

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XLIII.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1921

2242

WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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IRISH TRADE FLOURISHING

Thanks to the work of the Irish Industrial Development Association the opening up of Ireland to the trade of the outside world is fast becoming an accomplished fact. Up to a few years ago, thanks to the well-laid scheme of English statesmen, Ireland, as far as trade is concerned, was as much closed to the world as Japan at one time used to be. While direct trade has been opened up with three Continental ports and is prospering, the chief and by far the most important chief break in the brass wall that England had built around Irish trade, was made when there was instituted the regular fortnightly sailings of the Moore McCormack line of steamships lying between New York and Cork and Dublin. As a consequence of the starting of this line, direct Irish-American trade has flourished and multiplied. The service which was begun with two steamers is now carried on by four and the number will have to be increased again ere long.

The list of articles and commodities being shipped from Ireland to America as return cargo for the imports is steadily being increased. Arrangements have just been completed for refrigerator service on the steamers, which will enable Irish housewives to put their eggs and butter on sale in the New York market. The ports of call of these steamers are also being added to. The steamship Oshosh of the line which sailed from New York recently, was scheduled to call for the first time at Waterford, and there land a portion of her generous cargo of flour, meal, sugar, basic slag, American bacon and ham and undressed hardwood—and this will be the first American liner in modern times to sail into Waterford from New York. The Steamship Company is opening an office in Waterford so as to make that city one of their regular ports of call.

The Ford Motor factory, which, despite the clamorous opposition of English manufacturers, Henry Ford, a few years ago established outside Cork city, is growing and prospering. In return for a concession given them by the Cork Corporation, the Ford Company had, at the start, agreed to send £200,000 for buildings and machinery. Things have so progressed that they have already spent £250,000 on buildings alone, and half a million pounds on equipment and machinery. They have in addition erected a new wharf at Great Cork—which is of much benefit to Cork Harbor. The Ford company's works cover six acres. They employ a minimum of 1,500 hands and these go through all the processes in the manufacture of the tractor itself. There is little doubt that this is the nucleus of a great Irish industry. At present it is laboring under many handicaps—all of which will undoubtedly be removed, and their place taken by facilities, when the Irish people soon assume the reins of government in Ireland.

At the Ford factory the Ford Co. not only turn out fifty tractors per day but they also manufacture the Ford car engine, and other parts of the Ford car—these chiefly for the export trade. In addition to the many handicaps indirectly placed upon all manufacturers in Ireland by the English Government, Ford is laboring under the handicap of selling to the various European countries all of whom at present are placing heavy import tariff on manufactured articles entering their market. When, despite this very heavy handicap, we learn that he is finding a heavy market in the various European countries for the Ford tractor and the Ford car manufactured at Cork, we can readily surmise the fillip which will be given to his Cork industry, when, in the course of a few years, the abnormal Paris of the European country sinks back to normal—and when, moreover, the continuing exchanges now very averse swing back toward normal also. As Henry Ford showed his practical friendliness to Ireland in the hour of adversity, when no other business man in the world would trust himself to such a venture, it is good to know that he is not going to lose by his generosity. And, in their hour of triumph Ireland will gratefully remember him.

AN INTERESTING EPISODE IN IRISH INDUSTRIAL HISTORY

The working-men in various parts of Ireland have recently been trying a little Sovietism for themselves. The cables informed us of the harbor laborers of Cork taking to themselves, out of the hands of the Cork Harbor Board, the running of the harbor—until some of the most exalted of the Irish Republican officials persuaded them to resign. Laborers in Limerick took over for some time and

successfully ran some of the Limerick creameries. But one of the most remarkable Soviet ventures, not reported at all by cable, was the seizing and running of the Arigna coal mine in Connaught by the employees. The Arigna Mining Co. recently proposed to reduce the men's wages—and when the men would not accept this, they closed down the mine. Thereupon the miners took control and worked one of the pits. They organized the business as well as the working side of the coal field. Every ton of coal raised was disposed of to customers in the district or at a distance. The company, through their solicitor, called upon the miners to give up the mine with all the tools and machinery to the manager and withdraw. At a later date the directors took the further step of bringing legal proceedings against the miners, and warned the public that any person found taking coal or culm from the pit would be prosecuted. These notices were disregarded, and the novel state of affairs continued uninterrupted all through the months of May and June. The company had finally to beg of the men to negotiate with them, and had to agree to pay the miners their own wages of ten shillings per ton for raising the coal—and the men at one mine who had been receiving only 9 shillings per ton, came in for the raise. Furthermore, the men fixed the price at which the coal should be sold, namely 2 pounds at the mouth of the mine and 2 pounds 6 shillings at Arigna Railway Station—which the company had to agree to.

Still better, the miners compelled the owners to pay them compensation for improvements made during the time that the Soviet had control. Thus was concluded what the Irish papers call an interesting episode in Irish industrial history.

MICHAEL COLLINS

It is not alone in Ireland that Michael Collins, the wonderful "brains" of the Irish Republican army, is the hero of the hour. Even an enemy in England study him and write and talk much about him. The London Daily Mail, for the benefit of its million readers who are curious to know about this remarkable man, published a character study of him made by a Harley Street nerve specialist—a rather interesting study—which concludes as follows:—"He Collins has a faculty which is met with in individuals but rarely—that is when speaking to anyone he has every gun of his own mental battery concentrated at the point at issue. This gives him an overwhelming force and explains his remarkable standing with his followers. There is a characteristic native recklessness in his manner which scorns the idea of cost, but it is allied to a granite determination ever watchful, ever on the guard to see that the cost shall nevertheless be justified. The writer mentions that it must be embarrassing to find oneself the center of so much popularity, more especially in Ireland and quotes Mr. Collins as saying, 'I find myself in far more danger since the peace came than ever I was in the War.' It was a characteristic Irish view," adds the writer, "but the square jaw gave a grimness to the joke."

SEUMAS MACMANUS,
Of Donegal.

A GREAT CATHOLIC SCIENTIST

The inventor usually gets more credit than the scientist without whose work the invention would have been impossible. Marconi is an inventor rather than a scientist. The man who did the prolonged investigations and experiments which made wireless telegraphy possible are named below. The first was a German, the second an Italian, the third a Russian, and the fourth a Frenchman. Of these the greatest in this matter are the first and the fourth. Edward Branly of Paris, Professor in the Catholic Institute for more than a generation, never bothered about inventions. He studies the laws and forces of the world of matter, electricity being one of his special fields of work. Like the discoverer of the X rays, M. Branly is a good Catholic. The following reference to him is taken from the Toronto Star Weekly of Sept. 17th:

The first wireless message sent a distance greater than a few hundred yards was as follows:—"M. Marconi sends M. Branly his respectful compliments by wireless telegraphy across the English channel, this splendid achievement being due in part to the remarkable work of M. Branly."

That was in 1899, when Guglielmo Marconi established wireless connection between Dover in England and Wimereux in France. Today, when wireless telegraphy is a commonplace of everyday life and wireless telephony is rapidly becoming so, the name of Marconi is a household word, while that of Branly is unknown except to scientists.

Not that Marconi had usurped any of the credit due to Edouard Branly—far from it; he was the very first, in the message quoted above, to take off his hat to the genius whose successive discoveries made wireless possible, and in his writings he has never failed to draw attention to the modest savant and his scientific labors. For wireless telegraphy is not the invention of any one man; it is rather the result of a long series of small discoveries, no one of which seemed sensational at the time it was made, but which Marconi knew how to put together and apply to the practical use of mankind. So writes A. B. Durham in the New York World. He continues:

The names of the pioneers of wireless should be known: Hertz, who discovered the electric waves which bear his name. Right who taught Marconi their practical possibilities. Popoff, who first experimented in sending them. Branly, whose discoveries in pure science showed how to detect and receive them. Marconi, who harnessed them and put them to use. If you drop into the Institut Catholique in Paris and ask for the hall in which Monsieur Professeur Branly is lecturing, you will be shown into a small low room, like some of the class-rooms in our oldest school buildings. Three days a week M. Branly lectures here. Nearby is his laboratory, where he works assisted only by a woman who used to be a servant, but whose intelligent interest in matters scientific led the savant, when the Institut could no longer afford to supply him with an assistant, to train her to help him. Edouard Branly is now seventy-one years old. He began his scientific studies very young. He was scarcely of age when, having passed through schools and universities, a professorship at Bourges was given him. But he did not want to teach; he wanted to study. So he resigned and obtained a modest position at the Sorbonne, where he soon became assistant director of the physical laboratory. The first step on the ladder of wireless telegraphy was taken while he was still studying physiology. He was testing the different theories as to how the nerves carry messages from the skin to the brain and back again. At that time the nerves were supposed to be continuous threads, and the flow of nervous energy along them was likened by many to the flow of electric energy along a wire. Branly discovered that the nerves are not continuous threads, but are formed of neurons massed closely together, though not necessarily touching. Thus they are discontinuous conductors.

Every electrician will see at once the analogy between the human nerves and the metallic discontinuous conductors of his own apparatus, made from iron filings. The discovery of these discontinuous electrical conductors was Branly's second step. At that time all bodies were classified as either conductors or non-conductors. Branly's experiments proved that there was a third class, the conduc-

tivity of which was intermittent, bodies that were non-conductors until stimulated by an electric shock, when they became conductors, resuming their non-conductivity after a slight stroke or shaking. Galena (sulphate of lead) is one of these. They are called radio-conductors.

He experimented until he discovered the principle later used for sending wireless messages. Five years later, in 1895, the Russian engineer Popoff, using Branly's method, sent wireless communications about 600 yards. And in 1899 Marconi sent messages across the English channel.

CHEERFULNESS IN DUBLIN

Dublin Correspondent of The Universe

Before these lines are in print we may have received the decision of the Cabinet, summoned to Inverness, upon Mr. De Valera's latest statement of the Irish Republican position. The extreme gravity of the situation is dwelt on in the London Press, and the most gloomy forebodings are published as to the outcome of it all. It would be natural to expect that Ireland, which has the keenest and most immediate interest in the question of war or peace, should be waiting with almost breathless anxiety for the reply of the Prime Minister. One would expect more particularly the Irish leaders to be weighed down by the sense of their responsibility, and apprehensive of the unpleasant consequences to themselves and their country of renewed warfare.

These gentlemen, however, on the testimony of those who meet them every day, are described as being in high spirits. They show no sign of depression, and profess themselves wholly unable to understand why people in England should regard the situation as grave. This is not mere levity on their part. It is based on some conviction to the ultimate end of the struggle. They are making their own arrangements, and advising their friends to make arrangements, entirely inconsistent with any expectation of renewed disturbance with its accompaniment of going into, or trying to keep out of, jail. The attitude of the Irish public generally rather corresponds with this refusal to become alarmed. An easy and confident optimism is the prevailing sentiment. It is difficult for an impartial observer to see any ground for this comfortable state of mind. Yet there it undoubtedly is. Of course everybody appreciates the issues at stake. This is no mere duel of wits between Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. De Valera. The whole fate of Ireland for a generation may depend on the decisions now taken. Nevertheless the belief is almost universal that "It will all come right in the end."

The truce has made war seem unthinkable, and while the truce lasts our minds are easy. The conviction that the truce will not be broken, whatever happens, is unshakable. I have heard it expressed by all sorts of people. I know it is shared by men in a position to know, and whose intervention in the last resort would have great power to secure it. Meanwhile the silence of every public man and public body in the country continues. I do not think that this means that everybody is completely satisfied with the manner in which the negotiations have been conducted, or that the silence necessarily implies consent. One hears every day from men whose public utterances would carry great weight criticisms both of the attitude assumed by the Republican leaders and of the methods they have adopted in dealing with the Prime Minister's offer. Perhaps these methods might be more accurately described as not dealing with the offer at all. Nevertheless the men who make such criticisms in private (some of whom are themselves Sinn Feiners) will not at this stage say a single word in public. It is felt to be a patriotic duty, at any rate for the present, to leave Mr. De Valera and his colleagues in complete command of the controversy. Till some new development takes place—and it may take place very suddenly—the general silence will be unbroken. So far there appears to be an obstinate belief that the Prime Minister's patience is inexhaustible.

THE ULSTER PROBLEM

In the midst of all the abstract argument, I think I can discern in the attitude of the Irish leaders an ultimate and very practical purpose. Sooner or later the real issue in the whole discussion must be recognized and faced. But for the Ulster problem the settlement could be at once achieved. Mr. De Valera wants to get all Ireland if he can. If he cannot get it, he wants as much of Ireland as possible. If he cannot get the six now excluded Ulster counties he hopes for at least two and possibly three of them. We are back again, in fact, at this point which divided Sir Edward Carson and Mr. John Redmond at the outbreak of War. Mr. Redmond would not then agree to give up Tyrone and Fermanagh. Mr. De Valera has since got, in other respects, a much better offer than Mr. Redmond ever dreamed of. It would not be surprising if he were now doing his best to better the Redmond terms in this respect also. This purpose may be seen behind the repeated contention that the basis of conference must be government by the consent of the governed. Mr. Lloyd George accepts this principle and declares it to be the principle on which the British Empire is founded. Will he accept it for such Ulster counties as may desire to be joined to Dublin instead of Belfast? The visit of Mr. Michael Collins to Armagh indicates a hope that even Armagh, the focus and cradle of Ulster Orangism, may, like Tyrone and Fermanagh, prefer Dublin to Belfast.

His speech, though it came from a man with a fire-eating reputation, was devoted to a reasoned examination of the economics of the case, and a demonstration that the material interests of the Ulster population would be better served by union than by isolation. It was filled with statistics, some of them rather startling. He showed, for example, that in "prosperous North-East Ulster" in the six excluded counties there are today nearly nine thousand fewer inhabited houses than there were in 1861, and that the population has declined by over four hundred thousand, Antrim heading the emigration list. The expectation of convincing Ulster by statistics seems, however, somewhat too sanguine. In the end it may be found that what was the longest way round is really the shortest way home, and that we shall reach ultimate unity the sooner by making a start, and trusting to time and mutual understandings, under the stimulus of responsibility, to bring together the divided sections of the Irish people.

Already the Northern Parliament is beginning to find out the difficulties in its way. The unemployment problem is very serious. In the six counties there are 56,000 persons wholly unemployed and 34,500 on short time. The Minister of Labor, who is a large employer, has had to explain that as yet his Government has no legislative and no administrative authority and no funds. The staffing of the various offices has proved a trouble. It is hard to get Protestants willing to leave Dublin for Belfast. And the attempt to avoid Catholics is a very sore point. Recently for a particular post it was found that all the candidates were Catholics. They thought they would get over the difficulty by appointing an official from across the Irish Sea. They made the appointment and discovered to their surprise that there are Catholics in England. The Englishman appointed was one of them!

FORTY THOUSAND ATTEND SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL MASS AT LOURDES

Paris, September 11.—On the last day of the National Pilgrimage to Lourdes, an imposing ceremony was held on the site of what is to be the monument of Interallied Gratitude. In the presence of the Archbishop of Algiers, the bishops of Lourdes, Verdun, Chalons, and Frejus, several hundred priests and 40,000 faithful, a solemn High Mass was sung to the repose of the souls of those who died during the War. The liturgical chants of the Office of the Dead were executed with perfect ensemble by the assistants. Mgr. Scheffer, Bishop of Lourdes, delivered an eloquent sermon and prayers were recited for the allied nations, especially the United States, whose flag floated near the temporary altar with the flags of the Allies.

The monument of Interallied Gratitude is to be erected near the famous sanctuary and will be sacred to the memory of all the allies who fell in the Great War. The cornerstone was laid November 11, 1920, the anniversary of the armistice, in the presence of several cardinals, delegations from the allied countries and more than 20,000 veterans of the War.

The walls of this catacomb have a total surface of four hundred square meters. They will be covered with the names, written in mosaics, of those who seek a tomb and find it near the Divine Mother. Panels will also be provided to receive small personal remembrances of the deceased soldiers: crosses, portraits, letters, decorations, which will make their presence in Lourdes seem more real and place them more directly under the blessing of the Virgin.

MOST REV. DR. BYRNE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TAKEN FROM CURATE BODY

Dublin, Sept. 11.—Catholics in Dublin have been elated at the announcement that they are to have the Most Rev. Dr. Byrne as successor to the late Archbishop Walsh. The new Archbishop is only forty-nine years of age. He has been raised from the Curacy to the prelacy. Within living memory only two other Curates have been elected directly to the episcopate, namely, the late Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer and the late Most Rev. Dr. McCormack.

Archbishop Byrne is a native of Dublin. He received his early education at Belvedere College, Dublin, conducted by the Jesuits. There he carried off one of the few first class exhibitions awarded in those days by the Intermediate Board of Education. From Belvedere he passed to Holy Cross College, Clonliffe. There, also, he won many prizes and distinctions. In 1891 he graduated with honors in the former Royal University. In 1892 he went to the Irish College, Rome, where he completed his theological studies, winning many prizes in Dogmatic and Moral Theology. After his ordination in 1895 he returned to Ireland and served successively as Curate in four parishes in the Archdiocese of Dublin. In 1901 he was appointed vice-Rector of the Irish College, Rome.

When the term of his appointment came to an end he was, at his own request, brought back to Dublin. Archbishop Walsh then gave him a curacy in the Pro-Cathedral where he ministered for sixteen years until his appointment last year as Auxiliary to Archbishop Walsh.

Dr. Byrne is a man of many gifts. He has had first-hand experience of clerical life in all its phases. He is thoroughly acquainted with the practical details of the existing educational systems. His courage is wonderful, his personality is charming. He is a brilliant and eloquent preacher. Dr. Byrne succeeds one of the most illustrious Archbishops of Dublin since the days of St. Lawrence O'Toole. Archbishop Walsh assumed office in a time of stress and trial and tension. He died in a period of strife and warfare. At all times he was a strenuous upholder of the claims of Ireland for freedom. Archbishop Byrne's appointment synchronizes with the truce and peace. He enjoys the goodwill and affection of the entire Catholic community. On the day his appointment was announced Mr. de Valera and the Lord Mayor of Dublin waited on him and personally offered their congratulations.

CARDINAL MERCIER'S NEPHEW IN FACULTY OF NOTRE DAME

Notre Dame, Ind., September 16.—Dr. Charles Mercier, nephew of Cardinal Mercier of Belgium, has been added to the faculty of Notre Dame, and begins his work here with the opening of the University. He will teach philosophy.

Before departing for America, Dr. Mercier visited his famous uncle, who spoke affectionately of the United States and its people. "If it were possible for me to do so, and if my duty did not lie so plainly in Belgium, I should like nothing better than to spend my last years in America, that wonderful country where the people are so considerate and liberal and where the ravages of the Great War and social upheavals are not so much in evidence," Cardinal Mercier told his nephew.

Dr. Mercier is a native of Belgium and was a lieutenant in the Belgian army during the War. He spent a year in France with the allied armies. For the last two years he has been in Paris studying history and the social and economic situation in Europe. He comes to Notre Dame with quite as thorough understanding of French as of Belgian conditions and is regarded as a strong addition to the University's faculty.

Cardinal Mercier is profoundly interested in the struggle for Irish independence. Dr. Mercier reports. "He is watching the developments in Ireland with anxious mind." Dr. Mercier said, "He knows it means much to the whole world to see England and Ireland in agreement." Dr. Mercier's father, now dead, was a brother of the Primate of Belgium.

CATHOLIC NOTES

One hundred thousand Italian Catholic families were recently consecrated to the Sacred Heart, Italy, glorious in her faith and traditions, thus giving a notable example to the world.

Dublin, Sept. 9.—The most notable recent publication here is "Principles of Freedom" by the late Terence MacSwiney. The author was the late Lord Mayor of Cork who after a prolonged hunger-strike died in Brixton jail.

London, Sept. 12.—The bogus Knights of Columbus oath introduced into this country last year by American Protestant organizations is being circulated by the "Protestant Alliance," an organ of extreme Protestant fanatics. The oath is being shamelessly used by political Protestantism as propaganda against maintaining the British legation to the Holy See. The oath was unknown here until introduced by American Protestants.

A bust of Cardinal Mercier, the hero prelate of Belgium, has been presented to New York University by a group of prominent Americans and Belgians and will be placed in the hall of one of the buildings at University Heights. The bust will be unveiled October 10th by Baron Emile de Cartier de Marchienne, Belgian ambassador to the United States who is honorary chairman of the committee which is making the presentation.

Dublin, Sept. 9.—The solemn Triduum prescribed by the Pope in connection with the Seventh Centenary celebrations of the Third Order of St. Francis will be held immediately in all the Franciscan Churches in Ireland. Steps are also being taken for the organization of an All-Ireland Convention of the order in Dublin. The order embraces scores of thousands of members. From September 16 to 18 the great Tertiary International Congress of the Order will be held in Rome. Already 100 Third Order pilgrims from Ireland have arranged to be present at the Congress.

Washington, D.C., Sept. 19.—More than one hundred applications for entrance into Trinity College, conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur, have been refused because of lack of accommodations, according to an announcement made from the registrar's office, which indicated that 370 young women have registered for the term that begins this week. Practically every State in the union is represented among the registrants and there are students from celebrated European universities, including the Sorbonne, the University of Madrid, and the University of Barcelona.

San Antonio, September 16.—St. Mary's Church, the oldest religious edifice for English speaking people in San Antonio, and one of the most beautiful Gothic structures in the southwest, was severely damaged by the flood which dealt death and destruction in this city last Saturday and Sunday. The damage to the church, which is under the direction of the Missionary Oblates of Mary Immaculate, and of which the Rev. J. H. Quinn, High Commissioner in Constantinople, who congratulated the Provincial of the Assumptionists in the Orient on the happy intervention of Father Ludovic Marselle, "Father Marselle obtained from the conquerors things which, on many points, the injunctions of the powers had been unable to obtain."

Dublin, Sept. 9.—Already two Irish pilgrimages to Lourdes have been organized this year. Rev. D. B. Devlin, O. C. C., the Spiritual director of one of these, relates that people were present at the Shrine from all parts of Europe and from America. He even noticed some Japanese Catholics among the pilgrims. As indicating the prominent position which Ireland now holds in the attention of the world Father Devlin mentions that in some of the shops at Lourdes the pilgrims were able to purchase badges of the Irish Republican colors with a picture of St. Patrick and Shamrock ornamentation. The Bishop of Tarbes gave a special reception at his palace to the Irish pilgrims and expressed the hope that lasting peace would soon be Ireland's. He complimented the Irish pilgrims on their attitude while at Lourdes.

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HONOUR WITHOUT RENOWN

BY MRS. INNES BROWN

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

A hot July sun poured its brilliant rays upon the gorgeous flowerbeds which studded the graceful terraces around the stately home of Baron Court. A grateful breeze tempered the heat, and bore with it the fragrant perfume of Nature's exotic plants and flowers. It soured and played amid the leaves and branches of the rare old trees, tossed with sportive mischief the crystal drops from the brimming mountains far beyond the rim of their massive marble basin; furled and spread, as though in merry mirth, the bright gay flag which floated from the lofty turret tower. The swallows flew high, their small bodies glistening swift and clear against the deep blue of the cloudless sky.

To-day was a holiday, a fete day at Oakhome. The Lord of the Manor was returning, and with him, in his tender care, the poor innocent gentleman who had suffered so long and so unjustly. In their company was his wife, Lady Leadbitter—she who had lived in their very midst, and been known among them only as the lodge-keeper. The people drew in their breath, and looked askance at each other as they repeated her name.

"Lady Leadbitter, indeed, who'd have thought it? For it was all out now; that terrible mystery which had hung around her was dissolved at last; but no one in the whole village had ever surmised or guessed it, and some few spiteful hearts had bled in angry confusion when they felt that the merciless weapons of spite and jealousy wherewith they had so freely wounded the lonely Marion MacDermot could now be turned upon themselves by their victim. How little could they judge or appreciate a nature like that of Lady Leadbitter's!

The papers had been full of the whole story. The local Times had reaped a small harvest out of its harrowing description of the sufferings endured by the innocent man, and the hard striving and patient endurance of his gentle wife.

It told in thrilling language "of the strange revelations made by a well-known English gentleman, who upon his death-bed had openly confessed before competent witnesses that all the shameful and degrading story which condemned his brother to five years' penal servitude—and life-long ignominy—was concocted by a confederate and himself, for the sole purpose of disinherit him and securing for them the estate of the old uncle.

The sudden and tragic death of this uncle had also been unmercifully laid at the door of the supposed defrauder, whose ungrateful conduct was said to have brought about the aged gentleman's death-stroke." The paper went on to describe with reverent, almost patriotic pride, how one "dear still to them all, had in her office as a Sister of Charity so won upon the heart and good feeling of the surviving conspirator, that he had confessed all; and thus, with the aid of the untiring exertions of her brother, Earl de Woodville, she had been the means of restoring to the ill-used baronet his liberty, and establishing for ever his innocence." Nor did it omit to paint in glowing language "the gallant conduct of this brave Sister, in rescuing her charge from the devastating element."

With trembling hands the old coachman had cut out every sentence which spoke of her. Reverently he had folded and kissed the print, then had stowed the cuttings away in a well-worn old book that had never left his breast-pocket—one that a little girl with gold-brown hair and sunny violet eyes had once given to him, with these words: "Many happy returns of the day, John. I do hope that you will live for lots of years yet. I shall never like any coachman half so well as you, dear old John." On the fly-leaf of the book was written in a child's handwriting, "To John Ryder, from little lady Beatrice."

So there way joy this day at Oakhome. The kind-hearted villagers had entered so warmly into the whole sad story that they were unanimous in their desire to express the joy they felt at the happy result of the Earl's efforts. No corner in England—save and except Abbey Towers itself—had such right to rejoice this day as Oakhome, for in its very centre had lived many of the principal actors in this drama. Bright, gay bunting was suspended in festoons from house to house and from tree to tree. Here and there could be read sentences such as "Welcome back to liberty!" "God bless the faithful wife!" "Hurrah for our master!" etc.; and if the Earl winced a little as he read them, and would have preferred that the honest folks had shown more reticence in their greeting, he refrained from saying so, and no one guessed his thoughts.

A crowd of curious and expectant faces had collected in and about the station. Many of them, filled with ardent curiosity, strove to catch a glimpse of the poor, ill-used gentleman; others—women especially—

were dying to see how Lady Leadbitter bore herself; but there was not one amongst them whose breast swelled with more genuine pride and joy than did that of the honest old coachman, as he sat in his seat of honour, the driving-box of the handsome carriage.

"Ah, she done it! she done it all!" he kept repeating to himself, as he flicked the flies from the impatient steeds. "Who'd have found it out but for her. I'd like to know. Steady, Drosure! Standstill, beauty! Ye'll not have long to wait now, the signal's down."

Others might fear and wonder how they should meet and greet Lady Leadbitter, but old John Ryder had been her staunch friend. He longed to see that the weary look of suffering had left her gentle face for ever; he had no upbraiding of conscience to stifle.

"Here they are! Here they come!" was passed from mouth to mouth, as the long, serpentine train glided stealthily down the winding track.

Simpson, the footman—poor Yorkshire Mary's ancient enemy—now came prominently forward, and with an air of privileged importance awaited the arrival of the master and his guests. Barely had the engine stopped ere the servant descried those he was in search of, and advancing to the door of the saloon, threw it open, saluting respectfully. Out sprang the Earl, and close upon his heels followed the merry-hearted, genial-faced O'Hagan.

Then hearty cheers in quick succession arose from the throats of the bystanders as Sir Edmund Leadbitter, pale and weak, yet with pleased countenance and a certain dignity of bearing, endeavored by the aid of his two friends to dismount from the carriage. This accomplished, all three turned again to proffer assistance to the lady—their companion. And now by a curious instinct, as though the crowd would in some way atone for unintentional coldness in the past, hands were raised, handkerchiefs were waved, and a wild enthusiasm seemed to fill their hearts as Lady Leadbitter, taking the hand of the Earl, sprang lightly on to the platform.

For an instant or two the cheering almost ceased, as, breathless with surprise and half concealed doubt, they gazed upon her. Was this elegant and graceful lady really the same Marion MacDermot who had toiled and resided in such lowly fashion at the Western Lodge? They pressed forward in eager groups so as to scan more closely her form and features. Yes, after all, it must be the same. But, oh! But, oh! how changed, how altered to be sure! She looked so young and sweet now, as decked in the daintiest of lace and muslin, a large black picture hat shading her happy face, she took her husband's hand and gracefully bowed her acknowledgments of their kindly greeting. Now was the time that many a heart in that crowd felt that many a stab of bitter self-reproach. Why had they been so harsh in their judgments of her? How they wished they had bestowed more courtesy, more Christian charity upon poor Marion MacDermot. The Earl looked elated and well, as he shook hands with some and bowed to the rest, remarking to O'Hagan:

"What a pity it is that our little wives are not here to witness this cheering spectacle."

"I begin to doubt if we shall ever see them again," sighed O'Hagan laughfully. "We might as well make up our minds to life-long celibacy; there's no getting them from those Convent walls once they get ensconced therein."

"We have one last and unfailing resource; we'll make the babies ill; that will fetch them, like a shot," rejoined his companion.

As they neared the carriage, Marion recognized the kindly face of the coachman shaded by the hand in which he held the whip, as in an attitude of leaning forward he looked eagerly towards them. She stepped out in advance, and springing into the carriage knelt upon the seat nearest to him and seizing his other hand clasped it tightly in both her own, exclaiming in a glad, tearful voice, "God bless you, dear old John! I am so well and happy now."

"So am I! So am I, my Lady," he repeated quite excitedly. "Ye see, it's all come right at last. I knew—I always said it would. I've a deal to tell ye, my Lady! I've seen our young lady, and she's got her dog, and she's better now."

"My dear husband and I will call and see you, John, and you shall tell us all about it. We are longing to know everything."

"Yes, indeed we are," chimed in Sir Edmund, as he settled himself in the carriage, drawing his wife down tenderly beside him. "I owe you a great—an enormous debt of gratitude, John; and, God helping me, I will repay you."

flowing with peace and happiness. Sir Edmund still looked worn and thin, and his fine face bore lines wrought by mental care and bodily endurance; yet he owned to no feeling of fatigue after the somewhat excitable and tedious journey. He spoke but little—appeared, in fact, almost unable to trust himself to speak at all. His mind seemed engrossed by some overwhelming emotion; one phrase of words alone shaped themselves to his mind; he felt as though he could have sung his heart out on one long Te Deum. In his dark hour of trial he had called upon and trusted in God, and had He not both heard and answered him?

He could not endure that Marion should leave his sight for a moment. How he revelled in her kind ministrations—the touch of her gentle hands, and in listening to the accents of that sweet voice, and the mere echo of which had dwelt in his brain during all those lonely hours in his prison cell. No, he could not speak much; he could only mark with rapture untold the joy expressed in her dear eyes, and pressing her hand, think, and strive to realise their present and future happiness. It is not easy to imagine, much less to realize, what power to elevate and sustain the heart of man, is contained in the full meaning of the word *freedom*; only those who are capable of so doing who, like Edmund Leadbitter, have—through no fault of their own—suffered the loss of it.

In the cool of the evening, as the shadows lengthened, two figures—those of husband and wife—strolled down the western avenue and entered the tiny lodge. Filled with perfect peace seemed the evening hour; hushed and low was the twitter of the birds, and subdued and calm the murmur of the river as it rippled gently over its stony waters, near so sweet a spot. The fallow deer, browsing or lying beneath the cool, shady trees, scarce more than raised their heads as Marion and her dear one sauntered by.

Once more she entered the little cottage. In broken-hearted misery, alone, weary of mind, and fearful of what was in store for her, she had last crossed its portal. Now, with step as light as the heart she bore, her hand fast locked in his for whose freedom she had wept and pined so hopelessly, she stood again within the little kitchen. Everything was just as she had left it; old John had seen to that. The flowers she had trained and tended with such care were fresh and green; a kind old hand had watered them and kept the little home swept and garnished.

The eyes of the husband wandered fondly around. Nothing escaped his keen, sharp glance.

He knew now what her life must have been; he knew that she had toiled, slaved, and saved for him alone. But when she led him into her little parlor and disclosed to him the treasures hidden within the small curtained alcove—the sight of which had a few months since so unmanned his brother—Edmund threw his arms around her; and kneeling together, as they had so frequently done of late, they poured out the fulness of their hearts' gratitude in prayer to God.

"All these treasures, dearest wife, must be gathered carefully together. Not one, however small or trifling, must be lost. They shall be carried to our own dear home at 'Abbey Towers.'"

As they arose he clutched his violin with a yearning grasp and pressed it to him; he felt—he knew—that, through the power of this old instrument, voice, and expression could be given to the various emotions which flooded his inmost soul.

They spent a long time in her little home; she had so much to show him, so many things to tell. "See my little bank-book, darling; though only the balance shall you look at now; the items we will study later." How could he speak! He took the treasure from her hands, kissed her fondly, and pressing the record of her love and sacrifice to his lips, conveyed it reverently to his inner pocket.

Yes, he would study that alone; and might God forgive him if he did not repay her tenfold for her devotion. The birds were silent; the deer were sleeping quietly; the shades of night had fallen; the little river alone stirred and rippled its running waters on its ceaseless journey downwards, when Marion and her husband retraced their steps to the Court.

They were happy, yes, such happy days—those which Edmund and Marion spent at Baron Court. It was a pleasant and gratifying sight to their kind host to witness the rapid progress of their health and strength achieved by the invalid. There were so many beautiful things to see and enjoy—to feast his hungry eyes and ears upon; but that which seemed to fascinate him most and to attract his admiration most, was the very object which had most moved and touched his brother—poor Harold Manfred.

It was the picture of "The United Kingdom." Reverently he gazed upon the pure sweet face of that centre figure—she who had played the part of Destiny in their lives, and had been, as it were, the guardian angel of them both. He never seemed to weary of looking at that fair young face, and blessings rare and precious must descend upon her

soul, for he felt he could never pray for her enough.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

They were seated beneath the shade of a drooping ash, listening with no small interest to Sir Edmund, who was recounting to them incidents of his early life. He told them of the deep affection which existed between himself and his uncle Henry, before the baneful influence of his younger brother and young Thomas marred its happy existence, and how it had always been a source of the greatest wonder to him why and how they had so gradually but surely brought about his certain ruin.

They could hear the lap-lap of the lake as its waters, stirred into ripples by the gentle breeze, beat lazily against its mossy banks; and the busy rattle of the reaping machine, as it felled the golden corn, echoed pleasantly from the opposite hills.

Sir Edmund's face was flushed from an inward sense of pleasure and excitement. To such an intense lover of nature as he had ever been, why, the simple song of a wild bird, the hum of a honey bee, the caw of a rook, the cry of a hound—nay, even the rustle of the summer leaves, possessed a power to stir his soul with that strange thrill of undefined emotion known only to those who, like himself, had been reared amid Nature's beauties. And these glorious gifts, these earthly blessings, were restored to him once more; he might call them his own, might feel them, touch them, walk among them as free man, the acknowledged proprietor of the dear old home, with all its time-worn and treasured belongings. Well might words fail him; for those who suffer keenly rejoice as deeply.

"Marion, darling, the agent tells me that in three days from now our home will be ready to receive us, that home which in fevered dreams alone I have visited during these long weary years; and you, dear wife, shall be at last its little mistress and queen. Together we will stroll among the dear ruins of the ancient Abbey; and who knows but in time, over the very slab where once the high altar stood, where I, as a helpless infant rested, whilst my father craved for me my uncle's love and care, and beneath which lay hidden the very deeds that restored to us our peace—who knows, I say, but that out of dear and treasured savings there may one day arise on the hallowed spot another glorious altar, before which we can bow our heads and pour our happy hearts in gratitude and praise."

She pressed his hand and answered warmly: "Yes, dear one; and shall not Father Lawrence be our guest and officiate there? It is meet that he who shared so much of our sorrow should participate in our joy."

"He has promised me most faithfully to visit us often."

"What has become of that branch of the Thomas family which has been in possession of the Abbey Towers for the last few years?" demanded De Woodville.

"My lawyer informed me that at the first rumor of danger they fled, no one knows exactly whither; nor shall I pursue them. I hear they are absolutely penniless, and could never refund to me any part of the sum for which they are responsible. Let me but possess the dear old home once more in peace, and those who injured me may go their way. I shall never molest them."

"Dr. Arno told me," observed O'Hagan smiling, "that each year he and his family should for a few months, at least, inhabit his house and estate in England—meaning the Manor Farm, your brother's bequest to him; so you will have him for a neighbor; and he is a very pleasant sort of a man. I liked him."

"Yes, And he shall also visit the home of her whose life he so skilfully saved. From her account alone we all owe him an immense debt of gratitude," said the Earl.

"Never will friends be dearer to us than those who stood by my wife and me in our day of trial and dishonor," remarked Sir Edmund, deeply moved.

"We shall accompany you home, Leadbitter, and from all I gather your reception there is likely to do you honor. I hear on good authority that the tenants are thoroughly disgusted and tired of the dominion of the usurpers, and long for a scion of the old house to reign over them once more. They are full of impatience to welcome you back; and wherever you are seen for some time now you will be a marked man. Seldom have I read of or heard half so much public sympathy or feeling expressed in any individual case before."

"Nor I," chimed in O'Hagan. "From north to south of the British Isles every paper has had its say, and rejoices that you are free. Thousands will be glad to look upon you—would be proud to shake you by the hand."

midst, bearing the missive in his hand. "Open it quickly!" he added. "It may be from dear little mother, to say she is coming home." De Woodville's face lit up as he read it aloud: "We are returning to Baron Court tomorrow; little Margaret alone remains."

MARIE AND MADGE. Now there was stir and bustle within the Court and joy in every heart; only a pang shot through O'Hagan's breast; he would miss his little girl. Madge must tell him why she stayed behind.

Yes, she would tell him with what persistence the little school friends entreated that Margaret the Third might remain longer with them; and what a pretty picture the child made as, surrounded by a crowd of girls about her own age, she stood in an attitude of hesitation, divided, it seemed, between a sense of the pleasure a prolonged visit amid such congenial companionship would afford, and a doubt as to whether, for her own pleasure, she were not tempted to neglect the dear ones at home. But, as usual, Lady Abbess came to the rescue, and uniting her petition to that of the children, promised to see that every care was lavished upon the child and, as being well, she should in a few weeks return to the home that cherished her so fondly.

Then Madge, with the words of old Father Egbert still ringing in her heart, yielded a cheerful assent to their wishes, leaving her darling bright and happy in the kind home that had been her own when none other had offered her shelter. She felt sure that the gentle spirit of dear Margaret the First would watch over and guard her little grandchild.

Nor must Madge omit to tell her husband of the half-defiant tone in which old Mary expressed her sentiments, when she heard of the new plan of their movements.

"Well, I'm blessed!" she exclaimed in a tone of open disapproval. "What iver is there, I'd like to know, about this 'ere spot that it fair bewitches every one and sends them clean deaf? Why, here's me own little bairnie nigh as far gone over it as her poor mother was afore her. But"—very decidedly—"I'll stop and see the end of this 'ere plot anyhow—that I will!" and—turning to her mistress, and speaking loudly so that all might hear and understand—"I'll bring her back to ye safe and sound, see if I don't. I'll do her, as I did be her mother afore her; ay, and be her grandmother, too, for the matter o' that. Them as deals with aught under Mary's charge had best be fair and square, above board! There, now. I've had me say and feel easier for it." And so we part with poor old Yorkshire Mary—one whose rough tongue hid true and faithful heart. Would that there were more like her!

And she, who has played such a prominent part in these pages! Well, we will leave her to Him for whom she lives. We have ventured to raise the veil—for a brief space only—which hides the life of one of England's daughters. In this world of ours there are many who, like Sister Marguerite, are hidden heroes, and they know it not. So from us she shall receive neither praise nor renown. For her sake we will try to look upon her life in the light in which she views it—as of little value, her generous deeds but acts of necessary duty. But she cannot prevent our hearts from rejoicing with a secret joy when we contemplate the sweet surprise that will inundate her humble soul when He, for whom she has wrought such deeds of charity, shall mete to her, in His own measure, her eternal reward.

THE END

SOLDIER AND SEER

A TRUE STORY OF THE GREAT WAR

By E. M. Goldingham in Rosary Magazine. "It is an odd faculty, that second-sight!" said Bradshaw as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe on to the hearth. "It seems natural, in so far as it is not supernatural, but it stumps me altogether! What do you think about it?"

He was addressing "the Padre" as he was generally called both in and out of the regiment which he served as chaplain—the most beloved and popular of Padres, and he was the only other occupant of Bradshaw's cosy bachelor sitting-room in Gray's Inn Court.

"It is certainly not supernatural," he replied, "as the Church understands the word. I think myself it is one of those imperfectly investigated natural powers—a remnant perhaps of higher faculties lost to us—which some few individuals still possess."

"Yes, one must admit it isn't a common faculty, though it may be an uncommonly useful one. And why, for instance, should it be part and parcel of the mental mechanism of the seventh child of the seventh month?"

"Seven is a mystic number—even in the Church, as one knows. But you must be a Celt I think, to inherit that peculiarity.—Irish or Scotch."

"No—I cannot make that claim and the case I am thinking of was that of an ordinary English lady. She might have had Celtic forbears—I don't know. But her gift of it was most uncanny. Did I ever tell you what I owed to it in that famous

case I defended of Eyre vs. Stoneham? No? Oh, it was most uncanny. You may remember my client Eyre was charged with the supposed murder of Stoneham. All the evidence was against him, and yet I felt sure he was innocent. There was a clue—I sighted it now and again—then lost it. I was getting desperate when I happened to visit the Arbutnots. Mrs. Arbutnot was a quiet, motherly little body, of Church of England persuasion, and somehow I found myself telling her of Eyre's case, and my fears for his acquittal. She was sympathetic, and looking at me closely with her curiously penetrating blue eyes, she said she felt certain she could help me. I stared at her in some amazement and thought she was joking. But no, quite in earnest she repeated her offer. I put her in possession of certain facts, and on the next day if she didn't post off to Chislebury, the scene of the murder, scented out witnesses, collected most valuable evidence, and in short put into my hands the means of completely vindicating poor Eyre. It was a triumph, I can assure you! And she told me she had done it all through that gift of second-sight, which she, being the seventh child of a seventh child, happened to possess."

"That was certainly a most remarkable instance," said the Padre. "The only case I know—apart from those professional ladies and gentlemen—Frauds most of them—who claim such powers, is quite as interesting, but rather of a more supernatural character, if one may say so. In fact, I am inclined to think, taking into account the piety of the subject, that it was the gift of prophecy. I will tell you about it if you care to hear."

Bradshaw assented readily enough, and settled himself with a fresh pipe in the depths of his arm-chair. "It is the story of Rob, a poor Scotch laddie. He may have been the seventh child of a seventh child, but from the time I knew him he was rather like Melchisedech, without father or mother, and always had been! However it is certain he hailed from the land of the Scot. He came across my path again in the opening years of the War, when I was acting as chaplain to Catholic troops of—Division, in Mesopotamia. Imagine a wide expanse of burning brushwood and dried tufted grass—a sort of prairie, a sheet of flame rolling up towards you, and some poor fellows all knocked about, with hardly a sound limb between them, trying to get out of the deadly region of advancing flame. Rob was one of these. He lay on the edge of it, unable to move, thinking his last hour was come. Yet he prayed, prayed to see a priest before the end. Then the whole scene faded before him,—he saw when and how his last hour would come and it was not then. He lost consciousness, until he found himself being hauled along between two Tompans—poor brave fellows with only one arm apiece. By a superhuman effort they dragged him along out of the zone of flame, and threw him down in safety on the ground. How long he lay there he did not know, but before the life had ebbed out of him, he felt some one stirring him with the foot, and a voice speaking over him. It was the Commandant, with a salvage party.

"Get up, my boy," he said cheerily. "You'll soon be all right now."

"I can't," Rob groaned, "I've lost both my legs."

"Not a bit of it," was the answer. "You've got them on all right, only you've forgotten how to use them!" Another groan from Rob was the only reply. Finally they got him on to a stretcher, took him down to the coast, and shipped him off to the hospital at the base. He must have been pretty tough to have survived at all. Once in hospital and conscious, his first words were a request for a Catholic priest. After a bit a parson came along and looked at him.

"Well, my boy," he said, "what can I do for you?"

He was dressed just like one of us—Roman collar and the rest.

"Nothing, thank you, sir," says Rob respectfully but firmly. "I want the Padre."

"I am a Padre. What can I do for you?"

"I want the Padre, sir. Ye canna help me, sir, unless ye'll kindly bring him to me."

"Very well," was the reply. "I'll fetch him along. Its an R. C. you are."

"And so will you be, sir!" said Rob, fixing his eyes on the parson's face, and putting out his hand to detain him. "God will reward you for your goodness to me. Ye'll have the Faith before ye die."

"The parson laughed and went his way, took some trouble in finding me, and sent me along. (I may tell you now, therefore I forget, that by a most curious series of events that parson sent for me before he died and asked me to receive him into the Church.)

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Price of subscription—\$2.00 per annum. United States and Europe—\$2.50. Publisher & Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, L.L.D.

Editors (Rev. James T. Foley, B.A., Thomas Coffey, L.L.D.)

Associate Editor—H. P. Mackintosh, Manager—Robert M. Burns.

Advertisements for teachers, situations, want, etc., 50 cents each insertion. Remittance must accompany the order. Where Catholic Record box address is required send 10 cents to prepay postage upon replies.

Obituary and marriage notices cannot be inserted except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion 50 cents.

The Catholic Record has been approved and recommended by Archbishops Falconio and the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough and Oshawa, S. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 1, 1921

TEMPORAL SOVEREIGNTY OF THE POPE

The desire for a rapprochement between the Italian Government and the Holy See is again forming the subject of long articles in the Italian press and of speeches in the Chamber of Deputies. After a rupture of half a century, the signs of reconciliation seem more propitious than ever before. Many secular papers, led by the *Messaggero* have pointed out the mutual benefits to be derived from a reconciliation, while the clerical press, led by the *Corriere d'Italia* and the *Osservatore*, have cordially replied by pointing out further mutual benefits.

The "Roman Question," as it is called, is by no means a new one. It arose on September 20th, 1870, when the Government of Italy seized the States of the Church, which, since the year 754, had been ruled by the Popes, and which for so long had freed them from the fetters of foreign interference, a condition so necessary for the exercise of the high office of the papacy.

The Italian Government, understanding the necessity of answering for the condition of the Pope before the whole world, endeavored to confer on the Head of the Church a satisfactory position, and to that end, on May 13th, 1871, passed the "Bill of Guarantees," which was intended to settle the Roman Question and to give to the Catholics of the world the satisfaction and guarantees to which they were entitled concerning the safety and dignity of the Head of the Church.

In order to understand the exact nature of the relations between the Holy See and the Civil Government of Italy, which were to obtain henceforth, it will be found convenient to give a rather comprehensive digest of the Law of Guarantees:

Articles 1 and 2 recognize the person of the Pontiff as sacred and intangible, and while providing for free discussion of religious questions, punish insults and outrages against the Pope in the same way as insults and outrages against the King.

Article 3 attributes royal honors to the Pope, who is further guaranteed the same precedence as that accorded him by other Catholic sovereigns, and the right to maintain his Noble and Swiss guards.

Article 4 allots the Pontiff an annuity of 3,225,000 lire for the maintenance of the Sacred College, the sacred palaces, the congregations, the Vatican chancery, and the diplomatic service.

Article 5 exempts from taxation the sacred palaces, museums and libraries, and the Pope is assured perpetual enjoyment of the Vatican and Lateran buildings and Gardens, and of the papal villa at Castel Gandolfo.

Article 6 and 7 forbid access of any Italian official or agent to the above-mentioned palaces or to any eventual conclave or Ecumenical council without the special authorization of the Pope, conclave, or council.

Article 8 prohibits the seizure or examination of any papers, documents, books or registers of purely spiritual character.

Article 9 guarantees the Pope full freedom for the exercise of his spiritual ministry, and provides for the publication of pontifical announcements on the doors of the Roman churches and basilicas.

Article 10 extends immunity to ecclesiastics employed by the Holy

See, and bestows upon foreign ecclesiastics in Rome the personal rights of Italian citizens.

Article 11 places diplomats accredited to the Holy See and Papal diplomats while in Italy on the same footing as diplomats accredited to the Quirinal.

Article 12 provides for the free transmission in Italy of all Papal telegrams and correspondence both with Bishops and foreign Governments and sanctions the establishment, at the expense of the Italian State, of a Papal telegraph office served by Papal officials in communication with the Italian postal and telegraph system.

Article 13 exempts all ecclesiastical seminaries, academies, colleges and schools for the education of priests in the city of Rome from all interference on the part of the Italian Government.

The Pope, however, did not accept that bill and immediately protested against the position in which he had been placed by Italy. He asserted that he had been placed in a condition of subjection by a hostile power. It was both the right and the duty of the Pope to assume this attitude, the Bill of Guarantees having been a one-sided act of the Italian Government, in which the Holy See had no voice whatsoever.

It was an internal law of the Italian State and therefore implied an act of sovereignty towards the Pope, considered as a subject of the State itself. Finally the bill did not admit that the Pope had an independent sovereignty of his own, but allowed him sovereign honors only as a privilege granted to him in view of his office as Head of the Church. Neither were his sovereignty and ownership over the Apostolic palaces in which he had confined himself recognized, but only the use of the same as granted him by the Italian State. The Government according to its own statements regarded the Pope as its tenant or guest, and the palaces and gardens occupied by him as a freehold which would revert to the State on his abandonment of them.

For all these reasons Pius IX. made public protest in an encyclical letter dated May 15, 1871, also in a circular to those governments with which he was officially connected as well as in a circular from Cardinal Antonelli, his Secretary of State, of the same month and year. Since then all the Popes that succeeded him on the pontifical throne have maintained the same attitude. The bill has always been rejected, the annual grant of 3,500,000 lire has never been accepted, and the Pope still considers himself a prisoner and never leaves the palace of the Vatican. In a number of public acts all the pontiffs from 1870 till today, Pius IX., Leo XIII., Pius X., and Benedict XV., have protested against the strange situation of the Head of Christendom. Such protests were couched in terms more or less emphatic according to circumstances, but substantially identical.

It is not because today the relations between the Quirinal and the Vatican are such as demand immediate readjustment on account of their threatening character that the prospects of reconciliation are being discussed. It is rather because a sympathetic mind has been brought about by various influences. The War taught the Italians some great and salutary lessons. It revealed to them the respect and honor in which the Holy Father is held by all nations, as is proven by the desire of foreign powers, in ever increasing numbers to have accredited ministers at the Vatican.

Thus when the French ambassador, the latest to arrive in Rome, had presented his credentials, the *Messaggero* published a note which said that nearly all the great powers were represented diplomatically at the Holy See and that the only absentee was Italy, in spite of the fact that she had interests that were no less important than those of the other States in a centre of international influence as important as the Vatican. The journal concluded by expressing the hope that Italy would take example of France and endeavor to effect a reconciliation with the Papacy; all the more so as she had emerged from the War sufficiently mature to confront a problem of this magnitude.

This note of the democratic newspaper caused the subject to be taken up by all the Italian press, nationalist, liberal, radical, and even socialist. And it was treated with an entirely new tone, full of respect and deference towards the Church.

With very few exceptions it was generally recognized that the Pope has a right to sovereignty and independence, that the Bill of Guarantees is insufficient, and that it is necessary to give the Pope a real and effective sovereignty even if only on a few square yards of territory.

It is most gratifying to note this changed attitude on the part of Italy. Though the different Holy Fathers have shown a disposition to arrange a suitable adjustment, Italy has hitherto contemptuously spurned their overtures. Thus, Pius X. practically invited the Quirinal to arrange a conference. He also removed the inhibition on Catholics to take part in the National elections and to be elected Deputies, provided they voted for no law the execution of which would prove to be detrimental to the Church. Pope Benedict XV., in 1914, went further: He encouraged the formation of a Catholic party, the Partito Popolari, and permitted its members to hold portfolios in the Civil Government, as they have now for a year and more. In these circumstances it is not strange that anti-clericalism as a disturbing, political force, should have subsided. There is no plank in the platform of the Popular Party for the restoration of temporal power, just as there was no response made by Pope Benedict, when the German Allies offered it to him: It has been intimated in many ways that the present Pope would be satisfied with the acknowledged principle of temporality, if he could not obtain its actuality.

As to the practical means by which it is considered possible to come to an understanding about the Roman Question, the Pope alone may judge what is or is not sufficient to guarantee his true and visible sovereignty, liberty and independence. At the present moment the only conclusion which may be made and which is a cause of joy to Catholics throughout the world is that Italian public opinion has made great progress in coming to regard in a proper light the rightful position of the Vicar of Christ.

THE IRISH PEACE NEGOTIATIONS

Whether independence is compatible with Dominion status, is a debatable question and one which the Irish Parliament might think fit to submit to the decision of the people. A renunciation of the republic in name, might not be too dear a price to pay for Irish unity. It is a significant fact that true Dominion status has not been rejected by the Irish leaders.

As the Manchester Guardian points out, "why should Mr. DeValera have contended so strongly as he did, in the statement he went out of his way to make to the press, that the Dominion Home Rule offered by the Prime Minister was not the genuine article, if the genuine article itself had no interest for him? Why again, has he all through insisted on the need of guarantees, unless the thing to be guaranteed had a real value for him?"

But first Dominion status must be offered. Up to the present it has not been offered. The conditions imposed by Mr. Lloyd George's Government as essential to any settlement, are incompatible with Dominion status, properly so called.

Lloyd George may succeed in bluffing the British public that he has offered Ireland Dominion status. He may even meet with a certain success in influencing the opinion of superficial minds in foreign countries. But he cannot persuade the Irish people that he is delivering the goods by merely labelling it so.

Ireland has now the opportunity, cry Mr. Lloyd George and his chorus in the press, of joining as a free people, the greatest association of peoples in the world. They profess to be amazed that so attractive a proposition should be so coldly received.

But as President De Valera points out in one of his letters to the British Prime Minister, these propositions are by no means an invitation to Ireland to enter into a "free and willing partnership" with the free nations of the British Commonwealth.

"They were an invitation to Ireland to enter in a guise and under conditions which determine a status definitely inferior to that of these free States. Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, are all guaranteed against the domination of the major State,

not only by the acknowledged constitutional rights which give them equality of status with Great Britain and absolute freedom from the control of the British Parliament and Government, but by the thousands of miles that separate them from Great Britain. Ireland would have the guarantees neither of distance nor of right. The conditions sought to be imposed would divide her into two artificial States, each destructive of the other's influence in any common council, and both subject to the military, naval, and economic control of the British Government."

The Irish leaders are not going to be tricked by scheming politicians and deprived of their birthright, neither are they going to allow themselves to be influenced by British press propaganda. Thus in an interview accorded recently in Dublin Mr. De Valera emphasized these facts. He said:

"It seems that it is a grievous political sin these days to keep one's eye open. Plain common-sense is sneered at as rhetoric and logic."

"The British Imperial salesmen trying to sell Ireland a second-rate political margarine are very angry because we do not accept the 'butter' label they have put on and believe all the advertising stuff they have had printed about it."

"Ireland wants butter, and the Irish people will not be deceived into thinking they have got it until they have it actually delivered."

"The British Press asks—have we a will to peace? Yes, we have, and an ardent desire."

"It is for that very reason that we refuse to see things other than as they are. Peace will never be founded on make-believe."

"Let us tear aside the camouflage and put away the hypocrisy."

The Irish do well to have their eyes open in bargaining with Lloyd George. Even if they accepted the British terms with the six conditions, what guarantee is there that they will be respected? None, alas, in Lloyd George's own fame for good faith, none in the exigencies of British politics and none in the long record of Anglo-Irish relations. Other guarantees, such as membership in the League of Nations, are not unreasonably sought by a people who remember how the Act of Union was brought about. It may be objected that England can always coerce Ireland if she wishes to be unjust, whether Ireland is independent or not, but it will be a far harder task if Ireland is an independent country struggling to maintain her independence than if she were a mere province quarrelling over some domestic matter of greater or less importance.

The Irish people have gone too far to turn back and they are unwilling to accept anything except the undisguised free existence of their country, so plainly and forcibly enunciated by President De Valera. The British Government, as it formerly existed, is a thing of the past. As a government it has ceased to function. Whatever further and more intensive efforts at oppression might do, they could not re-establish the authority of the British Government in Ireland.

That is plain to any honest observer of the condition of the country who is willing to face the facts. Take the situation as it was on the eve of the truce. The British army was there with an imposing array of force and readiness to employ the most extreme and brutal methods of using that force without scruple, but it was on the defensive, as it had been from the first moment that the Irish Republican Army began to operate, and as it will be if the struggle is resumed, no matter how many more British troops may be sent. The constabulary was there, but the maintenance of law and order was not in their hands, rather were they the breakers of law and order. The British courts were in existence, but with only the most partial claim to be regarded as the repositories of justice for the people, a task that was being more and more confided to the Sinn Fein courts.

Thus, an English writer of prominence says:

"One must go among the Irish people to realise the extent to which they have thrown off the yoke of foreign authority; of the impotence to which the British administration has been reduced. You cannot hold down a people who have once achieved this. You may be strong enough to continue to war against them. You may continue to kill and bully and torture. You may burn and devastate. You may have

the physical strength of a giant among nations. You may be physically the supreme world-power. But you are not fighting a physical battle. You are contending against a great spiritual force, which rifles, bombs, and whips, whatever you use, can no more avail to conquer or destroy than all Germany's might and ferocity availed to kill the spirit of the little Belgian nation; the spiritual force which has kept little nations alive through centuries of oppression and achieved their freedom at last. That is the problem which Great Britain has to face if she seeks to force upon Ireland proposals which are incompatible with the freedom that Ireland means to have."

NOT ALL ANGLO-SAXONS
By THE OBSERVER

The Canadian Bar Association is a useful institution; and its recent annual meeting at Ottawa was a successful and interesting one. The presence of such a man as Sir John Simon was, in itself, enough to draw public attention to the meeting, and his addresses were models for visiting speakers on such occasions. Sir John is not only a commanding figure at the Bar, but an admirable one in public life. His fidelity to his leader in adversity, and the moral courage he has shown in advocating unpopular causes which he believed to be just; notably that of Ireland; have given him a peculiarly high status in the public life of England. This may seem to be a contradiction in terms; since he is, at the moment, a defeated candidate for the House; but many of those who are in the House and in office would feel much happier if they were as sure of the future as he is.

Chief Justice Taft, Judge Parker, and Hon. Hampton Carson, were the American visitors; and Dr. Masujuria, President of the International Bar Association, came from Japan. Judge Taft is always worth listening to; and most happily combines great capacity for solid argument with an inimitable humor which is quite irresistible. Mr. Carson is a former Attorney-General of Pennsylvania, and is oratorical after the American manner; which is as far as possible removed from that of Sir John Simon, in whom oratory is so simplified as hardly to seem such at all.

Sir James Aikins, Governor of Manitoba, who has been President of the Canadian Bar Association since its beginning, gave fresh proof of his devotion to it by giving it fifty thousand dollars; the income of which is to be used for the purposes of the Association. This gift took the meeting wholly by surprise, and was made the subject of restrained but feeling comment in public and in private which must afford the generous benefactor a gratification as deep as it is deserved.

The Association is happy in having had Sir James as its President, and in having the prospect of his future services. He is in all respects the right man for such a place. His high position, his abilities, his knowledge of men, his good-nature, tact, and geniality, mark him as the right man in the right place; and sufficiently account for the esteem and affection in which he is held.

May I suggest to him one modification of the general tone which has characterized the annual gatherings of the Association hitherto. Let me go straight to the point. A vast majority of the people in North America are not Anglo-Saxons. The United States is American; and Canada is Canadian. It is quite possible; and indeed, it seems to be easy, to talk too much about the Anglo-Saxons; and the leading speakers at the meetings of last year and this year, struck the Anglo-Saxon note so often that it began to be tiresome.

The principal addresses of 1920 and 1921, dwelt strongly, and often, on two propositions: First, that the world owes almost everything to the Anglo-Saxon races; by which questionable term is meant the American and Canadian peoples; Second, that the principal channel through which all those blessings have flowed over the world, has been the Common Law.

Both these propositions are quite unsound. One instance: Scotland has contributed as much as any country of the same size and population in the world, to the civilization of the world. Yet, Scots are not Anglo-Saxons; nor is Scotland a Common Law country.

If any Bar Association orator should seek to convince the Scots that the Common Law is the only legal system in the world by which justice is adequately done, he would have need of all his powers; for there are in the Empire, several millions of hard-headed and opinionated people who think otherwise.

Some of the speakers implied, if they did not quite say, that all that the world knows of legal justice, it has received from the Common Law. That can hardly be convincing, even to an Anglo-Saxon. Legal justice is done in Civil Law countries too. Justice has never been the exclusive possession of any one people, or of any one country. And we might well cry, "Heaven help us," if we still had the Common Law, as it left Anglo-Saxon hands.

Statute Law is now so great a part of our jurisprudence that it seems to be time to offer some of our thanks to the men who have been substituting Statute Law for Common Law, every year for centuries past. They have not all been Anglo-Saxons, either.

In 1920, a brilliant young lawyer from Quebec City, Mr. St. Laurent, evoked a unique demonstration from the meeting of the Canadian Bar Association, by his paper on the Civil Code of Quebec. I never saw amongst lawyers such enthusiasm and such applause. And Sir John Simon, this year, emphasized the fact that the French-Canadians were the first Canadians. This year, also, Sir Francois Lemieux, Chief Justice of the Superior Court of Quebec, gave, by his eloquent and forceful participation, a living object lesson that Canada has lawyers who have noble ideas of justice, and yet are not Common Law lawyers.

But I must say; and I say it in no ill-nature; that hardly any amount of either historical argument, or of demonstration from present facts, is likely to prevent convention orators from riding their favorite hobby. I therefore beg leave to suggest to Sir James Aikins the propriety and the wisdom of inviting next year as the principal speakers, or amongst them, some representatives of the many other nationalities which compose the vast population of this continent.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

While the last decennial census shows a decrease in the Gaelic-speaking population of Scotland, there is a very real Gaelic revival nevertheless, and as is historically and religiously fitting, the Church has actively associated herself with it. For, as we have always contended, any religion other than the Catholic is an excrescence in the Highlands. It was the Church, as represented by her missionaries, that in ages long past, sowed the seeds of civilization in the glens of Scotland and brought its inhabitants to a knowledge of the True God. Nor was the so-called Reformation anything but an invasion from without. It found no congenial soil in the soul of the Celt, and secured root only through long-sustained fraud and violence. To this day, Calvinism is an exotic, and notwithstanding its dominance in the larger part of the Highlands, lies like a pall upon its adherents.

AMONG RECENT manifestations of the Gaelic revival among Catholics was the assembling in Edinburgh a few months ago of what was in effect a Catholic Gaelic convention. The religious ceremonies connected therewith centered in St. Andrew's Cathedral, and the non-liturgical part of these exercises—the prayers, the hymns and the sermons—were all in the Gaelic tongue. This in itself was noteworthy, and bespoke renewed interest in the ancient language of the country and zeal for its preservation: For while its use in common speech, that is as the sole language of the people, is confined to some of the Western Islands, and to remote parts of the mainland, where the Reformation never penetrated, it may on occasion be heard through the whole of the Highlands, and even in some parts of the Lowlands, not excluding the larger cities and towns. In Glasgow there is at least one church where confessions are heard in Gaelic. That in spite of the discouraging figures of the latest census, encouraging features are not wanting, such, for example, as the Edinburgh gathering, become increasingly evident. Catholic Scots-

men, therefore, who love the traditions of their race and pray for the restoration of their ancestral country to Catholic unity may well incorporate in their orisons, a prayer for the preservation of this language of their fathers.

A "PILGRIMAGE," to which the daily papers have given much space, took place a short time ago to the "Rock of Ages," at Barrington Coombe, Somerset, England. The natural feature of the landscape, thus designated, is said to have inspired the Rev. A. M. Toplady to write his famous hymn, "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me." It has therefore become an object of peculiar interest, and, we are told, that on a given date recently, thousands of "pilgrims" from all parts of the world wended their way thither, not to "worship" the rock,—oh, no! that would be shocking—but to do honor to the author of what is generally conceded to be a beautiful composition, truly poetic and full of religious feeling.

THE EVENT, was, we should say,

an eminently fit and proper way to commemorate the composition of what has since become a source of consolation and encouragement to many thousands. But according "to traditional" Protestant ideas isn't a pilgrimage the sheerest relapse into "popery"? This, however, does not seem to have occurred to those who participated in the event, or have written so perfervidly about it. Time was, and that not so long ago, when the merest suggestion of such an undertaking would have been denounced as a relapse into the "superstition of the Dark Ages." So rapidly, however, does popular sentiment change in these changing times as now to afford the spectacle of Protestants of every shade of belief who were wont to denounce all Catholic practices as superstition and idolatry, turning to the old Church for inspiration that may relieve the aridity of their own religious environment. Pity it is that they are satisfied with the shadow rather than the substance. Mere names count for nothing; it is the reality that lies behind that matters.

WRITING OF pilgrimages, one of the genuine kind is projected in Spain for the tercentenary of the canonization of Saint Teresa, which happy event occurred in 1622. St. Teresa is one of the great Saints of the Church, and devotion to her has spread throughout the whole earth. "In the long line of Christian seers," wrote Father Hugh Benson, "the name of Teresa of Jesus is perhaps the best known of all. Other figures stand out brilliantly in this or that light—Saint Francis of Assisi, as the all-but-perfect imitator of the Poor Man of Galilee; Saint Benedict, as the father of a holy family beyond all reckoning; Saint Ignatius, as a veritable captain of an army of Christ; but, so far as the interior life is concerned—the knowledge and sovereignty of that inner realm where, as in a magic mirror, the historical and external life of Christ is reproduced and re-enacted, where His Birth, His Passion, His Resurrection, Ascension and Session are seen to be not merely exterior happenings, but the anti-types of actual individual experience—in all this strange region known as the scene of the mystical life, Saint Teresa, with two or three of her contemporaries—Saint John of the Cross, Saint Peter of Alcantara—reigns supreme."

This is the Saint whose elevation to the Church's altars will be commemorated next year, and as her clients are to be found in every country and in every walk of life, all roads next year should lead to Spain. Spain remains very little known to the outside world, and that world has a very false idea of Spain. To many it is but the land of bull-fighters and brigands. Yet, says a modern English writer, out of the fullness of his knowledge, "there is in sober truth no country in Europe where the traveller will incur less risk of injury to person or pocket than in Spain. Nowhere will he find the common people more courteous, more hospitable, or better mannered; in few other countries the hotels, even down to the homely posada, cleaner. The Spanish peasant is an instinctive gentleman, proud of his pure Christian blood and honorable descent."

BOY LIFE

TAKING HIS MEASURE

It is the unknowable which has always baffled man. The most mysterious period in life is the period of adolescence, or the growing time. The chief business of a boy is to grow. Boy stuff is the only stuff in the world from which you can grow a man.

BROTHER, SAVE THE BOY

Brother, save the boy— The boy of the early teens, Thirteen on to sixteen years, Land of strange, foreboding fears, Land of heartaches, sighs, and tears— Save the boy.

Brother, save the boy— The boy of the early teens, Boy no longer, boyhood gone, Now approaching manhood's dawn, Adolescent brain and brawn— Save the boy.

Brother, save the boy— The boy of the early teens, Immature, emotions rife, Choppy waves on lake of life, Time of stress and storm and strife, Save the boy.

Brother, save the boy— The boy of the early teens, Growing fast and faster still, Stomach like a sausage-mill, Lack of judgment, stubborn will— Save the boy.

Brother, save the boy— The boy of the early teens, Love of freedom, love of might, Love of justice, honor bright, Love of food and fun and fight— Save the boy.

BISHOP MACDONALD WINS SUIT

PRIVY COUNCIL'S DECISION CLEARS POINT OF GREAT IMPORTANCE

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK

It is contended, however, on the part of the appellants that section 197 of the Act of 1914 cannot be considered by itself, that on the contrary it must be considered in conjunction with the other statutes in pari materia which preceded it; and that the provisions of these latter require that the word building, found in subsection 1 of this section 197, should thus receive a meaning different from its ordinary meaning, namely, one including the fabric, but not the ground on which it stands.

The particular provisions most relied upon by the appellants on this point are those contained in section 228 of c. 70 of the Statutes of British Columbia of 1911, hereinafter referred to as the Act of 1911. This section is in the main identical with section 197 of the Act of 1914. They differ, however, in two particulars. The former contains no subsection corresponding with subsection 1 of the latter, and in subsection 1 of section 228, the words "or the site thereof" are introduced after the word building, so that the subsection runs thus: "Every building or the site thereof set apart and in use for the public worship of God."

By an Act, c. 47 of the Statutes of British Columbia, 1913, hereafter referred to as the Act of 1913, this section 228 is amended by striking out the words, "or the site thereof," thereby restoring the section to what it was in the earlier statute, i.e. section 197 of c. 29 of the Statutes of British Columbia, 1891, and what it continued to be up to the passing of the Act of 1914. Their Lordships' attention has not been called to anything expressly suggesting the object to effect which these words were introduced into the Act of 1911, and deleted two years later, or what construction was given to the section by the courts while these words formed part of it.

The explanation of their deletion may possibly be that they were considered mere surplusage, and that the true construction of the word "building" by itself was considered to be that for which the respondent the Bishop now contends; or it may conceivably be that the legislature which added these words discovered, as the fact is, that the word "site" has not one and only one precise and definite meaning—that it might be used to describe a plot of land much larger than that on which a building actually stands, or again might describe the situation or local position of a building.

In Webster's "New International Dictionary," the word site is defined as "the place where anything is or is to be fixed, situation or position, as the site of a city or a church." In the "Imperial Dictionary," it is defined as "situation or local position as the site of a city or a house, and in architecture the situation of a building or the plot of ground on which it stands."

And in Johnston's Dictionary, site is defined as "situation or position." He gives two quotations in which the word occurs to illustrate its meaning. The first from Fairfax:—"The city's self he strongly fortifies, Three sides by site it well defended has;" and the second from Bacon:—"Manifold streams of goodly navigable rivers, as so many chains environed the same site and temple."

The mystery, however, remains unsolved, why if the Legislature, as the appellants now contend, deleted these words in 1913 for the very purpose of indicating their intention that the ground upon which a building of the kind described in subsection 1 of section 197 of the Act of 1914 stood, should not be exempt from taxation, they did not take the trouble of substituting, in 1913 from the words deleted, the words "exclusive of the land upon which the walls of the buildings stand, and also of the lands these walls embrace within them." In this condition of things it appears to their Lordships impossible to hold that the above-mentioned enactments give any adequate indication of an intention on the part of the Legislature of British Columbia that the word building occurring in section 197, subsection 1 of the Act of 1914, should have any meaning other than its ordinary meaning, namely, a thing composed of the fabric of the building and the ground on which the fabric rests upon and encloses.

The second class of provisions upon which the appellants relied in support of their contention, as to the meaning of the word building as used in subsection 1 of section 197 of the Act of 1914, were the definitions of "Land," "Real Property" and "Improvements," respectively contained in section 2 of the Act of 1914, and the statutes in pari materia preceding it. They contend that by the legislation anterior to the year 1891 every place of worship with the land requisite for its use, was exempt from taxation, but that the changes introduced in that year not in legislation ad hoc but in the definitions of "Land," "Real Property," and "Improvements," respectively perpetuated in subsequent statutes make it clear that by section 17, subsection 1, of the Act of 1914, the buildings mentioned in this latter enactment, and not the ground they rest upon, are exempt from taxation. But these definitions, old and new, are as applicable to hospitals, orphanages and agricultural institutions as they are to places of public worship. And, therefore, if the contention of the appellants be sound, these definitions must have been designed to bring about or have resulted in bringing about the intense absurdity as to subsections 3, 6 and 7 of this same section 197, of taxing the land upon which the buildings stand, but not taxing the large plots of land adjoining those buildings.

It is not disputed that from the year of 1872 till the year 1889, both inclusive, four statutes were passed dealing with this matter of exemption from rates and taxes in each of which the following clauses were to be found:—

(4) Every place of public worship, churchyard, burying-ground, public schoolhouse, public roadway, square, township or city hall, jail, hospital, with the land requisite for the due enjoyment thereof.

(5) Real estate and improvements, the property of any department or company, or of any mechanics' institute or public library.

It is equally beyond dispute that in the year 1891 an act entitled an Act to Consolidate and Amend the Municipal Acts was passed, containing the following definitions:—"Land shall mean the land itself with all things therein and thereunder, and all trees or underwood growing upon the land, and all mines (other than gold mines), minerals other than gold, quarries and fossils in and under the land, except mines belonging to Her Majesty.

Real property shall mean and include not only the land itself, with all things therein and thereunder, and all trees or underwood growing upon the land, and all mines (other than gold mines), minerals other than gold, quarries and fossils, in and under the land, except mines belonging to Her Majesty, but also all buildings, structures, or other things erected upon or affixed to the land, improvements made to the land, and all machinery or other things affixed to any building on the land so as to form in law part of the realty."

The definitions of "Land" and of real property respectively are practically repeated in the statute of 1914 and that of 1914. But the definition of improvements is somewhat altered in the latter of these acts, in which it runs thus:—

"Improvements when used with regard to city municipalities, shall extend to and mean all buildings and structures, and all machinery and fixtures annexed to any building or structure; and when used with regard to town, township or district municipalities shall extend to and mean everything annexed to the soil by the hand of man, such as building structures, fences and all machinery or other things affixed to any building or other structures erected upon or affixed to the soil, or improvements made by clearing, dyking, draining or cultivating the soil; but the erection of buildings and machinery and the construction of skid-roads for temporary use in connection with logging operations or taking lumber off lands (unless a statutory declaration be made that such logging will be forthwith followed by

clearance of or settlement upon the land) shall not be deemed improvements for the purpose of this act."

A proviso follows which does not affect the point in controversy in the present case. "Land" and "Real Property" bear the same meaning whether situated within city municipalities or without them, but the word "Improvements" when used with regard to city municipalities means and includes less than it does when used with reference to town, township or district municipalities.

The main difference between the two consists in this—that in the latter but not in the former the word improvements means and includes improvement made by clearing, dyking, draining or cultivating the soil. The difference is presumably due to the fact that farming operations were not carried on to any extent within city municipalities.

"Land" and "Real Property" which latter included the soil and everything annexed to it, such as buildings, structures, etc., and improvements of the soil made by clearing, dyking, draining, planting or culti, ating it, are equally assessable wherever situated. This is shown by the nine sections of the Act of 1914, numbered from 205 to 213, both inclusive. Their Lordships fail, therefore, entirely to see how the several definitions above mentioned of the word "Improvements" tend in any way to support the contention that the word "Building" found in subsection 1, section 197 of the Act of 1914, means only the fabric of the building and not in addition the land upon which the fabric stands.

The next point relied upon by the appellants is that involving the second question urged before their Lordships, but not dealt with in the judgments in the Court of Appeal. It amounts to this, that even assuming that the land on which the Cathedral stands is not liable to be taxed, it has, in fact, been taxed to the amount claimed in the counter-claim, and owing to the events which have happened, the respondent is stopped or rendered incapable of contesting his liability for the sum claimed.

This contention is based in the first instance upon the provisions of sections 216 and 230 of the Act of 1914. They provide that every person committing in any defect or error in or with regard to such roll or any defect, error or misstatement in the notice required or transcript of such notice.

It was admitted that he Bishop took no objection to the assessment rolls for the years 1914 to 1917, both inclusive, and that the said rolls were passed and confirmed by the Revision Court, no appeal having been taken; and it was resolutely contended on behalf of the appellants that these assessment rolls become under these circumstances valid and binding on the respondent, and that he could not now be permitted to impeach their accuracy. The same considerations apply to each of these two sections. But these sections are merely machinery sections dealing with irregularities, mistakes and errors occurring in the drawing up, shaping and forming of the assessment rolls, and do not by any means empower the corporation or its officers to assess and tax any kind of property expressly or impliedly exempted from taxation by the provisions of these very statutes from 1914 to 1918, both inclusive. To hold that they did so would amount to holding that the corporation and its officers had the power of repealing express provisions of these statutes.

The whole question comes back to the proper construction of subsection 1 of section 197 of the Act of 1914. If according to the true construction of that section the land upon which the Cathedral stands is exempted from taxation, then if the corporation or its officers attempt through the medium of these machinery sections to assess and tax it, their act is ultra vires and illegal, and the respondent is not disabled from assailing it despite the terms of their assessment rolls. In their Lordships' view these sections in no way disentitled the respondent from insisting on the contention that the ground on which the Cathedral stands is exempted from general taxation.

As regards taxation in respect of local improvements, much reliance was placed by the appellants on certain statutory enactments. It was contended that the assessment made under by-law No. 1916 is valid and binding on the respondent, by reason of the provision contained in sections 141, 241 and 478 of c. 32 of the Statute of British Columbia, 1914. The first of the sections provides that when debentures have been issued by a municipal council under a bylaw which has not been quashed, and interest has been paid on these debentures for one year by the municipality, the bylaw and debentures issued thereunder shall be binding on the municipality and the ratepayers, and on all parties concerned. That does not mean

that a ratepayer having lands that are exempted shall be bound by this bylaw, but that ratepayers in the charged area, shall, as a body, i. e. collectively, be liable to be made answerable for the debenture debt and the interest. The second of these sections provides that any municipal council or any municipal council may from time to time make, alter or repeal bylaws, naming and appointing a day upon or before which any person who pays the annual tax assessed, levied on land, real property or improvements shall be entitled to the deductions named.

This section is obviously entirely irrelevant. The third of these three sections, that numbered 478, provides that "the production of a certificate issued under this part of the act, or of the certified copy of a certificate shall in all courts and tribunals, and for all purposes whatsoever, be conclusive evidence that the bylaw debenture stock or treasury certificate, described in the certificate has been lawfully and validly made and issued, and that all statutory requirements, that have been complied with, and the validity of such debenture or stock or treasury certificate shall not be attacked or questioned, or adjudicated upon in any action, suit, or proceeding whatsoever in any courts of the Province." This only means that the production of the certificates conclusively proves that all proper and necessary steps have been taken to make valid bylaws.

The debentures have been validly issued, and the statutory and other requirements complied with, but the section does not help in any way to determine what is the true meaning of the word "Building," as used in subsection 1 of section 197 of this Act of 1914, still less does it amount to an enactment to the effect that the council can by passing any particular bylaw, or issuing any set of debentures, in the result tax any subject of property which is exempted from taxation by section 197 of this very Act of 1914. It does not make legitimate that which is ultra vires.

Their Lordships are clearly of opinion that there is nothing in the several statutory enactments herebefore mentioned, and so much relied upon by the appellants to indicate, much less require, that the word building occurring in subsection 1, section 197 of the Act of 1914, should be construed as meaning something different from its ordinary meaning as used in popular language, namely, as including not only the actual fabric of the building, but in addition the soil upon which it stands. They think this latter is its true meaning, and therefore that the land upon which the Cathedral stands is exempt from taxation. As to the main point contended for as well as the second point the appeal fails.

The only remedy for consideration the application of section 484 of this Act of 1914 to the appellants' action. That section only deals with actions brought against a municipality for the unlawful doing of a thing which the municipality might lawfully do. The Bishop's action is not of that character. It is an action brought to obtain a declaration that the land upon which his Cathedral stands is not taxable, and an injunction restraining the corporation from offering this land for sale in respect of unpaid rates, on the 26th of May, 1919, or any other day.

Their Lordships are therefore of opinion that the judgment appealed against was right, and should be affirmed, and that this appeal should be dismissed with costs, and they will humbly advise His Majesty accordingly.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA CANADIANIZING INFLUENCES

On August 31st the presbytery of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, of Kootenay, heard an address from Dr. Collin G. Young, Secretary for New Canadian Work of the Presbyterian Church. Though made far from scenes familiar to us, this address has an importance which no one who takes any interest in the serious problems of the Church in Canada can overlook. And happily the doctor is nothing if not clear in outlining his programme.

EDUCATION AND RELIGIOUS INFLUENCES

In opening his address Dr. Young laid emphasis on the great necessity of religious training. He pointed out the dangers of having hundreds of thousands of non-English-speaking residents in Canada imbibing educational training along Canadian lines without at the same time being brought into contact with religious influences. In the light of our present organization of schools no more important statement could be made by any public man on questions affecting our schools. Catholics are led to believe that the Public Schools are non-sectarian. If the doctor's words mean anything, they are nothing of the kind. They are expected, by such men as he, to become proselytizing influences in a more or less pronounced degree of the Protestant views which so direct all these public activities. The Public School is to be no neutral agency so far as religion is concerned, religious influences must have their direct bearing on the atmosphere and

WHAT THE WOMEN ARE DOING

The Women's Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church has been working among these people, and has in part broken down the prejudice against the Protestant Church. It has established hospitals, and school homes where Ukrainian children are given an opportunity to receive an education in a Canadian Christian environment. Dr. Young went on to illustrate how this work is appreciated by the Ukrainians.

He then went on to sketch the need for more missionaries, told of the striking success obtained by the only two missionaries in the field, and finished by urging that the non-English speaking people be taught Canadian Christian citizenship.

Dr. Young's Basis of Argument Catholics have never read in our pages any outline of the situation which could make clearer our duty and position. The head of the new Canadianizing Movement in favour of the Presbyterian Church bases his judgment on four points.

First and foremost the Ruthenians are a religiously inclined people, a point which surely does not militate against their hitherto religious Catholic leaders who were none other than their Catholic priests. Secondly, he states that their allegiance to the Greek Catholic Church is superficial. Anyone who knows the Ruthenians and knows how attached they are to their own rite, will give little credence to Dr. Young's pronouncement. But we must remember he was talking to a Presbyterian presbytery and wanted support. Thirdly, they are lacking in priests. A point we would impress upon all Catholics. Fourthly, their new surroundings and life will change their faith, they will not be so attached to it as they were and hence they can be reached by the Protestant Church.

THE DANGER VERY REAL There is not a shadow of doubt if a priesthood be lacking that what Dr. Young says will be realized. The object of his programme is clear. The Ruthenians are to be broken from the unity of the Church, they are to be snatched from their religious leaders of centuries, and in a Protestant environment their Catholic faith is to be destroyed. This is well realized by those who are working day after day to produce a properly trained priesthood for these people. The Catholic Church Extension Society has built a college at Yorkton, Saskatchewan, to provide teachers for schools, professional men and priests who will be able to become their leaders and save the faith of the Ruthenian Catholics. How necessary was this move all who read Dr. Young's address will immediately understand. They will also find in that same address every reason why the wide-awake Catholic should support the Extension Society in its frequent appeals for this splendid institution.

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'Donnell, President Catholic Church Extension Society 67 Bond St., Toronto. Contributions through this office should be addressed to: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE London, Ont. DONATIONS Previously acknowledged \$4,709 40 J. E. Post, Culloden, N.S. 5 00 MASS INTENTIONS A Friend, Ottawa..... 4 00 J. McKenna, Burns Lake 10 00

IRISH RELIEF FUND

Previously acknowledged 163 00 Miss K. Forrest, Nobleford 5 00 What folly to make the relaxation of summer an excuse for getting away from God as well as from the city!

Solving Haulage Problems Is the Business of RUGGLES TRUCKS. Lower Transportation Costs, Service Stations Everywhere, Less Spoilage in Transit, Made in Canada. "There's a Ruggles for every purpose." RUGGLES MOTOR TRUCK CO. LTD. LONDON - ONTARIO. "Canada's largest exclusive truck builders."

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF PARENTS

"See therefore, brethren, how you walk circumspectly, not as slaves, but as wise..."

The Gospels abound in warnings. Through life, from a spiritual standpoint, we must proceed as carefully and cautiously as from a physical standpoint.

God could, absolutely speaking, free us from dangers; but His justice, since man disobeyed Him, demands that our salvation be more difficult.

This neglect of care and watchfulness is generally noticeable in people who are not strongly religious, or who frequently neglect their religion.

Parents especially need to listen to the warning of the Gospels, as regards their children. It was said of old that where Satan could not enter, he sent rum.

The former watchfulness of parents over children has become almost as a view of a landscape—often distant, too.

Do Catholic parents realize all these truths? If they do, are they, too, carried down stream by the rush of the modern current?

Do Catholic parents realize all these truths? If they do, are they, too, carried down stream by the rush of the modern current?

Man must consider his end and judge goodness and wickedness, or at least uselessness, accordingly. Money can bring a certain amount of happiness upon earth, even to him who is not rich.

Christians not only must watch, they must reason. They need to acquire an education in spiritual things. Parents must listen to God and not be carried away by the custom of the day.

TRIBUTE TO VISION OF HOLY FATHER

In a thoughtful address before the American Bar Association, the Solicitor General of the United States considered with breadth of historical knowledge and charm of rhetoric the spirit of lawlessness now so prevalent throughout the world.

Mr. Beck's acute and comprehensive summary of the present troubles of the world will commend itself to all thinking men as eminently sane and just.

Mr. Beck's tribute to the Holy Father is well worth quoting in full, and all the more so since it has not received the publicity it merited in some of the press reports.

The Pope said that five plagues were now afflicting humanity. The first was the unprecedented challenge to authority.

Each plague is then taken up seriatim by Mr. Beck, and an earnest appeal is made to "the instinctive, guishable spark of the Divine that is in each human soul."

The constant stay of Catholics in days of stress and trial is the pronouncements of the Holy See. Authority is their supreme rule and guide in matters of religion.

Do Catholic parents realize all these truths? If they do, are they, too, carried down stream by the rush of the modern current?

is he who has enjoined that which seems to us so unpromising. He has spoken, and has a claim on us to trust him. He is no recluse, no solitary student, no dreamer about the past, no doting upon the dead and gone, no projector of the visionary.

ENGLAND AND THE FAITH

Cardinal Manning used to say: "England never lost the Faith, she had it stolen from her." The Reformation was not a religious movement so much as a huge burglary.

The great object of these lies has always been to make the main body of the people believe that the Nation is now more happy, more populous, more powerful than it was before it was Protestant.

Having extinguished the Sanctuary Lamp, having destroyed the monasteries and sacked them, having slaughtered the "seditions, Jesuit and the Seminary Priest," these Reforming Dick Turpins devoted infinite pains to persuading the people that they had delivered the poor from the oppression of Rome.

Mlle. Lavalliere - POOR VILLAGERS BLESS RETIRED "QUEEN OF COMEDY"

Paris.—Villagers of Thuileries, a humble hamlet sequestered in the forests of the Vosges, are now hearing each Sunday in their little church more wonderful notes than the voice of Mlle. Lavalliere, the "queen of comedy and operetta."

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VANISHES FROM THEATRE

Several months ago she vanished from the theatre. Rumor had it that she would enter a convent. This her relatives denied.

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living apart from the world and her only acquaintances are two or three villagers and the poor for whom she works.

"Does she never leave Thuileries?"

"Yes, but only to make pilgrimages. Thus we have just been to Lourdes."

"She" never mentions the theatre.

"Never. Everything is finished between the world and her. She still sings, but only for God, in church. Her voice has become marvelous: it is much more pure and she reaches notes which she never dreamed she could sing.

"She thinks of nothing but God. But do not imagine that she is sad. On the contrary she is very cheerful, with the charming gaiety of a nun. She said to me once: 'I have never been happier. Now I am happy.'"

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ness have been confined so far to rural districts and small centres, and always by stealth. The trend of such events should not be lightly discounted, or passed by with a shrug of disdain.

The compilation of war records show the temper and the calibre of Catholic manhood. From the crucible of war their patriotism emerged pure and unalloyed.

"Never. Everything is finished between the world and her. She still sings, but only for God, in church. Her voice has become marvelous: it is much more pure and she reaches notes which she never dreamed she could sing.

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SUFFERED YEARS WITH ECZEMA

"Fruit-a-tives" Cleared Her Skin

POINTE ST. PIERRE, P.Q.

"I suffered for three years with terrible Eczema. I consulted several doctors and they did not do me any good.

Then, I used one box of "Sootha-Salva" and two boxes of "Fruit-a-tives" and my hands are now clear. The pain is gone and there has been no return.

I think it is marvelous because no other medicine did me any good until I used "Sootha-Salva" and "Fruit-a-tives", the wonderful medicine made from fruit.

MADAM PETER LAMARRE.

50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c.

At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

and clear. Many dismiss these questions with an assertion that the Church should be more broad-minded and should not stir up trouble.

"Let well enough alone," is their plea for inactivity. Such Catholics are easily lulled into a sense of security by the specious phrases of their "good-fellow" Protestant friends and associates.

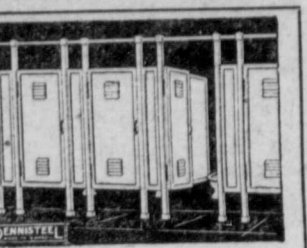
Human respect causes them to be instantly bowed down by the cry of narrowness if they should raise their voices. Regard for their own safety and welfare will force others to a cowardly silence and acquiescence when confronted with a white sheet and veiled threats.

Such conduct is surely reprehensible when Catholic rights and principles are at stake. Jesus suffered all things to raise the Standard of Salvation; should not His followers be ready to suffer and sacrifice some things to maintain the Standard?

Those two martyred priests would willingly repeat their Supreme Sacrifice if they were possible. From their graves they seem to bid Catholic men "to carry on for Christ in Christ's own true way."—The Tablet.

Some persons would do well to cultivate what many have by nature—that happy disposition of being content with the so-called simple things of life.

Kind words never leave a bad taste in the mouth.



Sanitary Conditions Keep Off Disease

Schools!—Install Denmisteel Lockers to safeguard the health of the children.

Office Officials!—See that all public buildings are equipped with Denmisteel Lockers.

Factories!—See that your men are kept in health and at work. Install Denmisteel Lockers.

Write for folders THE DENNISTEEL WORKS CO. LIMITED LONDON

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Lameness neglected often becomes serious and permanent and the longer you delay the more difficult the recovery.

Promptly treated with Absorbine, Jr. the joints and muscles soon lose their soreness and stiffness.

Absorbine, Jr. is made of herbs and is non-poisonous—safe and pleasant to use.

\$1.25 a bottle at most druggists. W. F. YOUNG, Inc. 344 St. Paul St., Montreal

Absorbine, Jr. THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

AIR THE ENEMY

CARBONIC ATMOSPHERE THE FRIEND OF FOOD

Why do you seal your preserved fruits and pickles to keep out the air?

Because air oxidizes everything it touches—rust on iron is oxidation.

And also because air carries dirt and bacteria of every sort.

When the pickles or fruit ferment—that is bacteria.

When the butter turns rancid—that is both oxidation and bacteria.

Air puts disease germs into milk at certain temperatures and bacteria turn it sour—ferment it. So you keep the milk on ice and the cap on the bottle.

The place for air is in the lungs, where the oxygen oxidizes the impurities of the blood so that nature can cast them out.

But air in the stomach brings in bacteria—that's what makes the baby cry and distresses older folks—we call it "wind"—it is ferment caused by the bacteria in swallowed air.

Ordinary butter contains 10% air—ice cream contains about 40% by volume. It is not the chill but the air in the ice cream that makes your stomach sometimes feel uncomfortable after eating what should have been a delightful and nourishing dish of ice cream.

Drive out the air from ice cream and butter and replace it with carbonic gas, nature's own prohibitor against bacteria, and your ice cream or butter will be as pure as if nature had made it herself.

Nature uses carbonic gas to preserve every food she produces. In fruit she seals it under an air tight skin. You know what happens when you break the skin of an apple or a potato—it begins to rot—oxidation first and bacteria to finish the work.

The health system, like nature, drives out air and substitutes carbonic gas.

Carbonic gas suffocates bacteria, preserves the food, retains the flavor which air destroys, and gives the consumer a pure product.

When you order Ice Cream or Butter ask for "Carbonated".

The Carbonating Group of Manufacturers, Phone Adel. 5100 or write for literature. 510 McKinnon Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

CATHOLIC CALIBRE

The Catholic world was startled and horrified a few months ago by the slaying of priests in war-ridden Ireland. The day for such martyrdom had seemed long past in civilized countries.

But history will repeat itself, and there will ever be a reversion to type. And now, within a few weeks, the same shocking deed has been perpetrated in our own great country.

Two devoted priests were done to death in the performance of their sacred duties. In our history, such crimes hark back to the turbulent times of Know-Nothingism and A. P. A.-ism.

The night of violent religious bigotry was supposed to have been banished by the day of enlightenment and progress. The murderers of the two priests are confessed disciples and true products of the Menace and Tom Watson, rapid rangers against Rome. These crimes are the most violent outcroppings of an insidious, systematic anti-Catholic campaign.



This Beautiful Genuine Canadian Wolf Set

Is only one of the many hundred bargains illustrated in Hallam's Fur Fashion Book.

The large animal scarf measures about 32 ins. silky, lustrous and long in the fur, lined with shirred crepe-de-chine, finished with fur all around and streamers. Trimmed with head, tail and paws. M 400.

Delivered to you \$24.50 The muff is large ball shape, trimmed with head, tail and paws as shown, velvet lined, crepe cuffs, wrist cord and ring. M 600. Delivered to you \$24.50

Your choice of either Black or Lucille Brown will be sent upon receipt of money.

FREE 1922 Book of Hallam's Fur Fashions

This book which has become the standard family guide for fur fashions, is now ready for mailing. It gives advance information on the latest styles in Furs, and is illustrated with nearly 300 beautiful up-to-date fur fashions. Most of the illustrations are from real photographs taken on living people, but pictures cannot reproduce the beauty and value of Hallam Furs.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WHAT HAVE WE DONE TODAY?

We shall do so much in the years to come, But what have we done today? We shall give our gold in a princely sum, But what have we done today? We shall lift the heart and dry the tear, We shall plant a hope in the place of fear, We shall speak the words of love and cheer, But what did we speak today? We shall be so kind in the after-while, But what have we been today? We shall bring to each lonely life a smile, But what have we brought today? We shall give to truth a grander birth, And to steadfast faith a deeper worth, We shall feed the hungry souls of earth, But what have we fed today? We shall reap such joys in the by and by, But what have we sown today? We shall build our mansions in the sky, But what have we built today? 'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask, But here and now we do our task? Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask: "What have we done today?"

-NIXON WATERMAN

APPRECIATED HIS WORK

Twenty years ago a discouraged young doctor in one of our large cities was visited by his father, who came up from a rural district to look after his boy. "Well, my son," said he, "how are you getting along?" "I'm not getting along at all," was the disheartened answer. "I'm not doing a thing," he said. The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage and patience and perseverance. Later in the day he went with his son to the "Free Dispensary," where the young doctor had an unsalaried position, and where he spent an hour or more every day. The father sat by, a silent but intensely interested spectator, while twenty-five poor unfortunates received help. The doctor forgot his visitor while he bent his skilled energies to his task; but hardly had he closed the door on the last patient when the old man burst forth: "I thought you told me you were not doing a thing! Why, if I had helped twenty-five people in a month as much as you have done in one morning, I would thank God that my life counted for something." "There isn't any money in it though," exclaimed the son, somewhat abashed. "Money!" the old man shouted, still scornfully. "Money! What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellow-men? Never mind about your money; go right along at this work every day. I'll go back to the farm and gladly earn money to support you as long as you live—yes, and sleep sound every night with the thought that I have helped you to help your fellow-men."—Exchange.

TRUE MORAL COURAGE

Does manliness pay? Every time. The world despises the coward, the weakling, the man who has not the courage of his convictions. An affectionate nature, a love of religion or an openly proclaimed habit of prayer are not necessarily the marks of an effeminate or a maudish personality, as too many cynics suggest. A religious man is generally a manly man, for it takes genuine moral courage to proclaim and practice one's religion in the face of ridicule or derision. A man who is sentimental in heart is not necessarily a coward, for as Bayard Taylor well says in his "Song of the Camp," "The bravest are the tenderest, The daring are the loving."

On Saturday, August 13, there took place in Philadelphia the funeral of a young Catholic soldier who was killed in France, November 5, 1918, Sergeant John J. Read, of the 315th Infantry, 7th Division. He was a nephew of Father Hugo P. Reid, of the Church of the Transfiguration in that city and of Sister Mary Roberta, of the Sisters of Charity, of Nazareth, Ky. His record for bravery in battle and devotion to duty earned for him several decorations, and the posthumous award of the Distinguished Service Cross, from the United States Government, the highest award that can be bestowed on a soldier. The funeral which was said to have been one of the largest held in the city was attended by several posts of the American Legion, scores of Sisters of many orders, and a vast crowd of people. A guard of honor consisting of former comrades of both branches of the service and a large number of War Mothers accompanied the remains to the church. All this in testimony of the admiration that the world pays to a true man. The best proof of Sergeant Read's heroism and true manly courage is not found in the many decorations he won in battle, but in a letter received by his uncle, Father Read, from a Protestant comrade who served with him in France. It is

a simple but eloquent little document—a veritable citation for bravery—and contains a lesson in moral courage that is well worth laying before our young men.

Father Read's consent to publish the letter was obtained because it demonstrates the edification which the Sergeant gave to his non-Catholic soldier comrades. He was the only man in the barracks not afraid to go down on his knees and say his prayers, in spite of any possible ridicule, according to the writer of the letter.

Following is the letter: My dear Father Read: I feel that I must write and tell you how very sorry I am, that I could not attend the funeral of your distinguished nephew, Sergeant John J. Read. I was away in the mountains, and I learned of it only on Friday, and while I started for the city as soon as I could I did not arrive until last night (August 13.) Jack, I am proud to say, was one of my best friends in the army, and his death was a great personal loss. I had the honor to be thrown in intimate contact with him in France, having been his bunk mate while attending the second corps school, at Chateaufort-sur-Seine. May I tell you that I found Jack one of the cleanest, whitest and most God-fearing of men I have ever met, ever ready to help a buddy, and never shirking even the most menial duty?

NOT AFRAID TO PRAY

A soldier, every inch of him, but above all, a man, I will take a moment to tell you an instance that impressed itself on me, and will live with me throughout this life. Jack Read taught me never to be ashamed to pray. It came about at the school. On the first night there, I noticed Jack on his knees, just before we turned in. You may think this didn't take courage, but when I tell you he was possibly the only one of some hundred men in the barracks who was brave enough to do it you will appreciate what I mean. Some of us who knew how to pray, were ashamed to do it, afraid of the ridicule of some of the other men, but not Jack. I tell you this so you may understand why so many of his buddies loved and respected him. I am not of his religion, but believe me, sir, I give credit to any church that turns out men like Jack Read. I talked with him just a few days before he was killed. It was on November 3 (Sunday) I had been shot through the leg and was being carried through the lines to the dressing station. Jack saw me and came over to me, gave me some water, and tried to cheer me up. I learned later, while I was in the hospital, that he had been killed.

I have lost a good friend, the world has lost a good man. Please extend to his parents my heartfelt sympathy and console them in the knowledge that though they have lost a splendid son, his memory will be cherished by all who knew him.

Signed, Sergeant, Co. B., 315th Inf. That letter is worth a whole barrelful of crosses and medals, and other war decorations, for it tells the story of a man.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

OUT' FISHTIN'

A feller isn't thinkin' mean, Out' fishtin'; His thoughts are good and clean, Out' fishtin'; He doesn't knock his fellow men, Or harbor any grudges then; A fellow's at his finest, when Out' fishtin'; The rich are comrades to the poor, Out' fishtin'; All brothers to the common lute, Out' fishtin'; The urchin with the pin and string Can chum with millionaire an' king; Vain pride is a forgotten thing, Out' fishtin'; A feller gets a chance to dream, Out' fishtin'; He learns the beauties of a stream, Out' fishtin'; An' he can wash his soul in air That isn't foul with selfish care, An' relish plain and simple fare, Out' fishtin'; A feller has no time for hate, Out' fishtin'; He isn't eager to be great, Out' fishtin'; He isn't thinkin' thoughts of self, Or goods stocked high upon a shelf, But he is always just himself, Out' fishtin'; A feller's glad to be a friend, Out' fishtin'; A helpin' hand he'll always lend, The brotherhood of rod and line An' sky an' stream is always fine; Men come real close to God's design, Out' fishtin'; A feller isn't plottin' schemes, Out' fishtin'; He's only busy with his dreams, Out' fishtin'; His livery is a coat of tan, His creed: To do the best he can; A feller's always mostly man, Out' fishtin'; —anon

A GOOD INHERITANCE

A good habit is a good inheritance. A child which is started in life with the good habits of virtue, of obedience, respect for authority, truth, self-control, self-reliance, modesty and simplicity, unselfishness, cheerfulness, devotion to duty, charity and piety, is wealthy. Parents with the co-operation of the little ones, can implant these virtues in their children's souls. It

will not be an easy task, for children's wills are weak as a controlling power, but "practice makes perfect" and the parents who train their children aright are at the same time perfecting themselves.

SPIRITUAL COURTESY

It sometimes happens that those who may be the most exact in the courtesies of social life unconsciously treat Our Divine Lord in a manner that they would by no means use to their most casual acquaintances. Perhaps you have noticed it, perhaps not; yet I am sure you will agree with me when I point out a few of these lapses from good manners, says Hallam in The Grail.

Some years ago I entered a church during the noon hour with a non-Catholic friend. There were a goodly number of people there who had stepped in during their dinner hour to pay a visit to Our Lord. On leaving the church I asked my friend if it were not edifying to see so many giving a few minutes to prayer out of their leisure. I was disagreeably surprised at her reply:

"Well," she said, "to be perfectly frank, I was far from edified. True, I saw beads passing through their fingers, and their lips moving; but neither kept pace with their eyes. Every person that entered the church seemed to be scrutinized by those already there."

I had not noticed it, and told her so. "Then spare a minute from your own prayers next time, and notice," she said. For herself she had frankly entered the church to see its beauties, not being a Catholic; yet she had bowed her head in prayer for a few moments. She frequently visited our churches, "for the artistic delight," she said, and had always noticed the same thing.

"Do you mean to tell me?" she asked earnestly, and I thought a little wistfully, "that all those people really believe that Christ is Himself in His own flesh and blood there on that altar?"

Of course I assured her that not the slightest doubt existed in their minds. "May God pardon them," she replied. "They seem to treat His presence with as much indifference as if He were the janitor."

I winced at her statement. Her expression seemed almost a blasphemy! An angry retort rose to my lips; but, on catching the expression on her face, I restrained it.

To her, that faith was denied. So stupendous a fact as that of the real presence was beyond her comprehension; but that anyone could believe it and not prostrate in adoration was also beyond her comprehension! (She has since been received into the Church.)

But indeed is there not some degree of truth in her accusation? If the figure of the Sacred Heart were to assume flesh and blood and descend from its pedestal to the altar steps what would be our demeanor? Should we not indeed prostrate ourselves at those Divine Feet? If we knew that Our Lord would assume for but one hour that appearance of the form of the human body that is there present, would we have one glance for anything or anybody but Our Divine Saviour?—Catholic Bulletin.

LOURDES SHRINE

DOCTORS AUTHENTICATE SIX REMARKABLE CURES

Lourdes, September 2.—The summer months not only have witnessed thousands of pilgrims from all parts of Europe flocking to the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception at Lourdes, but has been remarkable for the number of cures reported.

Some of these cures have been of most extraordinary character and are fully authenticated by physicians. During June and July there were six cases of cures of major importance; one of which is regarded as the most startling manifestation of the power of the Blessed Virgin since the War.

This was the restoration of Miss Valentine Gougand, of Rennes, a young woman twenty-seven years old who had suffered since childhood from a succession of diseases, among which tuberculosis predominated. For the greater portion of her journey to Lourdes she was unconscious. For years her only nourishment had been milk taken from a bottle like a child.

From 1916, when she was operated on for appendicitis, she had suffered from a disease of the hip joint, which caused her to be sent to the famous hospital "Roscoff" where she remained for eight months in a plaster cast. In 1918, after she had suffered from pneumonia for six weeks, Dr. Augier and three physicians diagnosed her malady as Potts' disease, and she was again placed in a plaster cast. Shortly before she was brought to Lourdes, ankylosis of the left knee manifested itself and there was a shortening of the left leg by more than two centimeters.

PAINS VANISH SUDDENLY

Miss Gougand arrived at Lourdes June 14, after a very painful journey. On Wednesday, June 15, when her plaster cast was being taken off in order that she might be immersed in the water, she suffered intensely. On being immersed she felt a queer sensation, unknown to her before. All her

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pains had suddenly vanished, but having been accustomed to suffering all her life, she could not understand this new sensation.

In the afternoon she was given another bath and this time the ankylosis of the left knee disappeared and she was able to bend the knee. Even then she did not realize that she was cured. It was not until evening, in the hospital that she seemed to be conscious of the great favor that had been granted her. She arose without any help and talking to all the other patients in the room, embraced them. Then she ate a substantial meal, following which she went to sleep and passed an excellent night in repose.

On the next day, an examination was made by four physicians, Doctors Marchand, Cox, Pettipierre and Piroulet. The examination showed that the cure had been complete in every respect, that respiration was normal, the deformities of the limbs, which had been apparent, were no longer to be observed and that all movements of the body were executed without difficulty and with no pain.

It was given as a conclusion that because of its instantaneous character, the cure could be attributed to no natural processes.

ANOTHER COMPLETE CURE

Another marvelous manifestation that has attracted little less attention than that in behalf of Miss Gougand, is the case of Miss Rose Pigeron, who was cured on June 14, during a procession of the Blessed Sacrament. She suffered from paralysis of the lower limbs and had frequent fainting spells. On the day preceding her cure, she had a fainting spell which lasted from seven in the morning until one o'clock. When examined by the physicians after her cure, she walked easily and executed any movement ordered by the physicians. The examination revealed that she had been completely cured.

Two other cures that occurred during processions of the Blessed Sacrament, were those of Miss Emilienne Robin, twenty-five years old, from Terres, near Bressuire, who suffered from osteo-arthritis of her right knee and of Miss Mary Delplanque, twenty-six years old, of Tardingen, who suffered from a complication of diseases, including a paralysis of the left lower limb with persistent stiffness of the knee. In both cases all the deformities disappeared instantaneously.

Another case in which the patient was brought to Lourdes in a state of great physical distress was that of Miss Elizabeth Papillon, who was conveyed from the Calvary Hospital in Lyons. She could hardly walk on account of weakness and was coughing and vomiting frequently. Her right breast had been amputated and she showed many signs of pulmonary tuberculosis.

On Saturday, June 11, she felt very acute pains at the very moment when she was being blessed during the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. All her pains had disappeared and without aid she walked back to the hotel and ate a large meal. The following day's examination revealed that her breast was cured and that every sign of tuberculosis had vanished.

Still another notable cure authenticated is that of Miss Suzanna Warcoin of Seraucourt-le-Grand who suffered from a disease of the hip joint and who had been sick for six years. She felt slightly better after her first bath at Lourdes on July 27. Two days later she bathed again and this time experienced a cracking noise in her knee which was followed by the discovery that she had been completely cured.

PAPAL DOMINATION

With his usual kindness and sanity, former Vice-President Marshall offers a comment in the Presbyterian New Era for September, which may help to allay the religious disturbances almost chronic in some parts of the country. Mr. Marshall writes:

"It is no infrequent occurrence to have some zealous brother inform me that we must be up and stirring as Protestants, or the Roman Catholic Church will seize the reins of government in America. May be this foolish statement accounts for the fact that the Church to which we belong, in common with other Protestant denominations, in an effort to prevent the union of Church and State, is, unconsciously, I hope, doing those things which look very like an attempt to unite the American Republic and the Protestant Churches of this country."

In the more educated sections of the country, these zealous brothers are rarer. In the backwoods where prejudice takes the place of reason,

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No soaring of genius can ever get beyond the jurisdiction of the true, the beautiful and the good.—Archbishop Keane.

DIED

KEALEY.—At his late residence Venosta, Que., on Thursday, Sept. 1, Patrick James Kealey. May his soul rest in peace.

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