Church in the broken Austrian Empire would have been dark indeed. But now the native faith and steadfastness of these small States will vindicate their Catholicity.

"The one danger," comments the writer, "in connection with the re-constitution of Southeastern Europe might spring from the establishment of a Greater Serbian Kingdom, though the religious fanaticism of some of the former promoters of such an establishment may have been considerably modified by the events of the last five years."

The dissolution of the Russian Empire is bound to work for the good of the Church. Catholic Poland will arise, perhaps to play as important a part in the future of Europe as it did in the past. Many, moreover, among the Ruthenians, Lithuanians and other races inhabiting the western provinces of Russia who were held in bondage by the Orthodox Church will reassert their freedom of conscience and turn to the Mother Church of Christendom.

Concerning the grave discontent existing throughout the world Canon McCaffrey says:

Various causes have contributed to bring about the present social unrest. Among these may be reckoned the sufferings and anxiety inflicted by the War on the masses who were allowed no voice in declaring it, the high prices and scarcity of provisions, bordering in some countries on famine, the temporary nationalization of railways, shipping, factories, mines and raw material, the interference of the State in so many matters that

were formerly regarded as the domain of the individual, the continual attempt to secure internal peace by the alternate policy of doles and repression; and, added to all these, the protracted tension caused by the War and by the glowing programme launched on the world by the belligerent statesmen.

"The social anarchy that threatens to engulf Europe today is as dangerous for religion as it is for the State, and it will be necessary for the Church to face the situation with a well-defined and courageous programme if the danger is to be averted. It will be necessary for the clergy to restudy this question, and possibly, in some particulars, to modify their views; to arrive at a clear understanding as against the rights of the individual as against the rights of the community, and industrial ownership, and about the true attitude of the Church towards the various programmes of reform, most of which are so often indiscriminately and incorrectly labeled Socialism by their supporters and their opponents."

Taking it all in all, the Church finds herself no worse off than might be expected. The War has wrought havoc everywhere and it was only to be expected that an organization so closely interwoven with the life of the people should experience suffering and reverses. But the old Church will regain quickly and continue her battle against the world, the flesh and the devil.—Buffalo Echo.

### "THAT THEY MAY BECOME ONE"

There is something refreshing in an open challenge. It is an invitation to truth. To make it, often requires courage and also often invites trouble. But the truth seeker ought to welcome the man who points out the main road. A courageous Episcopalian, Ralph Adams Cram, has put point blank to his brethren of the clergy for which they profess to be searching. He makes it as plain as a pikestaff that it can be had solely by a return to the bosom of the Catholic Church. Backing this statement with a fine showing of theological knowledge, he left no loopholes for those who profess themselves "Catholic" in the Episcopal Church. From the Protestant element it was not to be expected that admiration would mean agreement. Mr. Cram clearly pointed out that the Episcopal Church is at the crossroads. Plain talk is essential. Now is the time for men of courage and conviction to blaze the way. Individual conversions will come about; corporate union is now the need. The minds of men in the Anglican Church are troubled. Bishop Gore of Oxford has resigned as a protest against existing conditions. Difficulties are crowding so fast as to be impossible to say which is the most pressing, a church controlled by Parliament, or religion dictated by unbeliever or, at least, non-conformist, is no blessed sight for those who would profess themselves the sons of Augustine. The Blessed Sacrament, and the practices this belief entails, is another of the stumbling blocks. How long can an institution last in which distinctively Protestant and Catholic beliefs are linked? An end must come. Either the Protestant element must find for itself a distinctive body, and the Catholic party a distinctive church, with full Catholic teaching, save only allegiance to the Holy See, or the present confusion will be worse confounded. Or, with more logic, the Catholic party must seek its haven in the Catholic Church. Reason, cool and dispassionate, will be needed, but faith will be indispensable. And for such enquiring souls, honest honorable, seeking counsel, no time is better than the present to ask God to aid and direct them. The current is moving.—Chicago World.

### CATHOLIC IS SECRETARY OF LEAGUE OF NATIONS

SIR ERIC DRUMMOND DEVOUT CHILD OF MOTHER CHURCH—HERE WITH BALFOUR IN 1917

London, April 28.—Sir (James) Eric Drummond, named first Secretary-General of the League of Nations, has been private secretary to A. J. Balfour, the British Foreign Secretary, since December, 1916. Previously he had served Sir Edward Grey (now Viscount) Grey in the same capacity while Sir Edward was Foreign Secretary. From March, 1912, to June, 1915, he was private secretary to Herbert H. Asquith then the British Premier.

Sir Eric was born on August 17, 1879, a son of the eighth Viscount Strathallan, and is a half brother of and their presumptive to the Earl of Perth. He became a clerk in the Foreign Office in 1900 and from 1906 to 1908 was private secretary to Lord Fitzmaurice, Parliamentary Under-secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and continued under various Under-secretaries until 1912, when he became private secretary to Premier Asquith.

Sir Eric accompanied Foreign Minister Balfour to the United States in 1917 as a member of a British high commission.

In 1904 Sir Eric was married to Angela Mary, youngest daughter of the eleventh Baron Herries. They have two daughters and one son. Captain Malduin Drummond, who married the widow of Marshal Field, Jr., of Chicago, is a distant relative of Sir Eric.

### CARDINAL BOURNE RECEIVES LONG AUDIENCE WITH KING

London, April 10.—Cardinal Bourne has returned from his extensive tour in the East; and the day after his arrival in London he was received in long audience by the King at Buckingham Palace, while he has been in communication with several Government departments since then. In passing through Paris, His Eminence saw several members of the Peace Conference, and had some conversation with Mr. Balfour, while he was greeted at Boulogne by the Bishop of Arras.

Giving his views to a Catholic paper during the week, the Cardinal, like everyone else, seems greatly influenced by the menace of Bolshevism. He says that the Allies should conclude a speedy peace with Bulgaria and support the new King there, for the same reason he advocated an instant recognition of a Jugo-Slav kingdom, its confines to be determined later. He has already ex-

pressed himself at one with all the inhabitants of Palestine in thinking the idea of a Zionist State for that country an impossible one.

### A MEMORIAL SANCTUARY

CHAPELS IN FORM OF CROIX DE GUERRE—TO CONTAIN BONES OF ALLIED DEAD AROUND VERDUN

Great care is being exercised to locate Allied graves around Verdun in France. Wherever it is possible to trace graves, these will be preserved with as much care as those at the front, while the nameless bones, scattered on all sides, will be gathered piously under a monument, to be erected by the gratitude of the world to the memory of the combatants, fallen on the field of honor. All the world desires this monument, for a million men of the Allies lie in the earth of Lorraine, amongst them many American and British as well as French. Many have no sepulchres, for the hurricane of battle carried away all that could recall their names. For the families of these it will be a consolation to know that the bones of their dear departed, gathered, inevitably pell mell, but still gathered, will repose in the crypt of a consecrated chapel, where relatives and friends will be able to come and pray for the souls of the heroes. There is already a sanctuary, which lends itself to such a memorial. It is the chapel which stands in the center of the celebrated battlefield, amidst the forts of Verdun.

Already the Knights of Columbus have taken up the idea, and it is proposed to erect a group of chapels to form a Croix de Guerre, or Cross of War, the bones to be deposited in the crypt of the various chapels. In the center would be a principal chapel with a dome, around which would be a platform, whence the whole panorama of the battlefield would be visible while above it rises the Cross of War. Such is the idea of the Bishop of Verdun, to enable the world to participate in the grief and glory of his episcopal city, and to commemorate those who have forever received their freedom by surrendering their lives in its defense. Numerous families, the populations and the clergy, who have suffered—all will unite with the mourners of the Allies in this great project.—The Guardian.

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### ECONOMIC PROBLEMS HIT FREE SCHOOLS IN FRANCE

London, April 10.—In France the economic problems arising from the War press heavily on Catholics. For example, the teachers of the free schools, who have already suffered much for Christian education, are now reduced to serious straits owing to the smallness of their salaries and the increased cost of living.

Cardinal Maurin, Archbishop of Lyons, has placed in the hands of the Diocesan Director of Education the sum of ten thousand francs to be used to aid the most necessitous cases; and His Eminence appeals to Catholics to remember in their generosity those who sacrifice themselves to maintain the Christian education of the young. In doing this the Cardinal has set a good example, and has called attention to the trials of a very deserving class, borne with quiet heroism.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

Count Leo Dursel, the new Belgian Minister to the Holy See, in presenting his credentials and letters, took occasion to express once more the unyielding gratitude of his king and his country to the Pope for all he had done for Belgium. The Holy Father, in replying, repeated his assurances of unfailing sympathy and benevolence for the martyred country.

Philadelphia, May 7.—The Most Rev. Dennis J. Dougherty was traced yesterday with the sacred Pallium, the insignia of his rank and jurisdiction as Archbishop of Philadelphia. The Archbishop's first act after the ceremony was the conferring of his Blessing upon his flock. The investiture took place in the Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul, Logan Square, following a Solemn Pontifical Mass, of which Archbishop Bonzano, Papal Delegate to the United States, was celebrant. Archbishop Bonzano conferred the Pallium.

Ignace Jan Paderewski, famous musician, a practical Catholic, who is now premier of Poland, will never play the piano again in public. This is the information which has just been brought from Warsaw by Max Rabinoff, director of the former Boston Grand Opera company. "But while the world has lost an artist, it has gained a statesman," said Mr. Rabinoff. He continued: "I hear that Paderewski has dropped entirely his daily practice at the piano. The cares of State are absorbing all of his time, and they are certainly a multitude in Poland right now."

Pope Benedict XV. has named Chaplain George J. Waring of the United States Army a domestic prelate with the title of Monsignor. It is the first time a regular army chaplain on active duty has been so honored. Chaplain Waring has been nearly fifteen years' service in the army, having been at one time in Cuba with his regiment, the 11th Cavalry. He has an enviable record for work among military prisoners, and has been for the last four years on duty at Castle Williams on Governors Island.

In the recent fire, which occurred at the Sacred Heart Convent, Honour Oak, London, Eng., the nuns record with joy a miraculous preservation of the Blessed Sacrament. Damage to the value of \$1,500 was done; and the chapel, where the fire originated in some unknown manner, was burnt out, the altar being destroyed. Yet when the tabernacle was recovered by the firemen and was opened, the Blessed Sacrament was found intact within, although the corporal itself, which covered it, was scorched to a cinder. The nuns made a public thanksgiving next day for this remarkable preservation.

In the presence of three Archbishops, the retiring president of Notre Dame University conferred the Laetare Medal upon George Logan Duval. The ceremony took place in New York City at the Archbishop's residence. According to a press report there were present His Excellency, the Most Rev. John Bonzano, D. D., Apostolic Delegate to the United States; His Grace, the Most Rev. George W. Mundelein, D. D., Archbishop of Chicago, and His Grace, the Most Rev. Patrick J. Hayes, D. D., Archbishop of New York City. Mr. George Duval, a resident of Brooklyn, is one of the most noted men of commerce in America and a most philanthropic Catholic.

His Grace the Most Rev. Patrick J. Hayes, Archbishop of New York, was solemnly invested with the sacred Pallium, the sign and symbol of his spiritual authority as Archbishop, on Thursday, May 8, at one of the most impressive ceremonies ever held in St. Patrick's Cathedral. The investing prelate was the Most Rev. John Bonzano, D. D., Archbishop of Milnebo and Apostolic Delegate to the United States. The august ceremony was witnessed by four Archbishops, thirty-three Bishops, over a thousand priests, and six thousand of the laity. The actual ceremony of conferring the Pallium took place at the close of a Solemn Pontifical Mass, the celebrant of which was the Most Rev. Apostolic Delegate.

London, April 10.—A very interesting proof of the kindness of King George comes to hand from a convent at Bruges. When the armistice was declared, an English mother of a nun in Bruges, from whom she had not heard for four years, wrote to the King, and asked him to get her news of her daughter. King George, on receiving the letter, cabled to Major Gordon, who, with Lord Curzon, was attached personally to the service of King Albert. They were both going to Belgium on a special mission; and the King charged them to make inquiries. Lord Curzon and the officer immediately visited Bruges on arrival. They gave the English nuns three-quarters of an hour to write all the letters they could, and those they took away with them back to England, whence they were despatched to their destinations by the King's secretary, who, in response to the mother's appeal, sent her a letter from her daughter.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FABER CHAPTER X.

Gerald Thurston received Miss Brown's loving attention as he was about to go forth to Ransy's Hall.

The meeting was not to be held for three quarters of an hour yet; he could give ten minutes to the letter of his betrothed and have ample time to reach the place of assembly. With trembling haste he tore it open, and read with delighted surprise a letter such as Helen never before had written to him.

His eyes brightened, his cheeks flushed with pleasure, and he pressed the tinted and perfumed sheets to his lips. Then, placing the packet in his breast, he hurried out. Even his gait was more elastic owing to the reception of that letter, and his voice as he saluted Grandfather Burbill, who was sitting on the little front porch, had a heartier ring in it; meeting Miss Balk on the street, he did not seem to experience quite the thrill which any unexpected sight of her always caused him.

He raised his hat, and even went so far as to salute her more kindly than he had done for a fortnight past; but Barbara was as grim and obdurate as ever, and she passed him with scarcely a response to his salutation, while Gerald, caring little, now that he held in Helen's letter an assurance that, as he loved so was he loved in return, continued his way, humming to himself a gay love tune.

"Ransy's Hall" was a great barn-like place just within the precincts of the poorest part of Eastbury. The lower portion served as a low barroom; the upper part was a long, low, wide apartment, hired in turn for balls occasionally given by the poor but festively inclined residents of the village, and the political meetings that aroused alternately the boisterous spirit of opposing political factions.

Now as Gerald approached he could see the entrance surrounded by the factory operatives; in but a few instances had they changed their working dress, or assumed a semblance of cleanliness even in the matter of washed faces or combed hair. Dirty, gaunt, and lathered, their heavy faces and watery eyes bore evidence that another agency than a close-fisted employer had to do with their poverty.

They made respectful way for Gerald, and while a few faces looked threatening, the majority brightened as he kindly greeted them. "You are to have a meeting, I understand," he said to one of the men, "and Dick Hogan is to make a speech."

"We are, sir," the man answered, civilly, while at the same time a look of surprise not unmixed with fear came into his face. Gerald saw the expression and correctly interpreted it. "Do not fear, my man," he said, in a hearty tone. "I am not here acting under Mr. Robinson's orders. I am here on my own account, to help you, my poor fellows, if I can consistently with right and justice."

"God bless you, sir; you were always our friend since you came to the factory." And the man lifted his ragged cap. There was a movement of the groups as if some signal to enter had been given, and they hurried up the well-worn wooden stair to the low wide room above, now dimly lighted. Gerald followed, keeping beside the man to whom he had spoken, but at the door of the room he found himself repulsed.

"I am sorry," said the operative who acted as doorkeeper, "but you are not one of us, Mr. Thurston, and Dick's orders were strict to let no one in but ourselves." "Is Dick here?" asked Gerald. "He is, sir."

"Tell him that I desire admission." The message brought the man termed Dick to the door. Shabbily dressed and unkempt as he was, his massive form and uncommonly handsome features would attract even a casual observer. He confronted Gerald respectfully, but with something of a haughty surprise. "Will you refuse me entrance, Dick?"

"How did you know of this meeting?" was the question asked instead of the reply Gerald expected. "Never mind that," said Thurston, "but tell me at once whether you will admit me."

Hogan still hung his head, and the other hands, who had grouped themselves near, curious and anxious to know the subject of the conference, seeing their leader apparently cowed, lost much of their own bold demeanor. Gerald still continued: "You had a purpose in stirring up the men so soon. You would have a strike go into operation to-morrow if possible."

Hogan raised his head: "I will be honest with you, Mr. Thurston—that's my intention. I know that Mr. Robinson will lose a good many thousand dollars if the contract isn't finished in time, and so I'd have the hands strike while the iron is hot. He's got a lot of money, it's time we'd keep some of the dollars from his rich purse."

"Ah, my man! you are only looking at one side of the case. Grant that you succeed in your effort to make Mr. Robinson so great a loser, what after that? An increase of wages for the operatives? No, but a sweeping discharge, and an immediate introduction of foreign labor. Robinson is rich enough to stand a loss of many thousand dollars, and rich enough to compass his ends, be they the punishment of his employees or the introduction of foreign workmen. No, my poor fellow, your reasoning is entirely opposed to your own interest and to that of the other factory-hands. Think! The winter is near. What will these hundred poor fellows do with their helpless families? Where will they go, or how will they procure employment? Better continue their work even at the present poor rate of pay; but I think I can guarantee, if you will abolish this meeting and try rather to prevent a strike than to organize one, that you yourself shall be reinstated in the factory, and on the completion of this contract Mr. Robinson shall be so impressed with the magnanimity of the operatives in giving up their determination to strike under circumstances were so much in their favor that he will, of his own accord, raise the wages."

Hogan shook his head. "You don't know your man, Mr. Thurston, if you think he'd be touched by the like of that. We've worked for him many a day before you come here, and the way he screwed us to the last penny made it a wonder more than once that we didn't rise up and murder him where he stood. Since you came you seem to stand between us, somehow, as if you had a secret power over him some way."

Gerald knew to what he owed his secret power over Mr. Robinson, though he did not enlighten the poor fellow. He owed it to the fact that his business ability brought more money to the miserly factory-owner than the latter could gain by his own management of the work. Hogan continued, losing much of his humble air as he proceeded: "And I wouldn't put it past him to have sent you down here with a soft speech in your mouth in order to turn us against our purpose."

Gerald replied, a little indignantly: "Were my soft speeches in the past in his or in your interest? You say that I seem to have stood between you and his hard course, and you acknowledge that your condition has been something better since I came to the factory; why accuse me now of contrary conduct? And this, like your other reasoning, is opposed to the judgment of your rational mind. You know that Mr. Robinson is from home; that were he in Eastbury, and knew of this meeting, he could have stopped it as a riotous and disorderly proceeding, for half of these fellows are now so full of liquor that it needs but one of your firebrand speeches to set them fighting with each other if they can find no one else to fall upon. No, Dick, I came down here, as I told you before, of my own accord, to help you if I can, consistently with right and justice. Now, what will you do? continue your preparation for a strike, and have the suffering of these poor fellows and their families upon you, for suffer they certainly will if you win them to this step?"

Again the firm set mouth twitched, and the floor-licking eyes seemed to pierce Gerald's countenance. "I must, Mr. Thurston; the boys expect me to speak, but I'll tell them all you said, and let them choose their own course."

He turned away, giving, as he did so, a low order to the door keeper to admit Gerald. Hogan kept his word with Thurston. He mounted the rude platform to speak, and while the rugged bearded faces, wearing a strange aspect in the dim light of the hall, looked up to him with intense expectation, no one waited with such keening and anxious interest for the first words that should fall from his lips as Thurston. Assigned a place very near the platform, he riveted his gaze on the speaker with a magnetism that more than once compelled the latter to return the steady and searching look.

Hogan—uncouth, illiterate as he was—was a natural orator; there was even a grace and dignity about his attitude, as he stood for a moment before beginning his speech, which surprised Gerald, and won from him involuntary admiration. He gave calmly, in his own way, the substance of the interview which had just occurred between Mr. Thurston and himself; but in the next breath he burst into an impassioned account of the wrongs which had brought about the present meeting. Tongues and gestures were on fire from his own impassioned feelings, and while his language was the simplest

and homeliest, every word, because of the voice and manner of the speaker, struck with resistless influence the hearts of the uncouth fellows whom he addressed. Even Thurston bent a little to the sway of that powerful oratory, but he paled as he saw how Hogan's stirring words were riveting the fierce, sullen determination which had been visible from the first on the faces of many. Something must be done, and done quickly, if he would save his employer's interest, and save the unhappy men themselves from an act which must result disastrously.

Waiting only to have the last word leave Hogan's lips, he sprang upon the platform and begged a hearing. Surprise kept every one silent for a second, then discordant cries broke out: "We won't hear you; you'll take the part of Mr. Robinson against us; we'll have our rights!" mingled with— "Yes, we will hear you; you were always for us! Speak on!"

Hogan himself demanded order, and asked them to listen to Thurston. Gerald spoke, in his simple manner detailing the evils their course would bring upon themselves, the little hope of redress which a strike would gain, and ended by pledging himself to obtain some increase in their wages if they would abandon their present attempt.

He waited for some one to reply, but instead, a discussion ensued between the men. Many were for accepting Gerald's terms at once, and as many more refused to do so, saying that Thurston would be unable to keep his pledge, and that so good an opportunity for a strike might not occur again.

In the midst of the discussion the door of the hall was forced violently open, and a number of constables entered. One produced a warrant for the arrest of Dick Hogan. "What for?" said Hogan, coming forward, and with a look in his eyes from which the men shrank. "For inciting these men to be disturbers of the peace. It's on Mr. Robinson's orders the warrant was issued."

"Mr. Robinson, eh!" and for a moment Hogan's face grew white with suppressed passion. "Well, come on then, and take me if you can." He braced himself against the wall and flourished a large knife which he drew from his breast. "Put up your pistol," shouted Thurston, who had hung himself in front of Hogan and was struggling with the officers to keep back the angry and desperate men. But his order came too late; the officer, maddened by the fierce and unexpected resistance of Hogan, and apprehensive also of violence to himself from the other factory operatives, yielded to his first savage impulse and fired. The ball passed not to the man for whom it was intended, but to Thurston, who had interposed himself as a shield between the officer and his intended victim. Without a word or a groan he fell; and Hogan struck with awe and reverence, dropped his knife and stood like one paralyzed above the bleeding form at his feet.

The confusion became consternation. Gerald was thought to be dead, he lay so white and motionless, and while a hurried order was given by one of the constables for a physician, his companions proceeded to arrest Hogan. He made no resistance, seeming like one dazed and keeping his eye on the wounded man. The officer who had fired the pistol placed himself under arrest.

The messenger who had rushed hallooed for the nearest doctor speedily returned with one, who at once pronounced that the wound was mortal. Men and boys were dispatched for a conveyance, and Thurston, still insensible, was removed to it, and, accompanied by the doctor, was slowly driven to his boarding-house.

CHAPTER XI.

The wedding of the Tillotson girls took place in the quiet, unostentatious manner in which they chose to conduct everything. The guests were few but they were well selected, and in the enjoyment of it all Helen forgot for a time her own unhappy state of mind. All her efforts—and they had been many—were vain to stifle the reproaches and the terror of her conscience for the promise she had given Mr. Phillips. Gerald's face rose before her in a way that would not be put down, and his voice rang in her ears whenever she was alone, until she was often constrained to seek some member of the family in order to dispel the delusion. Once, yielding to an impulse of her better nature, she actually began a letter to him in which she intended to make a frank confession, assure him of her deep love for him, and beg him to come immediately for her, and remove her from influences which had been so beneficial to her. But the thought of the complete catastrophe in the Tillotson family, the disgust which it must arouse for herself, paralyzed her hand; then she thought of flight, and was almost casting about her for some means of secretly accomplishing it, when Mr. Phillips' immense wealth and the dazzling prospects which that wealth held out to her, made her again pause and waver. At last she determined on complete forgetfulness, and for this purpose she took the locket that contained Gerald's picture from her bosom. It seemed to stick to her hand; she burst into a passion of

tears, and ended by returning it to its place. On this day of the wedding, however, in the consciousness of her beauty, which was never more brilliant, and which made her as much an object of attraction as the two handsome brides, and the recipient of attentions the most delicate and flattering from Mr. Phillips, she was enabled to keep her wild thoughts completely at bay. Indeed, not a little to her own surprise, Gerald's face did not once interpose in its accustomed way, and when the reception which followed the marriage ceremony was over, and the brides had gone on their Western tour, and Helen had a moment to slip from the guests still below, she found herself so happy from the adulation that had ministered to her vanity that she determined to write an immediate account of the day's festivities to Gerald. True, he had not answered her last letter, but his reply might have miscarried, and in any event she knew that her letters could not be too frequent. So she gave him glowing details of the double wedding, appended a description of her own appearance, and ended with the warmest protestations of love for himself; but as in the case of every other letter, so was this one innocent of the name of Phillips.

On the day succeeding the wedding she was in so much demand by Mr. and Mrs. Tillotson, who had become quite fondly attached to her, and by Phillips himself, who seemed restless and anxious out of her presence, that she had little time for solitude. Gerald had not replied to any of her recent letters, and while she wondered, and even somewhat worried, interior voices were saying to her that his silence might be very fortunate. In this seeming neglect of his would be found a sufficient excuse for the breaking of her engagement to him, and for her marriage to Phillips; and as every day brought acknowledgments of the latter's warm regard for her in the shape of costly presents, the voice of her conscience was further still, and her treachery to her lover nearer completion. Though continuing to write every fortnight to Barbara Balk, she made not a single allusion to Gerald, and that lady in her caustic replies was equally silent about him.

"But a month remains," whispered Mr. Phillips to Helen, one day that he came to lunch with the Tillotsons; and as that morning she had received from him an exquisite set of jewels, she could do nothing but assent to his whisper by a smile and a blush. He pressed her hand, and they entered the dining-room together. But what a sight met them. Mrs. Tillotson in a passion of tears hung on her husband's neck, while he, holding an open telegram, looked the picture of grief and horror.

"Read, Phillips," he said, extending the telegram, "and see how suddenly grief has overtaken us." Phillips read: "Accident to the train—Annette and Mary hurt, but not seriously; still it is better that you should come on." "CHARLES SCOTTFIELD."

"I have given orders for my immediate departure," said Mr. Tillotson, for, though the telegram stated "not seriously," I have said misgivings." At this instant a servant entered, bearing another despatch. It was torn open with feverish haste. "There is no cause for alarm. Both ladies are very slightly hurt, and both request me to state that there is no necessity to subject you to the fatigue of a journey to them." "C. SCOTTFIELD."

"Thank God!" said Mr. Phillips. But Mrs. Tillotson had sustained a shock which nothing but the prospect of going immediately to her daughters seemed to lighten. She must see them, and Tillotson, both to gratify her and to satisfy his own yearning to behold or himself the condition of his children, determined to follow out his order for speedy departure.

"And Helen," he said, "shall accompany us." "No," said Phillips. "I have another plan; spare me a few minutes, Tillotson, to submit it to you." They withdrew to the library, leaving Helen white and terror-stricken, but her paleness and terror were attributed to the sad news received, and not to the secret premonitions of what Phillips' plan might be.

She had little time, however, to yield to her wild thoughts for Mrs. Tillotson had drawn her to her, and was weeping upon her neck tears of mingled sorrow and joy—joy that the last news had been so favorable; and in a few moments the two men returned, and immediately approached her.

Phillips' plan was disclosed to her. It was that her marriage to him should take place at once, before Mr. and Mrs. Tillotson's departure. It could be a very quiet ceremony, performed in the house of the Tillotsons, which should remain the home of the newly-wedded couple for the few days prior to a journey abroad.

The plan met Tillotson's warm approbation, and Mrs. Tillotson kissing and straining the pallid girl to her, whispered: "Consent, dearest; it is best for you." But Helen gasped, while Gerald's face rose up in its old persistent way. "You gave me three months; there is a month yet."

Her terror was plainly visible and utterly inexplicable to the three who saw it, even on the supposition, which was in the mind of each, that her time of mourning for her father had not expired.

Phillips answered with a sternness that Helen had never heard in his tones before, and that somewhat terrified her. "If the thought of a hasty union with me than you had expected is so insupportable, Helen, it is better that you should ask to be released from your engagement; or if there be some secret reason why—she bent towards her; she was forced to look at him, and she covered before the expression of his eyes—"you should continue to crave delay; it is your duty to tell it."

For one whirling moment the last impulse of her better nature rose up. "Ask the release that she suggests," whispered the still small voice; but her weak nature recoiled from the indignation and scorn with which she felt she would be visited; indeed, she was terrified now, and she had but one desire—to do anything that would regain Phillips' wanted regard. "I have no reason; I have no consent to an immediate marriage." Her tears burst forth, and she threw herself sobbing on Mrs. Tillotson's breast. It was the last protest of her stifled conscience against her falsehood and her cruel wrong to Gerald. But Phillips never was so much in love with her as at that moment; his grief, deeming it as he did the outburst of a devoted filial affection, enhanced the charm of her character, and he became impatient to win at once her consent to an immediate marriage. Waiving only for the partial calm of her agitation, he pressed with delicate courtesy for her answer. Powerless now to resist the toils she had woven about herself, she assented, and he withdrew with Tillotson to make immediate preparations for a hasty ceremony, while Mrs. Tillotson accompanied Helen to her room.

TO BE CONTINUED AN OCEAN EPISODE

The Mayurma had steamed quietly away from San Francisco and was already half way through that famous portal of Western America—the Golden Gate—when Irving Newcomb, leaning on his wife's arm, came on deck, only to find that a stranger had usurped one of the two steamer chairs he had chartered for the voyage. Having only lately passed through the hands of a surgeon, Newcomb was on a convalescing trip over the Pacific, but he looked what he was, an invalid, and more than usually irascible. He was about to apostrophize the stranger when his wife prevented him.

"Wait a moment, Irving," she observed. "I believe it's a Catholic priest."

"Sure enough!" remarked the husband when he observed the clerical appearance of the usurper, the Roman collar and the inevitable breviary. "But, confound it," he went on, "the chairs are ours. 'I'm going to inform him.'"

"Don't, just yet! Perhaps he doesn't know they're reserved," ventured Mrs. Newcomb. "It's nearly dinner time. Let us leave him there and go to have the bags brought to the stateroom."

Newcomb yielded reluctantly, bewailing the fact "those priests are ubiquitous." While the invalid and his wife descended the stairway Father Higgins, wholly unaware of the irate intention he had occasioned, finished up Mats and Laude, and rose to take a glimpse of the ocean. As the great Pacific liner pushed farther and farther away from the fading coast line, the young missionary experienced within himself a curious medley of sentiments which might be summed up under the head of loneliness. He yielded for a moment to their depressing influence, but they were partly shaken off in a brisk double circuit of the upper deck, after which he went down to the dining saloon.

The mirth of the court parties gathered at different tables harmonized so little with his present state of mind that he hesitated a moment at the door of the sumptuous hall, before seeking out a place.

"This way, Father!" beckoned the head-waiter, who took him to a quiet corner where happily a port-hole at his elbow would enable him during his meal to enjoy the gorgeous spectacle of a Pacific sunset.

The diners began to file in until all the places on his side of the saloon were taken, save the two directly opposite him. Even then a couple were being directed thither, although they seemed rather perturbed over something or other.

"At any rate, Irving," the lady remarked in an undertone as they seated themselves, "we can enjoy the sunset."

"Well, that at least is something to be thankful for," concurred the other in a tone more or less sepulchral. Both exchanged a nod of recognition to the priest seated opposite, who noted its lack of friendliness and returned it as an "aboard ship" formality.

"We've arranged with the steward for a special service," the woman said when the waiter appeared, while a peremptory bob of the head from her husband was the signal to the young Tap in white to dispatch himself. Father Higgins lingered over his coffee and dessert, but the "special service" arrived straightway, much to the dissatisfaction of Newcomb, who told the waiter he did not want buttered toast, but dry, nor his eggs boiled so hard, etc.

The missionary rose, said his grace, and then withdrew, to their greater comfort. "Well," he mused, as he mounted to the deck. "It must be a miserable business to spend one's life and strength in a constant effort to preserve it."

Saturday was the third day out. As the passengers went up from dinner that evening they found on the bulletin board a modest typewritten notice: "Catholic services will be held to-morrow at 9 a. m. in the parlor saloon, second deck."

Though naturally retiring, Father Higgins had already made the acquaintance of many on board and had begun to exercise a quiet ministry among them. His "sign" on the bulletin board gave him wider recognition. Perhaps the best of his new found friends was Reginald Bevins, a precocious youngster of twelve, universally popular, eternally lively and a real companion. He was the priest's rival at shuffleboard and quots. He served his Mass each morning, and on this particular evening undertook the duties of "press agent" by inviting everybody to be present at the Mass on the morrow.

By some mysterious influence, perhaps merely by his cheery frankness Reginald broke through the barrier which the invalid Irving Newcomb had thrown up against the world aboard, and had awakened the man's interest in his twelve years of life, and all he was going to do when he became a man. He had, then, as he thought, a half right to tip-toe up behind the two reserved" deck chairs in the retired corner, and with a loud "wow!" scare their occupants into nervous tremors. The convalescent retaliated with a broken-breathed tirade against youthful thoughtlessness; Mrs. Newcomb sank back in her chair trembling and speechless. When the youngster saw what he had done all he could do was to confound the confusion with tears and protestations that he "didn't mean it."

And the couple forgot their panic to soothe the child. "Oh, come now, my boy, don't cry," urged Irving Newcomb; "we know you didn't mean it."

"Yes, yes; stop now!" his wife added, recovering herself somewhat. "—I—only wanted to—to tell you something," sobbed the boy, hiding his tears in the big, blue tie of his sailor blouse.

"Well, now, dear, what is it?" Mrs. Newcomb inquired. "I just wanted to tell you that Father Higgins is going to say Mass tomorrow in the parlor if you'd like to come, and," he added hopefully, "I'm going to serve."

Late Sunday afternoon Father Higgins strode the upper-att deck finishing a few remaining verses of his office. The weather was dull and gray with a slight mist setting, which made indoors preferable to deck for the majority of the passengers. Only here and there a rug stretched in low lounging chair be token the presence of some "salt air fiend." Newcomb was one of these; he had sent his wife below, while he spent the weary Sunday afternoon communing with himself and looking out upon the hip-pping and whirling of the Pacific. Seeing the priest walking to and fro, he saluted him with unusual affability.

"It's a very dark afternoon, Father," he said, rising to a sitting position. "Yes—very," answered the missionary, drawing in from the railing. "Perhaps we're in for a storm."

"I hope not," said Newcomb. "I'd like good weather at least to Honolulu." "You port there?" asked Father Higgins. "Yes, for a month," he responded, "and then we go on to Tokio—you?"

"I've booked straight through to Japan myself—Tokio is my destination," replied the priest, "with orders to be there as soon as possible." Newcomb was silent. There was something he wished, but hesitated to say. The priest waited. "My wife and I attended your service this morning," he began. "It was quite impressive—but, of course, unintelligible to us."

"Oh, then you're not Catholics?" queried the missionary. "No, we're nothing—nothing at all—," his companion answered with a manner of self-disgust. "However, I've been thinking all day, Father; we ought to be something, oughtn't we?"

"Yes, we ought to be something," the priest repeated. "Isn't it peculiar how all pagan nations, Chinese, Japanese, Turks, and Indians—are all something when it comes to religion, and so many of us Americans are just nothing?"

"It's strange," agreed Newcomb, "and deplorable." Then changing the subject—"You're bound for Japan, you say?" "Yes," returned Father Higgins, not to be waived from his vantage ground. "I'm going to teach in Tokio and to try, with God's help, to make something else besides Buddhists of the little Japanese. Of course, the work will be hard; the difficulties are innumerable. Then, too, I learn the material resources are decidedly scant. But the Church has had three hundred and thirty-nine hundred years and has always surmounted them. So why should they intimidate us?"

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upon the conversation. She could not hide her surprise at seeing the "usurper" back in the chartered chair and moreover chatting with her husband. An invitation to the priest to dine with them closed an afternoon which was the forerunner of other developments.

During the five days that remained before they reached Hawaii Father Higgins spent many hours in the company of both Newcomb and his wife. The invalid had found him so well read and with so decidedly pleasant that a third chair was added to the little nook on the Mayurma which the Newcombs had monopolized. Moreover, several heart-to-heart talks had succeeded not only in convincing the convalescent that he ought to be "something" religiously—but "something" very definite.

Newcomb's reply was, "Well see. Anyhow we'll look you up in Japan." From the first days after his arrival in Tokio Father Higgins started to prepare himself for his ministry. Every afternoon, betaking himself to a quiet, cozy kiosk hidden away in a corner of the school house grounds, he studied the strange but picturesque tongue of the land of his future labors. After a month of practice and effort he was able to gather from the neophyte's porter's explosion of syllables that visitors awaited him in the reception hall; nor was he surprised to find there his two friends of the Mayurma.

"We were bound to look you up, Father," Newcomb broke in, shaking the priest's hand heartily.

"Well, it was certainly good of you," replied the latter. "And Japan—after your trip from the north—do you like it, Mrs. Newcomb? Yes and no, perhaps?"

"That's just exactly," agreed the lady. "It's a land of pictures and flowers; but also of hardships for us so few conveniences; eight seeing in Japan is too weary to be enjoyable."

During the walk about the large school grounds, Father Higgins explained to the couple the aims and hopes of the institution as well as the work of the Church throughout the island. While they rested in the kiosk, the scene of the young missionary's daily encounters with odd sounds and weird characters, Irving Newcomb, not yet restored to health, apparently observed, "Father, I can't begin to thank you for all you've done for me."

"It has not been much, I'm sure, Mr. Newcomb," the priest modestly rejoined; "but I'm glad to have served you even so little."

"Little!" exclaimed the "visitor." "Why you've made life real for me. I've been chasing a phantom; running from pillar to post trying to snatch up a little health; so wrapped up in myself that I've never given a thought to anyone or anything else."

"But one must safeguard his strength and vitality," protested Father Higgins; "that's only fair."

"Of course!" returned Newcomb, "but my case had been a stupid one fighting death and disease, without a hope—folly, sheer folly—and I never realized it before that dull Sunday on the boat. I assure you that I thought a great deal that afternoon, and more since."

"And the upshot of it all—?" inquired the missionary.

"Is this," Irving responded, taking out his pocketbook and handing a draft for a goodly sum to the surprised priest. "That's for making something definite—in other words a Catholic—out of me, and to help you in your work here of making something else besides Buddhism out of your little Japanese. It is my intention to enter the Church for good when I get back to San Francisco."

The priest held the man's extended hand for a moment, saying with evident emotion, "Mr. Newcomb, my dear man, thank God and not me for this great gift of your new faith. He uses the weakest instruments and the most unlooked-for occasions to work out His plans. The first step in this blessed change was the boldest visit you received from my little Mass server on the Mayurma, was it not?"

"Right you are," Newcomb agreed heartily, and it had all the power and motion of the little rascal himself.

A few months later a letter reached Father Higgins from San Francisco. It was written by Mrs. Newcomb herself, telling him of her husband's baptism and happy death, and giving interesting details of her own reception into the Church. He was filled with consolation, a sentiment which was intensified when he read for the second time the closing lines of a letter from Reginald Bevin which had arrived by the same post: "Pray for me, dear father, and may by some day I shall be out there working with you, Reggie."—Philip Mann, in *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*.

**THE HOLY SEE AND REUNION**

The Episcopal Bishop of New York, Rev. David H. Greer, invited a Catholic priest to preach in his Cathedral of St. John the Divine on Holy Saturday, in the interest of Christian unity. We notice in clipping from a New York paper which a correspondent kindly sent, that Monsignor Mooney, Vicar General of the Archdiocese, was delegated by Archbishop Hayes to thank Bishop Greer for the invitation. It was made plain that the Catholic authorities appreciate the good feeling expressed by Bishop Greer, but because of the canon law, which forbids participation in services under the auspices of any other religious organization, there was no choice in the matter.

The following cablegram from the Rome correspondence of the Catholic Press Association shows the attitude of the Church authorities on the question of Christian reunion:

"Notices of any action by the Vatican regarding a reunion of churches must be received with extreme caution. It goes without saying that the only movement toward reunion, properly so called, to which the Vatican could listen, would be the promotion of the return of the separated churches to Rome. However, the American commission, now visiting Europe, has not yet officially approached the Holy See; and it is not impossible that a suggestion, of a purely social import, to bring about an improvement in conditions throughout the world, quite apart from any doctrinal consideration, might receive the support of Rome. It is necessary, however, to wait until Rome is approached and until Rome speaks."—The Monitor.

**THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PAPAL STATES**

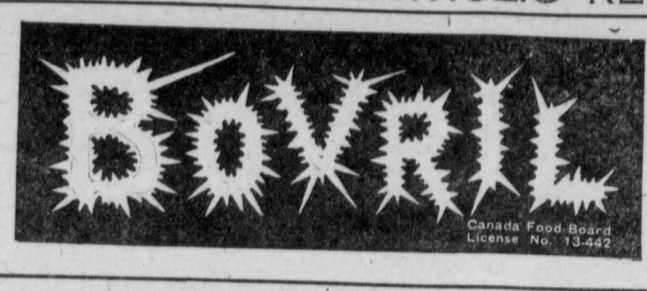
John C. Revillo, S. J., in America

The idea of Italian unity is of comparatively recent growth. Before the last years of the eighteenth century, the political unification of the Italian Peninsula in the modern sense of the word, does not seem to have presented itself in permanent form to any of the great men Italy produced. Machiavelli perhaps had visions of such a union under Cesare Borgia. It is true that Dante and Petrarch, and Pope after Pope longed for Italian independence of foreign power; but they were satisfied with the motto "Italy for the Italians." Provided that their Republics such as Florence, Pisa, Genoa and Venice, the Papal States and the various Duchies and Principalities were self-governing and free from the stranger's grasp, Italian patriots do not appear to have made any concerted attempt to have them consolidated into one State.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century, the dream of a politically united Italy began to take definite shape. That dream might have issued in a situation in which the rights of the Papacy would have been safeguarded, one in which the preservation of these rights would even have furthered the plan of a consolidated Peninsula. But unfortunately the noble dream was concretized into fact by men hostile to revealed religion, enemies of Catholicism and the Papacy and all that they represented. To the spiritual prerogatives of the Pope, in which of course, these men did not believe, they saw that the temporal power added an immense prestige; it was, they imagined, the only bulwark of the Pope, the cause of their position of honor in the world. That temporal power destroyed, the Papacy and the Church would disappear.

Nor is it astonishing that in an age when the principle of authority was violently opposed, the representatives of the highest spiritual authority should find their adversaries. For, as Joseph de Maistre writes, it was during the eighteenth century that infidelity became a real power, and by an almost inconceivable fascination, deceived kings and princes themselves, the very men against whom it turned its weapons. The "philosophy" of Voltaire, of Rousseau, of Diderot, the Daim of Tindal, the materialism of Helvetius and D'Holbach, found some of their most ardent supporters at the courts of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. of Frederick the Great, of Joseph II. and in the aristocratic circles of London and Paris. It was impossible that the Pope should escape attack. Despoiled of temporal power, the Church, so reasoned her enemies, would soon disappear. The Church zone, a barrier of revealed, supernatural religion would be removed, politics would be independent of religion, the path of the Revolution would be unimpeded, its victory certain.

The congress of Vienna in 1815 performed at least one statesman-like act. Thanks to the brilliant diplomacy of Cardinal Consalvi, the man who had withstood Napoleon, and who in the Congress was a match for Metternich, Hardenburg, Castlereagh and Talleyrand, the Papal States were restored practically in their entirety to the venerable Pius VII. long the victim of the imperial jaeger of France. But the Congress had no plan for the unification of the Italian Peninsula. It left Italy as it found it, divided. It created in the North the Kingdom of Sardinia under the House of Savoy, in the South the two Sicilies under the Bourbons, and left in the central region the Papal States. There were besides these, the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, and the Duchies of Modena and Parma. But the Congress still retained the foreigner in power on the soil of Italy, for it had handed over the Lombardo-Venetian territory to Austria. It was thus perpetuating old hatreds and opening the revolution. For some time Austrian bayonets and Austrian prisons kept the Lombardo-Venetians in subjection, and the Austrian victory at Novara over Charles Albert of Sardinia seemed to rivet Italy's chains more firmly. Nevertheless the patriots of Young Italy, secret societies like the Carbonari, the writings of Giuseppe Mazzini, the political pamphlets of Massimo d'Azeglio and Count Cesare Balbo, fanned the flame of opposition against the House of Hapsburg. That the Austrian Government blundered, that its coercive measures were harsh, oppressive, and at times cruel, cannot be denied. On the



other hand, that opposition to it from the Mazzini and Garibaldi school came from the fact that Austria was a Catholic power is just as certain. Austria had to be got rid of because she was a reminder to Italian patriots that they were still under the oppressive rule of the stranger.

Only one power on the Peninsula was capable of resisting Austria. The Kingdom of Sardinia, where, after the resignation of Charles Albert, his son Victor Emmanuel II. ruled. Opposition then to Austria, not only in the Lombardo-Venetian territory, but wherever malcontents, conspirators, political agitators and genuine grievances were to be found, crystallized around the throne of the new king. A cunning, unscrupulous policy was to be inaugurated. Austria was to be crushed with the aid of some other European power; Piedmont was to be raised to the rank of a leading State in Europe, Austria should be driven out of the peninsula, the Bourbons should quickly follow, the dukes were one by one to be gathered into the Piedmontese net. Savoy, as the proverb ran, was to eat up the Italian antichoke leaf by leaf. But the States of the Pope stood in the way. What mattered it if Italy was to be united; they must disappear. The plan, as hypocritical as it was criminal, and only guardedly put forth in the days of Gregory XVI. was finally unmasked after the accession of Pius IX. to the throne.

The reign of the new pope opened with a hosanna of triumph even from the enemies of the Papacy. It was to close in the gloom of Calvary. It was in vain that, alive to the democratic aspirations of his people, Pius IX. gave them a constitutional government with lay ministers and political offenders. In the general revolt of 1848 against all settled order in Europe, he too fell a victim to the secret machinations of those agitators who were undermining the thrones of princes and kings, and he had to take refuge at Gaeta under the protection of the King of Naples. "Italia Una" was the cry, Italy unified, as Gioberti at first proclaimed, under the Pope's auspices, but unified at all costs! Restored in 1850 to his capital, Pius IX. was at last to become the victim of one of the saddest dramas the world has seen.

The makers of Italian unity were found. There were sinister influences in the background, Napoleon III. at first the protector of the Pope, then his betrayer; the masked forces of Mazzinianism and the secret societies; the moral support of English ministers of State and envoys like Lord Palmerston, Clarendon and John Russell. These moved behind the scenes. But as Canon Barry says: "A statesman, a king and a freebooter wrought out this drama between them. The statesman was Cavour, the king Victor Emmanuel, the freebooter Garibaldi" ("The Papacy and Modern Times," p. 233).

Count Camillo Benso di Cavour was one of the cleverest and most unscrupulous men of his times. He was the Machiavelli of the anti-Papal conspiracy. Without him Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi would have been powerless. Minister of Victor Emmanuel, he made a puppet of his king. Of Napoleon III. he frequently made a tool, and as occasion required flattered or fettered Garibaldi. He made the "Italian Question" an international one. With unflinching directness and astuteness of purpose, he went straight to his goal, overriding all obstacles, using all his undoubted genius, but also flinging away in the task his honor and self-respect. The expulsion of the Austrians, the dethronement of the Italian princes in the Peninsula, the destruction of the temporal power of the Holy See, all leading to the unification of Italy under the House of Savoy, such was his plan. He did not live to see the last act of the drama which he had so skillfully staged, but after his death men and his school like Rissolmi and La Marmora were able to continue his work.

To carry on his plan Cavour had to "bring out" Piedmont on the theater of world politics. Victor Emmanuel and his people had no interests at stake in the Crimean War. But Piedmontese troops were dispatched to the trenches of Sebastopol to fight side by side with the English and the French, and they played no very glorious part. They reminded the world that a new player was taking his place at the absorbing game of international politics. At the Congress of Paris in 1856, Cavour again moved with extraordinary skill. No representatives of the Italian sovereigns of the South were present at the Conference, yet in violation of all international courtesy, the internal affairs of these princes were discussed. The "incapacity" and "oppression" of the Papal administration were especially emphasized, and a demand was made that the administration of the Romagna and the Pontifical "Legations" should be taken away from the Pope. The process of spoliation began, it steadily kept on its course

no rival, and can have no successor." An intruder reigns in the City of the Popes, Rome will be itself only when a great wrong hypocritically planned and cruelly and unjustly carried out, will be undone, only when the Popes come back into that kingdom which by every title of justice and law was undeniably theirs and of which they were deprived without cause.

**AN ARABIAN PRINCE SEES POPE BENEDICT**

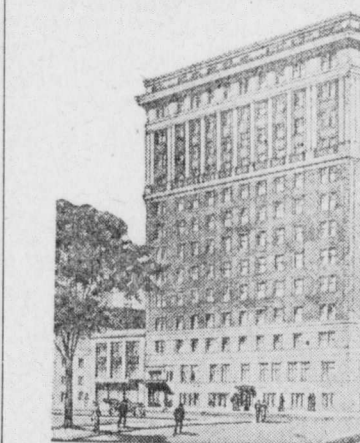
An Associated Press dispatch from Rome says: For the first time in the history of the Papacy, the head of the Catholic Church recently received the son of the "Commander of the Faithful," as Prince Feisal, son of Hussein Ben Ali, King of the Hedjaz, claims his father to be. Pope Benedict talked with Prince Feisal through an interpreter, Abbot Ubus, belonging to the Syrian Maronites.

The Prince said that 15% of the Syrian population is Catholic and enjoys full liberty, since the only aim of the Arabians is political unity and not religious domination. For this reason, he said, the authorities in Arabia hope for the assistance of America in gaining their independence and preventing their country from being assigned to any mandatory Power. He believes this end will be attained through an international commission, which was suggested by him at the Peace Conference, to investigate the situation in Asia Minor and report to the League of Nations. Upon this report a decision will be reached as to how different parts of Asia Minor are to be governed, it is understood.

**OPPORTUNITY**

Do not try to do a great thing; you may waste all your life waiting for the opportunity which may never come. But since little things are always claiming your attention, do them as they come, for the glory of God and to do good to men. It is harder to plod on in obscurity, acting thus, than to stand on the high places of the field within view of all and do deeds of valor at which rival armies stand still to gaze, but no such act goes without the recognition and the ultimate recompense of Christ. To fulfil faithfully the duties of your station, to use to the utmost the gifts of your ministry, to find the one noble trait in people who try to molest you, to put the kindest construction on unkind acts and words, to love with the love of God even the unthankful and evil, and to do this always, and not for the praise of man, but for the sake of God—this makes a great life.

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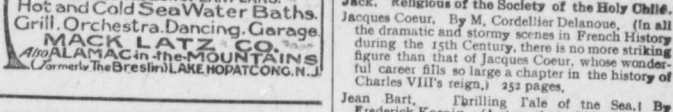
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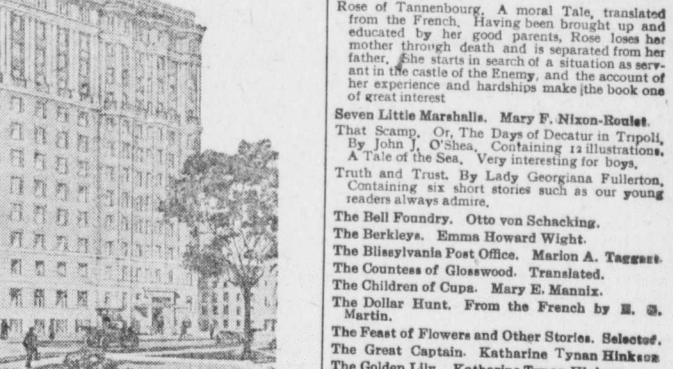
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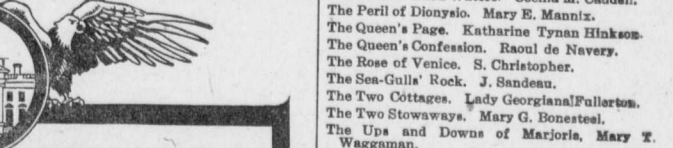
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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1919

THE CATHOLIC UNITY LEAGUE OF CANADA

For the past five years doctrinal lecture courses to non-Catholics have been given in New York by Rev. Bertrand L. Conway and James M. Gillis of the Paulist Fathers under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus.

The Paulist Fathers soon realized that to begin every year a few months before the lectures to arouse enthusiasm for them among our Catholic people meant a waste of both time and effort.

It was evident, also, that to secure the best results this apostolate must be continued every month of the year.

In July, 1917, Father Conway called a meeting of three New York Knights of Columbus who had been especially zealous in furthering the apostolate to non-Catholics—Joseph R. Boldt, James A. Beha, and Charles Rush, and placed before them the idea of an organization which would insure the giving of one or more lecture courses to non-Catholics in New York City, provide books for inquirers and answer all letters of seekers after truth.

During the first two years of its existence the membership of the league increased to 1,500, all but two hundred of whom reside in New York City. It has financed seven lecture courses to non-Catholics, answered over two thousand letters of inquiry on the teaching of the Church, and distributed to non-Catholics in all parts of the United States and Canada, nine thousand two hundred and twenty-seven books and forty-one thousand nine hundred and eighty-one pamphlets.

Any Catholic may become a member upon payment of the dues which

are \$1 a year for active (men) and associate (women) members, \$10 for contributing members, and \$100 for life members. Any member can write to the Head Office, 415 West 59th Street, New York City, for as many books as he can distribute to his non-Catholic friends, no matter how long they choose to study, no matter whether they live in California, India, or any place else.

Every three months a meeting is called at one of the large New York hotels—the Astor, or the McAlpin—and once a year a special meeting, to elect the officials of the league. Speakers of prominence, clerical and lay, are invited to address these meetings on the apostolate of conversion or on some topics of interest to Catholic and non-Catholic alike.

We are glad to see that Bishop Fallon of London, who was impressed by the league's work during his recent visit to the States, has founded the Catholic Unity League of Canada. There is certainly a vast field in Canada for the apostolate of conversion. While many of our non-Catholic friends still cherish the old time bitterness of the sixteenth century revolt, thousands are wearying of the wrangling of the sects, and are fast drifting like their neighbors in the States towards indifferentism and unbelief.

We promise a brilliant future for the Catholic Unity League of Canada. It will certainly encourage the missionary spirit among our people; it will emphasize the only way in which true unity may be obtained; it will foster a kindly spirit in opposition to the old time bitterness of controversy; it will be fruitful of many prayers, Masses and Communion for the conversion of our non-Catholic fellow citizens; it will by the grace of God win many souls back to the one true kingdom of God.

THE BEDA COLLEGE

An appeal is being made at present on behalf of the Beda College at Rome. This interesting institution, of which Cardinal Gasquet is the Cardinal Protector, was founded by Leo XIII. primarily for the reception of convert-clergymen who desire to study for the priesthood. The ever-increasing stream of these, prompted the late Pope Leo to provide special facilities for their formation to the ecclesiastical state, as it was hardly to be expected that men in many instances of mature years and fixed habits should conform to the rigid regime of the regular seminary routine.

In January, 1918, the Beda, which had hitherto been a department of the English College at Rome, was separated from the latter, finding a temporary home in the Hospice for the Polish clergy; but as the Poles will now shortly be returning to Rome, it has become necessary for the Beda to procure a home of its own. This has been recognized by the present Holy Father, who, to encourage this important institution and to stimulate the faithful, especially of the British Empire, to assist in its establishment, has generously contributed the munificent sum of \$33,000.

The important role of convert clergymen during the past century is a phase of history well known and thoroughly recognized. Household words, indeed, are the names of Cardinals Manning and Newman, of Fathers Faber, Benson and numerous others, who have contributed so largely towards the development of the Church in the British Empire.

Even in Ontario, convert priests have had their part in the upbuilding of the Church. It was the Rev. Michael Robert Mills, a convert from Anglicanism, who in 1845 built the old frame church of London. Another convert from Anglicanism, who labored for over forty years in Ontario, was Vicar General Gordon, long attached to the Cathedral at Hamilton. Other converts, too, who might well be cited for their labors in these parts. Though by no means so numerous as those in the ranks of the English clergy, still an account of their works would form an interesting and perhaps enlightening chapter in the history of the Church in Ontario.

THE RUTHENIANS AND THE JUVENILE DELINQUENT ACT

A despatch from Oshawa, dated May 9th, contains the information that the Ruthenians of that place passed a resolution protesting against the amendment to the Juvenile Delinquent Act under which they are to be classed as Roman Catholics.

"Greek Catholic Ruthenians," reads the resolution, "want to be truthful to the traditions of their fathers and will never permit the French bishops in Canada to rob the sacred privileges by incorporating them into the Roman Catholic Church." The amendment is characterized as "unjust and harmful to the interests of the Greek Catholic Ruthenians of Canada."

As has been pointed out from time to time various sectaries, and particularly Presbyterians, have been making great efforts to ensnare the Ruthenians, who, within the last decade, have flocked in such numbers to Canada. If our memory does not play us false, Oshawa was one of the centres where the Ruthenians were deceived by sectaries or their emissaries who, whilst pretending to offer up the Sacrifice of the Mass and to observe the other rites of the Church, were striving little by little to rob these people of their faith. Hence, when dealing with so wily and unscrupulous an enemy, whose methods have been so often disclosed, the resolution cited above may be promptly placed in its proper category.

It is true, the Ruthenians are not members of the Latin Rite, that is they do not use the Latin Liturgy as used by us, but the Greek Liturgy translated into the old Slavonic language. They are, however, under the spiritual jurisdiction of the Pope and believe all the doctrines of the Church. Consequently, they may be described as Roman Catholics of the Greek Ruthenian Rite as we are Roman Catholics of the Latin Rite.

Knowing how jealously the Ruthenians guard their ancient rites and customs, sectaries from time to time strive to use this fact as a means to detach them from their allegiance to Rome. Little wonder then that they and their abettors are now artfully intriguing, by dint of such resolutions as the above, to convince the civil authorities that Rome has no jurisdiction over the Ruthenians.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS OF HOLLAND

No better example of a country possessing a flourishing Catholic press so earnestly urged by the encyclicals of recent Pontiffs, can possibly be cited than that of Holland. There the "apostolate of the press" has been carried on in a remarkable manner. In fact, since the reestablishment of the hierarchy under Pius IX., the splendid results of the Church's activity, backed up by a sound and solid Catholic press—whether in the religious or social fields, have far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of all. The press has likewise proven an invaluable ally in establishing the Catholic Trades and Labor Unions so highly recommended by Leo XIII., and which have been thoroughly organized in almost every community, thus off-setting the dangerous socialistic tendencies displayed by many labor organizations in other neighboring countries.

The press has also been utilized on behalf of the foreign missions with the result that the Dutch are fast becoming a powerful factor in that field whether as generous supporters of the cause or by furnishing missionaries to carry the light of the faith to distant lands.

The zeal displayed by the Catholics of Holland in supporting their press is proverbial. In addition to nearly sixty weeklies they possess the

fourth boon of twenty-five Catholic dailies. This is indeed remarkable when Holland with its two million Catholics is compared with other countries in this matter. Financial support seems always to be forthcoming, as it is an unheard of thing for one of these journals to be forced to the wall for pecuniary reasons.

Germany failed not to grasp the importance of these papers and tried, though unsuccessfully, at the beginning of the War to subsidize "De Tyd" of Amsterdam. It will be remembered that both this journal and "De Maasbode" of Rotterdam were frequently mentioned in the Associated Press despatches as furnishing important information regarding current events. The former paper has its own wireless station, whilst the latter has both morning and evening editions.

As a factor in the development of the Church in this country, the importance of a flourishing Catholic press cannot be over-estimated and the example set by Holland may well be the subject of reflection and imitation.

REVERENCE HAS NO SUBSTITUTE BY THE REAPER

Lack of reverence is a regrettable characteristic of the twentieth century. In the scrimmage for the goods of this world we have acquired a large share of prosperity. But though our wealth should be more than the gold of Assyria and our wheat belts more than the wheat fields of Babylon, we are poor indeed if we have not acquired truth and righteousness, character and moral fibre. In an age when nothing is counted worth while beside riches and bodily comforts, it will hardly surprise us to know that the present generation regards reverence as an old-fashioned sentiment that obtained in easy-going times when people dreamed, wrote poetry and followed the counsels of perfection. The devotees of the twentieth century maintain, that while reverence is not without cultural value, it is too weak and backward-looking to find a place among the active, masculine virtues of the present era.

Owing no doubt to this false estimate of reverence, bad manners are all too prevalent in the home, the shop, the factory, and the marketplace. We see a selfishness and an absence of good breeding in daily intercourse that are more in keeping with the primitive habits of a mining region or a Construction Camp than with the manners of highly civilized people living in red stone houses. To those who confound surface politeness with the kindly qualities of the heart we designate courtesy. This statement may seem too sweeping. But courtesy may be poles apart from politeness. Courtesy grows out of reverence as the plant from the root, whereas politeness may be only the shabby conventionalism of a commercial traveller, intent upon gaining the good-will of a prospective customer by his engaging ways. Reverence is not only a social but a moral propriety. It is man's generous tribute to worth and merit; it is the homage we give to the good and noble whether in the natural or moral order. Reverence not only recognizes the truth but honors it; not only appreciates virtue but pays tribute to it. We reverence the beautiful things in life: Religion because it inspires the profound pieties of life and conveys to the soul the broad sunlight of God's favor; poetry because it inspires the world with the grandeur of the good and the beautiful; and for that matter all the fine arts in as much as they create high ideals for the world to copy.

Where there is no reverence there is no esteem, and where there is no esteem there is no respect, and where there is no respect there is no love, and where there is no love there is no object of merit, or ideal worthy of imitation. Without reverence the soul has neither a plan of the spiritual nor the divine life; it has no object worthy of its love. In the absence of reverence there is self-assertion, self-glorification, smallness of character, and a want of vision. With human esteem and divine worship on the decline there follows a self-sufficiency that can only recognize God in humanity. It follows as a consequence that man thus bounded by the limitations of the five senses can have no practical belief in a next world. In view of this we should not wonder that the tendency of society is towards selfishness and greed for the things that perish. How can reverence find

a home in society today that measures man's well-being by his bank balances and his trade returns? The refinements and elegancies of luxury are only vane so long as society regards culture in terms of material gain, and places its own shallow life of low desires on a par with the lives of the Apostles and early Christian martyrs.

What the twentieth century needs most is the clear vision of faith, which makes the unseen world an actual and living object of interest. The world needs to see itself in the mirror of Christ's life. The enterprise that prompts us to study those who are bigger and greater than ourselves is seldom unrewarded. We can never gauge our size or properly rate ourselves till we measure with some one else. Christ stands at the summit of humanity the fixed standard for all. Of the virtues that made up His attractiveness as a model of humanity none had a more prominent place than His reverence. St. Paul assures us that his prayers were specially acceptable to God because of his reverence. He had an intense reverence for the father's house as he also had for the human body. His love and veneration for the human soul was only superseded by his love of the Father which was the greatest of all realities.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE UNITED STATES is, according to the dictum of the Baltimore Sun, about to enter the golden age of buttermilk.

EVEN the extremest of prohibitionists would see no harm but much good in prices taking a drop or two.

THERE WILL be only one religion with no sects and no dogmas. Such unhappily is the trend of present day Christianity outside the Catholic Church. Which recalls Newman's famous saying: "As well talk of paternity without the fact of a father as of redemption without the fact of a Redeemer." And Christian dogmas are but facts made luminous by revelation.

IN VIEW of the frequent reference to M. Clemenceau, "the lion of France," as an unbeliever and an anti-clerical, it is interesting to recall an event of pre-war times. It was in 1912 that he was compelled to undergo a serious operation and for that purpose found himself in a hospital administered by nuns. Taxed with this two years later by *l'Eclair*, an anti-clerical paper, his reply was that while the place for the operation was selected by the doctors, he had nothing but praise and thankfulness for the kindness and devotion of the nuns. "Their only fault was that they treated me like a spoiled child."

NOT CONTENT with this negative acknowledgment of his earlier misconception of the character of the French religious, M. Clemenceau went on: "I take pleasure here in testifying all my gratitude to these nuns. From time to time since, I visit them for the sheer pleasure of expressing my respectful friendship for them. We have spoken freely of everything without even a suspicion of offense arising, and perhaps on both sides there has been a gain in the spirit of tolerance and good will towards those who hold opinions different from our own. I am deeply proud to think that if my friends of the Rue Bizet are ever in need of a favor which it is in my power to bestow, they will do me the honor to come and ask me for it."

THESE WORDS are from an article contributed by M. Clemenceau to *l'Homme Libre*, a Parisian journal. "Wonderful women, these French nuns," exclaimed a contemporary. "M. Clemenceau turned their sisters out on the street to starve, and they not only take him in and save him from death, and lavish kindness on him, and honor him with their friendship, but actually (Oh miracle of condescension!) in some subtle way allow him to cherish the impression that while they were doing all this for him, he was also teaching them something about tolerance and good will."

M. CLEMENCEAU may still be an unbeliever—we have seen no reference to him that would indicate that he is in that respect changed. Indications, however, are not wanting that he dropped his anti-clericalism in the hospital in Rue Bizet. It will be remembered that in pinning the Croix de Guerre upon the breast of

a Capuchin during the most critical period of the War he gave expression in no uncertain terms to France's indebtedness to her army chaplains. M. Clemenceau is an old man, and while all classes acknowledge the greatness of his services to his country during the War his friends of the Rue Bizet hospital will place him under still further obligations to them by praying unceasingly for his conversion.

ONE of Philip Gibbs' post-war articles which has attracted much attention has to do with the qualities as commanders and tacticians of the several British Generals whose services in France have made their names familiar. He pays a pleasing tribute to Sir Douglas Haig, and to several of his subordinates, but seems to single out Sir Herbert Plumer, as displaying the highest qualities of generalship. The battles of Wytschaete and Messines were, in Gibbs' judgment, the most perfectly organized of the War, and were great and complete victories owing entirely to thoroughness in preparation of details. In both of these momentous fights the British troops were under the immediate direction of General Plumer.

SIR HERBERT had, however, writes Gibbs, "the advantage of being advised by a Chief of Staff who had real genius and was the one sustaining brain of the British armies in the field, though unknown to popular fame." This was Sir John Harrington, who, adds this discerning critic, "had a brain like a flaming sword, an immense grasp of detail, and a fine nobility of character which was like a flame of burning endeavor." To Sir John was largely due the fact that the generalship and staff work of the Second Army was without a flaw.

IT IS pleasing to be able to add that Sir John Harrington is a Catholic and like many others of the distinguished figures of the War (including Marshal Foch himself) a pupil of the Jesuits. Born in 1864, and educated at Stonyhurst, Sir John enlisted in 1884, was knighted for services in 1903, and early in the late War became O. C. of the Eleventh Lancashire Regiment. He has also seen consular service, having been in charge of the British Mission to Abyssinia in 1898, and accredited Minister Plenipotentiary at the court of Emperor Manelek, from 1904 to 1909. His American wife to whom he was married in 1907, is a daughter of Senator James Macmillan of Detroit.

IRELAND AT PEACE CONFERENCE

For the first two months of the Peace Conference the word Ireland was not to be spoken above a whisper in Paris. It was well understood that the British delegates did not want Ireland mentioned in their hearing, and it was also felt that they might take offense if it were mentioned anywhere else. As a distinguished Frenchman remarked the other day, "Our English friends are so very susceptible in all these matters that one has to be so very careful if one would avoid giving offense." Even amongst the American delegation it seemed to be the general feeling that any mention of Ireland had about it an unpleasant suggestion of bad manners. Among the Americans, as among the French, there were many who felt that as a mere matter of justice, or consistency with proclaimed ideals, Ireland was entitled to a place in the conversation, but such considerations as these naturally had to give place to the necessities the Allies were under of sticking together. As time has gone on, and as the division of the spoils has proceeded, there is a visible lessening of solicitude on the part of each of the Allied interests concerning the susceptibilities of the others. "The Italians have threatened to go home. The French are grumbling against the British. The Americans would be quite willing to wash their hands of Europe if it could be done. And the British mind is far more occupied with getting orders for business than it is with what are classified as the petulant demands of France and Italy. So that even the word Ireland can be spoken now without producing too much of a shock."

The Irish did not wait for this alteration in the stage setting. Early in February there arrived in Paris a young man of the name of O'Kelly, a member of the Dublin Corporation, who answers at his hotel to the name O'Kelly, but who is identified in Dublin as "Shawn T." by many who never thought to inquire concerning his family name. Mr. O'Kelly—since we still spell it that way, though he prefers a form that is many hundreds of years older—came to Paris to invite President Wilson to accept the freedom of the city of Dublin, and at this writing has been waiting for seven weeks, without the least impatience, for the President's answer.

The request had been made by telegraph, but as no answer was received it was thought best, in view of the uncertainties of the wires at that time, as well as of the President's known pre-occupations, to send a delegate to renew the invitation. It was suggested that the British authorities might not allow the messenger to go, and there was some reason for this doubt, because the British have exercised a rather large military discretion concerning permission to proceed to Paris. I was given to understand myself, for instance, that my freedom to represent America in Paris was contingent upon satisfying a very polite and considerate British officer, before landing in England. I was told that this condition was reasonable notwithstanding that I, with an Irish name was to write for a Catholic paper. Correspondents with neither of these handicaps have, in fact, had more grievous matter for complaint, or surprised that doubts arose about Mr. O'Kelly's having given his military vize. His application, however, was made just at the time when the desire not to offend anyone's susceptibilities was strongest, and though Mr. O'Kelly avowed his political predilections when applying in London, and although there were long delays in the course of consultations higher up, he got what he asked for. Probably it was foreseen that he might have a lot of time on his hands in Paris, while waiting for the answer of the over-busy President, so he brought along credentials to the Peace Conference itself, with the intention of keeping things going until such time as it would please the British authorities to permit the appearance in Paris of the regularly nominated delegate to the Irish National Assembly, then confined in English prisons without charge, but on suspicion of being impatient against military rule in Ireland. I am not sure that Mr. O'Kelly would hasten home even if he were to get in his morning's mail Mr. Wilson's acceptance of the freedom of Dublin. The cables may be working better nowadays and he might send word that way. At any rate he has had time to address to the president, secretary and members of the Peace Conference authoritative information concerning Ireland's expectations. Some of those who have received them go so far as to say they have been very well prepared. Mr. O'Kelly has not received any intimation as yet, however, that the Conference desires the presence of Mr. De Valera, although that gentleman is now free to confer with the other delegates if called upon, being at present out of jail, thanks to the initiative of his friends.

No doubt the first, and hasty, deduction from all this will be that there is an element of the play-boy spirit about it, that the move has been prompted by a desire to irritate the British Government, and represents nothing more serious than an ebullition of the irrefragable humor of the Irish. Because Mr. O'Kelly has the pleasant word, a soft voice and a humorous smile, perhaps there are those who doubt the seriousness of his purpose. They make a great mistake. He was one of those who figured in the events of Easter week. He knew about Casement's landing and the sinking of the *Auk* before the viceroy did. He was privy to the arrangements for stopping the "maneuvers" prepared for Easter Sunday, 1916, and when the situation was forced on Monday he went in with the rest and came out with wounds. He has spent many months in English prisons, under conditions which made it clear that England is ripe for prison reform. He has been interned in England and has calmly evaded the internment. He knows precisely what is the feeling in Ireland, better than we know it whose information is limited by the British censorship. And when I asked him how far he could see into the future his ready answer was:

"I contemplate with horror a failure on the part of the Peace Conference to see justice done to Ireland. The Conference will have its chance, but if when it is over we are still left at the mercy of England, then there is almost certain to be another insurrection. I do not say this as a threat, but simply as expressing my opinion that if it goes to the world that English rule is to be continued in Ireland the young men of Ireland will do their best to show that England cannot rule there. They know what they will face, but they will not shrink from the consequences. There is a great responsibility upon those who have taught the sanctity of self-determination, the rights of small nations, the erection of a reign of peace upon a basis of right and justice. For the Irish people there is no make-believe about all that. They will not stand on their heels merely because the Peace Conference washes its hands of them. I hope the nations will realize this now. That is why I am here to remind them of Ireland, even if, for their own convenience, some of them prefer not to be reminded."

As evidence of the temper of which he speaks Mr. O'Kelly points to the way the prisoners contrive to render jail-discipline impossible, and to the success attained in securing the release of important prisoners. It is a continuous contest of wits, of will against force. The freeing of Mr. De Valera was delayed for a fortnight because four prisoners inconsiderately escaped from another jail, which fact led to an increase of precautions. One of the men detailed to get De Valera out, a Protestant and landowner whose Irish feelings were revealed to him by the Maxwell

executions, was put into Mountjoy prison, in Ireland, from which nobody had hitherto escaped. They got him out, however, and for good measure thirty others have taken themselves off. As there are always about six hundred political prisoners in Ireland this game goes on all the time. For greater security a number of prisoners from the South were taken to Belfast. After an interval, during which they arranged to have stores of food brought in, they took possession of one wing of the prison and barricaded themselves therein. Finally, the Irish Chief Secretary, the Lord Mayor of Dublin and the governor of the prison made terms with the men, who went about their business under all the forms of military command until the trial was arranged, to the astonishment of the governor, who saw his prisoners discharging his functions while he stood by helplessly. It is claimed that the terms were not respected, and another rebellion has started, against which the authorities have no other recourse than measures of the severest physical repression. Still the spirit of the prisoners is not broken, and the point is that the same spirit prevails from one end of the country to the other.

This it is which lends emphasis to the address Mr. O'Kelly has presented to M. Clemenceau protesting against Article X. of the League of Nations proposals, the effect of which would be to oblige all nations, as a condition of membership in the League, to negative, as against Ireland, every one of the principles that have been invoked by President Wilson and the benefits of which are to be applied to every other nationality in Europe under the same international obligation. The Irish troops returning home are of the same mind as the rest of the population. Indeed it is said their return is being made retarded on that account. Mr. Churchill is asking for an army of 40,000 for permanent occupation of Ireland. And the London Times is trying to alay the agitation by proposing a tardy interest in Home Rule.

In his first address to the Conference, Mr. O'Kelly, after stating the case of Ireland, asked that the three nominees of the Irish National Assembly be given their place in the deliberations of the Conference. This not having received an answer, he again addressed the Conference, this time taking exception to those clauses in the draft convention of the League of Nations which, if finally adopted, would make Ireland's case even worse than it is now. Article VII, for instance, would allow a place in the League to self-governing colonies but would exclude Ireland. Article X would be even worse. So far from applying to Ireland the Wilsonian doctrines, the very reverse would happen. Not only would her subjection to Great Britain be perpetuated, but every nation would be obliged, as a condition of membership in the League to respect and preserve the status of her colonies, something none of them has hitherto been committed to. Indeed, some of them have gone on record, and others have acted, in the contrary sense. Accompanying the protest to the Conference Mr. O'Kelly addressed to President Wilson a particular appeal, basing Ireland's case upon his own declarations. As one reads the letter one is reminded of the speech in which Mr. Wilson, referring to Russia, spoke of an "acid test" of the sincerity of the Allies. Here is something very like an "acid test" of his own sincerity, in which, by the way, Mr. De Valera has quite recently expressed himself a confident believer.

If the Irish people suffer disappointment at our hands also, what will they think of us and of our profession that we fought this War to make the world safe for democracy? Ireland's woes may not melt our hearts to pity, but perhaps some good spirit may prompt us to protect our national honor by signing of an agreement for the Irish too. The Irish expect this of us, and strange as it may appear, so do people of other nations represented here at Paris. What then does America intend to do? Who knows? Noteven Mr. Wilson, perhaps.—J. C. Walsh, Staff Correspondent of America.

**BISHOP MULDOON CORRECTS ERROR**

Bishop Muldoon of Rockford, Ill., one of the four bishops who signed the Reconstruction Programme of the National Catholic War Council, has sent the following letter to the New York Nation, which the latter prints in its current issue:

"To the Editor of the Nation:

"Sir: My attention has been called to the lucid explanatory communication from the pen of Mr. Raymond Swing on the Reconstruction Programme of the National Catholic War Council which appeared in the Nation of March 29. At the close of his admirable article Mr. Swing expresses the opinion that the Programme is the product of 'astute calculation.' As I am one of the four Bishops who signed that Programme, I may, perhaps, be permitted to remark that my colleagues and I were unconscious either of astuteness or of associated calculation in our work.

"However much men may differ about certain minor details contained in the Programme, it is based upon immutable principles of justice and charity which the Church holds, has ever held, and will ever hold. The duty of the Universal Church is to instruct the citizens of

each State in the application of these principles. And although at times the Church has found it difficult to make its voice heard above the clamor of materialism, yet she has never been watchful for a suitable opportunity to impress her lessons of justice and charity upon all peoples, but especially upon captains of industry. That opportunity came at the close of the War. To us it appeared that the world, and in particular the United States, was willing to listen to representatives of the Church which throughout all the ages has striven not only to protect the workman but to further his progress in all ways consistent with Christian morality. In this you have the reason why the Bishops have brought forth once again the old, old principles of justice which the Church is bound to preserve and to teach as best she may.

PETER J. MULDOON,  
"National Catholic War Council,"  
Rockford, Ill., April 11th.

**SANDY MACPHERSON AND IRELAND**

Sandy MacPherson is in Ireland breathing fire and oaths and preparing, it may be, for another slaughter of heroic people, simply because, despite long and bitter persecution, they have retained grit enough to insist on their rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Everybody knows all about Sandy, his origin, his training, his knighthood, his peculiar prophylactic care of the naughty Tommies and all the rest of the moral rot which entitle men to be elevated above their decent fellows, by a blow from a king's sword. But nobody understands why Sandy should be so savage, just at present. Why breath fire? After all, Ireland is asking for liberty only. And surely England cannot object to that. She fought the World War for freedom's sake, and not for her own freedom so much as for the freedom of small defenseless nations, like Belgium, Serbia and Ireland. And now, just across the channel sit her delegates in Paris, all aware with their efforts to liberate the whole world from tyranny. What can Sandy be thinking of anyhow? How dare he fly in the face of Balfour, Cecil and those other apostles of freedom, who spent America's money so lavishly in order to pull the iron shoe from the Kaiser's foot? And is not Sandy afraid of Mr. Wilson, of the self-determination doctrine? Of a truth, Sandy is a brave man, he is staking his post and his knighthood for principle. But if he intends to smite the Irish once again, he should do it now, for some testy folk are actually beginning to doubt England's honesty and Mr. Wilson's courage. The world needs another proof of both. And what better could be given than more Irish blood, the blood of poor, helpless people who out of chains call to the nations that they too are human, that they too love liberty, that they too intend to get liberty. More Irish blood by all means. The Peace Conference will not be a success without it. The world will then answer the politicians.—America.

**REMINISCENCES**

OF THE LATE HON. THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE

The following letter from the venerable Rev. Dr. McMullen of Woodstock, addressed to Mr. John J. McGee, late Clerk of the Privy Council, Ottawa, for use in the volume of Reminiscences of our brother the late Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, which he has in preparation, will be perused with interest by readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD:

The Manse,  
Woodstock, Ont., Feb. 20, 1919.

Mr. John J. McGee, Ottawa:

Dear Sir,—I am pleased to see by the Globe of to-day that you are preparing a volume of reminiscences of your brother, the brilliant Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

I am a retired Presbyterian Minister in my 89th year, and the senior surviving ex-Minister of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. The Rev. Dr. Herridge of your city knows me intimately. As an Irishman I was proud of D'Arcy McGee because of his splendid oratory and distinguished genius. Two of the most brilliant specimens of oratory in the history of Canadian politics were those which he delivered in Parliament when reviewing the Double Shuffler about 1858. The Governor General, Sir Edmund Head, in refusing the Brown-Dorion Cabinet a dissolution of the House and an appeal to the people, played into the hands of the Tories, the Liberals believed, and they wished to bring home to the Governor their conviction as to his conduct; but without breaking the rules of Parliament they could not on the floor of the House make such a charge. They also believed that the Governor was largely under the influence of Sir William Draper, nicknamed "Sweet William" because of his great suavity of manner. The Liberals in caucus requested D'Arcy McGee to think of some way of making the charge of collusion on the part of the Governor and Sir William Draper against the Liberals, and yet keep within the rules of Parliament, which forbade attack on the Governor on the floor of the House. When the time came McGee reviewed and described "the Double Shuffler" and added:

"And Mr. Speaker while these negotiations were proceeding, there was a most perceptible flavor of Sweet William in His Excellency's grounds."

Everyone in the House saw the point, but no one cried "Order." The Liberals cheered, and the Tories laughed at the inimitable stroke of genius.

In the first speech McGee delivered in Parliament in Toronto he gave the Tories a roasting over the defeat of the Inspector General, Hon. William Cayley, in North Bruce. There were many Highlanders in the constituency; and to curry favor with them it was currently reported and believed that he had distributed Bibles in the Gaelic language. In reference to that your brother said: "To a worldly like myself there is something exceptionally singular in seeing the Hon. The Inspector General turning Missionary in North Bruce and distributing copies of the Holy Scriptures in the Gaelic language among the free and independent electors of that constituency. And I am delighted to know that while they embraced the Gospel they rejected the Missionary, and visited on his guilty head the principles of that retributive justice which they learned from the inspired pages of that Sacred Book."

I hope you have the whole speech in complete form; and my object in writing is to ascertain whether you have. It was a gem of sparkling genius. I have not the speech in print but I have carried part of it in my memory all these long years. I have your brother's History of Ireland in my library.

I am a brother of the late Hon. Senator McMullen.

Yours respectfully,  
(Signed) W. T. McMULLEN.

**THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS**

**REV. ARISTEO SIMONI, C. R., DISPLAYED GREAT HEROISM**

IS A FORMER REV. PROFESSOR OF ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE

Kitchener News Record, May 3

Signal and fitting honor for distinguished service has been shown a former member of the staff of St. Jerome's College by the American government. The recipient of the same is the Rev. Aristeo Simoni, C. R., Lieutenant, of Chicago.

The following reference to the Reverend Father from a Chicago exchange will be of interest locally where he had many acquaintances and friends:

"A Chicago chaplain, the Rev. Aristeo Simoni, C. R., Lieutenant, has been awarded the distinguished service cross for extraordinary heroism. This is the word that came from overseas, where Lieut. Simoni is still retained with his regiment. The information is contained in the following communication:

Headquarters, 28th Division, American Expeditionary Forces, Feb. 8, 1919.

Memorandum: For commanding Officer, 11th Infantry.

1. For your information, the Division Commander is in receipt of Distinguished Service Cross awarded First Lieut. Aristeo Simoni, Chaplain 11th Infantry, for extraordinary heroism near La Chene Tandu, 3 October, 1918, which will be presented in the near future.

EDWARD HOOPES, Captain, A. D. C.

The following communication tells more graphically the deeds for which Fr. Simoni has received the great honor:

Headquarters, Third Battalion, 11th Infantry, Dec. 17, 1918.

From C. O., 3rd Battalion, 11th Infantry, to C. G. 28th Division (through channels). Subject: Gallantry in action of Chaplain Aristeo V. Simoni.

1. I wish to call to your attention the extraordinary heroism and bravery of Aristeo V. Simoni, Chaplain 3rd Battalion, 11th Infantry, while in action against the enemy during the Meuse-Argonne offensive.

2. Under continual shell fire and almost constant machine gun and sniper fire, Chaplain Simoni did care for the wounded as much as any Medical Corps man. This he did throughout the whole offensive.

3. While on La Chene Tandu penetrated the enemy's line to care for wounded who had infiltrated in the enemy line, attempting to capture machine gun nests.

4. At a time when the shortage of ammunition was great, he not only carried large quantities of it to the line, but distributed it to the men on the line.

5. Throughout the whole time he was very sick but refused to be evacuated to the hospital. Chaplain Simoni, in addition to his extraordinary conduct and bravery on La Chene Tandu, was with the battalion on every one of its previous attacks. In all of these he has exhibited the greatest of bravery and self-sacrifice and I would respectfully recommend him for the highest award.

WM. A. BATTLEMAN, Captain 11th Infantry, Commanding 3rd Battalion.

Witness: Carroll Missimer, 1st Lieut., 11th Inf.; Joseph F. W. Davis 2nd Lieut., 11th Inf.

This is not the first word of the heroism of Lieut. Simoni to reach Chicago. The New World printed last January a letter addressed by Lieut. Missimer, whose signature likewise appears above, to the Chap-

lain general, Archbishop Hayes. That communication gave a far more detailed account of the conduct of Fr. Simoni. Lieut. Missimer wrote them under the date of Nov. 19, 1918.

I would like to acquaint you with the work of our esteemed Chaplain, Father A. V. Simoni. I say esteemed for I know there is not a man or officer in our battalion, in the whole regiment in fact, who does not regard Father Simoni as the highest type of man possible. He is indeed a wonderful soldier, both of the Army and of the Cross. He is absolutely fearless and one of the most courageous men I ever met.

He joined us at Brasles Ravine, just north of Chateau Thierry; during the second battle of the Marne, and he has been with us ever since. He has marched with us, talked with us, and worshipped with us. I should even say fought with us, for what he has done has really resulted in more than the actual fighting.

All through the long drive from Chateau Thierry to Fismes he was with us with musette bag, pack and pockets full of chocolate, cigarettes and prayer books for the boys, and along the way he cared for the wounded, buried the dead and cheered us through the terrible fighting in Fismes and Fismette. At the Fosse du Diable he never faltered when it was our duty to advance through a valley covered by a real hailstorm of machine gun bullets.

All through the long drive at the Argonne Forest, the drive which ended the most terrible war in history, he remained with us, though weakened by the long campaign. The second day of the advance he conducted many prisoners to the rear. It was a terrible strain, and in the afternoon he was found unconscious along the road and taken to the hospital. On regaining consciousness he refused to stay at the hospital, while his battalion was fighting on the front line. By the afternoon of the third day he found us on La Chene Tandu. How he made his way and so quickly through that awful maze of transportation, artillery and mud, I do not know.

The hill we were on was a terrible place, shelled continually by the enemy and under their machine gun and sniper fire. We had no shelter; Father Simoni and I were seated on the ground toward the close of the day when a shell burst near us and a piece of shrapnel landed on the Chaplain's raincoat; it did not hurt him in the least; he merely picked it up and threw it away. I tell you this, as an example of the nerve of our Chaplain, who has been constantly on the front line since last July. I cannot tell you all he has done. When not on the battlefield, you will find him saying Mass, hearing confessions or among our boys. He is busy all the time in his office writing his reports, answering parents' inquiries and sending letters of condolence.

**BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH**

Rev. Aristeo Simoni, C. R., volunteered in November, 1917. Formerly he was stationed at St. Stanislaus College, Chicago. Father Simoni went to Camp Logan, Houston, Tex., to serve as Knights of Columbus Chaplain attached to the recreation headquarters. Here he was commissioned by the Government and sent overseas.

Father Simoni was born in Patria, Province of Rome, Italy, in 1879. He took his final vows as a Resurrectionist in 1899 and was ordained to the priesthood in Rome, Sept. 21, 1901. Father Simoni came to America in 1904. At first he was attached to St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Canada, where he remained for six years. Subsequently he was attached to St. Mary's College, Kentucky, and still later came to Chicago.

**POPE LEO'S SOCIAL TEACHINGS**

WORLD HAS INHERITED FROM HIM A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF SOCIOLOGY

Time and again speakers and writers quote from and appeal for support to the Encyclical Letter: Rerum Novarum of Pope Leo XIII. Now it is mentioned as the Encyclical on the Labor Question, again it is mentioned as the Encyclical on Capital and Labor, and practically everywhere it is being appealed to as if it were the sole document which Catholics should study, and to which they can have recourse, as an official pronouncement of the Chief Representative of Christ on earth on the Social Question.

Such an attitude is neither proper, nor does it do justice to the great Pontiff Leo XIII. For he has not merely left us the Encyclical de conditione operarii. On the condition of the workers"; on the contrary we have inherited from him a "magnificent heritage," a system of sociological teachings, which Professor G. Toniolo, erstwhile head of the Catholic Union of Italy, designates as a "completely developed system of Christian-social teachings." Professor Toniolo groups the Social declarations of Pope Leo XIII, as a whole and comments on them thus (in L'eredita di Leone XIII).

A COMPLETE SYSTEM

"He bequeathed to posterity a completely developed system of Christian-social teachings. The history of modern Science traces their source rather far back, to the first decades of the nineteenth century, from which time they continue to progress steadily. But for a long time these sources were merely

**THE FAITH OF THE IRISH**

During the seven slow centuries of Erin's restless bondage, while the fire of her political hopes was burning low, the only light that illumined the darkness of her misery was the religion of Jesus Christ. During this long period of oppression every page of her history is stained with tears, if not with blood; and the student of that history as he turns page after page of the narrative will marvel at her heroic constancy in religion under the merciless burden of her woes. It is the great outstanding miracle of history and can be explained in only one way.

The strong faith of the Irish people, like that of the Romans, is spoken of in the apostle Paul "is spoken of in the world." This faith so jealously guarded at home, so zealously carried abroad, has been the salt that has preserved many a nation from spiritual corruption. It was this strong faith that sustained the Irish people in their centuries agony and brightened the darkness that enveloped the land.

monographic investigations, fragmentary studies, academic discussions, occasional keen flashes of thought. At the present day, after the Encyclical of Leo XIII, which sustained by the common light of the Evangelical teachings, of Christian Philosophy and Revelation, have illuminated all the phases of social, civil and political knowledge in harmonious, logical connections; at the present day we possess a unified complex of sociological teachings, brought together in a system, which resists against the Supernatural, which measures up to the problems of our age, which, absorbing everything, takes unto itself all that is true in modern Science and is proven by experience, and thus is prepared to successfully oppose a positive, materialistic and anti-Christian Sociology. It is a new structure which was first declared to be impossible or at least unworthy of notice, but which soon acquired an uncontested right to recognition,—so much so that no prominent exponent of contemporary Economics, such as Wagner, Philippovich, Schomburgk, Lavolant, Stas, neglect to consider a Christian School (of Sociology) along with the other Schools. . . .

**VALUE OF THE TEACHINGS**

Whoever has studiously applied himself to the historical development of the Social Question; whoever realizes, in the light of countless investigations and diffident practical attempts, the depths of the Labor movement, striving to obtain its rights; whoever understands the invincible tendencies of the movement, its dangers, and its, to a degree, intrinsic justification; whoever weighs and measures the corresponding spread of a scientific and fighting Socialism—a system which assumed to itself the mission of bringing salvation to the masses of wretched, wretched, trodden and radical efforts at reconstruction, posing all the while as the sole savior of the suffering and oppressed laboring classes; whoever considers the worthlessness, or at least the disproportion between the remedies proposed and the great evil, of the remedies which have arisen from, and continues to be suggested by private and State-inspired social initiative; whoever has considered all these things will comprehend the grandeur, the nobility, the sacred courage of Leo XIII., who laid down a programme of Christian Democracy as against all these suggestions, and raised the banner of Christian Democracy.

"The purpose of Christian Democracy, in the mind of Leo XIII., is to liberate the masses from centuries of slavery, whose victims they have been for centuries, to restore their dignity and their rights, to strengthen the masses by a consciousness of duty and the co-operation of the entire higher classes of Society, and finally to secure for them an existence and a degree of well-being compatible with their human dignity; thus it aims to create an independent and legally recognized laboring class, distinguished by the marks of Christian and civic virtues. In the Middle Ages the masses were known by the exemplification of such virtues; by their practice the masses today can also strive with greater success towards the moral and religious goal which is the essence of culture. The programme of teachings and corresponding recommendations will remain one of the greatest historic innovations of modern times."

**THE EXPONENT OF AN ENTIRE SYSTEM**

The memory of Pope Leo XIII. should be cherished, not by casual reference to the "Encyclical on Labor," but by an appreciation of his entire social programme. Stanislaus v. Smolka, a noted Polish scholar, quoting Professor Toniolo, rightly says that it was the particular merit of Pope Leo XIII. that he "was not held back by fear from unfolding that magnificent programme of social regeneration, which is a wise and well-known principle of Christian doctrine. It is the specific merit of this Pope that he has bequeathed to us such a declaration of principles embracing the whole of Society, of which declaration the Encyclical Rerum Novarum forms only a part. The Labor Question, a part of the Social Question, can, indeed, be solved only within the limits of the social entity; and it is Society that must be regenerated.—C. B.

**THE FAITH OF THE IRISH**

There can be no doubt that the strength of the Irish faith is due in part to the admirable qualities of mind and heart that distinguish the race. It is due in part, too, to the storms of persecution that, for so long a time, swept the island with unabating fury. But in order to find the chief source, after God, of this strength, we must go back to a distant century when the faith was first implanted in the Irish heart. To Saint Patrick, the Apostle of the island, belongs the glory of having molded the race so perfectly after the heart of God that no succeeding trials could ever destroy the results of his labors. No wonder that St. Patrick possesses the Irish heart, no wonder that his name is music on the Irish tongue. It is his spirit that has guided the destinies of the race, and it is his prayer, answered before he left the earth, that has prevented the threatened inroads of apostasy.

To St. Patrick the people of Ireland are turning now, when hope is aflame once more, to assist them in their struggle for freedom. For so long centuries he has watched over their pitiless crucifixion, watched with celestial complacency because he knew it meant in a certain sense the redemption of the world. But he knows that their national resurrection will eventually come. Through his powerful intercession may it come soon.—Buffalo Union and Times.

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**THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA**

**ONE YEAR'S EFFORT**

We were happy to be able to announce to our readers that during the year (March 1918—March 1919) we received and expended for the good of missionary Canada \$120,885.04. This fairly good amount shows that the spirit of true Catholicity is more active and gives signs of increasing strength. God has truly given the increase in the case of the Catholic Extension Society. A few years since croaking prophets of evil foretold the sudden death and inglorious burial of this young Society. But when a work is undertaken solely for God it must succeed and will succeed in spite of every opposition and difficulty. God wills it. No doubt the great Society of the Propagation of the Faith, in France, had difficulties to overcome when it first stepped into public view. About one hundred years have gone by and the Society of the Propagation of the Faith is the greatest missionary society the world has ever known. It was undertaken for God's sake and so marched on its way successfully and with increasing strength. God willed it.

The following list will show you where we sent your money during the year. It will show you too how wide is the missionary field of Canada and how great shall be the crop of souls if we only do our share of the labor of cultivating.

**EXPENDITURE FOR MISSIONS**

Diocese of Edmonton, Alta.	\$12,430.35
" " Vancouver, B. C.	3,716.09
" " Regina, Sask.	9,005.50
" " Winnipeg, Man.	2,515.50
" " St. Boniface, Man.	1,150.00
" " Calgary, Alta.	8,092.00
" " Prince Albert, Sask.	6,472.25
" " Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.	5,400.00
" " Victoria, B. C.	12,555.28
" " St. George's, Nfld.	900.00
" " Halleybury, Ont.	2,490.00
" " Newfoundland	5,382.25
" " Lawrence, Ont.	2,568.50
" " Halifax, N. S.	1,658.00
" " Mackenzie	5,119.00
" " Yukon	1,678.00
" " Ruthven Creek	1,013.25
" " Vestments and Linens	6,480.10
Investment in Bank, Special Funds	20,514.81
Special Donations, etc.	\$120,885.04

The above amounts mean assistance given directly and indirectly to all the missionary dioceses of Canada to the seventeen Archbishops and Bishops ruling over the vast areas of sparsely settled Canada and to nearly eight hundred priests.

God only knows how much good you did when you enabled us to give assistance to His servants in the harvest fields!

With Catholic Canada united for this support of the Canadian Missions, how much more we could do! Our friends are requested to pray for this and as well as give generous financial support to the Extension Society.

When we have every parish in Canada enthusiastic about our missions, about Chinese Missions, about the missions of the whole Church then we will be able to rest in peace for we have built strong towers of Faith and Charity and our enemies will sit powerless before them.

Donations may be addressed to:  
Rev. T. O'DONNELL, President,  
Catholic Church Extension Society,  
67 Bond St., Toronto.

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

**DONATIONS**

Previously acknowledged, \$1,965.75  
P. M. Callaghan, Iona, . . . . . 1.00  
A Friend, Ottawa, . . . . . 2.00  
Elora, . . . . . 50  
In thanksgiving, Southampton, . . . . . 1.00

**MASS INTENTIONS**

E. G. P., Ottawa, . . . . . 3.00  
Mayme, Westport, . . . . . 1.00

A wife; a mother; two magical words comprising the sweetest source of man's felicity.—L. Aimee Martin.

**Bronze Tablets that Commemorate and Inspire**

The erection of a suitable Bronze Memorial Tablet upon the walls of church, college or club is a most appropriate way in which to honor the memory of those who have fallen in their country's service.

These we produce in our own workshops, and gladly submit designs and estimates to those interested.

**Ryrie Bros.**  
Limited  
134-136-138 Yonge St.  
TORONTO

**FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND**

Almonte, Ontario

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

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

I propose the following burse to subscription.

<b>SACRED HEART BURSE</b>	
Previously acknowledged	\$2,876.24
J. W. K., St. John's	1.00
Mrs. P. McAllister, Sydney	2.00
Margaret Hayes, Seattle	5.00
St. Charles Parochial School, Amherst, N. S.	3.00
In memory of Mother	10.00
N. D. Chaplans	1.00
Mrs. J. W. Benson, Midland	1.00
<b>QUEEN OF APOSTLES BURSE</b>	
Previously acknowledged	\$1,432.28
A. F. Ottawa	2.00
St. Charles Parochial School, Amherst, N. S.	2.00
<b>ST. ANTHONY'S BURSE</b>	
Previously acknowledged	\$856.70
St. Charles Parochial School, Amherst, N. S.	2.00
C. Ingersoll, Ont.	1.00
<b>IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BURSE</b>	
Previously acknowledged	\$271.00
St. Charles Parochial School, Amherst, N. S.	2.00
Child of Mary, Reserve Mines	1.00
<b>COMPOTER OF THE AFFLICTED BURSE</b>	
Previously acknowledged	\$80.20
St. Charles Parochial School, Amherst, N. S.	2.00
<b>ST. JOSEPH, PATRON OF CHINA, BURSE</b>	
Previously acknowledged	\$955.07
St. Charles Parochial School, Amherst, N. S.	2.00
Mrs. M. McCaffrey, Lusville	1.00
<b>BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSE</b>	
Previously acknowledged	\$98.50
St. Charles Parochial School, Amherst, N. S.	2.00
<b>ST. FRANCIS XAVIER BURSE</b>	
Previously acknowledged	\$214.80
St. Charles Parochial School, Amherst, N. S.	2.00
<b>HOLY NAME OF JESUS BURSE</b>	
Previously acknowledged	\$154.00
St. Charles Parochial School, Amherst, N. S.	2.00
<b>HOLY SOULS BURSE</b>	
Previously acknowledged	\$242.00
St. Charles Parochial School, Amherst, N. S.	2.00
K. H. Thordahl	2.00
In memory of Mrs. Jas. Mahoney, Peterboro	2.00
Friend, Calabogie	8.00
<b>LITTLE FLOWER BURSE</b>	
Previously acknowledged	\$148.65
St. Charles Parochial School, Amherst, N. S.	2.00

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. P. HICKEY, O. S. B.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

CONFIDENCE IN GOD

"And this is the confidence which we have towards Him: that whatsoever we shall ask according to His will, He heareth us." (1 John v. 14.)

We must often feel, my dear brethren, an utter want of reliance on ourselves, taught us by so many shortcomings and failures in the past.

It is no mere fancy, but a reality, that we rightly can have this confidence in God, and that the more we trust in Him the more we please Him.

We have likewise, both in the Old and New Testament, repeated assurances of God's goodness. He assures us and promises us that He is ready to hearken to us, succour us, forgive us, and not to abandon one who hopes in Him.

An inner voice tells us the same as the Scriptures. The inner voice of past experience, blessing God for so many favours, bids us have most loving confidence in Him for the time to come.

Why? Because we are poor and weak and prone to sin. Our need bids us turn to pray. And we have enemies too! The remembrance and fear of the strength, number, ceaseless vigilance, and cruelty of those enemies of our soul urge us to seek safety in the strength of prayer.

For this—for a daily increase in zeal and piety—let us learn how to address our prayers to God. First with fervour, but He is our loving Father. It is not in much praying that we are heard, but in the fervour of our hearts. And should not confidence arouse this fervour in us?

And reverently we must pray—that is, from a heart which has already put away sin and attachment to it.

TORTURED BY RHEUMATISM

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" Brought Quick and Permanent Relief



MR. P. H. MCHUGH

103 Church Street, Montreal.

December 10th, 1917.

"I was a great sufferer from Rheumatism for over 16 years. I consulted specialists, took medicines, used lotions; but nothing did me good.

Then, I began to use "Fruit-a-tives"; and in 15 days, the pain was easier and the Rheumatism was better. Gradually, "Fruit-a-tives" overcame my Rheumatism; and now, for five years, I have had no return of the trouble.

stand and see to our health; we are very keen about the breath of life; we must be as keen about the breathing, the strong, deep, regular breathing of our souls.

WHY CATHOLICS HONOR MARY

With the coming of May, Mary's month, the heart of the entire Catholic world will turn with loving reverence towards the Mother of God, and once again we shall have striking evidence of the Divinity of Christ's Church in the spectacle of that unity in diversity which is so striking a characteristic of Catholicism.

Why? Because we are poor and weak and prone to sin. Our need bids us turn to pray. And we have enemies too! The remembrance and fear of the strength, number, ceaseless vigilance, and cruelty of those enemies of our soul urge us to seek safety in the strength of prayer.

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olic Church is exceedingly tenuous, it is growing weaker day by day. The conviction is almost inevitable that this is a judgment of God, as if Christ said, "If you will not have My Mother, you shall not have Me."

SOCIALISM OF MADMEN

While there has been incessant chattering about Bolshevism, there has been little plain talk. As a consequence we have wide confusion concerning it and private interpretation.

There is no secrecy about Bolshevism, save such as it chooses to cast upon itself to hide its identity. Bolshevism is Socialism, working out logically to anarchy. The Bolshevists are the radicals. There are no parlor Socialists among them.

The Bolshevists are a minority. That they have the unchecked upper hand is in itself a condition incompatible with the American theory of government. There is no harmonizing the Red government of Russia with any possible modification of the American political dogma.

OUR LADY'S BARDS

If it is true, as theologians tell us, that the angels have a language all their own, then perhaps some day when they have exhausted their praises of Our Lady they will turn to the English language, which in the last few decades of years has tried its best, especially by its Marian poems, to live down the structures of Cardinal Newman, who described it as essentially a Protestant tongue.

And yet these poets have missed what songsters of less exalted gifts have invariably caught—that understanding, sympathetic touch without which even the best poetry is a soulless thing. Poetry comes from the heart. It discovers its only home there. Bathed in the white light of great thought, it is yet blood-red with palpitating feeling. A poet who does not move us sings in vain. He is like the caged bird whose song, however clear and limpid, seems artificial and strained, and not free with the joyousness of full liberty.

And this is the characteristic note of all those outside the Church who sing of Our Lady. They are afraid to let themselves go. They are willing to hail Our Lady as the most perfect woman, "our poor nature's solitary boast." But Mary was more than that, just as her Son, Jesus Christ, was more than the most perfect Man. Mary needs not to be dressed out, even by the poet, in a garb which was not hers. She is wonderful and beautiful enough for what she is, without the adventitious embellishments of the poet.

And here is where the Catholic poet excels. He knows Mary for what she is. That is enough for him, for no higher place, no greater prerogatives, could have been bestowed upon any creature. Most mortals, even poets, can not look upon the unspeakable glory of God. But they can look upon Our Lady and find her one of ourselves—a

window, so to say, through which the awful brightness of God's glory is reflected to a world whose eyes are hidden by the very conditions of its nature. Men can rise to a partial understanding of God's glory by a study of Our Lady—the handmaid of the Lord," as she humbly calls herself.

No wonder, then, that all Catholic poets essay with more or less success to sing of Our Lady. The great geniuses attempt to speak of God in Catholic poets love Mary, whilst those outside the Church only admire her. And this makes all the difference in the world. To sing worthily of Mary one must love her—must love her intensely, as Jesus loved her. He alone could have written an adequate poem about her, because He alone knew her for what she was, and, withal, loved her as she deserved to be loved.

John Boyle O'Reilly puts into matchless verse the true meaning to a Catholic of the name Mary:

Dear honored name, beloved for human ties, But loved and honored first that One was given In living proof, to erring mortal eyes, That our poor flesh is near akin to heaven.

Sweet word of dual meaning: one of grace, And born of our kind Advocate above; And one, by mercy linked to that dear face That blessed my childhood with its mother-love.

The sweet-faced morn reflects, on cheerless night, The rays of hidden sun that rise tomorrow; So, unceasing God still lets His promised light Through holy Mary, shine upon our sorrow.

Now, the prerogative which appeals most mightily to us is Our Lady's purity. Of course we know that, being called to be the Mother of the Son of God, it was fitting that she should never be for so much as one moment under the dominion of the Evil One. That she should have been lifted up high over the murky stream of humanity by virtue of the merits of Christ is but one of the great graces which she, as the Mother of God, received. Human nature is at its best in Mary. She shows us what we might have aspired to if sin, with its consequent disorganization of the passions, had not entered into the world:

"Pure as the snow," we say. Ah, never flake Fell through the air One tenth as fair As Mary's soul was made for Christ's dear sake.

Our Lady's purity, as all her other virtues, would have been a cold, forbidding, stoical, had her life not been dominated by a sublime humility by which she considered herself, despite all the wonderful things God had done for her, merely as His humble handmaid. She herself confessed that "the Lord hath regarded the humility of His handmaid." From Him came all the virtues which grew in her soul in the first instance. Therefore, she is grateful to Him in proportion as she contemplates herself. If the nations call her blessed, it is solely because the Lord hath poured out His graces upon her. Truly does our own

American poet, Joyce Kilmer, extol her humility in this virile poem:

"Hail, Mary, full of grace," the Angel saith. Our Lady bows her head and is ashamed; She has a Bridegroom who may not be named. Her mortal flesh bears Him who conquers death. Now in the dust her spirit groveleth; Too bright a sun before her eyes has flamed. Too fair a heralded joy too high proclaimed, And human lips have trembled in God's breath.

O Mother-Maid, thou art ashamed to cover With thy white self, whereon no stain can be, Thy God, Who came from Heaven to be thy Lover, Thy God Who came from Heaven to dwell in thee. About thy head celestial legions Chanting the praise of thy humility.

During this May month we gather flowers to lay at Mary's shrine, for we believe that the sweetest buds that burst into blossom are all too poor a gift to present to her as a token of our love. But we gather, too, the flowers that have grown in the human heart for her who is the Mystic Rose, the one white, unsullied Lily that has saved its perfume in the murky valley of this world.

—Thomas M. Schwertner, O. P., in Rosary Magazine.

THE RESTLESS WORLD

The Peace Conference has now been sitting many weeks and peace is as far away as ever—an ideal to be striven for, rather than an objective fact attained. Indeed, unless appearances are altogether deceitful, the olive branches that were to have been sent from Paris to the exhausted nations are withering away for lack of suitable messengers. The doves that were to have borne them abroad have fallen upon one another, to the scandal of the world.

Helping Nature,— the Key to Good Health

Watch for these Symptoms

Kidney or Bladder affections don't develop seriously until Nature has given you plenty of warning that the trouble has commenced. Constant headaches, dizziness, pains in the back or sides, swollen joints and ankles, brick dust deposits, or painful urination should make you realize positively and beyond doubt that your kidneys are out of order and need assistance.

Nature is wise and never sends out unnecessary or foolish warnings. Her call is for help, and you must do your part by bringing relief to those overburdened kidneys, or suffer the consequences.

Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Gravel, Stone in the Bladder, Neuralgia, etc., are all caused by inflamed or congested kidneys and the consequent deranged kidney action. Don't suffer the agonies produced by these diseases. Help Nature to relieve the congestion to heal those inflamed kidneys and to make them strong once more by taking Gin Pills.

Gin Pills are the best remedy for Kidney and Bladder troubles on the market to-day. This is a fact proven by hundreds of testimonials. Try them and be sure of instant relief. For sale everywhere at 50c a box. A sample box free if you write to—

The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario. U. S. residents should address Na-Drug Co., Inc., 202 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. 172.

Marlatt's Specific Removes Gall Stones in 24 Hours THE NEVER-FAILING REMEDY FOR Appendicitis

acter. Yet, though thoughtful men may be disgusted over the fracas, they will hardly be surprised at it.

The Conference met to decide the most momentous problems in the history of the world. Territory and trade and passions were so inextricably commingled that impartial folk wondered how the difficulties could be encompassed by the mere power of man. They had hoped the aid of God would be invoked that the world might be set once again in the ways of peace. But the Conference was of a different mind. It thought itself sufficient unto itself. It expected to be made for the accident by which the President of France dropped the word, God, in his opening speech, the name of God has not been mentioned once at any of the sessions. His power has not been invoked; His assistance has not been asked, and He has delivered the Conference into the hands of its council. The result is confusion worse confounded, a scandal to the Christian world, a joke to the pagan world. The end of the disgraced squabble no man can tell, for passion is fitful, but at least Christian peoples can learn this lesson from it: their welfare is not safe in the keeping of men who flout God, the source of light and peace.—America.

Sanctity consists in the right performance of everyday duties.

College and Academy of St. Joseph ST. ALBAN ST., TORONTO St. Joseph's College is Affiliated to the University of Toronto through the Federated College of St. Michael

Matchless Ammonia NO HOME COMPLETE WITHOUT Matchless Ammonia IT HAS NO EQUAL Refuse Inferior Substitutes

Artistic Religious Statues OF QUALITY Owing to the increasing demand that we have had during the past few months, for the Statue of St. Rita, we beg to inform the Catholic public of Canada we are now in a position to supply the following subjects, in sizes as mentioned, with price of same attached.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE REAR GUARD

He strolls into Mass at the "Sanctus," Or may be a moment before; And hat he should bother his neighbors.

He doesn't look up at the altar, But keeps his gaze bent on the floor, We notice him yawning a little As though 'twere a bit of a bore.

Oh, surely, some minutes before; He headed the line that was waiting Outside of the gallery door.

His eyes never leaving the footlights Transfixed till the very last act! This can't be the same chap this morning.

This slowest and dullest of chaps; We must have seen some other fellow Last evening—his brother perhaps.

TOMORROW

You have made mistakes—you have miscalculated, overestimated yourself, neglected your opportunities—but this all happened in the past.

FACT!

Courtesy costs nothing, but rewards liberally. Self-denial is the highway to independence. A wise merchant buys for his customers, not himself.

THE APOSTOLATE OF REVERENCE

During these days of reconstruction and political adjustment it is absolutely necessary to foster every agency that makes for order and stability among men and nations.

There are many reasons why the Holy Name Society is rightly considered one of the mightiest engines of the Church in these days of disorder, when kingdoms that have toppled to their ruin are being remade by reformers who respect not God nor man.

means respect also for all lawful authority. As long as we respect the name of the All Highest, we are pretty sure to give respect to our civil rulers and the authority which they represent.

The Holy Name Society is a Catholic organization with an undeniable religious mission to our present-day men. But its social mission is equally unmistakable.—Rosary Magazine.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE MOTION AND THE CURVE

When Jimmy Jimson starts to pitch At baseball in the lot, He gives his little head a twitch, He ties himself in knots.

Now, Jimmy, so the boys all say, Is just the biggest cinder. That over was; his grandstand play Can't help him in a pinch;

And thus the game of life is played; When you are one and twenty You'll find in every line of trade Of Jims and Toms a plenty.

EACH ONE'S SUCCESS

One's success or failure is determined largely by the manner in which the individual spends his or her leisure time. It seems that many of us are prone "to ride our hobbies" to the ultimate.

THE BOYS' MANNERS

There are very few men who do not know that it is proper to raise the hat when encountering a lady. This is an accepted courtesy that a boy learns very early in life.

The question of precedence must worry a lot of men to see the way they hesitate about it when out with a girl. If they would just keep in mind the basic fact that a man only precedes a woman when there is something he must attend to, to seek out seats in the theater or church, to protect her from a crowd, etc., he would not need to worry over it.

But the big thing to remember in all this talk about a boy or a man's manners is that it is not making aissy of the small boy to start just as soon as he can understand plain English. Then, and then only will he, when a grown man, have that easiness of manner which comes only from long practice and familiarity with the niceties of social intercourse.—Exchange.

THE INTERESTING WOMAN

The interesting girl is one who goes through the world with her center open. She does not let her life center around herself, but rather considers the needs of others, and tries, as Ruskin says so well, "to please people, and to serve them in dainty ways." The girl who has

mind enough to be interesting has mind enough to go under the surface when choosing her companions and friends. No bit of knowledge escapes her; she gathers from her reading, from her social opportunities, from her walks and her daily work a store of incidents, and information, which she utilizes as occasion demands.

The interesting girl, who, by and by, will be an interesting woman, does not have false standards of value; she aims to be natural. A natural woman is the greatest power in the world today. Let artifice, sham or pretension enter into the nature of such a woman and she would become at once an unwelcome guest, where now she is a hidden and eagerly sought for. She is the very sunshine of her home, simply because she is her own self, and never tries to appear where she is not.

And there is nothing especially occult or difficult in this matter. One can be as interesting as ever woman was since the world began, if one will elect to be so. And neither good looks nor good family, nor even feeling good and good principle, will suffice to keep one from being stupid and monotonous unless each is supplemented by sweetness of manner, kindness of heart, tact, intelligence, and desire to please, which make people interesting.—True Voice.

FITTING TIME FOR THANKSGIVING

It seems only just that one's prayers of gratitude to Heaven should be commensurate in fervor and earnestness with the prayers of the petition which went to win the favor of the Most High. During the past four years, points out the Queen's Work, many agonized prayers have been offered to God by the hands of His Blessed Mother for the cessation of unpareable War and the blessings of peace.

The other day we quoted in these columns a saying of St. Lily, that property is the realization of liberty. This is a thought that invites analysis. When a man has no property of his own he is dependent on the labor of his hands for a living. He has to follow the opportunity for work. That's why there is so much migration among certain classes of laborers.

PROPERTY AND LIBERTY

When a man has no property of his own he is dependent on the labor of his hands for a living. He has to follow the opportunity for work. That's why there is so much migration among certain classes of laborers. They of all men have certainly no lasting habitation here below. They are at the mercy of industrial conditions.

But not only do they choose their residence—which is chosen for them by the market of labor—at their places of temporary sojourn they have often to put up with housing and living conditions which do not suit their liking. Why? Because they are tied down to the level of their wages. Not what they would like to do they eat or put on, but what their wages permit. They are actually wage slaves.

To be sure, organizations among laborers have insured to labor a certain amount of freedom. They have endowed it with a bargaining capacity. And this has been a step forward in the rights of labor. But this forward step has been accompanied with industrial disturbances which have entailed much hardships both on the laboring class and on the community at large. Nor can we hope for better results until Capital and Labor cease to be competitors and agree to be co-operators. This consummation devoutly to be desired, will have been attained when labor has managed to become a share-holder in the greater and smaller industrial enterprises of the world.

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It were to be wished that the people of this country would take more kindly to agricultural pursuits. In that direction we see the liberation of labor. It would be well possible for a young man who is industrious and thrifty to save a sufficient sum from his wages to make a substantial payment on a farm. And on a farm it is easy to bring up a family. The food question solves itself easily and comfortably. There is milk and eggs, a d meat, and bread and vegetables. There is no unemployment except such as comes in the shape of agreeable recreation, unaccompanied with worries because the hens continue to lay eggs, the cows to give milk, while there is a well-stored larder, the pride of a thrifty house wife.

In the wide expanse of country, then, which in its very nature is symbolical of freedom, we seem to discern the surest promise of a better future for the poor man. In the country he can become a very king and happy ruler of his little realm. The Government is encouraged. "To the war-worn lands this gracious time of May will bring forgetfulness and healing. The poppies have bloomed above the trenches, not any longer opening their startled eyes to the roar and the smoke of battle, but possessing once more their ancient fields in peace. To many a quiet countryside the young and the old will be thronging back together, smoothing the ruffled fields and coaxing grain to grow again between the hard lines of trenches that scar the earth. To many a soul likewise blasted and scarred deeper than the soil with the horrors of War, peace will slowly return. The bright month of May, loveliest of all seasons, will make the world forget." Yet this May is peculiarly a month when a certain forgetfulness should not obtain. Mary's shrine was the favorite haunt of those faith-inspired mothers and sisters who placed the welfare of their loved ones in the care of the Mother of God, during the dark months through which we have passed. With those in whom a fitting sense of gratitude is to be found, the coming month will see them again at that shrine, pouring forth prayers no less humble and sincere, in gratitude for the favors which they so earnestly sought. Gratitude, we are reminded, is a blessed preparation for praying well again.—Catholic Transcript.

A man who governs his passions is master of the world.

ENGLAND GETS MILLIONS OUT OF IRISH MARKET

JUDGE COHALAN SHOWS HOW ISOLATED IRELAND IS BEING EXPLOITED

Justice Daniel F. Cohalan of the New York Supreme Court, charged England with isolating Ireland from commercial contact with the rest of the world, in an address at a meeting of the Friends of Irish Freedom in Columbus. He asserted that ninety-five per cent. of Irish foreign trade was done with England, because she had compelled Ireland to do business with her, or none at all.

"America would profit greatly in a business way by the independence of Ireland," Justice Cohalan asserted, "because the markets of Ireland would be thrown open to America, instead of being, as they now are, a private preserve which is monopolized by England."

"England today," he declared, "governs Ireland not at a loss, as her apologists insist, but at a profit of more than \$200,000,000 a year. Last year she collected in Ireland, in direct taxation, more than \$100,000,000 and spent in Ireland in administration less than \$60,000,000, leaving as a profit in direct taxation alone about \$100,000,000.

Last year the foreign business of Ireland amounted to over \$820,000,000 and of that amount more than ninety-five per cent. was done with England, not as a matter of choice by Ireland, but because England has so completely cut Ireland off from all contact with the rest of the world that the only market in which Ireland can sell her surplus products is England, and the only market in which she can buy those things which she requires is in the English market."—The Echo.

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