

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXI.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1919

2120

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1919

THE HABIT OF APPRECIATION

Our old friend, the Philosopher, has been visiting us this week, and when we asked for the recipe that might produce a radiant cheerfulness like his own, he replied that in his youth he thought a good deal about how one's life should be ordered, and it struck him that a large part of men's happiness depended on cultivating the habit of appreciation. "If," said he, "you see and appreciate properly the advantages you have, and observe the disadvantages you have escaped, you will find abundant material for happiness; but if you lament the lack of things that are not yours, and do not relish the good things, however simple, which are yours, how can you be happy?"

Our old friend's philosophy, theoretical and practical will repay examination.

Is it not a fact that we think too little of the blessings we actually have? We value them in regret when they are lost instead of valuing them in conscious enjoyment while they are ours. Take life itself, and especially long life, as an instance. We regret our vanished years may be, but are not equally active in gratitude that we have lived at all in this delightful world, and especially have lived so long, and still see a fair chance of more changeful, interesting days before us. It must be a mistake to miss the present relish of life while cultivating unsubstantial sentiment respecting the past.

Many a man who has led a life of brisk, physical activity indulges in useless reaping when the time comes for restricted movement, whereas he might help himself immensely by making the best gratefully of the bodily freedom he still retains. The habit of appreciation wisely cultivated will cause those who are on the downward slope to rejoice that their fading sight is still useful, their hearing only partly impaired, their memory retains a plentiful store of images from the past, that love and friendship have not failed them, and that through reading they still can keep alive their interest in the drama of human life. And these congratulations will be enhanced if they reflect that much pain which others suffer has passed them by, that their mind has mercifully remained unclouded and their nature unscathed and that they have not sought disappointment by fixing their hopes on unattainable ambitions.

As it is well to cultivate the habit of appreciating cheerfully the good that remains with us in our personal lot, so should we view the qualities of all kinds of people who surround us, for the spirit in which we look upon the world will be reflected back upon us in the world's treatment of ourselves. Seek first to see in others what deserves to be appreciated, and let depreciatory criticism be put back into reserve. Of course your friends have imperfections to which you cannot be blind; but how much better it is to think habitually of the good that is in them! At any rate appreciate, and criticism if you must, but your own mental atmosphere will be pervaded by a warmer happiness if you instinctively note the best features of the characters of people you meet. There can be no better exercise in charity than summing up the virtues of the people whom we least like, and so toning down our impulses and perhaps prejudices. Said one man of another, "I do think he is the most self-centered and grasping human being I have ever known!" "Perhaps so," replied his friend, "but have you ever seen him with his children? To them he shows his other side."

And so in varying degrees the contrasts are arranged throughout the chequered world of character—one is cantankerous but dutiful, another is doubtful but kind-hearted, a third irascible but unselfish, a fourth mean but faithful, and while we must in self-protection be open-eyed to weaknesses, the first demand is that we should appreciate whatever is admirable in others, and so perchance fan the embers of good-

ness into a clearer glow. Trace the principle of appreciation in the most familiar sphere—the household. Do we not too often take loving service for granted and omit or delay that positive appreciation which would irradiate the home? If something in the domestic circle has failed, is it not likely that by manner, if not by word, we shall make our notice of it felt, and is it equally certain that if there is a success we shall be prompt and cordial in appreciation? Are we not inclined to put aside the natural, spontaneous sense of gratitude as if it were somewhat demeaning to our pride? Yet there is no more simple and indeed imperative form of happiness than that which comes from ready appreciation of thoughtful help. Wherever kind hearts abound not a day passes without providing occasions for thanks, which need not however require the formality of words. There are other ways of showing that one has noticed what another is doing and is pleased. The sameness of life will not deaden intercourse into a monotony where on both sides appreciation has become a habit. Carry the principle into business, and we reach at once the point where appreciation has to be tempered by instruction, criticism and disapproval; otherwise there would be no sound training. Here what has been wrongly or inadequately done must be corrected, or slipshod methods will become a habit, and no ideal of fine work will be set up; but before skill has been attained in any calling there is plenty of room for encouragement in trying. The spirit of a worker may be freely appreciated before efficiency is arrived at, and a generous share of such appreciation will brighten the hard road of training. There are teachers who take perfection as their object and make a point of never passing a sample of work by any one under training without noting all the faults. Their approval is measured not by praise, but by the comparative absence of criticism. Often their training reaches a high general level of success, but the learner has a hard grind along a rather dreary road, never brightened by a flash of spontaneous encouragement, and a judicious use of appreciation would certainly make lighter the feet of the willing learner.

Any one who teaches youth to be critical and censorious rather than generous in appreciation is robbing it of its natural heritage of warm feeling. Think of the glorious expanse of life into which youth is adventuring!

There is the world of Nature—the earth and the immensities around it. When once seen aright it can never lose its fascination. The infinite variations of the land surface with its gamut of beauty, the marvelous display and diversity of animal life, the chemistry of plant life, the elemental composition of earthy substances, the half-guessed mysteries of the atmosphere and interstellar spaces, mankind in all its stages with its growths of mind and morals, the far-reaching intuitions of religion, the romance of history, the products of imagination expressed through literary and artistic skill—all these wonders lie unexplored before youth, waiting for appreciation, and whoever suggests that they should be approached in a spirit of niggardly suspicion rather than of receptive wonder and delight is betraying the trust of tender minds.

There is no sadder sight than that of youth, unaware of its inexperience, looking around it in a spirit of narrow criticism, perking itself on censure, perking itself on censure, replying to momentary likes and dislikes, acting the censor instead of opening its heart and soul to the wonders and beauties and nobilities of the world which so often appear in the simplest guise. The first duty and the most bountiful blessing offered by the world to youth is that it should diligently and gladly appreciate whatever the accumulated wisdom of the race offers it for appreciation. If it does not appreciate the treasures of the past and present in thought, invention, industry, art, imagination, books, people, then it may be certain that the failure is in itself.

The critic has a place in the world, even the censorious critic, but his

censure should come from a wide view, that discovers a strong need for reproof, and the very young cannot hope to have attained that width of view or to be competent to administer the reproof with effect. And whatever may be the experience of the critic the better part of his art is that which shows us what we can admire. Take literary criticism as an example. Which are the writers about writers whom we bear in our hearts in grateful remembrance? Not the men who scolded their fellow pen-men. The smallest child can use a whip, and the cleverest use of a whip is not a particularly clever or desirable exercise. We read with pity tinged by disgust the outstanding animated criticisms of the past. The Dunciad and English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, and the ferocities of the early Quarterly and Edinburgh Review. How different is our feeling toward the critics—Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlett, James Russell Lowell, Stopford Brooke, and their kind—who have tried to analyse the essential elements in literature that, rightly seen, must kindle our admiration! The truest and most substantial criticism is that which directs appreciation. Not only does the habit of appreciation bring to us the richest harvest of knowledge, but it instinctively produces an atmosphere of happiness. Exact and measured judgment is stone-cold. Censure and reproof carry with them an icy chill. Appreciation has the glow which companions with happiness. It is a standing invitation to the world to rejoice with us, and when we have practised it till it has become a habit we have done our best to be happy.

POPE STATES POSITION NOT POSSIBLE FOR CATHOLICS TO PARTICIPATE IN WORLD CONGRESS OF CHURCHES

Rome, May 26.—The Rt. Rev. Charles F. Anderson, Bishop of Chicago; the Rt. Rev. Boyd Vincent, Bishop of a Southern Ohio, and Bishop Reginald Heber Weller of the diocese of Fond-du-Lac, Wis., accompanied by the Rev. S. Talbot Rogers of Racine College and the Rev. Edward L. Parsons of Berkeley, Cal., all prominent figures in the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the United States, were received by Pope Benedict today. Monsignor Cerretti, Secretary for Extraordinary Affairs at the Vatican, acted as interpreter. The Pontiff was most cordial to the visiting prelates and thanked them for their call.

Before seeing the Pope, the Americans had a long talk with Cardinal Gaetano, Papal Secretary of State. During the interview, the Cardinal said: "Rather than a reunion of the Christian churches, the Holy See aims at the unity of the Church, which in the opinion of Rome, can only occur by all returning to the Catholic Church."

Pope Benedict told the visiting clergymen that it was not possible for the Catholic Church to take part in the proposed world conference. The Pope said that, as "successor to St. Peter, the Vicar of Christ has no greater desire than that there should be but one fold and one shepherd."

He added that the teaching and practise of the Catholic Church regarding unity of the visible church is well known to every one, and, therefore, it would not be possible for the Catholic Church to participate in the proposed conference.

The Pope explained that he in no wise wished to disapprove of the participation in the conference of those not united to the chair of St. Peter, but on the contrary, he earnestly desires and prays that "those who take part in the conference may by the grace of God see the light and reunite with the visible head of the Church, by whom they will be received with open arms."

After the visit to the Vatican, the deputation issued this note: "The deputation regrets that the Roman Catholic Church will not be represented in the world conference, as substantially all the rest of Christendom has promised to co-operate. The preparations for the conference will proceed and the deputation will continue its work until invitations are presented to those communions which have not yet been reached."

LABOR LEADER FEARS FOR FUTURE

IMPOSITION OF MORAL FADS BY LEGISLATION DANGEROUS

BY SAMUEL GOMPERS, PRESIDENT OF AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR

I am not an advocate of drinking. I am not an advocate of wine drinking, or even of beer drinking.

Yet I am an anti-prohibitionist. Not an anti-prohibitionist of mere mushroom growth, but one opposed to prohibition, steadfastly and in principle, for more than forty years.

And still I think I may honestly say that I have done as much as most men, and much more than many men, in the furtherance of the cause of temperance.

And it is a worker for temperance—that I wish to say that I consider the foisting of prohibition upon this country against the palpable wish of the large mass of the people, to be, in times like these worse than a crime; it is a blunder. And, moreover, a blunder charged with danger and loaded with disastrous probabilities.

The world today lies torn and tortured and tempest-tossed. All peoples of the earth have been upset and unsettled. The minds of men are excited and unstrung. Subtle, or open, discontent exists throughout the earth. From the bloody Bolshevism of Russia to the economic unrest of the still stable countries, it is there for the least observing to see and the most unthinking to recognize.

It is a singularly unfortunate moment to upset further a country by an invasion of personal liberty and a fatuous attempt to reorganize, by force, the daily habits of its citizens. The very fact that in some cases these habits are harmful is, of course, not sufficient excuse for the autocratic rule that attempts to control the daily lives of those in whom such habits are without harm.

This is no attempt, as it is no time to deal radically with the evils of drink. They exist and they should be corrected. But to rescuse the few and bring disaster to the many is a policy too tenuous to admit of discussion. A general on the battlefield does not turn all his soldiers into stretcher bearers. He wins the battle first and aids the wounded afterwards.

That is precisely the condition that confronts us in this country today. To save a comparatively small number of people from over-indulgence in an evil habit we are taking a chance of wrecking the social and economic fabric of the nation. It is just as futile as it would be to save the people in the sick-bay of a torpedoed ship and let all the rest of the crew and passengers drown!

WINE AND BEER IN GENERAL USE THROUGHOUT EUROPE

In Italy and in France and in the Balkan countries wine is plentiful and water is scarce. In the lands of middle Europe beer is always available and water hard to get. In this country great numbers of immigrants from those lands—great numbers of the descendants of those immigrants—have all their lives been accustomed to the quite legitimate and necessary use of light wines and beer. To them, beer or wine has become as much a part of a meal as bread or meat or potatoes.

They are not drunkards. They use their beer and light wines as sensibly, and no more harmfully, than do most of us use tea or coffee.

To stop them, deliberately and by force, from the use of their beer and wine is as unjust as it would be for a crowd of vegetarians to get together and pass a law to stop you and me from eating meat.

And it is sure to have upon them the same effect. They are voters. And yet they have had no voice in the message of this law. They are American citizens. And yet, because they have delegated their rights to certain elected officials, those officials have acted as they saw fit against the obvious wishes of their constituents.

Is this democracy?

What then?

Resentment.

I worked in a factory for twenty-six years with my shop mates and I know what I am talking about. The lunch that a laboring man takes with him to his work by noon has come nearly dried out. By chipping in with several others, he can procure a small amount of beer with which to wash it down and make it palatable. After which he sits and reads for the balance of the hour.

And in the evening, perhaps a pitcher of beer with his supper. It is his habit. It is plebeian, perhaps. But it is also plebeian to dig ditches.

It is not a question of right or wrong. It is not a question of whether we approve or disapprove of beer drinking. It is his habit.

And when you invade a man's habits, what happens?

You upset that man. You unsettle him. Uprooting one habit uproots others. And you find that the man who was heretofore satisfied to labor as he had been laboring, to go home nights and talk or read, becomes restive and discontented. Instead of sitting down to rest and read, he restlessly goes out into the street.

There he meets other men, restless and unsettled, like himself. And in the rubbing together of their mutual grievances, there are sparks, and sometimes fire.

I have heard it stated, and I believe it, that the birth of the Bolsheviki was in prohibition. Harmful as vodka was, it enabled the Russian peasant to find succor from the dull monotony of his life. Without it, he found only trouble and torment and the desire to tear down that which he could not rebuild. And today Russia lies bleeding, tortured.

It was too big a price to pay. It is time for all of us to recognize the fact that a thing like prohibition cannot be attained by executive decree. It cannot be pounded, with heavy hand, from the top downward. It must, like democracy, flow from the bottom upward.

Total abstinence, like law and order and government, is a gradual growth born of the desire, first, of individuals, then of peoples, to grow. It is futile for the few to try to tell the many what they must or must not do, as it is sometimes equally futile for many to try to tell the few when such commands are too drastic or too great an invasion upon the manhood and liberties of those who are commanded. Upon so small a thing as taxation without representation did the tiny colonies defy their mighty parent.

LABOR HAS AIDED THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE

Honestly you can make prohibition honestly and honorably effective, you must have the desire of the people themselves to totally abstain.

This, palpably, you have not. Else would the Prohibition party have been something more than an also-ran in every election the country has ever held.

The labor movement, by its efforts to secure the eight-hour work day, by securing higher wages and improved conditions of living, has been instrumental in making the workers more temperate.

More drinking union workmen in the United States today than I have ever known in all my life, and the number of total abstainers is growing.

But it is with these men a voluntary act, and I know of no men who are such militant anti-prohibitionists as are the total-abstaining active union men in America.

Organized labor has been fighting its hardest to maintain the unity of this country. It is a great misfortune that at this time there should have come, welded and ready to wield, so powerful a weapon for the forces of disorder and disunion.

The United States contains people of many nationalities, most of whom are, as I have said, accustomed to the use of beer and light wines. Conceive the opportunity thus given to agitators, anarchists and the apostles of Bolshevism to go to these people, in their homes, in their factories, in their mills, their mines, their associations, their unions, and say, "Look here. This is what Congress has done to you. It has even taken away your glass of beer!"

It may sound but little to those who are accustomed to comfortable homes, to luxurious hotels. It may sound trivial to those who have never known the use of beer or wine. But to people so accustomed it is a source of constant discontent and never-ending nagging. It irritates and annoys and unsettles. And it puts them in a receptive mood for the deadlier propaganda that will follow.

The "No Beer, No Work" agitation is sure proof of this. It is claimed to be the work of agitators, the I. W. W., or the Bolsheviki.

Well, suppose it is? Who placed in the hands of these agitators the material to work with?

And how are you going to tell whether it is their work or not?

rights, or that of the dishonest agent of anarchy or pro-Germanism trying to foment trouble, doesn't the cry remain the same?

By allowing the opportunity for a cry like this to be heard at a time like this, it looks as though we had unconsciously played into the hands of the enemy. That he will use his opportunity to the full, we can be only unpleasantly sure.

PARTY POLITICS HAVE NO PLACE IN FEDERATION OF LABOR

What is to be done, I do not pretend to say. Party politics, whether they be democratic, republican, socialistic, populist, prohibition, or any other, have no place in the conventions of the American Federation of Labor, and yet it is the duty of all to point out the dangers we see and leave for those in power to correct or avert these dangers.

But it would be well for my countrymen to know certain things.

Is the experience of other peoples and other nations to have no lesson for us? Whenever we can lead, we must. Where that opportunity is not afforded, the road to wisdom is to profit by the experience of others and for ourselves, to avoid or avert their mistakes.

France and Italy have not even attempted to try prohibition. England tried drastic limitation with limited hours. But in the face of economic unrest, England has had to increase the strength and quality of its beer.

Russia tried prohibition and found Bolshevism.

In the face of this, does the United States really wish to put into effect as a permanent policy a measure that other countries have found to be unnecessary, impossible or disastrous?

I verily believe it does not. Bound by every tie of principle, hope and aspiration for my country's welfare and progress, associated with the men and women of our country as closely as I am, for the first time in my whole life am I apprehensive for the future.

HOLY SEE NOT TO CO-OPERATE

CHURCH CANNOT JOIN WORLD CONGRESS ON FAITH AND ORDER

Special to The Tablet

Rome, May 15.—It appears that the general secretary of the World Congress on Faith and Order has approached the Pope, through the Cardinal Secretary of State, seeking some method of co-operation on the part of the Holy See in the pan-Christian Congress which is to take place next year. It is said that the Holy See has expressed its good will towards the movement, but a late semi-official statement, which a news agency wires from Rome as having been given out by the Vatican reports that:

"The Holy See has decided not to participate in the Pan-Christian Congress which it is proposed to hold shortly, as the Catholic Church, considering her dogmatic character, cannot join on an equal footing with the other churches. The feeling at the Vatican is that all other Christian denominations have seceded from the Church of Rome, which descends directly from Christ. There, Rome cannot go to them; it is for them to return to her bosom. The Pope is ready to receive the representatives of the dissenting churches with open arms, since the Roman Church has always longed for the unification of all Christian religions. Pope Leo XIII. was deeply interested in this question and has written two famous encyclicals on the subject of the unification of the Christian churches."

POPE BESTOWS MEDAL ON DETROIT WOMAN

SERVICES OF MRS. JOSEPHINE B. CONLON WIN SIGNAL HONOR

New York, May 14.—Signal honors have been conferred by Pope Benedict XV. upon Mrs. Josephine B. Sullivan-Conlon, who has been awarded a certificate and gold medal with the decoration "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice" (for Church and Pope), in recognition of her 25 years' service on the Michigan Catholic, as writer, secretary and treasurer, and editor.

The ceremony of bestowal will be performed in Detroit. Bishop Michael J. Gallagher will make the presentation in the name of the Pontiff.

Mrs. Conlon's 25 years of service on the Michigan Catholic were celebrated with an anniversary banquet tendered to her last February by both Catholic and non-Catholic women of Detroit. She became editor of the paper following the death two years ago of William H. Hughes, though she had previously borne the burden of much of the editorial work, and a great deal of the writing, in addition to her duties as secretary and treasurer of the company since its incorporation, 12 years ago.—Detroit Free Press, May 15.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Forty negro converts of Kansas City, Mo., were baptized on a recent Sunday afternoon at St. Monica's Church, by the pastor, Father Cyprian, O. F. M.

An autographed picture of Cardinal Mercier of Belgium was auctioned off at the Hippodrome, New York City, at the Victory Loan Rally, and went to William H. English, who bid \$1,000.00.

In Switzerland there is a strong movement to modify the obnoxious Kulturkampf laws of 1874. These laws forbid the Jesuits to labor in that republic and the founding of any new convents or Catholic religious orders.

The greatest Cathedrals in the world are ranged thus, in the order of size: St. Peter's, Rome; Milan Cathedral, Cordova Cathedral (Spain), Seville Cathedral (Spain), Cologne Cathedral (Germany), and York Minster (England). These enormous churches were all built by the genius and piety of the Catholic Church.

Paris, May 12.—It is stated here that David Lloyd George, British Prime Minister, has reconsidered his decision to receive Frank P. Walsh, Edward F. Dunne and Michael J. Ryan, representing American Irish societies. The reason given is the agitation which has arisen from the visit of the Americans to Ireland.

Rome, May 14.—Three prelates of the Protestant Episcopal church in the United States, Rt. Rev. Boyd Vincent, Bishop of Southern Ohio; Rt. Rev. Charles F. Anderson, Bishop of Chicago; and Bishop Reginald Heber Weller, of the Diocese of Fond du Lac, Wis., who were accompanied by Rev. S. Talbot Rogers, of Racine College, and Rev. Edward L. Parsons, of Berkeley, Cal., were received today by Monsignor Cerretti, at the Vatican.

Sacramento being known as the "City of Camellias" it will be of interest to know that the name of the flower, which was brought to Europe by a Catholic priest from India, of which country it is a native, bears his name. He was Father Kamel, a Jesuit, and the great botanist, Linnaeus gave the name "Camellia" to the flower out of compliment to the good priest, who first introduced it to European notice. The flower was brought to Europe in the seventeenth century, and from there was brought to this country.—Sacramento Catholic Herald.

New York, May 9.—Dignitaries of the Catholic Church from all parts of the country attended services for Very Rev. John J. Hughes, Superior of the Paulist Fathers, in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle here today. Archbishop Hayes pronounced the eulogy. Among the notables at the funeral were: Archbishop Edward J. Hanna of San Francisco; Bishops Joseph Schrembs of Toledo, O., John J. Cantwell of Los Angeles; William T. Russell of Charleston, S. C.; Peter Muldoon of Rockford, Ill.; and Thomas J. Shahan of Washington, D. C.

The appointment of General Sir Edward Bullfinch to the command of the British troops in Egypt, says the Catholic Columbian, is made at an anxious moment. As a commander, Sir Edward won successes on stricken fields which encircled, along with so much flesh and blood, not a few first-class military reputations. If his new work in Egypt is not to be on the battlefield, it will at least make demands on his wisdom in judgment and his readiness in resources. Sir Edward is a son of the late Alderman Bullfinch, Lord Mayor of Dublin. He is a Catholic, and was educated at the great Jesuit College Stonyhurst, England.

The late John B. Manning, a broker of New York City, who left an estate of more than nine million dollars, made the following charitable bequests to churches and religious institutions: Apostolic Mission House at Washington, \$21,000; Catholic University of America, \$50,000; St. Vincent's Hospital and Society of St. Vincent de Paul, \$25,000 each; Cathedral College, \$15,000; Missions of the Immaculate Virgin, St. Francis Hospital, St. Joseph's Hospital, \$10,000 each; St. Joseph's Seminary and the Church of the Good Shepherd, \$5,000 each; Misericordia Hospital, \$2,000; and the Church of the Holy Trinity, \$1,000.

Judge Nicholas Fessenden, of Fort Fairfield, Me., was baptized and received into the Church at St. Dennis' church, Fort Fairfield, on Easter Sunday. His conversion is the result of his study of Church history. Judge Fessenden was born on November 28, 1847, in Saw, Me. He spent his boyhood days in Eastport, Me., where his father was a well-known physician for many years. He was admitted to the bar in Portland in 1870. From 1891 to 1897 he was Secretary of State and for four years held offices of responsibility at the State House in Augusta. For the last twenty-five years he has been Judge of the Probate Court of Aroostook County. He has two sons, one a prominent attorney in Hong Kong, China, and the other a Methodist minister in Pittsburgh, Pa.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FABER CHAPTER XII.

Thurston's return wounded and insensible as he still remained, had put Mrs. Burchill's little household into a state of great consternation and excitement; indeed, the only persons who seemed to have any self-possession were Mildred and Miss Balk. The former quickly gave the orders relative to Gerald's immediate care which her astounded and affrighted mother seemed too bewildered to give, and Miss Balk, without vouchsafing a single question to any one, watched while they carried the wounded man up the short stair with something very like a look of triumph in her eyes.

A surgeon who at the request of the doctor in attendance had been summoned now arrived, and both found Miss Burchill of invaluable assistance; she was so noiseless and yet so quick in her movements and she seemed to divine by singular intuition where her aid would be most effectual.

The ball, that had lodged in the region of the heart, could not be extracted that night, and the utmost that could be done for the sufferer was to endeavor to bring him to consciousness, and to allay the pain he might then suffer.

Robinson, owing to the thought of Mildred, had been summoned, and he came at once. He was ushered to Gerald's bedside, and his hard, lean, angular face as it bent over the wounded man, might well justify the reputation which the factory hands gave him of closeness. Even his form, tall and exceedingly spare, looked as if it were a living witness of its owner's rigid parsimony.

He turned after a brief survey of Gerald to ask some question of the doctor, and his eyes fell upon Mildred. She had been waiting upon the physician, and she now stood for an instant where the light of the lamp fell fully upon her. She looked very attractive in her simple, neat-fitting dark dress, and Robinson's cold eyes glittered as they rested upon her. But he turned in a moment to ask what were the chances of Gerald's recovery.

"Slight," was the reply of the doctor, "unless the ball can be extracted to-morrow."

The lean, angular face looked anxious. "Might he die to-night?" "No, Mr. Robinson; he will not die to-night unless some very unexpected change should take place."

"Then I shall not remain, and if any change for the worse should happen, send for me at once. I must speak to him upon business matters before he dies."

"The last words betraying as they did the intense selfishness of the speaker, caused Miss Burchill to look at him. Her eyes met those keen, greenish-looking eyes, so keen and peculiar in their color that they gave a most singular expression to his face, and her large, bright, frank eyes. To her dying day she never forgot the effect produced upon her by that look. It was as if a current from some charnel chamber had swept across her, while at the same time she experienced an instantaneous conviction that this man was in some unpleasant way to cross her future path. Leaving the room, she was glad to find her mother ready to escort the factory owner to the door, and she fled to her own room to chide herself for her silly sensations and to reason herself back to her wonted calm. Her strange emotions seemed the more inexplicable that, though never having spoken to the wealthy factory owner, nor seen him so closely before, still his form and face were not unfamiliar to her.

"Who is that young lady upstairs?" "My daughter, sir," she replied with maternal pride.

"Umph! What does she do? What trade does she follow?" "She goes to school still, sir; but one of the select men has promised to have her put into the school as teacher next fall."

The ball was extracted successfully, but for days his life hung in the balance, and despite the united efforts of the physicians, and the most tender nursing on the part of Mrs. Burchill and her daughter, there seemed to be but slight hope of his recovery. For Miss Balk, she never enquired about him, and to little old Grandfather Burchill's frequent regrets and anxious hopes for the young man's recovery, all of which were expressed without any reserve every time he had a healer, she never vouchsafed a reply. The only concern that she took in Gerald's interests was to go every day to the post-office and inquire for letters for him. There were letters alone from Helen. —Miss Balk easily recognized the superscription, —and these she put carefully away into her own old-fashioned trunk.

Gerald's ravings became at last Helen, and she fancied that Mildred was she. With tenderness that frequently brought tears to the eyes of his young nurse, he repeated declarations of his love for Helen; Helen who, in those moments, was delightfully receiving the attentions of a lover. In this way Mildred learned enough to know that there was an engagement of marriage between him and Miss Brower, and enough to feel that the latter was the object of an unusually strong and tender attachment. In her womanly sympathy it seemed but right that Miss Brower should be summoned. What if he should die, and she who held his heart not near him! She shuddered, and she went at once, when relieved of her watch by the bedside, to seek Miss Balk.

That lady was cold and grim as ever, but colder and grimmer when apprised of the object of Miss Burchill's visit. She declined all interference with Miss Brower's affairs. "But this will not be interfering," said Mildred, a little hotly, being provoked at the woman's total want of feeling. "It will be simply your duty to apprise Miss Brower of Mr. Thurston's serious condition, or give me her address, and I will write to her."

Miss Balk laughed—a dry, hoarse, short laugh that made one long to shut one's ears against it—and turned away. Mildred, indignant, followed.

"Am I to understand, Miss Balk, that you positively refuse to do this act of common humanity?" "You are to understand anything you like," was the grim response, and Miss Balk stalked past Miss Burchill and into the garden.

If Mildred disliked her mother's strange boarder before, and through Christian feelings had struggled to conquer that dislike, she had an uncontrollable aversion for her henceforth, and nothing but the most stern sense of her duty as a Christian, and her love for her mother, who still entertained her first strange fear of displeasing Barbara, prevented her from showing that aversion whenever they met.

She performed her duties in the sick-room with an assiduity all the more tender from the apprehension that Gerald would die without once seeing her who seemed so dear to him. She knew Miss Brower by sight, and she had been impressed for the time by her beauty as everybody else was wont to be, but further than that she had never given a thought to the young woman; now, however, her thoughts were frequently of Miss Brower, and as more and more there came to be disclosed the depths of that love which seemed to be the centre of the sick man's being, she grew impatient and angry with Miss Brower herself, questioning in her own mind why the latter did not write to some one in the house about Gerald; since they were engaged lovers, surely she must wonder at his silence.

The delirium of the fever ceased at last, and though weak as an infant, and still needing the most tender care, he was pronounced out of danger. Mildred resigned her place at his bedside, now that he knew these about him, and Robinson, who had sent every day to learn Gerald's condition, came himself when apprised of the change of the patient.

He was met on the porch by the physician, who begged him not to enter the sick-room, an absolute quiet was necessary to prevent a relapse, and the sight of the factory owner might bring the thoughts and anxieties of the business to the patient's mind.

Robinson was disconcerted; there had been so many hitches in his business during Gerald's sickness, and now there were important affairs which must have immediate decision, and which decision needed Gerald's judgment. The factory operatives had gone sullenly to work. Hogan was still in prison waiting trial—on what charge he was at a loss himself to tell but which the wealthy factory owner's influence had easily secured.

While Robinson stood in the little porch looking with displeased perplexity into the doctor's face, a poor, attenuated, wretchedly clad woman, carrying a puny baby, and having by the hand a little emaciated girl, entered the garden. She came forward slowly and hesitatingly, casting anxious glances about her, as if she were desirous of meeting some one by address before she reached the house. She saw no one, however, and at last looking directly in front of her, her eyes rested on Robinson's tall, spare form. She became intensely agitated; her limbs shook convulsively, and her hollow cheeks flushed; grasping more tightly the child whose hand she held, she quickened her pace.

"Robinson!" The factory owner, whose back was to the woman, turned as if he was shot at the sound of that unusual voice. It was so deep and heartbroken. The doctor also looked with a little surprise.

"For the love of heaven, release my husband from prison; they say your word can do it; we're starving; see my children and me, and Dick will die where he is. Release him, Mr. Robinson, and we'll contrive to go away,—all of us; we'll beg our way to some place far from here. I tried to see you every day since Dick's arrest, but the servants wouldn't let me near you."

Robinson's tall form seemed to become taller, he towered so above the poor, little, wretched creature, and his hard face seemed to resolve itself into many more hard lines than already composed it, while his glittering eyes became like steel in their metallic expression.

"Your husband, woman, shall be visited with the full penalty of the law."

His tones were as cold as his face was. For a second the woman continued to look at him without speaking,—a look as if every vital force within her was gathering to hurl some desperate anathema at him; it was like the last, last effort of the wounded wild beast.

"May the curses of the heartbroken light upon you! May you be haunted day and night by the presence of the dead! May—" But there was a hand upon her mouth, and an arm around her neck.

It was Mildred, white and startled. From the open window of the parlor, whither she had paused for a moment, she heard the first part of the curse, and obeying the impulse which prompted her to prevent its completion she had sprung to Mrs. Hogan's side, hardly conscious until then that there were two other observers of her sudden act.

The physician, more appalled at the woman's appearance and her fierce utterance than at the denunciation itself, shrank a little, but Robinson never moved; only an almost imperceptible paleness overspread his features.

"Come into the house," whispered Miss Burchill, removing her hand from the woman's mouth; "you are not yourself now."

"I am not, May God help me! Oh, may God forgive me for the curse!"

A flood of tears relieved her, and Mildred, taking the puny baby from her, again whispered to her to come into the house. She obeyed mechanically, the tears still gushing from her eyes, and then the two men looked at each other.

The doctor knew sufficient of Robinson's reputation for hardness to make him scarcely surprised at the scene he had witnessed, but he was not prepared for the change in the factory owner's countenance. The imperceptible paleness had increased, until now his face was livid.

"Surely, Mr. Robinson, you have not been affected by that poor creature's mad words?"

"I, sir?" and Robinson drew himself up, and attempted to assume a careless, contemptuous tone, but his voice was husky, and he trembled slightly. He laughed, however, and wiping the perspiration from his face said, abruptly: "How soon can I see Mr. Thurston?"

"In a day or two, if you promise not to permit him to speak of business."

"My seeing him on such terms would be of no use. I must see him on business."

"The doctor was not a little disgusted.

"Then, Mr. Robinson, we must shut you out of the sick-room for a month yet."

"He has the same careful nursing, I suppose—Miss Burchill constantly at his bedside?"

"The doctor was again surprised; not so much at the interest betrayed in the quality of Thurston's nursing—the man's selfish anxiety for his own interest would make him betray that—as at the tone in which the last part of his question was spoken. To the observing doctor it seemed to indicate a more than passing interest in Miss Burchill.

"No," he answered. "Now that Mr. Thurston has passed through the most imminent crisis, she asked to be relieved from the attendance upon him, and at my suggestion a professional nurse was summoned, who arrived from Boston last night."

"The factory owner desired no further information, and he turned away with a short "Good-morning!" while the physician went up to his patient. Within the house Mildred was soothing and ministering to poor Mrs. Hogan and her little ones. Nourishment such as they had not tasted for days was tenderly given to them, and somewhat refreshed and quieted by that gentle kindness, the poor creature was relieving herself by detailing her troubles.

but it was on Mr. Thurston most of his thoughts were, and he was so subdued and brooding-like that it went through my heart, I thought the sight of myself and the children might touch Mr. Robinson. Sure, it's not much that Dick's in jail for, anyhow, and every one told me that all rested with Mr. Robinson. I tried to see him, but he has servants as hard as himself. They said they'd set the dogs on me if I came there again. If I wasn't beside myself this morning, I wouldn't have cursed him."

Her face blanched, and she rocked herself to and fro for a few minutes without speaking. Then she whispered, still rocking herself—"I'm afraid the curse will light on him. I spoke it from my heart when I said it, and—"

"Why, this is ridiculous," interrupted Mildred. "You only imagine all this because you are weak from suffering."

"No, no. Let me tell you; I will ease my mind. From a child I have heard stories how some member of our family in each generation had the power to make such a curse as I gave him this morning, come true. The dead whose spirits are not at rest haunt the cursed person."

She seemed like some wraith herself, with her emaciated form, her hollow cheeks, transparent skin, and large lustrous eyes, and but for the strong common sense that Mildred possessed, and that made her see in all this but the effect of a most ignorant and superstitious imagination, she might have been quite strongly impressed; as it was, she made another effort to remove Mrs. Hogan's thoughts from the unpleasant subject. But the woman would not be quieted; she must relieve her mind.

"I have heard stories," she continued, "where a gripping landlord at home was cursed by my grandmother, just such a curse as I gave, when he left her homeless on the roadside. Years after, when he was a tottering old man, he came to the part of the country where she lived to ask her to remove it; his health and his strength had gone, he was so haunted. She tried to remove it; she forgave him, and she prayed for him, but he had to bear it to the end. And what, oh! what, if the curse I gave this morning should come true! Her very lips blanched. "I don't wish it to come true. Sure, if Mr. Robinson killed Dick I wouldn't be wicked enough to curse him, but if he's haunted, and it through me!" She stopped, as if beside herself with terror, and it required Miss Burchill's most soothing and at the same time firm, efforts to restore the poor creature to any degree of calm. But the woman's own exhaustion came to her aid, and she was induced at last to lie down for a little and leave her children, one of whom was sleeping, to the tender care of the young girl.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE DYING ACTRESS

I was called out one night at 10 o'clock by one of our hotel to the bedside of an actress. They said she was unconscious and dying, and that she might be a Catholic, for she had a rosary on her dressing table. I went hastily with the holy oils. I found a girl of about twenty-two, lying pale and helpless on her bed. Her eyes were closed, her long, dark hair, disordered on the pillow, framed a singularly sweet, innocent face. One of the hotel maids was busied about her, and it was not hard to know what faith shone in her honest, charitable eyes. Stepping reverently aside, she said in a husky voice to some of the troupe that were in the small room: "It's the priest."

Everyone made way, and I stooped over the girl. She opened her eyes and tried to smile. "Are you a priest?" she asked. "Yes, my child," I answered. "Am I very ill? I am in awful pain, but maybe I'll get better." Then she suddenly fainted.

The maid I spoke of gave restoratives, and I hurriedly asked what was the matter. "Why, Bertie was performing her great trapeze act today and missed her count; Father; she fell thirty feet. The surgeon says her spine is injured and there is no hope. He gave her twelve hours to live, perhaps not that. It is her grit that keeps her up, Father," said the young woman, with tears in her eyes.

"She is the best performer in the company," said another young woman. "A variety actress?" "Yes, Father. We have refused vaudeville. But we are a very select organization," said the woman, with emphasis. "Bertie is very correct. Not a breath of gossip ever touched her! She kept us all straight. Poor Bertie!"

Just then Bertie's eyes opened. "The priest," she said faintly. I made a sign to them. "You had better all leave, and I will call you in a few minutes."

"Yes, Father," they said obediently, and I was alone with the dying girl. "Father, I want to make a general confession," said she, and she began with difficulty a clear, honest, sincere confession. It took her some time, but she would not let me hurry her. I said a few words and gave her as penance one "Holy Mary." She began to say it aloud slowly.

"My child," I said, "make a fervent act of contrition first. I am going to give you absolution."

"Oh, no Father, and I feel rather negligent in an important matter; but at the end of the week a letter

"Baptism!" I said amazed. Surely you are baptized!" "No, Father, I am not a Catholic. I was never baptized. In belief I am and always have been a Catholic, but I never received any sacrament. I go to Mass every Sunday I can and say my rosary. I learned that at school. But our life has been so roving that I could only do that much. I never had much chance, you see, I was wild and self-willed, and when grandma died I left school and as there was no one to restrain me, being alone in the world, I drifted from dancing school to riding wild horses and doing burlesque. But I never forgot all I learned at the convent, although I did not think about it for a long time."

"Where did you go to school, my child?" "To boarding school—to St. Xavier's Academy—Pennsylvania."

I knew the convent well. I paused amazed at her story, told with difficulty for her sufferings were evident. "Won't you baptize me, Father, and then give me absolution? Baptism is enough, I know, but I want absolution, too."

She folded her hand and looked steadily at me with dark, soft eyes, in which I saw death.

"Indeed I will, my child," and I took out my stole and, seizing a goblet of water from her table, I exhorted her to perfect contrition, and fervently baptized her.

"Thank God," she whispered, and closed her eyes. It seemed to me, after a few moments' pause, that the ghastly hue of death had given place to a more lifelike color. "I waited. "Father," she said, "I'm suffering terribly and I know now that I will die soon. I want you to give me Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction."

I hesitated. I was amazed. Here was a dying actress, just baptized! How did I know whether she was sufficiently instructed? She read my thoughts.

"You don't think I am instructed, Father? I believe firmly that the Blessed Eucharist is Our Lord Himself, His true Body and Blood, which I am to receive without fasting because He is my Viaticum; and Extreme Unction is the last anointing of the purified Catholic before she goes to meet her judge! Father, I remember it all. I used to listen to Sister Veronica telling the class. Her instructions could never be forgotten! Father, won't you give me the last sacraments?"

Here was an apostolate fulfilled! That good Sister, whoever she was, had saved this soul!

"Wait ten minutes, dear child. I will bring Our Lord to you." And I went hastily to the door and summoned those outside. To the Catholic maid, who was nearest me, I said, "I am going for the Blessed Sacrament; I will be back inside of fifteen minutes," and hurried out.

In less than fifteen minutes I was back at Bertie's bedside. She was breathing quietly, and unclosed her eyes when I came in. I whispered my instructions to the maid. A little table with lighted candles, holy water, etc., was quickly prepared, and I laid the pax upon it. As I lifted the Sacred Host the girl's eyes were fixed upon it, and I heard her say, "My Lord and my God!" I could hardly keep back a tear. I administered her first and last Communion. Extreme Unction followed. She laid out her hands for the holy oil, and as I gave her the last abso-lution a little sign of content broke from her lips.

"Thank God," she said again, but it was in a whisper. There was silence in the room. It was full of hotel people and the young women of the company, but all were deeply impressed and very reverent.

The doctor came, made a short examination. "Anyhope?" I whispered. "She may last an hour," and he left the room. I sat down by the bed, for this little convert had gone to my heart. She lay very still. Her dark eyes and her lips formed some words. I bent over her, and she said, with difficulty of breath, but very distinctly: "Father—write to St. Xavier's—won't you? Tell Sister Veronica—I died—a good Catholic; that I made my first Communion on my death-bed—she used to talk—so much about—the happy day of first Communion! I know now. She used to say 'My Lord and my God.' It was engraved on her silver ring—yes. 'My Lord and my God!'"

I promised. These were her last words. She seemed to sleep, and then awoke with wide distressed eyes, and gave her the Plenary Indulgence. The lines of pain wore away, and at the end her face was radiant. When all was over a marvellous expression of peace and content was there, and the weeping women who crowded round the pillow of death sobbed out, "Oh, how beautiful she is!" I made the sign of the cross over the lifeless remains and left.

When I got home, I sat for a long time in my study, thinking over the whole occurrence, and I am not ashamed to say I dashed away some tears. Before I sought my bed I wrote a letter to "Sister Veronica, St. Xavier's Academy," and told her all I had witnessed. Several days passed by. The company carried away the remains of poor Bertie to her home city. I heard no more about the episode, I had forgotten to inquire the correct name of the poor child for registry, and I felt rather negligent in an important matter; but at the end of the week a letter

came from the superior of the academy. It read as follows: "Dear Rev. Father: Your letter was received and made a profound impression on the Sisters. We all remembered poor Bertie Carr. She was a bright, spirited girl and everybody liked her. Knowing she was never baptized and would have few opportunities for instruction after she left us, her teacher did all in her power in her class instructions to explain Catholic doctrine. She told me she often said a silent prayer, and looking at Bertie would try to fix her attention, as she was the only non-Catholic in the room. This dear Sister has now passed to her reward, young in years but full of grace and merit. Her name was Sister Veronica Ewing, daughter of the late General Hugh Ewing, soldier and author. She was of a distinguished American family, niece of General Sherman and cousin of Father Thomas Sherman, E. J. She is sleeping in our little cemetery and we can readily believe her soul has met the ransomed soul of her pupil, converted through her words and prayers for many years. I thank you for writing this account, dear Rev. Father, and recommending myself to your prayers. I remain with respect, Yours in Christ,

SISTER STANISLAUS, Superior.

I folded the letter and thought "What a history, and how many more are unwritten! Then I said aloud: "Oh ye good Sisters, who give out the milk and honey of the faith to young souls who cluster round your school desks, have ye not an apostolate in your cloisters?"—Catholic Citizen.

MASTERLY SERMON BY BISHOP GUNN

REVIEWS WORLD CONDITIONS AND ACTIVITIES

Easter Sunday was memorable in the Cathedral of Natchez, not only because it chronicled the close of the Lenten season, most fruitful through the united efforts of Bishop and clergy, but also because the Bishop Pontificated on East day and delivered one of the most remarkable and timely sermons ever heard from the Cathedral pulpit. Bishop Gunn spoke as follows:

"Two years ago, on Easter Sunday, I proclaimed from this pulpit the duty of every American Catholic in the War which America had declared on the previous Good Friday. With the declaration of War came an appeal from our President which practically conscripted all who believed in God to get off their knees and to help America do its part in winning the War. Among the first, I think the very first, to answer the President were the Catholics of America, and they spoke through their accredited agents the Archbishops.

The American Hierarchy pledged the Catholic Church of the United States, pledged the blood and treasure of eighteen million Americans, and then other denominations followed; and all Americans who believed in God of Battles fell into line and died in service and sacrifice until the end of the War. Americans prayed, and Americans fought and prayed. God was on the lips and in the hearts of the men overseas as well as with their brothers and sisters at home. During the War all the Americans and most of their associates were Christians. Those who survived placed a cross over the fallen to point heavenward and to profess American belief in the immortality of the soul—the foolishness of the cross—and the doctrine of the Resurrection.

"The War ended suddenly in November, 1918. It ended on the terms and conditions dictated by our President. His famous fourteen propositions, whether original or appropriated, proclaimed the inalienable American principles of international justice, the self-determination of nations, and the freedom of all people and individuals religiously, politically and nationally. He traced the program of the world's peace and the world's future, and the armed soldiers of civilization laid down their arms and turned the details of peace and the fruits of victory over to statesmen and politicians. Today we stand between victory and peace; between a war ending and a peace in the making. We Catholics who have done so much and hoped for so much may be pardoned for looking back on the past four years and for looking forward to the years to come, and if looking back gives us a feeling of pride and gratitude and looking forward fills us with something like awe and fear, we will be pardoned if understood.

"Looking back we read the record of service and sacrifice among Catholics of every land, and we find that in no spot of earth were Catholics either lukewarm, or slackers or traitors. We see the lowering greatness of Cardinal Mercur of Belgium; we see the towering wisdom of Cardinal Gibbons in America; we read of twenty thousand French priests who quit the cosack to don the khaki and to live and work and die with their fellow poilus in the trenches.

"We read of priestly courage and daring, but of all the heroes of any land none can compare with the Irish Father Duffy, of the Catholic Sixty-ninth of New York. At no time in the history of the priesthood was the saying of Theodore Roosevelt more verified than during the last war. Speaking of Archbishop Blank of

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS

M. P. McDONAGH BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY, ETC. 425 RICHMOND ST. LONDON, ONT.

U. A. BUCHNER BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY SPECIALITIES: Estates, Collections, Money Loaned 426 TALBOT ST. LONDON, CANADA

MURPHY & GUNN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES Solicitors for The Home Bank of Canada Barristers for the Roman Catholic Episcopal Corporation Suite 58, Bank of Toronto Chambers LONDON, CANADA Phone 170

FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES ETC. A. E. Knox T. Louis Monahan R. L. Middleton George Keogh Cable Address: "Foy" Telephone: (Main 461)

Offices: Continental Life Building CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS TORONTO

DAY, FERGUSON & CO BARRISTERS James E. Day 25 Adelaide St. West John M. Ferguson Toronto, Canada Joseph P. Walsh

Reilly, Lunney & Lane BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES CALGARY, ALBERTA

ARCHITECTS WATT & BLACKWELL Members Ontario Association ARCHITECTS Sixth Floor, Bank of Toronto Chambers LONDON, ONT.

DENTISTS DR. BRUCE E. RAID 2005 S. Donoluo Bank Chambers Cor. Richmond and Dundas Sts. Phone 5888

EDUCATIONAL St. Jerome's College KITCHENER, ONT. Founded 1864

Excellent Business College Department Excellent High School or Academic Department Excellent College and Philosophical Departments Address: REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R., P. D., PRINCIPAL

87 YONGE ST., TORONTO Phone Main 4030

Hennessey "Something More Than A Drug Store"

DRUGS CUT FLOWERS PERFUMES CANDLES Order by Phone - we Deliver Watch Our Ads in Local Dailies Thursday

RAW FURS Best Market Price Paid for Raccoon, Skunk, Mink, Weasels and Fox.

ROSS' LIMITED LONDON, ONT. 201-47

Advertisement Writers Wanted

Equal demand for men and women. Salaries are inviting. Our courses were compiled by

6 Experts We have had several requests for our graduates recently. You learn at home in a few months. Get particulars. Address: SHAW CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL TORONTO, CANADA (Dept. C. R.)

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

John Ferguson & Sons 180 KING ST. The Leading Undertakers & Embalmers Open Night and Day Telephone - House 373 Factory 543

E. G. Killingsworth FUNERAL DIRECTOR Open Day and Night 389 Barwell St. Phone 3971

Put Vim in Jaded Muscles

by stimulating and arousing the circulation with light applications of Absorbine, Jr., rubbed in thoroughly. This invigorating liniment acts quickly and surely. It is fragrant and pleasant to use—leaves no greasy residue on the skin.

As Absorbine, Jr., is a powerful germicide as well as a liniment, it is effective for prophylactic and aseptic uses; it destroys the germs in cuts and sores; it may be diluted and used successfully as an antiseptic and germicide for the mouth and throat. Athletes will find it efficient for limbering sore, stiff muscles. A good formula for a rub-down is one ounce of Absorbine, Jr. to a quart of water or witch hazel.

It is composed of vegetable extracts and essential oils, and is positively harmless. Get a bottle today and keep it in your desk, in your travelling bag, in your medicine cabinet or in the side pocket of your automobile. It is health insurance of a high type. At most druggists or sent prepaid upon receipt of \$1.25. Trial bottle for 10c. in stamps. W. F. YOUNG, INC., 298 Lyman Bldg. Montreal, Can.

New Orleans, the famous ex-President is quoted as saying: "The finest human being that walks the earth is a loyal Roman Catholic priest." In this country the priests proved the truth of Roosevelt's saying by showing on every occasion that each and every one of them was an undaunted, unhyphenated, one hundred per cent American. They showed this by their work as chaplains at the front, by their moral work in every field of service and sacrifice traced out for them by their Church and State superiors at home. They even used their pulpits to preach the Government sermons of patriotism, civil and economic.

"Four Bishops practically gave up their Dioceses to give themselves exclusively to war work. There is not one of the hundred American Bishops whose voice was not heard and whose example was not an inspiration in all the varied phases of war activity. Some said that Cardinal Gibbons' presence alone was worth one hundred thousand dollars at every meeting he attended, and although over eighty-five years old he was every where an active worker on every national committee. The late Archbishop of St. Paul did more to bring the hesitating Middle West (falsely accused of pro-Germanism) into line than any man in America."

"The clergy were not alone in their patriotic efforts. The Catholic laity astonished the world by giving forty per cent of the total strength of the fighting force of the Army and Navy, while the entire Church in the States only numbered one-fifth or one-sixth of the American population. How was it possible? The secret of the number and the fitness of the Catholic man power was discovered and exposed, and the much maligned and badly understood confessional was honored and justified as an unmatched war measure. No wonder the answer of an American officer, when asked if he could hold a dangerous outpost 'Somewhere in France,' 'Yes,' he replied, 'an American officer could hold anything with the help of God and a few Marines.' He knew that 60 per cent of the Marines were Catholics.

"The clergy did its part, the rank and file of the Catholic Church exceeded all expectations, but the Catholic Croix de Guerre is due to the greatness of all Catholic agencies—to the right arm of the Church—to the Knights of Columbus. That young American Order, whose membership calls for and exacts only two conditions, one hundred per cent, unhyphenated Americanism and practical Catholicity, came to the front, and remained in the limelight all during the War. It commenced by sending fifty thousand of its members as volunteers when the first appeal was made to rally round the flag. It then offered all its funds and its old men to help the soldier and sailor boys in the camps everywhere—old white-haired men, too old for soldier work, were conscripted and sent to the front to help the boys fight and cheer. No wonder the entire country today and every soldier had here or there singing the praises of the men who made everybody welcome and everything free. It is not surprising that every Catholic who is practical and not a dram seller is joining the ranks of the Knights of Columbus—the cream of Catholic manhood, the truest Knights of the Cross and of the flag.

"Still looking back since I preached my first war sermon in this Cathedral two years ago, I can thank God that I belong to the Catholic Church; to the Church of Benedict, Mercier, Gibbons, Ireland and Foch; to the Church of Petain, Castelnau and Pau; to the Church of Benson, Sims, the Sixty-ninth, and to the Church of God and His Marines. Were I not a Catholic, I would love to worship with Hurley, Ryan and Schwab, and with the fighting men who, from every town and village of America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, followed the flag and only halted when commanded on the banks of the Rhine.

"Five months ago the fate and future of the world was transferred from the soldier to the statesman, and here, I am sorry to say, anxiety begins; clouds gather, at least the picture changes. Although promised 'merciless publicity' we have been kept in profoundest ignorance; though the War was won by prayer as much as by bullets, there is no time for prayer at the Peace Conference, and God has been kept away from it with as much jealous care as if He were a Hohenzollern, Romanoff, Hapsburg or a Sultan.

"Though our soldiers were taught to be Crusaders and the Cross was honored as the flag of the statesmen and politicians of the peace party seem to have veered to other standards and to strange gods. The first cloud at the Peace Conference is the absence of God—of prayer, of any recognition of the oft invoked God of Battles. There is no champion of the old order of Christian justice and political morality there, or invited or permitted to be there. If Lecky was right when he wrote the Catholicism laid the foundations of modern civilization, would it not seem good statesmanship to have the same builder at the reconstruction work? If Macaulay was right when he declared that 'there never was on earth a work of human policy so deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church, why is not that same policy invited to assist in shaping the policy that will control the world's policies in the future? We are not interested in any accidental glory that such an invitation would bring to this world-wide religion, but we are vitally interested in the

kind of peace which will either make or mar the world of tomorrow.

"Were all the more anxious when we read that the price paid to one of the belligerents was the exclusion of the Pope from any place at the Peace Conference. Any wonder, with God and His accredited agent left out, there are many of us who fear a scientific, materialistic peace totally divorced from the principles of eternal justice and democratic fairness? Our fears are not fanciful, nor groundless, as we witness the alarming progress of anarchy and Bolshevism threatening the last remaining strongholds of law and order and authority all over the world. Just as nature abhors a vacuum, so where God is not the devil is likely to be.

"Another cloud darkens the horizon in the form of broken promises, and we wonder will the new peace be a new scrap of paper. Until five months ago we heard much about 'self-determination' to be applied universally to all nations, big and little. We were taught by those in authority that all nations had a common inalienable right to be free. Today the test to the truth or to the sincerity of the words of a great leader are being applied, and all over the liberty loving world there is asked: 'What about Ireland?' Ireland is a nation distinct from her oppressors, or distinct geographically. No political boundaries other than those God gave her are needed to mark her nationality; distinct in origin, in her history, language, literature and ideas. Here is a nation that asks to be free—asks it today by seventy-five per cent of her people, just as she asked and demanded it for seven hundred and fifty years of fruitless struggle to shake off chains shackled on free men. Will she get free? Perjury and bribery made the only link binding her to her enslaver.

"The international court of the world is asked to pronounce the contract null and void and of no binding force, and the only answer we can gather yet is that even America is plotting to perpetuate the perpetual enslavement of Ireland while working hard to free others. Why this? In Western Europe, older than gallant Belgium, or brava France, and richer, bigger and better than other nations torn from other oppressors and enriched with freedom and given self-determination.

"The Peace Conference that excluded God also excludes Ireland's case, and we may well wonder what the future of the world will be. A man and practical Catholicity, come to the front, and remained in the limelight all during the War. It commenced by sending fifty thousand of its members as volunteers when the first appeal was made to rally round the flag. It then offered all its funds and its old men to help the soldier and sailor boys in the camps everywhere—old white-haired men, too old for soldier work, were conscripted and sent to the front to help the boys fight and cheer. No wonder the entire country today and every soldier had here or there singing the praises of the men who made everybody welcome and everything free. It is not surprising that every Catholic who is practical and not a dram seller is joining the ranks of the Knights of Columbus—the cream of Catholic manhood, the truest Knights of the Cross and of the flag.

"Perhaps I should not bring these world shadows into an Easter sermon, but excluding them will neither remove them nor make our Easter better or happier. We are at the crisis of the most momentous events that ever happened. We are either sweetening or poisoning the wells of the future. There will be either world-wide democracy or world-wide Bolshevism as a result of this Peace Conference. No wonder we are alarmed; we are alarmed as were the early seekers at the tomb of Christ when they learned that 'He was not there.'

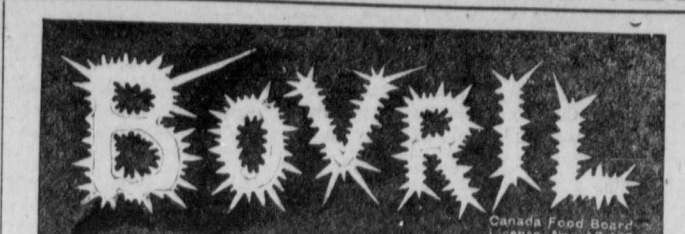
"We, as Christians, have been accustomed to expect signs of repentance before absolution. We see no such signs from the culprits of today who are at the world's judgment seat for a million years.

"For four years, the world-wide mercies public world have denied us, of the greatest crimes ever perpetrated against God or humanity, but as yet we have detected no sign of repentance, contrition or promise of amendment. No wonder the great Foch fears, and we little people fear with him. A moral force at the peace table would have demanded repentance, satisfaction, restitution and guarantees, and it alone would have been worth a dozen Leagues of Nations. The civilization we represent grew out of the foolishness of the Cross, and if we honestly want its reconstruction and its perpetuation we have to bring the world again under the shadow of the Cross and teach it again the lessons of dependence on God, the lessons of justice and humanity preached on Calvary and given Divine sanction and Divine approval by the Resurrection. The risen Christ has been the only cornerstone of things that lasted for these two thousand years. If rejected, huge imitations will be like so many Babels and produce only intolerance, bigotry, and in Bolshevism.

"Looking back we are glad and proud; looking at the present, depressed as we are at that promised 'merciless publicity,' we are anxious; looking to the future we are reminded of the words of the Hebrew prophet about the vanity of building without making the Lord a partner."

LITTLE THINGS IN RELIGION

Can anything connected with religion be called a little thing? It is true that some practices have a greater importance than others. Nothing can make up for the loss of Sunday Mass; nothing can take the place of the Sacraments of penance and Holy Communion. In compactness with these duties of paramount importance certain practices may in themselves be regarded as small; yet the mission of them may have serious consequences. When we find that grace at meals is habitually neglected in the home, we cannot but regret it. When we see a person pass into church without using holy water, we feel that there is something wanting in that individual's devotion. When a fumbling movement of finger



STICKING TO THE TRUNK

A correspondent of the London Universe relates a good answer made by a Catholic lady of his acquaintance to an Anglican parson, who had been importuning her to attend his church, her own being at a considerable distance from where she lived.

"But I am a Catholic," she protested. "I cannot possibly think of going to your church."

The parson then took another tack.

"We are all Catholics, you know," he declared. "Our church is a branch of the Catholic Church."

The declaration was doubtless quite as familiar to the listener as to the speaker.

"If you don't mind," was her answer. "I think I'll stick to the trunk."

GERMANS TORTURE PRIEST

An almost unbelievable story of the hardships undergone by a Belgian priest to keep safe a document entrusted to him by Cardinal Mercier has just been sent to this country by Calvin S. Chalmers, a Knight of Columbus secretary, who met Father Philippe Musche, now a chaplain in the K. of C. service at Havre when the latter was visiting the K. of C. clubrooms in Paris. Father Musche underwent a term of terrible solitary confinement rather than deliver the paper and finally turned it over to His Eminence without its having fallen into the enemy's hands. At the beginning of the War he was a teacher in the Institute St. Louis and was one of three brothers, all priests. The other two were shot by the invaders. Father Musche relates his experiences as follows:

"There is not much to say of the things that happened in Brussels in those terrible months that has not already been told. You know how the priests were compelled to endure all kinds of torture under the deluded and cruel invader. My two brothers, both priests, were shot. We had been active in the defence of our country, and I, the third, was singled out by the German authorities as a possible source of information. It was strange that my brothers should have given their lives for refusal to produce a document which I had, and the discovery

GERMANS TORTURE PRIEST

of which would have resulted in wholesale massacre.

BORE EVERY CRUELTY TO KEEP TRUST

"They spared me, but I would gladly have accepted death, had such been the will of God, rather than undergo the suffering which followed. I was first searched for precious papers. My clothing was carefully examined and every indignity possible to the imagination was heaped upon me. Then I was sent to the heart of Germany and incarcerated in a military prison. I had expected to be given at least the privilege of mingling with other unfortunates, but this was denied.

"Against my most vigorous protests I was placed in a dungeon, five feet by seven feet in size. There was a window far up the wall which opened into a small enclosure with no other outlook. The surroundings were in keeping with the stories of early barbarity in Europe. I had supposed that such things were no more, but here I was made to know that the cruelty of untutored and uncivilized ages had been transmitted through centuries of culture.

"After a few months, three, I think, I asked again to be given access to the outer prison, if only for a few hours each day. I was told by divulging the important secret matter that the Germans sought I might regain my liberty. This I refused to do and the solitary confinement continued. My companions were few, my food was vile. I had become emaciated and nearly demented, yet the torture kept on. At the end of the first year I thought there could be no more misfortune in the whole world."

"But the thought that I was still able to preserve the matter entrusted to me by our beloved Cardinal kept the little remaining spark of courage lit in my breast alive.

SENT TO MINES BY POOLED CAPTORS

"Day followed day, and month after month brought no respite, success. Physically there could be no more to suffer. Mentally I am not sure what my condition was for forgetfulness came with the starvation. During all of this time the Germans sought by every means to discover from me the data which was to be the price of my liberty.

"As time wore on their task became hopeless and I was frequently told that I would be either shot or sent to the mines. I really did not care which disposition they might decide upon. The will of God must prevail. And so when every endeavor to pry the secret from their prisoner failed the Germans sent me to the mines.

"I could scarcely walk, and of course was utterly unfit for any kind of manual work. When I reached my new goal there was a terrible shortage of food and my presence there meant simply one more mouth to feed. Therefore in the interest of economy I was discharged and allowed to make my way back to Belgium. The hardships of that journey do not need to be mentioned, for that is not an essential part of my story.

"During all the time that I was incarcerated in that German prison my trousers were never taken from the bottom of the trunk. My captors had ripped that other garment to shreds in their search. The trousers were examined only superficially, and hope of finding the document concealed therein had been abandoned. During those two years and nine months I was never allowed a change of clothing, so the garment was never out of my possession.

LIBERATED, FIND K. OF C. HUT HAVEN

"As soon as I had reached a safe spot from German espionage I changed my garb to that of a Belgian peasant. The tattered fragment of what had once been a respectable article of clothing, of course, was cast aside—but not before I had carefully ripped the seam at the bottom of the right leg and removed from the hem the long sought and once vital document. It was later returned to the proper authorities."

All of the foregoing did not satisfy the questioner as to the physical and sartorial metamorphosis which brought Father Musche into the clubrooms of the Knights of Columbus on that cold and dismal winter evening in the uniform of Uncle Sam's service.

"It was soon after my return to Belgium that I heard of the work of the Knights of Columbus," continued the chaplain. "I was told of the activity of that big Catholic organization at the front, and learned that there was need of priests in the ranks of its workers I made application through the regular channel, and with the consent of our Cardinal was accepted."

"Since my association with this work began I have had nothing but satisfactory experiences. At first I was attached to Base Section 4, S. O. S. Later I was sent to Lourdes, Haute Pyrennes. Now I am at Havre where my service has been most agreeable because there has been so much that I could do.

of thumb is made to do duty for the sign of the Cross, and when a genuflection to the Blessed Sacrament is scarcely perceptible, we deplore this slovenliness in little things. When Catholic men and boys pass a church without raising their hats, we feel that though they may have the faith, there is something lacking in their respect for the Divine Presence in the tabernacle, and when in speaking to a priest the title of Father is habitually omitted, we know that the speaker is wanting in courtesy—and something more.

The list of these so-called little things might be extended to many pages.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

"The international court of the world is asked to pronounce the contract null and void and of no binding force, and the only answer we can gather yet is that even America is plotting to perpetuate the perpetual enslavement of Ireland while working hard to free others. Why this? In Western Europe, older than gallant Belgium, or brava France, and richer, bigger and better than other nations torn from other oppressors and enriched with freedom and given self-determination.

"The Peace Conference that excluded God also excludes Ireland's case, and we may well wonder what the future of the world will be. A man and practical Catholicity, come to the front, and remained in the limelight all during the War. It commenced by sending fifty thousand of its members as volunteers when the first appeal was made to rally round the flag. It then offered all its funds and its old men to help the soldier and sailor boys in the camps everywhere—old white-haired men, too old for soldier work, were conscripted and sent to the front to help the boys fight and cheer. No wonder the entire country today and every soldier had here or there singing the praises of the men who made everybody welcome and everything free. It is not surprising that every Catholic who is practical and not a dram seller is joining the ranks of the Knights of Columbus—the cream of Catholic manhood, the truest Knights of the Cross and of the flag.

of thumb is made to do duty for the sign of the Cross, and when a genuflection to the Blessed Sacrament is scarcely perceptible, we deplore this slovenliness in little things. When Catholic men and boys pass a church without raising their hats, we feel that though they may have the faith, there is something lacking in their respect for the Divine Presence in the tabernacle, and when in speaking to a priest the title of Father is habitually omitted, we know that the speaker is wanting in courtesy—and something more.

The list of these so-called little things might be extended to many pages.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

"The international court of the world is asked to pronounce the contract null and void and of no binding force, and the only answer we can gather yet is that even America is plotting to perpetuate the perpetual enslavement of Ireland while working hard to free others. Why this? In Western Europe, older than gallant Belgium, or brava France, and richer, bigger and better than other nations torn from other oppressors and enriched with freedom and given self-determination.

"The Peace Conference that excluded God also excludes Ireland's case, and we may well wonder what the future of the world will be. A man and practical Catholicity, come to the front, and remained in the limelight all during the War. It commenced by sending fifty thousand of its members as volunteers when the first appeal was made to rally round the flag. It then offered all its funds and its old men to help the soldier and sailor boys in the camps everywhere—old white-haired men, too old for soldier work, were conscripted and sent to the front to help the boys fight and cheer. No wonder the entire country today and every soldier had here or there singing the praises of the men who made everybody welcome and everything free. It is not surprising that every Catholic who is practical and not a dram seller is joining the ranks of the Knights of Columbus—the cream of Catholic manhood, the truest Knights of the Cross and of the flag.

of thumb is made to do duty for the sign of the Cross, and when a genuflection to the Blessed Sacrament is scarcely perceptible, we deplore this slovenliness in little things. When Catholic men and boys pass a church without raising their hats, we feel that though they may have the faith, there is something lacking in their respect for the Divine Presence in the tabernacle, and when in speaking to a priest the title of Father is habitually omitted, we know that the speaker is wanting in courtesy—and something more.

The list of these so-called little things might be extended to many pages.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

of thumb is made to do duty for the sign of the Cross, and when a genuflection to the Blessed Sacrament is scarcely perceptible, we deplore this slovenliness in little things. When Catholic men and boys pass a church without raising their hats, we feel that though they may have the faith, there is something lacking in their respect for the Divine Presence in the tabernacle, and when in speaking to a priest the title of Father is habitually omitted, we know that the speaker is wanting in courtesy—and something more.

The list of these so-called little things might be extended to many pages.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

of thumb is made to do duty for the sign of the Cross, and when a genuflection to the Blessed Sacrament is scarcely perceptible, we deplore this slovenliness in little things. When Catholic men and boys pass a church without raising their hats, we feel that though they may have the faith, there is something lacking in their respect for the Divine Presence in the tabernacle, and when in speaking to a priest the title of Father is habitually omitted, we know that the speaker is wanting in courtesy—and something more.

The list of these so-called little things might be extended to many pages.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

of thumb is made to do duty for the sign of the Cross, and when a genuflection to the Blessed Sacrament is scarcely perceptible, we deplore this slovenliness in little things. When Catholic men and boys pass a church without raising their hats, we feel that though they may have the faith, there is something lacking in their respect for the Divine Presence in the tabernacle, and when in speaking to a priest the title of Father is habitually omitted, we know that the speaker is wanting in courtesy—and something more.

The list of these so-called little things might be extended to many pages.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

of thumb is made to do duty for the sign of the Cross, and when a genuflection to the Blessed Sacrament is scarcely perceptible, we deplore this slovenliness in little things. When Catholic men and boys pass a church without raising their hats, we feel that though they may have the faith, there is something lacking in their respect for the Divine Presence in the tabernacle, and when in speaking to a priest the title of Father is habitually omitted, we know that the speaker is wanting in courtesy—and something more.

The list of these so-called little things might be extended to many pages.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

of thumb is made to do duty for the sign of the Cross, and when a genuflection to the Blessed Sacrament is scarcely perceptible, we deplore this slovenliness in little things. When Catholic men and boys pass a church without raising their hats, we feel that though they may have the faith, there is something lacking in their respect for the Divine Presence in the tabernacle, and when in speaking to a priest the title of Father is habitually omitted, we know that the speaker is wanting in courtesy—and something more.

The list of these so-called little things might be extended to many pages.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

of thumb is made to do duty for the sign of the Cross, and when a genuflection to the Blessed Sacrament is scarcely perceptible, we deplore this slovenliness in little things. When Catholic men and boys pass a church without raising their hats, we feel that though they may have the faith, there is something lacking in their respect for the Divine Presence in the tabernacle, and when in speaking to a priest the title of Father is habitually omitted, we know that the speaker is wanting in courtesy—and something more.

The list of these so-called little things might be extended to many pages.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

"Although for a long time there was but one chaplain to minister to the American soldiers there, it is a happy privilege to say that not one of those splendid men was ill, died, or was in trouble without the consolation of the Church. Now that there are many more men there I find the work still more congenial."

—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

STICKING TO THE TRUNK

A correspondent of the London Universe relates a good answer made by a Catholic lady of his acquaintance to an Anglican parson, who had been importuning her to attend his church, her own being at a considerable distance from where she lived.

"But I am a Catholic," she protested. "I cannot possibly think of going to your church."

The parson then took another tack.

"We are all Catholics, you know," he declared. "Our church is a branch of the Catholic Church."

The declaration was doubtless quite as familiar to the listener as to the speaker.

"If you don't mind," was her answer. "I think I'll stick to the trunk."

"The international court of the world is asked to pronounce the contract null and void and of no binding force, and the only answer we can gather yet is that even America is plotting to perpetuate the perpetual enslavement of Ireland while working hard to free others. Why this? In Western Europe, older than gallant Belgium, or brava France, and richer, bigger and better than other nations torn from other oppressors and enriched with freedom and given self-determination.

"The Peace Conference that excluded God also excludes Ireland's case, and we may well wonder what the future of the world will be. A man and practical Catholicity, come to the front, and remained in the limelight all during the War. It commenced by sending fifty thousand of its members as volunteers when the first appeal was made to rally round the flag. It then offered all its funds and its old men to help the soldier and sailor boys in the camps everywhere—old white-haired men, too old for soldier work, were conscripted and sent to the front to help the boys fight and cheer. No wonder the entire country today and every soldier had here or there singing the praises of the men who made everybody welcome and everything free. It is not surprising that every Catholic who is practical and not a dram seller is joining the ranks of the Knights of Columbus—the cream of Catholic manhood, the truest Knights of the Cross and of the flag.

of thumb is made to do duty for the sign of the Cross, and when a genuflection to the Blessed Sacrament is scarcely perceptible, we deplore this slovenliness in little things. When Catholic men and boys pass a church without raising their hats, we feel that though they may have the faith, there is something lacking in their respect for the Divine Presence in the tabernacle, and when in speaking to a priest the title of Father is habitually omitted, we know that the speaker is wanting in courtesy—and something more.

The list of these so-called little things might be extended to many pages.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

of thumb is made to do duty for the sign of the Cross, and when a genuflection to the Blessed Sacrament is scarcely perceptible, we deplore this slovenliness in little things. When Catholic men and boys pass a church without raising their hats, we feel that though they may have the faith, there is something lacking in their respect for the Divine Presence in the tabernacle, and when in speaking to a priest the title of Father is habitually omitted, we know that the speaker is wanting in courtesy—and something more.

The list of these so-called little things might be extended to many pages.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

of thumb is made to do duty for the sign of the Cross, and when a genuflection to the Blessed Sacrament is scarcely perceptible, we deplore this slovenliness in little things. When Catholic men and boys pass a church without raising their hats, we feel that though they may have the faith, there is something lacking in their respect for the Divine Presence in the tabernacle, and when in speaking to a priest the title of Father is habitually omitted, we know that the speaker is wanting in courtesy—and something more.

The list of these so-called little things might be extended to many pages.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

of thumb is made to do duty for the sign of the Cross, and when a genuflection to the Blessed Sacrament is scarcely perceptible, we deplore this slovenliness in little things. When Catholic men and boys pass a church without raising their hats, we feel that though they may have the faith, there is something lacking in their respect for the Divine Presence in the tabernacle, and when in speaking to a priest the title of Father is habitually omitted, we know that the speaker is wanting in courtesy—and something more.

The list of these so-called little things might be extended to many pages.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

of thumb is made to do duty for the sign of the Cross, and when a genuflection to the Blessed Sacrament is scarcely perceptible, we deplore this slovenliness in little things. When Catholic men and boys pass a church without raising their hats, we feel that though they may have the faith, there is something lacking in their respect for the Divine Presence in the tabernacle, and when in speaking to a priest the title of Father is habitually omitted, we know that the speaker is wanting in courtesy—and something more.

The list of these so-called little things might be extended to many pages.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

of thumb is made to do duty for the sign of the Cross, and when a genuflection to the Blessed Sacrament is scarcely perceptible, we deplore this slovenliness in little things. When Catholic men and boys pass a church without raising their hats, we feel that though they may have the faith, there is something lacking in their respect for the Divine Presence in the tabernacle, and when in speaking to a priest the title of Father is habitually omitted, we know that the speaker is wanting in courtesy—and something more.

The list of these so-called little things might be extended to many pages.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

of thumb is made to do duty for the sign of the Cross, and when a genuflection to the Blessed Sacrament is scarcely perceptible, we deplore this slovenliness in little things. When Catholic men and boys pass a church without raising their hats, we feel that though they may have the faith, there is something lacking in their respect for the Divine Presence in the tabernacle, and when in speaking to a priest the title of Father is habitually omitted, we know that the speaker is wanting in courtesy—and something more.

The list of these so-called little things might be extended to many pages.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

of thumb is made to do duty for the sign of the Cross, and when a genuflection to the Blessed Sacrament is scarcely perceptible, we deplore this slovenliness in little things. When Catholic men and boys pass a church without raising their hats, we feel that though they may have the faith, there is something lacking in their respect for the Divine Presence in the tabernacle, and when in speaking to a priest the title of Father is habitually omitted, we know that the speaker is wanting in courtesy—and something more.

The list of these so-called little things might be extended to many pages.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

of thumb is made to do duty for the sign of the Cross, and when a genuflection to the Blessed Sacrament is scarcely perceptible, we deplore this slovenliness in little things. When Catholic men and boys pass a church without raising their hats, we feel that though they may have the faith, there is something lacking in their respect for the Divine Presence in the tabernacle, and when in speaking to a priest the title of Father is habitually omitted, we know that the speaker is wanting in courtesy—and something more.

The list of these so-called little things might be extended to many pages.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

of thumb is made to do duty for the sign of the Cross, and when a genuflection to the Blessed Sacrament is scarcely perceptible, we deplore this slovenliness in little things. When Catholic men and boys pass a church without raising their hats, we feel that though they may have the faith, there is something lacking in their respect for the Divine Presence in the tabernacle, and when in speaking to a priest the title of Father is habitually omitted, we know that the speaker is wanting in courtesy—and something more.

The list of these so-called little things might be extended to many pages.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

of thumb is made to do duty for the sign of the Cross, and when a genuflection to the Blessed Sacrament is scarcely perceptible, we deplore this slovenliness in little things. When Catholic men and boys pass a church without raising their hats, we feel that though they may have the faith, there is something lacking in their respect for the Divine Presence in the tabernacle, and when in speaking to a priest the title of Father is habitually omitted, we know that the speaker is wanting in courtesy—and something more.

The list of these so-called little things might be extended to many pages.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

of thumb is made to do duty for the sign of the Cross, and when a genuflection to the Blessed Sacrament is scarcely perceptible, we deplore this slovenliness in little things. When Catholic men and boys pass a church without raising their hats, we feel that though they may have the faith, there is something lacking in their respect for the Divine Presence in the tabernacle, and when in speaking to a priest the title of Father is habitually omitted, we know that the speaker is wanting in courtesy—and something more.

The list of these so-called little things might be extended to many pages.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

of thumb is made to do duty for the sign of the Cross, and when a genuflection to the Blessed Sacrament is scarcely perceptible, we deplore this slovenliness in little things. When Catholic men and boys pass a church without raising their hats, we feel that though they may have the faith, there is something lacking in their respect for the Divine Presence in the tabernacle, and when in speaking to a priest the title of Father is habitually omitted, we know that the speaker is wanting in courtesy—and something more.

The list of these so-called little things might be extended to many pages.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

of thumb is made to do duty for the sign of the Cross, and when a genuflection to the Blessed Sacrament is scarcely perceptible, we deplore this slovenliness in little things. When Catholic men and boys pass a church without raising their hats, we feel that though they may have the faith, there is something lacking in their respect for the Divine Presence in the tabernacle, and when in speaking to a priest the title of Father is habitually omitted, we know that the speaker is wanting in courtesy—and something more.

The list of these so-called little things might be extended to many pages.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

of thumb is made to do duty for the sign of the Cross, and when a genuflection to the Blessed Sacrament is scarcely perceptible, we deplore this slovenliness in little things. When Catholic men and boys pass a church without raising their hats, we feel that though they may have the faith, there is something lacking in their respect for the Divine Presence in the tabernacle, and when in speaking to a priest the title of Father is habitually omitted, we know that the speaker is wanting in courtesy—and something more.

The list of these so-called little things might be extended to many pages.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

of thumb is made to do duty for the sign of the Cross, and when a genuflection to the Blessed Sacrament is scarcely perceptible, we deplore this slovenliness in little things. When Catholic men and boys pass a church without raising their hats, we feel that though they may have the faith, there is something lacking in their respect for the Divine Presence in the tabernacle, and when in speaking to a priest the title of Father is habitually omitted, we know that the speaker is wanting in courtesy—and something more.

The list of these so-called little things might be extended to many pages.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

Free Guide of Buffalo and Niagara Falls

An illustrated guide to points of interest in and around Buffalo and Niagara Falls. Free on request.

When in Buffalo stop at the Hotel Lenox—Buffalo's ideal hotel for tourists. Quietly situated, yet convenient to theatre, shopping and business districts and Niagara Falls Boulevard. First-class garage.

European plan. Fireproof, modern. Unexcelled cuisine. Every room an outside room. \$2.00 up.

On Empire Tours. Road map and running directions free.

C. A. MINER
Managing Director
North St. at Delaware Avenue
Buffalo, N. Y.

Let us force ourselves to be affectionate, gentle, and humble in our intercourse with those whom God has given us as our companions. Never let us consent to be of the number of those who, out of their own house, appear like angels, but more like devils at home.

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF
Hotel Chelsea
West Twenty-third St. at Seventh Ave.
NEW YORK CITY

European Plan
500 ROOMS 400 BATHS
Room with adjoining bath, \$2.00
Room with private bath, \$2.50

Suites
Parlor, bedroom and bath, \$4.00 and upward

Special Luncheon . . . 65c.
Table d'Hote Dinner . . . \$1.00
Cafe attached

To Reach Hotel Chelsea FROM
Pennsylvania Station, Seventh Avenue car south to Twenty-third Street.
Grand Central, Fourth Avenue car south to Twenty-third Street.
Lafayette, Erie, Reading, Baltimore & Ohio, Jersey Central and Lehigh Valley R. R. Stations, take Twenty-third Street car south to Twenty-third Street.
Principal Steamship Piers, foot West Twenty-third Street, take Twenty-third Street car south.

WRITE FOR COLORED MAP "S" OF NEW YORK

ALAMAC HOTEL
OCEAN FRONT WITH HEART OF ATLANTIC CITY
—AMERICAN EUROPEAN PLAN—
Hot and Cold Sea Water Baths
Grill, Orchestra, Dancing, Garage
MACKAY LAYCO, INC.
—Formers of the BREWSTER, LAKEWOOD AT CINCINNATI—

Grand Atlantic
Atlantic City, N. J.
VIRGINIA AVE. NEAR THE BEACH

Steel Pier and all the attractions. The largest hotel not directly on the Boardwalk, on the highest point in the resort. Capacity 600. After extensive alterations, renovation and refurbishing, presents a modern hotel with every comfort and convenience and at convenient, reasonable rates. Large rooms, private baths; running water in bedrooms; elevator; commodious exchange and public rooms. The table is an special feature; attentive service. \$3.50 up daily; special weekly. Write for illustrated booklet and further details. Automobile meets all trains.

W. F. SHAW.

FOR VALUE, SERVICE, HOME COMFORTS

HOTEL TULLER
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Offers Special Inducements to Out-of-Town Guests
Center of Business on Grand Circus Park. Take Woodward Car, Get Off at Adams Ave
ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF
TOTAL 600 OUTSIDE ROOMS
ALL ABSOLUTELY QUIET

\$1.75 Up, Single
Two Floors—
Agents' Sample Rooms

\$3.50 Up, Double
New Unique Cafes and
Entertainment Excellent

HOTEL DEWEY
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Fourteenth and L Streets

Within 5 minutes walk of the White House. A hotel of distinction. The home of Senators and others prominent in the official life of the Capital.

Rooms from \$2 per day upwards.

Excellent restaurant. Table supplied from a famous dairy and fruit farm, the property of the owner.

FRANK P. FENWICK
Booklet with pictures mailed.

Ask for Quantity Discount
The Catholic Record
LONDON, CANADA

STANDARD LIBRARY
NEW JUVENILES
45c. Each, Postpaid

As True as Gold. Mary E. Mannix.
A Summer at Woodville. Anna T. Sadler.
An Every-Day Girl. Mary C. Crowley.
An Heir of Dreams. S. H. O'Malley.
A Hostage of War. Mary G. Bonestell.
An Adventure With the Apache. Gabriel Ferry.
A Book about Real Live American Boys. By E. W. Kelly.
A Pilgrim From Ireland. Rev. M. Carmel. Translated by M. E. Mannix.
Bob O'Leary. Mary T. Waggaman.
Bunt and Bill. Clara Mulholland.
By Brannomee River. Marlon A. Taggart.
Bismarck. A Melodrama.
Christie and the Indian. Translated by Anna H. Dorey. An Indian story dealing with thrilling adventures and the early French mission in Canada. Father Etienne's unswerving efforts in persuading a Chinaman to embrace Christianity.
Cups Revolted. Mary E. Mannix.
Daddy Dan. Mary T. Waggaman.
Dimping's Success. Clara Mulholland.
Edith. By Lady Herbert. A Tale of the Present Day. The scene is laid in England, telling the many trials of Edith through life, her marriage and disappointments, after which she becomes a Sister of Charity and finally a Mother Superior.
Elaine. By Madame Augustus Craven. Translated from the French by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. An exceedingly interesting story of Catholic life in France, telling of the many good works of Elaine for the poor and afflicted.
Fair Mites of Conscience. The, and other Tales for Catholic Youth. By Kate Jewel Howe. This book contains ten stories of great interest, which always delight the boys and girls. This work is most respectfully dedicated. His benediction of the author.
Father de Lela. Cecelia M

The Catholic Record

Price of subscription—\$1.00 per annum... United States & Europe—\$2.00

Advertisement for teachers, situations wanted, etc. 50 cents each insertion. Remittance to accompany order.

Approved and recommended by Archbishop Falgout and St. Charles, late Apostolic Delegate to Canada, the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough and Oshawa, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

General agents: M. J. Hagarty, Vincent St. Clair, and Miss Jeanne Dore; resident agents: Mrs. W. R. Smith, Halifax; Mrs. E. J. Saunders, Sydney; Mrs. T. Hogan, Windsor; R. R. Costello, 2266 5th Ave. West, Vancouver, B. C.; Silas Johnson, 211 Rochester St., Ottawa; Miss Rose McKeeney, 149 D'Aquila St., Quebec; Mrs. Geo. W. Smith, 283 St. Urban St., Montreal; M. J. Merivale, Montreal; B. J. O'Toole, Lethbridge, Sask.; and E. J. Murphy, Box 135, Saskatoon.

London, Saturday, May 31, 1919

RELIGIOUS RECONSTRUCTION

Reconstruction in its various phases is a much discussed topic at the present time. In so far as it is a question of readjusting the relations between capital and labor, or of reincorporating into the commercial life of the country those who for the past few years have been engaged as its defenders, the Catholic Church has a deep and lasting interest.

There is, however, a form of reconstruction in which we have no part, namely the reconstruction in religion, which is being so much spoken of, and even attempted, outside the Catholic Church. The keynote of this movement is non-dogmatic, inter-denominationalism, or, to translate it into simpler language, a sort of union of the various sects, involving the sacrifice of positive doctrinal teaching.

Church union understood in its proper sense, is indeed a consummation devoutly wished by all Catholics; but, as far as the Catholic Church is concerned, there is and can be but one possible basis of union, namely, not the discarding of true dogmas but rather the acceptance without reserve or exception of all the Church's teachings.

Whilst non-Catholic bodies may, perchance, find other means of effecting a union among themselves, the Catholic Church has one only means. It is that of her Divine Founder, namely unconditional surrender. The fact is, that the Catholic Church is the one true Church, instituted by Christ, the one ark of salvation. Hence the only union in which she can be involved, demands the unreserved acceptance of all the principles of faith and discipline for which she stands. A father can make concessions to a wayward son, but he can never cease to be the father. If religious reconstruction, in which the Catholic Church is included, there must be, it can only be on lines laid down by the Father of Christendom, the Sovereign Pontiff.

Unfortunately, this so-called ecclesiastical reconstruction, as it attains in the ranks of our separated brethren, might better be called "ecclesiastical destruction." As a recent phase of this movement, there occurred an event, calculated to shock the orthodox, namely the appearance of an actress in Worcester Cathedral in response to an invitation to give a recital from the Bible.

A writer in the Westminster Gazette observes regarding this incident, that "confusion is worse confounded, by the description given to us this morning of yesterday's service in Worcester Cathedral, at which Miss Lena Ashwell, who occupied a canon's stall, recited five passages of Scripture from the lectern within the chancel rails."

As a sample of "reconstructive" utterances in the matter of morality, we find the Bishop of Birmingham voicing opinions regarding birth-control which have been loudly welcomed by the disciples of Malthus. Thus Mr. Harold Cox, a thorough-going advocate of public instruction in "the most convenient method of preventing the procreation of unwanted children," writes:—

"Malthus himself was a clergyman of the Church of England, and though his general appeal was for what he called moral restraint, he plainly said that where this was unattainable the prudential check was better than premature mortality. Many other clergymen have taken the same view, and it is a notable fact—on which

the Dean of St. Paul's, has effectively commented—that of late years, the birth rate in the families of clergy-men has become lower than that in almost any other class of the community. The prudential limitation of families is, however, still bitterly opposed by the Church of Rome and by the Romishly inclined members of the Church of England."

Yet another episode of reconstruction occurred a few weeks ago when the pastor of a New York church, upon the unanimous vote of his congregation, declared that his church would henceforth be creedless and non-dogmatic, to the extent that a Buddhist or a follower of Mohammed might occupy its benches alongside of Hebrews or Christians.

This is indeed reconstruction with a vengeance. Nevertheless it manifests the logical outcome of the revolt of the sixteenth century, for as Cardinal Newman said, there is no halfway house between Catholicism and Agnosticism.

THE CHURCH AND ALSACE-LORRAINE

The fate of the Church in the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, should these again come under French sway, has been a matter of speculation since the commencement of the War. Now, however, that these provinces have become definitely re-incorporated in the French Republic, it remains to be seen whether the Church there will be despoiled and persecuted as in France.

Doubtless the French Government would have carried out this same policy in the regained districts had not all classes therein taken vigorous means to make Paris realize that a modification of this anti-religious programme must be made in their regard. The political unions, founded by the inhabitants to safeguard their religious and civil rights, have accomplished more in the matter of religious freedom, in four months, than the Catholics of France have accomplished in forty years.

Nevertheless, it is a question whether or not the Government in respecting the rights of the Church in these provinces is merely following a policy of opportunism calculated to calm the fears and overcome the distrust of the solidly Catholic inhabitants, meanwhile meditating a repetition of what it has done in France. One cannot then afford to wax eloquent over the Government's change of heart, with the dubious words in mind of Mr. Millerand's declaration on the religious question shortly after his arrival at Strasbourg. He said:

"For the moment, the Concordat continues, but little by little, Alsace and Lorraine will enter into all the forms of French legislation. The President of the Republic and the President of the Council, Marshal Joffre, have spoken words which guarantee the liberty, customs and beliefs; this promise will be kept by me."

One delicate question, however, has been amicably settled to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, namely the appointment of bishops to the Sees of Metz and Strasbourg, rendered vacant by the resignations of Bishops Benzler and Fritzen. These prelates, who are of German origin, for the sake of religious peace, placed their rights at the disposition of the Holy See. Thereupon the French Government, following the terms of the Concordat of 1801, nominated, with the approval of the Holy See, Right Rev. Charles Joseph Eugene Ruch, Bishop of Nancy, to the See of Strasbourg, and to the Bishopric of Metz, its Vicar-General, Mgr. John Baptist Pelt.

These nominations have been everywhere hailed as unexceptionable. Mgr. Ruch of Strasbourg has the double merit of being Alsatian by birth and of having rendered conspicuous service to France during the War. Mgr. Pelt, the Bishop-elect of Metz, has also a record which holds out hopes for the future. During his term as Vicar-General of Metz, he stood forth under German rule as the fearless and faithful defender of the rights of the French population of the diocese. When the day of deliverance arrived, he it was who welcomed the French troops in the name of the people of Lorraine.

The Echo of Paris points out that, as the French Government would not have risked making these appointments without having previously approached the Holy Father on the matter, it follows that France has at least had some sort of conversation with the Vatican. Thus a step has possibly been taken towards re-establishing with the Vatican the diplomatic relations so discourteously discontinued in 1904 by the dismissal of the Papal Legate.

The Tablet comments as follows upon the question: "Upon the larger and future bearings of the incident we need say little for they are almost too obvious to call for remark. If Rome has need of France, France has, to say the least, equal need of Rome, and, as Cardinal Gasparri has said, she is too great a personage to enter the Vatican by a back door. If the Pope's love for France were doubted, she has his recent declaration of it, which was surprising in its warmth; and now, in the acceptance and ratification of the candidates proposed by her for the bishoprics in the two redeemed provinces, she has a practical and material proof of the reality of that love, and of a readiness to treat with her for the interests of her people without reference to the bitter memories of past ill-treatment. From this preliminary conversation and understanding much benefit may flow to France. It is to be the first step that counts and counts, that step has been taken, and it is none the less creditable to Paris because it had to be taken. This first step, therefore, is a step along the right road. If that method be also applied to the school difficulty a further cause of anxiety to the Catholics of the two provinces will be removed and religious peace assured."

Of more than passing interest to Catholics is the recent press despatch from Cologne which states that the entire German episcopate, headed by Cardinal Hartmann, the Archbishop of Cologne, has requested Pope Benedict to use his good offices in securing a mitigation of the terms of peace and to intervene in the situation between the Allied Powers and Germany, in order to protect the latter from the complete breakdown which threatens her. The appeal furthermore states that the peace conditions would mean the total ruin of Germany and would be a cruel violation of the rights of the seventy million inhabitants of that country.

DRESS AND MORALS

The dress problem is as old as original sin. In the history of the human family the influence of the fashion-plate has always been recognized for good or for bad. To analyse man's craving for dress would be as difficult as to account for his primitive instinct for ornamentation. The costume of Helen of Troy and Cleopatra of Egypt contributed in no small measure to the witchery they exercised over the men of their time. It is said of a noted general of the last century that civilian attire took all the light out of him, and that he could only get back his martial spirit when he arayed himself in military uniform. Mindful that dress appeals to man's imagination and affects his sentiments woman has led the fashions since the Fall.

The nuances in dress and the varieties in fashion are a reflection of her ever-changing tastes and predilections. Love of dress is a feminine instinct that easily runs into a passion. Restaurant teas, tango teas, ball rooms, music halls, bridge parties, "first nights" at the theatre, and race course meets, reveal an innate weakness in woman which the tyranny of fashion uses to shameful effect. To the unsophisticated the patrons of all these assemblies appear like star performers at a gayety theatre, whereas their morals may be as different from their dress as a mushroom is from a toadstool. They claim they are largely the victim of circumstances; that they are forced to wear vulgar and immodest dress unless they have the time and possess the art to make their own costumes. While this may be true in some instances, it cannot be true generally. For, despite the declension in female decency both as regards dress and deportment it can yet be maintained that a vast number of good women still remain, who, if stimulated with a high sense of sisterly love, can wrest the fashion-plate from the demimonde of Paris, and bring back feminine attire to the law of order, simplicity, proportion and harmony. But no; they follow a false rule of ethics by presuming that all is decent that the best people adopt. They seem to forget that in a spirit of worldliness we often accept the manners and ways of the idle rich out of respect for their wealth more than their morals.

If we take into account the curves, variations and excesses of the sartorial art without a single thought to suitability or artistic effect, it can readily be seen to what pagan extremes dressmaking has gone. If as is generally admitted the function of dress is to protect and comfort the body by concealing the form with garments that add to its shapeliness, dignity and modesty, it cannot but be apparent to everybody that that office has been woefully vitiated. The present modes of dress reveal rather than conceal and expose rather than protect; for those are the days of unblushing naturalism. The whole tendency in feminine apparel is down-grade. In order to lure the eye and furnish sex attraction there is nudity of busts and arms as in the days of pagan Rome. Dress nowadays is made a disguise for lasciviousness.

Modesty and refinement are so sacrificed on the altar of fashion that it is almost impossible to distinguish a decent woman from a drab. The most respectable lady in the land because of her freakish attire may be mistaken for an underworld specimen. O tempora! O mores! Woman

is the natural custodian of morals and the defender of modesty. How can she guard this sacred trust which nature and society have confided to her if she dresses in a manner to invite curiosity and arouse the lower instincts of youth? By all means, dress in good taste, conform to the canons of comfort and beauty. A garment can be graceful and useful without being dowdy. Let parents have a say and exercise a little common-sense in the dress their daughters wear. Let their attire serve the interests of good morals. The Christian proprieties and decencies should never be invaded by the fashion-plate. Dress is a weapon of purity or impurity in as much as it can be either becoming or shameless.

IN THE estimation of the Washington Post, Herr Ebert's threat to turn Germany once more loose upon the Allies would have more weight if he did not wear paper clothes, a blotting-paper derby, inelegant spectacles, sea-wed socks, pulp shoes, and a near-rubber collar. That which acute observation there could be no more effective tribute to the effectiveness of the great blockade.

BRITISH PRUSSIANISM

Is there is one city in North America more than another that prides itself on being in the very forefront of civilization it is Los Angeles. With its salubrious climate and its facilities for luxurious living the Southern Californian city may not ineptly be termed the Mecca of the well-to-do. A recent visitor, just returned—one possessing a keen and highly impressionable mind—gives us as his experience that one of the outstanding features of Los Angeles life is the scarcity of children. If we are to accept this as an indication of "high civilization," the world might better relapse into barbarism.

IN THE pathetic passage with which Lord Morley ends his recently published "Recollections" there is a note of anxious doubt and enquiry. He says: "A painful interrogatory I must confess, emerges. Has not your school—the Darwins, Spencers, Rennans, and the rest—held the civilized world, both old and new alike, in the hollow of their hand for two long generations past? Is it quite clear that their influence has been so much more potent than the gospel of the various churches? Circumspice."

LORD MORLEY himself has been termed the "high priest of agnosticism." No man certainly has done more (though withal in terms of refinement and urbanity) to undermine belief in Christianity. Evidently, as with so many others, the evening of life has brought with it doubt and misgiving as to its outcome. Had Lord Morley a clearer vision, or were his horizon not clouded by the maze of uncertainties and contradictions presented by the eclectic Christianity of his day and country he might discern the true remedy. As it is he but joins the great company of the disenfranchised.

THE THREAT of the Italian delegates to withdraw from the Peace Conference unless Italy is assigned the territory she claims is designated by New Europe as "deliberate blackmail." The fulfilment of the threat would, in the estimation of the same periodical, "reveal its authors in their true colors as the leaders of European reaction, and unworthy of admission to the new League of Nations." This is strong language which is hardly likely to find universal endorsement. But coming from a land which accorded to Mazzini the highest reaches of hero worship and placed an aureole about the brow of Giordano Bruno it is at least instructive. New Europe qualifies its remark to the extent of saying that Italy as a nation fought for ideal motives, has nothing in common with the "sacred egoism" of its rulers, and "may be trusted to deal faithfully with the men who thus exposed it to an unmerited affront." Would it not be well for this philosopher and those who think with him to at the same time revise their ideas as to the position of the Holy Father?

ASKS THE Rev. Edward Shillito in the Sunday Times: "Is there a religion great enough to gather into it all the truth and light diffused throughout the world and to bring the scattered fragments into one final spiritual unity? Is there any

where a centre to which all nations may come? There is one in which where truth has ever existed in its integrity, in contradistinction to the "scattered fragments" which have fallen from the exercise of a perverted sense of human freedom. And there is a centre to which all nations may rally—one whose portals are ever open to receive them.

MR. ROBERT SELLAR of the Huntingdon Gleaner is nothing if not a mental hypochondriac. For well nigh two generations he has been filling the land with his wall in regard to an imaginary conspiracy in Quebec to crowd out its English-speaking and non-Catholic population. Its latest emanation is a fourth edition of his book, "The Tragedy of Quebec," which is nothing more or less than an ill-disguised attack upon the priesthood of that Province. The best refutation of Sellar's monomania (for it amounts to that) is the testimony of other English-speaking residents of Quebec—members of Parliament, journalists, private citizens of position and influence, not excluding members of the Protestant clergy—that they never met with other than kindly and courteous treatment at the hands of their French-speaking neighbors and that in the matter of civil rights they have had even more than their share. The fact that Mr. Sellar has an Ontario audience, of a kind, which has ear for his grudge, and is willing to pay for it, is perhaps the real solution of his "fourth edition."

MERCILESSLY EXPOSED BY EMINENT ENGLISHMAN

THE PRINCIPLE OF LIBERTY

to the Editor of the Times. Sir,—No one has ventured to propose in your columns that Ireland should be given freedom to choose its own form of government. I hope you will allow me to do so. There is an unreality in the discussion of a question of national freedom when the word self-determination, now shaking and remoulding the world, is systematically evaded, and when it is known that the Irish people itself is now claiming this very right, and pronounced for independence by an overwhelming majority in the elections of last December. Irrevocable things have happened in Ireland during the last five years; things it is useless to be discreetly silent about in the hope of reviving the dead embers of the constitutional movement for Home Rule. The Convention of 1917 is buried among these dead embers. Interesting expedient as it was, and valuable work as it did, it never had any pretence to being an organ of self-determination. It contained no representative of the party which afterwards swept Ireland in the elections, and it was literally kicked into oblivion by its own authors, the War Cabinet, when they announced conscription on the day the Chairman presented its Report. Sir Horace Plunkett wisely recognizes that it is impossible now to build upon that Report, and ranges himself with other advocates of Dominion Home Rule.

But even the Dominion Home Rulers seem to shrink from the logic of their own generous convictions. Do they really propose for Ireland the full Dominion status of a sister nation, with the free choice inherent in that status of seceding from the Empire, if ideals or interests diverge? If they do not mean it, if they are unwilling to recognize that this power of choice is the living essence of freedom, and is the very thing that gives vitality and permanence to the Imperial relationship; if they prescribe compulsion in the background and propose to proceed by way of an imposed Act, do not they perceive the peril of encountering all the old political objections in an intensified form and of ending in the old heart-breaking sterility? But if they do mean the full Dominion status, with free choice inherent in it, why not begin by asking Ireland to choose?

By free choice I mean a decision made after the complete withdrawal of the army of occupation, the restoration of civil liberty, and a pledge, registered with the League of Nations, that armed British force would never again be employed to uphold any form of government in Ireland as a whole or in any part of it. The use of external force, parent and sustainer of all Irish internal divisions, would be finally repudiated and Ireland would make her choice with the primary immunities of a Dominion guaranteed. So much could and should be done without an Act.

Is it certain that the choice would be for independence? I only venture to affirm that under these conditions alone it is still possible to achieve the aim of a self-governed Ireland within the Empire. To the great majority of Irishmen Great Britain now signifies "Prussianism" incarnate, and with good reason. Acceptance of the Empire would involve an almost miraculous revulsion of sentiment. On the other hand, the conditions I have named would imply an equally profound

revision of sentiment on the part of Great Britain, a reversal of imperial policy, and a *modus vivendi* that would touch the imagination of all mankind. No one can measure the result of these profound changes for good, beyond affirming that a new era of friendship and mutual respect between the two countries would be bound to follow. But there would be two incentives for something closer on the Irish side: the pressure which would probably come from the Dominions, and the urgent necessity of conciliating North-East Ulster, so as to ensure the widest possible measure of unity in this "new birth of freedom." The materials for this reconciliation do not exist as long as a British army is able to sustain minority government in Ireland. They begin to exist when Irishmen, like other races, are thrown upon their own resources and have to choose between ruinous dissension and peaceful co-operation. A compromise placing Ireland in the position of Canada might well result. Close observers of the stubborn Ulster character, and its defiant attitude towards England, would not be dumfounded if the decision went further.

But action must be based not on anticipations, but on principle. Here is a principle—self-determination—whose efficacy it is idle at this point in history to deny, and to which Great Britain is in honor committed. The revolting scandal presented by Ireland at this moment cannot in common decency be permitted to last. Great Britain is making war, literally, on the principle of freedom. I think it is true to say that in no country has the innermost inspiration of a national movement been so divorced from materialistic motives or so pure an outcome of a people's passion as will to be master of its own soul and destiny. Force, simple force, is the reply; a military terror; machine-guns, tanks, bombing aeroplanes; soldiers ignorant of law dispensing justice by Court-martial; a rigid censorship; and permeating society, a host of those detestable if indispensable products of military government, police spies and informers.

Ireland is an almost crimeless country in the ordinary sense. Judge after judge has been receiving white gloves for a blank assize, while the Courts-martial fill the goals with State-created criminals guilty, or suspected of being guilty, of offences, many grotesquely trivial, and all directly attributable to the absence of the first condition of an orderly society, a government chosen by the people. A very few, a marvellously few, serious crimes occur; for the whole system is an invitation, an incitement to crime. In truth, these people are in effect being challenged to something far more serious than sporadic crime, to action in which the inequality of force would lead to scenes that sicken the imagination. Before risking this terrible responsibility, the English people should make a final reckoning with their conscience.

BRITISH PRUSSIANISM

Why do they keep Ireland in subjection? I mean fundamentally, why? I think it will not be denied that the fundamental reason is "military necessity." It comes out clearly in the letters of Sir John Butcher and others of your correspondents, and they only give the expression to what has been the secular policy of Great Britain. Perhaps we should add "economic necessity," without making too much of Admiral Lowry's naive prophecy that the port of Liverpool would decay under the competition of a free and prosperous Ireland. But the economic argument, though widely used in disconcerting ways, is not so fundamental and too crudely selfish to be decisive. We can concentrate on the common view that the independence of Ireland is impossible because it would endanger the safety of Great Britain.

I venture to oppose three considerations—two of principle, one of plain objective fact. (1) It is denied that if any ideals lay behind the war against the Central Powers they were all summed up in the ideal of smashing this principle, that the supposed military necessities of a strong nation can be allowed to control the fate of a weaker one? Let Sir John Butcher and his friends come into the open and either deny it or show overwhelming reasons for excluding Ireland from this just and merciful charter.

(2) Ireland is now the only white nationality in the world (lets us ignore our possessions out of the discussion) where the principle of self-determination is not, at least in theory, conceded. It is the last of the "problems" which were left in 1914, and it is incomparably the simplest. It is simplicity itself compared with those resulting from the collapse of Russia, Austria, and Germany, where the intermixture of races speaking different tongues and the absence of clearly-defined or machine-boundaries do cause difficulties of real complexity. Nevertheless, Great Britain is fixing and guaranteeing the boundaries of these new States, of which so little is known here that the Prime Minister can joke in Parliament about his ignorance till yesterday of the position on the map of one of the numerous "Ustere." Is she in the same breath to decline to deal with Ireland, whose uninterupted historical identity and boundaries nobody can mistake? Ireland, the last unliberated white community on the face of the globe?

(3) Principle apart, would a free Ireland in fact be a danger to Great Britain? Great Britain's power at this moment probably exceeds that possessed by any nation in the history of the world. She can if she

revelation of sentiment on the part of Great Britain, a reversal of imperial policy, and a *modus vivendi* that would touch the imagination of all mankind. No one can measure the result of these profound changes for good, beyond affirming that a new era of friendship and mutual respect between the two countries would be bound to follow. But there would be two incentives for something closer on the Irish side: the pressure which would probably come from the Dominions, and the urgent necessity of conciliating North-East Ulster, so as to ensure the widest possible measure of unity in this "new birth of freedom." The materials for this reconciliation do not exist as long as a British army is able to sustain minority government in Ireland. They begin to exist when Irishmen, like other races, are thrown upon their own resources and have to choose between ruinous dissension and peaceful co-operation. A compromise placing Ireland in the position of Canada might well result. Close observers of the stubborn Ulster character, and its defiant attitude towards England, would not be dumfounded if the decision went further.

pleases arrest the economic life of Europe and starve it. The power has been exercised over a large part of Europe. Her naval power extends farther and gives her a measure of control over every part of the globe, and an absolute control over much of it.

I and, c.c., ERSKINE CHILDERS. May 2.

LUXEMBURG

BISHOP OF SALFORD ISSUES STATEMENT TO CATHOLICS OF ALLIED COUNTRIES

Manchester, May 8.—Right Rev. Louis C. Casarelli, Bishop of Salford, has issued an important statement to the Catholics of the Allied countries regarding the fate of Catholic Luxembourg. The statement is as follows:

The following brief paragraph, which is going the rounds of a part of the press, generally in an obscure corner, will probably have passed almost unperceived and unappreciated.

THE LUXEMBURG PLEBISCITE Entente Desire Postponement. Paris Monday.—It is confirmed that the American command has conveyed to the Luxembourg authorities the desire expressed by the Entente that the plebiscite on the country's future, to take place shortly, should be postponed to a later date.

And what has the armistice and the prospective peace brought this gallant, patriotic, Catholic little people? The prospect of the loss of their liberty and independence.

strengthened the desire of the little State for complete freedom. What, under the flag, Republic or Ducal, autonomy is its biazon.

WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT The outcry for a republic and against the dynasty was certainly engineered by the anti religious element in the country, with outside help. Still, the form of government is a secondary one; the people want liberty and foremost to keep their autonomy.

JUSTICE FOR THE POPE Italy demands that the Treaty of London, the pact signed by her and the Entente Allies, France, England and Russia, on April 29, 1915, be now carried out to the letter.

And what has the armistice and the prospective peace brought this gallant, patriotic, Catholic little people? The prospect of the loss of their liberty and independence.

not for the existence but for the well-being, the freedom of the Church. The Papal States belong not to him alone, but to the Church of Christ.

ENVVOYS WARNING THE SPANISH WORKERS ARE RANK ANARCHISTS SAYS AMBASSADOR MERRY DEL VAL

REVIEWERS OLD REVOLT London, April 30, 1919.—A very important statement has just been made in London by the Spanish ambassador, Don A. Merry del Val, brother of Cardinal Merry del Val, regarding the present unrest in Spain.

JOHN AYSCOUGH IN NEW YORK IMPRESSIONS OF ONE OF THE WORLD'S BEST KNOWN WRITERS He came, he saw and he conquered. "John Ayscough" the novelist, was forgotten and in his stead we gazed on the wiry form of the "Ancient" Monsignor F. Bickerstaffe-Drew.

when attending the sick or dying, whether they were British or German. We were so sorry that he was so modest, otherwise he might have told us the meaning of the countless decorations and medals he wore.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA ENCOURAGEMENT Last week we published the details of our year's achievements and no doubt the many friends of Extension read the column with interest.

THE WORLD IS SMALL The following account of a triple Jewish conversion and the beautiful sequel of it is printed in the Calendar of St. Paul's Church, New York.

Others may make you happy, but you make the most of your unhappiness yourself.

Where Honor Is Due Since the dawn of history, man has delighted to honor the illustrious dead. Witness the pyramids of Egypt with their inscriptions containing records, graven in stone, of ancient heroes. Surely there has never been in all the world's history records more fitting to preserve than those of those who fought and fell in the Great War.

Table with financial data and church news. Columns include 'Previously acknowledged', 'Amount', and various church names like 'SACRED HEART BURSE', 'ST. ANTHONY'S BURSE', etc.

SIX

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. F. P. Hickey, O. S. B.

THE SUNDAY AFTER THE ASCENSION

THE INNER LIFE

"Sanctify the Lord Christ in your hearts." (Pet. II, 13.) The Ascension, glorious as it was to our Blessed Lord, was the ultimate parting with His visible Presence on earth. The parting bids us keep His memory in our hearts. The lives of men seem for the most part very much the same. We cannot tell who are the good or who are the wicked—that depends on the inner life of the soul.

It would be the inner life of each day. Our occupations and business would go on as usual, but in our hearts there would be the remembering, the praying to, the imitating Jesus Christ our Lord, because we had offered all our prayers and works and sufferings to Him. Then would begin the mystic circle of love. The more we loved our Lord, the oftener we should renew the pure intention and the offering, and the oftener we renewed it the more we should love Him. And thus the inner life would grow and be strengthened, and thus day by day we should "sanctify the Lord Jesus Christ in our hearts."

THE ASCENSION

FEAST, MAY 29TH

Ascension Day commemorates the last great event in the earthly life of Christ. It marks the consummation of His mission, the close of the final chapter of His life work. He had come down from Heaven to redeem mankind. Redemption accomplished, He returned whence He had come. "He ascended into Heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty."

It was forty days since that memorable morning when the holy women and the anxious apostles had gazed into the empty tomb. There could be no longer any doubt that this was the Christ of Calvary, who died, but who lived again. For, since then, many times Christ had manifested Himself to His followers. To Mary Magdalen, to Peter, to the two disciples on the road to Emmaus, to the apostles assembled in the upper room, to James and to over five hundred brethren on a mountain in Galilee. But the manifestation that most appeals to us is that which occurred by the Lake of Gennesareth, when the apostles, after a night of fruitless labor, decried, through the morning mist, a Man walking along the shore. It was Jesus, and a fire was kindled and fish were heaved, and the Master ate and chatted familiarly with His disciples. Peter, who had thrice denied, now thrice protested his love for Christ, and was rewarded by being confirmed chief shepherd of the flock.

But these happy days of reunion were not to continue. Christ's plans for His Church were completed, the "little while" during which He was to be with them had expired. And so one day He walked with His disciples to the Mount of Olives. It was there He had begun His passion; it was there they should witness His final triumph. There, while they gazed in wondering admiration, Jesus was lifted up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight. They stood gazing after Him, reluctant to leave until the angels' words aroused them. And then they went down from the Mount, determined that where He had gone they also should go. They preached whatsoever He had commanded, they spread His Kingdom; they died rather than deny His name. And now they see Him again, and their hearts rejoice, and their joy no man can take from them.

The thought of the Ascension should inspire us to look up, and lift up our hearts. It should encourage us to struggle, by revealing to us the fruit of victory. It should make the children heart-hungry for the home where their Father dwells.—The Tablet.

THE FRUITS OF VICTORY

Shall religion alone, of all the forces which brought victory to the armies arrayed against the Teutonic Powers, be deprived of its fruits? Those who preface every sentence, written or oral, with "I am beginning to fear" have richness and variety for their pessimism, particularly when attention is focussed on the broadest of things which lead to the highest things. But periodically when we begin to fear, we seek precautionary measures. There are revealing signs that the friends of religion are keenly anxious about developments in certain countries. France for one, Mexico for another, and those other regions, too, clasped together as the East, the former dominions of the Turkish crown. Those who were witness of the welcome which New York gave her returning soldiers, a few weeks ago, that sovereign honor greater than which the country cannot give, may have noted among the splendid legends borne on transparencies, several which proclaimed in ringing truth, "We fought the war for God."

SUFFERED TERRIBLE AGONY "Fruit-a-lives" Alone Gave Him Quick Relief

Buckingham, Que., May 3rd, 1915. "For seven years, I suffered terribly from Severe Headaches and Indigestion. I had belching gas from the stomach, and I had chronic Constipation. I tried many remedies but nothing did me good. Finally, a friend advised "Fruit-a-lives". I took this grand fruit medicine and it made me well. To everyone who has miserable health with Constipation and Indigestion and Bad Stomach, I say take "Fruit-a-lives", and you will get well".

ALBERT VARNER. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

thousands of soldiers heard of it after they had arrived in France. Mr. Medill McCormick, at present a member of the United States Senate and son of Robert McCormick, some time Ambassador to France, gave a fete for the French mission during the progress of which the former Premier of the French Republic was asked to address the guests. M. Viviani was moved to reminiscence and his vein of satire led to the masterful way in which France had driven God from the schools, how after a tremendous struggle she had driven God from the schools and "Now," he concluded impressively, "we shall drive God from the churches."

Being a diplomat, M. Viviani was aware that the American is a Christian nation, that it has so written itself in its fundamental laws and in its charter and on its coinage where may be found "In God we trust." It is true that some preposterous performances have been credited to religion, Alexandra Campbell, Alexandra Dowie, Mary Baker Eddy. Those who heard the French Athlete were principally public men, and no one holding office under this Government could utter such sentiments and retain his hold on his constituency. To their credit, it can be recorded that they considered such expressions blasphemous, and they declined to remain and be presented to the representative of Gallic civilization and progress. Those who heard the utterance and many others who heard of it, were always silenced in their objections by the assurance that Viviani, a well-known Free-thinker, did not present a typical side of France and as the war went on, the American public was assured from a variety of sources, that France had sorrowfully recognized her errors and that religion would again be respected and protected.

Those who watch the snail-like progress at the Peace Conference see no sign of this. They tell that Foch and his pliant soldiers and the God-fearing soldiery of every land, described in the letters and official reports of every kind of chaplain, are deemed worthy instruments to wage successful war, but that peace must be confided to the thinkers, the economists, in brief to the scoffer and the infidel, like Viviani.

From British sources comes the wail that France, ever thrifty and far-seeing in gambling on the prestige of Foch to make the peace terms so cruel and exacting that the Germans cannot pay, and thus other nations will be deprived of their share of the reparation. In the restored provinces which the Allied armies have presented to France is the ambition of Viviani to be realized? Is it to be realized in that ancient domain of the Church, the cities of Jerusalem, Damascus, and Aleppo which France is claiming by her old title of Defender of the East? Are the followers of religion to be removed from the persecution of the Turk to fall under the power of the atheistic Government of France? A large proportion of soldiers have answered in their transparencies, "We fought the war for God." Despite this, however, in many circles there is an awakened alarm, lest the fruits of this victory be wrested from those whose efforts were put forth that God might be restored to the French State, also to the schools and the churches.

It seems monstrous that some organized effort is not yet apparent in Catholic communities, French and American, to save religion. It must be said for the body of Protestant missions with its grand sachem in Boston, that an alert eye indeed is put to see that Viviani's program does not touch Protestant missions in the East. Indeed, if Catholics are awaking to their unique opportunity to aid the persecuted of their religion in France, in Mexico and in many other parts of the world where the steel glove is safely covered with velvet, the union of diplomacy and religious interests as typified in the conduct of its Bulgarian and Turkish Protestant missions by the Boston Board, may be suitably offered as worthy of imitation.

The most luminous explanations of the reasons which intervened to prevent the United States from declaring war on Germany's allies, Bulgaria and the Turkish Empire, come from a British source, Sir Edwin Pears, in the Contemporary Review for November, 1918. It may be

bracketed in here, that had an American journal published that naive paper, the laws of espionage would have reached out to silence the organ during the course of the War at least, if not forever. Sir Edwin Pears says simply, and as though the entire world shared his amazing knowledge, that the Boston Board of Missions with its superb equipment in Robert College, Constantinople had wrought such pressure to bear on Washington, had made so plain that only by permitting these missions to continue undisturbed—an impossibility if a state of war existed—could Bulgaria ever "find herself" and realize her true position among the Balkans. Sir Edwin opines that since the President, the Vice-President and the Secretary of State were all concerned in the success of these missions, neutrality was accomplished, though the world stood amazed at the spectacle and some of the Allies were restive and apprehensive. The article goes at length into the men and women who reared so strong a bulwark in Robert College, that even in a war so terrible and unrelenting as that waged in Europe, the hand of religion could overreach that of diplomacy and even the mailed fist. Imagine the outcry were some author to write of Catholic interests in Mexico and attempt such a flagrant usurpation of the privileges of the entire nation by a small group. Yet, it is logical to use the same weapons. It is readily imagined that neither President Wilson nor his party were over-pleased by the British essayist, and that if they had known of the paper in time they would have suppressed it. Bulgarian neutrality was a burning issue in Washington, and the spectacle of the friendliness of the Minister from Ferdinand's country, a former professor in Robert College, with the Lusitania caused a most painful impression to the Allied nations cognizant of it. But Mr. Lansing, premier of the Wilson Cabinet, is frankly Calvinistic, as are the Easterners, and finally into which he married. Witness his first public statement after the signing of the armistice, not addressed to the general public or any official body, but to the faculty and students of the Presbyterian Seminary, in Auburn, New York, celebrating its diamond jubilee. Again it is from British journals that the most luminous interpretation of this incident reaches the world. Mr. Lansing, according to the Westminster Gazette, would try and condemn Germany by the terms of the Westminster Confession and would have a peace such as Calvin could endorse, a peace with some mercy, but with justice playing the stellar role, and full recognition of the stern God who punishes all sin.

Now that Sir Edwin Pears has so adroitly pointed out the way, it should not be too great a task for all religions to step up beside the diplomat, the law maker and the present readjuster of national boundaries. M. Viviani, though of a race and presumably the most cordial and accomplished in social graces, has taught Americans that when politics are at stake, delicacy of feeling or tactful regard for national prejudices are cobwebs to be swept away. There are mediums for the diffusion of sentiment in France, and a lengthy roll of citizens repudiating the sentiments he uttered in Washington and asking his elimination from the peace proceedings and from future influence in shaping French policy, could not be taken amiss. The gentle art of minding one's own business is not applicable in any phase of national development which infringes on the free exercise of religion. If influence were so powerful a lever for the Protestant Mission Board of Boston, why can it not be used for Alsace-Lorraine and the ancient churches of the East, where the streets have been trod by the Redeemer and by those whom He sent forth to teach all nations? The League of Nations is not the impeccable document its advocates portray it, if it does not challenge M. Viviani and put on record, that the War was fought to bring the world back to God. As a virile Catholic writer once expressed it, "The world may think it can get along without God, but it cannot. The universe under God is like the chord of the dominant seventh, always leading forward, always inviting onward, the chord of progress. God is the tonic triad, the chord of repose."—M. E. Downing in America.

THE ANOMALIES OF HISTORY One of the anomalies of history is that sons and daughters of extreme bigots become converts to the Catholic faith. The Liverpool Catholic Times, many years ago, observed this and made the following comment: "In the conversion of Mary Howitt, daughter of the notorious author of 'The History of Priestcraft,' another instance is added to the many on record. The misguided zeal of their parents, or their blind fanaticism, may have led the children to examine for themselves the exaggerated allegations brought against the Church. The result of an impartial inquiry, coupled with humility, naturally leads to the discovery of truth. The sons of the great Wilberforce are examples in point, and the only son who did not become a Catholic—Bishop Wilberforce—but, on the contrary, developed a spirit of bitter bigotry against the Church either out of hostility to his brothers or out of policy, lived to see his daughter and her husband, the Rev. Mr. Pyc, become Catholics. Instances of this kind might easily be multiplied, for members both of High Church and

AN ANSWERED PRAYER One winter day, some years ago, an English tourist was tramping through a poor district of Constantinople. He passed the church. In the churchyard he saw an old woman praying before the statue of the Blessed Virgin. Of a kindly disposition, he stopped and asked the old woman why she was praying to the image. "Sure, your honor, I'm not praying to the image; I'm praying to the Mother of God, and asking her to help me in my distress, for if I don't have ten shillings for the agent on Monday morning, I'll be turned out of my little cabin on the road." The gentleman put his hand in his pocket and handed her a half-sovereign, saying: "Here is the ten shillings you want. Go home and give up your superstition. You might pray forever to that statue before it would give you ten shillings." Next day he passed by the same place, and saw the old woman in the same position and occupation. "What are you doing here now?" he said, indignantly.

"I'm thanking the Blessed Mother for answering my prayer and helping me in my distress." "But She did not help you—I gave you the money!" "To be sure you did, your honor, but it was Her that put the thought into your good, kind heart. God bless you!"—The Monitor.

CATHOLIC MADE WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY POSSIBLE

In a series of articles by Mgr. A. Farges, Prelate to His Holiness the Pope, in the Echo de Paris, on telepathy and second sight, says the London Universe, "we learn of an ancient scientific invention by a Catholic which is generally attributed to Signor Marconi, the inventor, or—in view of the information given us by Mgr. Farges—part-inventor of wireless telegraphy. After the Italian scientist had discovered the method of sending out the messages, the problem still remained as to an instrument for receiving them, obviously an essential for the practical utility of his discovery. The instrument for responding to the ethereal vibrations, the prelate tells us, 'was a discovery due to the genius of a Frenchman, M. Branly, professor at the Catholic Institute of Paris.' The world has resounded with the praises of Marconi—and we do not deny his deserts—but has heard little of the man without whose help Marconi's wonderful invention would have been valueless. And this is by no means the only instance of one man's getting all the honor for what is just by half his own work."

Low, by their unjust and extravagant calumnies against the Church, have led many near and dear to them to a knowledge of divine truth."

BUTTONS COVERED with the same material as your dresses at a very low cost—all sizes and shapes—write for our Illustrated Fashion Service for Home Dressmakers—showing buttons photographed in colors. THE TWENTIETH CENTURY BUTTON COMPANY 262 West Queen Street TORONTO ONTARIO Telephone—A 4616 298-299

STAMMERING or stammering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature. THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE KITCHENER, CANADA

Liquor and Tobacco Habits Dr. McTaggart's Vegetable Remedies for these habits are safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no loss of time from business, and positive cures. Recommended by physicians and clergymen. Enquiries treated confidentially. Literature and medicine sent in plain sealed packages. Address or consult—Dr. McTaggart's Remedies 800 Stair Building Toronto, Canada

Iron Fence and Gates add much to the beauty and dignity of buildings and grounds, besides affording privacy, security and protection of lawns and flower beds. An ornamental iron fence may be had for surprisingly little money and represents a permanent investment for institutions, cemeteries, churches, residences, etc. We make many styles and designs, also Church Furniture, All-Steel Sacristy Cabinets, Bank, Office and Theatre Railing, Steel Lockers, Shelving, Etc. Ornamental Bronze Iron and Wire Work, Commercial Wirework, General Builders' Ironwork. Write for Illustrated Folders THE DENNIS WIRE AND IRON WORKS CO. LIMITED LONDON Halifax Montreal Ottawa Toronto Hamilton Winnipeg Calgary Vancouver

College and Academy of St. Joseph ST. ALBAN ST., TORONTO St. Joseph's College is Affiliated to the University of Toronto through the Federated College of St. Michael College Course of four years, leading to Degrees. Also Academic, Collegiate, Commercial, and Preparatory Courses. For Prospectus, apply to THE MOTHER SUPERIOR.

McClary's HE business that started so courageously in this humble structure in 1847, to-day dominates the stove and furnace business of the British Empire. From the small number of quaint wood stoves made in those early days the output has grown steadily until now—it comprises Thousands of Furnaces in many styles and sizes and burning wood, coal or gas. Any of this list of Booklets on heating or cooking will be sent, if you mention this paper. "Service from the Kitchen"—About the Kootenay Steel Range. "Magic of the Pandora"—About the Pandora Cast-Iron Range. "Comfort in the Home"—On heating with the Sunshine Furnace. "Satisfaction"—Dealing with McClary's Gas Ranges. "McClary's Electrical Appliances"—On cooking with electricity describing McClary's. "Household Helper"—Describing Florence Automatic Oil Cook Stove. "The Story of a Range"—McClary's Simplex Combination Coal and Gas Range. Cooking and Kitchen Utensils in infinite variety and in such vast quantities as would alone constitute a great industry and using every practical form of fuel—electricity, gas, oil, coal and wood. This success—this healthy growth over such a long period of years—could come only from fair dealing with the people. On any question regarding heating or cooking appliances, what better source of advice could you seek than McClary's. 100,000 Stoves using every practical form of fuel—electricity, gas, oil, coal and wood. The gentleman put his hand in his pocket and handed her a half-sovereign, saying: "Here is the ten shillings you want. Go home and give up your superstition. You might pray forever to that statue before it would give you ten shillings." Next day he passed by the same place, and saw the old woman in the same position and occupation. "What are you doing here now?" he said, indignantly.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

BE AN AUCTIONEER
Ten little Vic. Bonds. Oh, friend o' mine,
You're going to take one? Now there are nine.

DON'T BE A FAULT-FINDER

Because you are able to point out real faults and shortcomings in the life and actions of your friends or neighbors is no sure proof that you are profitably or helpfully engaged when you are doing so.

FRIENDSHIP

Some persons have a genius for friendship. That is because they are open, and responsive and unselfish.

No material success in life is comparable to success in friendship. There is an old Latin proverb expressing the worldly view, which says that it is not possible for a man to love and at the same time be wise.

Trust is the first requisite for making a friend. How can we be anything but alone, if our attitude to men is one of armed neutrality, if we are suspicious, and assertive, and querulous, and overcautions in our advances?

PLAYING GAMES
The age at which men find themselves compelled by pressure of business or the cares of life, or by physical infirmity, to give up their favorite game is advancing.

ONCE UPON A TIME GAMES WERE almost exclusively for those in school or college. When a boy took up what was depressingly referred to as "the serious business of life," he was expected to abandon the frivolous point of view that playing games was supposed to denote.

Yet on holiday occasions when middle-aged men, long out of practice, engage in baseball, there will always be a fair proportion who show that they retain much of their juvenile skill and alertness.

The giving up of games should be so gradual, so voluntary, that it involve no sense of loss or of sacrifice. Generally speaking, so long as a man has an impulse and a desire to play a game, he will be the better for

yielding to it. That is the wisdom the new generation has learned, and it is a good wisdom.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

WHAT A SMILE CAN DO

When days are fair, and slip along
On golden pinions fleet,
'Tis easy then to give a smile
To every one you meet.

THE CHARMING GIRL

The interesting girl is one who goes through the world with her eyes open. She does not let her life center around herself, but rather considers the needs of others, and tries to be of service to them.

The interesting girl, who by and by will be an interesting woman, does not have false standards of value; she aims to be natural. A natural woman is the greatest power in the world today.

And there is nothing specially occult or difficult in this matter. One can be as interesting as every woman was since the world began, if one will elect to be so.

A FOE OR A FRIEND

Duty is often an ugly word—"a bug-bear to the youthful mind." We are so apt to fancy that duties are unfairly allotted; that others are burdened more lightly than we are.

"What do you call 'duties'?" was asked of a young complainant. "The things I don't want to do," he answered, smartly enough.

Trust is the first requisite for making a friend. How can we be anything but alone, if our attitude to men is one of armed neutrality, if we are suspicious, and assertive, and querulous, and overcautions in our advances?

When I'm not thanked at all, I'm thanked enough;
I've done my duty and I've done no more.

NATURE, LABOR AND CAPITAL

According to the best authorities on economic subjects there are three factors of production: nature, labor and capital. The first two are essential, the third is auxiliary.

A similar parable is found in the old legend of an artist who sought for a piece of sandalwood out of which to carve a Madonna. At last he was about to give up in despair, leaving the vision of his life unrealized when in a dream he was bidden to shape the figure from a block of oakwood which was destined for the fire.

events and in the homeliest circumstances.

Of what is a great picture made? Of canvas and colors—common field flax, common earthly pigments applied with an insignificant little brush of hairs.

RELIGION AND THE WAR

A full page religious advertisement of the International Bible Students' Association in the Bulletin informed an astounded public of the news that the world has ended, a new age begun and that death will soon come.

As far as the War and religion are concerned, a writer in the London Nation, reviewing a recent work on Faith and the War, quotes the author as saying, "In the searchlight of this war, religious failures in history would be hard to find one more tragic and complete than the failure of the Established Church of England."

This is the conclusion of Mr. Robert Keable of South Africa, a devoutly religious man, who worked with the troops in France. The religion of the "Good Fellow" system, which is the Y. M. C. A. brand, does not take hold on the soul, although it manages canteens, promotes sports, entertainments and gentlemenliness.

Much the same is the testimony of the men who have been overseas. The Y. M. C. A. and Protestant type of religion does not appeal to red-blooded men in the face of death.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH FOR JOINING THE CHURCH
In a preface to the "History of the United States," by the late Mr. Cecil Chesterton, which has just been published, his brother, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, speaks of Cecil's conversion from Socialism to the Catholic Church.

It was about the same time that, having for some time held an Anglo-Catholic position, he joined the Roman Church. It is notable, in connection with the general argument, that while the deeper reasons for such a change do not concern such a sketch as this, he was again characteristically amused and annoyed with the sentimentalists, sympathetic or hostile, who supposed he was attracted by ritual, music, and emotional mysticism.

SOURCE OF STRENGTH AND PEACE

We can sympathize with the soul hunger that impels people to these false doctrines and foolish practices because we too know sorrow, bereavement and all the other troubles common to mankind.

Now, inasmuch as many of the treasures of nature are only potential, as a climate and soil fit for the production of cotton, or hidden away in the bowels of the earth, as coal, it may be said, as was said by Leo XIII., that the wealth of nations is begotten by labor.

Don't Trust to Luck

When ordering Tea, but insist on getting the reliable



The Tea That Never Disappoints

Black, Green or Mixed - Sealed Packets Only.

The daily round of duty is full of probation and of discipline; it trains the will, the heart and the conscience.—Cardinal Manning.

In one sense, however, it may be said that all legitimate wealth—and by legitimate we mean justly possessed, for legal and legitimate, we would remind the editor of the Arkansas Echo, have not the same current meaning—represents in its origin some labor.

Now let him die and let his son come into his father's possessions. Is it the son's just property? Of course, you say. And still it is not the product of the son's labor.

What is wrong with the modern world is not that there is property which is not the immediate result of labor, but that the available property of the world has been so preempted by comparatively few individuals that it is altogether too difficult for labor to obtain a share in the possession of the earth.

CHESTERTON'S REASON FOR JOINING THE CHURCH

In a preface to the "History of the United States," by the late Mr. Cecil Chesterton, which has just been published, his brother, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, speaks of Cecil's conversion from Socialism to the Catholic Church.

It was about the same time that, having for some time held an Anglo-Catholic position, he joined the Roman Church. It is notable, in connection with the general argument, that while the deeper reasons for such a change do not concern such a sketch as this, he was again characteristically amused and annoyed with the sentimentalists, sympathetic or hostile, who supposed he was attracted by ritual, music, and emotional mysticism.

SOURCE OF STRENGTH AND PEACE

We can sympathize with the soul hunger that impels people to these false doctrines and foolish practices because we too know sorrow, bereavement and all the other troubles common to mankind.

Now, inasmuch as many of the treasures of nature are only potential, as a climate and soil fit for the production of cotton, or hidden away in the bowels of the earth, as coal, it may be said, as was said by Leo XIII., that the wealth of nations is begotten by labor.

OUR CHIEF WORK

We Pay 4%
Interest on Savings Accounts, and allow withdrawals by cheque.
We Pay 5%
Interest on stated sums of money for investment for terms of from two to five years.

Capital Trust Corporation
Head Office: 10 Metcalfe Street, Ottawa
Write us for free advice on any financial matter.

STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS AND LEADED LIGHTS
B. LEONARD QUEBEC: P. Q.
We Make a Specialty of Catholic Church Windows

Matchless Ammonia
NO HOME COMPLETE WITHOUT
Matchless Ammonia
IT HAS NO EQUAL
Refuse Inferior Substitutes
MADE BY KEENLEYSIDE COMPANY LONDON, CANADA

RAMSAY'S BARN PAINT
"The right Paint to paint right"
A. RAMSAY & SON COMPANY
Makers of Paints and Varnish since 1842
Toronto MONTREAL Vancouver

Coca-Cola
Why Coca-Cola is so refreshing
The refreshing quality of Coca-Cola, which has made it a favorite with the millions, is the result of three factors which are entirely natural and wholesome.

Peerless STEAM COOKER
Will reduce your food bills by making your food more nourishing and easier digested—requiring less food.
ONWARD MFG. CO., Kitchener, Ont.

Church Organ Blowers
Manufactured in Toronto
The Electric Blower is the best machine for supplying wind to Pipe Organs.
L. E. MOREL
440 Spadina Ave. TORONTO, ONT.

PEDLAR'S PERFECT METAL CEILING AND WALLS
Gothic Pattern Panel No. 1885
AN interior finish combining beauty and dignity with economy and durability. Pedlar's Perfect Metal Ceilings and Walls cannot burn, crack or fall away.

THE PEDLAR PEOPLE LIMITED
Executive Office and Factories OSHTAWA, ONT.
Branches: Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto, London, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

A soap of healing for Baby
Mothers everywhere should realize that they have in Lifebuoy safe, healing, inexpensive, and absolutely pure Soap that will make the children's skin glow with the bloom of health.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP
Its pure, fine lathering vegetable oils make it the finest and gentlest of cleansers for Bath and Toilet purposes.
Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto, Ont.

FATHER FRASER'S LETTERS FROM CHINA

We are now giving to our readers some of the Father Fraser's letters which for one reason or another were not published at the time they were received. These realistic pictures of active Chinese missionary work are, we believe, well calculated to stimulate interest in the later and still more important phase of Canadian participation in the glorious work of the conversion of China to which Father Fraser is now consecrating his energy and his zeal enlightened by a rich experience.

Catholic Mission Taischow, China. July 14, 1917.

Dear Friends,—To encourage you in your charity towards the missions in China and as proof that the Chinese can not only become good Catholics but real saints, worthy of your veneration and imitation let me relate to you the life of Blessed Vennu Liu, one of the twenty-one Chinese beatified by Pope Leo XIII. and Pius X.

Blessed Vennu was born of pagan parents and was a pagan himself until the age of forty, when he heard for the first time the doctrines of our Holy Faith expounded by a Christian traveller to whom he gave lodgings for the night.

His heart was touched and he immediately set to work to learn the prayers and catechism and frequent at the assembly of the Christians. At baptism he took the name of Peter. His father, furious upon hearing of his conversion, beat him, cured him and used every means in his power to bring him back to the worship of idols, but to no avail.

The pagan uncle of Wang, the man who had lodged in Vennu's house and been the means of his conversion, accused both his nephew and Blessed Vennu of being Christians. They were thrown into prison for several months and urged to abandon the Faith but refused. Finally they were delivered through the intercession of Wang's relations.

During the persecution that broke out under the Emperor Kai Ching, Blessed Vennu was again seized and condemned to exile to Helong, together with five other Christians. They were obliged to make the journey of 2,000 miles on foot and to suffer unspeakable hardships, so much so that one of their number died of exhaustion on the way.

Upon arriving at Helong on the outskirts of China, Blessed Vennu was given to a cruel soldier as a slave, who treated him like a beast of burden, never allowing him a moment's rest and sometimes ordering him down on all fours to act as a horse for his son to ride on. At other times when out of humor he would hang up the saint by the thumbs to a beam in the roof, beat him cruelly and pour filth on his head.

For nearly thirty years he endured this cruel treatment without ever allowing a murmur to escape his lips; by his exhortations he brought many idolaters into the true fold; and through many favorable occasions to escape presented themselves he preferred to suffer in exile and slavery for Christ.

In the tenth year of the reign of Dao Kwang an amnesty was granted to all prisoners and Blessed Vennu was allowed to return to his home. He won the hearts of all by his fervent love of God, his humility, honesty and charity towards the poor. Even the pagans esteemed and loved him, saying: "Behold a man who really loves his neighbor as himself."

He was not, however, left long in peace by the enemies of the Faith. It happened that an impoverished Catholic died in the public poor house, and Vennu in spite of the publicity of the place proceeded to recite the prayers for the dead accompanied by the Christians of the locality. A band of soldiers came in laughing and joking and beating a drum. One of them, who had asked them please to leave and not disturb the service. The leader, enraged at this, turned on his heel and said to his soldiers: "Come on, I will see to it that they will not say their Catholic prayers very long," and forthwith launched an accusation to the mandarin that the Catholic religion was being practised. Soldiers were soon on the track of the Christians and between twenty and thirty were arrested and thrown into prison, among others Blessed Vennu's two sons and a daughter-in-law. Vennu, who had not been caught, fearful lest his children and the others should weaken in the Faith under torture, resolved to go in disguise to the prison to console and encourage them. Taking baskets of vegetables he stood before the prison gate and cried: "Vegetables for sale," thinking thus to obtain an entry to his dear ones, but a soldier on guard recognizing him as a Christian laid hands on him and dragged him before the mandarin. The latter noticing the words: "False Church of God," branded on his face, became enraged and exclaimed: "You old criminal worthy of death! For following that false religion you were exiled and now after being pardoned and allowed to return home you still refuse to reform!" Whereupon he ordered the jailer to load him with the heaviest chains he could find and cast him into a dungeon.

Blessed Vennu and his companions in suffering, nothing daunted, continued to say their prayers aloud and

sing hymns in prison every day. The mandarin seeing that the rigours of the prison could not reduce them to apostasy applied to his superiors that the sentence of exile or death be inflicted upon them. At the end of the first day's journey on the road to exile he summoned them once more to renounce the Faith. Blessed Vennu, turning his head away as though he did not hear him, addressed his fellow martyrs in burning words, urging them to be brave and suffer for Christ.

His eldest son died in prison a few months afterwards. The rest all died in exile including his youngest son and daughter-in-law.

The mandarin, after branding on Blessed Vennu's right cheek the words: "Deceiver of children," and on his left: "Disturber of the people with false doctrines," threw him into prison to await the death sentence from the Emperor in Peking. It took three months to come. Blessed Vennu was praying at the time when suddenly a large piece of white cloth was seen lying on the ground. A friend nearby thinking it was a towel extended his hand to pick it up but it disappeared from sight. Blessed Vennu recognized in this a sign from God that his martyrdom was at hand, and in fact soldiers soon entered, bound his hands and lead him to the place of execution. He was tied to a gibbet and strangled. At the moment of rendering his soul to God a globe of light appeared over his head and a white robe, long white robes, doubtless his angel guardian, wiped the blood from his face saying: "venerable old man, during your life you loved purity exceedingly, allow me now to wipe the blood stains from your face," and then vanished from sight.

His bereaved wife came the next day to claim his body, which she buried in his own garden and erected a slab over his grave. His martyrdom took place on the 17th of May, 1834, in Kweichow, China. He was beatified by Pope Leo XIII. on the 29th of May, 1900.

China can boast of twenty other of her sons—priests, seminarians, catechists and laymen—who have been beatified. May they procure by their intercession the speedy conversion of this vast nation and obtain for the youth of Canada vocations to carry the light of the Gospel to these their neighbors across the Pacific.

"who are seated in darkness and the shadow of death." And you, my dear friends, I invite you to pray to dear Blessed Vennu for this intention.

You will be pleased to learn that I offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the first time in the new church of St. Teresa in the town of Da Wang. When the seminarians from that town studying in Ningpo are ordained they will now have a decent place in which to say Mass when they visit their families. Pray for their perseverance and also for my mission.

Yours gratefully in Christ, J. M. FRASER. P. S.—I have a new curate, Father Simon Liu (the same family as Blessed Vennu Liu.) Father Yao, my former curate, is now parish priest in Chusan Island. J. M. F.

CATHOLIC VIEW OF CHRISTIAN UNITY

The attitude of the Catholic Church on the question of Christian unity, which several Protestant Episcopal bishops of America are advocating in Europe, is admirably set forth in the following letter addressed by Cardinal Gasparri to the members of the commission:

"Your project of an international convention of all who believe in Jesus Christ as God and Saviour, to accomplish the speedy fulfilment of the prayer of the Lord, that all may be one, I have, in obedience to your request, submitted to the Holy Father. I need not here describe the affection which I saw in the august Pontiff kindled toward you, for you well know that the plans of the Roman Pontiff, their cares and their labors have always been specially directed to the end that the sole and unique Church, which Jesus Christ ordained and sanctified with His Divine blood, should be most jealously guarded and maintained, whole, pure and ever abounding in love, and that it should let its light shine and open wide its door for all who rejoice in the name of man and who desire to gain holiness upon earth and eternal happiness in heaven.

The august Pontiff, therefore, was pleased with your project of examining in a sincere spirit and without prejudice, the essential form of the Church or the 'inner essence of the Church,' and he earnestly hopes that, under the spell of its native beauty, you may settle all disputes and work with prosperous issue to the end that the mystical body of Christ be no longer suffered to be torn and rent, but that by harmony and co-operation of men's minds, and unity of faith and communion may at last prevail throughout the world of men.

"Thanking you, then, that you have thought well to request the aid and support of the Roman Pontiff in expediting your worthy project, His Holiness expresses his earnest desire that the end may answer your expectation. He asks the same of Christ Jesus with fervent prayers, all the more because, with the voice of Christ Himself sounding before and behind him, he knows that he himself, as the one to whom all men

have been given over to be led, is the source and cause of the unity of the Church."—The Tablet.

ARTICLE FIFTEEN OF THE SECRET TREATY

By R. C. Gleason in Catholic Columbian Article fifteen of the now celebrated compact between England, Russia, France and Italy is now reaping its reward. The article said: "France, Great Britain and Russia take upon themselves to support Italy in her disallowing representatives of the Holy See to take any diplomatic steps for the conclusion of peace or regarding matters pertaining to the present War." Well, they have lived up to this—the Pope urged peace—suggested ways and means, but was ignored and the compact fulfilled. Now Italy demands that the other parts of the treaty be lived up to. She claims Fiume and adjacent territory guaranteed to her as a result of this compact, and now wants her pound of flesh. She extends her hand to pick it up but it disappeared from sight. "You and President Wilson lived up to the agreement to have the Pope always without any influence—now live up to the balance of the contract." This is retributive justice with a vengeance. But will Italy insist or not? All the powers are after the spoils and our genial Uncle Sam is helping to lay the bills—"to make the world safe for democracy"—but sometimes the question arises who is going to make democracy safe from itself?

FAVOR HOME OWNERSHIP

Views of Cardinal Gibbons on the value of home ownership by the individual were expressed by him recently. The strong tendency for home ownership to make for stability of the owner and to bring out in him the best traits of citizenship are stressed in the statement.

The Cardinal says: "The root of the commonwealth is the homes of the people. In proportion as our people own their homes, the country gains in stability. Home is the primeval school. It is the best and most hallowed and most potential of all academies, and the parent, especially the mother, is the first and most influential and cherished of all teachers."

"The individual and national character may be traced to the training imparted under the domestic roof, and its beneficial or harmful influence may be gauged by the religious and moral standard of the family circle."

"Let your home be your own home, the sanctuary of domestic peace, sobriety and parental love. Let discontent and angry words be banished from it, and under such influences your children will grow in virtue. Above all, let it be the asylum of daily prayer, and then the angels, God and the God of angels will be there."—Catholic Columbian.

DIED

MULVILLE.—At his home in Westport, Ont., on May 1st, Edward Mulville, aged thirteen years. May his soul rest in peace.

COLLINS.—On May 11, 1919, at 602 Bessmer St., Ottawa, Kathleen Mary Theresa, youngest daughter of the late Michael J. Collins, of the Savings Bank Branch, in twenty-fourth year. May her soul rest in peace.

NEW BOOK

"Preparation for Marriage," by Rev. John A. McHugh, O. P., 24 mo. cloth, net, \$0.60. Postage 5 cents. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York.

The purpose of this treatise is to gather together for the use of the Reverend clergy the points of Church legislation that have reference to the preparation of couples for marriage. The changes that have been introduced into matrimonial legislation by the new Code of Canon Law are considerable, and a summary of the requirements of the new Code, along with practical applications, must be of the greatest utility to all priests in the exercise of one of the most important duties of their sacred office.

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED FOR CATHOLIC Separate school, Fort William, one holding 2nd class Ontario certificate. Salary \$80 per month. Duties to commence immediately. Apply to G. P. Smith, Sec., 1121 Simpson street, Fort William, Ont. 2119-17

POSITION WANTED WIDOW DESIRES POSITION AS HOUSE-keeper. Can furnish good references. Address Box 127, Catholic Record, London, Ont. 2119-2

WANTED IMMEDIATELY A GIRL TO HELP with housework on a farm; small family; good wages year round. If satisfactory, apply to Mrs. W. J. Lohr, Lockwood, Sask. 2115-6

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES MOUNT ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL, TRAINING School for Nurses. Registered and approved by the Regents at Albany, offers exceptional advantages to young women who wish to enter the Nursing Profession. Several vacancies are offered at present to applicants having one year High School or its equivalent. Address Sister Superior, Mt. St. Mary's Hospital, Niagara Falls, N. Y. 2113-12

HOTEL DIEU, ST. JOSEPH, WINDSOR, Ont. There are vacancies in our Training School for Young Women desiring to enter as pupil-nurses. Address Sister Superior, Hotel Dieu, St. Joseph, Windsor, Ont. 2110-42

MERCY HOSPITAL TRAINING SCHOOL for Nurses, offers exceptional educational opportunities for competent and ambitious young women. Applicants must be at least twenty years of age and have one year of High School or its equivalent. Pupils enter at the present time. Applications to be sent to the Director of Nurses, Mercy Hospital, Toledo, Ohio. 2110-17

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

Joint accounts opened in the name of two or more persons, each having the right of withdrawal over their own signature—a most convenient banking arrangement for husband and wife. Full compound interest paid at highest bank rate on Savings Deposits of One Dollar and upwards. Branches and Connections Throughout Canada. London Office: 394 RICHMOND STREET. Six Branches in District: DELAWARE, ILDERTON, KOMOKA, LAWRENCE STATION, MELBOURNE, THORNDALE.

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED WANTED HOUSEKEEPER BY WIDOWER and one boy. State wages expected and references if any. Address J. McGrath, 8 Alamo St. south, Galt, Ont. 2113-2

CHILDREN FOR ADOPTION THE FOLLOWING CATHOLIC CHILDREN are available for placement in foster homes: 2 girls, aged eight and three years, (sisters); 2 girls, aged six and seven years, (sisters); 2 girls, aged three years, (twins); 1 boy, aged nine years, was wards of the Children's Aid Society. Applications received by William O'Connor, Children's Branch, 124 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. 2113-3

RELIGIOUS PICTURES OF MERIT ON RECEIPT OF THE SUM OF FIFTEEN cents in stamps, we will forward any of the following subjects in size 4 1/2 x 6 inches, finished in beautiful Sepia Brown, St. Peter, the Good Shepherd, Our Lady of Lourdes, Sacred Heart of Jesus, The Transfiguration, The Angel Guardian, St. Ann, The Crucifixion, St. Francis of Assisi, Madonna and Child, St. Cecilia at Harp, Ecco Homo, Sacred Heart of Mary, St. Anthony, St. Joseph, St. Rita, Immaculate Conception, Holy Family resting in Flight, St. Teresa, Holy Family Standing, St. Patrick, Madre Dolores, Last Supper, Christ in Temple, and Holy Night. We also furnish any of these subjects in size 1 1/2 x 2, Sepia, on receipt of 75 cents, money order, postage prepaid. Address: Catholic Supply Co., Publishers of Religious Pictures, 46 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Que. 2115-8

UNIQUE RELIGIOUS PICTURE THE LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS ON RECEIPT OF THE SUM OF FIFTY cents in stamps, registered postage, we will forward to any address in Canada our new religious picture Sister Therese. (The Little Flower of Jesus.) Size 10x20 inches, finished in delicate Brown Sepia Coloring. This beautiful picture portrays the humble Carmelite Nun, clasping the Crucifix, surrounded by roses. It is a beautiful tribute to this lovable Daughter of the Church, and will be much appreciated. Address: Catholic Supply Co., Publ., 46 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Que. 2115-8

THE MOST POPULAR PRAYER-BOOK IN ENGLISH My Prayer-Book HAPPINESS IN GODNESS Reflections, Councils, Prayers, and Devotions WITH MARRIAGE MASS. BY REV. F. X. LASANCE 702 pages, size 5 1/2 x 8 1/4 inches

A Prayer-book containing the best prayers, reflections and devotions, in English, with the Mass for the wedding, is a most useful and popular of all prayer-books. Imitation leather, red edges. . . . \$1.25 Embossed leather, gold edges. . . . 1.75 American seal, limp, gold edges. . . . 2.20 American morocco, limp, gold edges. . . . 2.50 Turkey morocco, limp, gold edges. . . . 3.00

BENZIGER BROTHERS 36-38 BAYVIEW ST., TORONTO 36-38 BAYVIEW ST., CHICAGO 214-216 W. Monroe St.

IF YOU HAVE ANY WOOL

SHIP IT DIRECT TO US Our Prices Are Highest—Let Us Prove It Before selling your Wool to anyone, write to us for prices, telling how many fleeces you have and breed of sheep clipped from. Address as follows:

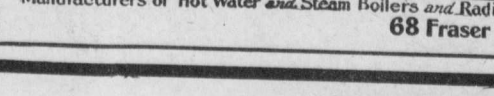
John Hallam Limited 109 HALLAM BUILDING TORONTO

KING HOT WATER BOILERS AND IMPERIAL RADIATORS

Economical Heaters

These Boilers are simply perfect as economical heaters. They give an even, steady heat in every room in stormiest weather. Your Sanitary Engineer, or Plumber, or Hardware dealer will tell you the cost of installation, or you may write us and we will gladly give full information without any obligation to you.

OUR BOOKLETS TELL THE WHOLE STORY Write for Free Copies STEEL AND RADIATION LIMITED Manufacturers of Hot Water and Steam Boilers and Radiators, Fenestra Steel Sash and Concrete Reinforcing 68 Fraser Ave., Toronto



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY KINGSTON, ONTARIO

ARTS Part of the Arts course may be covered by correspondence. MEDICINE EDUCATION APPLIED SCIENCE Mining, Chemical, Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering. SUMMER SCHOOL NAVIGATION SCHOOL July and August. December to April GEO. Y. CHOWN, Registrar

MISSION SUPPLIES A SPECIALTY ALTAR WINE ST. NAZAIRE TARRAGONA Ireland's Case BY SEUMAS MACMARTIN Paper 65c. Cloth bound, gold stamped, \$1.15 All Steel, Fire Proof \$25 Vestments, from \$10 to \$25 Up J. J. M. LANDY 405 YONGE ST. TORONTO

The Bible and the Blessed Virgin Mary And Some Correspondence BY Rt. Rev. M. F. Fallon, D.D. BISHOP OF LONDON

Being a justification of Catholic devotion to the Mother of God, and the account of a controversy carried on with Canon L. N. Tucker, the Rector of St. Paul's Anglican Cathedral, London, Ontario. SINGLE COPY, 10c. POSTPAID 100 COPIES, \$5

Your Opportunity to Help The Boyhood of America

Nation-Wide Campaign for 1,000,000 Associate Members Boy Scout Week June 8 to 14 By Proclamation of the President of the United States Support This Campaign Through Your Local Committee

MEMORIAL WINDOWS ENGLISH ANTIQUE STAINED GLASS LYON GLASS CO. 44-46 CHURCH ST. TORONTO ONT.

AMBITION'S CONTEST, BY FATHER FABER. The story of a young man who starts out in life to be a statesman, loses all his religion, and through the prayers of others, receives the grace of God through the sacraments. 100 pages, size 5 1/2 x 8 inches, \$1.00.

BIBLY GLENN OF THE BROKEN SHUTTERS, BY ANTHONY YOUNG. Illustrated. A story of boy life in the downtown section of New York. Illustrating the adventures of Bibly Glenn and his companions in the broken shutters and a boy club of their neighborhood. The book is full of adventures, and a thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Bibly and an exciting trip to a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "It is a rattling good book."—Pilot

BIRD ARREST, BY CELIA MARY CADZELL. Few tales in our language can compare with this sweet and delicious story of a young girl and her adventures. BIRD ARREST, BY CELIA MARY CADZELL. A complete encyclopedia of fencing, baseball, football, boxing, rowing, sailing, swimming, skating, running, bicycling, and how to play over fifty other games.

BURDEN OF HONOR, BY CHRISTINE FABER. A story of mystery and entanglements so interwoven as to create new difficulties in every step. A tale of Christian Faith and its action in drama, action and drama.

CAETL O'DONOGHUE, BY CHRISTINE FABER. A story of penal servitude in Australia. The adventures of Owen O'Donoghue, a young man, set ashore with companions on a desolate island in the Caribbean Sea.

CHRISTIAN FAITH, BY CHRISTINE FABER. A new Regent's Kinship and Love Begins with "Kiss the Crucifixion," a beautiful and beautiful delineation of child life and character.

CON O'KEGAN, BY MRS. JAMES SADDLER. Narrating the experiences of Con O'Kegan and his sister Winnie in an interesting and wise manner.

DIAN AND THE SYBIL, BY MISS KOEN. A classic novel, far richer in sentiment and sounder in logic than "Ben Hur."

ELIMOR FRETON, BY MRS. JAMES SADDLER. A novel, following a young girl through her sorrows and joys.

FATAL RESEMBLANCE, BY CHRISTINE FABER. This is an entertaining romance of two young girls, and shows how uncertain are the smiles of fate. Five O'Clock Stories, or The Old Tales Told Again. By a Religious of the Society of the Holy Child. Forgive and Forget, By Ernest Lugan. A sweet nobility of soul and unflinching devotion. Catholic novel, relating the adventures of an orphan left in the care of a relative, Guardian's Mystery, By Christine Faber. This is a capital story well told. It contains the most sensational tale of the reading pleasure of a tale of Casbel. Leandro Or, the Sign of the Cross, A Catholic story reprinted from The Messenger, The Press, Lisbeth. The Story of a First Communion. By Mary T. Waggaman. A story of great interest. Louisa Kirkbridge, By Rev. Richard, S.J. A dramatic tale of New York City after the Civil War, full of exciting narratives imbued with a strong religious moral tone.

MAY BROOKE, BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY. The story of two cousins who are left in the care of their very religious and "C" at odds with all the world. It follows them through their many trials and experiences, and contrasts the effect on the two distinct characters.

MOONDYNE JOE, BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY. A thrilling story of heroism and adventure in which most of the action takes place in the Penal Prisons in Australia to which Moondyne Joe had been sentenced for political activity, and from which he escapes through a series of dare-devil adventures.

MORE FIVE O'CLOCK STORIES, BY A RELIGIOUS OF THE HOLY CHILD.

MURDER'S SACRIFICE, BY CHRISTINE FABER. A Catholic story of the trial of a widow whose only son has been innocently accused of murdering his enemy of hate.

MURDER'S SACRIFICE, BY CHRISTINE FABER. A tale of love and crime. The real murderer killed with remorse, confesses his crime.

NEW LIGHTS, A VERY INTERESTING TALE BY MRS. JAMES SADDLER.

O'MAHONY, THE CHIEF OF THE COMERAGHS. A tale of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, by D. P. Connelly, L. L. D.

OLD AND NEW, DR. TASTE VERSUS FASHION. A novel written in a fascinating manner. By Mrs. James Saddleir.

RED ACCENT, THE, BY ESTHER W. NEILL. It is a fine stirring story.

RED CIRCLE, THE, BY GERARD A. REYNOLD. A dramatic story of the Boxer Uprising in China, narrating the exciting experiences by a group of European captives held for self-protection. There is a new advance in the way this tale is told, and it is done with a force that gives the dramatic atmosphere so pronounced a realism that the reader feels he is a part of the life. By the dramatic genius of the author, the plot is a very strong and gripping tale of the unprotected Christian, a real participant in defense of their life and their property.

REFINING FIRE, BY ALICE DEAN. In this novel Miss Alice Dean, favorably known through her "Refining Fire," has ventured on a new field, and her best book sets before us the untold fortunes of two French families, the Marquis and the De Haris. The plot is a very strong one, and the story is remarkably well told, and is sure to hold the attention of the reader from the first page to the last.

REVENGE, BY J. VINCENT HUNTINGTON. This novel, though written many years ago, has its place among the best stories we have to-day.

Ask for Quantity Discount The Catholic Record

STANDARD LIBRARY 60c. Each Postpaid

Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, The, By Rev. A. Tensler. Anthony of Padua, St. by Father Servius Dirks. Life of St. Anthony of Padua, of the Order of Friars-Minor. Catholic Flowers From Protestant Gardens, by James and poetry from a collection of pieces in prose authors, in relation to the Catholic Church. A Fair Exchange, by Rev. Christian Hall. A Daughter of the Sierra, by Christian Hall. Bossy Conway, by Mrs. Jas. Saddleir. A New story by an author who knows how to write a splendidly strong book. Connor O'Keagan's Struggles, By W. M. Berthold. A tale of life which depicts a noble family through the centuries, being reduced to penury through imprudent speculations on the part of the father. Double Knot, A; and Other Stories, by Mary T. Waggaman and others. The stories are excellent and contain much pathos and humor. Fenet's Little Home, The, and Other Stories, by Marion Ames Taggart, and other stories by a group of writers of contemporary fiction. Glanetta, by Rosa Mulholland. Light of the Countenance, The, By Jerome Harte. A highly successful story. The plot is simple in nature, but the characters are natural, the style is strong and full of action, and contains a great deal of pathos and interest. Shadow of Everlasting, By Jane Lansdowne. A natural with various stirring and exciting incidents. Sketches of six women remarkable in Catholic history. Treasure of Nugget Mountain, The, by Marion A. Taggart. The tale for life for the lives of petroleum with horse and rider, the plot is a word-painting which has few counterparts in the literature.

Unloving Guest, The, By Frances Cooke. A tale of hearts that love, shame and hope. It is a picture of a woman who is so truly Catholic as to be an inspiration.

Winnipeg, The Apache Knight, by Marion A. Taggart. In the present volume Jack Hilliard's adventures, is captured by his enemy and sentenced to die. He escapes and by his own hand becomes fast friends is shown through chapters of breathless interest.

85c. Each, Postpaid

AMBITION'S CONTEST, BY FATHER FABER. The story of a young man who starts out in life to be a statesman, loses all his religion, and through the prayers of others, receives the grace of God through the sacraments. 100 pages, size 5 1/2 x 8 inches, \$1.00.

BIBLY GLENN OF THE BROKEN SHUTTERS, BY ANTHONY YOUNG. Illustrated. A story of boy life in the downtown section of New York. Illustrating the adventures of Bibly Glenn and his companions in the broken shutters and a boy club of their neighborhood. The book is full of adventures, and a thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Bibly and an exciting trip to a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "It is a rattling good book."—Pilot

BIRD ARREST, BY CELIA MARY CADZELL. Few tales in our language can compare with this sweet and delicious story of a young girl and her adventures.

BURDEN OF HONOR, BY CHRISTINE FABER. A story of mystery and entanglements so interwoven as to create new difficulties in every step. A tale of Christian Faith and its action in drama, action and drama.

CAETL O'DONOGHUE, BY CHRISTINE FABER. A story of penal servitude in Australia. The adventures of Owen O'Donoghue, a young man, set ashore with companions on a desolate island in the Caribbean Sea.

CHRISTIAN FAITH, BY CHRISTINE FABER. A new Regent's Kinship and Love Begins with "Kiss the Crucifixion," a beautiful and beautiful delineation of child life and character.

CON O'KEGAN, BY MRS. JAMES SADDLER. Narrating the experiences of Con O'Kegan and his sister Winnie in an interesting and wise manner.

DIAN AND THE SYBIL, BY MISS KOEN. A classic novel, far richer in sentiment and sounder in logic than "Ben Hur."

ELIMOR FRETON, BY MRS. JAMES SADDLER. A novel, following a young girl through her sorrows and joys.

FATAL RESEMBLANCE, BY CHRISTINE FABER. This is an entertaining romance of two young girls, and shows how uncertain are the smiles of fate.

FIVE O'CLOCK STORIES, OR THE OLD TALES TOLD AGAIN. By a Religious of the Society of the Holy Child. Forgive and Forget, By Ernest Lugan. A sweet nobility of soul and unflinching devotion.

CATHOLIC NOVEL, RELATING THE ADVENTURES OF AN ORPHAN LEFT IN THE CARE OF A RELATIVE, GUARDIAN'S MYSTERY, BY CHRISTINE FABER. THIS IS A CAPITAL STORY WELL TOLD. IT CONTAINS THE MOST SENSATIONAL TALE OF THE READING PLEASURE OF A TALE OF CASBEL.

LEANDRO OR, THE SIGN OF THE CROSS, A CATHOLIC STORY REPRINTED FROM THE MESSENGER, THE PRESS, LISBETH. THE STORY OF A FIRST COMMUNION. BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN. A STORY OF GREAT INTEREST.

LOUISA KIRKBRIDGE, BY REV. RICHARD, S.J. A DRAMATIC TALE OF NEW YORK CITY AFTER THE CIVIL WAR, FULL OF EXCITING NARRATIVES IMBUED WITH A STRONG RELIGIOUS MORAL TONE.

MAY BROOKE, BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY. THE STORY OF TWO COUSINS WHO ARE LEFT IN THE CARE OF THEIR VERY RELIGIOUS AND "C" AT ODDS WITH ALL THE WORLD. IT FOLLOWS THEM THROUGH THEIR MANY TRIALS AND EXPERIENCES, AND CONTRASTS THE EFFECT ON THE TWO DISTINCT CHARACTERS.

MOONDYNE JOE, BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY. A THRILLING STORY OF HEROISM AND ADVENTURE IN WHICH MOST OF THE ACTION TAKES PLACE IN THE PENAL PRISONS IN AUSTRALIA TO WHICH MOONDYNE JOE HAD BEEN SENTENCED FOR POLITICAL ACTIVITY, AND FROM WHICH HE ESCAPES THROUGH A SERIES OF DARE-DEVIL ADVENTURES.

MORE FIVE O'CLOCK STORIES, BY A RELIGIOUS OF THE HOLY CHILD.

MURDER'S SACRIFICE, BY CHRISTINE FABER. A CATHOLIC STORY OF THE TRIAL OF A WIDOW WHOSE ONLY SON HAS BEEN INNOCENTLY ACCUSED OF MURDERING HIS ENEMY OF HATE.

MURDER'S SACRIFICE, BY CHRISTINE FABER. A TALE OF LOVE AND CRIME. THE REAL MURDERER KILLED WITH REMORSE, CONFESSES HIS CRIME.

NEW LIGHTS, A VERY INTERESTING TALE BY MRS. JAMES SADDLER.