

# 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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### TO KNOW OURSELVES

The generation to which we belong boasts vast increases of knowledge, but it is little wiser than its foregoers in the essentials of sound judgment and sane living. The books and periodicals of the day—to say nothing of the newspapers which suffice the hasty crowd—exemplify the confused sense of values which prevails everywhere. We seem to have grown accustomed to displays of egotism which lack the saving salt of humor that gives such wholesome flavor to the older gossips, and are buttonholed by hoars or stupefied by scholars on all sides and on all subjects. An inverted kind of vanity induces certain morbid writers of fiction and social speculators to make gratuitous confession of evil passions or remediable weaknesses. Some of these ripe and ready revelations of diseased minds may be classed as contributions to pathology. It has been said that dirt is only matter in the wrong place; clearly some of these documents might fitly occupy the columns of a medical magazine. But it is a foolish travesty of life, and it will pass as men and women gain a firmer grasp of the science that modulates the crude sounds and blends and controls the emotional activity. Age should mellow us and experience ingeminate a kindly forbearing spirit toward all forms of weakness that do not indicate a radical disease of the soul. We have to be on our guard against our easily besetting virtues, as well as alert to check our easily besetting sins. To comprehend is to forgive, and surely Time and Trouble, which bear away so many of our hopes, ambitions, longings and hasty enthusiasms, should make us gentle and tolerant in our handling of our friends' faults and failings. The best of us are cranks in our own particular and peculiar way. We set out with portentous solemnity to reform the world, sword in hand. Alas we have never proved our armor; we tilt at shacks which we mistake for castles, and rush to the rescue of distressed mortals, who happily mock us for our pains! Happy are we if, in some hour of divine self-revelation, we begin to come to ourselves, if the golden haze of our fond conceit rolls away and we see things clearly. Then our vanities shrivel up, our poses fall away, and life in its length and breadth and height shows itself in the true perspective.

ment it gives them. Perhaps the funniest point in the whole situation of the woes of the Poor Rich is that they think themselves only deserving of sympathy and commiseration. There is the other side of the picture—the Rich Poor—those brave beings who face life bravely, day after day toiling for a bare pittance and yet they always have their little offering for the Church, the poor, or the mission-field. In many cases parents are stinting themselves to give the promising son a college education, in the hope that God may call him to His own special service, practising little economies that even the closest friends are not permitted to suspect. In their cheerfulness, their courage and their hopefulness they may well be called the Rich Poor. For there there can be nothing but admiration. Of the Poor Rich with their false outlook their acceptance of shams and imitations, their greedy craving for excitement and pleasure, and the mere appanages of wealth, one should try to think with perhaps a shade of gentle regretfulness. They are the unfortunate embodiments of certain ideas and influences; and money, nothing but money, represents all to them. Before its image

"Bow the vulgar great, The vainly rich, the miserably proud," and they follow with the rest, with no perception that there are other happinesses that money can never buy.

### SAY IT NOW

If we like a thing why don't we say so? We often have the impulse, why not actually carry it into action? We are all but children of a larger growth, hungry and thirsty in our wish to be told when we have done well. The greatest is not above it. Though we are often tempted to think so, all are not working for mere wages or material return. The honest word of praise has again and again been known to act like magic on a depressed spirit or sullen servant, where everything else failed. To realize that some one notices our effort, that some one believes in us—that is very helpful to most of us.

## NEWS FROM ROME

### RELIGIOUS STATISTICS

Let me give the official figures of the Catholics and non-Catholics of Italy as supplied by the census of 1911. They are an eye opener for those who try to decry the Catholicity of this country, and they are a sharp rebuke to the Italians who fall off from the practice of their faith in foreign lands.

The Government returns for 1911 shows Italy has a population of 35,597,784. Among these are 79,756 foreigners. Now, of this number the census returned Catholics, 32,982,664; Protestants, 123,253; Hebrews, 34,324; Greek schismatics, 2,200; atheists, 874,532; returned no answer, 663,404.

Taking into consideration the pertinacious attempt to de-Christianize Italy these twenty years, human respect, the fear of losing subsidies given by certain Socialistic organizations, etc., we may reasonably say that of the 653,404 who refused to declare their religious principles the vast majority were baptized Catholics. But their personal convenience and their mode of thinking keep them silent.

It must be stated frankly that nowadays the worst recommendation for success that a young professional man can bring with him into public life in most of the cities of Italy is the fact that he is a fervent, practicing Catholic. There is no getting away from this. Lawyers, doctors, commercial men know it. Of course, we must except those few who by main force of extraordinary intellect and prestige simply walk over all obstructions to honor, fame and wealth and impress themselves upon those who would fain destroy their career. But take the man of average ability, he will find mysterious obstacles thrown in his path. Is it to be wondered at so much, then, that the timid lovers of a quiet life, the uncertain, the indifferent, write themselves down as atheists or as of no religious convictions.

The fact, then, that in the Government census of 1911, 33,000,000 out of Italy's 35,000,000 wrote themselves down as convinced Catholics is eloquent of how strong and deeply rooted in Italian soil is the oak of Catholicity. Let those of their blood in America who do not do honor to the old faith ruminate on this.

### THE GREAT EVIL

It must be said the cancer in Italy today is the education in the schools. In today's issue of one of the Roman dailies Baron Coffari, Senator of Italy, makes a vehement protest against the system:

"It is beyond all doubt," he writes, "that in Italy the very great majority is Catholic, and therefore it is strange, I would say unconstitutional, that the majority is obliged to make petitions in order to obtain that teaching in the schools which it pays and maintains."

"Can it be honestly said that in Italy education is going ahead? Can it be concealed that the terrible increase in crime in minors coincides with the system of 'lay' education?"

The Senator arraigns the system in scathing terms as do most of Italy's greatest sons. But still what change does this bring about? Truly, the unseen force that carries the system forward is a powerful one.

### ENGLISH PREMIER'S VISIT

Well, Mr. Asquith, Premier of England, has seen the Holy Father. It was a meeting between two clever men. For the present we do not know what impression Benedict XV. has of the English Minister. But we already know that the Prime Minister of England came away deeply impressed with the brilliant talents of a great Pontiff, and at the calm courtesy shown him in the most majestic of palaces.

But amid all the points spoken of by the press of all shades in Rome in connection with the august host, and his visitor one is conspicuous by its absence. Did it occur to any one that the meeting of this morning in the Vatican was one between two brilliant lawyers. At the age of twenty Giacomo della Chiesa put into his father's hands the diploma of his degree as doctor of civil law. Mr. Asquith became a fully fledged lawyer at a ripe age.

### ANTI-CLERICAL PRESS

Leaving aside all questions of the war, one must admit Mr. Asquith's hurry to the Vatican has made his way there exactly eighteen hours after his arrival from Paris is something of a compliment to the Papacy. Hence the efforts of the anti-Catholic newspapers of this city to minimize the importance of the visit. One tells its readers the subjects discussed between the Pope and the Prime Minister of England were "the attitude of the Irish Catholics towards the war and the question of Belgium." This was a mere guess made by an enterprising reporter who feigned not to be writing in advance.—Roman correspondence of Philadelphia Standard and Times.

## ONE EVIL OF OUR DAY

Monsignor Russell of St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D. C., speaking recently on "Divorce," to a congregation that filled the church to overflowing, said:

"A few facts will show to what an extent this loathsome leprosy of divorce has spread in our country. The total number of divorces granted in 1867 was 27 per 100,000 of the population. Forty years later, in 1906, there was 86 per 100,000; thus, allowing for the increased population divorce had increased 319%.

In 1887 there was one divorce for every seventeen marriages. In 1905, one for every twelve marriages, and at the same rate we will have in 1916 the appalling figure of one divorce for every five marriages.

"During 1901 there were twice as many divorces granted among 75,000,000 Americans in the United States as among the 400,000,000 souls in Europe and other Christian countries. During the twenty years ended with 1906 Ireland had only 19 divorces, or an average of less than one absolute divorce per year for her entire population of 4,500,000."

These statistics indicate how amazingly is growing one of this country's dreadful evils. For years the Catholic Church has been warning the American people of the danger bound to confront them if the divorce monster is allowed to grow unchecked. Now we are at the stage where something must be done, and that speedily, to offset this menace. The only Church that is uncompromising in its stand against divorce is the Catholic Church. If the other denominations were as strong in opposition to it there would be no such thing as an increasing table of divorces year after year.—N. Y. Catholic News.

### DEFENDS CATHOLICS

M. BRIAND CONDEMS "BOCHES OF THE INTERIOR" ROOT AND BRANCH

(C. P. A. Service)

Paris, April 27.—In France the war has wrought marvelous changes, and it is pleasant to find M. Briand, the premier, and erstwhile bitter enemy of the Church, condemning root and branch the evil methods of "The Boches of the Interior," as they are called, the calumniators of the Church and her priests. A grave scandal has arisen, regarding the campaign of certain anti-Catholic papers, which accuse the priests with the army of cowardice, and various protests have ended in a deputation to M. Briand composed of deputies of the independent group of the chamber. He received the deputies with warmth, and associated

himself with them in indignation at the attacks made on Catholics, who, he said, had done more than their share in every work for the country in this great movement of her existence. As head of the government he formally reproved these attacks which are utterly unjustified and which are opposed to the Sacred Union by which alone victory can be secured. He later confirmed these remarks in a letter to the delegates in which he again paid tribute to the noble and generous manner in which Catholics had fulfilled their national duties.

## PROSELYTISM AMONG BELGIANS

### ARCHBISHOP LOGUE'S TIMELY PROTEST ENDS ATTEMPT TO ROB REFUGEES OF THEIR FAITH

London, April 14, 1916.—The timely protest raised by Cardinal Logue, primate of Ireland, against attempted, organized wholesale proselytism of Belgian refugees both in Great Britain and Ireland, and to which attention was called in these letters, has had a wonderful effect. So far as can be seen by the most observant the attempt has been completely abandoned. That it would have resulted in the weaning away from their faith of enormous numbers of these poor Catholic exiles if nothing had been done to stay it there can be no doubt in the mind of anyone who knows anything about the refugee proposition in the British Isles. The country is filled with Belgians, and that they are absolutely dependent upon and helpless in the hands of their hosts the facts prove conclusively. In this connection it will, perhaps, be interesting to note the situation in just two English counties. Throughout the two counties of Devon and Cornwall thousands of pounds sterling have been spent through the refugee fund. The work that the Refugee committee has assumed is enormous. Exeter is now the center for the organization of the whole of the refugees in these two counties. It is the biggest organization of its kind in England, outside London and Glasgow. It is run entirely by ladies acting under a committee composed of representatives from both counties headed by the Lord Lieutenants of both counties. No fewer than 8,000 Belgian refugees have been through the committee's hands. At the present moment nearly 2,000 refugees are being entertained in Exeter. There are three hostels in Exeter for the purpose of housing Belgians passing through the city. As an instance of the enormous amount of money being spent in behalf of the exiles it may be mentioned that in one place on the north coast of Devon alone over £10,000 has been spent from this fund. The committee feeds and clothes the Belgians and looks after their medical necessities and provides all other needs.

This is a generous work, truly, but the history of the martyrdom of Belgium tells how well it has been earned, and it is consoling to reflect that from now on it will not be accompanied by any attempt to rob them of their most precious possession—the faith of their fathers.—New World.

## EFFICACY OF HOLY COMMUNION

The Bishop of Southwark, England during Lent made an urgent appeal to his people to receive Communion. Reminding them of the teachings and exhortations of Pope Pius X. on the advantage of frequent Communion, the Bishop said:

What a mighty help is here for the strengthening of our spiritual life, and how powerful a means of drawing down God's blessing on us, and His protection on those we love, in the midst of their peril on the battlefields of three continents! We have need of God, and He loves to see His creatures recognizing their dependence on Him. The greater the effort we have to make in His service the better pleased is He with our generosity when we make the effort. That frequent, and still more, daily Communion, involves effort is evident. Even the little children are invited to the Holy Table, but how few outside the boarding-schools attempt to approach? They see that their parents will not face the inconvenience, and they very naturally conform to the example set before them. Where is the spirit of self-denial? Approach Holy Communion for God's sake, daily, if possible, or at least more frequently than hitherto, and let it be the care of every Catholic parent to encourage and not to deter, even the very little children, as soon as they can be taught who it is that designs to visit them under the sacramental veil.

This is good advice for Catholic parents in all countries. Thousands of little children are now preparing for their First Communion, and what more lasting lesson in the efficacy of the Blessed Eucharist could be given to them than to see their fathers and

mothers going up to the altar to receive the Bread of Life. They see them go to ask favors, to return thanks, to seek guidance at every important step in life. To the child's mind Holy Communion stands out as a help and comfort and resource, a friend that never fails. This lesson once learned is never forgotten. Careless indeed is the parent who leaves such instruction to teachers.—Sacred Heart Review.

### A LESSON IN PATRIOTISM

The leading Catholic paper of France recently published a list of the priests and religious killed in the war. It contained 1,250 names. It is clearly impossible to publish the names of all those who have died for their country, as the names of many are not sent in. The clergy of France is truly giving a splendid example of patriotism in this war. What an answer it is to the charge of some so-called patriots, who say that a Catholic does not love his country! Exactly the opposite is true. Cardinal Mercier, whose patriotism has excited the admiration of the world, writes in his famous pastoral: "The religion of Christ makes patriotism a positive law; there is no perfect Christian, who is not also a perfect patriot."

P. S.—The more recent figures for France are the following: There are actually 12,580 clergymen in the medical service, and 10,000 on the fighting line, 300 of these being military chaplains; in a certain division lately there were as many as 80 killed or wounded. Their bravery cannot be doubted, when the number of distinctions or decorations nearly equals that of the dead, in exact figure, 1,161.—Denver Register.

## "PERSONAL, PRACTICAL WORK"

In a city of the Southwest is a Catholic lawyer who, in the press of many professional duties, has never forgotten that he is a Catholic. For the last decade he has been fighting, almost alone at times, the battle against improper plays and films. That his city is now fairly free, at least in comparison with the majority of large cities, from these "public incitements to vice," is due in great part to his realization of the value of "personal, practical work." It does little good to shake one's head over the degeneracy of the times. If Catholics are to do their part in purifying the community, they must be prepared to act, to act vigorously, and to act in the face of very bitter and determined opposition.

To what degree Catholics seem ready to act, is manifest from a letter written by the Catholic lawyer to whom reference has been made. "It seems to me," he writes, "that now is a good time to call attention to the fact that Catholics are too ready to shirk personal, practical work."

"That, out of the entire country, no representative of any Catholic society appeared before the Committee on Education of the Lower House, in the hearings on the Federal Motion Picture Commission Bill, I regard as an absolute disgrace. There is no need to discuss here the reasons for our shameful inactivity. But I am profoundly convinced that there must be a close co-operation between our many Catholic societies, based upon Catholic principles and a real endeavor to sustain Christian ideals. At present nearly everything is 'let go.' It is fearful, too, but it is a fact, to think that in many cities where the Catholic population is large, New York, for instance, there is very little co-operation for the purpose of saving the community from the interests that make money by providing questionable or even absolutely immoral entertainments. It is discouraging to be told, 'Well, in this city, at least, the Catholics made no protest against this film or play,' and more than discouraging to discover that the questionable entertainment has even been approved by Catholics of prominence." If this matter were handled at the point or origin, the rest of the country would not be swamped by the rottenness that comes from York with the approval of decadent Broadway.

This puts the case exactly. That immorality on the stage is now exploited on a commercial basis, is an undeniable fact. That Catholics should unite to check and destroy, if possible, this nefarious business, which bids fair to ruin the youth of the country, is plain. That they are not so uniting, is equally plain. What they can and will do in the future, depends upon their practical interest, both as individuals and as members of the Catholic societies, in this sorely-needed work of social reform. Of course, Judas has many representatives in the Catholic body; and the weak-kneed, "broad-minded," Catholic, eager to sell his worthless soul for money, for social distinction, or for political power, must be calmly reckoned with for what he is, a scandal and a hindrance, not a help. But the vast majority of Catholics, men and women sound in faith and in morals, are eager to follow a leader in the campaign against public vice, all the more dangerous because

clothed, at times, with seeming respectability.

Is that leader among us? Can the Catholic societies which are to meet within the next few months discover him, or in his absence, prescribe a policy of "personal, practical work" on which American Catholics, "sixteen million strong," can unite to destroy the modern Herods, seeking to murder the Christ Child in our girls and boys?—America.

## KEEP OFF THE SHIPS

### SAYS CARDINAL GIBBONS

Cardinal Gibbons on returning from his recent vacation expressed himself forcibly about the crisis with Germany over the sinking of the Arabic. He is grieved over the possibility of the United States becoming involved in the terrible struggle.

"War is a terrible thing," said the Cardinal, "and we should not lightly jump into the strife that is tearing the world to pieces. We in this country know little of the harrowing conditions in the old countries. War seems to have a lot of glory and chivalry, but for the widows and orphans it seems endless suffering and pain. The millions in Europe know now what war means.

"Then too," he continued, "it seems a terrible cost to sacrifice thousands of young men—the life and sinew of the nation—just because a few inches on taking a risk. For it is nothing but a foolish risk for Americans to take the dare of traveling by ships that are in danger. Why should they court the danger?"

"The sinking of the steamship Arabic precipitated the present crisis between the United States and Germany. This was an English vessel, and it is deplorable that Americans take the risk of travelling on ships that are subjected to such dangers.

"A true lover of America should sacrifice personal whims when the honor and peace of the nation hang in the balance. It seems like asking too much to expect the country to stand up and fight just because a few are overdoing."

"Calm thought and great prudence are what the nation requires in this crisis.

"Loud voiced opinions, no matter from what source, are untimely and only complicate matters. Both sides should be heard and I trust that President Wilson will wait until Germany explains herself or has a chance to explain."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

## GREAT BRITAIN

### ARCHBISHOP WHITESIDE'S LETTER

A letter of the Archbishop of Liverpool, published in conjunction with the Report of the Ecclesiastical Educational Fund, has attracted much attention. After referring to the judgment of Pius X. that "society at the present time is suffering from a terrible and deep-rooted disease, a disease that is rightly named apostasy from God," the Archbishop calls to mind the words of the present Holy Father:

"Think not that if peace has flown from the world, this has been without the Divine permission. God permits the people who have set their thoughts on the things of this world to be punished by one another, on account of the contempt and the carelessness with which they have treated Him."

The Archbishop then traces the cause of the present chaos in Europe to the religious revolt of the sixteenth century which, in the words of Leo XIII., "broke the precious bond of the ancient unity in faith and in authority, and introduced among the ranks of Christians a fatal principle of lamentable disintegration." The alleged "right" of private judgment paved the way to the rejection of the Holy Scriptures and to the denial of the Divinity of Christ. Religion, by degrees, was replaced by indifference; expediency became the dominating norm of morality. With the eclipse of true religion and positive morality, public disorder was but a natural consequence of the confusion at first confined to the field of speculation. Again quoting Pius X., the Archbishop says:

"There is no salvation for the world but in Christ. Men have once more attempted to work without Him. They have begun to build up the edifice, after rejecting the cornerstone. And lo! the pile that has been raised again crumbles, and falls upon the heads of the builders."

A true return to Jesus Christ means a return to the authority of the Catholic Church. Outside the Catholic Church there is but a welter of private opinion, eventuating in discord. The Catholic Church alone never compromises with error. She alone resists all attempts, however specious, against the sanctity of marriage and of the home, and by her teaching of the Gospel of Christ in all its purity, promotes virtue in the individual, and safeguards the stability of civil and political order. Such in outline are the contents of the Archbishop's remarkable letter.—America.

## CATHOLIC NOTES

According to the Catholic Directory of London, 9,034 adult converts were received in England last year.

The new Cathedral of St. Louis, says Archbishop Glennon, cost about \$2,000,000 and has no debt.

Bishop Lawler was installed as Bishop of Lead, S. D., on Thursday, May 4.

The rosary is recited in the Irish language every Tuesday evening at 7.45 o'clock in the Church of St. Catherine of Sienna, New York City.

The Queen of Holland has written to the Holy Father thanking him for the help and sympathy sent by him to the flood sufferers in Holland.

The French Academy has awarded a prize of \$200 to Mother Zemaide, superior of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny, at Madagascar, in recognition of her heroism as an educator.

A quartette of New York policemen singing at the funeral Mass of Father Sullivan, chaplain of the department, last fall, has resulted in the formation of a choir of 100 voices among the patrolmen.

From Kenya comes the news of the conversion to the Catholic Faith of Giuseppe Naroli, the biggest native chief of the province of Kenya (Africa), the Vicariate Apostolic being in the charge of the missionaries of the Consolata of Turin.

In Chicago the Knights of Columbus have taken up Archbishop Mundelein's project for the building of a home for boys who never had a chance. They have adopted a resolution that the work be undertaken by the La Salle assembly and that it take such measures as were deemed proper to carry out the plan to a successful consummation.

The Rev. A. N. Wrightson, who was recently ordained at Holy Cross college, Clonliffe, for the Diocese of Galloway, Scotland, is a convert to the Church. He was received into the Church in 1910 and studied in Rome. He celebrated his first Mass in the convent chapel of the Sisters of Charity, Merriam, and some of his intimate friends had the happiness of receiving Holy Communion from his hands.

Rev. Francis X. Kuppens, S. J., the noted Indian missionary, one-time companion of Father de Smet, the Rocky Mountain missionary, died on April 8, 1916, at St. Stanislaus Seminary, Florissant, Mo. He was the last surviving member of the band of Belgian missionaries, who, under the direction of Father De Smet, did such heroic and efficient work for the spread of the faith among the Indians of the West and Northwest.

James Wesley Thompson, nominated by President Wilson as Judge of the Circuit Court of the Third District of Hawaii, is a Catholic and has been for a score of years the tenor soloist of the Cathedral at Honolulu. Judge Thompson in the Hawaiian world is David Kalihii. He is a typical Hawaiian, handsome, black, a first-class musician and a renowned football player.

One of the patients visited recently by the King and Queen of England, in the Princess Henry of Battenberg's Hospital for Officers, Hill Street, Berkeley Square, was Father J. Lane-Fox, O. S. B., C. F. This devoted Benedictine, as the result of persistent and untiring devotion to the wounded under heavy fire, has lost one eye and part of a hand. Yet he retains to the full his undiminished cheerfulness.

Rev. F. H. W. Schneeweiss, formerly assistant rector of Saint Mark Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, and ordained to the priesthood by His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, in the Cathedral of Baltimore about a year ago, brought 6 converts into the Church recently. There were 3 men and 3 women, and were baptized in Saint Teresa Church, Washington, D. C., and made their first Holy Communion. Father Schneeweiss is assistant pastor of the church.

Boston, April 17.—Dennis A. Reardon, a remarkably able blind man, long connected with the Perkins Institution for Blind as superintendent of printing, is dead at Water town. He was born in Ireland and, sixty years ago, when a child, was admitted to the institution. He learned rapidly, was instrumental in raising funds for the printing plant, the Howe Memorial Press, and had charge of the plant until incapacitated by illness. He was an anarchist and made the plans for all the new buildings, and also designed the 4 large kindergarten buildings at Jamaica Plain.

The Nobel prize for the most useful scientific achievement of recent days has been awarded to Dr. Barany, a leading surgeon of Austria, who is now prisoner of war in Russia. Dr. Barany discovered a new treatment for severe skull wounds, which, it is reported, has proved to be of great value from the viewpoint of suffering humanity as represented by soldiers wounded in the head. The fact that Dr. Barany is one of the numerous men of science who are also devout members of the Church should be of interest to Catholics.



This was the room set aside for their little son, the son and heir for whose career the father had so carefully planned—the little son that never came. But suppose the son were a girl, Margaret had so often reminded him in her gentle way.

PAYING TRIBUTE TO OUR LADY

It is natural that Catholics should profess love and admiration for the Mother of God, but it is doubtful if even the most ardent Catholic could write a more beautiful and reverent poem than that written by John Keble, Newman's friend.

Ave Maria! Blessed Maid! Lily of Eden's fragrant shade, Who can express the love That nurtured thee so pure and sweet

Making thy heart a shelter meet For Jesus' holy Dove? Ave Maria! Mother blest, To whom, caressing and caressed, Clings the Eternal Child;

There drooped thy more than mortal face, O Mother, beautiful and mild, Enfolded in one dear embrace Thy Saviour and thy Child.

Al, Mary pierced with sorrow, Remember, reach, and save The soul that goes tomorrow Before the God that gave;

To these few appreciations from Protestant sources many more could be added, but we must be content with recalling John Ruskin's oft-quoted testimony to the part the Madonna fills in Catholic life.

After careful examination, neither as adversary nor as friend, of the influence of Catholicism, I am persuaded that the worship of the Madonna has been one of its noblest and most vital graces, and has never been other than productive of holiness of life, and purity of character.

Turning with finger to her lips, she smiled a welcome, and invited the widower to behold the child. "Faix, Mistor Gordon, an' it's a lamb a' child, is she—the beautiful-est colleen of six days' old I never did see, not even excep'tin' my own wee bit a' boy."

"Ain't she ather bein' a beauty?" The father not deigning to reply, nurse answered for him. "She is that."

"Grateful! With the snow falling on a new mound, and a playroom never to echo with the sound of a lad's voice? Why did this village woman's husband have both son and wife, and be neither? Grateful!"

"Grateful from your heart, Mistor Gordon, you are, sure, for havin' dear Miss Marg'et in this livin' image of herself, the lamb—a fine healthy child as good as gold an' more precious. An, as God wanted Miss Marg'et with the saints an' the Queen of all mothers, it was in His love an' you, I'm thinkin', that He sent you a little girl instead of a boy—a little girl to creep into the heart of you."

"Perhaps you are right," said the father, and leaning over, impulsively kissed the sleeping child. "Then, 'Take infinite care of her, nurse,'" he said, and left the room.

Again, beside the empty bed in Margaret's room he stood. Outside the snow had ceased falling, and a pure white coverlet lay across the sleeping mother. Bright sunshine flooded the sky and the earth and entered the soul of the suffering one.

"That man is worthless who knows how to receive a favor but not to return one.—Plautus.

The different pieces of the Winding Sheet—the largest is at Turin. The Church of Cadonin, department of Dordogne, France, has the cloth in which the head was wrapped.

AN ENGLISH JUDGE GIVES HIS VIEWS ON PAPAL ARBITRATION

Sir George Sherston Baker, an English judge, and an acknowledged authority on international law, writes of "Catholicism and International Law," in the current issue of the Dublin Review.

"The late Mr. David Urquhart, an ardent politician, and member of Parliament for Stamford, very properly suggested, in 1868, on the occasion of the meeting of the Vatican Council, that a remedy for all the evils of modern society would be found in causing the penetration into the minds of Christian nations of the conviction that the intercourse between State and State should be governed by the moral law, as such, and still more than, the intercourse between one individual and another. He suggested that the Commandments which forbid to kill, to steal, or to covet the goods of another, relate as much to the theft of a province, as to the theft of a piece of money, and that the destruction of a large army, in an unjust war, was as wrong as the murder of a private person.

"Judge Baker finds himself in accord with Mr. Urquhart's views. He believes that 'now above all other times is the time for the Supreme Pontiff of the Church to define without any possibility of mistake the rights of mankind, rulers towards their subjects, soldiers towards their rulers, and enemies towards their foes.' The rights of the people should be considered. Every man has a right to his life and 'it is tyranny to take it from him by war unjust, or frivolous pretence.' It is here that religion properly steps in, and says this writer 'as the Church has protected the slave from the injustice of his master in ages past, so now surely is a fitting occasion for a Papal pronouncement on the rights of subjects and of their modern rulers.'

"None but the prophet can say when the present war will end. We shall find on 'the morrow of the Declaration of Peace a changed world. Most of our men will be or have been in the army or navy, they will have seen life in a strange light, and the world will have a wider place for them. Old conditions will have gone, years of scarcity will follow. It should be for the Papacy, the sole unbiased power, to endeavor to rebuild the shattered world in a manner worthy of the noble dead. Doubtless the august Pontiff will have already considered the expediency of now beginning the preparation of his Christian task. It is idle for men to say that he is not an arbitrator, that an arbitrator should be appointed by those between whom he is asked to decide, and that the Pontiff has not been asked so to do. Such might be said to the President of the United States or to the King of Spain. Here there is no question of arbitrariness. The Pope does not need to be asked. It is for him to dictate. By virtue of his office, it is for him to point out, whether rulers like it or not, what is right and what is wrong.—Sacred Heart Review.

GOING SOME From an Exchange

A Welshman, an Irishman and an Englishman were arguing as to which of the three countries possessed the fastest trains. Said the Englishman: "I've been in one of our trains, and it was going so fast that the telegraph poles looked like a hedge!"

"I've seen milestones appear like gravestones," said the Welshman. "Well," said the Irishman, "I was one day in a train in my country and we passed a field of carrots, a field of turnips, and one of parsley, and one of onions, and then a pond of water, and we were going so fast I thought it was broth!"

Fresh and Refreshing "SALADA" B76 is composed of clean, whole young leaves. Picked right, blended right and packed right. It brings the fragrance of an Eastern garden to your table. BLACK, MIXED OR GREEN

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MAPLE LEAF FLAT WALL COLORS are Washable,—Says the Old-time Painter. "They're oil paints and the only kind of wall decoration that can be washed frequently. —you don't have to fasten them on with paste or glue in which disease germs are likely to breed. —do they cost more?—yes and no—they'll cost a little more than the cheaper wall coverings to put on. But they're worth it and cost less in the long run because they last longer and longer—and the longer they last the less expensive they get—it's just the old story of cutting the cost of labor and getting better wearing, longer lasting, artistic, sanitary decoration. —that's the idea; perfectly hygienic, it's a case of where the ounce of prevention outweighs a pound of cure. MAPLE LEAF FLAT WALL COLORS are several ounces of prevention from a sanitary standpoint; they also prevent big decoration bills and keep housework down to a minimum. I recommend you to write for a few decorative suggestions from the

MAPLE LEAF DECORATIVE AID DEPARTMENT THE IMPERIAL VARNISH & COLOR CO. WINNIPEG TORONTO VANCOUVER MADE IN CANADA

What and Why is the Internal Bath? By Gilbert C. Percival, M. D.

Though many articles have been written and much has been said recently about the Internal Bath, the fact remains that a great amount of ignorance and misunderstanding of this new system of Physical Hygiene still exists. And, inasmuch as it seems that Internal Bathing is even more essential to perfect health than External Bathing, I believe that everyone should know its origin, its purpose and its action beyond the possibility of a misunderstanding.

Its great popularity started about the same time as did what are probably the most encouraging signs of recent times. I refer to the appeal for Optimism, Cheerfulness, Efficiency, and those attributes which go with them, and which, if steadily practiced, will make our race not only the despair of nations competitive to us in business, but establish us as a shining example to the rest of the world in our mode of living. These new daily "Gospels," as it were, had as their inspiration the ever-present, unconquerable Canadian Ambition, for it had been proven to the satisfaction of all real students of business that the most successful man is he who is sure of himself, who is optimistic, cheerful and impresses the world with the fact that he is supremely confident always—for the world of business has every confidence in the man who has confidence in himself.

If our outlook is optimistic and our confidence strong, it naturally follows that we inject enthusiasm, "ginger" and clear judgment into our work, and have a tremendous advantage over those who are at times more or less depressed, blue and nervously fearful that their judgment may be wrong—who lack the confidence that comes with the right condition of mind, and which counts so much in success. Now, the practice of Optimism and Confidence has made great strides in improving and advancing the general efficiency of the Canadian, and if the mental attitude necessary to its accomplishment were easy to secure complete success would be ours. Unfortunately, however, our physical bodies have an influence on our mental attitude, and in this particular instance, because of a physical condition which is universal, these much-to-be-desired aids to success are impossible to consistently enjoy.

In other words, our trouble to a great degree is physical first and mental afterwards—this physical trouble is simple and very easily corrected. Yet it seriously affects our strength and energy, and if it is allowed to exist too long becomes chronic and then dangerous. Nature is constantly demanding one thing of us which, under our present mode of living and eating, it is impossible for us to give—that is, a constant care of our diet and enough consistent physical work or exercise to eliminate all waste from the system.

If our work is confining, as it is in almost every instance, our systems cannot throw off the waste except according to our activity, and a clogging process immediately sets in. This waste accumulates in the colon (lower intestine), and is more serious in its effect than you would think, because it is intensely poisonous, and the blood circulating through the colon absorbs these poisons, circulating them through the system and lowering our vitality generally. That's the reason that biliousness and its kindred complaints make us ill "all over." It is also the reason that this waste, if permitted to remain a little too long, gives the destructive germs which are always present in the blood a chance to gain the upper hand, and we are not alone inefficient, but really ill—seriously, sometimes, if there is a local weakness. This accumulated waste has long been regarded as a menace, and Physicians, Physicists, Dietitians, Osteopaths and others have been constantly laboring to perfect a method of removing it, and with partial and temporary success. It remains, however, for a new, rational and perfectly natural process to finally and satisfactorily eliminate this waste from the colon, without strain or unnatural forcing—to keep it sweet and clean and healthy, and keep us correspondingly bright and strong—clearing the blood of the poisons which make it and us sluggish and dull spirited, and making our entire organism work and act as Nature intended it should. That process is Internal Bathing with warm water—and it now, by the way, has the endorsement of the most enlightened Physicians, Physical Culturists, Osteopaths, etc., who have tried it and seen its results. Heretofore it has been our habit, when we have found by disagreeable and sometimes alarming symptoms, that this waste was getting much better of us, to repair to the drug shop and obtain relief through drugging. This is partly effectual, but there are several vital reasons why it should not be our practice as compared with Internal Bathing. Drugs force Nature instead of assisting her—Internal Bathing assists Nature and is just as simple and natural as washing one's hands. Drugs being taken through the stomach sap the vitality of other functions before they reach the colon, which is not called for—Internal Bathing washes out the colon and reaches nothing else. To keep the colon constantly clean, drugs must be persisted in and to be effective the doses must be increased. Internal Bathing is a constant treatment, and need never be altered in any way to be continuously effective. No less an authority than Professor Clark, M. D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality." It is rather remarkable to find, at what would seem so comparatively late a day, so great an improvement on the old methods of Internal Bathing as this new process, for in a mode way it has, of course, been practiced for years. It is probably no more surprising, for part of the Medical Profession to depart further and further from the custom of using drugs, and accomplish the same and better results by more natural means; easing less strain on the system and leaving no evil after-effects. Doubtless you, as well as other Canadian men and women, are interested in knowing all that may be learned about keeping up to "concert pitch" and always feeling bright and confident. This improved system of Internal Bathing is naturally a rather difficult subject to cover in detail in the public press, but there is a Physician who has made this his life's study and work, and who has written an interesting book on the subject called The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing. This he will send on request to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrrell, M. D., Room 459, 237 College Street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this in the Catholic Record. It is surprising how little is known by the average person on this subject, which has so great an influence on the general health and spirits. My personal experience and my observations make me very enthusiastic on Internal Bathing for I have seen its results in sickness as in health, and I firmly believe that everybody owes it to himself, if only for the information available, to read this little book by an authority on the subject.



The orator of the delegation was M. Leygues. He is from the South and he has a perfect command of the highly figurative and at the same time classic style of the French academician, clear, logical and passionate at the same time. He has been Minister of Education and of the fine arts, several times, and now is President of the Foreign Affairs Commission of the Chamber of Deputies—almost as important a position as the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

There were two Socialist members, M. Cachin and M. Moutet. M. Cachin, like M. Guernier, is a Breton, but he is on the opposite side of religious opinion from his compatriot. He moved at an early period of his life to Paris; he became a lawyer, and now represents the quarter of Montmartre. M. Cachin was especially welcome at the British meetings, because as a Socialist he was able to speak on behalf of working men to working men, and this, of course, was especially desirable in a storm centre like Glasgow, where most of the labour troubles have taken place.

M. Moutet, the other Socialist, comes from Lyons. He also was a lawyer with a large practice before the war. Now that he has taken to politics he has had to neglect his profession. He said chatily when the question of religious belief was raised, that there were three religions in his family; his mother was a Catholic, his sister was a Protestant, he himself had married a Russian Jewess. He is an orator of a fiery, tempestuous order, and he spoke with great effect to the workmen of Sheffield.

There were some figures there from diplomacy, like M. Guerin; there was a Huguenot, like M. Steeg, and of course there was a certain number of Freethinkers. Most of them had Catholic association and many of them had been married in Catholic churches; the mothers of many of them still remained Catholics. Franklin-Bouillon was the exception. His father and his grandfather were both Freethinkers and he never belonged to any religious community. I should say, however, when discussing the religious point of view with several of these Freethinkers, I found none of that old ferocity against the Christian creed which existed in another epoch. Franklin-Bouillon, for instance, wound up his very fine speech at the American Luncheon Club by a quotation from the New Testament.

I see in this Franco-British Commission a preparation for a quite new France after the war. In the first place, it was quite palpable that the common defence of the country and the disestablishment of the French church had removed a great deal of the old-time religious bitterness. Over and over again the French Socialists assured me that never again would they allow the question of any man's religious opinions to be discussed at their public meetings. They regarded religion as a question for the individual conscience, and the removal of the great bone of contention in the Established Church had, in their opinion, entirely destroyed any reason for ever again discussing religious questions.

THE POPES AND PEACE

Over the roar of countless battlefields, one word heartrending in its pathos, is breathed in many tongues by Teuton, Frenchman, Briton and Slav, "Peace, Peace!" Individuals, nations, continents are soul-weary of carnage and blood. Yet, because the world has rejected the empire whose decision might silence the din of battle and bind the iron forces of war, the fratricidal contest still goes on, and youth and manhood bleed in the trenches, in the viewless spaces of the air, on the decks of drowning ships; and mothers and orphans wail, and the march of progress and civilization is stopped for years. Formerly a voice could be raised, and priestly hands could be lifted in Christendom, before whose solemn utterance and gesture, the combatants sheathed the sword. The White Shepherd, the Pope of Rome, could pass between the ranks of opposing armies, uplift the Cross and bid them lay down their arms. His voice is little heeded now in the councils of the nations. It would even appear that an effort is made by kings and cabinets to prevent his invitation and warning from being heard again. Other arbiters and tribunals are chosen; none so authoritative or influential.

A Protestant writer, the great German thinker, Leibnitz, has written these words: "If all would become Catholics and believe in the infallibility of the Pope, there would not be required any other empire than the Vicar of Jesus Christ. If the Popes resumed the authority which they had in the time of Nicholas I., or Gregory VII, it would be the means of obtaining perpetual peace and conducting us back to the Golden Age."

But without going so far in their premises as the German philosopher, even those who are not Catholics and do not accept the infallibility of the Pope, can reasonably admit the historic validity of his claims to be a great world-empire. As the ruler of millions—millions to-day unfortunately divided into opposing camps—by tradition, precedent and achievement, as the heir of the Loos, the Gregories and the Innocents, the Pope is essentially a peacemaker. One or two facts culled from history, and to which others will be added in

a subsequent paper, will prove the assertion.

When the "palace" of the Popes was a crypt in the Catacombs, and their unvarying lot, persecution, imprisonment and martyrdom, their labors, confined to the spiritual interests of their flock, to the safeguarding of the deposit of faith, counted relatively little in the stirring events happening around them. But not a century and a half had elapsed after the Constantinian Peace had lifted the Church from the Catacombs and made her Pontiffs the peers of emperors, when in the middle of the fifth century, the first Leo, whom history has called the Great, twice proved that the Papacy stood for peace and could effectively enforce its claims. In 451 the Catacombs fields in Gaul had witnessed one of the decisive battles of the world. Eastern barbarism and western civilization had been arrayed there against each other and the West had won. The Tartar hordes of Attila had met Rome's legions under Aetius and Rome's Visigoth allies under Theodoric and Theodosius, and had been routed with frightful slaughter. Bayed at last, Attila turned back only to lead next year his hordes into Italy, on toward Rome. Verona, Concordia, Milan, Aquileia, Padua and Mantua, fell into the hands of the savage Mongols. The smoking ruins of camps, walled towns, cities, temples and churches everywhere marked their path. Thousands were driven into the fastnesses of the Apennines, or into the inaccessible fens and lagoons of the Adriatic, where they founded Venice. Rome was helpless before the invader. The citizens turned to Leo. The Pope, sometime before his election, had already acted as peacemaker between the two rival commanders in Gaul, Aetius and Albinus. He was now to attempt a more difficult task. Accompanied by some of his priests, by the Consul Gennadius Avenius and the ex-prefect Trigetius, he set out for Northern Italy, and met the Tartar King on the banks of the Mincio. Tradition and legend lifted almost to the dignity of history by the brush of Raphael in one of his stanzas, recorded that as Leo pleaded for peace and for Rome, the Apostles Peter and Paul appeared to the terrified chief, thus giving a supernatural sanction to the Pope's prayers and warnings. Attila listened to the unarmed priest, and withdrew his disappointed squadrons beyond the Danube. It was the second time a Christian bishop had stayed Attila's sword. St. Lupus, Bishop of Troyes, had appealed to him, and Troyes had been spared. Attila exclaimed that he could conquer men, but Lupus and Leo, the Wolf and the Lion, were too much for him. Another victory was to crown Leo's work for peace and western civilization.

In the spring of 455 a fleet of Vandal warships, under Genseric, was ascending the Tiber. From their galleys the pirates could see a lifeless body slowly drifting down the stream and beating helplessly against their oars and the hulls of their ships. It was the corpse of the Roman Emperor Petronius Maximus, murdered by his rebellious subjects. A sad augury for the city which was again the prey of the barbarians. The man who had faced Attila was asked to appease Genseric. Leo met the Vandal King outside the Porta Portensis and though he could not turn him back, he won from him the promise that no blood would be shed nor the city set on fire. Robbery and plunder he could not avert. Yet though the sack lasted a fortnight and the Temple of Jove and the imperial residences were rifled of their treasures, the Basilicas of the Apostles were spared. Attribute, perhaps, of the Sea-king to the Pontiff, who alone had been man enough to face his wrath.

Vandal and Hun, Attila and Genseric had disappeared, a century and a half had nearly passed and Gregory the Great was seated on Leo's throne. Not a man of extensive learning or culture, not a philosopher or theologian, with original views or a constructive system, he was a stout-hearted Roman, a keen-sighted, practical statesman, a saintly Pope, a born leader of men. By the nobility of his views, principles and life, and by actual benefits and services conferred, he made the Papacy a power in the Empire. When emperors and exarchs either could not or would not help the State, Gregory with Roman-like firmness and decision, assumed the initiative. While Romanus, Exarch of Ravenna, sulked in shameful inactivity in his fortress, the Lombards were constantly growing in power and threatening all Italy. They had formidable leaders in King Authari, in Agilulf, his successor, and in the Dukes Ariulf of Spoleto, and Arichis of Benevento. In the summer of 592, Ariulf was besieging Rome. Arichis marching upon Naples. Both cities were helpless and practically without efficient magistracies or garrison. On his own authority, Gregory made terms with the enemy, and Ariulf, calling off his hands, left Rome in peace. The Exarch Romanus now roused from his lethargy, marched to Rome, and cut off the two southern Lombard chiefs from King Agilulf. But in the spring of the following year the latter was encamped before the Eternal City, and soon from the walls, Gregory "saw Romans with ropes round their necks like dogs, being led away to be sold as slaves in Frankland." But he was too much of a Roman to do nothing but wail. He saw the city practically unfortified, unprovided and unarmed. He knew that

he alone could save it. The details of his meeting with Agilulf, recorded by the writer who continued the Chronicle of Prosper, may not all be historically correct, but certain it is, that persuaded by the prayers and maybe by the gifts of Gregory, the Lombard King raised the siege and departed northwards. Gregory knew that a lasting peace would not be granted until the Lombard Chiefs and the imperial authorities came to terms. And though the Emperor Maurice rudely upbraided the Pontiff for what he considered his unwarranted interference in affairs of State, he could not prevent him from toiling for that peace for which Italy was sighing and which Gregory alone seemed able to secure. It was only on the death of Romanus and the appointment of the more farseeing and energetic exarch, Callinicus, that negotiations were begun with Agilulf and peace secured in 599. Two years after, the treachery of Callinicus caused the smouldering embers to blaze again. But the Lombards and Avars took Padua and defeated the exarch under the walls of Ravenna. Callinicus, recalled in disgrace, was succeeded by Sinaragus. Peace was at last secured. Gregory died in March, 604, while it still smilled upon the land. One of his last letters was to Queen Theodelinda, wife of Agilulf, requesting her to thank her husband for the peace and to urge him still more to spread its blessings.

Gregory was not a coward or sentimental pacifist. He saw Rome unprepared, and while it could be done with honor, prevented bloodshed. He gave Rome peace. He saved it from intellectual darkness. The Lombards were uneducated and unlettered. Muratori speaks of their "ferocious ignorance"; Theobald finds little or no evidence that they ever cultivated or fostered learning. Had they conquered, intellectual stagnation and decay would have everywhere prevailed. Gregory saved Rome, Italy and western civilization from that appalling doom.—John C. Reville, S. J., in America.

LETTER FROM FATHER FRASER

Sienku, China, March 17, 1916.

To the Editor of CATHOLIC RECORD:

Dear Friend,—You can imagine my joy and consolation in saying Mass for the first time this morning, St. Patrick's Day, in a school of Sienku just completed. You remember last year how the lightning struck a pagan temple just as I was entering this city to build the first church. The neophytes and catechumens are delighted and next Sunday there will be a big congregation. Even the pagans are pleased and come in great numbers to see "the wonderful foreign structure." There is no animosity now towards our Holy Religion. Even the gentry and officials may be said to pay us a visit. I have opened a school and hired a learned schoolmaster. Already there are thirty-three pupils. They are all recent converts and not yet baptized. Besides their ordinary lessons they learn catechism and every day receive an instruction in Christian doctrine from the catechist. They were present at Mass and the stations of the cross this morning and seemed pleased to chant their prayers in the new church.

Let us pray that this central church may be the means of converting the whole Subprefecture of Sienku with its hundreds of villages. The Protestants have a minister stationed here continually. If we had a resident priest instead of my occasional visit the work of conversion would go on much faster. I have begun the construction of another church in Sanglingding, a town two days' journey from here, which has become a flourishing Christian centre and needs a church, just as the ripe wheat needs a barn. And thus the work of conversion and Christianizing goes on apace, the missionary aided by the grace of God and the alms of his friends abroad. Your gratefully in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER.

P. S. The new church here in Sienku is dedicated to St. Ignatius. The one in Sanglingding will be in honor of the Sacred Heart. J. M. F.

MAKE FAITH KNOWN AND HONORED

An appeal to Catholic men to fight the forces of evil that threaten the land was made by Bishop Dowling of Des Moines, Ia., before a big congregation gathered in the Church of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, Detroit. "What are we Catholic men doing?" asked the Bishop. We keep to ourselves too much. Why don't we take a stand against existing evils, against divorce, against immorality? The laity can do more than the clergy in this matter. Their voice is the voice of power. Now I know of no body of Catholic men that is better able to study and provide a programme to meet our needs than you Knights of Columbus. I don't ask you to start a campaign to make America Catholic, but I do ask you to start a campaign to make this grand old Church of ours a thing of beauty and influence in the country. It is beautiful in our hearts, it brings us into contact with Christ, Our Lord. It is beautiful in its sacramental life, but we need to make it known and honored among our fellows, that all may see how holy its influence is, how beautiful its workings in our souls and to give it expression in adequate literature.

GENERALS CONVERTS

When American Catholic writers enumerate the services rendered by our people to the cause of liberty during the Civil War, they generally ignore the large body of convert-warriors, contenting themselves by merely mentioning such names as Sheridan, Corcoran, and Mulligan. The list below will show that some of the most illustrious leaders of the Civil War were blessed by the gift of conversion to the Church. We have not spoken of their prowess in battle—that can easily be gathered from their records in biographical dictionaries, writes Scannell O'Neill in The Catholic Convert.

Here is the honor roll of the convert generals:

UNION

Major-General William Stark Rosecrans, U. S. A. (1819-1898); graduate of West Point, 1842.

Major-General Thomas West Sherman, U. S. A. (1813-1879); graduate of West Point, 1836.

Major-General Andrew Jackson Smith; graduate of West Point, 1838.

Major-General Erasmus Darwin Keyes, U. S. A. (1810-1895); graduate of West Point, 1832.

Major-General Nathaniel Giddings Tecumseh Dana, U. S. A.; graduate of West Point, 1842.

Major-General Joseph Lane, U. S. A. (1801-1881); Governor of, Member of Congress and U. S. Senator from Oregon; candidate for President of the United States, 1860.

Major-General John Newton, U. S. A. (1823-1895); graduate of West Point, 1842. General Newton blew up Hell Gate and other obstructions in East River New York, this was work having been placed by him under the protection of Our Lady.

Bvt.-Major-General and Brigadier-General Thomas Kilby Smith, U. S. A. (1820-1887).

Major-General David Sloan Stanley, U. S. A.; graduate of West Point, 1852.

Major-General Thomas McCurdy Vincent, Commissary-General, U.S.A.; graduate of West Point, 1853.

Major-General Daniel Edgar Sickles, U. S. A. (1823-1914).

Major-General Don Carlos Buell, U. S. A. (1818-1898); graduate of West Point, 1841.

Major-General James Allen Hardie, Inspector-General, U. S. A. (1823-1876); graduate of West Point, 1843.

Major-General William Selby Harney, U. S. A. (1800-1889), the great Indian fighter; brother of Father Harney, Dominican and poet.

Major-General Henry Jackson Hunt, U. S. A. (1819-1889); Chief Artillery Officer, Army of the Potomac; graduate of West Point, 1839.

Major-General Hugh Judson Kilpatrick, U. S. A. (1836-1881); graduate of West Point, 1861; Minister to Chili, 1865-68.

Brigadier-General Abbott Hall Brisbane, U. S. A. (1805-61); graduate of West Point, 1825.

Brigadier-General John Gray Foster, U. S. A. (1823-74); graduate of West Point, 1846.

Brigadier-General Samuel Warren Fountain, U. S. A. (retired); graduate of West Point, 1870.

Brigadier-General Martin D. Hardin, U. S. A. (retired); graduate of West Point, 1859.

Bvt.-Brigadier-General C. Carroll Tevis ("Nessim Bey"); later Brigadier-General in the Provisional Army of France, the Egyptian and Turkish armies and an officer in the Pontifical Zouaves of Pius IX.; graduate of West Point, 1849.

Brigadier-General George Croghan Reid, U. S. M. C. (1840-1914).

Brigadier-General Amiel Weeks Whipple, U. S. A. (1818-69); killed at Chancellorsville; graduate of West Point, 1837.

Brigadier-General Samuel Davis Sturgis, U. S. A. (1822-89); graduate of West Point, 1846.

Brigadier-General Charles Pomeroy Stone, U. S. V. (1824-87); graduate of West Point, 1845; engineer-in-chief of the construction of the Bartholdi statue; Lieutenant-General and Commander of the Egyptian army.

Brigadier-General William A. Olmsted, U. S. V.; died a priest at Notre Dame.

Brigadier-General Charles McDougall, M. D., U. S. A.; surgeon at West Point; Assistant Surgeon-General, U. S. A.

Brigadier-General John Watts Kearney, U. S. A.; son of General Philip Kearney.

Brigadier-General Eliakin of Parker Scammon, U. S. A.; graduate of West Point, 1837.

Brigadier-General Joseph Warren Revere, U. S. V. (1812-1880); grand-son of Paul Revere of the Revolution; officer in the Spanish army of Isabella the Second in Mexico.

CONFEDERATE

General James Longstreet, C. S. A.; graduate of West Point, 1842; U. S. Minister to Turkey under Hayes.

General Lucius Bellingier Northrop, Commissary-General, C. S. A.; uncle of the Right Rev. Henry Pinckney Northrop, D. D., present Bishop of Charleston; graduate of West Point, 1839.

General Daniel Marsh Frost, C. S. A.; graduate of West Point, 1850.

General William J. Hardee, C. S. A.; graduate of West Point, 1838; Commandant of Cadets at West Point previous to the outbreak of the civil war.

General James Jones, Adjutant-General, C. S. A.

General John Floyd, Governor of Virginia and father of Governor John B. Floyd, successively Governor of Virginia and Secretary of War in Buchanan's cabinet.

General William Henry Carroll, C. S. A.; son of Governor Carroll of Tennessee. A member of a "strayed" branch of the illustrious Catholic family of that name.

General Sterling Price, C. S. A.; baptized on his deathbed in 1867, by Father Garesche, S. J., General Price was governor of Missouri.

General Randall Lee Gibson, C.S.A.; successively Member of Congress and United States Senator from Louisiana, and one of the founders of Tulane university, Father of Mr. Preston Gibson of Chicago and Washington.

General Henry C. Wayne, Adjutant-General and Inspector-General, C.S.A. Descendant of "Mad Anthony Wayne" of the Revolution.

General Albert Gallatin Jenkins, C. S. A.

General Robert Crittenden Newton, C. S. A.

General S. A. M. Wood, C. S. A.

A REAL SPRING POEM

Now fades the last long streak of snow

Now bourgeons every maze of quick

About the flowering squares, and thick

By ash roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long

The distance takes a lovelier hue

And drowned in yonder living blue

The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,

The flocks are whiter down the vale,

And milkier every milky sail

On winding stream of distant sea.

Where now the seaweed pipes or dives

In yonder greening gleam and fly

The happy birds, that change their lives.

From land to land; and in my breast

Spring wakens, too; and my regret

Becomes an April violet

And buds and blossoms like the rest.

—TENNYSON.

THE POPE'S EASTER MESSAGE TO AMERICA

New York, April 22.—In an Easter message addressed to the American people through the United Press His Holiness Pope Benedict XV. today transmitted a new plea for peace.

Without referring to the German-American crisis, the Pontiff made the Eastertide the occasion for an appeal to all nations now neutral to refrain from entering the world war. He urged anew that the nations at war lay down their arms. The Pope's message, cabled through the medium of Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State, follows:

"The United Press, New York: 'Peace be with you'—these sweet words the risen Saviour spoke to the Apostles; the Holy Father addresses them to all men.

"May the nations at peace preserve it, thanking God for so great a blessing.

"May those at war, presently, laying down the sword, end the slaughter dishonoring Europe and humanity."

THE LITTLE FLOWER AND LITERATURE

Brother Leo, in the May Catholic World.

It is, perhaps, an unlooked for fact that one of the surpassing autobiographies of the world was written by a Carmelite nun, by the greatest woman writer the world has known, St. Teresa. And it is a delightful coincidence that the most remarkable and most truly and deeply literary autobiography of our own day should be written by another Carmelite nun, Sister Therese, fondly known throughout the Catholic world as "The Little Flower of Jesus."

Quite properly, most of the absorbed and edited readers of the Little Flower's Histoire d'une Ame have paid no heed to its literary character at all; and quite possibly a few of them, possessed of a vague idea that literature has something to do with fustian and figures of speech, might even resent having so devotional a book discussed from the literary point of view. They are wont to see no common ground in books they label "sacred" and "profane," and writers must be either white sheep or black goats. But not even devout readers can well alter facts; and the fact here is that when little Sister Therese, in conformity with the will of her superiors, told the story of her life, she wrote not only a singularly winsome devotional volume, but likewise made a genuine contribution to the literature of France and of the world.

Such things indicate that the Little Flower possessed the rare literary gift of recognizing the drama—now comedy, now tragedy, now even boisterous farce—that is forever being played on the stage of life. A pitiless by the river's brim was more than a simple primrose to her; it was, as in truth it is, a microcosm. She was able to recognize the deep significances of even the seemingly inconsequential events of workaday life, and she was able, in spite of—or because of—her childlike simplicity, to estimate them at their true value. Progress in spirituality did not dull her perception of the incongruities of men and things; rather it seemed to broaden her horizon and sharpen her vision.

Her brief narrations, her passing comments, her vivid and pointed descriptions serve to give to her autobiography, considered from the literary point of view, the valuable qualities of symmetry and proportion. She looks upon what life she sees with eyes unprejudiced and unafraid. She has no special pleading to indulge in, she has no foil and barren spots to hide. Her little book gives the reader an impression of completeness; and the aesthetic not less than the spiritual effect is satisfying. Because she was so delightfully free from self-consciousness, the Little Flower succeeded in writing an autobiography at once true, candid and technically complete.

EYE OF FAITH SEES THEM

The Ave Maria quotes this anecdote with a comment: "I suppose," said Emerson to Father Hecker, somewhat contemptuously, when he learned that the latter was going to become a Catholic—"I suppose it was the art and architecture, and so forth and so on, in the Catholic Church which led you to her."

"No," answered Father Hecker, "but it was what caused all that." This little anecdote, which is told in an article by Father John J. Burke, C. S. P., contributed to Sursun Corda, illustrates the true philosophy of faith. The Sage of Concord saw phenomena, and never thought to seek the realities of which these externals were the expression; the eye of faith saw that what brought these things into being and gave them purpose and power was the thing that mattered, and it was that Father Hecker sought in the Church, and found to his supreme satisfaction.

CATHOLICS ARE BLAMED FOR CALLING MARY "MOTHER OF GOD"

Our critics should credit us with sufficient common sense to know that Mary was not the Mother of God, as God; that is, we surely know that the Son of God did not receive His divine nature from Mary. Mr. Jones did not receive his soul—that which really makes him human—from his mother, but directly from God; yet the woman, who bore him here on earth, is called his mother.

Read the first chapter of the gospel according to St. Luke, and you will find another, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, addressing Mary in the same manner that Catholics do: "Whence is this to me that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?" (v. 43); you will find (v. 35) that the Holy One to be born of her, "shall be called the Son of God"; that the Saviour Who was born of her is "Christ the Lord" (Luke II, 11).

Many well-meaning Protestants, because of the rebuke they would administer to Catholics, whose attitude towards Mary they so mis-

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understand, go to the extreme of belittling her, who was "highly favored" by God (Luke I, 28); "blessed among all women (42); who, under the influence of the Holy Ghost, declared: "all generations shall call me blessed" (v. 48). Catholics honor (they do not worship) Mary only on account of Jesus, Whom she gave to us. Do you think you can really honor Jesus, by going to the extreme of dishonoring His Mother? Whom God honored, it is proper for us to honor.—Our Sunday Visitor.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Dec. 11, 1915.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD:

It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going. I am glad when I see that amount contributed in the RECORD, but when it is less I am sad to see my little reserve sum diminished and the catastrophe arriving when I must close my chapels, discharge my catechists and reduce my expenses to the few dollars coming in weekly. I beseech you to make one more supreme effort during 1916 to keep this mission on its feet. You will be surprised to learn what a great deal I am doing with \$100 a week—keeping myself and curate, 30 catechists, 7 chapels, and free schools, 3 churches in different cities with caretakers, supporting two big catechumens of men, women and children during their preparation for baptism and building a church every year.

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

PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes E. J. F. Lindsay (2 00), J. C. McDonald (5 00), Point North (5 00), A Friend, Perth (5 00), A. E. R. Dufferin (1 00), Wm. Murphy, Grand Falls (50), League of the Sacred Heart (10 00), N. H. Heffernan, Guelph (1 00), Mrs. J. B. Shields, Woodstock, N. B. (3 50), Alex. R. St. Peters, P. E. I. (1 00), J. J. Murphy, Toronto (1 00), A Friend, Paris (5 00), M. E. N., Brantford (10 00), David Turcott, Young (1 00), A Friend, Sydney Mines (10 00).

THOMAS SIMPSON, applying to the British Parliament in 1760 for a charter for the Equitable Society, based his petition on the following grounds: "The great numbers of His Majesty's subjects whose subsistence principally depends on the salaries, stipends and other incomes payable to them during their natural lives or on the profits arising from their several trades, occupations, labor and industry, are very desirous of entering into a society for assuring the lives of each other in order to extend, after their decease, the benefit of their present incomes to their families and relations, who may otherwise be reduced to extreme poverty and distress by the premature death of their several husbands, fathers and friends."

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

"A little while and now you shall see me." (John xvi. 16.)

In the Gospel that we read to-day our Lord foretold to the Apostles His approaching death, and their hearts were filled with sorrow at the thought of soon losing Him. He comforted them, however, by assuring them that they would see Him again ere long, because after three days He would rise from the dead in order to ascend to heaven. For a short time the Apostles were to lose Him, and after a short time they were to see Him again. Everything here on earth, whether sorrowful or joyful, lasts but a little while. We ought to take this truth to heart, for it conduces to our eternal salvation.

The life of man is short, and as the Psalmist says, passes away like a breath. When we look forward to the future and make plans in our imagination, life seems long, but year follows year in rapid succession, and soon the man who looked forward to a long future has to look back upon an unexpired life. He is on the brink of the grave and cannot account for the years that are past. An old man, however long he may have lived, thinks that his life has been short; and yet, as he looks back, he seems to see here and there the graves of those with whom he once lived, played, worked, suffered and quarrelled. All have gone before him, and life, so short in itself, was shorter still in their case.

Whether our companions today will look back on our graves or not, whether we are to die first, or to outlive them, life is always short, and it behooves us to make a good use of it. The time of youth is short. How soon does it become too late to make good all that has been neglected in one's early years! There is no need of death to convince us of this fact: it is enough to reach a more advanced age. Negligence in training the hearts and minds of the young often makes them incapable of doing right in later years. The short period of youth often decides whether the rest of life is to be happy or miserable. Remember that, as you grow older, it will be useless to lament over the time wasted in your youth, and that all such lamentations are nothing but so many charges brought against yourselves. It is sad to have to confess: "I am to blame for all my misfortunes; I would not listen to any well-meant advice or warning; I wasted every opportunity of doing right; I threw away all my youth and with it my whole life." You should often renew your resolution by God's grace to spend your youth in doing your best to acquire training in piety and in useful work.

Life is short, and short, too, are all our efforts to do much good and to adhere firmly to what is right. It is often a hard matter to do right, and it is no easy task to persevere and to accomplish this in a profitable way. But our efforts will not last forever, and the days of toil, exertion and struggle pass, and when they are gone we shall indeed be happy if we can say to ourselves: "By that short struggle to please God I have won eternal merit and a reward that will never perish." Many people tell us that life is short, and therefore we ought to enjoy it while it lasts; but this is a foolish remark, for what they call enjoying life is really frittering it away unprofitably. Just because life is short we ought to work with redoubled energy and try to lay up a store of everlasting merit. Just because life is short we ought to suffer with redoubled patience whatever trials God sends us. In time of sorrow let us never forget that the hour of agony will pass. The days of our Lord's Passion, death and burial passed, and what had gone before added to the glory of His Resurrection. Under every cross, it is to win us merit, we ought to call to mind the words: "You now indeed have sorrow, but . . . your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man shall take from you" (John xvi. 22).

Life is short, and it would be the height of folly to cling to it. Of course we may enjoy the good things and pleasures of this world, for God gives them to us in His incomprehensible kindness, but it behooves a Christian to act, as St. Paul says, as if he did not delight in them, he ought never to set his heart upon them; he may make use of whatever is permitted, not becoming a slave to it, but always thinking of what is eternal. Whoever clings too much to the pleasures and joys of this world is preparing for himself a very sad and painful departure from them; for everything here lasts but a short time, and sooner or later he will have to give up all to which he is now attached.

Whoever sets his heart on the things of this world must look forward to a sorrowful death, for the more his heart clings to earth, the more painful will be the wrench, when, after a little while, God requires his soul of him. Life is short, and yet this short time is often long enough for us to insult God by committing many grievous sins. In a short time we earn for ourselves an eternity of pain. How foolish this is! The pleasure afforded by sin lasts so short a time, and yet we prefer it to everlasting happiness. When we are tempted to sin, let us ask ourselves what it will profit us to enjoy a few moments, hours, days or even years. The excitement of sin soon ceases, the false dream vanishes, and nothing remains but unending misery and lamentation. Time is short,

therefore let us live mindful of eternity. Let us lift up our hearts above what is earthly and temporal; and as time swiftly passes, let us pray to Him, who never changes, to give us grace to keep from sin and to make us persevere in what is right. Then we, too, shall be able to say with joy: "You will see me no more, because I go to the Father." Amen.

TEMPERANCE

DISQUALIFICATIONS FOR DRINK

Intoxicating drink disqualifies. From what? From almost everything that requires reason, talent and effort. Men who pay for labor or for effort recognize the disqualification of drink almost as clearly as they recognize the disqualification of bad health. The man who needs stimulants to perform his work confesses to his evident weakness. The free horse is more desirable than the one that requires the whip before he will work. The necessity of the stimulant and of the whip increases with use or habit. This is evident. Public service corporations realize the drawbacks of drink and legislate against the users. A railroad in Chicago lately posted the following notice:

"No employee is allowed to use liquor in any form when on duty, and no employee will be allowed to work when there is any indication that he has used liquor in any form before coming to work, and the smell of liquor about him will be sufficient. Employees who are noted as having used liquor when on or off duty, or who are found to frequent saloons when off duty, will be deemed habitual users of liquor and are subject to dismissal from the service. Employees who go into saloons when on duty in any capacity will be discharged."

This is not an isolated case. It is a policy in force on all the lines that enter Chicago, and that enter other cities, for that matter. There are many manufacturing establishments and stores and shops that adopt the same policy. The policy may not be published, but they all have the "dead line" established in practice.

The breezy agent, drummer, engineer, clerk, and so on, who needs stimulants to smile and to work and to think, are soon numbered among "the missing and the dead" in the battle for business success. There are not many of the "old guard" left on the field, and none of them are selected to lead a charge. "Eye openers," "bracers," and "night caps" ought to be discarded by those who enter the race to win. No one goes to the saloon to look for men reliable, strong and alert. A steady hand and a clear head are not the products of the bar. "He drinks" is a whisper that upsets many a young man's prospects.

The most popular society ought to be the total abstinence one. It may not assess for weekly benefits, but it will safeguard position and health, and assure dividends in respectability and happiness.—Catholic Universe.

AN EXPERT OPINION

Dr. Evans, who is paid \$10,000 a year to write a daily health article for the Chicago Tribune, must be a man of considerable knowledge and experience. In that light, it is worth while reading twice the following paragraphs from one of his recent articles:

"When a young life starts out from the shelter of home to fight the battles that must be fought and brave the dangers that must be faced, one of the most priceless possessions, one of the greatest safeguards, or she can have is that of total abstinence from all alcoholic liquor. This, I think, is one of the saddest things that can be said about alcohol: that many a life that otherwise had kept its purity, but now inhabits the underworld of our social system, entered the pathway that leads to the gutter whilst under the influence of alcohol; and there, sooner or later infected, becomes a source of infection to other lives trooping that way, led on by the king of the carnival—alcohol."—Sacred Heart Review.

MOTHER

MOTHERS' DAY, MAY 14

"All that I am or hope to be," said Lincoln, after he had become President, "I owe to my angel mother." The testimony of other great men in acknowledgment of the boundless debt they owe to their mothers would make a record stretching from the dawn of history to the present day. Few men, indeed, become great who do not owe their greatness to a mother's love and inspiration. She it is who believes in us when the whole world loses faith in us, who encourages us when others have no word of cheer for us. The fame that many a man enjoys is really due to a self-effacing, self-sacrificing mother. People acclaim a governor, or a mayor, or a congressman, the real secret of whose success is often tucked away in the heart of a quiet, unobtrusive woman in the background, who gave the labor of her hands without stint for him, who infused new ambition into him when he grew discouraged, and supplemented his weakness with her strength; who filled him with her faith, her hope, her love when all his own had failed.

It is not the philosophies, the theories, the codes of ethics acquired in maturer years, that exercise the greatest influence on a man. It is the impressions of childhood that

count. It is the things that he learned at his mother's knee, the principles that she instilled into him in his very cradle, the tastes and habits that she formed, the strength and courage that she breathed into him. It is the pennies that a mother teaches a boy to save and the self-denial that she inculcates in doing it, that form the real foundation of the fortune of the millionaire.

When we were tossing on beds of deadly fever and foie cared to come near us, who held the cooling cup to our parched lips? Who bent over us day and night and, with almost superhuman strength, snatched the darts from the hands of death? The world's greatest heroine—Mother.

Many mothers in the poor working classes freely sacrifice all that people hold dearest in the world for their children's sake. They impair their health, and wear themselves out, and make all sorts of sacrifices to send a son or daughter to school. They do not shrink from the most menial work, in order to give their boys and girls the priceless opportunities that they themselves never enjoyed; yet, how often is their devotion requited with indifference and even ingratitude!

Who can ever depict the tragedies that are daily enacted in the hearts of American mothers, the untold tortures they endure from the neglect of those who should cherish them in their heart of hearts? What pathetic stories many a mother's letters from her grown-up children could tell! A few straggling lines, a few sentences hurriedly written and mailed—often to ease a troubled conscience—more apologies for letters, bringing no joy to the poor mother's heart.

What movement then of recent years deserves heartier support than that for the establishment of a national Mothers' Day? We should unite in doing all we can to make it a real Mothers' Day, by honoring our mothers; in the flesh; those of us who are so fortunate as to have our mothers with us; in the spirit, those who are not so fortunate. If away from home, write loving words to the best woman that ever lived—your mother. Send her some flowers, some little token of affection; better still, go and spend the day with her, and gladden her heart. Show her that you are all a son should be, and that you give her credit for all that is best in you and in your life.

Have we been remiss in filial love and loyalty? We can now make for past neglect by paying our own mother every tribute of honor, respect, affection and gratitude that grateful hearts can cherish. And we can acknowledge to the world the great debt we owe them by wearing on Mothers' Day a white carnation—the flower chosen as the symbol of motherhood. Happily chosen emblem! What could more fittingly represent motherhood with its whiteness and fairness, its fragrance and loveliness, its sweetness and tenderness, its sweetness and tenderness.—Fenton Spence in St. Paul Bulletin.

WHEN KELLY COWED VILLA

"PANCHO, THE TIGER," DRIVEN TO COVER BY A SLENDER BLUE-EYED IRISHMAN

Some years ago there was a scene at the Hotel Sheldon, El Paso, Texas. Villa had it in for another revolutionary conspirator named Garibaldi, who was about to receive some preference in the military line. He announced that he would cross the river to El Paso and kill Garibaldi on American soil.

Garibaldi was generally to be found in the lobby of the Hotel Sheldon. The news that the bandit was coming over the bridge to settle matters with the Italian spread like wildfire, and the lobby of the hotel was crowded with men waiting to witness the entry of the Chihuahua tiger. Villa came on time—and with him some six faithful bodyguards.

Finally Garibaldi, slender, pleasant-faced, entered the hotel. But he was not alone. With him were several United States army officers and four secret service agents. They had decided that if Villa wanted vengeance he would have to seek it somewhere else than in El Paso.

Garibaldi, the American soldiers and secret service men forming a circle around him, stood near the desk in the hotel lobby. Villa, his men near him, stood near the grand stairway. He was the personification of rage and hate, as he awaited the opening that would make possible his intended assault on Garibaldi.

Into the lobby walked a slender, blue-eyed Irishman named Kelly, the Mayor of El Paso. Kelly advanced to the American army officers and asked what was the trouble.

"Villa over there," an officer answered, "says he is going to kill Garibaldi, and we do not intend that he shall do it."

"You bet he won't!" Kelly answered. The Mayor of El Paso turned and walked rapidly to where stood the blustering, glaring Villa.

"What's this I hear?" demanded Kelly, looking straight into the Mexican's eyes.

Villa did not answer. Instead, his demeanor in an instant changed from bluster and bluff to the sheepish, "Hand me over those pistols, and be quick about it!" said Kelly.

Villa was lamblike. He realized that he was in the presence of a man who was his master—a man who would call any bluff he could make. Villa followed Kelly down the lobby and handed him the pistols. "Now you get!" said Kelly. "Don't

let me ever catch you on this side of the river again. You know what I mean. Now go, and go fast!"

"Pancho the Tiger" never rode any faster than he did on that memorable retreat into Mexico.—Catholic Columbian.

FILIAL RESPECT

Parental love and filial affection are natural to man. They are deeply planted by the God of nature in the human heart. No other love is so strong as that which urges the parents to struggle and make sacrifices for their offspring; no affection so sacred as that which prompts the children to honor and revere those from whom they received the life they enjoy. These are sentiments, instincts so much a part of human nature that they can never be wholly suppressed. They are so securely lodged in the human breast, and so universally recognized as Nature's law that the parent forgetful of her child is in her own eyes and in the eyes of mankind a monster, and the child neglectful of the parent a perfidious ingrate.

Some one has said that in the history of any man there is no more galling recollection than the reproach which memory frequently flings before him who has been wanting in duty to his parents. And in the heart of a parent no more bitter anguish finds a home than that which has its source in the dishonor and disrespect which too often are the substitutes for filial affection and devotion. Many a father and mother have gone to the grave broken-hearted because of their children's ingratitude; many a child, in moments when the calloused heart is open to feeling, has found the memory of his filial disrespect like "the bite of a serpent and the sting of an adder."

In these days, however, an unnatural coldness has seized upon the hearts of many a son and daughter. One of the crying evils of the day is filial ingratitude and disrespect. An old pagan teacher, speaking of the duties owed by the child to the parent, once said: "There is on earth no image of the divinity more worthy of respect than our father and our mother. They are visible deities; we were born in their houses as it were, in their temples, so that we should offer to them sacrifice of honor, of love, and of allegiance. We should feel in their presence as we should feel before an altar."

A man who knew not the blessings of Christianity, who viewed the family merely as a natural institution could speak thus beautifully of filial obligation. Yet how often in homes superstitiously elevated by the sacramental grace of matrimony and made as one with the home of Nazareth do we find the young forgetful even of the consideration which even the offspring of animals give to those to whom they owe existence? Mindful only of themselves, ever bent on having what they call a good time, in their pleasures they forget the old folks, and turning their backs upon them leave them to bear alone the pains and sorrows all too common in a cruel and callous world.

How often too, in the home do the children add to the parents' burdens and trials, if not by causing them to bow their heads in shame, at least by their harsh words, their bitter rebukes, and their utter disregard of parental counsels and commands? Modern economic and moral forces are breaking down the sanctity of the home and undermining the foundations of family life, but the most pathetic and disastrous effect is the estrangement such forces are causing between the parent and the child.

"Honor thy father and thy mother;" this is God's command to man. Children forgetful of it are false to the dictates of reason, heedless of the promptings of nature, are in the eyes of thinking men repulsive in their ingratitude. Those faithful to it bring sunshine into the home, they excite the joy and admiration of others, for the virtue of filial devotion is reflected in their lives by other qualities equally attractive. The home to be the happy and the sacred spot God willed it should be must restore the parents to their place of honor. The world to be a happy dwelling place for man must teach its youth to lovingly fulfill the divine precept "Honor thy father and thy mother."—Boston Pilot.

THE CATHOLIC AND HIS PAPER

The same reason which makes it necessary for the doctor to read medical journals, for the judge and lawyer to read law books, for the farmer to read agricultural papers—the same reason forces the Catholic to read religious publications, if he wishes to remain intelligent and practical, if he wishes to retain a lively faith and Catholic sentiments, writes the Rev. Joseph Riestener in the Catholic Tribune. How sadly would a professional man be behind the times in a short while if he neglected professional information! Similarly a Catholic will get out of touch with his Church, her needs, her trials, her progress. His faith, his piety, his zeal will soon grow consumptive and perish. Every parish priest can assure us from his life-long experience that his practical, fervent, active and intelligent parishioners come from homes where Catholic literature exercises its salutary influence, while

the ignorant, the lukewarm, the cold members of the Church are particularly those who are entirely indifferent to the Catholic press, who neither patronize nor read what is written and published for their defense, instruction and personal benefit.

As soon as we cease to pray, we hasten toward hell.—Bl. Cure d'Arz.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

NEVER SUCH OPPORTUNITIES

"Never in the history of the world were there such wonderful opportunities for young men as at present," says Mr. Charles M. Schwab, of the Bethlehem Steel Company.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

LITTLE BROWN HANDS

[The following lines said to have been written by a girl fifteen years old, were pronounced by John Boyle O'Reilly the finest words he ever read.

They drive home the cows from the pasture Up through the long, shady lane, Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat field;

They find in the thick, waving grasses Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;

They toss the hay in the meadow, They gather the elder-bloom white;

They find where the apples hang ripe, And are sweeter than Italy's wines;

They know where the fruit hangs thickest On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds, And build tiny castles of sand;

They pick up the beautiful seashells, Fairy loaves, that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops, Where the oriole's hammock nest swings;

And at night-time are folded in slumber By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest, The humble and poor become great;

And from those brown-handed children Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman The noble and wise of our land—

The sword and the chisel and palette, Shall be held in the little brown hand.

—ANONYMOUS. ST. RITA

St. Rita, "the Saint of the Impossible," is another saint who spent some part of her life in a monastery.

Rita was an Italian girl, born of poor and intensely religious parents.

They were so respected in their village that their fellow men would have them to settle their differences and disputes; and they would abide by their decision.

The great desire of Rita's heart was to consecrate her life to God in religion, but her parents insisted so strongly upon her marrying that she obeyed them.

Her married life was marked with sufferings and penances won for her husband and children the grace of salvation.

One day she turned her heart toward serving God in the cloister, and she repaired to a monastery of Augustinian nuns, who would not receive her on account of her widowed state.

But Rita knew full well that prayer gets all things, and so she prayed long and earnestly that God would move the hearts of the religious to accept her, and again she returned to the monastery with her request. Again was she refused.

Nothing daunted, she redoubled her prayers. Especially did she pray to her chosen patrons, St. Augustine, St. John the Baptist, and St. Nicholas of Tolentine, and one night these three saints appeared to her, so we read in her life, and took her inside the closed cloister of Cascia and left her there.

In the morning when the nuns assembled for Mass they were surprised to behold Rita among them, and knowing that she could not have gotten into that sacred spot unless supernatural aid had been given her, considered it that it was God's will that she should stay with them.

The life of Rita in the cloister was even more holy than the life of Rita in the world. In commemoration of the Crown of Thorns, to which she ever had a tender devotion, she received a wound in her forehead. After a holy life, Rita of Cascia died, and in the early part of this century she was canonized. Her feast is celebrated on the twenty-second of May.—Extension Magazine.

TIME TO "CLEAN UP"

CLEAN-UP DAYS ARE SET ASIDE FOR CITIES

BUT HOW ABOUT THE HUMAN BODY? The Advent of Spring brings the usual agitation for cleaning up the cities.

It is customary in most cities to designate a certain day as a "Clean-Up-Day" on which householders are asked to cooperate with the city government in cleaning up the dirt and rubbish that have accumulated during the winter.

On the appointed day everybody gets busy with his own yard; there is a beating of rugs, sweeping of gutters and flushing of sewers, until the city finally emerges with a clean face and a new spring raiment.

But how about the human body? The city doesn't pay any attention to cleaning up individuals. And yet the human body needs a Spring "housecleaning" even worse than the city.

The liver is clogged, the kidneys are over-burdened and the intestines filled with the poisonous rubbish and gases of a heavy winter diet.

How shall we rid the body of these toxins? Surely not by purgatives or saline laxatives. There is but one normal and healthful way, and that is by adopting a simple, wholesome, nutritious diet which not only supplies all the body building nutriment needed for the Spring days, but sweeps out from the intestinal tract all the accumulated poisons of the winter.

It is time to cut out heavy, greasy meats and eat whole wheat cereals, fruits and green vegetables, such as spinach and lettuce.

The best cereal ever discovered for restoring physical vigor and mental alertness and for bringing about perfect elimination is shredded wheat biscuit.

It supplies all the tissue-building material in the whole wheat grain in a digestible form and retains the bran-coat prepared in such a way as to stimulate bowel exercise in a natural way.

Eaten with milk or cream and fresh strawberries or other fruits it gives the body thorough housecleaning and brings back the bounding buoyancy and freshness of youth. Being ready-cooked, it is easy to prepare a delicious, wholesome meal with shredded wheat without any kitchen bother or worry.

PERE LACORDAIRE

November 22, was the fifty-fourth anniversary of the death of the famous French priest, Pere Lacordaire, and on that day in many churches throughout France, Masses will be offered up for the repose of his soul.

This wonderful priest, perhaps the most eloquent pulpit orator that France has produced during the past century, is gratefully remembered by Irishmen for his famous funeral oration on O'Connell. He was born in 1802, the son of a humble country physician, and was educated for the law.

His father had had served under Napoleon in the war for American Independence. When the young man was pursuing his studies and mingling with the social circles of the day at a time when infidel teachings were being widely disseminated he became affected by the contagion, and was noted for his anti-Catholic utterances, as much as for the eloquence with which he expressed them.

THE TRANSFIGURATION

Suddenly he astonished all his acquaintances by confessing to an entire change of feeling and sentiment shortly after his coming of age, and he announced his intention of studying for the priesthood, giving up all pleasures and allurements of the world for the toil and sacrifice of the ecclesiastical state. He often said in after life that neither man nor book was the instrument of his conversion, but that a sudden and secret stroke of grace opened his eyes to the nothingness of irreligion.

In a single day he became a believer, as did Chateaubriand, and once a believer he longed to become a priest. He always remained an ardent sympathizer with the cause of popular institutions, and was thus often brought into controversy with powerful monarchial interests. But the fame of his wonderful eloquence always filled the churches where he preached with crowded audiences, who hung upon his words.

THE ARCHBISHOP CALLED HIM TO THE PULPIT OF NOTRE DAME, AND ON ONE OCCASION WAS SO CARRIED AWAY BY HIS EMOTIONS THAT, RISING FROM HIS THRONE IN THE PRESENCE OF THE VAST AUDIENCE, HE GREETED THE ORATOR WITH THE TITLE OF "ONE NEW PROPHET."

Lacordaire retired to Rome to study for a couple of years, and on his return revived the Order of Dominicans and wore the white robe of the order in the Constituent Assembly of 1848, to which he had been elected. He was appointed in 1854 to the direction of the free college of Sores, and preached his last sermon in Paris.

ENTERS FRENCH ACADEMY

Once only was he recalled from his provincial solitude. In 1860 he was elected to fill the chair in the French Academy, left vacant by M. de Tocqueville. He was introduced by M. Guizot, and his installation had all the significance of a political demonstration.

Montalembert prayed with him to remain in Paris for a day or two, but after some little hesitation he answered: "No, I cannot; it would perhaps prevent some of my children, who are preparing for the coming festival, from going to confession. No one can say what the loss of one Communion may be in the life of a Christian."

With such zeal did he give himself to his new duties that Sores, in his care, took rank as the first school in the South of France. His observance of monastic rules was rigorous in the extreme, and his health suffered by his austerities. "The great men of antiquity were poor," he used to say. "Luxury is the rock on which everyone splits to-day. People no longer know how to live on little. A great heart in a little house is of all things here below that which has ever touched me most." He died on the 22nd of November, 1861. His last words were: "My God, open to me—open to me!"—The Tablet.

PRESBYTERIANISM AND THE HIGHER CRITICISM

The Union Theological Seminary of New York has again become the object of attack by members of the New York Presbytery. It is the hot-bed of the "Higher Criticism" which is akin to the "Modernism" that was effectively disposed of by Pius IX. As Protestantism like that possessed by the Catholic Church, it is a harder matter to fight Protestant propagators of heretical views. The long-drawn-out contest between leading Presbyterians of this city and the Union Theological Seminary confirms the statement we have just made. The latest incident in the battle for the maintenance of Presbyterian orthodoxy was the granting last Monday of licenses to preach to three graduates of the Union Theological Seminary, who have made an open profession of disbelief in doctrines which hitherto have constituted the fundamentals of Presbyterianism.

The three young men who applied for authorization to preach to Presbyterian congregations refused to affirm certain doctrines of the Presbyterian Church, such as the Virgin birth of Christ and certain miracles recorded in the Bible. One of them even went so far as to refuse to affirm his belief in the resurrection of our Lord. And yet, the applications of all three were passed on favorably by the New York Presbytery.

It was St. Paul who said that if Christ had not risen from the dead, vain was the faith of Christians. What the Great Apostle declared to be an essential of Christianity, the New York Presbytery regards of so little importance that it does not require its acceptance as a prerequisite for a license to preach in the Presbyterian Church. From the published account of the proceedings we learn that all three of the graduates of the Union Theological Seminary declared their disbelief in the virgin birth of Christ as related in the Gospels of Matthew and Luke. Mr. Chaffre was the name of the one who would not affirm the raising of Lazarus from the dead or the resurrection of Christ. He and two fellow-disbelievers expressed "a growing belief" in some parts of the Bible about which they are in doubt at present. Commenting on this assembly's action the New York Presbytery said:

"Some of us think it would be well to defer licensing these men and let their growing faith grow some more."

This is sound advice, which should be acted on in the interest of the Presbyterian Church. What imparts vitality to that Church and to every other Protestant denomination, is the body of Christian doctrines Protestantism took over from the Catholic Church. The "Higher Criticism" has been playing havoc with these doctrines. In proportion to the lessening of their authority has the influence of the Protestant Churches decreased. In other words, the success of the "Higher Criticism" has been the prelude to empty pews in Protestant Churches.

The New York Presbytery, in licensing as preachers persons who openly repudiate what a few years ago was regarded in the Presbyterian Church as of the essentials of religion may help to spread the seed of the "Higher Criticism," but it is not furthering the real interest of the Church of which it is an official body. In explanation of the stand it has taken it is stated that graduates of the Union Theological Seminary are heavily in the majority of the New York Presbytery.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.



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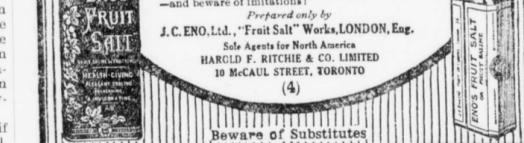
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ABOUT STODDARD'S CONVERSION

The late Charles Warren Stoddard thus describes his conversion: "I was groping in the dark when a little light threw a ray across my path, suddenly, unexpectedly, as if a star had fallen, I found a copy of the 'Poor Man's Catechism.' The plain direct questions and the plain direct answers were just such as I had been longing to ask and receive. What a reading was that when finally I read it slowly and earnestly, asking myself after each separate answer: 'Can you believe this?' 'Do you believe it?' After each and all of these answers I replied triumphantly: 'I can and I do.' I resolved at once to become a Catholic."—Catholic Transcript.



ANGLICANISM

An Anglican clergyman once told us that his friends asserted that he belonged to the Anglican body because it never interfered with his politics, his morality, or his religion. It was said by way of a joke, and it was a good joke, but it was a significant joke. It was the joke of the cynic, and it wounded because it told so much that was unpleasantly true.

A man can believe practically anything in the Anglican body, provided he is good-natured about it and lets his neighbor enjoy the same license that he claims for himself. Where there is no authority which can enforce conformity with religious standards, and where, in fact, the very standards are in question, there is no way of enforcing conformity with any moral standards except such moral standards as the law of the land or public opinion may impose and enforce. The Anglican Church is just drifting, and those that love it because they have always been of it, know that it is drifting. What the end will be, no man can tell.

Anglicanism is interesting because it is Protestantism in miniature. It is a little bundle of sects within the bigger bundle of Protestantism. It is not a valuable miniature. In fact, it is done in clay, and in very much of the earth, earthly. There are some rare and precious souls in that clay. The High Church sect in Anglicanism is most interesting and most appealing to us Catholics because it loves much that we love, and has many devout and even holy souls within its ranks. We realize that its adherents want to be called Catholics. We are constrained between courtesy for them and loyalty to truth.

It is not honest to call any sect a Catholic sect. Such words are mutually contradictory. It would be as absurd to designate any sect as Catholic, as it would be to speak of a square circle, or of organized chaos. The Church Catholic must be of all Christian times as well as of all Christian peoples at any one time. And it must be a vital whole and not a heap of fragments however beautiful the fragments may be. No people can make a National Church and keep it Catholic; and no group can make a Branch Church and call it Catholic. We are willing to compromise on any designation which does not imply denial of the truth that there is only one Catholic Church.

There are too many Anglicans who don't care whether High Church or Low Church ideas predominate, as long as it is socially pleasant to be an Anglican. No organization puts such a premium upon indifference to its very constitution and continues to live as does the Anglican body. In fact, Anglicans who dream the biggest dreams are possessed by the delusion that the clashing of all kinds of religious and moral standards makes Anglicanism the hope of Christendom. This delusion is evidently based on the theory that where two or three or more differ among themselves Christ likes to take up His abode in the midst of them. His own words to the contrary, notwithstanding. Everything that ever claimed to be Christian may be represented within Anglicanism, but that does not seem to us a promising condition. Chaos may contain the elements of a universe but it is essentially different from a universe. It certainly is no place for any one to stay who can get out of it.

Anglicans say that the religious world needs a common ground as the place for building the Kingdom of God. They do not realize that the Church is an accomplished fact, and has never ceased to be complete and cannot cease to be such if there has been a Living Church of Christ at any time. But if men were to be its builders, common ground would not be a promising site for it. Common ground is generally a dumping ground. Scavengers may find many valuables lost in the rubbish, but in so far as they are valuable they are out of place in a common dumping ground. Weeds grow as they please and encumber the earth, and pools and swamps, become the breeding spots of insects and disease. If Anglicanism insists that besides offering a common ground, it offers a structure which can either be enlarged to house the whole Church, or incorporated into a larger structure and thus help to reconstitute the Catholic Church, we fear that they are unmindful of the Word of God which declares that "unless the Lord build the house, in vain do they labor who build it."

confounded, and serves no good purpose, except incidentally. Often-times its turmoil and its conflict of many tongues hurry men forward to the land of spiritual peace and the Church of the Living God. But the Tower of Babel itself neither promotes nor sustains the Kingdom of God on earth. It must surely fall. Out of the wreckage many noble souls will come, as they have been coming for all these years, back to Mother Church.

By accident Anglicanism does serve some of the great ends of religion. It has a social influence which it wields to good effect. There are many devout Anglicans who hunger for the Bread of Life. It is a pity that they are made to feed upon husks. There are many noble clergy with priestly hearts and aspirations who waste their lives in perpetuating a horrible mockery. So long as they are honest, they may be happy in functions that have lost all religious value because their altars are set up against the altar of the Living Church. Alas for them if they be not honest!

Some months ago we received a letter from an Anglican clergyman who is the rector of a parish where none will suspect him, if we quote from his letter. If there were any possibility of violating his confidence by quoting him we would not refer to his words of lamentation. He wrote us that he could not make his submission to the Church as he had promised to do. He could not ask his wife to face possible want. But he said, "I am suffering the tortures of the crucifixion." We answered him, "It is not the tortures of the crucifixion which you are enduring, but the tortures of hell. The tortures of the crucifixion were the sufferings of the Innocent for the guilty, your tortures are the inevitable sufferings of the guilty."

The words seemed harsh as we wrote them, but honesty demanded from us the cruel truth. In deepest sympathy our hearts went out to this unfortunate victim of rebellion against the Living Church. Whatever his guilt, greater yet is the guilt of the cruel builders of the Tower of Babel, and the wicked defenders of its rebellious battlements. Vain is the conflict against the Living God, and wicked and cruel are those who have any share in the continuance of it. We judge not how far any who speak in the name of Anglicanism are its sponsors or its victims. This much we know, that they delude themselves who think it is a small matter to be a watchman on such a tower. This much we know, that those who preach a false gospel by their very presence on its parapets cannot condone their offense by maintaining that they teach what they call Catholic doctrine. "He that is not with Me is against Me; and he that gathereth not with Me, scattereth."—The Missionary.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF IRELAND

(By Dr. Kuno Meyer the famous Celtic scholar)

The true history of Ireland yet remains to be written, if for no other reason, for this, that all those who have attempted the task hitherto, are ignorant of the Irish language and literature. To write the history of a nation without a knowledge of its language and literature is impossible.

For the time before the conquest, English writers of Irish history, unable to deal with the facts, invented the myth that before the coming of the English the Irish were a semi-barbarous people, to whom their conquerors brought the first rudiments of civilization. The truth is that Ireland can look back upon an ancient civilization of which any country could be proud. It will always remain a cause of wonder how an island in the Atlantic, so far removed from the continent, was able to play so important a part in general European affairs. We shall never understand it unless we realize that the English conquest and English policy have completely altered the natural and historical position of Ireland with regard to the rest of the world. England has usurped the trade of Ireland, has cut her sister island off from all direct communication with the continent, and keeps her, as it were, concealed from the world, while so long as Ireland was free and independent, she, lying in the direct route of trade, carried on a thriving commerce with Spain, France and Scandinavia, and was as much a part of Europe as any other country on that continent.

By this intercourse, which goes back to the earliest times, it came to pass that the island, though never conquered by Rome, shared in the general civilization of Europe. This we can best see from Irish art, in which Roman, Greek, and even Oriental influences are plainly traceable. When, in the fifth century, Ireland had become the heirress of the classical and theological learning of the Western Empire, a period of culture was ushered in which reached its climax in the sixth and following centuries, "the golden age of Irish civilization."

The charge that is so often levelled against Irish history, that it has been, as it were, in a backward, where only the fainter wash of the larger currents reaches, cannot apply to the period just mentioned. For once, at any rate, Ireland drew upon herself the eyes of the whole world, not, as so often in later times, by her unparalleled sufferings, but as the home of rest in a world overrun by barbarians, as the great seminary of classical and Christian learning, the quiet habitation of sanctity and

literary culture. Her sons, carrying Christianity and a new humanism over Great Britain and the continent, became the teachers of other nations the tutors of princes, and the counselors of kings. For once, if but for a century or two, the Celtic spirit dominated a large part of the Western world, and Celtic ideals imparted new life to a decadent civilization.

Since the conquest it has been the chief object of English diplomacy to keep the Irish people in a slavish subjugation and to exploit the rich resources of the country for the benefit of England. No attempt was ever made to build up a common civilization. From the time of Henry VIII. into the last century the history of Ireland is a tale of unmitigated woe. No country, no people ever suffered so long and so much. But we see with astonishment and admiration the resistance of the people, their wonderful recuperative powers, and the survival of the national spirit through all. In the words of the French historian Thierry: "This indomitable persistence, this faculty of preserving through centuries of misery the remembrance of lost liberty, and of never despairing of a cause always defeated, always fatal to those who dared to defend it, is perhaps the strangest and noblest example ever given by any nation."

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL ON THE MASS

Augustine Birrell, the English Secretary for Ireland, contributed to the "Nineteenth Century Magazine" of April, 1896, a remarkable article, headed "What Did Happen at the Reformation?" in which he laughs to scorn the silly pretensions of some non-Catholics that there was no break in the continuity of the Anglican Church and that they are members of the same Church as that of St. Anselm and St. Thomas a Becket. He urged vehemently that the Eucharistic Sacrifice was abolished by Protestantism, and that this change was fundamental and cut off the Elizabethan Church from all that had gone before; that Catholics alone are the representatives of those who built the glorious cathedrals of Catholic England. Mr. Birrell proceeds to speak of the Mass as "a mystery so tremendous, so profoundly attractive, so intimately associated with the keystone of the Christian faith, so vouched for by the testimony of the saints."

"If," he further says, "the Incarnation be indeed the one divine event to which the whole creation moves, the Miracle of the Altar may well seem its restful shadow cast over a dry and thirsty land for the help of man, who is apt to be discouraged if perpetually told that everything really important and interesting happened once for all in a chill historic past. It is the Mass that makes the difference—so hard to define (so subtle is it)—yet so perceptible between a Catholic country and a Protestant one—between Dublin and Edinburgh, between Havre and Cromer."

Lord Ripon said once to Archbishop Bourne (now Cardinal) that it was precisely the doctrine of the Blessed Sacrament that brought him into the Catholic Church—that if God would to come down upon this earth, He must still be present somewhere.—Catholic Columbian.

GODLESS NEW YORK

That New York, no less than darkest Africa or China, presents a field for missionary activity of the most energetic kind, was the discovery recently made by the Open Air Evangelical Committee of the National Bible Institute. From a carefully prepared map it was shown that the "un-churching population" of the great metropolis numbers 2,900,000 souls. The basis for this computation is the census of 1910, in which out of a total of 4,766,000 inhabitants, 1,230,000 are said to be practising Catholics, 200,000 Jews who attend synagogues, and 325,000 church-going Protestants. The rest, it is concluded, are without any church connections.

Without vouching for the complete accuracy of the statistics, we may take them to be sufficiently suggestive of the truth. Judged from the standpoint of observance of religious practices, New York must be classed as a pagan city. If it were not for the mighty leaven of Catholicism, to which no statistics do full justice, the condition of religion itself would be desperate and the state of Christianity all but hopeless. Missionaries might well be summoned from afar to preach the gospel to the millions of souls who have not even, as the Greeks of old, an altar dedicated to the unknown God. Many probably have a vague longing for religion and a general belief in a Divinity; but so, too, had the unfettered aborigines who wandered over these same places when they were still happy hunting grounds.

Is this an argument against the foreign missions? At first glance it certainly would seem to be. Yet it leads to the very opposite conclusion. When Christ gave His Apostles the commandment to go forth into distant lands, there was sore need of them in Palestine. Christianity had hardly taken root in the native soil, and He Himself was soon to ascend to the right hand of the Father. Yet His words were absolute: "Going therefore, teach ye all nations." Paradoxical as it may seem, herein lies a partial solution of New York's

problem. By developing the missionary spirit, according to the desire of Christ, and arousing interest in the missions afar, that same spirit will show its fruit in conversions wrought at home. If Catholics have not done as much as they could have done for the conversion of America, one reason is to be sought in the fact that many do not fully comprehend the meaning of the word "Catholic." Had the apostles remained at home their whole lives, neither Palestine nor the world would have been converted.

An intensive missionary spirit in the faithful will apply itself with the same apostolic zeal to assisting the distant missions and bringing the light of faith to those at our door. The early Church is proof sufficient of this truth. Its spirit must be renewed in us if we would convert New York and the world. We have set out upon the right path in seeking to promote an earnest interest in the propagation of the Faith. But during the time that this interest is growing, no apostolic methods that the Church sanctions for winning our cities to Christ should be neglected. Indeed, the pity of it is that many old-time Catholic practices, such as dignified street-preaching, are not in use in this country.—America.

DEATH OF SISTER M. DE LOURDES

Loretta Duncan, in religion Sister M. de Lourdes, of the Order of St. Dominic, died at the Mother House of the Order at Adrian, Mich., on Friday last. She was the daughter of Mrs. John Duncan, of Seaford. The funeral ceremonies were largely attended, over sixty religious and three hundred pupils of the Academy being present to pay a last mark of respect to the deceased sister who had labored eight years with them in the cause of education. Sister M. de Lourdes is survived by her mother, four sisters, Mrs. Frank Waller, of Bradford, Mrs. S. Huyde, Ruby and Margaret, of Seaford; and four brothers, Andrew, of Stratford, J. W., of London, W. J., of Seaford, and George, of the 101st Regiment. May she rest in peace.

A THOUGHT

Hearts that are great beat never loud,  
They muffle their music when they come;  
They hurry away from the thronging crowd,  
With bended brows and lips half dumb.  
And the world looks on and mutters—"Proud."  
But when great hearts have passed away  
Men hurry in awe and kiss their shroud,  
And in love they kneel around their clay.  
Hearts that are great are always lone,  
They never will manifest their best;  
Their greatest greatness is unknown—  
Earth knows a little—God, the rest.  
—Rev. Abram J. Ryan

"THE FAILURE OF ANGLICANISM"

THE EXPERIENCES OF AN EX-ANGLICAN CHAPLAIN

I have read with very considerable interest the most true and excellent article under the above title. It is the more interesting to me because it gives an entirely correct representation of a state of affairs which influenced me in no small degree to seek that peace and certainty which can only be found in the City of God.

At the time of the outbreak of war I had occupied, for some few years, the position of senior curate of a High Anglican church, situated in a very poor district. There was more than sufficient work there for all four of the clergy, and I had the privilege of working with a vicar and colleagues of whom it is certainly true to say that their hearts were wholly in their work and for all of whom I always had, and still retain, the profoundest affection and respect.

I cannot take up your space by relating the various reasons which brought me gradually to realize that our work, however hard and conscientiously done, must always end in failure. It is sufficient to say that the work done among the parishioners and others (even if the results were seldom more than temporary), the constant worship at the church, and the care that was taken by us only to visit other "Anglo-Catholic" churches and entirely to ignore the rest, sufficed to keep our minds from dwelling more than occasionally on the fearful insecurity of our position, and to defend us to the ominous cracks and rumblings in the fabric which heralded inevitable disaster. The secession of the Brighton clergy, of minister after minister, of layman after layman, of Caldey Abbey and Milford Haven, and finally the Kikuyu controversy followed in rapid succession, and each had to be explained away by us as best it could to the unfortunate laity who came to us for comfort, and who never knew from one moment to another who would be the next to go or where to look for security.

Then came the war, and in the second month I applied for and obtained a temporary chaplaincy after a short lecture in which I was warned that being one of the first

High Churchmen to be appointed, I was to be careful not to indulge in the tactless whim of showing a crucifix to a dying man, in case he might, in his last agony, be involved in controversy (!) This over, I was dispatched, somewhat sick at heart, to a garrison town, where I was informed there was a nice church where they had "a celebration on Sundays at 8 a. m. with lighted candles for those who liked them, and another without candles for those who did not like them (and he—my informant—was personally one of those) at 12 noon." Here again I was fortunate in my chief—a man most sincerely and justly honored in the Service—and I can truly say that a more devoted, sincere, and personally devoted man I have rarely met with than the clergyman who at that time occupied the position of senior chaplain. But what a hopeless task it was! Of nearly 35,000 men in that garrison, at least 18,000 were officially designated "Church of England," and although on Sundays there were two Communion services in the big church, and one in the district church, the total number who communicated seldom exceeded sixty, and that number included women in both places! Less than sixty out of eighteen thousand men, any one of whom would, in a few months, quite probably be dead! Was this the great "Catholic revival" in the Church of England after sixty years? How many hundreds, how many thousands of those who never came except when forced to do so must have been brought up in High Church parishes? Here was the real Church of England at last.

It was the most disillusioning and terrible experience of my whole life. In vain we preached, exhorted, and warned. We visited barracks, hospital, and prison. Man after man, even among the grievously wounded, took no interest in the Sacraments, not poor fellow, because he was hostile to them, but because they meant, and always had meant, nothing to him. It was impossible in most cases (of course there were a few exceptions) to give them what they had never known in life, and did not desire in death. They could only be left to find, as we trusted, a mercy and happiness in the fuller life of which they had been deprived in this one. In striking contrast to these unfortunate men were, of course, the Catholic soldiers. It is true that they were not all saints—far from it—but to see them crowding round their priest even on the departure platform to receive Absolution before going to the front, to see their intimate knowledge of what to do, even though in their lives they had fallen far, to see them returning desperately wounded and in all cases seeking the priest as soon as the doctor, was to one who for some months had witnessed the mournful and palpable failure of the notion of Catholicism, of which he was still a minister and teacher, the last deciding factor.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." Here in the most terrible scourge which has ever visited the world, when if ever men turned their thoughts to God and used the religion they knew it must be then, I saw the fruits of the two systems—and I knew them. Of those who were there, Catholics and Protestants, the great majority had, but a few years before, been at schools where their religion was taught them. Perhaps quite a large proportion of the Catholics had not been devout in their religion and had even ceased to practise it. But here it was waiting for them unchanged, the Faith which, once learned can never be forgotten, and which never fails or falters. And in the hour of their need they turned to it as naturally as a child to its mother.

When I saw, in that terrible time, something of the real Catholicity of the Church, the French, English, Belgian, and even German prisoners, all receiving the same Sacraments from the same English priest, the scales fell from my eyes, and I saw the Catholic Church as I never had before. A month later, I had the happiness of being received into the Church of God.

IN MEMORIAM

HEININGER.—In memory of the late Mrs. George Heinger, of Winnipeg, Man., formerly of Midway, Ont., who died May 9, 1915. May her soul rest in peace.

DIED

McINTOSH.—On Friday morning, May 5, at St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, Ellen Mary Harris, beloved wife of Hugh F. McIntosh. May her soul rest in peace.

GRIFFIN.—On Thursday, April 20, 1916, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Peter Green, Fergus, Ont., Catherine Kenney, relict of the late Michael Griffin, aged eighty-nine years. May her soul rest in peace.

AS TO "STOPPING THE PAPER"

"As a very worthy subscriber wrote us in the past week," says the Pittsburg Catholic, "to stop his paper, since it published an item on prohibition that in a measure approved of the same. . . . Candidly we are loathe to part with a subscriber to our paper, for such a reason, which is lacking in common justice. Every man has a right to take a paper or to stop it for any reason or no reason at all. The men who insist that the paper they read should never say anything contrary to their views are the ones who in a large measure are responsible for the craven cowardliness and the weathercock propensities of modern journalism. When

convicted that a paper is dishonest and deceitful, stop it. When convinced that it is unclean, stop it! When it lacks enterprise and fails to give you the news, stop it. But don't stop a paper that you believe to be honest, courageous and clean because the editor has written his own sincere views instead of yours or somebody else's, for if you do you are putting a premium on insincere journalism, and serving notice on an editor that the way to succeed is to write what he thinks will best please his readers, instead of what he honestly believes to be true."

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