

# The Catholic Record

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

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## WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

### IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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AGRICULTURE IN IRELAND

The fierce tension of the struggle in Ireland is having bad effect upon the country's agriculture. With thousands of young men in internment camps, and the thousands in jail, very many thousands on the run, and hundreds of thousands of boys who still remain under their own roofs living in momentary expectation (day and night) of British military descents, it will be seen that the cropping of the land is haphazard. Many a lad in Ireland who started the planting of the first ridge of potatoes couldn't remain to complete it.

Though the very old and the very young are endlessly striving to make up for the deficiency, the ill-effects of the country have become a dangerous minimum. So, in addition to the still further distress induced by the British military forces in their career of arson, pillage, and destruction, the deficit in agricultural activity threatens dire famine for next year.

This check upon agricultural activity in Ireland is all the more deplorable because the country was, during a decade past, progressing by leaps and bounds. After thirty years of terribly intense struggle the farmers had lifted off themselves the land's curse—and had put new heart, new hope, new energy into their farming and farming methods. A great and rapid change was coming over the face of the land. And Ireland was on the way to rival Denmark as one of the agricultural high spots of Europe. Under the spur of the Co-operative movement scientific dairying was making phenomenal progress. And it is good to know that despite the burning down of innumerable Co-operative creameries in the country, the Crown forces have not yet shown in checking the onward march of this movement.

County Cork, which is the most disturbed area in Ireland, is, strange to say, still leading in dairy progress. A recent, very interesting and very hopeful report of the Cork Committee of Agriculture shows this. Many dairy herds that have been fostered in that county are making remarkable showing. Amongst other inspiring items in the report we find that one member of the Cork Cow-Testing Association has averaged a yield of 2,028 quarts of milk per cow for a herd of sixteen cows in the year 1917, and 2,282 quarts per cow in 1918, 2,800 quarts per cow in 1919, and 2,816 quarts per cow in 1920. In 1920 five of this man's cows that were only three-year-olds (in their first year of milk) gave each from 2,872 quarts for the best of the five, down to 2,322 quarts for the least.

Another member of the Association boasts the prize dairying animal of the Association, a cow named Dovetail, ten years' old. In the thirty-five weeks after calving, this cow gave 4,509 quarts of milk, producing 5,087 pounds of butter. During the two months after calving Dovetail yielded an average of thirty quarts per day. It is estimated that the net profit in milk and butter from this cow was fifty pounds, ten shillings (825s).

LOYD GEORGE INDIGNANT BUT STILL EAGER

As the storms gather more thickly around the head of the British Jupiter, Lloyd George, he is becoming more feverishly anxious to induce Irish leaders to treat with him. It is reported from Ireland that through a dozen different channels, in Rome, in London, in Dublin, Cork, Belfast, and even in America, he is craftily trying to bring about the desired conference—without too obviously exposing his eagerness. But Lloyd George's unreliability, not to say dishonesty, has become so well-known to Irish leaders as well as to the leaders of every other nation in Europe upon whom he trusts, that no offers or invitations will now be accepted from him unless publicly expressed, or put down in black and white, and over his own signature. The poor innocent man is said to be much nettled by such unworthy distrust of him, and to have perforce expressed the stinging indignation of an honest man not found out.

From time to time he has been embarrassed by representatives of big Continental nations displaying distrust of his word. But the pain he then felt was trifling compared with that which he experienced when, having actually condescended to make gracious offer to receive in conference the head assassins of the Irish murder gang (as he was wont to term it) these head assassins, instead of being paralyzed by the honor, replied "We shall accept no verbal invitations from you and no consent to meet you when you have bound yourself by either written or published conditions. Then we shall consent to let you meet us on equal terms—we, as you, the representatives of a sovereign nation." He has had to swallow his first fit of indignation, and continue trying to find a way. At his instigation many parleys are proceeding between subsidiaries in various quarters. But

he hasn't yet mustered the courage to brave the "dyed-in-the-wool" Tories, and come out with his public offer to treat on equal terms with DeValera. He is daily getting nearer it however.

SLAN LIHB

Last week I gave an excerpt from the letter of an Irish boy on the eve of his execution—which exemplified the wonderful spirit of these lads. I now have a little poem written by another of the Republican soldiers under the same circumstances. It bears the Gaelic title "Slán Libh" (pronounced Liv) which is a Gaelic parting phrase. Such boys as these may be hung, shot, or tortured to the grave—but they die not—neither themselves nor their cause. Hear this boy with the British hangman's noose around his neck—

Sisters and brothers! Comrades all, Who trod the olden road with me! Woe, answering a nation's call, Mother Erin swears to free! To you who carry on the fight My share of deathless hope I give Before I pass into the Night.

Slán Libh.

Your work allows no time for rest! The longest life's the merest span! Your cause, the bravest, noblest, best That e'er inspired the heart of man! Fight on, fear not, for God is just! The tyrant, too, shall cease to live— Pray on for those whose bones are dust.

Slán Libh.

Slán Libh! A simple Irish phrase Of parting, but to meet again— 'Tis comrades who through night and day For Erin's sake strove might and main, For her dear sake, remember me; For her sweet sake my fanite forgive! God speed the Fight for Liberty.

Slán Libh!

### SHOT "WHILE ATTEMPTING TO ESCAPE"

Besides the many boys who have been condemned to death by court-martial and shot or hanged in British legal form, there is a far larger number against whom no evidence being discovered are put out of the way by being shot dead "attempting to escape." Replying to an inquiry of an English member of Parliament, the Irish Chief Secretary the other day was compelled rather nervously to inform the British House of Commons that since the epidemic of killing "attempting to escape" prisoners began about four months ago, forty-eight Irishmen have been done away with under that excuse. The Secretary added, for the soothing of the feelings of any sensitive members, that in every such case a Court of Inquiry was held and if, in any case, negligence was proved against the escort who did the shooting the offenders would be tried by court-martial. The poor Secretary was much disturbed when some of the radical and labor members received this latter piece of intelligence with a loud and rude guffaw. But for the terribly tragic aspect of it, there certainly is amusement in the comic opera idea. The military gentlemen first faithfully carry out their instructions, shoot their prisoners dead and give to the press the information that they were killed "trying to escape"—then they constitute a Court of Inquiry into their own conduct, and forward to Dublin Castle a decision as to whether they themselves or the dead man had been guilty of culpable negligence!

### ORANGE DISCIPLINE FOR CLERGYMEN

An eighty-seven year old retired priest, Father Finlay, was taken out of his house last week by the Belfast Orangemen, riddled with bullets and his head beaten to pulp. But Orangemen realize that it will be necessary for them to beat in the heads of the Roman Catholic minority in Upper Canada were guaranteed by solemn compact, and whereas among these rights is the full development of the common school system and the equitable division of the school taxes of minorities, and proportional distribution of all school grants, and whereas the school system of the Roman Catholic minority of Ontario is deprived of the legal machinery necessary for its complete functioning, and whereas the Catholic school system of Ontario does not receive its just and proper share of certain school taxes and school grants:

"Therefore be it resolved that this meeting respectfully requests the Government and the Legislature of Ontario to enact such legal measures as will put the Roman Catholic minority of this Province in the full enjoyment of its educational rights under the constitution."

WALLACEBURG  
SEUMAS MACMANUS,  
Of Donegal.

It is the thinker who rules. It is brains that count. The man with the mind that is trained to plan, to foresee, to co-ordinate and to judge is the one who comes first, and those who can only do what they are told and follow a certain routine, where they do not have to use their own initiative, are inferior.

## CATHOLIC SCHOOL RIGHTS

### FATHER GNAM APPEALS TO FAIR-MINDED OF ALL CREDOS

(Special Despatch to the Globe)

Woodstock, June 12.—That fair-minded Canadians would concede to the Catholic minority of Ontario the same educational rights as those enjoyed by the Protestant minority of Quebec if the facts of the case were known by them, was the opinion expressed here today by Rev. Father Gnam. Father Gnam was addressing a gathering of about 700 members of the Holy Name Societies of Woodstock, La Salette, Tillsonburg, Simcoe, Norwich and Ingersoll in the London Diocese.

Following the parade through the city streets the members adjourned to St. Mary's Church, where a strong sermon was delivered by the Right Rev. Vicar General O'Connor of the London Diocese. The service connected with the acceptance of new members into the society was conducted by Rev. Father Stanley of Woodstock, Diocesan Director, assisted by Rev. Father Gnam of Ingersoll, District Director. Others who assisted in the service were Father Mahoney of St. Peter's Seminary, London; Father Mahoney, La Salette; Father Nagle, Simcoe; Father Quigley, Tillsonburg; Father Webber and Father Moulkes of Woodstock.

### MINORITIES RIGHTS

"Every fair-minded Canadian citizen," said Father Gnam, "is ready to concede to the Catholic minority of Ontario rights which are granted to and enjoyed by the Protestant minority in Quebec. Every conscientious non-Catholic will be in sympathy with our needs since he understands that our schools receive no portion of the taxes derived from public utilities, national railroads, industrial corporations, banking institutions, etc., notwithstanding that as citizens Catholics play an essential part in the maintenance of these institutions."

"Every impartial student of Canadian history must admit that the Catholic Church discovered Canada through the missionary spirit she instilled into the hearts of her children. That she brought with her in her discovery of Canada the traditions and customs of France, her eldest daughter—that she adopted into her communion with mothers' care, the fierce Indian tribes that overran the country, that she did more, she gave birth to Canada, stood by, watched over and reared her cradle."

### PROTECTED FROM UNITED STATES

"She placed her under the fostering care of France—protected her from the alluring hands of the United States, then gave her over to the British under the conditions that she secured 'customs' relating to religious worship and the education of her children be permanently secured and left undisturbed."

"It was by a perpetual concession of these customs, which included religious liberty, that the Fathers of Confederation were able to build up a united Canada. These customs grew into rights and as such were incorporated in the British North America Act of 1867, and therefore form an integral part of the fundamental principles of the constitution of the Dominion."

Heartily endorsing Father Gnam's forceful and reasoned appeal, Mayor Gahagan moved, Crown Attorney Kelly, K. C. (Nortolk Co.) seconded the following resolution which passed unanimously:

"Whereas under the British North America Act, which is the constitution of Canada, the educational rights in the matter of denominational schools of the Protestant minority in Lower Canada and the Roman Catholic minority in Upper Canada were guaranteed by solemn compact, and whereas among these rights is the full development of the common school system and the equitable division of the school taxes of minorities, and proportional distribution of all school grants, and whereas the school system of the Roman Catholic minority of Ontario is deprived of the legal machinery necessary for its complete functioning, and whereas the Catholic school system of Ontario does not receive its just and proper share of certain school taxes and school grants:

"Therefore be it resolved that this meeting respectfully requests the Government and the Legislature of Ontario to enact such legal measures as will put the Roman Catholic minority of this Province in the full enjoyment of its educational rights under the constitution."

They also took over the Chatham Citizens Band which headed the parade.

The parade, which was over a quarter-of-a-mile in length, traversed the principal streets of the town arriving at the church about three o'clock. The men occupied the entire main floor of the church, the ladies occupying the galleries. Rev. Father Solanus, O.F.M., of Chatham, was the celebrant and was assisted by Rev. Father McCarthy of Thamesville as Deacon and Rev. Father McKee of Merlin as Sub-Deacon. Other priests present were: Rev. Father Doe, of Ridgetown; Rev. Father Lowry, of Merlin; Rev. Fathers Ethelbert and Patrick of Chatham, and Rev. Fathers Brennan and Blonda of Wallaceburg.

Father Lowry, of Merlin, preached an eloquent sermon on the text: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and let all that is within thee, bless His Holy Name." Psalm 102: 1, 2.

When the function was concluded the Separate School resolution was moved by James Gollyg, seconded by Arthur J. Dalozne, and unanimously adopted.

### DUBLIN

A meeting of the Holy Name Societies of the St. Columban District, representing a membership of 600 men, was held on Sunday, the 12th of June, at Dublin, Ont. The resolution asking for fair dealing with regard to Separate Schools was moved by Joseph Nagle, Esq., Dublin, seconded by Frank McQuaid, Reeve of McKillop, and was unanimously adopted.

### THE OTHER CENTRES

In seven other centres similar resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Holy Name men present at the rallies.

At St. Thomas the resolution was not put to the meeting, but was subsequently adopted by the Holy Name societies of London and St. Thomas.

## "CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY"

From Special Correspondent to the Manchester Guardian

Belfast, May 24.—It would be hard to find even in the rather corrupt history of Irish politics a selection fought with such ruthlessness, such corruption, and such unfairness as the election for the Northern Parliament which ended today. The result was never in doubt. The Unionist majority will be ample to enable the new Parliament to form its quorum and constitute a Government and a Senate. That was all the more reason for the indignation of the voters by intimidation, but the Unionists have persecuted our voters and thus gained two for every man and woman they kept away. Ulster volunteers, armed, were inside every booth and at the doors. Wherever we were strong there were military and police along with the Volunteer specials. Wherever we were weak there was nobody to protect our voters but the Unionist specials. Persecuting was common and organized.

The result of the elections, as far as the estimates made up to the present go, will be to give the Unionists 38 members and the Anti-Partitionists 14. The majority of the Unionists will win in Co. Antrim, that is in Belfast City and the county. Here lies the greatest strength of Unionism, though Mr. Davlin expects to be returned for both West Belfast and Antrim County. There has been an exceedingly heavy poll, but it is felt that at least one seat has been lost to Sinn Féin in Belfast through intimidation.

I ought in fairness to add I have heard no complaint of intimidation or interference with Unionist voters by Sinn Féiners or Nationalists in their strongest districts of Belfast.

### A BODY WITHOUT A PROGRAMME

The Northern Parliament will be a perfectly drilled Parliament representing nothing but the most carefully distilled essence of official Unionism. All Independent Unionists were purged away before nomination day except one recalcitrant farmer in County Down. The Prohibitionist and Temperance party who drew their strength from the Presbyterian churches and made much noise about their opposition to the liquor trade have capitulated to the cry of "Close up the ranks," and at the call of Sir James Craig, a distiller, have held their hand for three years. All one knows is that there are to be Ministers of Agriculture, Finance, Commerce, Labor, and Education, though if one mistakes not Sir James Craig has only yet mentioned three of them in public.

Ulster Unionism, which will direct the House of Commons and overwhelm the Senate which the Commons is to elect, offers little immediate hope for those who see the only solution of the Irish difficulty in the Northeast taking its part in a united Ireland. Now that Ulstermen have been forced to govern themselves they will do it with the same

intensity and perhaps with the same exclusiveness with which they fought the self-governing idea in the past. But there are signs of another spirit. A few Unionists, unlike the short-sighted majority, count quite definitely on five or perhaps ten years' self-government leading to a natural rapprochement and a redistribution of wider powers under a more unified central government for North and South. Sir James Craig is credited with something of the same ideal. But in the meantime what is to become of the South? Will Sinn Féin come to terms on the basis of six excluded counties? The recent interviews, public and private, with Mr. De Valera have not given a helpful answer, and Crown Colony Government, which is the present alternative, offers only the prospect of endless bloodshed.

Later on at this same booth other Nationalist and Sinn Féin voters were attacked, and at 1 o'clock the booth was closed by military order.

### AGENTS THROWN OUT

In the country districts outside Belfast intimidation was even more rife. In Sir James Craig's constituency, which Mr. De Valera is fighting for Sinn Féin, the Sinn Féin personation agents were forcibly excluded from the booths because of their objection to the Unionist agents helping people to vote, standing over them and even guiding the pencil.

At Drozmo two personation agents were ejected from the booth by the police, in spite of the fact that their credentials were in order and their action proper. That booth is now in the hands of Unionists, who will be able to poll the whole register—dead, absent, Nationalist, Sinn Féin, all will have their papers marked in the approved manner.

At Hillhall a personation agent was ejected and chased from the building by a crowd, the police offering no protection. This was evidently prearranged for the Unionist agent had said earlier in the day "You won't be here long."

These are a few instances of the physical violence offered to those who are not voting for Sir James Craig and his party. They might be extended indefinitely. The result is that they terrorize the Catholic voter, and he stops away rather than run the gauntlet of the hostile crowd round the booths. But if he stays away his vote is not only lost to the Anti-Partitionists, but given to the Unionists, because they persecute him.

In another part of Ballymacarret a Nationalist was hit on the head with an iron bar near the polling station, and was removed to hospital. There were queues outside the booths in the early morning. An old woman who stood in one was hit on the chin by a stone, but in spite of the injury she held on and voted.

In Berlin Street, North Belfast, three Sinn Féin personation agents were attacked on leaving the polling station. Two of them have since been missing.

A riot occurred in Frazer Street, Ballymacarret, this afternoon. A policeman was struck on the head by a stone, and the police were compelled to fire on the "Loyalist" crowd.

### "BRAZENLY CORRUPT"

Mr. Joseph Davlin, M. P., whom I saw tonight on his return from North Antrim, said he had never known an election more brazenly corrupt.

Not only have we lost hundreds of votes by intimidation, but the Unionists have persecuted our voters and thus gained two for every man and woman they kept away. Ulster volunteers, armed, were inside every booth and at the doors. Wherever we were strong there were military and police along with the Volunteer specials. Wherever we were weak there was nobody to protect our voters but the Unionist specials. Persecuting was common and organized.

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## YEAR OF NOTABLE CENTENARIES

The year 1921 is a remarkable year for centenaries. Overshadowing all others in the worldwide observance of the sixth centenary of Dante, scheduled for September. Every country in the civilized world under the inspiration of the Holy See will unite in doing honor to the greatest poet of all time. The Holy Father's Encyclical on Dante has called attention to the fact that Dante is to be regarded as a faithful son of the Church and the great Catholic poet par excellence. In view of the forthcoming Dantean celebration, it is interesting to review the famous centenaries that the present year has already seen observed.

In this country the tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims is still the subject of a little interest and much acrimonious controversy. The belated observance of the Luther quarter centenary failed to evoke the enthusiasm expected. The centenary of the death of Napoleon on the other hand started a wave of interest in the career of the First Consul that was felt throughout the world. The great speech of Marshal Foch, and the solemn religious ceremonies around his tomb, set the world talking about the greatest military genius in history.

To Catholics interest in centenaries was kept alive by the vital and searching encyclicals of the Holy Father. The fifteenth centenary of St. Jerome gave the Holy Father an occasion to refer to the invaluable contribution of St. Jerome to Biblical studies, and to exhort Christians to imitate the saint in the reading and study of the Sacred Scriptures. Likewise the Seventh centenary of the founding of the Third order of St. Francis, the echoes of which have just died away in Rome, gave Pope Benedict a fitting opportunity to call to mind the flaming charity of the Poor Man of Assisi and to urge all Christians in this our torn world to learn the lesson of charity preached by St. Francis.

The semi-centennial of the proclamation of St. Joseph as Patron of the Universal Church was taken advantage of by the Sovereign Pontiff to instill the needed lessons of the sanctity of conjugal fidelity, the respect for parental authority, and the importance of subordinating earthly ambitions to our interests eternal. And the letter on the centenary of Ballaratine, Prince of Conoveratists, outlined the true principles of Christian apologetics.

The cult of hero worship has not yet disappeared from the earth. The true heroes who deserve most to be the subject of the admission and edification of the world are those who have contributed not to destruction like Carlyle's heroes but to the construction of society, like the heroes commemorated by the Holy Father's luminous encyclicals. (Quite an array of heroes might be compiled from these centenary observances. What better list could we have than Francis the Saint, Jerome the Scholar, Joseph the Carpenter, Dante the Poet, Ballaratine the Conoveratist? If men would only learn the lessons that such lives mutely but eloquently preach to what a different world this would be!—The Pilot.)

London, June 9.—The highest honors that British art can bestow have been conferred on Sir John Lavery, an Irish Catholic artist and one of the best of living portrait painters, who has just been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. Sir John Lavery is a native of Belfast, where he was born in 1857. After making his art studies in Glasgow, London, and Paris, he attained membership of artistic bodies in France, Spain, and Austria, and his works are now in public galleries in almost all the chief capitals of Europe, and in two at least of the chief American cities, Pittsburgh and Philadelphia.

A Jesuit priest in China, Father Frodo Director of the Siccaw Observatory at Shanghai, says the Pilot, has lately been decorated by the French Government with the Cross of the Legion of Honor in recognition of his scientific work. For upwards of a quarter of a century Father Frodo has been engaged in forecasting the track of typhoons. "It would be impossible to estimate," a newspaper correspondent writes, "the number of lives and the value of the property which has been saved during the last twenty years by the tireless energy of this member of the Society of Jesus." Another name has thus been added to the long list of priest astronomers and scientists, who have rendered such meritorious service to humanity.

London, June 4.—Miss Olive Catherine Clapham, a Catholic woman of Hull, is the first member of her sex to be admitted to the English bar. She received her university education at Oxford, in the institution maintained there by the Sisters of the Holy Child, and was awarded the Oxford degree of bachelor of civil law. She is the second woman in England who has received this degree. During the coming week, Miss Clapham will be called to the bar at Middle Temple, London, and after fulfilling the special terms as a member of the Middle Temple and attending the Benchers' dinners in Temple Hall, will be admitted to plead in the courts as a full barrister. Although she is only twenty-three years old Miss Clapham has already attained high honors in the study of law and jurisprudence.

## CATHOLIC NOTES

In the year 1790 there was built on Pottinger's Creek, Kentucky, a large cabin chapel with clapboards for a roof. An altar of rough wood was used. It was dedicated to the Holy Cross. This was the first church built in Kentucky.

Twenty members of the Society of Jesus will sail from New York, June 13, to take charge of the missions in the Philippines which have been transferred from the Spanish branch of the order to the jurisdiction of the Maryland-New York province.

The General Council of the Department of the Seine in France has just provided for a reward of 800 francs to all parents who announce the birth of a third child. The bonus shall be increased for every additional child, with a maximum premium of 650 francs for the tenth child.

The National Library of Chile has presented to the University of Notre Dame a collection of 150 volumes on the History of Chile. The books are in Spanish and were presented in honor of Father Zahm, Vice-president of Notre Dame, who accompanied Theodore Roosevelt on his South American expedition.

New York, June 6.—Additional favors in the form of indulgences have been granted by the Holy See to the Catholic Boys' Brigade of the United States, according to information received at the office of the Chief Commissioner of the Brigade here. These include one of three hundred days for the public or private recitation of the organization's pledge, and a plenary indulgence for monthly Communion.

New York, June 6.—A room in Alumni Hall of Fordham University has been dedicated in honor of the thirty-six Fordham men who gave up their lives during the World War. Pictures of the men have been hung around the walls bearing the names, and date and place of death of each man; and their names have been inscribed on bronze tablets placed on the stone gateway at one of the entrances to the University.

Budapest.—The new Hungarian 50 crown and 100-crown paper notes bear the picture of the Mother of God with the Christ Child. The Blessed Virgin is the patron of Hungary. The water mark in these two bills is the patriarchal cross. The color of the 100-crown note is brown black, while the 50-crown note is olive brown. Bavaria also has a picture of the national patron on certain notes of high value.

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## ANCIENT IRISH CHALICE DATES BACK TO YEAR 1652

Queenstown, June 9.—The story of a historic example of an old Irish chalice which has been preserved after figuring in some remarkable history has attracted wide attention of late.

There was recently received from Rev. J. W. O'Byrne, P. P., of Kilmore, County Wexford, the following account of an old chalice which now belongs to his parish church at Tomhagard, which is of interest to lovers of old church articles: "On Christmas morning, 1652, Father Nicholas Mayer, Parish Priest, and a native of the parish, was saying Mass in a grove near the old parish church of Tomhagard, when he was surprised and murdered by a party of Cromwellian soldiers. A woman who was present secured the chalice he was using, and concealed it in her dress. It was pre-

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HONOUR WITHOUT RENOWN

BY MRS. INNES BROWN

Author of "Three Daughters of the United Kingdom" CHAPTER XVIII.

Bands of desperate fanatics had been driven back in search of refuge and shelter towards that quarter in which was sheltered the small home-stand of Mrs. Corbette; and in order to revenge themselves more fully for their defeat they were determined to wreck everything of value that still remained. And so it came to pass that the women of the Commune, wild with the madness of disappointed rage, assisted and urged their confederates to commit the blackest deeds of cruelty. Not only did they aid in setting fire to the best part of the city, but they were more than suspected of endeavoring by diabolical contrivances to poison the troops.

When the sun arose above the horizon, sending its chilling rays in majestic splendor through the confines of the gilded clouds, there flew from mouth to mouth the news of the cruel and sacrilegious deed that had been perpetrated by those lawless wretches. They had struck where they knew the blow would be most keenly felt. In cold blood they had led out the Archbishop and many of his priests, and had shot them down like dogs. What cared they now what befell the town, since the cause was lost for which they had fought so desperately? So, as they sought escape by flight from their enraged pursuers, every here and there they stayed their course and fired whatever they deemed worth the trouble; and thus it came to pass that they judged the big vacant buildings near Madame Corbette's tiny residence worthy of a light.

A fresh strong wind was rising rapidly; it fanned the angry flames and carried aloft the blackening smoke; in its strength it bore sparks and fragments of frames and burning timber, of windows and of beams, and some of these it dropped upon the small dry roof below, where they found quick and ready occupation in the ancient fabric of the little cottage.

The wreckers laughed and jeered as they passed on. Only one seemed to remember then that the little tenement sheltered a confederate of their own—a nephew of hers, who, when he suddenly realized the danger that threatened his old aunt, rushed into the cottage, and half dragged, half carried the weak and suffering woman to a place of safety in an adjoining building. There having laid her, roughly enough, upon the floor of an empty room, he left her—half-dazed now with fright and exhaustion, to the tender mercies of any one who would minister to her; and himself rushed off to a more secure place of retreat.

A small group of idle watchmen had collected near the burning buildings, interested for the time being in the conflagration, and speculating as to the probability of the fire's spreading rapidly amid the ruins, when almost breathless, but with a firm, set look upon her face, Sister Marguerite arrived upon the scene. They stared blankly at her as, seizing the hand of the man nearest to her, she asked anxiously whether the inmates of that little cottage had been rescued.

"I don't know," said the man, turning rudely aside. "It's not my business to rescue foolhardy folks from situations like this. What right have people to endanger their lives by living in such places at times like these?"

She did not wait to hear his answer out, but walked quickly forward towards the cottage, which each moment appeared to be more clearly encircled by the belt of flames. They seemed to arise from the back; and blown by the gusty wind, one half the crimson circle had already reached the creepers on the wooden porch, and greedily lapped at the fire were darting on the open doorway.

"Come back! Come back at once, Sister!" cried a man from the group; and he grasped her vigorously by the shoulder. "You shall not advance farther. I tell you the old dame is safe. She is not here; I saw her rescued and carried to safer quarters. If you do not believe me, come and see for yourself."

It may be in peril. Loose your hold, I say," and she struggled to be free. "Is there not a man among you," she cried, "who for the honor of France will lend a hand to rescue a fellow soul from destruction—once, too, who has risked his life to save her citizens?"

Listen to reason!" shouted the man, angered by her continued resistance. "Behold the flames! You cannot enter the cottage now. Are you not already half-deafened by the fall of timber and the crackle of fire? If your patient is still within, he must be stifled and dead ere he is. He is feeble, maimed, and helpless; you yourself have told us so."

But he is an Englishman!" cried the Sister, as with a supreme effort she freed herself from their grasp, and rushed through the living flames to the rescue of her countryman. So much depended upon her patient's life. It was for all their sakes she did it, and— "Never king nor conqueror's brow, Wore higher look than hers did now."

Since the evening hour when his gentle nurse had left his side, Manfred had not closed his eyes in sleep. The terrible and warlike voices raging around would alone have sufficed to rob him of all power to rest or slumber; but apart from any external interruption, his soul was external, and storm-tossed that, in the cruel but salutary conflict going on within, he paid at first little heed to the clamor without. As in the last moments (according to current belief) of a drowning man, each and every incident of his life was portrayed plainly before him.

Before his mind's vision stood forth those degrading acts of boyish envy and selfishness which had been the first means of depriving his brother of his inheritance. Was it his love and trust. These sprang those horrible deeds of black injustice and perfidy, by which he had basely wracked another's life—receiving what in return? A usurped inheritance, and a heart which dared not seek its God, and from which peace seemed for ever banished. Oh, foul and dark—foul with the presence and pressure of guilt, and dark with the blankness of despair—seemed the pages of his life this night. Was it cry of his soul so feeble, so stifled by vice, that no echo of it could ever reach the mercy seat above? He clasped his hands and raised his burning eyes as he called on Heaven to witness his repentance. To prove his sincerity he would confess all; he would undo the past and would henceforth stand before his fellow-creatures without disguise. "I will take upon myself all opprobrium and blame. I will show the world the unvarnished villain that I am! And Edmund, poor Edmund, you shall have your revenge at last! For it shall be even as she said it should be. What were her words? 'Heaven and earth must bear witness to the sincerity of Harold's repentance ere he may hope to obtain mercy.' Yes, these were her words, and they shall be fulfilled. Kind, gentle little nurse, the noble yet sweet spirit that pervades your inmost soul has conquered mine, and the thought of your pure and spotless life will give me nerve to face the worst. The most cruel prison could never surpass or equal the torture I have sustained of late. Ah, I shall have one act to do in my lonely hours of degradation. She will be sorry for me; she will pray for her repentant patient! and Heaven will hear and grant her prayers, though it should be deaf to mine."

"The stranger is worse tonight," thought Jeanne, as she paused to listen to the unintelligible sounds which issued from the other room. "I wonder what is wrong with him now? His voice is expressive of great distress; yet if he does not answer me, but continues to rave in his own harsh and unintelligible language, I suppose it is the way with these rough foreigners. I shall leave him to calm himself. Well, he is not the only one in trouble. How restless even is my old aunt! She calls incessantly for Sister Marguerite; and how ill she looks! I never saw anyone before look so like death and live. There, she calls the Sister again! Yes, yes, aunt, I will go in again! They neither of them search of her. They neither of them require my immediate care," she pondered, "and I long to know what is going on outside." So glancing to assure herself that, according to her aunt's desire, the key was turned in the door which separated the two rooms, and glad of an opportunity to allay her curiosity, she stole quietly out, closing the door behind her.

The mind of Manfred was diverted from the contemplation of his own misery for a moment as he listened to the perpetual cry of the old woman. There was a ring in her cracked voice which he had never heard before, expressive of humility and sorrow, as she persisted in her entreaties. "Sister Marguerite! Dear, kind Sister Marguerite, where are you? Why do you not come to me? I am old, and so feeble and ill; I want you. I hear the voice of my husband; he calls me, and bids me tell you to hasten."

"And do I not need her too?" thought Manfred. "Yes, indeed; for I will conceal from her my name and guilt no longer. She will be just—perhaps more severe—but she will also be wise. Edmund shall know and bless her too; for to her he shall owe his freedom. Until the

moment of her return I will endeavor to curb my impatience by repeating those sweet prayers she taught me. And as he did so, the unrest and disquiet within him seemed to grow less and less, until at last they almost vanished, leaving him tranquil and hopeful. As his peace of mind increased he became more conscious of the continuous and gnawing pain in his foot. He endeavored to relieve the aching limb by constantly changing its position within the narrow couch. Then the strange sounds outside attracted and perplexed him. What was going to be the upshot of it all, he wondered. Now it was the roar of cannon which distracted him, now the crack of artillery. A few moments ago it was far off, now it is much closer; nay, the small roof above him vibrated with that last shock. What would he not give to be able to watch the event? It was a terrible punishment for one of his temperament to be forced to lie thus inert. Would the pale moon never set? Would the day never dawn? How long and weary were the hours growing! For a time there seemed to be a lull in the conflict, and Manfred was grateful for it. It is one thing to be up and able to aid one's self in such a crisis; it is totally different when, bedridden and helpless, we must serve but as a target to two conflicting parties.

Now there drew nigh, increasing each instant and gaining power and force as it advanced, the sound of a snoring multitude: not the rhythmic tramp-tramp of a regiment, but, as it were, the bursting forth of savage waters, came this wild course of human beings, rushing onward without order or reason. Closer and closer it came, this flood of unruly patrolling feet. Soon he could distinguish the shrieks of the frightened and blended voices of the more surely, defiant tones of men.

How quickly they swept along! The foremost were even now passing the cottage door. Madame Corbette has ceased her cries. Is she listening, too? Oh, the rush of mingled sounds as the multitude scuttles past! Whilst the first frantic roll of the boisterous human billow is falling and dying in the distance, the other, that unrelenting breaker, never ceases to beat upon the shore. There is something weird and unearthly in its movements now—a stealthy creeping sound. They are dragging wood and combustible debris, and piling them round the ruins.

It is still too dark to see; the moon has hidden her face beneath a cloud; but following the sounds with a sudden keenness of perception this is what Manfred surmises. If so, the good God—what will their next move be? He hears their quick steady tread beneath the casement, but the blind is drawn closely down; it is dark, and he is helpless! There is a pause of five minutes. Things seem quieter now; perhaps all occasion for fear is over. He breathes more evenly. But what is that sudden darkness, as of a black pall, which falls upon the window-pane, enveloping every familiar object in the little room. He grows paler as once more he notices the head, the little nose, and flashes, a of lightning, shoot across the window panes. The light increases rapidly; soon—very soon—it glows a livid red; and there is a spluttering, crackling sound, and the noise of men's voices has ceased. Good heavens! Is it possible that they have set fire to something near? There is no mistaking the sound of a conflagration now. The roar and glare of the flames, as they mount higher and higher, the stifling smell of smoke which penetrates every crevice of the cottage walls, proves his terrible surmises to be correct. There is a box of matches, also a little candle by his side, but there is no need for either, the small apartment is lit up all too brilliantly by the red flames outside.

He seizes his watch and discovers that it still wants a quarter to three; there are several hours yet before his kind nurse is due. Even then, will she be allowed to come? He traverses it, and if she should come, and how ill she looks! I never saw anyone before look so like death and live. There, she calls the Sister again! Yes, yes, aunt, I will go in again! They neither of them search of her. They neither of them require my immediate care," she pondered, "and I long to know what is going on outside." So glancing to assure herself that, according to her aunt's desire, the key was turned in the door which separated the two rooms, and glad of an opportunity to allay her curiosity, she stole quietly out, closing the door behind her.

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TEMPERED WITH MERCY

Mrs. Norman hastened along the path that led from the railway station to the watering place of Braymore; and though it was said that one of the finest views of the surrounding coast was to be had from the slight eminence on which the station stood, the lady passed hastily along the path without a glance seaward. Once or twice she stayed her steps for a few seconds.

"Oh, poor, poor Rose! Her only child! A widow and childless!" she murmured, as she had done several times since at the breakfast table that morning she had read of the tragic death of Henry Crawford, only son of the late Sir Walter Crawford and Lady Crawford. "I must go to Rose at once!" Mrs. Norman had cried to her hostess. "I never knew she was living at Braymore. We ceased to correspond years ago," and she had gone on to tell how she and Rose Fitzgerald had been class-mates and close friends at the convent in Dublin, where both had been educated. Then Mrs. Norman had married the doctor of a regiment stationed in Dublin and afterwards accompanied him abroad, so that visits to her own land were few. She had met Rose Fitzgerald, a radiantly happy bride, and her husband when the pair were on their honeymoon; and though she grieved that her friend had married a Protestant, she had acknowledged that, apart from the difference of religion, the pair were ideally matched. Rose, fair, slender and ethereal; Crawford tall, strong and determined, showing even then the quickness of decision and forceful character that had made him one of the wealthiest and most influential of Belfast merchants.

Mrs. Norman had to inquire the way to Hazelmere. The man who gave her the required directions added: "It was a terrible accident." He pointed to the high cliff on the other side of the town. "The young man was walking there alone when he fell. The late storms must have been accountable for the fall of a portion of the cliff. He fell with it. May God rest his soul!" The man raised his cap reverently, and Mrs. Norman took her way towards the pretty villa to which she had been directed. A maid with red and swollen eyelids admitted her, and led her to the darkened drawing room.

Perhaps Lady Crawford is unable to see anyone at the moment," said the girl. "If you please, that Mr. Blake is here, willing to stay or leave, as she desires." "Oh, she will see you," the girl replied. "She is wonderful, wonderful. She has not cried a tear—not one tear." The ready tears fell down the speaker's cheeks as she left the room.

It was only a few minutes till the door opened and a tall fair woman came in. Her clothing back garments were all fastened, and she came forward calmly with steady voice and outstretched hands. "Mary! dear Mary! how good of you to come!" Lady Crawford said, and then Mrs. Norman's arms were round her. "Oh, Rose! Rose! Your one child! Your one boy! My poor, poor Rose!" Mrs. Norman cried.

"There, Mary," Lady Crawford forced her visitor into a chair. "You must not cry, Mary! Oh, there is no need for tears. None, Mary! Lady Crawford seated herself beside Mrs. Norman, and the latter stilled her sobs after a few minutes, and mentioned that she had been a visitor at a country house thirty miles away. "I felt I must come to you, Rose. Oh, why does God send such overwhelming trials?" she said. "Not overwhelming, Mrs. Norman. It is a trial, but it is tempered with mercy. By and by I shall thank God for it. Just now—"

Again the voice broke, and the speaker paused for a second. "I can speak to you, Mary, as to no one else," Lady Crawford continued. "You remembered how happy I was in the early days of my married life. Yet soon that happiness was clouded. Let me tell you all. No, no. It shall not grieve me to speak."

"I was young and romantic when I first met my husband, and I was gratified by the attention paid me by a man who, young as he was, was ready of much account among his fellow citizens. I suppose his appearance and his strong will influenced me as well as his impetuous wooing. I had no very near relatives to warn me against marrying one not of our faith. My father, a gentle old man, had indeed impressed on me the risks I ran in wedding a Protestant; but Father Burke, I said to my conscience, was of a different and rather narrow-minded. I had no doubt, no doubt whatever, but that one day Walter would become a Catholic. So do people deceive themselves."

and Benediction. He was fond of music and very much in love. Then Henry was born. "And baptized by a priest, surely." "Yes, Oa, Walter kept to the letter of the contract. He never hindered my boy or me from going to Mass or the Sacraments. But—" the speaker's voice grew more intense—"he did worse. He laughed and mocked good-humoredly at religion in the child's hearing. And Henry idolized his father. He saw him honored and respected by all, fair and just in his business dealings, and kind and charitable to the poor and sad. Then Walter was a clever and learned man, and long before Henry was out of his teens the two were good comrades. I—I— you know I was never bright at school, Mary, and I think I grew duller as years went on. At any rate, both my husband and son used to smile at my inability to understand their scientific or philosophical talk. Henry ceased going to confession; then he gave up Mass. By the time he was twenty-one he was an avowed atheist. I don't think he ever understood what I think. Perhaps his nature was somewhat hard. When he died, Henry inherited his possession, excepting the sum of money which yielded me a modest income."

"You lived with your son?" "For two years. He became engaged to Sylvia Greenwood, the only daughter of an eminent surgeon. She was a beautiful girl, highly educated and utterly and only contemptuous of religion. Poor girl! she had been brought up in a bad atmosphere. The date of the marriage was fixed, and I left my house and settled here. It seemed wisest to me that the young couple should start life by themselves, and I settled here. Just before the day appointed for the marriage, Sylvia's father died, and the marriage was postponed. There was a second postponement owing to Sylvia's illness. A third date was fixed, and Henry came here to spend a day and night with me prior to his wedding. After dinner he went out for a walk and fell."

Mrs. Norman shuddered. "Thank God he was not killed outright! Oh, thank God! He lived for twenty-four hours, and he asked for a priest, and was reconciled to God. They—people—wonder why I do not weep. Oh, it isn't that! I do not feel Henry's loss! I do! I do! But the gain is so much more! He died happily, with the crucifix in his hand and his voice, joining in his prayers for the souls of his former life. I could not catch the words. On his dead face there is a smile of perfect peace. You must come and see."

The two women passed to the death chamber. As they knelt by the bed on which Henry Crawford lay, a girl, tall and slender, and beautiful even in her grief, hastily left the room. Later Lady Crawford spoke of her.

Sylvia came in time for the end. Poor child! She is distracted with grief and she is bitter and rebellious. But the mood will pass. Perhaps—some day—she will pray for him." It was quite five years later that Mrs. Norman observed amongst the names of half a dozen ladies who had received the black veil in a Carmelite Convent that of Sylvia Greenwood.—Magdalen Rock, in the Irish Rosary.

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Mrs. Norman asked, as Lady Crawford stopped speaking. "The shadow of a smile touched Rose Crawford's pale face ere she answered. "Bigoted! No; my husband had no religious beliefs. He gave the required pledges at our marriage and kept them to the letter only. At first, as I have said, we were happy beyond anything I had dreamt of, and during our honeymoon Walter was ready to accompany me to Mass

on an errand, tells them to hurry back. Boy like, they linger, and return very late. Nearing home they become frightened, the first boy, says he is because now he will get a terrible whipping. The second boy says he is sorry, not so much on account of the punishment, but rather because of his disobedience, he has displeased his good parent, who has done so much for him. The former boy, in his sorrow, might be said to possess Atrition, while the latter child, referring his sorrow to the motive of offending his father, could be said to possess the better, Contrition. What effect does sorrow have on the soul? The less perfect kind, Atrition, when it is supernatural, and excludes the will of sinning in the future, this with the sacrament of Penance will suffice for justification. Perfect contrition, the essence of Penance, reconciles a man to God at once, even before confession, if he has the desire for absolution. As soon as David sinned, "I have sinned against the Lord," he said: "The Lord hath also taken away thy sin, thou shalt not die" the Prophet replied.

Now whether our sorrow be perfect or imperfect, it must be "internal," that is, since sin has come from the heart, sorrow must also come from the heart, and not merely from the lips; sorrow must also be "universal," that is it must extend to all our mortal sins; our sorrow should also be "supernatural," that is not springing from any earthly motive, more. As we have seen that we have broken a law of God, and offended Him.

Sorrow for sin not only looks to the past with deepest regrets, but it also projects itself into the future, with a firm determination to sin no more. As water issues from a spring so from true sorrow comes the firm purpose of sinning no more. If we are grieved for having offended God, are we to deliberately insult Him again?

If there is present real sorrow, one will not only detest sin, but all that leads to it. If a woman when cleaning sweeps away the cobweb and allows the spider to remain, can she be surprised if she finds a fresh web spun? If you would keep out the flies, you must try to remove that which attracts them. If one would stop sin, one must avoid the person, place, or thing that leads to it. This purpose to do better, must be firm. A mere wish is insufficient. One might wish to become a saint, but the mere wish would not accomplish this desired goal. Our resolve to do better for the future, must then be sincere and firm.

In considering sorrow for our sins, we see that it is that grief of the soul for having offended God, with a firm determination of never more doing so. We remember that it is all important for obtaining pardon from Him. Without sorrow there is no forgiveness. Confession without sorrow is like a rifle without a bullet. When confessing, if the only sins we have committed since last at the sacred tribunal are venial, we are cautioned, in order to have sorrow, to mention a sin from our past lives, for which we have great sorrow. When preparing for the sacrament, stir up real sorrow. Fear God's punishments, but think more of having offended the best of Fathers, and sins though they be as red as scarlet, they will become as white as snow.

DAMASCUS CITY SAID TO BE THE OLDEST IN WORLD Damascus, in Syria, is supposed to be the very oldest city in the world. It was founded as far back as 1913 years before the birth of Our Lord; and it has always been, up to the present day, a place of note as the home of beautiful fabrics. The fabric we call damask was first made within it, and so gets the name. Our lovely damask rose was brought from it to England by Doctor Linsker, the physician of Henry VIII. of England. The city possessed the art of "damaskening," which means the inlaying of wood and steel with gold and silver, and its fine and elastic swords and blades were famous throughout the world. The secret of their manufacture is now entirely lost.

A crumbling old wall surrounds the city, and its streets are narrow and very crooked, one alone being "the street called Straight," as it is spoken of in the Acts of the Apostles, when St. Paul, then Saul, the newly converted Christian, hid himself from his former companions within it, after the light from heaven that blinded his eyes to the things about him for a time, had opened them to the knowledge of the one true God. Most of the houses are of mud cut side, but palaces within, with courts of marble, trees and flowers, and sparkling fountains in their enclosures.

A sad Franciscan interest attaches to this venerable city. In the year 1800 a terrible massacre occurred here. The Mohammedans of the place attacked the Christians, and in five days ruined their whole quarter, burning and pillaging their houses and slaying them, to the number of 8,500. The first victims were the Franciscan friars, who had a convent in the city. Feeling there was no hope of rescue, these good men went into their chapel and knelt about the altar, awaiting death. The Turks burst in on them, and offered them their lives if they would renounce

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their religion. This, with one voice they refused to do. One of the Turks rushed up into the belfry and began to toll the bell. At each stroke, the head of a devoted Franciscan fell in the chapel beneath, under the scintilla of an assassin, till all were gone. Help from without arrived to the doomed Christians on the sixth day of the massacre, and so promptly did other Franciscans appear that the terrified Turks believed them the ghosts of those they had slain.

A sad record, indeed, for Damascus, "the Pearl of the East," as it is sometimes called, but a glorious one for those who "fought the fight, who kept the faith" within its walls.—Franciscan Herald.

**PUTTING THE AXE TO THE ROOT**

The important question frequently overlooked in our days is that of the ultimate responsibility for existing abuses. Wherever we find something wrong, this is due to a neglect of responsibility somewhere. And because this aspect of the problem is neglected there is such beating of the air that results in nothing. We allow ourselves to drift along. We do not like to be reminded of our responsibilities. In fact, it takes courage of a high order to face deliberately the responsibilities that life has placed upon us.

Responsibility is the most mysterious thing in this world. It is, indeed, awful to contemplate the fact that the welfare of another depends upon me. Some people prefer to forget this fact, though in that manner they do not escape their responsibilities. Who is needed is a revival of the sense of responsibility. No one can make this examination for another. Each one must make it for himself. As long as no one reflects upon his responsibilities, things will remain as they are or rather go from bad to worse.

The reason why this sense of responsibility has become so enervated in our days to an extent that it may almost be said to have vanished is because the religious consciousness has become obscured. Religion and responsibility go hand in hand. Unless I have a vivid sense of an ubiquitous Judge in whose Presence I live and act and move, there can be no strong sense of responsibility. It is the idea of God that gives edge to the consciousness of responsibility.

We have, and too much so, the easygoing idea that our actions do not matter, that they are not more than the ripple on the surface of the water. The uncomfortable fact is, however, that every action has far-reaching consequences, that it affects ourselves and society around us. Every action is a cause that starts a new line of causation and will culminate in a definite effect. Every action is a seed that will in its own time blossom into fruit either salutary or deadly poisonous. There are no loose links in the moral universe. Every deed becomes a link in the endless chain.—Catholic Standard and Times.

**CHURCH'S HEART BEATS FOR MEN**

By Dr. Frederic J. Kinsman

The Church is the true home of all that is sound in American aspiration and achievement. Catholics must appreciate this, for Catholicism is not only an ecclesiastical system, but also an intellectual and temperamental attitude. It thinks and feels, as well as legislates, in terms of the world. It expresses the big mind and big heart of Christianity from which nothing human is alien. Its genius is distinct from sectarian limitations, is shown in the appropriation, correlation, and varieties in human life and in human society. It is in its element in dealing with the complex problems of a composite people, and alone has the key to discovery of stable unity and morality. It has therefore unique possibilities of usefulness in such a country as the United States, and unique need for its native powers of interpretation and sympathy.

**CATHOLICISM BASIS FOR CHRISTIANITY**

Many have been seeking a philosophy and philanthropy divorced from Christianity as apparently the inevitable consequences of efforts to discover a Christianity divorced from Catholicism. There has come a turn in the tide; and many able to look below the surface of things are beginning to see that the truest philosophy and philanthropy rest upon definitely Christian bases and moreover that in Catholicism is the stable basis of Christianity itself. Catholic philosophy and Catholic philanthropy are gaining fresh recognition; there is fresh respect for the doctrine of humanity as expounded by St. Thomas Aquinas and for the spirit of social service exhibited by St. Francis and St. Vincent de Paul. Catholic philosophy represents the widest induction from all facts affecting human nature; and the Catholic Church is the most human of all societies. It deals with men as they are; as men, women and children, not as angels or devils; as God's children, yet at times waywardly forsaking God's laws; as affected by hope and fears, by passions and depressions, by heroic struggles and by ignominious failures. The Church knows all the moods and moods of her children and deals with each wisely and patiently, seeing us as God sees us—"non quales sumus sed quales futuri

sumus." Moreover the Church is loyal to the Divine method of starvation, whereby the process of redemption corresponds to the process of creation, and saves her children not in individual isolation, but in the corporate unity of the One Holy Society which is the Body of Christ. Those who exalt the human ideal, who are alive to the beauty and wisdom of the life of God, who are responsive to all the warmth of human sympathy and crave its fullest scope, can find the reality they seek for nowhere so fully as in that communion which connects them with all saints living and dead, with the angels and with God. Man can only be fully himself in union with his Maker. His life is first of all, a sonship.

**LIFE IN A BROTHERHOOD**

It is, in the second place, life in a brotherhood, and is only complete as expressed in fraternal service. Every Christian is a lover of the brethren, and the Catholic Church has been the great school of philanthropy. The Church has given the finest examples of self-sacrificing service to the suffering and the outcast. Her thorough knowledge of man and of their needs has enabled her to render telling aid to every form of afflicted humanity. Her philanthropic zeal has known no bounds. Its effectiveness has been due to the depths of its motives, not love for a man as a form of self-love, more or less dependent on the response of human gratitude, but love for man as the reflection of God's love, and the brother's activity resulting from the son's loyalty. The Divine motive, the Divine sanction, the Divine pattern, alone give philanthropy its stability and its persistence. Philanthropists of every sort will find the best schooling for their instincts and for their special endeavors in that great clearing house of all good works, the Holy Catholic Church. There they can discover the guarantee of their hopes and the goal of their guests, since the knowledge of man, and the service of men there depend, not on the shifting sands of individual efforts and speculations, but upon the one immovable Rock of the Divine Promise.

**A NEW BIBLE**

In advocating a new Bible, H. G. Wells tells us that the old Bible acted as a "cement" to hold civilization together; but the world has gone on growing and discovering new needs and new necessities. The Bible has become out of date, he thinks, because it is no longer able to hold our modern communities together. He suggests a new Bible that will supply the deficiencies of the old one. This new volume could be written on the old model; but with the history and science brought up to date. It could be treated as a supplement, and be called a "Book of Necessary Knowledge and Wisdom," or the "Bible of Civilization."

The suggestion sounds almost ludicrous to us Catholics. How could any modern writing that would be lacking in divine inspiration, become a "cement" such as Mr. Wells says is needed? Mr. Wells is not a theologian. He probably considers himself all the more fitted for the task of "salvaging civilization" for this very reason. He does, however, claim the honors of an historian. As such he must certainly know that the wonderful influence that the Holy Scriptures have had upon civilization, has been due to the belief that they are the written Word of God. Men did not read them merely as books of history, still less as text-books of science, but in order to know the truth about God, and His relation with man.

If modern discoveries have extended our information about material things far beyond the scope of what was humanly known to the inspired writers of Holy Scripture, surely the same advance in knowledge should have brought with it that judicious mind by which we would expect to find in ancient documents a language understandable to the age in which they were written. No one for instance who still regards the poetic genius of the Greeks as worthy of emulation would wish to have Homer made up to date in science. No one who reads the Latin classics as models of stately prose, would desire to have them revised as regards their history. Mr. Wells is really missing the point that he wishes to make. He is quite correct in thinking that religion is the foundation of civilized society, but he is wrong in supposing that religion itself can be built upon human wisdom. He is really falling back on the almost defunct theory that if you wish people to be good, you must merely give them an education in book learning. A complete knowledge of all that concerns chemistry and electricity would not make any one more charitable to his neighbor. Nor would "a corrected" Bible effect any change in the morals of mankind.

The Bible can only influence the lives of those who have already been taught to regard it as inspired by God. To change the Bible is to deny its inspiration, and this would be to destroy the only title it has to authority. Indeed the higher critics have been doing very much the thing that Mr. Wells proposes. They have, for years, been trying to eliminate the supernatural and miraculous passages from the pages of Holy Writ, on the assumption that miracles are out of date. Their plan has been that they have been attempting to make the Bible

acceptable to those who no longer believe in supernatural events. It would seem that they have only succeeded in destroying religion altogether, for religion itself is supernatural.

We can tell Mr. Wells just what he needs. He does not need a new Bible. What he wants is the old Bible with an authoritative interpretation which shall use the Sacred Book in the way in which it was intended to be used. Then he will have his "cement." Such an interpreter cannot be created by forming a committee of wiseacres. The time when a "scientist" was accepted as an infallible authority is just as out of date as that form of Christianity that Mr. Wells finds so antiquated. People have grown so skeptical of new theories as they have old heresies. What Mr. Wells is blindly hunting for is the Catholic Church. He really knows very little about true Christianity; and from the fact that he supposes that the Bible might be altered, he shows us that he has never understood why there is a Bible at all.

We welcome, however, his interest in the cause of religion. A successful novelist must be a close student of the thoughts of the community. He has to sell that which will only be purchased by interested buyers. When he turns from the writing of romance to the role of historian and preacher, we may feel satisfied that he knows that the world is asking for a new philosophy of religion.—Catholic Standard and Times.

**THREE ANTI-CATHOLIC CHAMPIONS**

Three popular and anti-Catholic champions have recently been checked in mid-career, unobserved as it were, two by the Federal Government, and one by the State of Massachusetts. Their history is instructive, but needless to say, they find in their downfall, they and their dupes, only another instance of the control of the American courts by the Catholic Church.

To be shams of our electoral system be it stated, the first was until recently the Governor of a Southern State. Up to last week a fugitive from justice, he is under indictment by the Federal Government for perjury, the New South's new slavery, and by his State for the crime of selling pardons. The ex-Governor is a Baptist clergyman, and was long a favorite speaker at those noisome anti-Catholic gatherings known as "for men only." The second champion is a Boston individual, the secretary of a "loyal" league organized to present to this country the case of poor down-trodden Great Britain. Laboring under the name of the Sinn Fein and the Catholic Church were exactly the same terms, he soon distinguished himself in much the same manner as the Baptist ex-Governor. On May 25, this creature was convicted of immorality on eleven different counts.

The third champion was until May 20 the pastor of a Methodist church in New York. A North of Ireland man and a welcomed brother in the Orange Lodge, he was mighty in word and weak in deed against the Catholic Church and the Sinn Fein. Unfortunately for himself, this worthy applied to the Federal Courts for his citizenship papers, but as his career had attracted the attention of the Federal Government, he received a severe rebuke. His application was denied on the ground that his immoral character unfitted him for citizenship, and the judge ordered that he be declared incapable of applying for his papers at any future time. As the Department of Justice had no special immorality in four different States, the question of his deportation will probably be investigated.

There are some people whose hatred is so bitter that they gladly welcome any moral outcast who will agree to attack the Catholic Church. To such no appeal for justice or common fairness can be made. Their passion has reduced them to a state which differs little, if at all, from insanity. But the three wrong-doers now mentioned, who were the law were received quite normally in non-Catholic circles. When will our separated brethren learn that the man who comes to them with unclean tales against the Catholic Church is ipso facto a fraud? The Catholic Church has nothing to conceal. She lives in the eye of the world; concealment would be impossible. She has children in every walk of life, poor and rich, ignorant and learned, and she daily augments their number. Would her children cling to her as to a mother, would men like Dr. Kinsman, the former Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Delaware, seek her and finding her praise her, were she the unclean creature that men like Catts, Solley and Irvine proclaim her? Or would men of the stanch character and profound learning of Cardinal Mercier remain a single instant in her fold were she a thing of evil?

An example familiar to every Catholic and to many non-Catholics may be cited. Why do mothers who know by experience what the Catholic Church really is, gladly bring their little ones to the very door of the confessional, and then with perfect confidence leave them to open their consciences to God's minister? Were the Catholic Church, especially in her work through the confessional, a promoter of evil, the only explanation would be that these Catholic mothers are themselves steeped in evil and wish their children to be exposed to moral ruin.

But this reading is contrary to human nature. Here and there individual mothers may wish to make their children as wicked as themselves, but it is inconceivable that hundreds of thousands of mothers, of all ranks and conditions of life, devote persistently and for centuries dedicate themselves to an evil so frightful and unnatural. The sole tenable explanation is that given by these Catholic mothers themselves. As long as the child goes to confession and receives Holy Communion, it is in the special keeping of God.

If these obvious reflections make no impression, one piece of advice may be offered those of our separated brethren about to extend the hand of fellowship to the professional and anti-Catholic lecturer: before you take him into your house and introduce him to your family, make sure he has no police record, and is free from prison and other bring him about of the law. Other wise the consequences to you and to your family may be unpleasant in the extreme.—America.

**SCHOOL CHILDREN DO NOT KNOW COMMANDMENTS OF GOD**

Troubles, like triplets, according to the New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Record, never come singly. First, Thomas A. Edison discovers colleges men don't know anything about anything because their minds are frayed and warped and out on the bias and warped and wrinkled like a lot of prunes. And, just as a weary world is recovering from the shock, along comes Harry E. Lewis, district attorney of Kings county, with the staggering intelligence that only 573 children out of 1,373 in a New York Public school had more than a bowing acquaintance with the Ten Commandments.

Reading from a typewritten report, Mr. Lewis said some of the pupils answering the questions with reference to the Ten Commandments had said they meant not to ill-treat their parents. One had interpreted them to mean "Thou shall not be jealous." Another said they meant "don't crook anything," while another read into the Commandments an injunction to "Love thy neighbor's wife."

One boy said the Lord had given Moses the strict command "Not to hitch on wagons," and "Not to shoot traps." Mr. Lewis said 66% of the violators of criminal or penal laws of the State are between sixteen and twenty-one years of age. "Their downfall is due," the district attorney continued, "to lack of popular and religious training. School training and religious training undoubtedly help character. It is surprising to know how few of the boys and girls of today understand the Ten Commandments. They are the rules of conduct which should and must be known. If all boys and girls observed and followed them they would undoubtedly be and remain good American citizens."—The Monitor.

**HUMAN BONFIRES**

From time to time the subject of the disposition of the human body, after death, is played up in public press and literary forums. Just the other day Dr. Frank Crane, whose daily editorial in syndicated papers is probably read by several million people, held forth on the topic in his own peculiar style. This writer has a knack of saying many true things in a novel manner; also he gives out countless platitudes; while at times he knocks the foundation from under venerable traditions and beliefs.

So the other day, commenting on a recent case of cremation, the venerable doctor unburdened his mind and informed the public at large that when death had come upon his mortal being he "should like to be (1) cremated, so that as quickly and cleanly as possible the atoms my spirit has used may go back to the universe from which I borrowed them; (2) spread to the winds and not kept in any grave or urn; (3) all to take place in the Spring, when the air is filled with resurrection; (4) at Twilight, and (5) with only those present who loved me."

Now, there is nothing inherently wrong in burning the human body. Such an act is not like murder or scandal or theft; things that in themselves are bad. Cremation is branded by the Catholic Church as a grievous offense against the doctrine of immortality and against the very nature of the Christian religion. From the beginning of the Church this practice has been severely condemned, as it is essentially pagan in concept and execution.

Christian faith holds that the human body is the temple of the Holy Ghost; and it is not customary among sensible people to burn down a sacred temple. Moreover, this body has been sanctified by the reception of the various sacraments, and therefore it deserves respect and reverence. As it was taken from the earth so shall it return to the earth. As paganism frequently denied the existence of an after life and therefore destroyed the body at death, so the Church would preserve that body until natural disintegration—not a sudden reduction to ashes—shall have returned the material elements unto their original source.

hangs, or upon the running waters; or they may prefer to have this handful of ashes deposited in an urn and put away on a shelf, like jellies and pickles. But the Christian, whose heritage is based upon different beliefs, is forbidden by his Church thus to desecrate the outer raiment of his soul. "Unto dust" for him means a gradual process of Nature, not a sudden incineration.—Catholic Bulletin.

**THE VALUE OF KNOWING HOW**

While the man in the street is probably quite willing to acknowledge the worth of science in the abstract, he very often ignores that worth in concrete cases, and is apt to gauge the value of an individual scientist's labor by the amount of time spent in performing it. The philosophy of the matter was fully understood by the Negro office boy of a Western dentist. A disgruntled patient who had just paid \$2 for having a tooth extracted, remarked to the lad: "Pretty soft money your boss makes: \$2 for a two-minute job, worth at most about 10 cents."

"Yessub," replied the office boy: "10 cents for 'pullin' the tooth, and \$1.90 for the 'know how.'"

The lesson that specialized knowledge legitimately demands a higher price for its services than does unskilled labor, needs to be recalled occasionally to persons who presumptuously know this thoroughly. It was very neatly taught for instance, to an Anglican bishop of a diocese in southern England. He had engaged an architect to make some modifications in the plans for a new church; and when, in the course of some two hours, the work was completed, he inquired the amount of the architect's bill. "£100," was the reply.

"A £100!" exclaimed the astonished bishop. "Why, that's fully as much as I pay one of my curates as a year's salary."

"That may be," rejoined the architect; "but you must remember that in my profession I am a bishop!"—Ave Maria.

**STRAY MEMORIES OF ST. MIBIEL**

John J. Finn in Catholic World

Looking at a war map at midnight on September 11, 1918, one would have noticed an ugly bulge in the line between Verdun and Pont à Mousson, that pushed its way down as far as St. Mibiel. For four years this salient had been pointing, like a menacing finger, at the heart of France. But on Saturday, September 14th, the salient was no more. The American doughboy had straightened it out. He was not quite sure just how much he had accomplished, for I heard one express a longing for a newspaper, so that he could "see what we done." But he knew that he was winning; he saw that thousands of "Jerries" had already been attached to the A. E. F. for rations; and he felt that the last few days had brought him considerably nearer to Hoboken.

We arrived one morning about dawn in the spacious grounds about a large chateau, and I can well remember Major Baldwin standing in the rain-spoked doorway beneath a great tree and announcing very positively: "This is Battalion Headquarters." The tree was not different from any other—until then; but from that moment it became the proud shelter of important looking gentlemen in khaki and Sam Browne belt, who hovered around it as Adam and Eve must have hovered around the forbidden tree, except that, in this instance, the hoverers were held by duty and not by desire. Later, with a few others, I went looking for some kind of shelter, and spying a dim light at one end of the chateau, we made for it. A door was open, and we walked in. A French Major, in full uniform, lay dead upon a couch banked with flowers, while candles sputtered in the sockets of candelabra at his head and feet. A boy of ten or twelve sat beside the couch and turned to look at us for a moment; then leaned his head back upon his hands. We learned later that the dead officer was an aviator. A German plane had come over that morning and a call had come for whoever was ready to go up. The Major had risen to do battle, and while he brought down the enemy plane, was himself mortally wounded. He was only one of that daring band of air-fighters who counted the cost cheap if, by sacrificing themselves, they might serve France.

**THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM**

The gospel of love is the most beautiful thing in the world. The power of kindness can scarcely be overestimated. At the same time it would be rash for us to forget the wholesome value of fear.

The professor of psychology in Northwestern University has raised the question whether human progress will continue without the "driving influence of the motive of fear." For aye, he recalls, man has been restrained by the fear of laws and penalties and of punishment after death. This wholesome fear has restrained him from murder, theft and all manner of crimes against his fellow man. Fear of pain led to the discovery of anesthetics. Fear of a whipping restrained boys from mischief. The professor continues: "When a child entered school he used to face a man with a stick in his hand. Now teachers strive to make children like

to behave well enough, at least, so they won't damage the building. The child of today does not even hear any references to hell fire and torments. It used to be the custom to take children to church where they heard of hell fire. Even the religious fear has been removed. Your boys aren't afraid of anything."

"The professor is eminently right. The fear of punishment is needed as a wholesome deterrent just as much as the hope of reward. The Almighty has told us that 'Fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.' He told us of hell that fearing it we might avoid the evil that leads to it. Love is of course the highest motive. And some chosen souls may be cast in such a mold as to need no other influence. But ordinary humanity stands not on so exalted a plane. It will not be controlled by that soft creed so popular with sentimentalists today that all criminals are but erring brethren and can be won to the right simply by kindness.—Michigan Catholic.

**THE GENIUS OF A MISSIONARY**

A good story is going around the religious press concerning a negro preacher who had a very commendable, though somewhat exaggerated view of the genius of a missionary who was passing through the territory on a tour of inspection. The white missionary agreed to preach one Sunday, and in order to ensure the congregation's proper appreciation of the visitor, the negro introduced him thus: "Dis noted divine is one of de greatest men of de age. He knows de unknowable, he kin do de undoable, an' he kin onswear de onscrutable."—Michigan Catholic.

We may learn about patience from wise teachers, but patience itself can be acquired only by practise.

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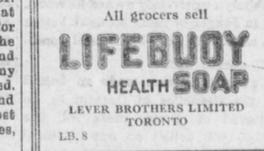
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THE HOLY NAME SOCIETIES AND SEPARATE SCHOOLS

On Sunday, June 13th, in eleven different centres, the Catholic men of the Diocese of London made a magnificent public demonstration of faith in Jesus Christ and of reverence for His Holy Name.

After an absence of twenty years on diplomatic service for the United States Maurice Francis Egan was asked to write his impressions of the notable or noticeable changes that two decades had made in the habits and outlook of his fellow-countrymen at home.

It is noteworthy that he placed in the forefront of the things that impressed him deeply the marked and remarkable decrease or entire absence of profanity in places and circumstances where it had been a matter of course, a commonplace twenty years ago.

Whether or not this very gratifying revolution in habits of speech is due entirely to the activity of Holy Name Societies it may be difficult to determine; but that the enrollment of millions of men and boys not only pledged personally to reverence and purity in speech, but pledged also actively to discountenance and discourage profanity and obscenity, must have had a tremendous influence in bringing about the happy result.

The indirect influence on the whole population of the public manifestation of their object and purpose it is impossible to measure.

In every town and city of North America men in thousands and tens of thousands have had the courage to profess openly their profound reverence for that Holy Name than which there is none other whereby we may be saved.

That was and always will be a worthy object. But, as His Lordship Bishop Fallon said at St. Thomas, it is no longer the sole object, no longer the chief purpose of the Holy Name societies. That object and purpose is no longer merely negative; it is the positive desire to honor the Person of Jesus Christ, to restore Him to his proper place in Christian society.

We should be pleased beyond measure to give a summary of this address. For the Bishop, profoundly moved by the testimony to the Faith of that great concourse of Catholic men, discarded the notes of his prepared sermon and gave expression to the emotions that welled up from his heart, the ideas that urged through his mind, as he walked at the head of the parade.

look to Catholics who have achieved a certain distinction for such addresses; but the main consideration is that the speaker be thoroughly informed of his subject, and that the subject be of genuine Catholic interest.

There could hardly be a more appropriate subject for discussion and study amongst the Holy Name men. For Catholic education means just this: Jesus Christ in the schools.

Amongst Catholic fathers and mothers who have a realization of parental responsibility there is not one in ten thousand who does not thank God for Catholic schools where the atmosphere and influence of religion permeates the whole school life of the children; where the God-Man, Jesus Christ, is undisputedly and uncompromisingly "in His proper place."

But it is one thing to love and esteem Catholic schools; it is another to understand their needs, to assert their rights, to set forth their claims intelligently and—what is very important—intelligibly to our non-Catholic fellow citizens.

The fruits of such study and discussion in the Diocese of London were evidenced on the Sunday before last when at least ten thousand Catholic men in the various centres at their annual rally unanimously adopted a resolution setting forth Separate School rights and heartily endorsing the claims for justice and fair dealing from the Provincial Legislature.

We venture to say that were the assemblies exclusively non-Catholic and were they as fully seized of the disabilities under which we labor, that the same resolutions would be passed, if not unanimously, at least by overwhelming majorities.

For example: What non-Catholic would hold that the streets of Toronto or of London or of Ottawa or of Hamilton, or of any other city, belong exclusively to Protestants, Jews, agnostics and what not; but that Catholics have no share whatever in their ownership?

Can we think so meanly of any class of our fellow-citizens as to believe that they would advance so preposterous a claim?

Yet that, in practice, is precisely the present position. Street-railways pay all their taxes to Public schools; not one cent to Catholic schools.

There is no such intolerance in Canada as would claim that Catholics own no part or lot in the great system of National Railways. The Member of Parliament who would exclude nearly forty per cent. of the Canadian people from ownership in the Canadian National Railways would be looked upon as insane.

Yet not one cent of the school tax from these railways, offices, terminals, etc., goes to Separate schools in Ontario; every dollar, every cent, so paid goes to the Public schools.

The Banking institutions which enjoy a monopoly of a very lucrative business, a monopoly granted by Parliament which represents not 60 per cent. but 100 per cent. of the people of Canada, are, as far as school tax is concerned, looked upon as Protestant institutions.

Were a Catholic to insist on a lower rate on passenger tickets or on freight from our railroads publicly or privately owned he would be in danger of being brought before an alienist to have his mental condition passed upon.

If the claim were made on behalf of the Catholics of Ontario to be relieved of their share of the \$70,000,000 deficit on our National Railway System it would hardly receive serious attention.

No, there is no distinction made when Catholics travel or pay freight rates; there is no distinction made imposed by the tens of millions to make up deficits; then in the name of decency, of fair-play and justice let there be no distinction between Separate and Public schools in the distribution of the school tax from all public utilities.

CONGRATULATIONS

The Very Reverend Thomas O'Donnell has been reappointed by the Holy See for another term as President of the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada. This is a signal mark of confidence, honestly earned by the conscientious and very successful administration of the affairs of this important Society during the trying period of the term just closed.

Just how onerous were the duties assumed by Father O'Donnell when he first took office as President of Extension is of course well known to many of the Society's best friends and warmest supporters. For reasons that it is unnecessary to dwell upon, the outlook of the great undertaking was dark, indeed many considered it hopeless. However it was decided that it was better to endeavor to revive the moribund society than to let it die and make a fresh start.

Father O'Donnell set quietly and patiently to work, restored shaken confidence, revived quenched enthusiasm, placed the affairs of the Society on a sound business basis, and ensured for it, under prudent management, a permanent place amongst the activities of the Catholic Church in Canada.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance and the usefulness of Catholic Church Extension in a country like Canada. "Why it is an empire you are building up in the West," exclaimed an eminent English Catholic on his return from a trip to the Pacific coast; and he spoke in sober truth, albeit with greater vision of the future than is always found amongst Canadian Catholics. More's the pity. Every Protestant Church has its counterpart of Extension in the Home Missions. The need for assistance to the newcomers they have everything to do; they have first of all to establish themselves, to make their homes, to put themselves in the way of gaining a livelihood for their families.

If we meet these Catholic brethren of ours in the beginning of every settlement, if we help them when they are not yet able to help themselves to any great extent, then every mission formed now will be the nucleus of a future parish; the Church will strike its roots in the early settlements of the West, grow with its growth and become the great influence for the saving of souls and the upbuilding of sound Canadian citizenship that it ought to be.

If we in older Canada fail in our duty to the late-comers in the West then the Church will have lost ground that it will take a century to regain. Ours is a great responsibility; but our duty in the premises should be looked upon as a privilege. The Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada makes that plain duty easy. No Catholic worthy of the name will fail to contribute according to his means to a work so great and of such pressing importance.

We congratulate Catholic Church Extension and the Catholics of Canada on the fact that for another five years Father O'Donnell will have charge of this great work so essential to the welfare of the Church in Canada.

The zeal, the patience, the energy, the self-effacing devotion to the duties of his office which enabled the Reverend President to accomplish so much in the past five years, are the guarantee of even wider influence for good in the much easier term that lies before him.

Though we know that Father O'Donnell desired to retire—and because of that fact—we congratulate him on his acceptance of the office for another quinquennial, and we wish him the greatest possible measure of success in what is really a new phase of the work of Extension.

To every reader of THE CATHOLIC RECORD we commend warmly and unreservedly the Catholic Church Extension as a work of the greatest importance and urgency, one that affords each and every one of us the opportunity of exercising the great virtue of Christian charity in its noblest and most beautiful form.

DECIDING THE EMPIRE'S POLICIES

By THE OBSERVER London, May 30.—Premier Hughes, of Australia, arriving at Toulon, France, en route to London, where he is to attend the conference of British premiers, said representatives of the dominions would meet for the first time at the conference to mould and formulate a foreign policy for the empire which had hitherto been decided by Great Britain alone.

Mr. Hughes thinks that the world recognizes the fact that the advice and counsel of the young and eminently democratic British peoples has been sought on matters wherein the peace of the universe largely depends. The Times remarks that Premier Hughes' favorable verdict on the meeting is not shared seemingly by many Canadians.

The Times is right, for once in its life. We are not so very enthusiastic in Canada about this Conference; nor are we very hopeful of having much to say about England's foreign policy. And it is England's foreign policy that Mr. Hughes is talking about, though he calls it "a foreign policy for the Empire."

Mr. Hughes, besides, is not very sure just how we of "the British dominions overseas," or, as the English love to call us, "the colonies," are to take part in making "a foreign policy for the Empire;" for he talks of our "advice and counsel."

Now, "advice and counsel" are very good in their way; but they are not the same thing as legislative or executive power. Evidently Mr. Hughes, when he had got as far as Toulon on his way to London, was not yet quite sure what he was going to do at London. Our guess is that he will give a good deal of "advice and counsel," and that most of the satisfaction he will get by so doing will consist in the pleasure of hearing himself talk and in seeing the English leaders listening to him politely.

There seems to be no lack of advisers and counsellors of the name of Hughes. There is—or was—our own Sir Sam. "Oh, that eye," wrote an enthusiastic English lady reporter, after she had interviewed Sir Sam. "That eye,—like a machine gun." Whereupon some cold blooded cynic was so hard-hearted as to remark: "It isn't Sam's eye that's like a machine gun, it's his mouth."

Sir Sam's namesake from Australia also has one of those mouths; and no doubt his hosts at London will give him full and ample opportunity to fire as many rounds from it on this occasion as he has been in the habit of firing whenever he has visited London. Just what effect his rapid fire "advice and counsel" will have on "a foreign policy for the Empire," is, however, another matter altogether. "Wait and see," as poor old Mr. Aquith used to say. My personal opinion is, we won't see much.

There is, of course, a wide field for "advice and counsel." There are fourteen or fifteen wars going on; in all of which a "foreign policy for the Empire" is more or less concerned. There are the remains of the Treaty of Versailles to be post-mortemed as preparatory to their decent interment. There is the Treaty of Sevres, to be "re-adjusted," not "revised," the diplomats assure us; only "re-adjusted."

There is the Silesian mess; with the task of convincing the Poles of the plebiscite area that the diplomats and the English bankers and manufacturers are not going to cheat them out of the fruits of their votes.

There are all the points of divergence between England and France arising out of their different concerns in the future of Germany. Yes, there is much to talk about; and it talk were all that was required, we Canadians would probably be as enthusiastic over the Conference of British Premiers as Mr. Hughes is. But, in Canada, we are not convinced that we are to have any effective voice or vote in all of any of these matters. "The 'foreign policy for the Empire' will be, in the future, as it has been in the past, made in London, by governments in whose making and unmaking Canadians and Australians have nothing whatever to say.

This is the reason why The London Times cannot discover any enthusiasm in Canada in respect of the coming Conference.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

It is announced as the revelation of a "great secret," that the burial place of Calvin, the arch-heretic, is, after more than three centuries, on the eve of being made known. The location of the grave has, it appears, been a family secret all that time. Those who realize the results of Calvin's teaching as seen in their working out in recent generations will be disposed to think it might be better that the secret should remain.

UNDER the heading "Historic Faker dies in Penury," the daily papers print a despatch announcing the death in a London poor house of the once celebrated Louis de Rougemont. Why he alone should be singled out among public entertainers for the opprobrious term of "faker" is not explained. That in the relation of his pretended adventures, he succeeded for a time in "fooling" both publisher and public is quite true, but then he does not stand alone in that respect, and would not seem to merit opprobrium any more than others who have indulged in the same pastime.

SOME LETTERS

FATHER MAHONEY RESENTS CHARGE OF INACCURACY AND ANIMUS

About a year ago the question of the establishment of Divorce Courts in the Province of Ontario was a much discussed subject throughout the Province. At the annual Synods, Conferences and Assemblies of the Protestant denominations the Divorce question was discussed from a doctrinal point of view. Catholics were astounded to see that Protestantism as a whole, officially taught that adultery was a cause for divorce admitted by Our Lord. It was called the "scriptural cause."

In July, 1920, a few weeks after the annual meetings of the Protestant sects, Rev. Father Mahoney of St. Peter's Seminary, London, wrote a pamphlet entitled "Marriage and Divorce" for the purpose of showing that there was no "scriptural cause" for divorce and that the official teaching of Protestantism was due to a misinterpretation of the New Testament passages bearing on the subject.

In the introduction to the pamphlet he gave the doctrinal position of the four leading Protestant denominations taken from official sources as follows: THE TEACHING OF JESUS CHRIST CONCERNING DIVORCE OFFICIAL TEACHING OF PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH "In the case of adultery after marriage (italics ours) it is lawful for the innocent party to sue out a divorce, and after the divorcing party were dead." (Westminster Confession of Faith, Chap. xxiv, Sec. v.)

OFFICIAL TEACHING OF THE METHODIST CHURCH "The minister to whom application is made for the solemnization of marriage of any divorced person shall require the production of a copy of the decree and other proceedings of the party obtaining the divorce, and if satisfied that the divorce was obtained upon other than scriptural grounds, (italics ours) or, that in case of divorce on such grounds the divorced person desiring re-marriage was the guilty party, he shall refuse to solemnize the marriage." (Methodist Church Discipline, Par. iv, Sec. iii.)

OFFICIAL TEACHING OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH "The following resolution passed at the Convention of the Middlesex and Lambton Association of Baptist Churches, held at London, Ontario, June 10th and 11th, 1920, embodies the teaching of the Baptist Church on this subject: "That while we recognize the equality of the rights of all men under the law, nevertheless, realizing the sanctity of the marriage relationship, and the great danger to the welfare of our homes and nation involved in the weakening of the bonds which bind husband and wife, we would therefore view with alarm the passing of any law that would make the securing of divorce easier, or possible, save for the one cause laid down by our Lord Jesus Christ." (italics ours.)

OFFICIAL TEACHING OF THE ANGLICAN CHURCH "In placing the question of divorce before the 1920 Synod, the Anglican Bishop of Toronto said in part: "May I say that for the breach of the Holy Catholic Apostolic church to which we belong, the question of her stand in opposition to divorce, her save for the one cause allowed by her divine head, (italics ours) is plainly indicated by the legislation adopted in 1905. "No clergyman within the jurisdiction of the Church of England in Canada shall solemnize a marriage between persons either of whom shall have been divorced from one who is living at the time." Thus does she put herself on record as setting her face sternly against that which imperils the indissolubility of the marriage tie.

"The Anglican Synod of the Diocese of Huron, held at Brantford, Ontario, in the latter part of May, 1920, also put the Anglican teaching on record in a resolution to the effect that while the cause for divorce should not be extended, divorce should be granted for the one 'scriptural cause' of adultery."

"The above quotations give the official teaching of the four leading Protestant denominations on the subject of Divorce. The reader will note that on this question there is unanimity among the Protestant sects. They, one and all, declare that Jesus Christ permitted divorce on the ground of adultery. They call this the 'scriptural cause.' This appeal here, as in everything else doctrinal, is to the Bible and the Bible only."

Now the question arises—Does the Bible really teach that legitimate Christian Marriage can be dissolved for any cause? Did Jesus Christ make an exception in favor of the innocent party? In other words, is adultery a scriptural cause for divorce? Protestantism answers "Yes!"

The purpose of this pamphlet is to examine the scriptural evidence bearing on this subject in order that an answer may be given to the above question. The Bible is the last court of appeal for the Protestant. To the Bible we shall go. And, lest we be accused of unfairness or prejudice, Protestant Authorized Version of the Bible will be used for all citations of scriptural texts."

At the 1921 Synod of Huron, His Lordship, Bishop Williams, made a public reference to the Pamphlet "Marriage and Divorce" and accused the author of writing it with animus and of giving an inaccurate statement of the position of "some other communions." The Bishop's charge to the Synod was published in the London Free Press of May 11th, and on May 12th Father Mahoney wrote to Bishop Williams asking him to prove or retract his accusations. A lengthy correspondence arose between them which resulted in the Bishop refusing to either prove or retract his charges.

SOME LETTERS

FATHER MAHONEY RESENTS CHARGE OF INACCURACY AND ANIMUS

In self-defence against the false accusations contained in the Bishop's charge to the 1921 Synod of Huron, Father Mahoney now publishes the entire correspondence. It is based upon the introduction to the pamphlet "Marriage and Divorce" as quoted above. The correspondence requires no further comment.

St. Peter's Seminary, London, Canada, May 12th, 1921.

The Right Reverend D. Williams, Bishop of Huron, City.

My Lord:—In the report of your charge to the Synod of Huron as published in the Free Press of May 11th, I notice the following reference to my pamphlet, Marriage and Divorce: "Perhaps the value of the pamphlets outside the communion itself would have been enhanced if a certain underlying animus had been absent from them, if the statement of the position of some other communions had been more accurate."

As the writer of the pamphlet, I am the only person competent to say in what spirit it was written. I emphatically deny any "underlying animus."

Moreover, I was not aware that I had inaccurately stated the position of other communions. Will Your Lordship be good enough to point out wherein these inaccuracies occur?

Of course I shall consider your reply public in view of your public reference to my pamphlet. I am, My Lord, Yours sincerely, A. P. MAHONEY.

The Bishop's Room, Bishop Cronyn Hall, London, Canada, May 17th, 1921.

The Reverend E. P. Mahoney, St. Peter's Seminary, City.

Reverend and Dear Sir:—Your letter of May 12th received. In reply let me say: (1) Yours was not the only pamphlet, published under the auspices of your Communion, which I received on the subject of Divorce, nor was it the one that first prompted my criticism as to animus. One has an appendix which is wholly devoted to propaganda for your Church and has nothing to do with Divorce.

(2) Even in your own pamphlet, the same animus is evident to non-Roman Catholics, especially page 14.

(3) Your statement of what the Synod of Huron passed in 1920 is materially different from the text of the Synod's resolution, so different that to call it inaccurate is to put it mildly.

SOME LETTERS

FATHER MAHONEY RESENTS CHARGE OF INACCURACY AND ANIMUS

(4) I have no objection to regarding this letter as public if you want to publish it, though I fail to see the necessity of it.

Believe me, yours faithfully, DAVID HURON.

St. Peter's Seminary, London, Canada, May 20, 1921.

The Right Reverend D. Williams, Bishop of Huron, City.

My Lord:—I am in receipt of your letter of the 17th inst.

While I accept Your Lordship's assurance that my pamphlet was not the one that first prompted your criticism as to animus, I draw your attention to the fact that in your charge to the Synod of Huron my pamphlet was singled out (1) by a quotation from the Foreword and (2) by the accusation that the position of "some other communions" had been inaccurately stated in it. As far as I know it is the only pamphlet on the Divorce question that gives the position of other denominations.

Your Lordship professes to find an evidence of animus on page 14 of my pamphlet. Once again I submit that I am the only person competent to say in what spirit the pamphlet was written. Insistence on a commonplace of Catholic teaching, while it may sound rather unpleasant to call, "non Roman Catholic" ears, is no proof of animus in the author.

But the charge with which I am most concerned is contained in the words, "if the statement of the position of some other communions had been more accurate." I asked Your Lordship to point out the inaccuracies. You answer that I misstated the position of the Synod of Huron. Is the Synod of Huron "some other communions?" Why the plural



FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOY, D. D.

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

THE DANGER OF SMALL FAULTS

St. Paul, in the part of his Epistle to the Romans fixed by the Church to be read today, speaks of our baptism in Christ and our consequent death to sin, and the resurrection, similar to that of Christ's, to come. By baptism we die to sin; we must not revivify ourselves to sin. This is a death from which we ourselves never should rise, nor allow any one else to cause us to rise. It is a death, fortunately, of which we are more or less conscious, owing to the faculties with which God has blessed us. We never can be absolutely certain that we are justified before God, but the consciousness of duty well performed and of evil avoided affords us a great assurance that God in His mercy counts us among His children. While we can truthfully feel thus, without presumption or pride, we can say that we are dead to sin.

Then there are the means, established by Christ, for keeping the spiritual life within us. This life must permeate us totally. It can not exist where sin is. These means are especially the sacraments. As food conserves the life of the body, so does grace, the spiritual food of the sacraments, keep life in our soul. Hence, as we must often partake of material food in order to have life in our body, so to preserve the life of our soul, begun at baptism, we frequently must consume spiritual food. In proportion to the quantity of spiritual food of which we partake will be the amount of vigor and strength of our spiritual life. The stronger and more vigorous our spiritual life, the less the fear of a rising again to the life of sin. But alas, how small the number of people that remain dead to sin! Many, it is true, do not rise to a full life of sin, but how frequently they are in danger of it! Small habits take possession of them and gradually assume dangerous proportions. How few people think a habit is progressive! Its mode of progress is a deceptive one. While habit goes on in its deadly course, it molds nature its way and tends to weaken the inward voice of even the most insistent conscience. Thus people begin to pay little attention to it. When the awakening day comes, how sad the experience that follows! How many, for instance, have begun almost unthinkingly to call attention to faults in their fellow-beings? At first it was only a casual remark, perhaps confined to the members of their immediate family; then it may have been repeated to others less closely related. These gave a more willing ear, which is always an incentive to further confidence, and it was not long before the casual remark had grown into an eloquent criticism. Those guilty of this vice no doubt examine their conscience on some soul stirring occasion, and they discover what slaves to habit they have become. Then the fight to regain their freedom is more strenuous than they could have imagined possible. Weak after weak they commit the same faults. The habit has grown into them and has become a second nature. How many conquer it completely? It is a fact, lamentable but true, that very few ever finally escape. And it is only the thought of God's mercy that can, to some extent, silence the victim of this terrible habit. Even though one becomes only a material sinner under its influence, there is still the punishment of remorse. Often scruples arise in the conscience of those so addicted, and, remaining through life, rob them of the peace that usually comes to those who serve God.

It is indeed difficult to remain dead to sin, or to preserve one's baptismal innocence. There are so many dangers surrounding us that the inclinations to evil existing within ourselves are not easily conquered. In the modern world we are in daily intercourse with all classes of people. The example set by these tends to influence us. It sometimes seems as if we were endeavoring to build two kingdoms within ourselves—a kingdom where righteousness reigns and a kingdom where malice holds sway. Commonly speaking, we say that there is something good and something evil in each one of us. It may be so, but this evil should not be willful; it should be only the evil inclinations inherent in our nature on account of original sin and its consequences. These inclinations to evil are not sinful in themselves, though they strongly incline us to evil. The reasons, then, why it is so difficult for us to remain dead to sin may be summed up in these two classes: the evil inclinations within, and the bad example without.

But does the fact of the existence of these incentives to evil excuse us for our lapses into sin? It does not. Were there no remedies at hand for these spiritual maladies, and no help offered us in our weakness, perhaps it could be given as an excuse. But God has provided for our insufficiencies, and if we fall, at least seriously, into sin, it is because we have not heeded these remedies, nor gone in search of them. God's grace is our salvation and our help. It is the antidote for the poison we are liable to absorb from without, and for the infection present within. Of course we are free agents, and

grace will not be forced upon us. We must try to preserve it by the means at hand, and, if we are so unfortunate as to lose it, we should use the means that God has provided for the regaining of it.

Christians often should examine their lives seriously, and see whether or not there exist in them habits or faults that are tending, or that could in time tend, to rob them of grace and revivify them to sin. Considering our evil tendencies, and the awful examples and bad influences that often surround us, the danger of falling exists about all of us. And the fall will not come suddenly, especially in the more or less earnest Christian. There are many things, as a rule, leading up to it. These, if discovered in time, can be rooted out or removed, and the danger averted. It is a constant fight throughout our life. We are never sure of our salvation. But, as the soldier is rightly counted brave who dies fighting on the battlefield, so God will regard us as brave soldiers in the spiritual combat, if we continue the fight until death. And this means for us a triumphant entry into His kingdom, for the glory of which His own divine Son, Jesus Christ, came upon earth and by offering and death conquered the enemy of God.

FAITH OF CATHOLIC IRELAND

SOME FACTS FOR PUZZLED QUERISTS

By "M. C. L." in Catholic Herald

A Falsely correspondent writes that a fellow-worker stated that "the Catholic Church was first established in Ireland during the tenth century; previous to that time there was an Orthodox Church; St. Patrick went, or was sent, from Ireland to England and was consecrated by the now Archbishop of Canterbury." Now, these are most interesting discoveries, announced on the authority of a French author. Surely the French author has a name, and, given a reference, it should be possible to consult his works; we are naturally anxious to know who founded the "Orthodox Church" in Ireland before St. Patrick's time, and who was the illustrious person who converted the Irish people; we are entitled to be told his name and some details of his mission, and where its record is to be found; or is there a conspiracy of silence among historians concerning it? However that may be, seeing that St. Patrick died in 493, we must respectfully decline to believe that he was consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, for the simple but all sufficient reason that there was no Archbishop of Canterbury until a century or so after St. Patrick's death. The first Archbishop of Canterbury was St. Augustine, whom Pope Gregory the Great sent to England in 596. (He received the pallium in 601.) Ireland was Catholic long before the tenth century, St. Patrick having been sent in the fifth, by Pope St. Celestine, to preach the Gospel to the Irish people. When St. Patrick came, Druidism, a form of paganism, was the religion of the people, but the Faith preached by the Saint triumphed over it: Ireland became Catholic and Catholic she has remained. My correspondent and his friend also discussed Peter's Pence. The name was given to an annual sum, originally of a penny paid by the holder of land of a certain value, paid to the Holy See by various Christian peoples, more or less intermittently. In the Middle Ages it was confined to England and a few other northern nations. A letter of Pope Leo III. mentions promise of a contribution confirmed at the Synod of Chelsea in 787; it is stated that the money was for the relief of the poor, and for providing lights in the churches of Rome, and, according to later chroniclers, for the support of the Anglo-Saxon School in the Borgo. A letter of Canute (King of England in the 11th century) written to his people during his visit to Rome, enjoins the payment of Peter's Pence. (This letter is interesting, as showing what was the faith of the age, and leaves no doubt as to Canute's belief in the supremacy of St. Peter.) After the Reformation, Peter's Pence was not paid. But when Pius IX. was driven from Rome, a committee of Catholics was organized in France, and was successful in collecting funds for the Holy See under the name of Peter's Pence. The work spread to other countries, and since the occupation of Rome by the Italian Government Peter's Pence is one of the chief sources of income of the Holy See. It is perfectly true that "the Church had great power previous to the sixteenth century." Happily for the human race she had. The Church raised the nations of Europe from depths of barbarism to heights of Christian civilization, kindled and kept alive the lamp of learning by schools, colleges, and universities, raised the dignity of womanhood and protected the sanctity of home, and, thanks to her, the people, a band of slaves, were working out their freedom. Victories of peace were won through the intervention, mediation, or arbitration of the Popes from early centuries. In the fifth, Pope St. Leo protected the civilized world against Attila and his Huns; in the twelfth, Pope Innocent III. made peace between England and France, and so on.

admitted that "law, learning, education, science, all that we term civilization in the present social condition of the European people, spring from the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff and the Catholic

priesthood over the kings and peoples of the Middle Ages." (Lain, Observations," etc.) Guizot, Haxhaussen, and other men of vigorous intellect have declared that but for the humanizing influence of the Church, mind must have been brated down everywhere by brute force. The historian Staudlin writes that "the Papacy united in one common bond the different European nations, furthered their mutual intercourse, and became a channel for the communication of sciences and arts; without it the fine arts doubtless would not have attained to so high a degree of perfection. The Papal power restrained political despotism, and kept off from the multitude many of the ills of barbarism." ("Universal History.") The French historian Michaud writes that the power of the Popes in the Middle Ages was "the result of their position, not of their will. . . . as the nations formed no other idea of civilization than that which they had received from the Christian religion, so the Popes were quite naturally the supreme arbiters among peoples. In the midst of darkness, which the light of the Gospel incessantly strove to dispel, their authority must have passed as the first and highest. . . . kings and nations besought their aid, and asked counsel of them." He adds that their power was often exercised in behalf of public morality and social order, it protected often the weak against the strong. Checked the execution of criminal designs, restored peace among States, and preserved an infant society from the wild excesses of ambition, of licentiousness and of barbarism." ("Histoire des Croisades.") "The weak," writes Rabe, in his "Manual of the Middle Ages," "then found in spiritual authority a better protection against the encroachments of the powerful than afterwards in the so-called balance of power—a system which, as it was a thing purely abstract, devoid of all external guarantee, must soon have lost all influence. The Pope was always present to terminate the wars between Christian princes, and to protect the people against the injustice and tyranny of their rulers." Is there any institution, other than the Catholic Church, which, in the worst times, standing up in opposition to the mightiest rulers, and regardless of all external considerations, has protected with such energy the sanctity of the marriage tie, the rights of the defenceless, the purity of morals, and has with so much tact and moderation influenced the "progressive march" of human society? "And this in such a way that in later times Protestants could express the wish to see erected again in Rome, under the presidency of the Pope, a supreme tribunal for the settlement of disputes amongst rulers, (Leibnitz, "Tract, de Jure Suprematus." And "Appel d'un Protestant au Pape," Paris, 1869.) Such a tribunal might have prevented the late War. As it was, during the War the Pope was reproached and abused for not exercising in a given direction and to the violation of his neutrality—a power and an authority rejected and denied by the very persons who desired their being exercised against others! The outcry and the desire were significant, if involuntary, admissions of a consciousness that without that supreme tribunal something is wanting in our civilization. Possibly at least a few will also discern that the League of Nations is not achieving much—without the Father of Christendom. Excluded from its councils, nevertheless he remains the Father of Christendom, venerated by innumerable hearts, invested by the Divine with a power before which, in the long succession of ages, the greatest human dynasties, from the Caesars to the House of Hohenzollern, have vanished.

THE MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART

By "M. C. L." in Catholic Herald

Scarcely have the echoes of the tender hymns in honor of the Mother of God died away, when the Church bids us turn our thoughts to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. May, the month of flowers, has passed, but June the month of roses is here. The devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the latest development of the love of the Church for her Divine Spouse, is one of the richest inheritances of our Catholic faith. With the canonization last year of St. Margaret Mary, the apostle of the Sacred Heart, devotion to our Lord under the sacred symbol of His Divine Heart has received an added impetus that should make the month of the Sacred Heart this year one of the most magnificent manifestations of love for the Divine Heart that our loved man. Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord has existed in the Church from the very beginning. The trembling Babe of Bethlehem, the Holy Child of Nazareth, the Divine Man, going about doing good, the Man of Sorrows on Calvary, the glorified Christ of the Ascension, have elicited the worship and inspired the devotion of countless generations of Christians. The Divine Hands lifted up in prayer, the blessed feet walking the sands of Galilee or washed by Magdalen, the gallied hands and side, examined with incredulity by Thomas, have all been familiar objects of loving worship. But during the month of June the Church reminds us of the mysterious love of Christ for men and exposes for our worship and adoration the very fountain head of love unfathomable,—the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

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To assist at Mass every morning is an excellent way of beginning the day. To receive Communion every morning makes the day doubly blessed. While thousands of Catholics all over the world make a practice of attending Mass every morning and while thousands more could do so without the slightest inconvenience to themselves or their families. There can be no question as to the effect upon the person who every morning receives the Body and Blood of Our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist; no one can possibly estimate the effect of the excellent example. And then our Holy Father has made it very easy for all to receive Communion. So long as one has committed no mortal sin he may approach the altar rail without going to confession. Can any one who receives Communion every morning so far forget himself as to fall during the day? It does not seem reasonable that he should. Poor old human nature, however, is very frail; but should a man fall even seventy times seven, if he is sincere in his repentance, if his act of contrition does not consist merely in words, if he prays earnestly for the grace of perseverance, he will be given strength to overcome all temptation, the Church

of God, like its Divine Founder, will not turn him away, but will welcome him to her bosom. And while on the subject, it may not be out of place to call attention to a little work just issued by the University Press, Notre Dame, Ind. There are only twelve pages of printed matter, but what there is so effective that it must make a lasting impression on the reader. "Frequent Communion for College Men" is the title of the brochure and it consists of a number of views of college men who are frequent communicants. Here are just a few samples of what frequent Communion has done: "Frequent Communion has kept my mind free from evil thoughts." "I feel that I have gotten far more out of this year than if I had not received Communion every day." "Frequent Communion helps me to ask God's help in temptation and trouble." "I find it easier to avoid temptation when I think of receiving Communion the next day." "I think that frequent Communion is the best help to leading a clean life, and this, I think, is the best ambition any young man can have." "We are all subject to temptation. If frequent Communion had done so much for these college students, will it not do it for others?—Catholic Sun.

With theological precision, that leaves no room for misconception, the Church tells us that the object of our devotion is no visionary symbol, but the real living pulsing Heart of Our Divine Lord, the Living Chalice of the Precious Blood, the same Heart that burst with love for men on earth, the same Heart that beats in the breast of the glorified Humanity of Jesus, at the right hand of His Heavenly Father, the same Heart that throbs under the fingers of the priest at the consecration of the Mass.

The heart symbolizes love. We worship the Heart of our Divine Lord that symbolizes His love for us. His love led Him to suffer agony and death for us, His love leads Him to forgive us time and time again when we fall into sin, His love makes Him watch over us in this world and draw us to Him for eternity. And His great love reaching down from Heaven impelled Him to give to St. Margaret Mary the revelation that told us that not content with giving His love so superabundantly to us, He desired to be more loved by us. God pleads with man for love. This is the simplest statement of the reason for the existence of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. And it shows at one and the same time the infinite love of God and the cold ingrate of man. "Whence is this to me," said St. Elizabeth, "that the Mother of my Lord should come to me," and we might well say, "Whence is this to me, that my Lord should come to me for love." We should go rather to Him, to testify again and again our sense of appreciation for the innumerable favors He has lavished upon us. The month of the Sacred Heart gives us an opportunity of doing just this, of going frequently to Him and of pouring our heart's love to Him. It gives us an opportunity of doing even more, that of going to Him and making up by the fervor and intensity of our love for the coldness and ingratitude He has received from others. Reparation for our own and for others' sins, is one of the fruits of devotion to the Sacred Heart.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is one of the most effective means of infusing into our hearts the true spirit of Christianity. The world has had enough of hate. The reign of love must succeed to the former era of strife if peace is to rest again upon the world. One of the eleven promises of Our Lord to St. Margaret Mary to those who cultivate this devotion was, "I will give peace to their families." The whole Christian family needs to turn to the Sacred Heart that peace may reign among nations and individuals. The month of June, the month of the Sacred Heart, is a time of special grace, which every Catholic should take advantage of.—The Pilot.

A TYPICAL KNOW-NOTHING

In the old Know Nothing days in New York one of the bigots called upon a certain editor, who had criticized the association and its purposes. He entered the office "with fire in his eyes," and said: "I am a member of the X-Club. Are you the editor of this paper?" He was all the more fierce because Mr. D. happened to be an elderly man, slight and delicate. But the editorial wits were in excellent working order.

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wrong with the social machinery. What is it? Where is it? Who is at fault? One side or the other must be at fault, or possibly both sides share in the blame. Too often the interested parties forget that rights and duties intertwine, and that rights and duties measure themselves. Justice and not mere selfishness should hold the scales between capital and labor. Might can never be the permanent standard of right. We often see mere power exercised by both sides in the controversy without any reference to justice or the claims of fraternal charity. Revenge is stored up on both sides, and an opportunity is awaited to exercise it. It comes to the men when the firm is tied up with contracts and the labor market is depleted, and they sometimes take it by means of a strike. The opportunity comes to the employers when orders are not pressing, or when men are plentiful, and they retaliate by a cut in wages, by reduced time or by a shut-down. Where there ought to be an alliance between mutual interests, there is a state of warfare.

It appears to us that some tribunal with power to arbitrate, backed by legal enactments, should exist for the welfare of society and for the mutual protection of employers and employees. Society recognizes the necessity of legal tribunals to settle disputes among its members. But the disputes along labor lines are many and constant and growing. Why should this fruitful source of estrangement and of evil have no recognition in law? Were the golden rule observed, there would be no necessity for a legal rule. But as men drift away from the teachings of Him who spoke on the Mount as no man ever spoke, there must be some enactments to prevent society from being dragged to the precipice of destruction. The leaven of evil is at work, and is blinding men to the claims of justice and arraying class against class as antagonistic forces.

We boast of our advancement yet in the matter of labor legislation we have much to learn from New Zealand. Strikes and shut outs are almost if not entirely unknown in that far-off land.—Catholic Universe.

Prayer is speaking to God from the heart.

Strikes indicate that something is

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Canadian National Railways

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

NEVER TOO LATE

Is it too late? Nay, nothing is too late. Till the heart shall cease to palpitate. Oato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles Wrote his grand Oedipus and Simonides Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers When each had numbered more than four score years; And Theophrastus at four score and ten Had but begun his Characters of Men. Chaucer, at Woodstock, with the nightingales, At sixty wrote the Canterbury Tales. Goethe, at Weimar, toiling to the last, Completed Faust when eighty years were past. What, then! Shall we sit idly down and say The night hath come; it is no longer day? The night hath not yet come. We are not quite Out off from labor by the falling light; Something remains for us to do and dare; Even the oldest trees some fruit may bear. For age is opportunity no less Than youth itself, though in another dress; And as the evening twilight fades away The sky is filled with stars invisible by day.

they do not take pains, do not put conscience into their work.

A successful manufacturer says: "If you make a good pin, you will earn more money than if you make a bad steam engine." "If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor," says Emerson, "though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a path to his door."

When Daniel Webster, who had the best brain of his time, was asked to make a speech on some question at the close of a Congressional session, he replied, "I never allow myself to speak on any subject until I have made it my own. I haven't time to do that in this case, hence I must refuse to speak on the subject."

the ordinary situations of life, there is plenty of time to do everything as it ought to be done, and if we form the habit of excellence, of doing everything to a finish, our lives would be infinitely more satisfactory, more complete, there would be a wholeness instead of the incompleteness that characterize most lives.

There is an indescribable superiority added to the very character and fiber of the man who always and everywhere puts quality into his work.

There is a sense of wholeness, of satisfaction, of happiness, in his life which is never felt by the man who does not do his level best every time. He is not haunted by the ghosts or fall ends of half finished tasks, of skipped problems; is not kept awake by a troubled conscience.

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DO IT TO A FINISH

When you finish a thing you ought to be able to say to yourself, "There, I am willing to stand for that piece of work. It is not pretty well done; it is done as well as I can do it; done to a complete finish. I will stand for that. I am willing to be judged by it."

Never be satisfied with "fairly good," "pretty good," "good enough." Accept nothing short of your best. Put such a quality into your work that any one who comes across anything you have ever done will see character in it, individuality in it, your trade mark of superiority upon it. Your reputation is at stake in everything you do and your reputation is your capital. You cannot afford to do a poor job, to let botched work or anything that is inferior go out of your hands. Every bit of your work, no matter how unimportant or trivial it may seem, should bear your trademark of excellence; you should regard every task that goes through your hands, every piece of work you touch, as Sampson regarded every watch that went out of his shop. It must be the very best you can do, the best that human skill can produce.

It is just the little difference between the good and the superb that makes the difference between the artist and the artisan. It is just the little touches after the average man would quit that make the master's fame.

Regard your work as Stradivarius regarded his violins, which he "made for eternity," and not one of which was ever known to come to pieces or break. When a piece of work leaves your hand it should bear your recommendation, the hall-mark of your character.

Stradivarius did not need any patent on his violins, for no other violin maker would pay such a price for excellence as he paid; would take such pains to put his stamp of superiority upon his instruments. He was determined to make his name on a violin worth something, to make it a trade-mark which would protect the instrument the world over. This was his patent, he needed no other. Every Stradivarius now in existence is worth from three to ten thousand dollars, or several times its weight in gold.

I have known many instances where advancement hinged upon the little overplus of interest, of painstaking an employee put into his work, on his doing a little better than was expected of him. Employers are no fools. They do not say all they think, but they detect very quickly the earmarks of superiority. They keep their eyes on the employe who has the stamp of excellence upon him, who takes pains with his work, who does it to a finish. They know he has a future.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., says that the "secret of success is to do the common duty uncommonly well." It is doing things a little better than those about you do them; being a little neater, a little quicker, a little more accurate, a little more observant; it is ingenuity in finding new and more progressive ways of doing old things; it is being a little more polite, a little more obliging, a little more tactful, a little more cheerful, optimistic, a little more energetic, helpful, than those about you that attracts the attention of your employer and other employers also.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

TO THE SACRED HEART Subject of Love! forever old and new, Worthy of all, yet revered by few, Accept the humble tribute of our lays, Whilst we attempt to sound Thy wondrous praise.

To Thee, O Sacred Heart, we bend our mind, In Thee our treasure and our all we find. To Thee with hope we raise our joyful voice, And bid the slaking, slumbering world rejoice: For here is found a kind and safe retreat, Where saint and sinner may in safety meet. Here morn and eve Thy clients can repair, And in Thy Sacred Heart cast all their care. Here each can build her sacred little cell, And with her Spouse in sweet contentment dwell; Here to her Lord a little altar raise, And, like a lamp, evaporate in His praise. Oh, may my soul here find her sole delight, And love for love return with all her might! Bright furnace of pure love! my heart inflame, And on Thy loving Heart inscribe my name. With Thee I wish to live—with Thee to die; Arm'd with Thy strength we can our foes defy. Nor fear nor anguish can approach my mind, For more than I can ask in Thee I find. O Sacred Heart! could men Thy treasure know, How would they slight all other goods below! How would they wish to speak and live with Thee, During all time and through eternity!

THE LOVE OF MOTHERS

Occasionally we see manifestations of disrespect to mothers, and we cannot help but regard the miscreant as an ingrate. The sacrifice of a

THE MAN FROM KERRY

A long time ago, a young Irishman of the County Kerry enlisted in the English army and was sent with his regiment to the Crimean war. He was a hot-headed fellow, warm-hearted, devoted to his country; in fact, wildly enthusiastic when Ireland was even mentioned—and brave to a fault.

On one occasion at a game of cards a party of privates of whom he was one, became noisy and got into trouble. They were put into irons for the night, and when morning came, Cormac and his comrades were brought before their colonel, fined, and dismissed with the stern reprimand military obedience demanded when army rules were broken.

JOYS AND BLESSINGS OF TEAMWORK

The success of an undertaking depends upon the proper co-ordination of the activities of those who are engaged in it. Failure is due to lack of teamwork. Moreover, where there is no co-operation, the joy and pleasure go out of the work and it sinks to the level of mere drudgery. To confer one's attention to the trivial details of work that he before as takes the pride out of work; but to realize that one is co-operating with others towards the accomplishment of some larger end and purpose worth while is an inspiring consideration.

mother deserves an esteem for her own part which almost like the honor and homage due to God. Who paints a prettier picture of mother than Washington Irving in the following: "The love of a mother is never exhausted; it never changes; it never tires. A father may turn his back on his child; brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies; husbands may desert their wives, wives their husbands, but a mother's love endures through all; in good repute, in bad repute, in the face of the world's condemnation, a mother still loves on, and still hopes that her child may turn from his evil ways and repent; still she remembers the infant smiles that once filled her bosom with such rapture, the merry laugh, the joyful about of his childhood, opening promise of his youth, and she can never be taught to think him unworthy."

He did not utter a word, but took his medicine like a man! When he was released, he went back to his company burning with indignation and shame, and with a bitter heart determined to leave the army forever as soon as his time was up. This he did, returning to Ireland, and although he loved his native land, the memory of what he considered an outrage on his manhood rankled so deep, that he set out for America—the land of the free—as soon as he could get together the money for his passage.

His soldier life had loosened his hold on practical religion, but not on his faith, for he always said he was a Catholic. When he arrived in America he devoted his whole energy to accumulating a fortune and build up a home. Early in the day he worked, he had no time for God, or to the needs of his immortal soul; but he prospered, was successful as the world goes, and looked about for a wife. By God's mercy he married a good Catholic girl, and gathered a family about him, who were all baptized and reared Catholics, while their father never went to church. This was a source of great pain and sorrow to his devoted wife and daughters.

Once the pastor of his parish called to see him, and Mr. C., acutely conscious that he was not living according to his convictions, nor in acknowledgment of the faith of his childhood, in a sort of nervous bravado, told the priest he did not mean to bother about religion, as long as he was honest and humane, a kind husband and parent. He intimated to the pastor that he would be thankful to be "let alone!" His poor wife, mortified and ashamed, tried to excuse him to the pastor, but her excuses were cut short by Mr. C., who told her not to meddle, that he meant every word he said.

The pastor took his leave. "Nothing can be done, except by prayer," he said. From then forth, mother and daughters besieged heaven with prayers for the father's conversion. Especially did they have recourse to the Sacred Heart. But as the months passed by, no effect was visible; the father was more obstinate than ever, and even found fault when the family went to church at any other time than to Mass on Sundays.

One autumn an unusual "cold snap" occurred. Many persons were unprepared for cold weather and were taken ill. Among them was Mr. C. Although he fought desperately against his illness he was obliged to go to bed, and pneumonia set in. When he was prostrate and the physician had announced the gravity of the case, his favorite little daughter with tears besought him to allow her teacher, who was a Sister in the parish school, to visit him and pray for his recovery.

To please the little girl the man consented, and when the two Sisters of Mercy entered the room Mr. C.

received them kindly, but commanded they should not talk with him about religion. He said he would die as he had lived; but they could pray all they liked —! The Sisters saw he was not going to recover, and one of them begged him to allow her, as a favor, to pin a Sacred Heart Badge on his breast. He made no objection, and then the Sisters knelt down, and surrounded by the broken-hearted wife and family, said the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, for the recovery of his health. In their secret hearts they prayed more for the recovery of grace for his poor soul!

Mr. C. lay quietly with his eyes closed, apparently unmoved. When the prayers were over, the Sister arose and going to the bed, took the sick man's hand.

"Good-bye, Mr. C. I am sorry to see one of my countrymen about to die without the sacraments!" The simple directness of the sentence, and the almost tearful earnestness of the speaker, struck home to the sick man's heart.

"One of your countrymen?" he echoed. "Why, are you an Irish woman, Sister?" "I am from the County Kerry, not far from your mother's home, where you were born," said the nun.

A strange, moist light shone in the sick man's eyes. He grasped the nun's hand—and held it, while his face worked convulsively.

"God help me, Sister!" said Mr. C., as the love of country awakened the embers of faith under the crust of years. "No one will ever say I refused a Kerry woman anything she asked me!" "Then," said the Sister, seizing the moment when nature helped grace, "in God's name, go to confession and make your peace with Him. The land of our birth must never have a record of one of its sons refusing to see a priest on his death-bed. Go to confession this night and we will storm heaven for your precious soul!"

"I will, Sister! I will!"—cried the man, "send me the priest!"

the relations between employer and employee would become more harmonious. Friction would be lessened. Friendship would take the place of that cold aloofness which at the present but too frequently prevails. The entire atmosphere of the shop or the office would change. The old, fine and noble loyalty, of which we read in historic novels would reappear and beautify our industrial relations. Where the spirit of teamwork holds sway, there work has zest and savor. Even the ordinary tasks take on a charm and beauty of their own, for they are merged in some larger and significant purpose.—Catholic Standard and Times.

THE HOPE OF THE FUTURE

If all the Catholic young men and young women who in a few weeks time will go forth from their Alma Mater bearing away her benedictions along with their diplomas and medals, should start out with a determination that they will live for the honor of their Faith, what a glorious band of soldiers of the Cross they would be, and how well would they fulfill the destiny religious education points out to them!

With their foundations of learning and well-disciplined minds they should enter upon the world's stage as graduates from a military academy enter a battlefield; prepared to put to practical use all the knowledge they have accumulated. But, alas, how few do! Many dazzled by the brilliancy of a college commencement, and impressed by the false idea respecting the character of a graduate, plunge headlong into the whirlpool of the world's pleasures, giving free reign to undisciplined inclinations that they were cautioned to subdue with following their curriculum. Their graduation day is their commencement of life; they then put to use what they have been

learning in order to make a good beginning. A bad and worthless after-life argues a bad beginning, and a bad beginning would show something defective in early training.

Each Catholic young man and young woman, on leaving college, should consider himself, or herself, a missionary, and as one to whom the world looks for an example. How noble, then, it is to see them bold, fearless, practical in their Faith, flinching at nothing to which duty calls them. A religious education is the hope of our country, so must our Catholic graduates be considered as those upon whom devolves the duty of sustaining this education, and of teaching and assisting those noble men and women engaged in it.—M. Ch'gan Catholic.

CUTICURA HEALED PIMPLES ON FACE Also Itchy Scalp, Hair Fell Out, Face Disfigured.

"My head began to itch and there were scales on my scalp. My hair came out badly when combed and it became very dry and thin. I also had pimples and blackheads all over my face. The pimples were hard, large, and red, and caused me to scratch and irritate them, and my face was disfigured. "This trouble lasted about two months and I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment. After I had used two cakes of Soap and two boxes of Ointment I was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Zona Jackson, R. 3, Goldendale, Wash. Improve your skin by daily use of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum. They are ideal. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold throughout the Dominion, Canadian Depot: Lyons, Limited, 344 St. Paul St., W. Montreal. Cuticura Soap shaves without razor.

Course of Nursing Reduced to 2 1/2 Years Saint Mary's Hospital Registered School of Nursing Saint Marks and Buffalo Avenues, Brooklyn, New York Hospital of 300 beds. "Shevin Hall" (nurses' home), a detached, fireproof building, spacious grounds, ideal location ALLOWANCE \$10 PER MONTH. BOOKS and UNIFORMS SUPPLIED Write for Prospectus to Sister-in-charge, or Director of School of Nursing

LEAVES ON THE WIND New Volume of Verse by Rev. D. A. Casey AUTHOR OF "At the Gate of the Temple" Editor of "The Canadian Freeman" \$1.25 Postpaid Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA FATHER CASEY writes with sincerity and deep feeling. His uplifting heart- songs carry many cheery winged messages to the earth-worn weary children of men. Many chords are touched to which the heart strongly vibrates; tender chords of Erin's love and sorrow; chords of patriotism and chords of piety; chords of adoration and homage that lift the soul to the very Throne of the Most High. "More convincing than Synge and Lady Gregory, perhaps because the poet knows better and sympathizes more deeply with the people of whom he writes," was the comment of Joyce Kilmer in "The Literary Digest." In the pages of this book religion and art are mingled with happiest results.

HOTEL TULLER DETROIT, MICH. 600 Rooms 600 Baths \$2.50 up, Single \$4.50 up, Double Agents Sample Rooms \$5.00 per Day HEADQUARTERS IN DETROIT FOR Old Colony Club Detroit Automobile Club Motion Picture Exhibitor's Association Detroit Transportation Club Table D'Hote Dinner \$1.50 and \$1.75 Business Men's Lunch 75c. Cafe A La Carte Cafeteria Men's Grille

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HEROIC MISSIONS OF THE MACKENZIE

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK IN THE RAPIDS

We here mention rapids. We should rather call the river one continuous rapid, but there is a portion of some five or six miles in length which merit special attention. They are called on that river "The Rapids." It was here that many of our 54 days on the river were passed. Here, we would reduce again and again our load, pull with all our might on the taut lines, spend whole days in such work and advance but a few hundred feet. After ten days at this laborious task, we managed to transport about one-third of our freight. It took us only nine hours to ride back again on the swift current to the point where we entered the portion of the river. Here we again renewed the labours of the previous trip. Finally we had won, our freight was landed above the rapids. But no, our difficulties were not over. We had yet to transfer the gasoline boat. It took us twelve days to get it through, and for at least three miles of the river we had to drag the boat along with block and tackle. Your Lordship can easily judge what labour that meant. From the rapids to the lake, a distance of from 35 to 40 miles, we found the current very swift, but usually it was much deeper and the banks infinitely better for our task. In about a week's time we succeeded in carrying a little more than half our load to the point commonly called "La Pêche."

OUR JOURNEY'S END

While at "La Pêche" a three days' downfall of snow began, nor did it stop until it had covered the ground one foot and a half. In previous years the first snow usually melted; this, however, did not, but remained with us in all its beauty. On the 4th of October Mr. Arden proceeded to cross the lake in his gasoline boat, taking a good part of our freight with his own. I sincerely hoped that he would be willing to have Brother Meyer, whom Father Frapsauce badly needed, accompany him, but he argued that it was altogether impossible to reduce our ranks when the rest of the goods had to be freighted through. We parted then, Mr. Arden proceeding to cross the Lake, we again taking up our heavy task. There is little need repeating what we did. Our difficulties of the past were merely renewed and increased by the heavy blanket of snow which covered everything.

It took us about ten days to again reach "La Pêche," where we once more met Mr. Arden, who had returned. The latter had made a successful trip across the lake to his destination and had unloaded his freight and was about eight miles from the Mission. He had spoken to Father Frapsauce also, who was then about 15 miles from the Mission and alone, fishing. The missionary was then in excellent health. He had caught about half a ton of fish through the ice at the lower end of a bay, but at the time they met was looking for his nets, which the ice had carried off. Mr. Arden had, unfortunately, forgotten to give him the mail and the Father, alas, was destined never to read it.

On the 18th of October we left "La Pêche," bringing with us the remainder of our freight and taking with us also Mr. Boland and his family, who just at present are our nearest neighbors. The day following we crossed the Lake, but did not reach home. In the evening we cast anchor just out from the bay in which Father Frapsauce had been fishing. We put off the ordinary number of signalling shots, but had no reply. We all thought that the missionary had returned to the Mission. We set out thither and arrived on foot the evening of Oct. 21st. Poor Father Frapsauce was not there either, and we were never to see him again. May God's holy will be done! Oh, Messenger, I need not tell you what a trial it was! Monday, 25th, not seeing Father Frapsauce return and having put all the provisions that might be exposed to loss in a safe place, I borrowed the dog team of Mr. Boland, left, accompanied by my little Esquimaux, to find him, Brother Meyer meantime putting all in order about the Mission.

We followed the shores of the bays, as the ice frequently was not strong enough to carry us; we even at times had to go by the woods, often cutting our way through. About five or six miles from the Mission we had just rounded a bay when we came across a dog-team trail about a day or two old, making straight for the point where the ice was broken. I immediately suspected a disaster. Gabriel said that it was an Indian who had passed that way. Moreover, Brother Meyer had assured me that the Father had no dog-team with him. We continued in order to reach the spot before night. We were able to follow the trail whenever the ice was not broken. It led directly to the tent of the unfortunate missionary; there could be no illusion possible. At the tent we found that all had been left in order and he must have quitted there in the evening, as we later proved when we had examined the marks in his Breviary. What a night I spent there! The following morning we set out. At the spot where the accident occurred we saw

nothing that day; we could only recognize that the ice was broken into smaller pieces, but had not yet scattered. The next day, with Brother Meyer and Mr. Boland, I again visited the spot. This time we noticed something black rising slightly above the ice. Mr. Boland, who first caught sight of it, risked going out on the brittle and cracking ice. Having approached within twenty feet of the object, he recognized clearly the body of a dog. He also saw something beneath the ice which may have been the body of another dog or a caribou cap. He could go no farther, the ice being very bad and the water deep. We were hoping that it would freeze solid. Our hopes were that day disappointed, however, as it broke up still more and finally moved off into the great lake. The 30th I again sought the bay with Messrs. Boland and Arden and our Esquimaux. The ice was better though still dangerous. All our searching was in vain. Across the transparent ice the bay appeared as usual. This bay is shallow, not more than three or four feet of water, with the exception of one spot about sixty feet square and not far from the bank, where the depth is about nine feet.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 87 Bond St., Toronto. Contributions through this office should be addressed: CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

DONATIONS Previously acknowledged \$4,597.90 Catholic Women's League, St. Mary's, Ont. 5.00

MASS INTENTIONS Mrs. John O'Regan, St. John, N. B. 10.00

SILVER JUBILEE

On Wednesday, June 1st, there took place at Sudbury, Ont., the Silver Jubilee of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Dillon. The respected couple were married twenty-five years ago in Rentree by Rev. P. T. Ryan, now His Lordship Bishop Ryan of Pembroke. In the morning a Solemn High Mass of thanksgiving was sung by Rev. Thos. H. Trainor, P. P., at which assisted the Jubilarians and all the immediate members of their family, after which followed a splendid banquet in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dillon. Among the invited guests present were: Rev. Father Trainor, Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, and his assistant Rev. Father Horne, the Rev. Father Brennan, P. P. of Espanola and other too numerous to mention. Mr. and Mrs. Dillon were surrounded by all members of the family, three boys and three girls, one son Joseph Harold who did a couple of years ago, was fondly mentioned by his loving parents, as the guests sat at the festive board.

The numerous presents of silverware testified the high esteem in which this estimable couple are held in the community. Telegrams of congratulations were received from many friends who could not possibly be present. Among others the brothers of Mr. Dillon in Calabogie and Virginia, Minn., and Mrs. Judge Kahos who was attending the convention of the Catholic Women's League in Toronto. Their many friends pray that Mr. and Mrs. Dillon will be blessed with health and prosperity and that they may live to see their golden anniversary of their marriage. The CATHOLIC RECORD and Catholic Register, of which Mr. and Mrs. Dillon have been readers and admirers all their lives, extend congratulations.

MONTREAL PRIEST TO MEDIATE IN ONTARIO

FATHER BRENNAN APPOINTED TO SETTLE LABOR DISPUTE Sudbury, June 9, Star Special.—The Rev. Father James T. Brennan, Rector of Espanola, Ont., and formerly of Montreal, has been called upon by the Hon. Gideon Robertson, Minister of Labor, Ottawa, to act as Chairman of the Conciliation Board, appointed to straighten out the difficulties between the Algoma Eastern Railway and its employees. The other Members of the Board are Basil Campbell of the Algoma Steel Corporation and Fred Bancroft, Labor Leader of Toronto, for the railway and the men respectively. The parties to the dispute are deadlocked on the Question of Wages and working conditions generally. Father Brennan is an old Point St. Charles boy and lacrosse player, who for the past twelve years has been an outstanding figure in the industrial life of Northern Ontario, enjoying to the full the confidence of both employers and men. The beautiful new parochial residence, the new church and the magnificent school, one of the grandest and best equipped in all Ontario, are due to his entire efforts and a shining proof of the high esteem not only of his faithful flock but by all classes, races and creeds.

DOCTORS' CRUSADE AGAINST THE HOUSE FLY

Eight hundred Bronx physicians recently joined Dr. Arthur J. O'Leary, Health Officer of the Bronx, in a crusade against flies for the elimination of diphtheria and other contagious diseases.



Kill them all, and the germs too. 10c a packet at Druggists, Grocers and General Stores.

OBITUARY

WM. CANNING

On May 28th, the death occurred of Wm. Canning in his sixty-ninth year. The deceased was born in Scarborough where he spent practically all his life as a farmer. He is survived by his wife, six sons and three daughters, Mrs. Wm. McGriskin of Agincourt, Mrs. E. Frech of Saul Ste Marie, and Gertrude at home, also one brother and four sisters. He was father in law of St. Hugh of the Loretto Community, Toronto, and brother of the late Rev. Hugh Canning. The funeral was held at St. Joseph's Church, Highland Creek, Soleran Requiem Mass was celebrated by the son of the deceased Rev. E. Canning, with the Rev. C. James, pastor, as deacon and Rev. A. McQuillan as sub-deacon, and Rev. H. Callaghan master of ceremonies. Rev. F. Carroll of St. Augustine's Seminary presided.

The pall-bearers were his five sons, Hugh, Joseph, Ambrass, Arnold, and Treason and his son-in-law, Wm. McGriskin. Among the clergy present were, Rev. M. Cline, Rev. E. McCabe, Rev. A. O'Leary, D.D., Rev. J. Hayes, Rev. E. Kelly, Rev. L. O'Reilly, D. D., Rev. M. O'Farrell, Rev. R. Culliton, Rev. T. Manley, Rev. J. Reddin, Rev. F. Flannagan and Rev. F. Carfield, R. I. P.

JOHN FITZPATRICK

On Tuesday, April 19th, there occurred the death of John Fitzpatrick, an old and esteemed resident of the township of the County of Dumfriesshire, Scotland, who was born eighty-three years ago, and was the son of Philip Fitzpatrick of that township. The greater part of his life was spent on his farm in Asphed, about three miles east of Norwood. He was eminently successful in his chosen occupation and succeeded in making his farm and home second to none in the district. Moreover, he always took a keen interest in municipal affairs, and for several years served on the Township Council, and represented the township on the County Council for five years. He filled these offices most acceptably for his judgment was always sound, and his genial disposition won for him the good will of his colleagues.

Mr. Fitzpatrick was best known, however, by those who had the pleasure of being entertained in his own home. It was there that his generous Irish heart, and his cheerful, even playful disposition showed to advantage. The numerous friends of Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick and family spent many happy evenings in their home, and they recall with pleasure the joyful countenance of the head of the house when he saw that all his guests were well entertained. He loved to see young people enjoy themselves. In fact, he remained a young man to the day of his death, although his age is recorded as eighty-three years.

He was a faithful member of St. Paul's Catholic Church in Norwood. He took a keen interest in all the church's activities, and enjoyed the distinction of drawing the first load of stone for the building of the present church. In his death St. Paul's congregation loses a valued member, but the inspiration of his example will compensate for his absence from the family pew, and from the various gatherings of the congregation.

Two years ago Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick celebrated the 50th anniversary of their wedding. On that occasion the many relatives and friends of the honored couple assembled at the church and later at the home to rejoice with them over the attainment of such a long period of married life. Both Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick were then hale and hearty, but now the tie has been severed and Mrs. Fitzpatrick is left to mourn the loss of her life companion. Four sons and four daughters survive: Sister M. Inez of St. Joseph's Convent, Peterboro; Mrs. C. Quinlan, Norwood; Mrs. M. O'Leary, Douro; Mrs. E. White, Peterboro; Phillip, Michael, John and Joseph, of Norwood. Besides these there are numbered among his immediate relatives fourteen grand children, two brothers, Philip of Pertham, Minnesota; Patrick of Warsaw, and four sisters, Sister St. Philip of Montreal; Margaret of Warsaw, Ann of Pertham and Catherine of Dummer.

The funeral took place on Friday, April 22nd. The funeral Mass was sung by Father McCarthy, pastor of St. Paul's, Norwood, and Father Garvey of Peterboro, preached a very appropriate sermon. In the sanctuary were: Father McGuire of Peterboro; and Father Galvin of Downeyville.

To Mrs. Fitzpatrick and family the sympathy of the entire community goes out. Their sorrow, we know, is great, but they have the consolation of knowing that Mr. Fitzpatrick enjoyed the highest esteem of those who knew him, and that he led a life that will win for him an eternal reward in Heaven. May his soul rest in peace.

DIED

MURRAY.—At Toronto, Ont., Mrs. Ellen Murray, aged seventy-two years, May her soul rest in peace.

CORCORAN.—On Thursday, June 2nd, at her home 149 Cowan Avenue, Toronto, Catherine M., third daughter of the late James Corcoran, formerly of Stratford, Ontario. R. I. P.

It is while you are patiently toiling at the little tasks of life that the meaning and shape of the great whole of life dawn upon you. It is while you are resisting little temptations you are growing stronger. The real honor that we should render to the saints is to imitate them. Their relics preach to us, and invite us to follow their example; they ask of us a living reliquary, the heart.—Bossuet.

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER wanted for Catholic Separate School No. 3, March, holding 2nd class certificate. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Apply stating salary to Ambrose Carroll, Sec. Treas., Dunrobin, Ont. 2228-4

WANTED 2nd class certificated teacher, experienced, for P. S. W. 1, Hagar. Salary \$80 per annum. School situated walk from Village of Markstay, on main line C. P. R. Apply J. Brown, Markstay, Ont. 2228-3

TEACHER wanted for C. S. S. No. 6, Emily, State salary and apply to Michael O'Neill, Sec. Treas., Downeyville, Ont. 2228-2

WANTED by Catholic Separate School Board, four female teachers as assistants at St. Patrick's School, Cobalt; five rooms graded. Applicants to have at least second class Ontario certificates; one for Primary class; duties to commence Sept. 1st, 1921. State experience, qualification and salary expected. Apply to Wm. Saumier, Box 225, Cobalt, Ont. 2228-3

WANTED for S. S. No. 10, Adlaja, a teacher holding a second class professional certificate. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Apply, stating experience and salary expected to Thos. P. Roman, Sec. R. R. No. 1, Colgan, Ont. 2228-3

WANTED experienced teacher, holding 2nd class professional, for S. S. No. 6, Arthur, Ont., 23 miles from station and church. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Kindly apply at once stating salary and qualifications to Ed. Reidy, Sec. R. R. No. 2, Kenilworth, Ont. 2228-3

SCHOOL WANTED CATHOLIC male teacher thoroughly competent, city and rural experience, second class certificate. Lieutenant in Air Force, desires the principalship of a two or three roomed school or would accept a rural school favorably located. Duties to begin in September, 1921. Replies will be received on and up to June 25th. All applicants kindly send all particulars and address all replies to R. Kenny, Picton, Ont. R. R. No. 6. 2227-2

POSITION WANTED A LADY desires a position in a good home as housekeeper where other help is kept. Capable of helping children with home lessons. Address Box 299, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2227-1

HELP WANTED EXPERIENCED farm hand wanted by the year. Elderly man preferred. Address Box 229, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2227-2

GREAT OPPORTUNITIES FOR Catholic families who want to locate in the West; come to Westlock, Alberta, Canada, where crops never fail; also good business opportunities. Send stamped addressed envelope to Pettit, Westlock, Alberta, if interested for particulars. 2226-6

FOR SALE OR RENT HOTEL partly furnished near Magnetawan River. Ideal summer resort, bathing, boating, fishing, hunting; not far from radiating discovery. Also a few good farms for sale. Good opening for smart business man. Address Box 27, Kearney P. O. 2227-2

SALESMEN WANTED TO represent "The Old Reliable Fonthill Nurseries," Exclusive territory, handsome free outfit, liberal commissions. Stone 2 Wellington, Toronto, Ont. 2221-5

WANTED housekeeper for a small family on a farm, middle aged woman preferred; no outside work; Address Box 258, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2227-1

WANTED cook and room maid for Catholic Rectory in an Ontario town. Must be expert in two relatives or friends preferred. New home with separate rooms. For particulars address Sister Superior, 2229-4f

THE CALL FOR NURSES FOR specialized as well as for general work is increasing daily. Now is the time to fit yourself for the best position. MR. ST. HENRY'S HOSPITAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES, Niagara Falls, N. Y., offers a first class course complete in three years. For particulars address Sister Superior, 2229-4f

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES A. B. HEPBURN Hospital Training School for Nurses, Ogdensburg, N. Y. Conducted by the Grey Nuns. Registered by the New York State Education Department. Three year course of instruction. Healthful location. New home with separate rooms. For further particulars apply to the Principal of the Training School. 2227-4

BECOME A PROFESSIONAL NURSE A dignified, enviable, profitable calling. Intelligent ambitious women over eighteen are trained at St. Catherine's Hospital School of Nursing, Brooklyn, N. Y., in thorough standard diploma courses qualifying for future advancement. Separate residence, good surroundings. For particulars, address Director of Training School, St. Catherine's Hospital, Eastwick Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. 2224-4f

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES MERCY Hospital Training School for Nurses offers exceptional educational opportunities for competent and ambitious young women. Applicants must be eighteen years of age, and have one year of high school or its equivalent. Pupils may enter at the present time. Applications may be sent to the Director of Nurses, Mercy Hospital, Toledo, Ohio. 2110-4f

COOK WANTED GOOD plain cook wanted. Highest wages. Must have references. Address Box 245, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2216-4f

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For Particulars, Write Office of THE CATHOLIC MAGAZINE 210 IMPERIAL BUILDING, HAMILTON

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WANTED for S. S. No. 10, Adlaja, a teacher holding a second class professional certificate. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Apply, stating experience and salary expected to Thos. P. Roman, Sec. R. R. No. 1, Colgan, Ont. 2228-3

WANTED experienced teacher, holding 2nd class professional, for S. S. No. 6, Arthur, Ont., 23 miles from station and church. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Kindly apply at once stating salary and qualifications to Ed. Reidy, Sec. R. R. No. 2, Kenilworth, Ont. 2228-3

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