

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### FAMILY PRAYER

We are told by our pastors that family prayer invigorates and safeguards the home. Our fathers believed in it. They realized its value and necessity. In the dark days it was their well-spring of consolation and of strength. Family prayer is as a fragrant rain-fall every evening upon the aridity of the day. It is a sovereign balm that heals the little wounds and refreshes souls touched by the hot winds of passion.

We wonder if we are as one with our fathers on this point. We have our doubts. Doubtless it is still in fashion in some sections, but we fear that in many homes there is so much to do and so many things to claim attention that family prayer is a lost art, and consequently we are in danger of getting a lesser breed of men and women. True, they are more worldly wise than their forebears, but they have lost in keenness of sight, in appreciation of the fine and noble, in grip of the realities that steady us and, however the winds blow, hedge us around with ample content.

And yet everything that can sanctify the family should be clasped to our hearts as a sacred possession. The home is our stronghold. Father and mother have their teacher's diplomas signed by God. They can beautify souls or mar them. But when prayer is said but perfunctorily and the father is busy at his club and the mother is gadding around from show to café, and the boys and girls are having their eye-sight if not their morals ruined by moving pictures, and God is to be supplicated only when we are in danger, the home will never be the nursery of strong men and women.

### OUR WAY

There is what our penny-a-line writers call a revolution as to house-lighting in our days. Perhaps that is why the various authorities talk about our own times as an "enlightened age."

But certainly, even in our times, the change is remarkable from the period when—in imitation of the Creation, when the moon was set to rule the night—in houses at least the candle ruled the night with its fickle sceptre of light. The public rooms of great houses and assembly halls were bright with constellations of the best wax candles, but even these when the flame came near the socket would drop hot wax. But in the private, penurious houses—not that we throw at the houses the reproach of poverty, for we think the economy of these old days was better than the reckless bankruptcy of our own days, which is a modern trick by which many don't pay their debts—we remember some quite genteel households when the sitting-room was lighted by two poor "composites" in silver candlesticks, and with silver snuffers in a tray beside them. It is true that in such a room you were surrounded with darkness, and if you played cards or read a book you had to sit in friendly intercourse with these two composites. But after all the little island of light and the great surrounding ocean of darkness left far more room for imagination than the lighting of today, which banishes darkness just as the sun himself does. Then the passages were dark, the lights poor, and in every shadow there was a suggestion. Even in the "gloaming" in those days you had to take a holiday, for it became too dark to read, and you had to wait until the lights came, and that gave one a useful time for quiet thought. It was in these half-lights that those shy flowers, reveries, bloom—much to the benefit of those who entertained those sort of mushroom growths which come up in the dark. But now all that is changed. There are no dark passages, and ghosts have retreated to the churchyards from their pleasant old haunts. As for the rooms, there is no gloaming—no dark, romantic corners. You touch a button and the day comes back with a leap. You turn a tap and apply a match and the eyes are blinded with the glare of gas.

### INHERITED

But all the lights we now enjoy are, after all, inheritances from the past. Coal gas is made from deposits of the ferns and conifers fostered by the sun a thousand centuries ago, and this light, after all these centuries in the grave, is a resurrection. Even the electric light which glows in the filaments in our lamps is the result of energy which was boarded in coal—or energy which raised the water from earth and sea into the high fastnesses. All our night-lights are from the past; although the sun sends us the day in seven minutes, the stars' light is brought from quite old lamps. Indeed, some of these fixed stars may be extinct volcanoes of the sky—they may have passed into blackness centuries ago, and yet they are still shining for us, and decorating our winter nights with the cheery traveller's tale of a ray which has been wandering in space at more than express speed for centuries.

But is not the light that shines upon the world of mind also an inheritance? Is it not the light of memory which is thrown on to-day, and enables us to see the present objects and understand them in the light of a former time? Without memory we would be in a darkness that could be felt. Happily, we forget much. Much that passed through the presence-chamber of perception passes away through the sieve of memory into the oblivion of unconsciousness. These are the dark corners of memory. In these there is nothing but mystery, but with the glow of remembrance we not only recognize ourselves, but there is a world which was and a world which is. But occasionally out of the depths of the unconscious there comes up some old forgotten memory, the peak of a submerged world, the ghost of a dead past.

Now the memory at whose feet we sit, as at the feet of a Gamaliel, is our great teacher for this changing entity self, which is always educating or better still making itself. Every impression that a mind has, either from the outside—or to-day—or from the inside from the mirror of memory, modifies and educates the mind. The mind is like the candle which the more it burns the more new candle it creates. It is not exhausting the oil in the vessel which feeds the lamp. The more it glows the more it grows. The longer it burns the more it illuminates. So much for light.

### FACTS

1. From the beginning of his Pontificate Benedict XV. has earnestly besought Powers and Rulers that they delay not to bring back to their peoples the blessings of peace.

He ordered public prayers to be offered up in all the churches throughout the world.

2. He has employed his activity on behalf of all whom the War has involved in misery and suffering, especially the military civilian prisoners.

3. On the 8th of December, 1914, Benedict XV., writing to Cardinal Mercier, expresses his grief at the sight of the Belgian nation so dear to him reduced to its present lamentable condition by a most dire and calamitous war. Again, at the Consistory, 22nd Jan., 1915, he records his affection for the Belgian people. He sent help in money and gave his blessing to the Belgian Relief Committees.

4. The new Belgian minister, M. van den Hensel, in presenting his credentials to the Pope, said: "In the midst of its misfortunes Belgium has been deeply touched by the testimonials of lively solicitude and paternal affection which Your Holiness has been pleased to give it."

5. For the Allocation of the 22nd Jan., 1915, His Holiness received the warm thanks of the Belgian Government and King Albert himself.

A group of French journalists sent to Cardinal Gasparri on the 6th of May, 1916, an address in which "they thank His Holiness Benedict XV. for having alone among the (neutral) Powers publicly condemned the violation of Belgian neutrality."

His Holiness, and Sir Edward Grey announced this in the House of Commons, was trying to persuade Germany to abandon its war with sub-marines. He condemned, 16th Oct., 1914, the bombardment of Rheims,

and referred to the sinking of the Lusitania in his famous sentence: "I can imagine no more horrible crime." To our Beloved Italy, the title given by the Pope to his own country, he has given plenteously of his means and influence. To Montenegro, East Prussia, Turkey, for the survivors of the Armenian massacres, to Holland, devastated by floods, he has sent financial aid.

The Holy Father looks upon opposition and defamation of his own person as all in the day's work, and he continues his unceasing activity on behalf of the human family.

[We are indebted for these facts to Rev. Anthony Brennan, C. S. F. C., in his pamphlet "Pope Benedict and the War."]

### PAN-GERMAN PLOT UNMASKED

London Advertiser, October 17

That world peace, after a victorious conclusion of the present war, and frustration of further attempts to promote Pan-Germanism, will depend solely upon the destruction of German rule in Austria-Hungary, and the breaking up of that empire into its competent parts, was the statement made by Bishop M. F. Fallon in an address at the opening meeting of the London Historical Society in the Normal School last evening.

"We have been accustomed to think of Austria-Hungary as a 'ramshackle empire' then for the sake of peace let it fall into its competent parts," he said.

Opening his address, he said he had been greatly interested in a recent book by a Frenchman, "The Pan-German Plot Unmasked," because it put on paper a thesis with which he had come in contact twenty-five years ago while a student in a place not far from Aix-la-Chapelle, where German students were numerous. Also by an article in the current Nineteenth Century by the distinguished English priest, Dr. William Barry. He desired not only to acknowledge his indebtedness to this book and this article but to call attention to them as worthy of study.

### LOOKED FOR FIGHT

Often he heard them assert that the day would come when Germany would start to conquer the world, and they recognized the great obstacle, not only the great nations, but Great Britain, and were certain that the day must come when the German Empire and the British Empire would be in the throes of war.

Frankly, he admitted, that the plans were openly discussed with him, because he was Irish, and therefore supposed to be anti-English and anti-British, quite removed from the facts, and far removed from the truth, but the reason.

"The nations of Britain are at war. Canada is one of those nations, and they must fix clearly in their minds the nature of the peace they desire, or they will not get that peace," he asserted.

### CAIRO IS CENTRE

Claiming that Cairo, not old London, was the strategic centre of the British Empire, he outlined the Pan-German plan and how it would affect the British Empire.

"It looks like a dream, but we know it is a reality," he said, "the German plan made public in 1907 and boasted of in 1911. It aimed to unite three things—Central Europe, the Balkan States and Turkey. In other words, to stretch a line from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf. It is no dream. You can find these facts laid down in the German libraries."

That part of Europe, not counting Asia, contained 204,000,000 people, of whom but 77,000,000 were Germans, the central idea being the domination of a vast majority by a small majority. From the population according to standards then in vogue, 13,000,000 soldiers could be raised. With the efforts some of the powers have exerted in the present struggle, 21,000,000 could have been raised and the fact is clear that if this Pan-German plan had been put into execution, there could be no resistance from the rest of the world against that great number of trained soldiers directed by one mind.

### WANT SOUTH AFRICA

"This was not all. The Pan-German plan constantly discussed by the leading papers of Germany included so much of South Africa that there would actually be Italy left worth while. Germany had a strip of territory there already, and she aimed at all the British possessions, the French Congo and other territories on both coasts. All this plan is on maps in the German foreign office. What hope would that leave for the rest of the world; what hope would that leave for the British Empire, remembering that Cairo is the strategic centre?"

The campaign in South America he characterized as "even more daring" and "the most amazing example of German audacity and genius." He claimed that she had actually par-

celled Bolivia, Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay; that 800,000 Germans were residents of those countries, and by a law introduced in Germany in 1913, still citizens of their fatherland, with all its rights and privileges. They were still exerting a sufficient influence to greatly curtail the war plans of the South American countries who had broken with Germany.

### BUSY IN PORTUGAL

Pan-Germanism aimed also at Portugal and the remnant of her colonial empire; at Holland and Switzerland, which was to come freely or be forced. The United States, Canada and Australia were to be settled at a later date.

The plan had received certain great shocks, the first one being the defeat of the Turks by Italy in Africa; next the second Balkan war, followed by the treaty of Bucharest, the first great blow at Pan-Germanism.

The Bishop asserted that the blundering of British statesmen and those of the Allies in regard to the war led him to believe that it was more by accident than design. The treaty drove a wedge into middle Europe by which Montenegro, Greece and Rumania were set against the Bulgarians and Turkey. Practically 800,000 soldiers were available from the countries antagonized. Although it left the central European powers still strongly allied, it cut them off from Turkey and broke the continuity of the Pan-German plan through Europe.

The final shock was the unrest that developed in the oppressed elements of Austria-Hungary, as a result of the treatment of the people in the Balkans.

### KAISER TO BLAME

"As a result of these three shocks and dread for the future of the German empire," continued the Bishop, "the German emperor, and he alone decided to find some cause for war. It was not safe to defer longer the putting into effect of the Pan-German plan. The assassination of Archduke Ferdinand was merely an occasion, not a cause. Using it, the German emperor forced his vassal, the Austrian emperor, for such he was rather than an ally, to send Serbia an ultimatum that no nation could accept without surrendering the last vestige of national honor."

The result of the plan after three years of war he termed appalling. "Pan-Germanism has been realized in nine tenths of its entirety," he asserted. "From Berlin almost to Baghdad the Kaiser's trains run and his soldiers march. These lines that looked so fanciful five years ago to European statesmen are almost the German lines of battle today, and are in almost undisputed sway. It is quite useless to close our eyes to the fact. We can best solve our difficulties by meeting them. The Pan-German plan of 1911 is this very day practically realized. The territory controlled by Germany to day stretches from the mouth of the Somme to the extreme end of Greece, and from the Gulf of Riga to the mouth of the Danube. The Pan-Germanism must be dealt with as an accomplished fact for the time being."

### FOLLY TO TALK

It was folly to talk of the dismemberment of the German nation, he asserted. It would continue as a power of the highest type. Britain's entry into the War and her control of the seas has saved the situation in its essence, although the Pan-German plan had succeeded.

"There was only one thing to be done now—fight through to victory," he said.

Whatever else Germany might yield, she would cling to Austria-Hungary and Turkey. There she must be forced, the Bishop asserted. Austria-Hungary was the key-stone of the Pan-German arch and must be saved and forty million people, who had a voice, would not be Austrians for twenty-four hours, would be set free and would be a wedge of safety between Germany and Turkey. "Let Germany be a world power of the first rank, but let her mind her own affairs and not attempt to reign in the Balkan states or hold a high hand over Turkey," he said.

Of the 55 to 60 millions of people in the Austria-Hungarian empire, he asserted, only twelve million were Germans. The other peoples were at one time independent and should be now.

### MIGHT BE STRANGE

This view, he said, would perhaps be considered a strange one to be held by a Roman Catholic bishop, but, he asked, Austria-Hungary being a Catholic now, would it be any less Catholic in nine or ten parts?

"When is the old superstition to disappear that Austria-Hungary dictates the papal policy?" he asked. A man of ordinary sense could see what a disaster to the Pope a German victory would be, he said. It would mean the Prussianization of Austria-Hungary. "You say tell me when or how the Pope could wish to see fifty million Catholics in Austria-Hungary Prussianized? Can you defend the situation that the Pope would desire to place Austria-Hungary in the Prussian power? Ger-

man victory is impossible without that.

### NOT TOUCH MOSLEMS

"Such a plan as Pan-Germanism would not touch the Moslem Church, or the national church of Bulgaria. It would strike against the only international church, the Roman Catholic. That is the reason why first of all the Pope is intensely opposed to the very thought of Germany victory. It would set the Roman Catholic Church face to face with one of the gravest crises in its history, and in a condition only slightly stronger than in 1870 it would have to face the greatest power the world has ever known in a new Kulturkampf.

"Therefore, as a Canadian, as a British subject, and as a Roman Catholic, I say that the Pan-German plan must be defeated at whatever cost."

In a short digression the Bishop referred to his statements made last March about Lloyd George. "When I made that reference I was thinking more of the British Empire than of Ireland," he said. "Those who know me the best realize that, I was thinking of the British Empire and the lost chance to solidify that great fabric. I think that subsequent facts will bear out my diagnosis of the situation. No sensible man would claim independence for Ireland, but every Englishman should want her freedom."

### THE CARDINAL AND THE PRESIDENT

Washington, Oct. 12.—Cardinal Gibbons wrote President Wilson, in a letter made public here today, that he was trying to "persuade" all Americans that they can do the greatest good to themselves and their country by a cheerful and generous performance of their duty as it is pointed out to them by fully constituted authority." The letter was written on the occasion of the recent formation of the League for National Unity, of which Cardinal Gibbons is honorary chairman.

President Wilson, in reply, thanked the Cardinal for accepting the Chairmanship of the League. The letter to the President follows:

Cardinal's Residence, Baltimore, Oct. 6, 1917.

The President,

The White House, Washington, D. C.

My Dear Mr. President:

In these days of the gravest problems which have ever weighed upon our American Government, our thoughts go out to the Chief Executive, warned by a heartfelt sympathy for the heavy burdens of office which he must bear, and freighted with the unwavering determination of loyal citizens to stand by him in his every effort to bring success to our aims and to achieve those ideals of justice and humanity which compelled our entrance into the War.

Guided as we are by the sublime teachings of Christianity, we have no other course open to us but that of obedience and devotion to our country. Our Divine Lord tells us, "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's," and to God the things that are God's," and St. Paul, following the steps of his Master, says: "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers, for there is no authority but from God, and those that are, are ordained by God. Therefore, he who resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God, and they who resist purchase to themselves condemnation."

We wish our people to see, and we are striving to help them to realize, that they owe unswerving loyalty to the rulers whom they have elected to office, and that in doing so they are not acting in a slavish manner, for obedience is not an act of servility we pay to man, but an act of homage we pay to God.

We are working to the end that our countrymen may see the folly and grave disobedience of unjust and ill-tempered criticism of national policies. We are bending our efforts to point out to our fellow men that they in all probability see the present situation from only one angle, whereas the Government sees it from every viewpoint, and is therefore alone in the position to judge of the expediency of national affairs.

In a word, we have been exerting our every effort, and will continue to do so, to persuade all Americans that they can do the greatest good to themselves and their country by a cheerful and generous performance of their duty as it is pointed out to them by lawfully constituted authority.

With sentiments of highest esteem,

I am, Very faithfully yours,

J. CARDINAL GIBBONS,

Archbishop of Baltimore.

The President replied as follows:

Oct. 9, 1917.

My Dear Cardinal Gibbons:

May I not express my very deep and sincere appreciation of your letter of Oct. 6? It has brought me cheer and reassurance, and I want you to know how much I appreciate your own action in consenting to preside over the important and influential group of men and women who have so generously undertaken to support the Administration in its

efforts to make the whole character and purpose of this War and of the Government of the United States in the prosecution of it clear to the whole people.

With warmest appreciation and cordial regards,

Sincerely yours,

WOODROW WILSON.

### SUPERSTITIONS OLD AND NEW

Everyone is familiar with Munyon of the pompadour and uplifted finger with remedies for nearly everything under the sun and a few other things besides. The Bureau of Chemistry of the United States Government, in accordance with the Pure Food and Drug Act, recently analyzed some of these remedies with really wonderful results. As a consequence a judgment was entered in the United States Courts, which I quote briefly. According to the advertisements, Munyon's Asthma Cure would "permanently cure asthma." The Government chemists analyzed the "cure" and found it to consist of sugar and alcohol. That, however, was at least one ingredient better than the next of his remedies to be analyzed. This was Munyon's Blood Cure. The claims for it were "Munyon's Blood Cure will positively cure all forms of scrofula, erysipelas, salt rheum, eczema, pimples, syphilitic affections, mercurial taints, blotches, liver spots, tetter and all skin diseases." When analyzed by the Government chemists this promising remedy guaranteed to cure nearly all skin affections, and therefore presumably a veritable godsend, was found to consist simply of sugar.

A favorite device has been to connect their remedies with the legends of the healing powers of the saints. Priests' names have been used to give medicines vogue, and as a consequence not long since we had the spectacle of a dear old dead priest's name, Father John of Lowell, being dragged through the Federal Courts because a remedy said to have been recommended by him was declared to be sold under claims that were false and fraudulent. Over four thousand bottles of Father John's medicine were seized by the Federal authorities on the charge that the product was misbranded. The manufacturers withdrew their answers to the charge, and the court entered a judgment of condemnation and forfeiture with payment of all the cost of the proceedings and the execution of a bond in the sum of five thousand dollars.

How long will the press of this country continue to be partners of the proprietary medicine people? When journalism is ready to admit that it knows how much of fraud it has countenanced and encouraged and fostered and really made possible in the past, and refuses to do so in the future, then we shall have all the members of the community, at least, we must resent the combination of religious elements that encourages such a fraud on the public. None can afford to take money for helping in the carrying on of a fraud. Without advertising these impositions would be quite impossible. We are our brothers' keepers and are bound to prevent as far as possible impositions of this kind, and never more so than now when the War makes the prevention of wastes of all kinds absolutely incumbent upon all the members of the community.—James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., Sc. D., in the Catholic World.

A CHAPLAIN IN THE TRENCHES

ANNOUNCED 100 WOUNDED IN THE DARK

Here is one consoling evidence of how well the work of the Catholic chaplains at the front is done, arduous as it is. It is from some jottings by a chaplain given in the London Tablet:

"The Catholic chaplain's work is always arduous, and often requires a good deal of tact. I heard of one colonel telling a chaplain that he could not have the men on Sunday, as they were out to fight and not to pray. Many in high places are oftentimes unbelievers, or agnostics, and only exhibit a want of interest in the spiritual welfare of their men, without actually putting obstacles in the way of Sunday Mass and the Sacraments. Times and places have to be arranged for Mass, men have to be ferreted out and given all particulars, and many disappointments often precede ultimate success. This is not the experience of an individual chaplain. It is the common story; but the work can be done. How well you may judge from this. Among a batch of wounded men some 100 were Catholics of Irish regiments. I went round them, and as it was too dark to distinguish serious wounds from light, I announced all. I asked each how long it was since he had been to the Sacraments, and every single man save one of those I asked had been within the week, and the odd one within the month. What a splendid chaplain they must have had!"—Catholic Bulletin.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

The Rev. Thomas A. Kempis Reilly, of the Dominican Order, Columbus, O., has been appointed professor of Sacred Scripture at the Dominican International College, Rome.

It is announced in a cablegram from Rome that the Very Rev. John J. Cantwell, Vicar General of the archdiocese of San Francisco, Cal., has been appointed Bishop of Los Angeles.

The underground passages in the Roman catacombs have been recently determined to be 580 miles in extent, and to contain 15,000,000 bodies.

The new electric clock of Boston's new custom house is one of the largest electric installations in the country. The dial is twenty-one feet in diameter and the longest hand is thirteen feet six inches long.

A shelter home for boys will be opened at West Randolph and North Desplaines street, Chicago, next month, under the patronage of Archbishop Mundelein and the auspices of La Salle Assembly, Fourth Degree, Knights of Columbus.

The President has selected Mr. William Gwyn Gardiner, a well-known lawyer, as one of the three commissioners who manage the affairs of the District of Columbia. He is a graduate of Georgetown University and a Knight of Columbus. He is forty-two years of age.

It was proposed to sell the 213-year-old Cathedral of Columbus in Havana, Cuba, and in which were the relics of Columbus, but the proposal aroused such protest that in all probability the government will take it over and convert it into a museum. The Historical Academy of Cuba saved it. The Jesuits built it in 1704.

A stone inkstand at least 100 years old is the latest curio to be added to the Memorial Building at Hardwick, Vt. It is about two inches square and two inches deep. The bearing of the stone appears to have all been done by hand.

Amongst the prominent non-Catholics who have contributed to the K. of C. Camp Fund, may be mentioned Mr. Bryan and Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, Jr. The former promised to give \$100 a month as long as the War lasts, and the latter gave \$1,000.

Austin, Texas, has a plant which runs full capacity each day, turning out oakum, which is made from the city garbage, waste paper, old shoes, rags, etc. The new fuel sells at 65.50 a ton and is said to burn as long and to give off as much heat as the best bituminous lump coal, besides relieving the city of all waste material.

At the opening of the Italian War with Germany 120 seminarists were summoned to bear arms from the seminary of Bergamo, North Italy, mostly mountaineers. Ninety of these have fallen in battle. As the Freemasons of Italy are airing their importance, the question is asked: Is there any Masonic institute in Italy that has lost 75% of its members?

Captain William Archer Redmond, son of John Redmond, M. P., Chairman of the Irish Parliamentary party, has been awarded the Distinguished Service Order for gallant conduct at the front on the nights of September 12-13. Capt. Redmond is M. P. for East Tyrone.

When he applied for passports into Mexico at El Paso, Texas, recently, Rev. Gabriel Zepenni was informed by the Mexican consul, G. M. Seguin, that no Catholic clergyman is permitted to enter that country from the United States or from any other country. Seguin said he has instructions from the Carranza Government to refuse passports to priests.

Ten thousand five hundred dollars was the contents of a purse which recently was presented to Archbishop Mundelein, D. D., of Chicago, by the Polish Courts' Representatives' Association of the Catholic Order of Foresters. The purse was presented on the grounds of the Polish Manual Training School for Boys and St. Hedwig's Industrial School for Girls at Niles, Ill., and the money, collected by the Polish Foresters, was their gift to these institutions which are caring for the Catholic dependent children of Polish descent of Chicago.

A small silver crucifix which he wore suspended from his neck probably saved the life of Robert McGuire a railroad watchman in St. Louis a few days ago. Noticing two strange men prowling in the railroad yards, McGuire commanded them to throw up their hands. Instead of obeying, they opened fire at McGuire, one of the shots striking the crucifix, the bullet falling to the ground.

Back to the good old-fashioned and reverential way of praying—on bended knees—is now being advocated by many of the Methodists of New Jersey. At a camp meeting at Pittman, that State, recently, the Rev. E. A. Robinson, former pastor of the Pittman Methodist Church, delivered a sermon in which he urged his hearers to pray on bended knees instead of in a sitting position.

AMBITION'S CONTEST

BY CHRISTINE FABER

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE FULFILLMENT OF "LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM"

Two years had passed since the return of the brother and sister, and Ellen Courtney, no longer very youthful, but as lovely as ever both in character and person, was still an inmate of her parent's home. Gossip found a very prolific theme in the indifference which she manifested to all suitors, and made itself exceedingly anxious to know if she intended to adopt a conventional life; but, caring little for the comments which her conduct might occasion, she pursued her course, God and her own heart alone being aware of the secret sorrow which she still endured.

Mrs. Courtney was full of inquiries, but Howard was unable to satisfy them. He had not heard from Malverton. His news was only a report gleaned from the press; so the matter rested, and Ellen stifled her anguish in secret and silence. One day, three months after Howard had communicated that news, he suddenly entered his sister's room. She started up in some alarm. "I did not know you were in the house," she hastened to say by way of apology.

"I have something for you," he said, holding up what appeared to be a letter, and then she noticed that he was strangely excited. She extended her hand for it; he still withheld it, and at length, as if he imagined he had tired her patience sufficiently, he caressed her to him, and said, with an expression in his face which made her heart beat wildly:

"My faithful, faithful sister!" she released her, leaving the missive in her grasp, and turned away as if to conceal some emotion. But in a moment a cry made him turn back—a wild, glad cry, and Ellen flew to his extended arms, sobbing from the very plenitude of joy.

Well might she be happy! That letter was from Lord Grosvenor himself, one of the last penned by that nobleman prior to his death, and contained an entire release of Ellen from her promise! Then Howard gently acquainted her with further good news—Malverton himself was below! The tidings rendered her so weak that she was obliged to cling to her brother, to lean on his arm while she descended—she wanted to fly, but her trembling limbs had scarcely power to walk. At last she stood in the doorway of the parlor—some one rose from converse with her parents—some one advanced to meet her, her blurred vision could not rightly see who, but in another moment her hands lay in the passionate grasp of her lover.

Father, mother and brother, deeming that meeting too sacred for their presence, withdrew, and Malverton only waited the subsiding of Ellen's emotion when he repeated to her what he had already told Howard and Mr. and Mrs. Courtney. When Howard had been arrested in Ireland, Malverton, pleading for him to Lord Grosvenor, discovered fully the latter's implacable hatred to the young man. Goaded by his father's stern denials to interest himself in Howard's behalf, Malverton, in the heat of passion and despair, avowed his attachment for, and his intentions towards Miss Courtney. That alarmed the peer—he could endure his son's death rather than permit him to marry a Catholic, and he immediately devised the scheme by which he might thwart Malverton's resolution. He knew, from his previous conception of Ellen Courtney's character, that she would suffer death rather than break her word, and acting upon that knowledge, he exacted the promise which had so cruelly wrung her heart. He was careful afterwards to speak of the Courtneys in such a manner that Malverton could have no suspicion of what had happened, and not till the nobleman was on his death-bed, did his son know the cause of Ellen Courtney's inexplicable conduct. Then the peer, touched by the filial affection which had forced its way to his dying bedside to beg a last blessing, and a father's home for over two years, received Malverton and imparted the confidence which told the latter how his happiness had been wrecked. But Lord Grosvenor was anxious to effect reparation, and for that purpose he gave into his son's hand the letter which released Ellen Courtney from her promise. But though Lord Grosvenor became thus reconciled to all which he had so bitterly opposed, no influence could alter his own religious convictions—he died as he had lived, and Malverton, preferring to be himself the bearer of his good news, had retained his impatience till the settlement of affairs after his father's death permitted him to hasten to her whose image had never left his mind. So everything was explained, and once more "Love's Young Dream"

ALL ON THE BROWN KNOWE

By Seumas MacManus

Michael Connolly was now warm and well-to-do—trig and snug, as we say, with a faithful little wife and five rosy-cheeked children, and twenty acres of prime land lying along the bottom of Cronaraid Mountain. Though, indeed, one strip of this land, the Stony Park, tore away from the remainder, and sprang up the side of a hill for the length of a long gunshot, enclosing within its upper limit the one little green patch of the whole hillside, the choice dancing-ground of the fairies of Cronaraid, with its little well whose waters were sweet, and which was called though in Gaelic—The Fairy Bowl. With his five chubby children, and his snug farm, Michael should have been, and was, a happy man, as well as a prosperous. "To be happy and prosperous he well deserved, for he was a model to the parish, a comfort to the sorely tried, a Father Luke, and a prominently a religious man, whose fervent prayer in trial ever was, "Thy will, O Lord, not mine, be done."

As Michael was blessed, his trials were few. But one great trouble he had, else had it no story. 'Twas under the Fairy Bowl that the cause of his trouble lay. At the bottom of this little basin of water—as all the world knows, and as anyone can find for himself by testing with his umbrella, and as anyone may often-times see laid bare, when in the summer the well goes dry—is a great broad flag—an unusual well-bottom, but be it remembered that this was a fairy well—a great, broad flag that as all the world again, and particularly the parish of Killachtee, knows) covers a creak of gold that was hidden there about two thousand years ago by an old pagan, who at the same time left an ugly big serpent to guard it. This fellow had done his work well and faithfully, having now for two thousand years, day and night, embraced the creak with many coils, quitting his charge only for five minutes on the morning of every Sunday and holiday—the five minutes of the Elevation during Mass in the chapel of Killachtee, which stands in full view, and lies only half a mile away from the well. During these sacred minutes, the monster, free to quit his charge, uncoils himself, and by way of an underground brooklet makes rapid journey down the hillside to the larger stream below, returning immediately—a weekly walk for exercise merely.

It was this creak of gold that at one period of his life weighted for years Michael Connolly's soul, threatening the happiness that had always been his, and certainly undermining it, had not his good angel suddenly and surprisingly saved him in the manner which this story concerneth. That the creak of gold, with its demon guardian, lay securely under the flag beneath the Fairy Bowl was beyond a doubt; for any aged man in the parish could tell you that the fact was an admitted one in his barefoot days four score years before, and had been, too, in the like days of his father, and of his father's father; and on account of the demon that dwelt in serpent shape beneath the pleasantly set Fairy Bowl, the Fairy Bowl was dreaded and shunned then as now. All his days, of course, Michael had known well of the existence of this treasure upon his land; yet it had not given him much concern. It was there, and it was not meant for human hands; that was sufficient. He toiled and moiled, gathering gold in the way in which it brings most benefit and least bare in its train. But at length, when, through the kindness of his soil, and the height of enviable affluence where a man may sport an unpatched broadcloth coat, Sunday and holiday, fair day and market, and look with pardonable pity upon less fortunate, more bepatched neighbors, whom, cheerily saluting, he passes on the way. Michael's mind, mysteriously enough, began to run more and more upon the hidden creak of gold. It was pity to have so much good wealth going to waste, of no benefit whatsoever to the old pagan who guarded it, or to the serf to the world at large. It was wonderful to think that such a pile of yellow gold lay on his land only a few spades deep beneath the surface. What good might not Michael do if he had in his possession this hoard? Good to all his poor neighbors around him; to the chapel that sorely needed a new roof; to Father Luke whose black coat was very green; and to the world-wide—not to mention of course, the direct benefit resulting from it to Michael Connolly. This latter, Michael felt assured, weighed least with him—though to be sure, there was a neat little farm lying into his own and belonging to little John McGrory, which would very soon be in the market (for, God help little John, the world was going ill with him), and it would be mighty pleasant if Michael had the power, by purchasing this, of doubling his land possessions; and there was a field of Jimmy Hogarty's—no great things of a field, of course, but still a field—further up the valley, which it was thought Jimmy would part with if any man had the pluck to dar' him with a neat price; and there was—ay, there were two or three, or maybe, four or more, here and there, which would fatten fine calves and raise a mortal grand crop of potatoes and which would make a very val-

able addition to any man's little farm. It would delight Michael's heart also, to see little Patrick (his eldest) made into a priest—but it would take money to do that. And little Johnsen, too, was destined for paths of jurisprudence; for Michael had often noticed with stealthy admiration that, no matter what little gifts in the way of either sweets or toys or else came into the possession of the other children of an evening, little Johnsen owned them all in the morning; and money would certainly be most useful in developing Johnsen's marvelous legal talent. Altogether, money was far from being the ill thing that those who needed it were for the delectation of those who had it, crying it up to be.

It was at the time that Manis MacLaughlin of Magheramore, who astonished his neighbors by building a house with a dozen windows and an evanescent farm after the fashion that Michael, who never gave the matter a thought before, began to brood upon the great wealth which was so temptingly within his reach—so temptingly within it, and yet so tantalizingly beyond it. During the one little space of time each week when an enterprising man might with impunity lift the creak of gold from under the Fairy Bowl, a religious man, such as Michael, dare not be there to do it. Even the outcasts of the downy parish who do created the Lord's day by playing cards for horny buttons at the back of a windy ditch, (for, of course, no Christian house would harbor them,) dare not be guilty of the crime of missing Mass—missing, too, that most sacred part of it which was the time chosen by the wily serpent for taking his weekly saunter. Farrel McKeown, the ne'er-do-well, it is true, purposely remained away from Mass one day, five years before, in order that when the coast was clear, he might steal the hoard of Mick Meehan's name roster for the Cook Tuesday fights in Killymard. But if he did, Father Luke gave him Carrigan Maguard for it three successive Sundays, making him journey hatless and shoeless to Carrigan-Maguard, or the Blackguard's Rock, and kneel there, telling his sin to an unsympathetic congregation fling past, and in plaintive voice beseeching their prayers. This price was too dear, even to an outcast, for the loss of his Mass. But, in Michael's case, the pious principles of the man were determined enough, not to speak of his moral prestige in the parish.

He sought for long to find a way of compassing the creak without incurring the contingent sin. He tried attending the Mass which in the neighboring chapel was celebrated an hour earlier than that appointed for the Mass in Killachtee. This scheme failed him; for though he quitted the Ballagh chapel the moment the priest had reached the trimmings, and ran like a man whose cow is in a hole, and though, likewise, Father Luke never stickled on the point of punctuality, but delayed Mass until even the laggards had a reception with his stick lumbered in, when he arrived at the Fairy Bowl, panting and perspiring, coatless and breathless, always perceived— for the Killachtee chapel was just over against him, and a goodly portion of the congregation ever knelt, for fresh air and for freedom's sake, outside the door—that 'twas after Elevation time with Father Luke, and the serpent had again encircled the prize which he had striven for as strenuously as a runner at Olympia. Yet it is highly creditable to Michael's trying principles that under such trying circumstances he could (as he did) bond forward his perspiring brow, and say aloud as best he could for breathlessness, "Thy will, O Lord, not mine be done!"

He thought and planned, contrived and recontrived, ever unsuccessfully, till at last, from being one of the most cheery and companionable of men, even an unsuspicious parish was beginning to ask had anything come over Michael Connolly, or was he going to become a brooder— for surely the world wasn't again' him, and trouble coming down on him. Michael knew well that he was a changed man himself. But he meant, with God's help, that he would soon be his old self again—and something better—as soon, in short, as he got that creak of gold into his possession. But until that was accomplished he could not keep the thought of it from his mind, strive as he would. Not even (God forgive him!) and contritely Michael uttered it, during his prayers—what time his head was sure to be running on the creak.

So matters were coursing when Michael found himself sauntering to Mass on Easter Sunday—of all days the best over again in his head for the ten thousandth time a new contrivance for securing the creak of gold and happiness evermore. It was a warm, bright, lovely Sunday morning, with blackbirds whistling in the hedges, and the brook running in the glen, and the young people airily and merrily tripping past him, decked out in their gayest. But to these gay sounds and sights Michael's heart did not thrill as once it used to do. The merry voices of the passerby jarred on his ear, and his gaze, as he gazed, was full of the same frame; so that, when he reached the Brown Knowe—that favorite fairy ground which rises so pleasantly from the wayside just within a gunshot of the chapel—since there was yet plenty of time and to spare before Mass began, rather than mingle with his light-hearted, poor neighbors who would be chatting too cheerily for him around the chapel-

gale, he toiled up the Knowe, past its solitary occupant (to wit, Manis O'Gallagher's goat, which was taking a delicious lunch off the heather bush) till, coming near the top of that, he threw himself down full length in face of the sun, pulling his hat over his eyes that he might properly laze without any discomfort, and pursue the absorbing train of thought on which he had been engaged.

Oh, if only he could become possessor of that creak of gold, how happy he would be, as well as beneficent! But, alas, sure he had looked at it in every light, and tried every contrivance, and was now forced to the conclusion that with the demon serpent guarding it always—almost always, rather—there was not any possible means of obtaining it—not any possible means, that is, short of missing Mass—which, of course, was utterly impossible—or nearly impossible—or very hard, at least. When, however, one permitted one self the hazardous pleasure of dwelling upon that impossible possibility, what a gorgeous castle one could raise—a criminal castle, of course—had as Blue Beard's—still undoubtedly a gorgeous one. Ay, if only this great crime were not a crime! If a man could once—only once—remain away from Mass—a man, too, who had never missed Mass in all his life before, since he came to years of discretion! If only a man who had never missed Mass before, and who had resolved never to miss it again, could for once—only one single little time—remain away, thereby enriching himself, and securing his happiness for all time—in this world, of course that is! When one came to think of it, if a man, even at cost of one little sin, acquired enormous wealth, could he not redeem his debt ten times over—ay, a hundred times over—with the wealth he should become possessed of, giving, say, as much as a quarter of the money to God's poor, and another quarter of it scattering chapels to his honor all over the face of the country, and living a rich, happy, contented, virtuous, religious man upon the other half himself!

Pat defeat upon the devil by flight, is a wise maxim surely. It is ill to play with forbidden thoughts. Suddenly crying out, "I'll do it—this once!" Michael sprang to his feet, set his face toward Cronaraid and the Fairy Bowl, toward the Brown Knowe, and literally flew in that direction—flew for fear his conscience should overtake him ere he had reaped the benefit from the sin now, de jure, committed—which would be pitiable mismanagement. He went by his own house, gripped a pick and spade there, and shouldering them, sped onward bounding up the Stony Park, and stopped not till he stood beside the Fairy Bowl, which, today, after a fortnight's drouth, was dry as his own hearthstone. He gasped, trying to recover his breath; he looked away toward the chapel and saw that the congregation were dropping to their knees after the first gospel. During the tedious age—mortals had reckoned it by minutes—that then intervened before he observed the congregation prostrating themselves at the Elevation, Michael, with heart thumping at his ribs so loudly that he thought it waked echoes among the rocks above, and with teeth set firm as a vise, holding fast his desperate resolve leant forward over the spade handle, his protruding eyes on the Killachtee congregation. The instant their falling forward, moments—moments pregnant for him, Michael was furiously tearing at the ground with pick and spade alternately. It was hard and tough, and troublesome, but he found he had ten men's strength. So made he stone and clay fly that an on-looker might not discern his figure amid the clouds of debris which filled the air around. But at length he had unbound the great flag at the well-bottom, and, for the minutes were too rapidly passing, throwing himself hurriedly on his knees, the while big beads of sweat came rolling from his brow, wrestled with it. It came with him. And, at the sight disclosed his eyes were dazzled—dazzled! A creak of golden pieces, every one of them the size of a silver crown, and the rich color of his wife Mary's yellow butter, calmly sitting there, now unguarded, awaiting the human hand to lift it!

I said he was dazzled, I might have said he was dazed. Because for the space of several minutes he could only gloat over the elbow-deep creak of yellow pieces, which were to make Michael Connolly a prince on earth. He could not yet reach out to lift the creak; he could not rise him from his knees; he had not yet power to move one muscle—but it was delicious paralysis, during which he could feel the tears of joy crushing at his eyelids. Like a lightning-flash struck him the thought of time and the serpent! And instantly he was himself again. He bent over the creak and laid his arms lovingly around it, entering—oh, Heaven!—into joyful possession! His ecstasy was interrupted by a terrific tug at his tail. He threw a hasty glance over his shoulder, let his great armful of riches drop back to its bed again, and lifted up his voice in frightful scream! For the serpent had come out unawares from behind, and laid hold upon his coat-tail!

He had delayed a minute too long. The joy of his possession had proved his undoing. He was on his feet in the fraction of a second, and flying afar over the country, but with the terrible serpent, a great and weighty monster, fastened to his flying coat-

tails and streaming behind, heavily weighting him. He could see it cast, sinuous form each time he cast over his shoulder a fearful glance. Halt, stop, or delay meant death, Michael well knew. His only chance of safety lay in speed, which would keep it at a safe distance. If once he allowed his coat-tails to overtake him, he was undone. So leaning still further forward to balance the pull behind, but with head thrown back and eyes starting forth anticipating his tardy feet—to his impatient soul they seemed tardy that were truly feet—he flew, as flies the hare, straight ahead, down the hillside, across the valley, up the opposite slope, unto the highway which led past Killachtee chapel.

As he neared the chapel and the kneeling congregation, he cried out with all his might that they might be ready to relieve him. Disturbed in their devotions, they turned heads over shoulder, and were seized with wondrous amazement at sight of Michael, hatless, wild-eyed, speeding, and shouting, as he sped, from the serpent sailing behind. But their amazement was too profound to admit of their acting with the promptitude that the circumstances demanded. They should have knocked the cursed animal on the head with their sticks as he passed—a thing which, unluckily, no man had presence of mind to do; and, alas, Michael could not wait on the sluggish wheels of these people's minds. He cursed them—Michael Connolly, who had never breathed banned word before!—and swept on. They again their presence of mind, when they were in good time to be late; for, immediately he had passed, Michael heard their wild cries in pursuit, and he could know in bitterness of heart that they were now brandishing sticks and doing doughty deeds against harmless air. And when they cried after him, "Stop, stop, till we get a crack at the serpent, Michael!" Michael wished in his heart that he only could stop to get a crack at the senseless amadans who so shouted. He turned his head and flung a fervent curse at his following, while he strenuously strove for increase of speed; but the tug behind restrained his career, he thought, ever more and more. Away up the road, he beheld Patrick McKeown hacking at the hedge with a bill-hook, even at the hedge with a bill-hook, and Michael rejoiced for that Patrick's sin might now be his salvation. He yelled upon Patrick as he came near; the congregation still more loudly yelled upon Patrick. One well directed blow of Patrick's bill-hook would give to Michael the life with which, otherwise, he felt he must soon part. In a minute Michael, to his mortification, beheld Patrick bound into the middle of the road, wildly waving his bill-hook to bar the way. Great Heavens! Patrick must think him gone mad, and the people pursuing to put him into the strait waistcoat. Michael then made aim to fly on one side, past Patrick, who, seeing this, bounded to that side getting directly in his course again. There was only one thing for Michael to do, and he did it. Lowering his head, he threw himself full force upon Patrick, ramming him in the stomach. Clearing his curled-up body at a bound, he continued his fleet career. Manis O'Gallagher, who was cleaving out his byre when the shouting reached and roused him, got before Michael with a grasp; and Eamon O'Beirne stationed himself in the way, somewhat farther on, armed with a scythe. Good Mrs. Bridget Boyle, still farther on his course, came out with a pot-stick; Terry, the tailor, came forth with lapboard—all bent upon deeds of derring-do. But all of them ingloriously arising again, however, and with ardor throwing them into the pursuit.

Behind him now was babel. But suddenly rising over it sharp and clear, he heard a "Hi! hi! hi! there!" that was from none other than Father Luke. Casting back a hurried glance, he was somewhat surprised to find that Father Luke, on whose start a handicap in favor of his congregation must necessarily have been imposed, now led. He was waving his stick and calling in the imperative tones of a pastor accustomed to obedience. "Hi! hi! there, Michael Connolly!" But, pastor or no pastor, Michael could not halt. The weight at his tail was becoming a weight at his soul, instead of obeying, he bent him for renewed exertion. Yet Father Luke (who had got miraculously fleet of foot) had in another minute overhauled him. A powerful whack of the priest's stick apprised Michael of the fact; and, at the same time, the priest's voice, in his ear, saying to him angrily:

"It's to Carrigan-Maguard you'll march for this, my lad! Slumbering like a sloth, and bellowing like a calf, on the Brown Knowe, while the holy sacrifice of the Mass is supposed to be celebrated! And the remnants of the tails ate out of your new broadcloth coat, too, by Manis O'Gallagher's goat—who'd have got a taste of yourself likewise (and the devil's cure to you!) if I hadn't happened along just in the nick of time. Up with ye!" and he gave Michael, who, in sitting posture, was rubbing his eyes and trying to collect his senses, a sounding whack in the ribs that lifted him to his feet, and sent him down the Brown Knowe in quick time, and scouring along the road to the chapel.

The congregation wondered why Michael Connolly looked so dazed as he pushed in through them—and their wonder was supplanted by subdued

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amazement when they got a glimpse of his rear. They would not have wondered at Michael's look had they known of the conflicting emotions that held him both then and through-

It is true that his good wife, Mary, raged, questioning him, when he entered home in his curtained coat. But even Mary's rage was almost a joy to him now.

CONFESSION

The inclination to sin is universal. Man is a sinful creature. Ever since the fall of man, in the Garden of Eden, the wickedness of men has been great.

Did Christ, the Founder of Christianity, leave us any visible, palpable remedy against sin, against all sin? Did Christ leave to His ministering Church the power of pardoning sin committed after baptism? And, if He left such power, is it not a logical sequence that those whose sins are to be forgiven should confess them to the priests of His Church?

Most Christians, non-Catholics as well as Catholics, admit that Christ's mission to the world was chiefly twofold. He came, first, to destroy error and to teach all truth. Secondly, to do away with sin, and to establish the empire of His Kingdom in the hearts of men.

Christ did not leave the knowledge of truth to the decision of the individual intellect. He established a living, authoritative, an infallible tribunal, which was to guide men into all truth, and free them from all error opposed to the doctrines of salvation. Is it natural to suppose that He left the manner of atoning for sin, the manner of getting rid of it, to the arbitrary will of every individual sinner? Did He leave to the will of every individual sinner to judge the dispositions and conditions for efficacious repentance? Or, did He appoint a ministry with power to take cognizance of the sins committed, of the conditions and dispositions of true repentance, and invest them with the power to apply or to retain the pardon for these sins?

The power of binding and loosing supposes bonds. What bonds? Not physical bonds, spiritual bonds. And what are spiritual bonds, if not

sins and the effects of sins? Christ then conferred on the first ministers of His Church, on His Apostles, the two-fold power of binding and loosing whatsoever sins might be brought under the action of their judicial power: and He promised, in a most solemn manner that the power thus exercised by them on earth, would be ratified in Heaven.

He died on the Cross. By His sufferings and death He paid the ransom for all sin; not however, so that man might then, as long as the world lasted, go on and sin, and never repent, and know himself saved beforehand. That is the most unreasonable view which forms the basis of most non-Catholic religions. Man still had free-will; he still has it; he will have it always. He can throw back the merits of Christ in the face of God; and he does, only too frequently; Christ reconciled God and man; He alone could pay the debt; for He is God and man; and man alone could never satisfy God's justice for sin.

What is that method? Is it that every sinner, by faith and hope, by repentance and sorrow, shall apply Christ's Blood himself and be the judge of the conditions and personal dispositions required in the application? By no means. The Redeemer willed that these merits of His redeeming Blood should come to sinners through the visible, external channel of the Sacrament of Penance, which He instituted for that purpose, and that His Apostles and their successors should be the dispensers of this wholesome remedy, the judges of the dispositions with which it was to be received by the applicants.

Non-Catholics usually dispose of the question of confession in a very simple manner, which begs the whole question, without even a pretence of arguing it. They say: "Oh, no man has power to forgive another man's sins." That begs the whole question; which is: Is there a Sacrament; and if so, who are the ministers of that Sacrament? If there is a Sacrament of Penance, men are the ministers of it, just as surely as men are ministers of the Sacrament of Baptism, in which non-Catholics believe. So it is of no use whatever to say that no man can forgive sins, without proving that there is no Sacrament for the forgiveness of sins.

All the Christian world believed in the Sacrament of Penance for 1,517 years; when a body of Secessionists from the Church in Germany began to assert, without proofs of any sort, that it was their business to reform the Church. The Sacrament of Penance was not at once rejected; far from it. We showed that recently, quoting from leading "Reformers." The Church of England, as is shown by the "Book of Common Prayer," never wholly rejected the idea of confession; and to day confessions are heard in many Anglican Churches in England. But, eventually, most non-Catholics gave up the idea of a Sacrament of Penance. They now take it for a settled fact that there is no such Sacrament, and so they ask, "How can a man forgive sins." This is the usual begging of the question that is met with in the criticisms of the Catholic religion. It amounts to this: We are right because you are wrong; which is the least convincing sort of statement that it is possible to imagine.

In the Gospel of St. John, Chapter xx., verses 19, 21, 22 and 23, we read: "Now, when it was late that same day, being the first day of the week, and the doors were shut, where the disciples were gathered together for fear of the Jews, Jesus came and stood in the midst, and said to them: Peace be with you. . . . As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you. When He had said this, He breathed on them and He said to them: Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins ye shall retain, they are retained."

The Protestant version of the Gospel reads: "Whoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whoever sins ye retain, they are retained."

To remit is the same thing as to forgive.—The Casket.

ADOPTED SYSTEM OF THE NUNS

In 1880, the English government adopted a system for the training of pupil teachers, known as the "centre system," which had been originated by the Nuns of the Order of St. Ursula. This fact was acknowledged by Mr. Mandell, then vice president of the Education Department, at a public meeting held in 1882, in these words: "The origin of this system belongs to the Roman Catholics of this town. When I was called upon to make a change in the Code of 1880—a change that would admit of the concentrated instruction of pupil teachers—the arguments were advanced to me in favor of it were the great success that had attended the Catholic college in the teaching of the female pupil-teachers and the amount of the percentage of honors these teachers had carried off."

town, then by the Liverpool School Board, and finally by the Liverpool Council of Education." This shows a recognition accorded to excellence unobserved by religious bigotry.—The Guardian.

PROTESTANTISM AND CATHOLICISM

VIEWED BY MATTHEW ARNOLD

At the moment when the attention of the world is centered, though somewhat vaguely, upon the Wittenberg monk and his work, a passage from Matthew Arnold's essay on "Pagan and Medieval Sentiment" will prove illuminating in spite of its innuendo and Anglican bias. He invites the reader to visit with him the reading room of the British Museum, and there calls attention to the collection of the Abbé Migne, lordling it over the whole region, reducing to insignificance the feeble Protestant forces which hang upon its skirts. Yet Protestantism is fully represented here in all its varieties; for "Mr. Panizzi knows his business too well to permit it to be otherwise."

He then continues: "There is the library of Anglo-Catholic theology, learned, decorous, exemplary, but a little uninteresting; there are the works of Calvin, rigid, militant, menacing; there are the works of Dr. Chalmers, the Scotch thistle valiantly doing duty as the rose of Sharon, but keeping something very Scotch about it all the while; there are the works of Dr. Channing, the last word of religious philosophy in a land where everyone is a deist; there are the works of Mr. Panizzi, the last word of religious philosophy in a land where everyone is a deist; there are the works of Mr. Panizzi, the last word of religious philosophy in a land where everyone is a deist."

Against the ferocious lawlessness of omnipotent, irresponsible government he intones the moral law of good faith, peace and love. From family, city, state, nation and world, humanity must rise up and acknowledge the right and power of God and His Divine law if it would be saved from utter destruction and have security for the future.

France has mobilized between 25,000 and 30,000 priests. Nearly three-fourths of them are facing death in the trenches or as stretcher-bearers at the front, and 3,000 have actually been killed in the War. These figures are noted by the London Tablet as given by Father Henry Flynn, curé of Montmout, to a representative of the Dublin Freeman's Journal. No fewer than 6,000 expelled priests, according to the same authority, have voluntarily returned to France in answer to their country's call. Father Flynn added: "I hope that after the War they won't be expelled a second time after rendering a great service to their country. I hope that the gratitude of the French Government will not be expressed in such a way. Called by their vocation to be the salt of the earth, they have become the salt of the army, where everybody has greeted them cordially. Providence offers an infinite variety of means to defeat men's designs. It was certainly not out of respect for canonical laws, nor to help the clergy to recruit, nor to honor priests, that the law *Les curés sac au dos* was made. Yet God brought good out of evil. A blessing came in the disguise of a curse. So many soldier priests gave the rites to their dying comrades! It happens now that the presence of these curés among the soldiers in the same shower of bullets and shells on the battlefield, or in the same trenches and ambulances, has created between them a respectful and brotherly sympathy, which, if it has no other result, is at least as efficacious as the best of sermons. It is a fact that since the days of Joan of Arc, never have the French soldiers been so careful to say their prayers,

FRENCH PRIESTS AT THE FRONT

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A TOUCHING LETTER OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

The last letter of Mary, Queen of Scots, which will be placed on sale soon, proves of surprising interest. Written to her brother-in-law, Henri III, a few hours before her death, it is a declaration of faith which confirms the idea that the unhappy queen was a martyr to her religious convictions, as well as the victim of her cousin's jealousy. She tells how her confessor had been taken from her so that she cannot prepare as she would wish for her last moments and how her enemies ceased not to force upon her the ministrations of one of their heretic clergy. She commends her attendants to the charity of the king since she is bereft of all, and most of them are his subjects; and she says: "The Catholic religion and the maintenance of the right which God has given me to my crown are the two points of my contention, and yet they will allow me to say it is for the Catholic religion that I die."—The Guardian.

THE FUTURE OF THE CHURCH

This is a critical moment in the history of civilization and the Church cannot remain passive while society is passing through an epoch-making historical transformation. It is conceded even in friendly quarters that Catholics are right in attributing the great disaster that has come upon the world through the present war to State irresponsibility and irreligion.

The modern State has secularized marriage, education and everything, and set itself up as an omnipotent and irresponsible power. The arrogant political State authority as personified in Kaiserism has cast the moral law and religion to the winds and made its own selfish interests the norm of right and wrong. In fact, the State could do no wrong and its absolutism made might the criterion of right. The secular State has threatened the moral progress of mankind and has become a Moloch, demanding the blood of its children. In its arrogance it has not hesitated to persecute the Church of God, and in modern Europe has reduced it to the condition of a trembling slave Cinderella, and a mere servant in the house.

The all-powerful secular State has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The note of the Holy Father beseeching peace before the suicide of Europe is consummated, and the mutterings from the abyss in many countries which portend a social revolution, are warnings to the rulers that a day of reckoning is at hand if the voice of the people is not listened to.

The voice of the oldest and most potent spiritual authority on earth is raised in behalf of the people and God. The Head of the Church speaks as one having authority from on High, and he exercises his divinely given prerogatives in behalf of God and the brotherhood of man; he brings men's minds back to the fundamentals of religion that lie at the foundation of all moral and social progress.

Against the ferocious lawlessness of omnipotent, irresponsible government he intones the moral law of good faith, peace and love. From family, city, state, nation and world, humanity must rise up and acknowledge the right and power of God and His Divine law if it would be saved from utter destruction and have security for the future.

Hence there must be an access of humility on the part of the State in acknowledging the law of God in the rule of the government. It must retrieve its blunders of the past in trying to get along without God and religion and strike its breast in contrition "while it confesses, I have sinned."

In the new democracy the Church will have a lessening influence, and she has in the divine deposit of faith the system of the dual moral and religious education that will save the world. The enfranchisement of women and of the poor and lowly ones of the earth will tend to curb the political and moral anarchy that the modern lawless State has engendered. Already the reaction has set in against the old idol of an absolute secular State. The great work of the Church in the future will be to bring religion into the new socialized order of government. It must be a free Church in a free State that rules by the moral force of justice and respects all the God-given rights of the individual personality. Thus the Church and Democracy will advance hand in hand even as in the days when she won the Magna Charta of human rights in the Middle Ages.—The Monitor.

GROWTH BY CONVERSIONS

A Protestant writer quoted recently in the Literary Digest said: "It is noticeable that Catholicism grows up almost entirely by absorbing its own children rather than by proselytism." This is the common view among Protestants and among many Catholics as well, remarks the Catholic Convert. The convert figures, however, do not warrant such a conclusion. The Catholic population in the United States gained last year 458,000, and the minimum converts estimate is 45,000. Therefore nearly one-tenth of the numerical increase in the Church was due to conversions. This, moreover, is only the simple ratio between the two. Converts coming in multiply the same as the other elements of the population. Ten per cent. may be the direct contribution made each year by fresh conversions, but if it were possible to trace the results through several generations and determine how many were born in the Church each year without not have been Catholics without some convert progenitor, the percentage would have to be reckoned far greater.

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ROSARY LIKE ONE'S LIFE ITS MYSTERIES LIKENED TO YOUTH, MATURITY AND OLD AGE

MONTH OF THE ROSARY Say, dearest Mother Mary, can it be That, having May, thou claim'st October too? The flowers of Spring we plucked and gave to thee, And these sad leaves of Autumn wilt thou sue? When evenings first were lengthening calm and warm, We lit thy altars gay with lily-bloom; Now falls the night full swift, with lowering storm, And still thy tapers stay the advancing gloom.

THE PASSION FLOWER

When the Spaniards discovered South America they saw among other plants new to them a climbing shrub, having from two to three fruit bearing flowers, unlike any they had ever seen. One day a priest was preaching to the Peruvians, or aboriginal inhabitants, amidst the wild scenery of their native forests. His subject was the Passion of our Lord. His eyes suddenly glanced at this curious flower, which hung in festoons of flowers, trees overhead, and, like St. Patrick with the shamrock, he saw with the eye of a saint a vivid picture of the sad story of Calvary.

The rings of thread which surround the cup of the flower, and which are mottled with blue, crimson, and white, suggested to his mind tutored by meditation, the Crown of Thorns, stained with blood, the five anthers, on the stamens, represented the Five Wounds; the three styles, the nails which fixed our Blessed Lord to the Cross; and the singular column which rises in the center of the flower, were made to bring before the minds of these wild savages the harrowing scene of the Second Holy Mystery of the Most Holy Rosary. So, without Bible or books, did this holy man instruct his converts in the Passion; and to this day our beautiful creeping garden flower is called "the Passion Flower." In all languages it bears the same name.

There is no part of the history of Jesus but Mary has her part in it. There are those who profess to be His servants, who think that her work was ended when she bore Him, and after that she had nothing to do but to be forgotten. But we, O Lord, Thy children of the Catholic Church, do not so think of Thy Mother.—Cardinal Newman.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 27, 1917

**HOW THE WAR MAY END**

"The object of this War is to deliver the free peoples of the world from the menace and the actual power of a vast military establishment, controlled by an irresponsible Government which, having secretly planned to dominate the world, proceeded to carry the plan out without regard either to the sacred obligations of treaty or the long-established practices and long-cherished principles of international action and honor."

"This power is not the German people. It is the ruthless master of the German people."

"The test, therefore, of any plan of peace is this: Is it based upon the faith of the peoples involved, or merely upon the word of an ambitious and intriguing Government on the one hand, and of a group of free peoples on the other? This is the test which goes to the root of the matter and it is the test which must be applied."

"We cannot take the word of the present rulers of Germany as a guarantee of anything that is to endure, unless explicitly supported by such conclusive evidence of the will and purpose of the German people themselves as the other peoples of the world would be justified in accepting. Without such guarantees, treaties of settlement, agreements for disarmament, covenants to set up arbitration in the place of force, territorial adjustments, reconstitutions of small nations, if made with the German Government, no man, no nation could now depend on."

In our first comment on President Wilson's reply to the Pope we interpreted the foregoing passages not as "a curt refusal," "a direct negative," "no peace with the Hohenzollerns;" not as an unconditional rejection of the Holy Father's proposals, but as a conditional acceptance of them. We then said:

The momentous declaration, clear-cut and definite, of the President that no covenanted peace can be concluded with the Government of Germany as at present constituted, is not intended as a bar to negotiations for peace with Germany; rather it clears the way. It is a distinct and definite step toward peace inasmuch as it is a distinct, definite and authoritative statement of minimum demand of the Entente Allies as a condition precedent to the conclusion of peace by agreement. That condition fulfilled, the President opens wide the door to negotiations for a stable and enduring peace.

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

Many interpreted the President's words as unreservedly endorsing the contention of those who hold that there can be no lasting peace other than that which follows crushing by military force the power of militaristic Prussianism. It is gratifying, however, to note that the real significance and bearing of President Wilson's declaration are now being understood.

The Manchester Guardian, unlike many of the English papers, grasped the essential meaning at once:

"President Wilson's policy comes very near to the formula 'No peace with the Hohenzollerns,' but it

would be unfair not to recognize the very narrow but deep gulf that separates him from that formula. The way in which he prefers to put his policy is that no peace can be durable without the guarantee of the German people. The guarantees given by the German Government, holding the views it does, cannot be durable. Mr. Wilson has no desire to dictate to the German people their forms of government, but as a good American he has faith in the honesty and sincerity of a democracy."

The Westminster Gazette also goes straight to the point:

"The American word to Germany is thus: We will fight to the death against your Prussianism, but if an end is made to that, and if you will help us to end it, we shall not attempt to ruin you, to put you outside the pale, to destroy your Empire."

"That we believe is the right note for all the Allies, firm and defiant against the German system, but not threatening ostracism and ruin, if that system can be disestablished."

The Paris Times likewise:

"What inspires President Wilson's Note, as it inspires all French policy, is the conviction that one cannot treat with the present German Government."

Nor is there wanting evidence that the Germans themselves, despite the exaggerated pan-German resentment of the "attempt to drive a wedge between the German people and their Government" are beginning to see that President Wilson's condition precedent to peace negotiations is not an insolent dictation as to their form of government, but the expression of profound faith and trust in the people—even the German people.

In a public lecture Professor Friedrich Meinecke, the Freiburg historian, thus spoke of the present German Government:

"We do not want to become militarily weak, as our enemies would like us to be; we want to remain as strong as before. But we want to remain strong by new means, and to abandon those of the old means of strength which today do us more harm than good. So let us speak quite candidly about our Junkerdom. It has rendered unforgettable services to our military strength, and it gave us a Bismarck. But through its hard egoism and its ruthless lust of power it has caused us heavy, heavy troubles."

"I want to avoid all agitation against Junkerdom, and to keep my eyes open to what is healthy, strong, and even great in it. But what countless people have in their hearts must out. We desire no longer to be governed in Prussia by Junkers and corps students—and not, I must add, by those who have likened themselves to them, a class which, unfortunately, is more numerous than the born Junkers."

"We are very grateful for a German nobility which adds to its old civilisation and traditions an open understanding for the needs of a people which wants to be free. A certain leadership would fall naturally, and voluntarily be permitted, to this nobility. But absolutely every remnant of the old spirit of privilege and caste is today evil."

Though delivered a month or two before the President's reply to the Pope Professor Meinecke's expression of "what countless people have in their hearts" is both interesting and relevant. It is an evidence—and in unexpected circles—of democratic spirit and aspiration amongst the German people which President Wilson's ringing declaration must tend powerfully to develop.

The great Socialist paper Vorwaerts puts the condition squarely before the people, precisely, we believe, as the President wished it to be understood:

"Take the world's map, and look at one country after another. Everywhere decision in political questions lies in the hands of persons chosen by the people. It is so everywhere. Why can it not be so with us? After more than three years of war a great power says to us that it must be so with us if we wish to reach peace. We cannot be persuaded that the German people—the most active and educated in the world—are not fit for that form of government under which other people have grown great."

"The authorized representatives of the German people are the Reichstag members, chosen on the basis of a democratic franchise. What is lacking is a Government responsible to the people's representatives, as is in existence in all other countries. Are we Germans to admit that other people cannot treat with us because we are not in a position to make our own will effective?"

Some people more Catholic than the Pope are ready to condemn, regardless of its merits, anything advocated by the Socialists. However, the semi-official organ of the Vatican, the Osservatore Romano, on Oct. 2nd, published the following:

"The Vatican is in perfect accord with the Socialists throughout the world on the principle of the guardianship of democratic liberty and the protection of constitutional rights by legal methods."

There is no need to comment upon

this clearcut declaration.

Again we have the coalition of the Catholic Centre with the Socialists, the Poles, Alsatians and some others, in the famous Reichstag peace resolution, repudiating pan-German aims, and also in the demand for electoral reform.

If conditions in Germany, are, as we are led to believe, becoming intolerable; if mutinies in the Navy and desertions from the Army are an evidence of any general or widespread spirit; then, as the people realize that that way lies the path to peace, is there not reason to believe that the movement toward responsible government will become irresistible? It goes without saying that the hope of peace is no reason for slackening, in the slightest degree, the efforts to prosecute the struggle to final military victory. Impending defeat, whether through superior Allied strength and resources, or because of intolerable internal conditions, is the only motive that will impel Prussianism to relax its rigid and absolute control of the government of the German people.

But as the outlook grows darker, and the burdens on the people grow heavier as they seem more useless, the majority coalition of Catholics, Socialists, and other groups in the Reichstag backed by the force of irresistible public opinion may shorten the War by bringing about such radical changes that the Government of Germany will henceforth represent "the will and purpose of the German people themselves," and not of that class which is now their "ruthless master."

**SECRET DIPLOMACY**

All sorts and conditions of men have, during the past three years, condemned secret diplomacy. It has not been without its defenders, of course. But it is difficult to see the force of any argument in its favor which is not, in the final analysis, based on the assumption of the people's incompetence to control intelligently their foreign relations. It is the last citadel of autocratic or aristocratic paternalism and privilege in a democratic age. The democratic principle of government is fundamentally unsound if it must stop short of those tremendously vital questions whose issue is peace or war. Never, perhaps, in the world's history has that fact been so poignantly realized as at the present moment.

In this connection there is a fact of stupendous import which is scarcely noted, much less realized in all its vital bearings.

The Pope's Peace Note marks the greatest advance in history of the principle of democratic control of international relations. It goes far in the direction of abolishing forever secret diplomacy.

The first stage in reestablishing peace has always been, and necessarily must be, to reach bases upon which peace negotiations may be initiated. This step must of necessity precede actual negotiation of the terms of peace. Almost invariably this first step has been the work of secret diplomacy. The Papal Note proposed such bases. It was addressed to the rulers of the belligerent nations, but it is being discussed by the peoples themselves. Every pronouncement of statesmen in either of the groups of belligerent nations, every discussion in the press or on the platform is directed primarily to the common people whose power is recognized, whose right to final decision is conceded. So that for the first time in history what has been the exclusive prerogative of secret diplomacy is openly discussed and will be finally decided in the great court of public opinion where the will of the people is the supreme judge. The decision is not left to the privileged governing class, and for that very reason not inordinate ambition, nor dreams of imperial greatness, but considerations of the interest and welfare of the great mass of the people in each belligerent nation will in the end be the decisive factor in determining the bases on which peace will be restored. And this is true not only of the democratic nations who are fighting with us, but it is true in an ever-increasing degree of the enemy peoples where the ruling classes believed that democracy was rigidly circumscribed by constitutional enactment. In this age no Government no matter what autocratic powers may be constitutionally guaranteed to it, can long resist the will of the people. And it remains forever true that you can't fool all the people all the time.

Disillusionment of the Germanic peoples must be one inevitable result of their experience in this imperialistic War. There is encouraging evidence that the discussion precipitated by the Pope's Note, powerfully reinforced by President Wilson's reply, will eventually wreck Prussian autocracy and liberate the German people from its galling yoke.

**CLAIMS FOR EXEMPTION**

The Military Service Act has not inoculated the young men of Toronto with military enthusiasm judging from the number of eligibles who are claiming exemption. Of course the figures vary day by day. The latest before us at this writing show that out of 3,270 in class A 3,006 filed claims for exemption and 264 declared themselves ready to serve. In Galt 91 out of 94 applied for exemption. In Brantford "the noble band of three willing to serve" has not been increased though the total reported is 150. Elsewhere in Ontario the proportion varies little.

It looks as though our excitable French Canadian friends in Quebec, while they gave frank and truthful expression to their feelings on the matter, really differ little in their views on compulsory military service from their fellow-citizens of Ontario.

**THE BEAUPRÉ OF ALBERTA**

Leduc, Vegreville and other villages in the environs of Edmonton will continue to recall the memory of the Oblate Missionaries. St. Paul de Cris and St. Paul de Metis speak of the devotion of that most celebrated of the Blackrobes, Pere LaCombe, who recently passed away at his hermitage at Midnapore. The former of these missions was the scene of an attempt on his part to domesticate the Crees, while at the latter place he strove to bring together the wandering Metis, many of whom had been driven west from the Red River in the Rebellion of 1869, and who had later taken up their abode in northern Saskatchewan, only to be again set adrift after the defeat of their ill-fated leader, Louis Riel, in the uprising of 1885. While these missions did not prove very successful, yet they manifested the apostolic spirit of the Man-of-the-Good-Heart, who, like the great Saint under whose patronage they were established, strove to be all things to all men to win all to Christ.

The most interesting of all these places is the old mission post at Lake St. Anne, fifty miles north of Edmonton. Established by Father Tebbault in 1842, it is the oldest parish centre in the district, and, up to the time of the founding of St. Albert, was the headquarters of the Oblates in that country. The C. N. Railroad conveyed us to a point on the opposite shore of the lake which is known as Alberta Beach. The name is much more euphonious than that of many a station in the West, but there is no reason for envying Edmontonians their bathing facilities. A friend had kindly arranged to take us across to St. Anne's in a motor boat. Beautifully situated on rising ground is the mission, consisting of a commodious parish house, well-equipped church, together with outbuildings and a quite extensive garden. The parish priest, Father Baudry, extended to us a hearty welcome. He is of Indian and Scotch extraction, speaks French, English and Cree, and has the reputation of possessing more than ordinary scholarship. His pleasing manner and his zeal account for the popularity that he enjoys among the English-speaking visitors. The parish is wholly composed of Indians, with the exception of one white man who conducts the mission store. When introduced to the latter he remarked: "I think I met you in—" which recalled to our mind the saying of a gentleman noted for his absurd dictums: "Go where the hand of man has never set foot and there you will find an Irishman."

The Faithful Companions of Jesus, a community of ladies that have charge of schools in several places in Alberta, have a summer house at the mission which was closed for the season on the occasion of our visit. Close by it is Rosary Hall camp conducted by the Providence Sisters from Kingston, Ont. These good Religions have an institution in Edmonton engaged in work similar to that of the well known Rosary Hall of Toronto. This year they have undertaken a new venture in the form of a summer camp for Catholic girls. They also supply board to families that occupy tents

in the vicinity. Here we were the guest of Mother Clement, whose name is a household word in the city of Brookville. As the company at supper included many former acquaintances, and, as all were from Ontario, it was hard to realize that we were not on one of the Karwartha lakes, but more than two thousand miles away.

The day we visited the camp the Sisters gave a picnic to the little Indian children of the district. It required some scrubbing to get them prepared for the ordeal, but they seemed to enjoy it immensely—that is the picnic. Many among them presented a very bright and intelligent appearance, and were so neatly dressed that they would have passed muster in any of our Sunday schools.

Every morning the majority of the campers assist at Mass at the mission church; and in the evening when the northern lights are playing in the sky above them and the waters of the lake are basking in the moonlight, all assemble at the shore for the recitation of the Rosary. Thus, do the faithful children from the East perpetuate the traditional piety of the homes of their childhood.

The twenty-sixth of July is the great day at St. Anne's, but we can only speak of it from hearsay. Thousands come in all manner of conveyances and on foot from the prairies, the rivers and the mountains to take part in the great religious festival. Processions are held and sermons are preached in English, French, Slav and Cree. Several crutches left in the church would indicate that Canada's great patroness was not unmindful of even the physical infirmities of her Western children. It is indeed fitting that this spot so suggestive of all that panorama that gave a picturesqueness to frontier life, this spot where the glad tidings of redemption were first preached to the primitive children of the prairies, and the consolations of his boyhood's faith dispensed to the wandering adventurer, should become for the Catholics of the West a worthy counterpart of the quaint old shrine on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

THE GLEANER

**NOTES AND COMMENTS**

THE HISTORY of the past three years has demonstrated once more that in war, as in peace, an earnest and devout Catholic life is worth a whole library of apologetics. The trenches have produced many confessors for the Faith.

THE LARGEST and most expensive catalogue in the world is that of the printed books in the British Museum, which, in the year 1900, had reached its 385th part, and has since gone well beyond the four-hundredth. These parts are sold at £1 each, so that the entire catalogue is worth over four hundred dollars. It would take the best part of a lifetime to analyze the contents of this great book.

IT USED TO BE a common saying in regard to a man who had "got in wrong" on anything, that "his name is mud." We recently saw in some old volumes published about 1850, a printed label bearing the name of the original owner—in other words his book-plate—and his name was indeed "Mud." J. H. Clay Mudd, Attorney-at-Law, San Francisco, was the distinguished cognomen of this bookish limb of the law. Let us hope that in regard to the interests of his clients his intellect belied his name.

THE NEW Bishop Auxiliary of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, the Rev. Henry Gray Graham, has since his conversion done yeoman service in the cause of Catholic journalism. His contributions to polemical literature in the columns of the Glasgow Observer and the Edinburgh Catholic Herald, over the pen-name Alfonso, have made his name a household word in Scotland and given him a reputation that may be said to be world-wide. His is, we think, the first instance on record of a convert Presbyterian minister becoming a Bishop. May he be long spared to exercise his talents in the high office to which he has been called.

SOME TWENTY-FIVE years ago the late Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone contributed to the North American Review an article dealing with certain reflections which Col. "Bob" Ingersoll had, in the same periodical, made upon Mr. Gladstone's book, "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture." He took this notice of the Colonel's

structures as there seemed to be some call for him to do so from this side of the water, but his personal feeling as to the wisdom of this course is expressed in a private letter, since published in an out-of-the-way periodical, in which he says: "There is something of the same objection to literary conflict with Col. Ingersoll as to a scuffle with a chimney sweep." It is perhaps as well for Ingersoll's equanimity and fund of self-esteem (which is said to have been anything but diminutive) that he died without seeing this letter.

**THE APPOINTMENT OF Mr. W. A. HEWINS, M. P., as Under Secretary for the "Colonies,"**

will prove interesting news to his fellow-Catholics in the British Dominions Overseas no less than in England. Mr. Hewins is one of the greatest authorities on Imperial trade relations. His speeches in Parliament have always been characterised by profound knowledge of the subject, and by a skill in deductive argument which have made him the admiration of tariff reformers and free traders alike. That he, however, a pronounced Tariff Reformer, should be included in the Ministry at this time is said to be regarded by Free Traders as a somewhat ominous circumstance, and to be additional evidence that the present Ministry is in all intents and purposes a Protectionist Government. Be that as it may, independent observers regard Mr. Hewins as one of the coming men in Imperial politics.

CHANGE IS the order of the day in the Foreign Catholic colony in Rome just now. Many old faces have disappeared and new ones come upon the scene, and other changes are pending. News from the Eternal City is always, (or at least should be) of interest to Catholics everywhere. Of changes of especial interest to English-speaking peoples is the transference from the rectorship of the English College, of Mgr. McIntyre, who returns to England as titular Archbishop of Ossirinco, and Auxiliary of the Archbishop of Birmingham. An excellent ruler of a college, a man intensely proud of his Celtic origin, and fully imbued with the Catholic spirit of Rome and the majesty of its traditions, Dr. McIntyre will be much missed in the Eternal City, and equally welcomed in Birmingham.

A REMOVAL of another kind was that by death of the venerable head of the American College, Archbishop Kennedy. Borne down by a complication of maladies, all of them serious, coming after a long life of strenuous labor for the good of the Church, Mgr. Kennedy passed to his long home, leaving the College in the hands of a worthy successor, Mgr. Charles O'Hearn, D. D., who will carry on the best traditions of the institution. The foreign colleges occupy a large place in the life of Rome, and that of the United States is not the least of them.

A THIRD removal, though not in the English-speaking colony, is that of Mgr. Bianchi, private secretary to Pope Pius X. and to Benedict XV., who has resigned his high post to enter the monastery of Camaldoli, near Frascati, of whom it is well said that with him enters the retreat of the Camaldolisi matter for half a dozen volumes of modern Church history. To have been so closely associated with the saintly Pius X. and to have with him passed through a most memorable period in the history of the Church is surely to be imbued with knowledge and with traditions worth preserving.

CHANGES SAID to be pending are Mgr. O'Riordan, Rector of the Irish College, who, it is believed, is destined to succeed Bishop O'Dwyer at Limerick, and Mgr. Mackintosh, Rector of the Scots College, whom ecclesiastical rumor assigns to episcopal dignity in Scotland. These changes all are or will be memorable, but in the great life of Rome, men come and men go, but the undying Church goes on forever.

**A CONVERT'S TESTIMONY**

Cecil Chesterton, one time Socialist, now a Catholic, says of the Church: "I had perceived her to be right on ninety-nine questions out of a hundred. On the hundredth alone I fancied her wrong. When after all she turned out to be right on that the thing looked like a miracle. If you look at history in small sections it is easy to make out a case for the view that the Church is an obstruction to reform. But a general survey makes the opposite truth clear." This is the conviction

that would be to day entertained by all those who see in the Church an obstacle to progress were their minds open to historical truth and their researches conducted along fair and unbiased lines. To know the Church is to embrace her as the mother of civilization and source and inspiration of the world's advancement.—Catholic Transcript.

**ON THE BATTLE LINE**

MOON ISLAND has been captured by the Germans following the fall of Oesel Island, and the enemy has thus practically closed the Gulf of Riga. It also appears that some of the Russian warships have been cut off from their bases.

THE CAPTURE of Moon Island by the Germans, the decision to abandon Reval, a fortified port at the entrance to the Gulf of Finland, and the official announcement that the Government will be moved to Moscow are the important developments of the day's news from Russia. The German naval and military forces continue to advance methodically in their work of securing complete control of the Gulf of Finland with the idea of later taking Petrograd. Berlin says 5,000 Russians were taken on Moon Island. The outlook for our Allies is a poor one, and the other members of the Entente must steel themselves for probably much worse news soon to come as a result of the operations now proceeding. For the moment there is some comfort in the fact that units of the Russian fleet have shown fight, that the larger ships are still in the battle-line and may give a fairly good account of themselves. It now seems certain that several German torpedo boats have been sunk in the various engagements. It may be expected that the Germans will risk something in an attempt to clean up the Russian fleet before the winter gives it protection and endangers their own warships. So far the successes of the Germans in this region have not reacted unfavorably elsewhere on the long Russian line. This may be due to the inability of the Germans to spare men for a great effort at other points or to their deliberate intention to devote their energies on the Eastern front to the great possibilities that Russian weaknesses have opened up for them in the northern area. It is also to be remembered that big successes on the northern end of the line cannot but have serious consequences eventually on the Russian positions to the south. There is no news of a resumption of fighting on the Russo-Romanian front, but Washington states that a cable received there records the desertion from the Austrians of an entire Austrian regiment composed almost wholly of Mohammedan Serbs from Bosnia. With its officers leading, the regiment surrendered to the Romanians. The men declared that they desired to enlist with other Serbians fighting on this front for the Allies.

A LONDON TIMES despatch to the Globe from Rome emphasizes the shortage of the grain crop in Italy and the duty of the Allies to assist in making this good. The Italian Government itself shares the blame for its neglect to give proper attention to the question of production, but it is too late now to cry about that. The Cabinet crisis in Italy is in a very large measure due to the food question. It is to this continent that the Allies must look to make good their food shortages, and it cannot be too often repeated that food is a vital issue—the vital issue in the campaign.

BULGARIA and TURKEY are anxious regarding the situation on the Macedonian front, according to special despatches from Athens and Copenhagen, and are asking that Germany send reinforcements there. Berlin, however, owing to the situation on the Western front, would rather withdraw German troops from Macedonia, and this is said to be responsible for Turko-Bulgarian threats to make separate peace. No doubt it also brought about the visit of the Kaiser to Sofia and Constantinople.—Globe, Oct. 20.

**SOLDIERS RESENT INSULT TO NUNS**

The Rev. Gerald C. Treacy, S. J., gives, in a recent article, an incident which illustrates the change which takes place in men's attitude to things Catholic when they become enlightened as to the truth. The Jesuit Father says: "There is an interesting incident in connection with the return of the Sisters of Mercy to England. The Guards on their return were accompanied by some of the Sisters, and when they disembarked the commanding officer of the regiment asked the Sisters to share the triumph by walking at the head of the column from the wharf to the barracks. Along the line of march the crowds showed their disapproval by booing. It proved too much for the troops, and one soldier broke ranks and called upon his fellows to defend the ladies who had stood so faithfully by their dying comrades in arms. The regiment to a man brought their guns to the old 'fire' position. The colonel stopped between the troops and the people, and in a few words told of the labors and sufferings these women in black had undergone for the men at the front. The booing then turned to cheering, and as the regiment continued its march the Sisters shared in the ovation."—Catholic News.

LORD SHAUGHNESSY

GIVES SYMPATHETIC AND WISE ADVICE ON THE MILITARY SERVICE ACT

A statement counselling French Canadians to accept the military service act now that it is law, urging the extension of the measure, if necessary, to all branches of industry furnishing war material, and suggesting punishment for all frothy jingoism, whose only contribution to the war is their language, was issued today by Lord Shaughnessy, head of the Canadian Pacific Railway System, to the French press of this Province. His Lordship was urged to define his attitude on conscription by a number of French-Canadian gentlemen. He has frequently been referred to by a part of the French papers in Quebec as opposed to conscription. The statement follows:

AGAINST UNNECESSARY RESTRICTION
"There is a germ in my system that renders obnoxious every form of legislation calculated to invade the personal liberty of the subject, save such as may be necessary for the safety of the nation and for the peace, health and general welfare of the people.

"Enforced military service in time of peace, as it existed in some foreign countries, would come within my category of objectionable measures, because it has the effect of taking a man from his ordinary vocation, and for given periods making him subject to military regulations under the control of military officials, not because of any danger immediately impending, but because that within his lifetime something may occur to involve the nation in war, making trained military forces necessary. The encouragement of the military spirit in normal times is not best for the people, whose aim should be the promotion of a policy making for peace, prosperity and happiness.

THE ARGUMENT FOR MILITARISM
"But it may be said if one nation neglects its military establishment, its aggressive and covetous neighbor with its trained army and ever-ready implements of war, will one day seek a cause of quarrel and overthrow it.

"The gravity of this contingency admitted, it becomes apparent that the effort of nations must be not only to create and maintain military forces sufficient for defence if there be attack, but strong enough to assume the offensive, if that appears to be the best strategy.

"Should it be conceded that the safety of the nation demands an unremittent condition of military preparedness, it may be properly asked where the limit is to be placed, because there must be a limit, or a military autocracy will ensue, such as that which the Allies are now determined to destroy in Germany at very serious cost.

THE ALTERNATIVE PREPAREDNESS
"If the people are to be free from this menace of militarism, there must be a pride of country and a national spirit of patriotism that will provide all the necessary men, money and material with the least possible delay, whenever they may be needed to defend the rights and liberties of the nation, all citizens bearing their respective shares of the burden, as nearly as possible in like proportion.

THE SITUATION WITH BRITISH EMPIRE
"At the outbreak of the present War Britain's navy was ready, and the splendid achievements of that arm of the service, saving as they did a situation fraught with most serious danger, will always be a source of gratification and pride, but the regular land forces consisted of a mere handful of men, barely sufficient for the maintenance of order at home, and it became a matter of momentous importance that a large army of citizen soldiers should be organized, equipped, trained and forwarded to the fighting front with the utmost promptness. This work was undertaken by the late Lord Kitchener, and immediately all of the overseas Dominions of the Empire expressed their willingness and indeed determination to supplement and assist the army of the King by sending troops and meeting other war requirements to the limit of their respective resources.

CANADA'S ATTITUDE
"Canada was among the first to declare that the War in which Britain and France were engaged for the defence of human liberty was Canada's war, too, a declaration that was sounded throughout the Dominion from coast to coast by an overwhelming majority of her people. Her men of Canada responded nobly to the call for volunteers, and the overseas army went to the firing line, where their prowess and bravery won for them universal admiration. Thousands of them made the supreme sacrifice, and are buried on the battlefields. Other thousands were wounded or taken prisoners, thus putting them out of service, and a great many others, after a long period in the trenches, require rest and recuperation.

"THEY CALL TO US"

"They call to us for a further supply of men to fill the gaps in their depleted ranks, and failure to respond to that call would not only be a lasting disgrace to Canada, but might be a matter of no small moment in determining the outcome of the struggle.

"Although we are remote from the scene of conflict, and therefore out

of direct touch with its horrors, it is absurd to assume that our interest in the outcome is different in any degree from that of any of the other people of the Entente allies. If by any chance the Central Powers succeeded in defeating Britain and her Allies, our freedom would be gone. We would be under the thumb of an arrogant and relentless foe, and we would be reduced to a species of vassalage. All our independence, all our hopes and aspirations, and those of our children for generations to come, are bound up indissolubly in the defeat of our enemies.

CONSCRIPTION TO PRESERVE LIBERTY
"To the accomplishment of this purpose let us continue to bend all our energies. Notwithstanding the apparent margin provided by the number of men sent overseas, our military authorities, having the most accurate information, declare that further reinforcements are essential, and that they cannot be secured by voluntary enlistment. In these circumstances, conscription, however pronounced may be our antipathy to legislation of that description, should be accepted, not as an invasion of the personal liberty of the subject, but as a measure designed to preserve it. We must continue to equip, arm and support our own troops, and to give such material assistance to the Allies as is possible by most strenuous effort. Indeed, if it be necessary, the scope of the conscription bill should be so enlarged as to compel service in all branches of industry furnishing war material and supplies.

SHOULD SUPPRESS FROTHY JINGOISM
"Frothy jingoism and incendiary speeches, emanating as a rule from those whose only contribution to the war is in the form of language, and which may tend to encourage domestic strife, should be suppressed, and every utterance that savors of disloyalty should bring prompt punishment to the offender.

SACRED DUTY OF EVERY GOOD CITIZEN
"Conscription is now the law of the country, and no matter what his views about the policy of the Government or the motives and methods alleged to have attended our recruiting and other war activities during the first two years of the war, it is now the sacred duty of every good citizen of Canada loyally and willingly to assist the authorities in putting the selective conscription law into effect with smoothness and impartiality, reserving his criticism of policy and practice until the war is over.

HOW TO SPEAK OF OTHERS
"The man with a substantial income feels the effect of an income tax, while one with little or no income, having nothing to pay, can accept it with equanimity, and for somewhat similar reasons the man with one or more sons is apt to have a conception of conscription quite different from that of the man who has neither son or grandson to contribute. The latter class should be moderate and considerate in their public utterances on the subject. Those of us who, like myself, have seen all our relatives of military age go overseas, and who have experienced the sadness of loss and separation, cannot help feeling compassion for the parents whose affection for their sons makes them exaggerate the terrors of military service, but for the young men themselves there is no such feeling, because, if being fit for service and having none of the recognized grounds on which to demand immunity, they are unwilling to take any position that may be assigned to them in this hour of danger, they are neglecting their duty as citizens and selfishly evading their share of the burden that the country has to bear."

CONFESSOR'S SOCIAL VALUE
>If the whole world were suddenly to become Catholic and all men guilty of mortal sin were to go at once to confession and be absolved thereafter to do so whenever they were unfortunate enough to offend God seriously, how widespread and permanent would be the moral regeneration of the human race. Evil inclinations would be weakened, bad habits would be broken, and good resolutions would be carried out with singular success. Strengthened in will by the worthy reception of the Sacrament of Penance, and guided by the confessor's prudent counsel, most penitents would shun, as a rule, the occasions of sin and would walk the narrow way with joyful steadfastness. The advantages to the State of the general practice of confession would be quite incalculable. Drunkenness with its train of evils would all but disappear, political corruption and commercial dishonesty would no longer be the dreary commonplaces they are, continence would be the fragrant virtue of young and old, justice and equity would rule the relations of capita and labor, and wars would be of rare occurrence, and of short duration.

Those who doubt that such a wonderful moral revolution could take place simply through the universal use of Confession, need only be reminded that Our Divine Lord instituted the Sacrament of Penance on purpose to restore the fallen to His grace. It was the Risen Saviour's Paschal greeting to the world. For, as St. John the Evangelist tells us, when the fear-stricken, wavering Apostles were gathered together the first

Easter night, the consoling Christ suddenly stood among them and said: "Peace be to you. As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you. . . Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." He thus instituted a Sacrament that was meant to be as a "second plank after shipwreck," one of the most civilizing, salutary and uplifting institutions the world contains.—America.

CARDINAL MERCIER WELCOMES EXILES

The following translation of an address by Cardinal Mercier to Belgian and French refugees is so much the true expression of the devoted pastor's feeling for his flock as to be worth repeating. The translation is from Die Stem vit Belge:

My dearly beloved brethren, there lies on my tongue a word that I am afraid to utter. I am afraid you will take it as a joke. I would like to say to all of you: Welcome! However, where can the exile enjoy any rest? How could he bring to silence his lamentations over his fatherland or the country from which he has been banished?

We were, in the gloomy days of August, 1914, the witnesses of the flight of our terrorized population at the approach of the German intruders; dreadful scenes of confusion, heartrending and distressing. A military ordinance has subjected you now to the same sad lot. Coming from the northern districts of France or from the borders of our own Flanders, where you had been terrified by the continuous thundering of the cannon, now, children, girls, women and mothers, old men, you have been forced to flee, because your lives were in imminent danger. You have said good bye to your possessions, to your homes, to all that you hold in dearest memory; you have left them the prey of the flames; you will find them no more; you will never see them again!

Ah, how I feel your distress and how I take part in it! After you have, like so many others, offered a father, a husband, sons, brothers upon the altar of your country, you have been brought now to offer your homes, too, your villages and towns, all your belongings; and loaded with heavy burdens, poorly fed and having little or no rest, you take with great hardship the road to the unknown future. Please do not take it in bad part, my dearest refugees, that I thank Divine Providence that has so willed it that the place of refuge for you happens to be our diocese. And, in this way, you will not be offended. I hope, if I say to all of you: Welcome to our midst!

Our family circle has grown larger, our hearts have broadened; the homes of our dioceses are wide open for you; the municipalities, the Sisters' institutions and the clergy have put themselves heartily at your disposal, and we ourselves, like all of them, we come to give you our episcopal blessing. It would be for us the sweetest consolation to pay you all a personal visit, to converse with you, to become acquainted with your wishes and receive here and there the expression of some hitherto repressed complaint. The pressing duties of the diocese will not allow us to enjoy that sweet satisfaction. But, my priests know it and it is my ardent wish that you should know it, too; we look upon all of you as our adopted children, and we beg of you to trust yourselves firmly to our fatherly care. If you should judge that we are able to offer you some service, ask it from us, or ask your priests, who are your most faithful guardians and your most devoted pastors, to obtain from us that favor in their name. We exhort our beloved dioceses to surround you with brotherly attentions and to edify you.

On your side I beg you to help in your conduct the good name of your country; you will, I beg, bear up patiently with the human frailties of those you will come in contact with, and the unavoidable privations which are attached to the sad conditions of your present lot. Would to God, dearly beloved refugees, that the solitary and quiet life and the hard trials that are yours now may be for all of you the means of getting nearer to our Lord and of increasing your love for Him!

Divine Providence has thought of everything and has foreseen everything. Divine Providence has foreseen this scattering of families all over Europe and the circumstances that led to it. Our Lord Jesus Christ called Himself "the way, the truth and the life," "the way" that leads to our destiny, "the truth" without shade, "the life" not of the body but of the soul; not this life of a few years that begins at the cradle and ends at the grave, but the "life" that once started, can end no more; that life which, beginning in tears and sacrifices, must ultimately culminate in joy and glory. There is not one among us to whom Our Lord does not show through His example as well as through His doctrine, the way he has to follow, the truth he has to believe, the life he has to embrace and to live. There is not a single station of life we may find ourselves in, in which, if we consider it well, God is not our light and an attractive power.

He was scarcely born before He was threatened with death, and thus became the Divine model of the refugee, persecuted by Herod, the Divine Infant, carried on His Mother's

arm and under the guardianship of St. Joseph, takes the road of the desert, towards an unknown country, Egypt. Think, my brethren, of the anxieties, the sufferings, the privations, the distress of Mary and Joseph during the long journey from Nazareth to the bank of the Nile River; think of their loneliness in this foreign pagan country, which had no connection, either civil or religious, with Judea or Galilee; think of the long duration of their exile, which, according to the most common tradition, lasted seven years. Think of the uncertainty of their voyage on their return to Palestine; and then, wonder at the serenity of their souls, at their quiet submission to the will of God, at the magnanimity in their sacrifice.

As for yourselves, my dear refugees, while you pray to God that you might be restored as soon as possible to the liberty of your homes and have your dwellings rebuilt under the sky of your country, ask Him also to give you the grace to carry the hardships of your exile with faith, patience and courage in union with the Holy Family, with Jesus, Mary, Joseph, and under their most powerful protection.—The Monitor.

THREE GREAT CANADIAN ACHIEVEMENTS

It is not the fashion for the British to brag. They prefer to let their substantial accomplishments speak for themselves. But there are occasions when Canadians may frankly express a little justifiable pride in their peaceful triumphs as well as in their war record. Let us refer to three great achievements of recent date which appear to have received more attention and greater eulogy elsewhere than in Canada. These are:

(1) The great Canadian telescope of the Dominion Observatory at Victoria, B. C. A recent issue of The Scientific American contains an illustrated article in which it is stated that this new instrument is "larger than any telescope now in use, and will be for a time at least the largest in the world." The Scientific American adds that this 72 inch reflecting telescope "represents the very latest advances in astronomical and engineering science, and is not only the largest but the most complete and convenient in operation of any ever built."

(2) The new Quebec bridge, with its two railway tracks and two passenger roads, and its vast single span of 1,800 feet, the Forth bridge coming next with a span of 1,710 feet.

(3) The new Government railway terminal docks at Halifax, N. S., which The Scientific American declares are the greatest in the world and capable of accommodating the largest of the modern sea leviathans. When the War is over the value of these docks will be more apparent.

HEROIC PRIESTS OF FRANCE

MSGR. BAUDRILLART'S VIEW

Paris, Oct. 1.—Monsieur Alfred Baudrillard, orator and author, Vicar-General of Paris, honorary canon of Notre Dame, rector of the Catholic Institute and second highest dignitary of the Catholic Church in the French capital, received me to day in his study in the ancient building of the Rue Vaugirard, which for upward of one hundred and fifty years has been a Catholic institution of learning, writes the celebrated French novelist, Henri Bazin, for the Evening Ledger of Philadelphia.

"I am very proud," he said, "of the part played by the Roman Catholic clergy of France in this terrible War. Nearly 25,000 priests have been mobilized since the early August days of 1914. More than 18,000 are now serving the country and the army in one of three capacities, and about 7,000 have given their lives for France.

"In all, our clergy have been cited in more than 7,000 orders of the day, and many have received the Croix de Guerre, the military medal, and the Legion of Honor, with more than 900 receiving the entire three. I have a fund of personal records, each a story in itself, that, when time permits, shall be combined into a book showing the heroic, the simple, the beautiful, the Christian deeds of these ordained men, either under fire or in circumstances of exceptional character.

"Educated for the practice of a pacific profession, many very humble and unknown save to their bishops and in their own communities they have each and all risen to a height of sublimity and Christian heroism: risen in countless ways during the last two and a half years. These servants of Christ and servants, too, of France, are divided into three mobilized classes—chaplains attached to battalions and regiments, priests serving as non-combatants in hospitals, or some essential administrative capacity, yet under military jurisdiction, and the fighting priests in uniform. They are of all ages, from twenty-one to sixty-five.

"The chaplains, oraumonniers have been constantly under fire, aiding in bringing in wounded men from a field of blood to a poste de secours, consoling morally, materially and spiritually the soldiers of France, and performing their religious duties under circumstances without precedent, in many cases celebrating

Mass in the open or underground. Their influence upon the men about them has been high and ennobling from every point of view. The fighting priest is in the ranks, a simple poilu, a non-commissioned officer or graded. Some exercise a genuine moral influence also, and as soldiers are the equal of any in other walks of life.

"France has always been a Christian and a Catholic nation. I make this statement flat, and since it would involve too much detail of statistics to demonstrate it, to show conclusively that during the twelve years preceding 1914, despite the separation of 1905, she remained so, I ask you to permit me to lay statistics aside and let the evidence rest purely upon the events of the last thirty months. They have witnessed thousands of priests serving in the army and their countless deeds of sacrifice, Catholic devotion and heroism. They have witnessed the attitude of hundreds of thousands of French soldiers attending Christian services, serving at the Mass in the open. They have witnessed the true Catholic devotion of the very great majority of the inhabitants of France.

"And then, look without rancor, without passion, without animosity; see the sacrifice of which she has been guilty; the conduct of her armies in desecrating the houses of God.

"Both these things are sufficient. They prove which nation is Christian, which has close to its heart the greater glory of God. Ad perpetuum rei memoriam.

"The classic doctrine of the Church is based upon, in its application to just war, four ideas that combine all theology—justice, right, pity and charity. The first is the deep essential that a war should be just in its motive and consequently always a war of defence at the beginning as one would defend his hearthstone from the thief that comes in the night and after a struggle overpowers him. Such war as waging, such our priests are helping to wage, and for such more than 7,000 among the alumni and student body of this institute are offering their lives. And all these men of whom I speak are Catholic Christians, as are hundreds and hundreds of thousands of others wearing the uniform of France. Truly, then, France is a Christian country, and in the great majority of its population a Catholic Christian country as of old, 'the eldest daughter of the Church.'

Monsieur Baudrillard is a prolific and able writer. His books number more than 200 upon many subjects, among which moral philosophy, moral science, the Church and the history of the Bourbons from many perspectives predominate. His literary work has been thrice laureled by the Academie Francaise, and he has been honored by the Kings of Italy and Spain for literary merit.

TWO "CREDOS"

A writer in one of our popular magazines, assuming for the moment, the character and tone of a lay preacher, formulates a religious creed and advises American fathers to teach it to their children. It is as follows:

"I believe in work and the joy of work. I believe in the service and the joy of service. I believe in the care of the body, abstemiousness, exercise, for without health I can do nothing. I believe in the power of the will and its growth by training, in the power of self control and its growth by training; not love for personal salvation, but love for humanity that must abolish poverty and war. I believe in universal education and equal opportunity for men and women alike. I believe in the Christ spirit, I bow before the Supreme Creator and draw comfort and strength from the ocean of soul force that surrounds us."

It cannot be said that this new creed imposes any very heavy dogmatic or moral burdens upon its adherents. Commonplace in its principles and indefinite in expression, it has the power neither to satisfy the mind nor control the heart. It is of the earth, earthly. It explains nothing. It leads nowhere. Materialistic views of life tinge its thoughts. Earthly horizons bound and narrow its outlook. It satisfies none of the deeper and nobler yearnings and wants of our nature. Natural activities, humanitarian concepts of life are the highest levels to which it ascends. The true concept of God, of immortality, of personal responsibility and of sanction for the deeds done in the flesh is ignored. Relief in the "Christ spirit" has a pietistic ring that may deceive some, but it is vague, meaningless. It might be the creed of a Unitarian or a Buddhist. If the adherent of this new creed bows before the Supreme Creator, he seems to turn to other sources for comfort and strength and expects "the ocean of soul force" around us to do that which the Creator alone is able to perform. It is the creed of the natural man, without stable foundation, without horizon, without a look to those higher regions and those nobler realms for which man was created. It is an unphilosophical creed, setting love of humanity above the love of personal salvation. It is an unwise and imprudent one, for it neglects the noblest ends and the highest responsibilities.

How different it is from the "Credo" which for so many centuries has been repeated on the lips of

believers and acted in their lives. How inferior the commonplaces, the naturalistic dogmas of this modern "Credo," to the solemn, yet simple and illuminating words of the Catholic "Credo," I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of Heaven and Earth. How superior the profession of Faith of the Catholic father teaching his child the story of the life, the death, the resurrection, and the dogma of the Divinity, of Christ, to that rapid profession of the modern father in "the Christ spirit" he would try to inculcate upon his child. Belief in self control, in the growth of the will is far easier than belief in the mysteries of the resurrection of the dead, the forgiveness of sins. But it cannot do what belief in these solemn dogmas can accomplish for the soul—stir its lawless passions and desires, and lift the eyes of the child beyond the dark and gloomy horizons to which the modern "Credo" would limit him. This modern "Credo" does not satisfy. It looks down. There is no buoyancy in it. It is dull, flat and unprofitable. It shifts the center of gravity of human life. According to this modern "Credo," man and man's faculties and man's activities are for man himself personally or for men in the aggregate. The old "Credo," which the modern substitute and counterfeit would oust from the heart of the father and the child alike, teaches with Divine authority that man and his faculties and his activities are for God. That creed is the only one worthy of man and humanity, the only one which can make the individual and the race truly great and happy.—America.

There is only one way. We must enable ishop Budkato select Ruthenian boys and educate them. He must have a college adapted to his needs. The Ruthenian people would themselves willingly finance an institution of this kind if they could be reached. They will help as far as they can be reached, but a Diocese with only 28 priests cannot undertake a new college. We must help them, as the Society for the Propagation of the Faith helped us when we were also in need.

The Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada expects to be the medium through which this sorely needed work may be done. OUR HEAD OFFICE is at 67 BOND ST., TORONTO.

T. O'DONNELL, P. P. PRESIDENT.

THREE CONVERTS CELEBRATE HIGH MASS

Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 27.—A decidedly unusual feature at Mass on Sunday, in the Church of St. Paul, this city, was the sight of three priests at the altar, who were converts to the Faith. The celebrant of the Mass was Rev. William Atwater, who was ordained to the priesthood recently by Cardinal Farley. Father Atwater, who began, six years ago, to study for the Episcopal ministry, became a convert to the Catholic faith about a year later. Rev. William Jurney, deacon of the Mass, was, before he became a Catholic, for some time a curate at the P. E. Church of St. Paul, Brooklyn. He was ordained about a year ago in Rome. The sub-deacon was Rev. Charles Danforth, who also studied for the Episcopal ministry, and later became a Catholic.

ORIGIN OF THE ROSARY

As it was through Mary that God gave us His adorable Son, so it was through her that He gave the world the prayer so especially pleasing to God and His Virgin Mother. The saint whom she selected for its introduction and propagation was the heroic Dominic Guzman. For seven weary years he had prayed and labored for the conversion of the Albigenses, a powerful and irreligious sect that had spread desolation over a large portion of southern France; whose paths had been marked with rapine and blood, ruined provinces and burned churches, and who were possessed with a satanic hatred of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and of His Immaculate Mother. Seeing his efforts bearing so little fruit, the saint appealed to the Mother of God to aid him in the conversion of that obdurate people. It was then that Mary appeared to him. Addressing her devout servant, she said: "ere of good heart, Dominic; you know it was at the price of the blood of God's only begotten Son that the souls of men were ransomed; nor is it His will that these whom He redeemed should now perish. There shall be a remedy for these many evils. Make known to the people, then, the form of prayer I am about to give you; teach them that it is most agreeable to my Son and to me. It shall be a great means for the overcoming of heresy, for exterminating vice and encouraging virtue, for imploring the mercy of God. I shall be ever ready to succor those who invoke my aid through this form of prayer, which I leave to you and your Order as a lasting inheritance." Stethen made known to him the nature and form of the Rosary, and added: "The earth will remain barren until watered by this heavenly dew."—The Guardian.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION
Taichowfu, China, Nov. 26, 1916. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: That your charity towards my mission is approved by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Canada let me quote from a letter from His Excellency, The Most Rev. Peregrina F. Stagni, O. S. M., D. D., Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa: "I have been watching with much interest the contributions to the Fund opened on behalf of your missions by the CATHOLIC RECORD. The success has been very gratifying and shows the deep interest which our Catholic people take in the work of the missionary in foreign lands. . . I bless you most cordially and all your labors, as a pledge my earnest wishes for your greatest success in all your undertakings." I entreat you to continue the support of my struggling mission, assuring you a remembrance in my prayers and Masses.

Yours faithfully in Jesus and Mary J. M. FRASER

Previously acknowledged, \$11,796 45
J. M. Scott, High River, 10 00
Thanksgiver, Paris, 2 00
Mrs. Ed. Kavanagh, Campbell's Bay, 1 25
Mrs. D. J. Canso, 1 10
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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. F. P. HICKEY, O. S. B.
SEVENTY-SECOND SUNDAY
AFTER PENTECOST

THE CARE OF OUR SOULS

"To God the things that are God's." (Matt. xxiii, 23.)

The answer of Our Blessed Lord to the Pharisees, tempting Him to speak disloyally of Caesar, is full of wisdom, which grows upon us as we think of it. He easily confutes their wiles, simply by saying: "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's," but He added: "And to God the things that are God's." Which of us can say we are the faithful servant who has done that?

"The things that are God's?" What have we that is not from God? He has given us our living body with its faculties and senses, our will, memory, and understanding, our immortal soul made after His own image and likeness. And when we have defiled and ruined the soul, He has given us plentiful Redemption, His Sacraments, His Church, the title-deeds of Heaven.

And we have to render service to God with all and for all these favours and graces. That is the work of our life. We have to know Him, love Him, serve Him. Our mind and heart and soul be all His. Our whole being to be impregnated with this one thought, "All for God, and God alone."

And when do we do all this. What a humiliation to own it! To Him, Who gives us our lives, we render one short hour or half-hour on a Sunday, even if we are regular at that. We render Him two or three minutes at night; but perhaps in our hurry, only the sign of the cross in the morning! And our thoughts and affections? Alas! many a time, for a day together, not one thought of Heaven, or the cross, or the tabernacle. And even when we do pray, do we render homage to Him with heart and soul, though it is He, Who gave us our heart and soul wherewith to love Him?

How can we account for it that so many of us are like this? We do not mean to rebel against God. We know our duty. Every child can answer rightly, "Of which must you take most care, of your body or of your soul?" "Of my soul." To see still more plainly how little we do for God contrast it with the waste of time, and the interest, love, and labour squandered over things that are useless. Let Caesar stand for the devil, the world, the flesh, our predominant passion, and what have they all given to you? Render to them what they have bestowed upon you. But do not steal and give to them God's time, that He has given you, and God's other gifts, your will and memory, your heart, your precious immortal soul itself!

Alas! that is what so many do. Half an hour's Mass a week begrudged to God; to our passions and pleasures and greed, six days a week, long and late hours are not enough? We steal most of the Sunday, the Lord's Day, from Him too. To pray, to raise up our minds and hearts to God, we find dry and monotonous and weary; but to gossip, to indulge in idle and often filthy talk, long hours seem only minutes; closing time in the public-house comes all too soon, but the shortest of sermons we find too long in the house of God.

And is it true that we, with our intelligence, our faith, our immortal souls, have so demeaned ourselves as to be content with such a foolish, squalid life? Money, or drink, or pride, or envy, or unbridled love—these are the idols that we have set up? Are we to render to them our life and our very souls?

Enough of this, my dear brethren, we are ashamed of having thus been led astray from Almighty God, and wasting His precious gifts.

Let us be practical. Our soul is the centre of all God's gifts and blessings to us. If we save our soul we do indeed "render to God the things that are God's." How, then, can we make sure of that? We must take care of it; it is precious and immortal.

We are clever enough about our bodies, let us take a lesson from the care he bestow upon them. What are the chief cares we bestow upon our bodies? Food, clothing, and medicine when we ail. And what thought we give to these things, how anxious we are about them. When we mention food we include drink, and to indulge in that and in high living, to gratify the appetite and lust of one man, how many a family has been ruined and how many children made destitute!

And clothing; it is right to be well clothed, but think of the hours spent through vanity in devising, in heart-burnings and jealousies, the debts and petty thefts, all incurred for fine clothes.

And medicine and care when sickness comes upon us. What pain and operations will men undergo even for appearance's sake, let alone to stretch out the little span of life.

Contrast, then, the body, my dear brethren, cared for so anxiously, and our immortal soul, that we let starve and go naked before the eyes of God, and let die and rot in sin, and the heavenly Physician only waiting to be asked, and our soul would be healed!

Yes, the food of our soul is holy prayer, that brings down the manna of grace to feed our soul. And the food above all, without cost or price, is the Blessed Sacrament of the altar. Here in our Father's house the table is always laid, the cloth spread, the

heavenly Bread ready for the children, if they would only come. Starved like the prodigal, yet no, they will not come where there is bread enough and to spare.

And our souls are naked too, and we care not. Good works and virtuous actions are the clothing of the soul, and God's grace a garment. And our souls are sick unto death. Here is the tribunal of Penance, and there we know we can be healed. The good Lord is waiting for us to come and be healed. And how many will not!

"To God the things that are God's." And are we keeping our poor soul back from God? Starving it, letting it go naked, watching it dying, and never seeking a remedy? The care that we have lavished on our body, will condemn us at the Judgment, contrasted with the want of care, the neglect of our souls. That soul is God's, created by Him, purchased by Him with His Blood; then cherish it and love it, and loyally render it back to Him, Who gave it to you.

TEMPERANCE

DRINK AND BE SOBER

Vance Thompson, who has written a stirring and impressive indictment of alcohol under the ironical title, "Drink and Be Sober," says: "Alcohol is a curious thing. It is often as erratic in its manifestations as electricity. Its ordinary way of work is to degenerate the man making for general organic degeneracy, with progressive waning of the intellectual faculties. Now and then it has another way. Instead of slowly murdering its man, it attacks him furiously at intervals. Now and then, at an unforeseen moment, out of the blue a drink storm beats upon him and sweeps him away from his usual moorings. . . . The best man who drinks is never sure that crime may not get him; that when his moral discrimination is put to sleep by the drug a strange new criminality may start up in him. The chance is one in a hundred. If it be only one in a thousand it is a bad chance to take, and it is on the edge of this peril that one finds the most awful and the most sad tragedies of life.

One such adventure in life haunts me. The youth I loved most was an undergraduate at one of the English universities. Destiny had given him birth in a famous English family—near the head of it. . . . Once, I remember, we had wandered far afield debating the old Utopian idea, and a winter night shut down on us. We went into a little wayside inn for dinner and took what we could get. It was an alehouse and there was no wine to be had. And I remember his pathetic exclamation, "How can a gentleman dine without a half pint of claret?"

Now, in the horoscope of this grave and gentle lad was the maddest night ever written by the stars. I did not witness it. I was not even in England, but what happened I know, and I know the end. He had been studying hard and late and in the afternoon he rode out for an hour or so—those were the days when youth took its pleasure on a horse and he came back and dressed to dine in town with some friends. There you have him at a trifle before 8 o'clock. He had never been drunk in his life; he was the half pint of claret sort of a man; the man who wets his pipe with a glass or two of whiskey and soda; a clean-mannered man who would as soon think of drinking to excess as of rolling in the kennel like a dog.

Where we went that evening I do not know. The bolt from the blue struck him. At 10 o'clock he was a drink-mad maniac, scouring the streets of the town with an American revolver—Heaven knows where he got it—have forgotten—in his hand, and five minutes later he shot and killed a constable who expostulated with him in the kindly British way. They hanged that boy. In spite of the mighty weight of his family name, in spite of his dazed defense, in spite of the evident madness of that drink storm, they hanged him on a gallows. "I don't remember anything about it" was all he could say. How could he? Science would have made clear to day that he was in an alcoholic trance. When he went out to kill, the real man in him—the man I knew and loved, the dreamer of Utopia—was deaf and blind. I do not care to write any more about this boy's life and death, only this: No man who plays with the lawless force of alcohol knows when or where the bolt from the blue will strike. No man knows. For inexorably as a triangle is imbedded in a circle there is hidden in alcohol the swift potentiality of crime.—The Tablet.

PARSON CONVERTED BY "LITTLE FLOWER"

An Irish lady, residing in France, has written to a friend in Dublin as follows: "I was at the funeral, not long ago, of the ex-parson, Mr. Grant, whom it is generally believed, was converted to Catholicity through the intercession of the Little Flower, some years since. He lived in the house in which Sister Teresa was born. It is always crowded with priests, soldiers, and men and women of every class. The room in which the holy nun was born is now a chapel. The Requiem Office and High Mass for dear old Mr. Grant were held in the Cathedral at ALENCON, where Sister Teresa was baptized. His last words were: 'Little Teresa lead me to God.' Mrs. Grant

THE BLESSING OF A HEALTHY BODY

Has Not Had An Hour's Sickness Since Taking "FRUIT-A-TIVES"



MR. MARRIOTT
73 Lees Ave., Ottawa, Ont.,
August 9th, 1915.

"I think it my duty to tell you what 'Fruit-a-tives' has done for me. Three years ago, I began to feel run-down and tired, and suffered very much from Liver and Kidney Trouble. Having read of 'Fruit-a-tives', I thought I would try them. The result was surprising. During the 3 1/2 years past, I have taken them regularly and would not change for anything. I have not had an hour's sickness since I commenced using 'Fruit-a-tives', and I know now what I haven't known for a good many years—that is, the blessing of a healthy body and clear thinking brain."

WALTER J. MARRIOTT.

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continues to live on in the Maison de Sœur Therese. She has just returned from the National Pilgrimage to Lourdes, which was an enormous affair. Readers of the life of the Little Flower are familiar with the story of Mr. Grant's remarkable conversion from Presbyterianism to the Church.

THE TERM CATHOLIC

In an article on the use of the word "Roman" Catholic in connection with the forthcoming census in New Zealand, the New Zealand Tablet remarks:

"Judging by the practice of standard writers—such as Macaulay, Edmund Burke, James Martineau, Lecky, Ruskin, Tennyson, etc.—literary usage is quite agreed that the term is the peculiar designation of the church or religious body which has for its visible head on earth the Pope or Bishop who sits upon the Chair of St. Peter in Rome. The extent to which this age long term 'Catholic' is embodied and embedded in general literature is admirably illustrated in the following extract from an American contemporary: 'There can be no possible misunderstanding when people speak of "Catholic Emancipation," or when Tennyson in "Queen Mary" makes Elizabeth refer to Philip of Spain as "The proud Catholic prince"; or when Ruskin, in "Fors Clavigera," writes concerning these Arabian knights of Venice and the Catholic Church; or when Leigh Hunt says in his autobiography that "Dante's heaven is the sublimation of a Catholic church"; or when Carlyle says that "the ideas and feelings of a man's moral nature have never found so perfect an expression in form as they found in the noble cathedrals of Catholicism"; or when Lecky, in his "Rationalism in Europe," says that "the Catholic reverence of the Virgin has done much to elevate and purify the ideal woman, and to soften the manners of men"; or when Hawthorne says, "I have always envied the Catholics their faith in that sweet, sacred Virgin Mother," or when we say that Belgium is a Catholic country or when Becherell's dictionary says that in French "the word Catholic is used only in connection with the Church in communion with Rome"; or when the Turkish Government distinguishes between the Orthodox and the Catholics. In the word the world has fixed the use of the word "Catholic" to suit itself; and, as that use happens to be in accord with the true meaning, it is useless to attempt to change it.' We may add that in colloquial speech, not least in literary English, the term 'Catholic' is used with the same exclusive application to the Church which is in communion with Rome. 'Are you a Romanist?' asked the land agent of Mr. Dooley. 'A which?' said he. 'Are you a Roman Catholic?' 'No, thank God, I'm a Chicago Catholic.' 'This the same thing,' said the agent.

"No creed outside the Roman obedience" claims the exclusive right to the word 'Catholic.' When others apply it to themselves at all it supposes the acceptance of a 'branch' theory or other form of church polity which is opposed to the words of the New Testament and contradicted by all ecclesiastical history and tradition. Moreover, the official title of none of them is 'the Catholic Church.' It is (as in the Coronation Church) 'The Protestant Religion as by Law Established; or 'The Church of Scotland'; or 'The Free Church of Scotland'; or 'The Protestant Episcopal Church'; or 'The Methodist Church';

or 'The Freewill Baptists'; and so on. In the ordinary and long-fixed usage of the words, the overwhelming body of Christian people understand by designation 'Catholic Church' the Church of Rome and no other. The word 'Roman' is not used as an identifying prefix, and therefore, outside legal formalities its use is unnecessary. When Catholics employ the superlative word 'Roman' in reference to themselves, they do so either in accordance with official requirements or merely to emphasize the Roman headship of the Church. People outside our fold sometimes use the term 'Roman' in this connection by way of denial that the Church in communion with the Pope is the one and only universal Church. Apart, therefore, from legal requirements, Catholics should ever call their Church by her unique and long-conserved title, 'The Catholic Church'; and should avoid bestowing upon her a designation which is not of our creation, and which is nowhere recognized in her official formula. —The Advocate.

THE ONE COMMON CAUSE

WHOLE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD FIGHTING FOR THE SAME IDEALS AND THE SAME COMMON PURPOSE

(G. G. Sneed-Cox in the Dublin Review)

For the first time in its history the whole English-speaking world is fighting in a common cause. Great Britain and the United States, and all the free Dominions ringed round the earth, are in arms for the same ideals, and have been brought into the battle under the same compulsion. That is the greatest event in all history for speakers of English and for the men who think as Shakespeare wrote.

When Austria, nine years ago violating the Treaty of Berlin, suddenly annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, the German Michael stood by her side "in shining armour" to threaten anyone who might wish to interfere with the wrongdoer. It was an open challenge to the Slav world, and there was none to take it up. Russia, still sick from her struggle with Japan, let the thing pass in sullen silence. But it begat the bitter agitation which bore fruit at length in the assassinations at Sarajevo. Then the secret quarrel between the Central Powers and the Slav peoples flamed out into the open. Austria made demands, and Serbia abased herself. Of the eleven things asked by Austria ten were conceded by the little kingdom for the sake of peace, and even in the case of the eleventh demand she offered to await mediation of the Powers or to abide by a reference to the Hague Tribunal. Her every true pacifist was with her. But Austria wanted war, and was in a hurry, and would give no time.

Then Russia, seeing that the Austrian cards were on the table, began to mobilize a portion of her widely scattered forces. Vienna might have hesitated even then; but there was a greater Power behind her; and Germany rushed in and called upon the Government of the Czar to disarm, and to give an answer within twelve hours. Russia's reply was a foregone conclusion; and Germany at once declared war. France was bound by treaty to side with Russia, and she kept her word.

Up to that time there was no implication of Great Britain. This country was utterly unprepared for war. Mr. Asquith was Prime Minister, and the Peace Party in his Cabinet and in the country was predominant. On the very eve of the supreme decision, the principal Government organ in the press used these words: "The suggestion that we should spend British lives and British treasure to establish Russia in the Balkans would be an inconceivable outrage to a democratic country. Our hands are free in this business, and we must take care to keep them free." Those words represented accurately enough the deep feeling of the majority of English Liberals, and a Liberal Government was firmly in power. The utmost concession which the minority in the Cabinet, mindful of our long friendship with France, could secure, was a declaration that the German Fleet should not be allowed to bombard the French ports on the Channel. So much at least was due to France in view of the mutual arrangements as to the distribution of their fleets which had existed for some years between the two countries. That was the situation at the beginning of August, 1914, and nothing but a great crime could have forced Great Britain at that time to enter the War. The guns trained against Liege did for England what the U boats were afterwards to do for the United States. Happily for all the future of the world, Germany, in her eagerness to strike a felon blow at France, violated the neutrality of Belgium. Then the hatred was fired and all hesitations were cast out, and the knowledge that by treaty observance alone can a machinery of peace come into the world, raised a clear, clean issue which all classes and ranks in Great Britain could understand. It was a united people that resolved for war.

The months have rolled into years, when now another German crime has brought the other branch of the English-speaking people into the field. Mindful of their own hesitation and unwillingness to depart from the ways of peace, the British public has

watched American opinion, and waited and hoped—without judging, they knew America was far from the scene of the strife, and that all her traditions discouraged interference in the affairs of Europe, and that, as a nation, she was too strong to have anything to fear even from the wrath of a triumphant Kaiser. They understood also, and made allowance for the President's natural wish not to do anything which might impair his authority as the possible mediator who in the end might bring back peace to the world. But still, though all this was well understood, the hope that America would come to see the issues involved in the great strife as we had seen them, persisted, and it grew. For there are times when the spectator of a wrong becomes its accomplice, and when it is better to be a champion than a judge. None could complain that President Wilson was over-hasty when he called upon Congress for a Declaration of War, which was but another Declaration of Independence. A hundred and ten American citizens, many of them women and children, went to death in the Lusitania and to this hour their murderers have not been brought to account. Even when in February, 1917, an indiscriminate and ruthless sea war was declared against neutrals and belligerents alike, the President held his hand, unable to believe that Germany could be as bad as her word. It was only when the experience of many months had shown that the German submarines were running amok, sinking traders, passenger ships, fishing boats, and even hospital vessels laden with wounded men and nurses, that America made up its mind that treachery and murder on the seas must be withstood.

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER

Professor Peabody of Harvard, in his excellent book—though written in a rationalistic spirit—"Jesus Christ and the Christian Character," mentions three distinguishing marks of the Christian character: sacrifice, service, and idealism.

The popular idea of character is self-realization. Sacrifice, on the contrary, means self-effacement, and yet there is no real contradiction between these two things. The genuine self of man is not on the surface, nor found in the primitive impulses of nature. To get down to the real self, man must excavate and work off many a layer of selfishness. This costs sacrifice, but the end is a realization of the true self.

Thus it appears how self-effacement and self-realization are not the contradictories which at first they seem to be. Christ expresses the paradox in the words: "He that wishes to save his soul must lose it."

If sacrifice constitutes the depth of the Christian character, service marks its width. Society is an organism of which the several units are the members. Now as no member of the body can be isolated from the others without fatal consequences to itself, so no member of society is safe in selfish isolation. The rich are not safe as long as the poor are discontented; the healthy are not immune from contagion as long as unsanitary conditions are neglected in any part of the community. Hence the Christian law of love, whenever it has taken possession of an individual, will make him eager for service. A sum of money thrown out ostentatiously or carelessly will not cement human brotherhood; it takes personal interest, personal service. Again Christ states this truth in a paradox: "He that wishes to be the greatest among you, let him be your servant."

And, finally, the height of the Christian character consists in its idealism. By this we mean that the horizon of the Christian extends beyond the tangible and visible objects of this terrestrial world. In short, the Christian character attains

to steadiness and perfection, solely from the eternal verities which are apprehended by faith. "The things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal." And it is precisely through sacrifice and service that man ascends to faith.

Not speculation and disputation but warfare against one's evil propensities and charitable service towards one's neighbors open the eye of the soul to the saving truths that are beyond the comprehension of the worldly mind.—The Guardian.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

CUNNING

I'd rather lose than play the cheat. I'd rather fail than live a lie, I'd rather suffer in defeat Than fear to meet another's eye, I'd rather never win a prize Than gain the topmost rung of glory And know I must myself despise Until death ends my sorry story.

There is no joy in tricky ways, Who does not trustly earn his goal The price for such a victory pays, For shame shall torture long his soul. What if I could, by cunning, claim The victor's share of fame or pelf, And hide from all the world my shame! I could not hide it from myself.

I'd rather fail in every test Than win success by base deceit; I'd rather stand upon my best, Be what it may, than play the cheat, I'd rather never win my praise Nor share the victor's sum of laughter, Than trade my self-respect for bays, And hate myself forever after.

CONSCIENCE IN WORK

The habit of doing what we have to do as well, as thoroughly, and as speedily as possible, without immediate reference to its probable or possible effects upon ourselves, is one which would of itself secure at once the best success for ourselves and the greatest good of the community. It would settle many vexed questions and solve many knotty problems. Instead of this, the common course is to consider closely the comparative benefit which is likely to accrue to us in return. "Where do I come in?" is the ever-recurring query in American life to-day.

There are degrees of this calculation, from the strictly just to the grossly selfish. One man tries to estimate the true worth of his labor and performs it accordingly; another gives as little work and secures as large returns as possible; and between these there is every shade. But in all such reckonings there is one important element left out. No one can count on the value of the labor which is both generous and conscientious. Even its money value can never be calculated.

The youth who enters business life determined to do all that comes to his hands as well and as quickly as he can, who is anxious to learn and eager to please, who never measures his work by his wage, but freely gives all the work and the best work in his power, is vastly more valuable than he who is always bearing in mind the small pay he is receiving, and fearing that he may give too much in return.

So the mechanic or the clerk, who beyond even his obligations to his employer or the demands which public opinion could make upon him, exerts himself to make his work as perfect as he can, and delights in its thoroughness and excellence, apart from any benefit it can render him, has a value which can never be computed. It matters not what the work may be, whether it is done with the spade of the laborer, the pen of the clerk, the brush of the painter, or the voice of the statesman. Conscientious and diligent persons are sought far and wide; there are always places open to them, and their services are always at a premium.

Talent and skill count for much, but conscience in work tells far more. He whose integrity is unquestionable, who can be trusted absolutely, who will work equally well alone as when every eye is upon him, and will do his best at all times, is an invaluable member of society; and he cannot do all this merely from a motive of self-interest. It is the result of something more. It is the result of a conscientiousness, a sense of duty, a vision of the value of his labor, and raising it to its highest pitch of excellence.—Fortnightly Review.

"PUTTING IT OVER"

"I am sorry about George," said Mr. Allen. "He was too clever a boy to turn out as he did." "Yes, it's too bad, but as to his cleverness, I don't agree with you," said Mr. Smith. "He had a certain ability to get the best end of a bargain, and yet make it appear to be an honest transaction. He was expert at 'putting it over,' as the boys say."

You remember the days when we traded marbles? George would come to school with a pocketful of cheap, chipped off marbles, but before noon he would have them all traded off for perfect ones. The boys could not tell how it was done, but George could make them think it was all right.

There was something mysterious about his examination papers. The teacher knew they were not the result of study. She felt sure there was something dishonest about them, but she could not find out what. George was never caught in any school scrapes; it was always the other fellow who got caught and punished. George certainly knew how to put it over the rest of us in school.

Later, when he became a clerk, in the grocery store, he was very successful in disposing of stale goods. He would fill orders with wilted celery and wormy raisins, and the proprietors were delighted for

there was nothing to throw away on Monday morning. If anyone complained, George could always convince them that the 'other clerk' had filled the order. He grew more and more skillful in putting it over every year.

On account of his shrewdness, folks predicted that he had a great future before him, and he became rather conceited. So he went further, and began to practice little dishonesties with money, giving short change to customers who did not bother to count it. Of course there was another step just ahead—George tampered with the money drawer. He took just a little at first, but gained confidence when he was not found out, and kept at it. He must have better clothes; he must spend money more freely; he must keep a little of the other fellows. By that time he had full belief that he could keep on putting it over everyone.

He tried it once too often. We say it was the 'last time' that put him in the penitentiary, but I am inclined to think it was the first time; that he started in that direction during the marble-trading days back in the school yard, when he gloried in his ability to put it over his playmates.

"We sometimes like to jump the hard places, to cut across the fields, and we think that we are making headway swiftly; but the long cobblestone road of strict honesty will bring us, in the long run, to a safer landing place. The ability to put it over isn't the best qualification for real success. Boys like George, even if they escape punishment, do not become men to whom anyone in their community can point with pride."—St. Paul Bulletin.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THEIR MOTHER'S VACATION

The sun shone hot on the tin roof outside the sewing room window, sending into the room the heat and glare of a sultry August day. For hours Mrs. Cameron had been at the machine; a dress for Marcella was on the way and she had promised it for the next afternoon. As tired as she was, and as badly as her head ached, she could not disappoint Marcella. For another hour the machine ran. Presently above its humming the voices of the children came. Thomas and Ursula were quarrelling again; then Helen shrieked. With a sigh Mrs. Cameron rose and went down stairs.

"Thomas said I hid his mit," glared Ursula, as her mother appeared in the dining-room door. "I haven't seen the old thing, mother."

"It was under the sofa yesterday," retorted Thomas. "Under the sofa isn't the place for your mit, Thomas," his mother answered, in her low, well-modulated voice. Then, "What is the matter with Helen?"

Eugenia flushed guiltily. "She wants me to swing her, mother. You know I can't with my dress to iron."

"But I want you to," wailed Helen. "But I won't! So there!" "Take Helen out, Eugenia, there is plenty of time for the dress."

"Mother," coaxed Thomas when the door had closed on Helen and Eugenia, "please, won't you find my mit for me?"

"No, mother," protested Marcella, "let him find it for himself." "Then she turned on Thomas. "When will my dress get finished if mother has to stop for everything—even to find an old baseball mit for you?"

"Aw, who cares about a dress! That's all you think about—gettin' new dresses, an' paradin' down Church Street showin' 'em off."

But it was "mother" who found the mit. A few minutes later Thomas went whistling to the front porch, not, however, without a triumphant grin at Marcella.

"Mother," complained Marcella, as her mother started back to the sewing-room, "must I do everything? Can't Ursula put the living-room in order and sweep the front porch? It's a disgrace!"

"Who littered the front porch up?" demanded Ursula. "I didn't." "Children, whatever has gotten into you this morning! What would your father say if he were here? Certainly, he would tell you that you have no love for me."

Marcella went to the kitchen, Ursula in search of the broom and dust-pan, and Mrs. Cameron to the sewing-room.

Marcella stood for a long time before the glass that afternoon for the final fitting of her dress; but, as dainty as she looked in it, her reflection in the mirror told her mother that she was not pleased.

"You don't like it, Marcella?" she asked, an anxious note stealing into her tired voice. "I think it's beautiful." "I don't," frowned Marcella. "I explained and explained how I wanted the skirt made; it seemed simple enough."

"Take it off," her mother said. Scarcely had Marcella stepped out of the dress when everything grew dark before her mother's eyes, and the next thing Marcella knew she was bending over her, and calling in a voice choked up with tears.

"Eugenia! Ursula! Come quick, mother's fainted!" It was Ursula who reached the sewing-room first. The next moment she darted away for water, then Eugenia came in, and remembering she had sometimes seen her mother take spirits of ammonia, flew down the hall to her mother's room.

It was not long before Mrs. Cameron opened her eyes, but to the three little girls who bent over her, wide-eyed and frightened, it was like an eternity.

"Here, mother take this," Eugenia managed a smile as she held the medicine to her mother's lips, but she could not keep the tears back.

"Why, darling, mother's all right," "No, mother," as Marcella saw her mother reach for the dress she had dropped, "let it wait, and come to your room where we can make you comfortable."

Mrs. Cameron allowed herself to be led away, for though her eyes smiled her face was white, and her voice trembled when she spoke.

The house was very still for a long time after that. The children went around on tip-toe, and when Thomas came in from an afternoon on the vacant lot across the street he listened with a sober face to all Eugenia told him.

"Where's mother?" he demanded when he thought she was through. "Asleep. And don't slam the screen-door, Thomas, when you go out on the porch."

Supper over, and the dishes cleared away, a family council took place around the dining-room table.

"Mother's to have a vacation," announced Marcella, "and it starts tomorrow." "A vacation?" chorused the others.

"Certainly. Haven't we had ours since June, when school closed? This is August. When has mother had a day? She's to go to Aunt Nan's tomorrow to stay until dark; it's all planned. And, Thomas, you're to go to bring her home."

"All right," agreed Thomas, his first surprise over. He could not remember when she had left them for a whole day before.

"I wish I hadn't asked her to find that mit for me today," as he twisted the fringe of the tablecloth around a stubby finger.

"That wasn't worse than asking her to iron my dress," answered Eugenia.

"Did she get it ironed?" This from Ursula.

Eugenia nodded, but her eyes were on Marcella.

"Not any more than trying to finish mine, Eugenia. I'll never forgive myself for insisting on that dress, and the awful way I talked to her this afternoon! When I watched her with her eyes closed, and saw how white and thin she looked, I thought how awful it would be if anything happened to mother."

Her head went down on the table and she sobbed aloud.

"It was not Thomas' way to display the affection he had for his sisters; only his mother was honored like that. But the real grief he saw in Marcella's face as she hid it in the table-cloth caused a queer lump to rise up in his throat, and he was not ashamed of the tear that stole down his round, freckled cheek as he went around to where she sat and tried to comfort her.

"Don't cry!" "I'll help with the dishes tomorrow, Marcella," volunteered Ursula, "and clean up the living-room and sweep the front porch."

Marcella dabbed at her eyes with the corner of the table-cloth, and smiled at all of them. Then Helen came in.

"I've been with mother," beamed the little girl of four; "she's all right, and I isn't ever going to scream any more."

The next day great preparations went on in the kitchen. Eugenia had remembered it was their mother's birthday. What better ending for a happy day than to surprise her with a great, big frosted birthday cake—and even ice-cream?

"Look, Marcella," she beamed, holding up for Marcella's inspection the eggs that she had beaten to a stiff, white froth.

"Fine!" pronounced Marcella from the stove. "Now put it in the ice-box."

The door shot open and Thomas came in.

"Say, Marcella, the cream's froze harder than a brick. Now, for a picture show," he grinned, "an' after that for mother."

When the cake was iced and put away, Marcella surveyed the ice-box in which was stored some tempting ripe tomatoes ready to be sliced and placed on lettuce leaves, while on the bottom shelf a well-cooked ham reposed. Afterwards, she peeped into the dining room for a glance at the children up-stairs, where she put on a fresh white dress and did her hair in the way her mother liked it.

"I do hope the salad's all right, and the ham's cooked through," when they started back down-stairs.

"Eugenia, just suppose that cake's a failure?" "Course it ain't a failure," smiled Eugenia from the bottom step, "it's a Lady Baltimore."

BOVRIL In spite of the great increase in the price of Beef (the raw material of Bovril) there has been no increase in the price of Bovril during the War.

She took in every detail of the daintily prepared supper; the roses in the centre of the table had brought with them the fragrance from the garden, and next to them was the big white frosted birthday cake.

"Children!" when she finally found her voice. "How proud of you father will be when he learns about this!"

Thomas pricked up his ears, for the front gate had clicked. "Bet that's father!" and darted back to the front porch.

"Hello, son!" came the greeting of his jovial father.

Thomas held up his face for a kiss, then took possession of his father's grip, "I said that was you," he grinned delightedly.

"Mother," sang the others, crowding to the front door, "it is father!" "What's mother been doing to herself since I've been gone?" questioned her father, as he held her off at arm's length. "She's fresh as a daisy and has roses in her cheeks!"

"Havin' a vacation," answered Thomas.

"Yes," she smiled up at him, "a vacation that the children are responsible for."

"Good! Your mother needs a vacation." "And a birthday!" contributed Helen. "Oh, father," glowed the little girl, "come back to the dining-room—it's just like a party!"

"I should say it is a party!" when he stood in the dining room door.

But he did not sit down to the table at once. He began a search through every pocket of his coat, then through his vest-pocket. "Here it is," he smiled at last.

There was nothing ostentatious about the pin that sparkled up at the children's mother as she opened the box he slipped into her hand—only a butterscotch of gold set with a little diamond. But she guessed at once the many little sacrifices that had made possible the purchase of the gift.

With heart full to overflowing she lifted her face for her birthday smile. And the children, looking on, smiled happily.—Eleanor Lloyd in The Rosary Magazine.

POPE BENEDICT XV. A GREAT STATESMAN

HAS HAD WONDERFUL TRAINING IN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

Pope Benedict XV., according to the news dispatches from Rome, is tired to the point of exhaustion from his hard striving to bring back peace to the nations at war. This human touch is apt to remind us that the voice that speaks from the Chair of Peter is that of living personality still, and not of a dead traditional force, call it the Vatican, or Rome, or the Holy See, or by any of the other impersonal terms one sees so often used to denote the spiritual head of the Catholic Church, writes Edward J. Galtbally, managing editor of the Ecclesiastical Review.

When we consider Pope Benedict's antecedents, and his training in the arena of world interests and political history, not to mention the superior considerations of his merits in churchmanship, we see the wisdom of the Cardinal's choice in calling him to the helm in such a stormy sea. It is of passing interest to note that genealogists find that in the veins of the Pope's family runs both Frankish and English blood; that he himself is Italian through a Jang line of forebears, and that he descends from a stock which has given both its Dukes to Prabant and its Emperors to Austria. In view of all this cosmopolitanism, and not forgetting his presidency of a vast international and supernatural institution, one may fairly expect him to hold the scales of justice pretty evenly balanced between nation and nation.

He was born in Genoa, Nov. 1, 1854, and received his early education in the same city. He was originally intended for the bar, and in 1875 took his doctor's degree in both civil and canon law. His two brothers hold high rank in the Royal Italian Navy, the elder being Vice Admiral Giovanni Antonio, and the other Giallo, a retired captain. When the future Pope decided to dedicate himself to the service of the Church, he took up his ecclesiastical studies at the Collegio Pontificio Capranica in Rome. Later he made a brilliant course of studies at the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, the world-renowned training school for the clergy who conduct the international concerns of the universal Catholic Church. He was ordained priest on May 28, 1878, and in 1883, Leo XIII. named him Privy Chamberlain, with the title of Monsignor. In 1887 he was appointed Secretary to the Nuncio at Madrid, Cardinal Rampolla, who was well known as the right hand of Leo XIII., when the Pontiff summoned him to Rome to be his Secretary of State.

At this time the young Monsignor was also brought back to Rome by his own chief, who thought so highly of his intellectual gifts that he had the

young man appointed Under Secretary of State. It was a rare acknowledgment of his ability. From 1902 to 1907, Mgr. della Chiesa was also canon of the Basilica of the Vatican and member of many Roman congregations.

Meantime, Pope Leo had gone to his reward, and Pope Pius X. had begun to call on the services of the distinguished prelate. When it was proposed to send him as Nuncio, or Papal Ambassador, to Vienna, Mgr. della Chiesa begged the Pope to let him remain a simple prelate. Pius X., however, could not lose thus so valuable an agent, and when the bishopric of Bologna fell vacant, the Monsignor became Archbishop of that important and difficult see in 1907. Seven years later he was made Cardinal, and within the next three months he was elected Pope.

Shortly after Pope Benedict's election his personal characteristics were described by a writer in the Westminster Gazette, who signed his communication "One Who Knows Him."

The writer first made the new Pope's acquaintance some twenty-three years ago and afterward had many conversations with him when he was Secretary to Cardinal Rampolla. After pointing out that the College of Cardinals had made a choice "entirely in accordance with its best and most honorable traditions," the writer said that Cardinal Rampolla placed in him "implicit confidence and evidently regarded his judgment as absolutely sound and reliable."

There is nothing slipshod about him in style or dress or work. He is first and foremost a thoughtful and highly gifted man of affairs, without prejudices, but a man who knows his own mind. His marvelous memory and rare gift of sifting chaff from grain, his charm of manner and melodious voice, his powers of literary expression and of marshaling facts and arranging them in order of relative value have always impressed those who have had dealings with him in Madrid, Rome or Bologna.

To these must be added a dislike of vulgar display or publicity, a love of art and music, a genuine simplicity of life, a devotion to the interests and work of the Church which is untiring. He is a keen student of human nature and a constructive statesman of power. During his six years of work at Bologna he won the hearts of his clergy and people by his ready sympathy with the poor and suffering, by his judicial fairness and by his constant and perpetual wish to improve the social conditions of his flock.

If these features are not generally known to us for his recommendation, it is because the regular channels of information have been blocked by the War and its compelling interests and avellers have not been going to and from Rome as in the piping times of peace.

Back of his own brilliant capacity for affairs and his scholarship and exceptional apprenticeship under Leo XIII. and Cardinal Rampolla, it is well to note how he is served by the picked intellect and trained diplomatists of the world-wide society he rules. His agents are accredited to the courts and Government circles of the various nations, and with the exception of Italy, France and the United States, every nation has its official representative in the diplomatic corps connected with the Holy See. With such direct avenues of information it is to be expected that Pope Benedict is not in the dark about the inner mind of the rulers of the nations at war, that he is in somewhat intimate touch with the actual conditions in the various countries, and knows the temper of the peoples, their attitudes toward peace or toward the continuation of the War.

Some publicists believe that Benedict XV. is the greatest statesman who has occupied the See of Peter for generations. They have not hesitated to pronounce his peace terms as the most important diplomatic event of the War thus far. But as it may, it is proper to add that the critics who sagaciously pooh-pooh and dismiss his message as untimely and impractical are assuming airs that make them very ridiculous. There are some others who see the dictation of the Central Powers in the Pope's letter, while still others profess to see the fine hand of the Entente Allies. It is pretty good evidence that the Pope is swayed by neither side, but keeps the true middle course and will keep it throughout the peace negotiation.

It is said there is no thought that is good in the mind but soon looks good in the face. Heart qualities are artists that work, indeed, behind the screen, yet at last they strike through the canvas and become manifest in the facial illumination. Contrariwise, in men long inured to vice and crime sinful thoughts within have so disfigured of the facial tissue without that the countenance has in it something of the vice within.

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INTERESTING NOTES

FROM OUR OLD CONVERT FRIEND PTE. HAMMOND

Dear Sir,—Having some little time to spare, I thought I could not be better employed than in writing a few lines to the CATHOLIC RECORD, and to thank its readers for the generousity displayed in sending me so many kind letters and an abundance of literature. I am very glad to say that my wound is now healed, and I have the full use of my arm, though somewhat sore and painful at times. The doctors and nurses at the Convalescent Hospital at Ramsgate could not make out why I am able to use my arm so freely as the muscles in my shoulder and the spinal scapular were shattered, and I can only put it down to the prayers, Communions, and Masses offered up on my behalf by my Catholic friends in Canada. After being discharged from the hospital I had my ten days sick leave, one of which was spent entirely in visiting places of Catholic interest in London. So I set out one Sunday for this intention. First of all I received Holy Communion and heard Mass in our own church of the Sacred Heart. Here I witnessed a sight that I had never seen before. The church was crowded and the Catholicity of the church was well represented, for not only were various countries of Europe represented, but Japan, the land of the rising sun, and more than a few Canadians. When the time came to communicate, the whole congregation rose up as one man, with the exception of not more than twelve persons and seemed to rush to the Communion rail to receive. At first I was struck at what I thought the irreverence of this crowd, but when the priest came down from the altar, with the Sacred Hosts, now the very Body and Blood of Christ, one could hear a pin drop, it was so quiet, as we all knelt there, rich and poor, young and old, from all corners of the earth, and the fancied irreverence gave place to reverential awe, as my heart overflowed with love and thanksgiving. Then I went home to breakfast, and afterwards caught a motor omnibus to South Kensington, where I heard High Mass sung at the Brompton Oratory, well known as one of the greatest seats of Catholic learning in England, and where so many famous converts have studied for the priesthood. The sacred edifice was simply crowded, and the aisles were filled with men and women standing. If any one had asked me if England was still Protestant, I would just have pointed to this mass of people here, or said, "Come and see." England may be Protestant in numerical strength, but where will you find the reverent crowds who seek Jesus, not once a week, but every day? Why, only in our Catholic churches, where are the crowds who worship God in spirit and in truth. I intended having a walk round this magnificent building, but was unable as another Mass started immediately at 12 o'clock. Then I walked to Westminster, and had my dinner at the Catholic Hut there for soldiers, one of the most enjoyable dinners I ever had. Then I went to meet a friend in the north west of London, who was going to show me round some of the churches. First we came down to Hyde Park corner, and visited the convent at Tyburn, where the Blessed Sacrament is perpetually exposed, and where the Sisters dressed in spotless white pray night and day without ceasing for the conversion of England, on the site where so many Catholic martyrs were hanged, drawn and quartered, for the faith. I think I have said sufficient to show that the pious prayers of these Sisters and all the faithful are being answered, and might I also ask for the prayers of Catholics in Canada in this direction. From here we next went to Westminster Cathedral whose tower can be seen for miles, and yet when quite close, it is hidden from view. Here we can only catch a faint glimpse of the future splendour and magnificence of this wonderful edifice. All the beautiful mosaic, marble and decorative work is now practically at a standstill, as the Italians who were brought from Italy to do this special form of work were recalled home to fight for their country. At present there is not even a chapel completed; work has

been commenced everywhere, but nowhere at present is it near finished. The chapels of the Blessed Sacrament and Our Lady are in themselves as large as many parish churches. The Cathedral is dedicated to the Precious Blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. A large relic of St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, reposes under the altar on the left. Then there is the tomb of Cardinal Wiseman near by, and on the right lies the body of the famous convert, Cardinal Manning. After coming out of here, we had a war time tea, consisting of a pot of tea and a slice of cake each; bread and butter is not allowed with cake. We then proceeded to Farm Street Church, the London home of the Jesuit Fathers, and from here went on to the Carmelite Church, but unfortunately both these churches were closed. We then went to Benediction at Holy Mary of the Angels Church, Paddington. On Monday I went to London on a business tour and discovered in a nice quiet corner the ancient church or chapel of St. Ethelreda. It was built about 1290 A. D., and is one of the very few, as well as one of the first to come back to the Faith, and where the Sacrifice of the Mass is again offered daily, after a lapse of four centuries. One of the peculiar things about this ancient building is that it is a church built upon a church, for the crypt is as beautifully adorned as the main building above. The walls of the crypt are 8 feet thick and those of the church 6 feet. It was bought of the Wesleyans some fifteen years ago, and I can scarcely refrain from laughing outright at the thought of a Methodist service here with so much Popish evidence around. It is now restored to its former glory and magnificence as it was over six hundred years ago, and it might be interesting to Canadians to know that Canadian oak was used as no other timber of sufficient scantling was available. Beneath the altar is a gilded and jewelled reliquary containing many relics of saints, but especially a portion of the incorrupt hand of St. Ethelreda. This ends my tour in London of places of Catholic interest. A few days later I was visiting Winchester and Hampshire, the capital of England before London came into prominence, and therefore the most interesting city I have ever yet visited, but time and space forbids me to carry on my narrative. In closing once again I thank the readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD for their generosity, and while at present I am in quarantine with the latest disease called trench mouth, and an unable to go to hear Mass or to visit the Blessed Sacrament, their letters and literature give me every encouragement to live up to the commands of God and the Holy Catholic Church even under the most trying circumstances. May God bless you all, and continue to pray for me, as I do daily for you.

Yours sincerely in our Lord,  
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We are creatures of habit in eating as well as in all other activities that relate to our daily living. Eating meat, like eating white flour bread, is a habit, and it is a habit that has been formed without regard to the real needs of the human body. It is not based upon any accurate knowledge of the laws of nutrition. Not one person in a hundred ever asks himself, "Do I need to eat meat?" What food elements does it supply? The popular notion that meat makes more blood than any other food is a fallacy. The blood in meat is not a blood forming food. There is more blood-making, flesh forming material in whole wheat grain, pound for pound, than in the juiciest beefsteak, and it isn't half so hard to digest when properly cooked.

But be sure you eat the whole wheat in a digestible form. In shredded wheat biscuit you have the whole wheat grain prepared in a digestible form. It is not only a healthful substitute for meat and eggs, but it is a perfect food—something that cannot be said of meat. Beef contains no carbohydrates and the excessive eating of it imposes a heavy burden upon the liver and kidneys.

As a matter of fact two or three shredded wheat biscuits with milk make a complete, satisfying meal—and then think how inexpensive it is compared with meat and how easy to serve. Such a meal costs but a few pennies and supplies all the strengthening nutriment a person needs to do a half-day's work. It also helps in the movement for the conservation of food through the use of the whole wheat grain. Such a diet, composed largely of shredded wheat biscuit, vegetables and fruits, will keep a person in health and in top-notch mental and physical vigor.

THE SOLDIER'S MOTHER

"A mother's love is not diminished but increased in war time," remarks the Cleveland Catholic Bulletin. "Every mother who has a boy called to war or likely to be called grieves often these days. But Catholic mothers have a special concern in their sons. Their fears are not so much for the perishable body but

more for the immortal soul of that soldier-son. This special care for their moral well-being links a new bond of attachment between mother and son. Soldier life has its train of special temptations and dangers, but through the union of Catholic faith and hope, mother and son are never separated. Sunday for Sunday they attend the same divine Sacrifice of the Mass, though it may be in different parts of the world; they receive the same Sacraments and hear the same truths of our holy religion. There are dangers for the soldier but he can console his mother with the thought, "That where you are, mother, there am I also,—at Mass, at the Sacraments and ever in the presence of God."

WHY ARMY IS LIKE A CIRCUS MEN BACK FROM THE FRONT POINT OUT CERTAIN SIMILARITIES

Ottawa, Oct.—An army in the field has been compared with a circus travelling about the country. The comparison is a rough and ready one but, according to military officers back from the front, it suffices to show certain essential features of the fighting force.

One is that a large number of men are needed to look after the transportation and care of equipment, to cook the meals and put up the tents, etc., while the number of actual performers is comparatively few. Many more work outside the ring than in it.

The army has many disadvantages, however, from which the circus does not suffer. It has to build its own railroads, as a rule, run them and keep them in repair, while it must also bring in with it nearly all the food and other supplies it needs. It must be braced also for a constantly increasing burden of casualties, requiring special care and comfort, and in modern war the big guns consume vast quantities of shells daily which must be replaced immediately.

Ever noticed the number of men who are engaged to keep the circus in running order? If you have, you may be able better to understand why an army needs thousands of men behind the lines.

PASTORS AND SOLDIER BOYS

Every day we see detachments of soldiers marching through the streets, and each evening the papers tell of farewell exercises at the departure of new companies for the training camps. Those at home are praying that the need will never arise for our soldiers to cross the sea, but some have gone already, and more will follow if the call to action comes. Rev. Alphonsus Martel, O. S. A., in a letter to The American Ecclesiastical Review writes an earnest word on the aid that pastors can render the young soldiers, away from home.

"Our soldier boys will be separated from Catholic associations," says Father Martel. "They will come in contact with companions who will scoff at them if they kneel to pray. Although we cannot presume to say that France has ever lost the faith, we must know that our soldiers are going to a country where in great part God and His Church and His priests are scorned and all that is sacred and religious is derided. Our duty, therefore, is much more important now than it ever was."

This good friend of the soldiers then points out the urgent need of keeping in touch with the young men as far as possible. The pastor knows the dangers awaiting the Catholic youth, a stranger in a strange land, and he will encourage and cheer his boys by writing to them, keeping up the familiar fatherly advice that had helped to mould the pupils in the parish school into reliable young manhood.

Few can realize, says Father Martel, how keen is the interest the young soldier takes in the distribution of the mail in camp. Is there a letter for him from his parents or pastor? Even a postal card sends him away to his duties happy that he has been remembered. "Perhaps there will be one for me tomorrow," says another lad, hiding his disappointment.

Reminding his brother priests of their seminary days, "when we were one big family," Father Martel says, "How cheerful is a letter from home to anyone who really loves his parents. It will not be hard on us to write a few pages to our heroes and defenders of our country."

It is a beautiful scene that Father Martel depicts in the following passage:

"The American soldiers have been received with admiration and joy by the French people. What admiration, what wonder will there be in these true French hearts, when they shall see the American chaplain saying Mass and giving Holy Communion to hundreds and thousands of Catholic soldiers!"

But also "what curses and blasphemies in the mouths of so-called men of the hour," will those American boys be obliged to listen to. Therefore the home and the home church must safeguard the lad, supplementing the work of the devoted chaplains who will accompany the troops abroad.

That the Catholic soldiers in France may be a power and an attraction is Father Martel's parting wish—"A power commanding respect for liberty, and an attraction drawing others to the Fold."—Sacred Heart Review.

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The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall; but in charity there is no excess, neither can angel or man come in danger by it.—Bacon.

**DECEASED**  
DECOURCY—At St. Anthony's Hospital, Chicago, on Saturday, Sept. 29, Daniel Patrick Decourcy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Decourcy, Mitchell, Ont., aged twenty-one years. May his soul rest in peace.

**HUGHES**—At Ottawa, Ont., on Friday, October 5, 1917, Mr. James Hughes. May his soul rest in peace.

TEACHERS WANTED

- TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE School, to start Nov. 15th or January 1st, to suit applicant. Must have second class professional certificate. If experienced will pay \$60.00 per month. Apply, stating experience to E. E. Chemier, Sec., 14 South Court St., Port Arthur, Ont. 209-1
- QUALIFIED TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. No. 6, Stephens. Salary \$50 per month. Duties to commence at once. Apply, G. P. Smyly to E. E. Chemier, Sec., 14 South Court St., Port Arthur, Ont. 209-2
- TEACHER WANTED FOR CATHOLIC Separate school, No. 8, Morley. Must know English and French as well. Salary offered, \$50 per month. Address to E. Larocque, Sec. Treas., Pinewood, Ont. 209-3
- TEACHER WANTED, HOLDING FIRST OR second class Ontario certificate, for R. C. School, Fort William Ont. Salary \$500 per year. Duties to commence at once. Apply G. P. Smyly to E. E. Chemier, Sec., 14 South Court St., Port Arthur, Ont. 209-4
- WANTED HOUSEKEEPER FOR A PRIEST in one of the cities of the Detroit, Mich. Diocese. Must furnish references as to character. Address: The Catholic Pastor, Belvidere, Mich. 209-5
- HOUSEKEEPER FOR A PRIEST WANTED in a small town not far from Toronto. One that is a good plain cook and capable to make butter, as there is a cow kept. Apply stating wages and give references to Box S, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 209-6
- HOUSEKEEPER WANTED FOR PRIEST IN country parish in Kingston Diocese. Applicants please state salary expected. Address Box R, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 209-7
- DOCTOR WANTED THE CITIZENS OF BARRY'S BAY AND surrounding townships are in urgent need of a medical doctor who will reside in Barry's Bay. Nearest doctor is fifteen miles away. Address communications to S. F. Smith, Tp. Clerk, Barry's Bay, Ont. 209-8
- CATHOLIC CHILDREN FOR ADOPTION FOUR CHILDREN, TWO BOYS, AGE SIX and three years, and two girls, age seven and four years. These children are brothers and sisters, and it would be most desirable to have them placed in pairs if possible. They are extraordinarily fine, healthy, nice looking children, blue eyes and fair complexion. Applications received by Wm. O'Connor, Children's Branch, 149 University Ave., Toronto. 209-4

**Children for Adoption**

The St. Vincent de Paul Society of Hamilton has nine children for adoption—one girl and eight boys. The boys are aged from two to twelve years, and the girl's age two years and nine months. Full information may be had from Mrs. M. J. Forster, agent of St. Vincent de Paul Society, 206 Walnut St. South, Hamilton, Ont. 208-4

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The grounds on which exemption may be claimed (which are similar to the grounds recognized in Great Britain and the United States) are as follows:—

- (a) That it is expedient in the national interest that the man should, instead of being employed in Military Service, be engaged in other work in which he is habitually engaged.
- (b) That it is expedient in the national interest that the man should, instead of being employed in Military Service, be engaged in other work in which he wishes to be engaged and for which he has special qualifications.
- (c) That it is expedient in the national interest that, instead of being employed in Military Service, he should continue to be educated or trained for any work for which he is then being educated and trained.
- (d) That serious hardship would ensue if the man were placed on active service, owing to his exceptional financial or business obligations or domestic position.
- (e) Ill health or infirmity.
- (f) That he conscientiously objects to the undertaking of combatant service and is prohibited from doing so by tenets and articles of faith, in effect on the sixth day of July, 1917, of any organized religious denomination existing and well recognized in Canada at such date, and to which he is in good faith belongs.
- (g) That he should be exempt because disfranchised under the War Time Election Act.

No Claim for Exemption should be put forward unless one or other of these grounds in fact exists, and no loyal citizen should assist in, or allow himself to be made a party to, any Claim for Exemption unless thoroughly satisfied that it is made in good faith.

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