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The Catholic Record

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THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO

A great writer has well said that the devil is the ape of Almighty God, always counterfeiting the ways of Divine Providence in order to lure men astray. He is now using for that purpose the specious and perni. cious activities of some men and principles of the Charter were the women who are trying to legislate guiding star of the English freemen. for the family. They advocate the restriction of the children for reasons which seem good to them. They talk about the scientific management of the family, of the health of the mother, natural restraint, that civilization needs not necessarily larger families, but more and better families. In a word they offer us a substitute for the teachings of the Church. They are as, "Satan clothed as an angel of light," promising us the goods of the earth if we fall down and adore them. Happily, however, we know that the family is for the glory of God, and that its charter is not due to men and women, who, untaught by the experience of nations, listen to the counsels of selfishness and disseminate them in printed words which exhale the stench of hell. These people are as first aid to the vendors of devices to the women who prefer a dog to a baby.

TRUE EDUCATION

Students are sometimes impatient of studies that seem to have no relation to their career in the future. What," asks the budding engineer, "use have I for Latin or Greek ?" None, perhaps, if engineering were the whole of life. But it is not. It may be the part of life we shall need paying expenses. But the man who not as others see us, but as we see knows engineering alone is not edu. others. cated. A good education rounds out our interests and our knowledge, and an education is not for making money but for living life. It is meant to draw us out of ignorance into wisdom in the conduct of life : and a person is scarcely educated who has accumulated knowledge, but has missed wisdom.

THE GREAT CHARTER

An authority on international law says, in speaking of the seventh cantenary of the Magna Charta, that the entire fabric of constitutional government throughout the English speaking world, as the embodiment given of their substance and of their of liberty under law, was made possible by the deathless act of John at Runnymede on June 15th, 1215. e parchment is but a piece of sheepskin: the wax was made by the bees which hummed amid the hawthorn hedges of old England centuries ago." The parchment and wax are of very little account in themselves, but what has come from them is of infinite value. Hardly was the wax cold before John repudiated the Charter. John's death It is not endowed as some other in 1216 left the country with the Canadian seats of learning, but a crown on the head of a child, Henry staff of the best, indomitable cour-III. In 1224 the great Catholic prelate, Cardinal Langton, backed by liberty-loving Englishmen who compelled John to acknowledge the our friends realize more fully what Charter, demanded that Henry reissue the Charter as his own act. the Church, they may deem it a Sycophants of Henry advised him to privilege to give it financial support. reject it on the grounds that it had been extorted by compulsion, but now in course of construction and Langton made it plain to him will be completed in September of that the principles of Runnymede the present year. It will be equipped were to stand against kingly despot- in a thoroughly modern manner, up ism. But though Henry bowed before Langton's will, he strove especially after the death of the prelate to render the Charter of no avail. Every device was pressed into service to undermine it. He confirmed it indeed when threatened with the cold steel, and forgot it when the mutterings of the barons were no longer in his ears. Finally, however, Simon de Montfort threw him into prison and compelled him, before he gave him his freedom, to confirm the

Then came the last struggle with Edward I., who was not so easily daunted as either John or Henry. Brave and prudent, and fearless in withstanding any attempt on his kingly dignity, he was the man to foil the barons and to erase forever what had been signed at Runnymede. But he encountered the love

of liberty that Langton had fostered in English hearts. He could not stay it with the sword nor could he throw it to rot in dungeons. It was living and unperishable, stronger far than the mail on his back, and little troubled by the denunciations that fell from his lips. This time it found utterance on the lips of the Earls of Norfolk and Essex, and Edward, wise enough to understand and to heed it, granted in 1300 the confirmation of the Charter. And henceforward the

The trouble with many people who have high ideals is that they sit apart on their pedestal of superiority and refuse to do any thing until the rest of the world shall come up to their standard, so that the work may be more congenial. Thus it often happens that so many so-called good" people have no force. It they would put half the energy into being constructive, that an active mischief-maker puts into being destructive, we should see more justice in this world.

SAY IT NOW

If we cannot do great deeds, we can at least appreciate them in others. No jealous and envious spirit can rise to greatness, whatever opportunities are offered, and no broad and generous spirit can ever live an ignoble life, however circum. scribed its surroundings. Some persons would be greatly astonished should they suddenly see their own faults as plainly as they see the faults and failings of others—acircumstance that makes one think that Burns' famous couplet would have more point if it asked for the power to see ourselves,

THE GIVERS

There is a wireless telegraph ap paratus in a certain home, and the boys explain that they can only receive but not send. "It takes power to send, and power costs," they say. So they fling out their aerial to catch never send a message in return. The incident is a parable of life. It costs to send. To give a message to the world-to express one's personality in one's time-calls for a real expenditure. That is why small and selfish lives are only receivers, while those lives which bless mankind have selves in the religion of service.

GOING AHEAD

Business us usual " is the wato word of St. Francis Xavier's, Antigonish, N. S. Not content with the success that it has achieved, it is always endeavoring to consolidate its position in the forefront of the educational forces of the Maritime Provinces. And we are very proud. age and persistency, an optimism that can see but a radiant future it has in bounteous measure. When some of an asset this great college is to

A magnificent new dormitory is to date in all its appointments and one of the finest buildings of its kind in Canada. The building is of brick and stone, 110 ft. long by 42 ft. wide, four stories (exclusive of basement), with several rooms containing fireplaces and private baths on each floor. In the basement there will be bowling alleys, billiard and pool tables, gymnasium, toilet and bath rooms, shower baths, etc. In all there will be sixty-five private rooms, well lighted and ventilated, and furnished in a first class manner. The building will be thoroughly heated with the most modern system of hot water heating. This building, the third of a series of splendid gifts received by the University within the last five years, will be known as

well known builder and head of the firm of McNeil Brothers, of Boston, Mass., and the construction is being carried on under his supervision.

TAINTED COLLEGE SPORT

No more vigorous, straightforward or outspoken prelate holds a place in the public eye than Bishop Fallon, of London. A strong Britisher and advocate of British institutions, the bishop has on numerous occasions and with rare eloquence made clear his position on various subjects and very case has had the courage of in every case has had the courage chis convictions, regardless of consequences. Speaking recently at Windsor, Bishop Fallon, whose activities in college athletics are well known and whose football knowledge earned him a national reputation many years ago, explained for the first time why he had given up active participation in athletics.

Said the Bishop:
"I could no longer withstand the devil of professionalism that had crept in and was destroying open and honest athletic sports. Clean young fellows stopped playing for the sport and were to be found with their hands out for something. When I found this out and made sure

of it. I quit." Bishop Fallon here used language that admits of no ambiguity. His knowledge of athletics has been too extensive to cause him to make any errors in such matters and it, therefore, may be taken as true that the condition the Bishop describes exists or has existed, in so called amateur sport. But it will surprise many to learn that college athletics have be-come tainted in this way. The one bulwark against the inroads of dis-

honest professionalism has been athletics and college college athletics and college spirit. If this latter is unable to maintain or preserve honest sport the athletic outlook is not bright. The public has been turning more and more to college athletics and in recent years the university football games have held first place in the affections of the public. Recently, however, ugly rumors have been aftoat in connection with the composition of college football clubs, in particular, and good players in one institution have frequently appeared in the colors of sister colleges in the next scholastic session. This has caused some serious doubts of the amateur character of the players and the honesty of the institutions condoning such practices. It is to be hoped that there are in our univermessages from far and near, and sities athletic authorities of character and foresight who will assert themselves at a critical stage in the development of institu tional athletics. The victory does not lie in the result of games but in the spirit and character of those participating in them—and of those wit-nessing them. The college athletic directors are facing a very grave

condition and one which threatens the very existence of their system of sport. While open professionalism is in itself legitimate and honest, it obviously has no place as such in college sport. The other kind of professionalism should not have a ace, and if it already has, be rooted out at once.— The Ottawa

THE DEPARTURE OF DIPLOMATS

ACCREDITED TO THE HOLY SEE

(Translated from the Osser Two days ago a paper published in the city affirmed that the Holy Father Benedict XV. had begged "the sov-ereigns of the States at war with to recall on temporary leave" their diplomatic Representatives to the Holy See. We were authorized and we hastened to deny this information which we could not allow to pas without notice, because it in no way corresponded with the truth of the without notice, because it in no

Having eliminated, therefore, this baseless version, we believe we are right in affirming that the diplomatic Representatives, accredited to the Toly See of the States at war with Italy, that is, the Ambassador of Austria Hungary, and the Ministers of Prussia and Bavaria, have felt them. selves bound to go away from Rome because their permanence in our city, in the present circumstances had become impossible. Impossible not because their personal safety and security could be in serious danger, but because their position had be-come morally intolerable and inac-

For, in truth, even admitting, as has been affirmed by somebody, that the Italian Government had shown itself disposed to allow these diplomatic representatives to continue to correspond, through the medium and under the responsibility of the Holy See, with their respective Governments, it is only too clear that such a position would not have been acceptable to them, because not corresponding with the dignity of their

ect communications between the dipomatic representatives and their own Governments is an essential and indispensable condition for the exercise of diplomatic representation and

of its delicate functions. Their departure from Rome, therefore, we believe must be attributed, not to special conventions and agree not to special conventions and agree-ments made on the subject, but to the very force of things and to the new situation created by the par-ticipation of Italy in the present European conflict. A situation, un-der this aspect also, extremely pain-ful for the Holy See, which, owing to this fact, no longer being able to confer directly with the represents. confer directly with the representa-tives of one of the belligerent sides, or to have through another channel news about this side, and being thus obliged to confine itself to one s of information, can no longer be in possession of all those elements which might contribute to farnish it with an exact notion and concept of the international situation in the different phases it takes on during this most unhappy period of history. From this necessarily and by the very force of things follows a dimi-nution and a restriction of that internationality which is characteristic of the action of the Holy See and which corresponds with its august character and with its beneficent mission

in the midst of human society.

We call extremely painful, under this aspect also, the situation created for the Holy See and for the Supreme Pontiff, because it is easy to understand, nor do we think necessary to insist upon it, all the profound grief caused to his paternal heart by the sorrowful prospect of the tears and disasters which are the inevitable consequences of every war, whatever be its result, and which now, by the spread to our own country also of the terrible conflagra-tion, he has unfortunately reason to fear may be reserved also for our country, for this Italy so dear to his heart as a Father. Of this grief and pain eloquent proof and expression are to be found in the Pontifical Letter, already published by us, in which the august Pontiff, after having done everything in his power to hasten the end of the tremendous conflict which is ensanguining Europe, and to limit and alleviate its terrible consequences, now gathers his children around him, to implore in union with them, by prayers penance, the cessation of the awful scourge which is desolating mankind. Here is one official note published the other day by the Italian Government: "News has been printed of a declaration made by the Italian Government, according to which in case of war, the permanence in Rome would not be allowed of the diplomatic envoys to the Holy See from

THE FOREIGN MISSIONS

States with which Italy was at war. This news is devoid of foundation.—

Rome, May 29.

THE UNPAID TITHE

Father Edmund turned wearily in lowers, blooming luxuriou neatly arranged beds on the lawn, but to-day he had no interest in the about him and the soft, balmy air had no effect on his tired

He had just come from the hospital where Lawrence Kearny lay seriously ill. Yes, Lawrence whom he had loved as a son, Lawrence whose once fine soul he had guided almost to the priesthood, Lawrence whose intellect-ual pride had led him to apostasy and atheism, was dying, the doctors said, and he had refused to listen to the priest's appeal for reconciliation

It seemed more than Father Edmund could bear, and the final link in the chain of events which made him feel that, after all, his life work was a failure. In the last three or four years he had seen several of the young people—whom he had himself baptized—lost to the faith through mixed matriages. The sodalities were no longer a pride to him; their one-time fervor was gone. To be sure, there were the faithful ones, old and young, but too many were weaned by worldly pleasures from the devotions that had formerly been

dear to them.

When he spoke to his fellow-pastors who were experiencing similar trials, they laid it to 'the spirit of the age,' a restlessness that would pass. But that didn't satisfy Father Edmund. The Church had always had a veapon to counteract every evil in ner ranks, and he felt that he ought to discover one for his present great

Father Edmund sat down to look over his letters with one disquieting question tugging at his brain, "What question tugging at his brain, what am I failing to do?" The mail was uninteresting—bills, receipts, adver-tiements, and appeals which he tossed aside half read, till his attention was caught by one from a

a well-known fact that parishes where the foreign missionary spirit was fostered, were signally blessed by God, and reminding him that the command to "preach the Gospel to every creature" was as imperative to-day as in the time of the Apostles. Father Edmund read it a se time. It was a striking appeal, but it followed the others into the wastebasket and he turned to the pile of parish work that had accumulated.

Soon, however, this, too, was abandoned, for thoughts of the sick boy's misery and of his other trials drove all else before them, and to increase his restlessness, the arguments of the foreign mission appeal kept bobbing up in a most disconcerting manner.

Was it true that co-operation with mission work brought blessings to a parish? And — the next question followed quite logically—could it be possible that failure to co-operate in it. withdraw God's mercy in some

The late hours of the night found Father Edmund, alone in his room, still trying to get at the root of his d frequenty turning to the troubles as mission problem.

His thoughts flew back over the

years. He recalled more than one cry for help from foreign mission organizations, to which he had turned a deaf ear. He remembered, too, an occasional hearded missioner to whom he had felt obliged to refuse the privilege of gathering crumbs from his parish table.

Why had he done so? Because But the need to 'spare' them had long since passed. The church property was without debt and collections were rare. His personal charities were many—and he acknowledged to himself in this noment that he had taken no little pride in keeping outside appeals

away from the parish.

And what had been the result? He began to wonder if, in confining his efforts solely to his parishioners, and theirs to the parish church and themselves, he had brought up s generation of Catholics whose hearts. nwatered with the dew of sacrifice were becoming parched with self-

The familiar precepts of the Gospe cried out to him now with a different meaning. "Feed My sheep."—"Other sheep I have, that are not of this fold; them also I must bring."— "Going, teach all nations." Father Edmund had seen these sheep only in his straying children. The 'teach ing of the nations' was left to other Not once in his thirty years of priest ly life had he considered the heather as part of the flock for which he was responsible. He had prayed for them

And then came a startling memory. Lawrence had two or three times in his seminary days expressed a desire to go to the foreign missions and Father Edmund had strongly discouraged the idea, telling the boy he was too bright to be thus buried.

Poor Father Edmund! Had he ossibly sown the germ of pride that led Lawrence Kearny so far from grace? Had he also been making his at the white-pebbled path leading to the rectory. Ordinarily be would have stopped to examine lovingly his felt a responsibility for Lawrence's himself. It was a new light on his soul and it would not pass.

Father Edmund went early into the hurch the next morning, to offer to God the world-wide heart of a true priest, and having said Mass for Lawrence, hurried to the hospital.

What divine miracle was wrought a the sick man's chamber could only e guessed by the radiant light or Father Edmund's face when he turned in again at the white-pebbled path leading to the rectory. He had left Lawrence ready and eager to meet his God, and he found himself, quickened with a new sense of heathen claims upon his charity thanking God for the opportunity that lay before him to strengthen the spiritual life of his parish by holding before it the apostolic ideals.

Maryknoll, June, 1915.

THE SAD FATE OF POLAND The devastation of Poland by the contending armies is one of the most

appalling features of the terrible war in Europe. Father Bernard Vaughan gives this striking word picture of the situation of that devastated land: During the scientific massacre, called warfare, we have grown accus tomed to colossal numbers, but they all look dwarfed beside the giant figures which rise up before us when we begin to realize that millions of Poles are to day struggling for life,

over a third of whom are below the hunger line.

"Imagine if you can; more than two hundred towns reduced to ruins; more than seven thousand five hundred villages wiped out; while more than one thousand four hundred churches and chapels have been torn down or burnt to the ground. What a tragic picture stands up before the foreign mission seminary.

a tragic picture stands up before the lit outlined its object briefly and eyes of a home-loving, hard working the little of the l

may not callously turn over without atear, a sigh, or a care for a people who in endurance, patriotism, chiv-alry and heroism have been in the past an object lesson to the whole of Christian civilization."—True Voice.

YOUNG BUGLER AIDED WOUNDED AND DYING

REPEATED LORD'S PRAYER TO SOLDIERS PASSING AWAY

Montreal, June 14.—Reports have reached here of the courage and sym-pathy displayed during the fighting at Langemarck by Bugler Ginley, of Ottawa. Speaking of the actions of Ginley, Bugler J. J. Darge of Montreal. says :

"I cannot say too much of Bugler Ginley, a young fellow just turned fifteen. He fought better than any man and bandaged and consoled the say their prayers; it was a pathetic eight to see one big Highlander who was going to die, repeat the prayers of the bugler, while smoking a cigarette.

Private James Wilson, writing to

his parents about Ginley says:
"A young boy, Bugler Ginley, got into the trench where one of our fellows who had half his face blown away, was dying. The young boy asked the captain if he could do anything to help him, but he said, 'No, let him lie there.' The brave little boy asked the captain if he had any morphia tablets and the captain gave him one for the dying soldier who soon went into unconsciousness. Knowing that the soldier was going to die, the lad began to say the Lord's prayer. It sounded very solemn in our trench with all the fellows clus-

The young bugler referred to above was employed by the Mortimer Co., for about a month. He was brought from England by the Catholic Immi-gration Society and was placed on a farm in the Ottawa Valley. Later on he expressed a desire to join the soldiers and when war broke out he enlisted with the 14th Battalion of the 1st Contingent.

VON BUELOW'S VISIT TO VATICAN

The story of the visit to the Vatican of Prince von Buelow, German Ambassador at the Quirinal, has been once more denied officially in the Osservatore Romano, and now we have the explanation in the other papers of how the mistake arcse. A prominent member of the German Center party, Dr. Erzberger, was in Rome, for the third time, on some sort of special mission which took him frequently up to the Vatican and it happened he is singularly like Prince von Buelow. One day he visited the German

ambassador at his residence, the Villa Malta, and from there went to the Vatican. A zealous newspaper representative saw the carriage leave the Villa and caught a glimpse of its occupant, followed it to the Vatican, and set the story afloat. But repremany others seemed thrown back on sentatives of foreign powers at the Quirinal are not received at the Vati-can while they hold office. It has happened, for instance, that the

Spanish ambassador to the Quirinal, being a good Catholic, has before leaving Rome been received in audiance with his family, but that has not happened until he has handed in his letters of dismissal to the king.

The bonds of discipline or etiquette -it is hard to know the exactly correct word-are not quite so tightly drawn now as they used to be in the days when a Vatican ambassador did not consider it the right thing to associate with his Quirinal confrere; but they still exist, as the Osserva tore's note suggests, for otherwise the Vatican organ would surely not have troubled to deny the rumor twice and so explicitly.—Church Progress.

OUR LADY OF DUBLIN

During May Ireland celebrated the revival of an old devotion—that to Our Lady of Dublin, whose miraculous statue has been preserved under extraordinary circumstances. This beautiful old wooden statue of Our Lady of Dublin, carved in the fif-teenth century, used to stand in St.

Mary's Abbey.

When the monasteries were de when the inclusives were used to be burnt by the common hangman. This was apparently accomplished, but the shell of the statue, including the front unscathed, remained, but so sixty are serving with the Italian sunk and buried under rubbish that army. Many of these were not sumsunk and buried under rubbish that for fifty years it was used as a pig trough. Then it was recovered, hideously painted and put up fer veneration once more in the 18th century. Later it passed into the possession of the Carmelites, who have renovated it, and revived the have renovated it, and revived the highest passed in the carmeter and developes to the revelope that he did not residually and the description of the carmeter and developes to the revelope that he did not residually and the serviced that the serviced that he did not residually and the serviced that the serviced the serviced that the serviced the serviced that the serviced pilgrimages and devctions to Our ice, he replied that he did not need Lady of Dublin, who now looks down them at the Vatican, the Swiss on her clients from a handsome altar and appropriate surroundings.— Guards being sufficient for his pro-Church Progress.

CATHOLIC NOTES

In the last ten years no fewer than 406 Jews have been converted to Catholicity.

At Feldkirch, in the Tyrol, the Jesuits have one of the largest and finest colleges in Europe at which

many of the nobility are educated. In all the churches of Vienna at the present time, the Blessed Sacrament is exposed in the evening at the same hour.

One of the first South Africans to fall in defense of the British Empire was Neville Pickering, a student of the Christian Brothers' College, Kimberly, South Africa.

The Sisters' College at the Catho-lic University in Washington has been the recipient the past week of a gift of \$25,000, from Mrs. Nicholas Brady of New York, for the erection of the administration building, and ground has been broken for the

eame. Rev. Athanisius French, O. M. C., Professor of English in St. Francis College, Trenton, N. J., lost his lite on June 15 in an unsuccessful attempt to save from drowning one of his pupils, Edward Kaczarek of Buffalo, N. Y. Father French, who was on shore, jumped into the water, but was drowned in attempting to

reach the boy. This week's Catholic Press Association cable from Rome brings the very pleasant information that the rector of the American College there is now the Archbishop of Seleucia. It is another evidence of the high favor in which Bishop Kennedy is held by the Sunreme Pontiff, and the news will be received with great satisfaction in this country.

our trench with all the renows that tered about. Before he died the man opened his eyes and told us all he opened his eyes and told us all he cisco, Cal., archbishop of that diocese, cisco, cisc May 18th, by the Sacred Congregation of the Consistory. Bishop Hanna's appointment fills the Hanna's appointment vacancy caused by the death of Archbishop Riordan on December 27,

> The British Lord Chamberlain has refused to license Monsignor Ben-son's last work, a Passion Play, entitled "The Upper Room," which has been highly praised by Cardinal Bourne. The reason given for his action is that he cannot license a work which presents the Blessed Virgin Mary to the public! Here is reverence turned inside out with a vengeance.

The Monitor of San Francisco says that the entrance of Italy into the European conflict has taken the infamous Nathan, Italy's representa-tive at the exposition, beyond our boundaries. We fear that the relief has come too late to be of much service to the exposition. Nathan's presence there has kept thousands of Catholics away from San Francisco this year. His exit will not lead them to change their plans now.

One of the Catholic missionaries of Papua, the Rev. Henri Van Neck, a Belgian, has been decorated by his King for his ccurageous conduct on the battlefield. After twelve years of mission work in New Guinea he had gone to his country for a holi-day, when war broke out. He at once engaged as chaplain in the Belgian army, and was attached to the First Cavalry Division. He is still in service, and intends to return to his missionary labor as soon as the war is finished.

St. Louis Catholic societies will be asked to raise \$25,000 to aid in re-plenishing the depleted treasury of the Vatican in Rome, according to a decision made recently at a meeting of the Federation of Catholio Societies in Sodality Hall, 15 N. Grand avenue. The movement, known as the Catholic Societies' Peter's Pence movement, will be started all over the United States. The movement is made necessary by the lack of financial support from the European countries engaged in war. It has the approval of Archbishop Glennon.

Recent excavations at St. Austin's Abbey at Canterbury, England, have resulted in remarkable discoveries. A layer of earth was removed disclosing what is assumed to be the remains of work begun by Abbot Wilfric in 1056. There now may actually be seen the despoiled tombs of Archbishops Laurence, Mellitus and Justus and part of what may be the altar of St. Gregory. There is also visible the grave in which the body of St. Mildred was laid by Wilfric. The discovery goes straight to the beginning of the English church.

A despatch from Rome says that out of 100 Noble Guards, more than of every Italian was to his country

Copyright CARDOME

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE CHAPTER V

Monday came, serene and cloud-less, herald of a happy holiday. A tear trembled in the Judge's blue eyes as he entered the library where waited his wife, the faithful companion of his thirty years, his two brave boys, and Virginia, not less dear, to give him greeting. The solemnity of it, the reaching of the sixtieth milestone on the road of life, impressed the little group.

"Sixty years, Love," said the old man, solemnly, his hands clasping his wife's, his eyes looking into hers. "And you do not look fifty," she said, smiling up at him. He smiled, too, but as quickly sighed.

"Sixty more to you, father !" cried "Sixty more to you, latter?" thether Hal, who never suffered himself to be long depressed. "Virginia and Tom and I'll be eighty then; mother a hundred and ten, and—" Here the hundred and ten, and—" Here the door opened and Mrs. Dupont en-tered, followed by Bessie.

"Cousin Alice," continued Hal "you interrupted me in a little mathe stical calculation regarding our ages, if were to live sixty more years

How old would you be then?"
"That is a rather impolite question
te put to a woman, Master Hal," replied she. "However, I should be

"And Bessie would be seventy-seven!" and he laughed at the thought of Bessie growing old. "The grand total, six hundred and forty-one ninety four." years! How's that, Virginia, for rapid calculation ?"

'Incorrect.'

Women who do not marry never go past thirty. Bessie and I may not marry. How many times—"
"There's the breakfast bell," he said, and he offered her his arm.

After breakfast the family went the southern veranda. Below stood ble, bearing many large pitchers and a number of glasses. Loud talk and laughter announced the approach of the slaves, and the Judge left his place by his wife and went down the steps. All in holiday attire, the negroes crowded around their master and greeted him according to the dictates of their simple, loving hearts. Some slasped his hand, some kissed it. "Marster, I hope yoh'll nevah die!" said one; while another, over-come by shyness, only said, "Howdy, Marster," so low that only the mas-ter heard the words. The women, with the children hiding behind their skirts, and holding their latest born in their arms, courtesied, and volubly expressed their good wishes to the head of Cardome, always remember-ing to include its mistress. When all had passed the piazza steps, and stood grouped back on the greensward, the overseer came around the house, leading a man whose years numbered three decades and a half more than his master's—Unc' George, whose father had come with the Virginian Todd, and who was one of the first negroes born in the new territory of Kentucky. His powerful frame was bent, his step feeble and his head white; but his eyes were still bright and his mind clear. The Judge stepped to the ground as he approached and classed the carealy approached and clasped the eagerly thrust out hand. Then the negro raised both his black hands to heaven and lifted his bent head, while quavering voice, with an unlookedor strength, cried :

Good Lo'd, Good Mastah ob us all I look down dis day n' hean Dy su'vunt's prayah. Bress our good
Mastah hyah, an' make his days
many on de yearth; foh he's been
good to us, Dy po'r black chillun. when we wus bad, an' when we wuz faithful, his awa'd wus ovahpowahin'. When we wus sick, he ministaked to us; when we wus in misah'y he comfuted us; when we wus ole, keer'd foh us, an' made our las' days happy. He's be'n a good mastab to us, O Lo'd, Dy po'h black chillun. Oh, den, lub him, an' all he lubs, as he's ebah lubed us; bress him, an' his'n as he has ebah bressed us!"

The men stood with bowed heads some of the women had their faces buried in their aprons; tears were rupning like rain over Mrs. Tedd's cheeks; the eyes of her companions were moist, while the boys hid the emotions of their young hearts be-hind downcast lids and set faces. The Judge was visibly affected, and as he stood humbly there before his praying slave, the June sunshine bathing all the place, the hush broken only by the thin quavering voice, he made a picture that never faded from the minds of those

'Amen !" he said, brokenly, as the prayer closed. After a few words of thanks for the good wishes of his faithful servants, the meaning of the white pitchers was explained by the overseer calling on several of the younger men to fill the many glasses with eggnog, in which good health and long life was drunk to the master of Cardome. Then the negroes went back to the "quarters" to spend the holiday after their own hilarious

fashion The Judge soon excused himself from the group on the veranda and walked slowly down the side lawn to his office. When he was out of hear-

ing, Hal said :
"If those folks up North, who are losing their heads over the fearful condition of the slaves in the South, as they term it, had witnessed this 's scene, it would be some thing of an eye opener. To my mind | the

those same liberty-for the blacks people are the greatest lot of hypo crites that have existed since the days of those Jews who harassed, and, in the end, murdered our Lord. We look after the comfort and health of our slaves as if they were our own fiesh and blood; yet thousands of whites are dying of starvation, right inder the eyes of those who are loudly demanding the emancipation of the negro; while the people who can get employment must toll harder than slaves, and often under task.

masters compared with whom ever bed overseers are as angels. 'Sweep before your own door'—that was what I said to a red-hot Abolitionist I met on the train. He made a bound out of his seat as if he intended to pitch me through the window. Just hen the car gave a little lurch and the went sprawling on the floor, to the amusement of the crowd. He, and his like, haven't enough ballast

even to keep them on their feet."

Bessie clapped her hands crying:
"More, more!" but Hal had expressed
his mind and was now ready for

"What is on the program for this morning?" he saked of Virginia.
"Now, Harold," interposed his
mother, "you must not leave us this norning. You know the company

"O, mater !" he exclaimed, "what have I done to merit this? You surely don't mean to make me stand up in the hall and let the people in? Abe would be after my scalp in a pair of minutes.'

The mother smiled indulgently as she said: "But I do want you to be n evidence before the ringing of the dinner bell. Your uncle and aunt are even now on their way from Frankfort, and you knew they are coming as much to see you and Thomas as to help us celebrate your father's birthday. Then Mr. McDow-ell sent me word we may look for him

"Phil coming ?" cried Hal. "Then," laying down his straw hat on the railing of the veranda, "I'm quite content to ornament the parlor wall, if I have him within speaking dis

"And," put in Bessie, "as soon as the carriage is ready, Virginia and I are going over for Miss Sears."

'And who may Miss Sears be?' asked Thomas. On hearing the reply made by Bessie, Hal whistled softly. 'Poor Miss Sears!" he exclaimed.

"She will be anything but poor," corrected Mrs. Dupont. "It is understood that she will be heiress to Mrs. Powell's wealth." "If she were to accept it from that

vindictive old woman, with the straight claim of the Powells ahead of her, she would be the greatest thief outside the penitentiary!" exclaimed Hal, bringing his hand down with

force on the railing.
"Why, Harold!" reproved his mother.

"Yes, mother, I mean it!" he re-ied. "Mrs. Powell is a thief. Perplied. haps she has a reason for being one, but there can be no cause requiring the young lady to continue the trade. What did Hal mean by calling

Mrs. Powell a thief?" questioned Bessie, as the carriage left Cardome for the Park, Mrs. Todd having thoughtfully suggested that the young ladies should drive over for

"I know very little about the matter," said Virginia, evasively.
"What is that little?" pressed the

inquisitive girl. "Mrs. Powell," began Virginia, with evident reluctance, "though quite a young woman, married Mr. Clay Powell's grandfather. He was, of course, much older than she—"

good to us, Dy po'r black chillun. because she wanted to revenge her-His han' has nebah been rized self upon Mr. Walter Powell. In 'gainst us in angah; he wus patient some inexplicable way the old gentleman became heavily involved. When he died the Powell plantation went under the hammer. The widow, as a matter of course, claimed and received her third. It was Willow-wild, which she immediately dis-posed of. The son did not have a dollar out of his father's estate. It appears that he has been unfortunate all through life, and he and his son, Henry Clay Powell, are very poor."
"But," urged Bessie, "where does

Mrs. Powell's thievery come in?"
Virginia, however, was not suffi ciently informed on that lady's disposal of the Powell funds to speal with certainty, so she wisely re-

mained silent. When the carriage reached Cardome on its return, a number of guests had arrived. Among them was Phil, who with Hal and Thomas, was seated or

the square portico, smoking.
"That is your carriage, ien't it?" Phil asked, as the heads of the horses came around the group of pine trees. "I wonder if they have Miss For-tunsta?" commented Thomas. "Do you know Phil," he added, "Mrs.

Powell has found an heiress "We had an item in the paper, think, about a young lady visitor at the Park," replied Phil, knocking the ashes from his pipe, as rising, he anticipated Thomas in opening the carriage door.

Phil and Thomas accompanied the young ladies to the parlor and Hal was left alone on the portico. Presently he heard a horse coming over the road in an easy gallop, and stopping as Cardome's gate was reached.

"Another!" he thought: "Mother must have gone out in the highways, like the King in the Bible."

The appearance of the noble black horse and the erect young rider around the pines interrupted his thoughts. "It must be Clay Powell,"

he said to himself, and left his place on the beach. The rider swung himself from the saddle, and relinquishing the rein to one of the attending negroes advanced to the portice, on the last step of which stood Hal.

"This is Mr. Powell, I believe?" said the boy; and in that moment, meeting the smouldering fire of those dark eyes, the soul of the lad went forth and clove to the the other's are use the sand of Jonathan. forth and clove to the the others even as the soul of Jonathan was knit to that of David, returning from the field of victory with the head of the Philistine. "I am Harold Todd," he added, his bright smile lighting

he added, his bright smile lighting up the frank face.
Clay Powell clasped the outstratched hand, saying cordially:
"I am glad to meet Harold Todd.
We should be friends, for you know we are the sons of friends."
"It is true," replied Hal. "My father holds no one in a higher

admiration and affection than your father; and I am honored in your wishing we should perpetuate, in our selves, their time tested and ever-

constant friendship."

He then led the way across the portico and hall to the library, where his father was seated with the Governor and a number of other prominent gentlemen who had come to join with their life-long friend in the day's celebration. When the Judge saw the approaching guest he advanced to meet him, cordiality in his face and manner.
"Welcome, indeed, to Cardome, my

young friend!" he said.
"Thank you, Judge Todd," replied the younger man. 'I am the bearer of my father's heartfelt congratulations

for you on this happy auspicious day. With those good wishes of my father and your friend, permit me to join

"Such a message from your father gladdens my heart; and to receive it from you, with your own kind words, adds to my happiness," replied the Judge. He laid his hand on the young man's shoulder, and looking into his face, where sat the majesty of youth and lotty purpose, he con-

inued slowly:
"As my eyes go over the group of riends gathered around me on thi day, the faces of the absent arise befere my mental vision. And among them there are only two as sadly missed as your father's. Those two were as dear to him as to me." Then he turned away to hide his feelings, and introduced Mr. Powell to the Governor and other gentlemen.
After the ordinary courtesies had
been exchanged, the Judge drew the young man's arm within his, saying

There is a lady who would not forgive me were I to delay long in bringing you to her;" he crossed the wide hall to the parlor, and sought Mrs. Todd among the gay crowd filling the room.
"How very like his father, Judge!"

she said, holding the young man' hand in a motherly clasp.
"Yes," replied the Judge, "though there are times when he sets me

thinking of the great Clay. You knew your renowned kinsman, of ourse?" he asked.

"Slightly," replied the young man somewhat stiffly it seemed to the Judge, who said immediately: 'I thought perhaps he felt a deeper

interest in you than in other of his young relations because of your mother, to whom he was tenderly "I saw Mr. Clay only a few times," aplied Clay Powell. "You know,

replied Clay Powell. "You kno he continued, looking the Judge the eyes proudly as he made the statement, "my fortunes are not such as to admit me to terms of intimacy with the great."

The great are indifferent whether them possess fortune or not," said the Judge. "It is ever the personal worth they consider."

The young man was silent under the rebuke thus given him by his father's friend, while Mrs. Todd said softly, her slender fingers pressing those she still held:

"And the Judge and I know that the son of your father and mother is so rich in this personal worth, so endowed with noble qualities of heart and mind, that when he is received into the friendship of the great, he honors as well as is hon-

"This confidence, madam, which you repose in me, makes my heart overflow with love and gratitude. I pray heaven I shall ever be worthy

"I spoke to you a while ago," said the Judge, "of two friends whom your father and I held dearer than other friends, or even brothers. Of one you have, doubtless, often heard him speak — our knightly Castleton, whose death left us bereft of the truest love that ever man received? You may have also heard of his daughter, and only child, Virginia ?"

"The name of that loved friend has often been mentioned by my father," answered young Powell. "If to his child her father's death was a calamity, it has been largely softened by her finding a daughter's place in the hearts of yourself and Mrs. Todd."

"Ah! ours is a sad substitute, my friend, for the love she lost when his great heart ceased to beat," said the Judge, mournfully. "But let me take you to her, for the children of the children friends should be dear to each ther.'

Virginia had turned her head at their entrance, and now as the Judge advanced with the young man, she rose, her beauty enhanced by that fine graciousness which is to woman what chivalry is to man; but Clay Powell, unheeding the grace and loveliness, saw only the daughter of a man his father had loved. He bowed low over her white hand, but der, saying:

with sentiments no different from those with which he had met Mrs. those Todd

A gleam of satisfaction, ho showed on his face on being intro-duced, a little later, to Phil McDow-ell. "It is an unexpected pleasure to ell. "It is an unexpected pleasure to meet the aditor of the Frankfort 'Herald!" he exclaimed. "But will you pardon me if I tell you that my fancy always painted a man of twice your years? Your views are so sober and profound, your manner of deal-ing with questions is so suggestive at great and varied experiences. I

"It is only the outside of the head that is young!" said the Judge.
"The inside is of the finest seasoned material to be found in the fournal-

"It is the friend speaking now," said Phil laughing easily; "and, for all their wiedom, the ancients made a mistake when they gave blindness

to love only."

Remarking that Phil McDowell saw merit in the work of all man-kind, save his own, the Judge returned to his other guests in the library until the announcement of dinner brought the entire company together in the dining-room.

Cardome had known many such occasions, when the head of the State, the ablest representatives of the professions, the truest disciples of the arts, distinguished visitors, beauty wealth and fashion had met at its ospitable board; and of these occasions the present was one of the happiest. The young, lovers of joy, were looking expectantly to the days open ing before them; the ambitious, if impatient, were certain of the future nigh career they sought; the old had learned wisdom, which brought them contentment and gratitude for the things that are good, which they possessed. Nothing disturbed the harmony of that time, nor were any eyes keen enough to see the Future,

standing just beyond that hour weaving the threads of a sad destiny Poor unconscious mortals! Smile low while you may; feast; live your moments of delight, and garner up every joy; for yours are the hearts that are to hunger ; stamp this scene the faces of friends and loved ones on your memories, against the time then this house shall be the home of the stranger, while host and guest, friend and brother, shall be so widey separated that only the voice o God shall bring them again together east, for yours are the faces that are set toward an hour when weak ened forms and starving lips shall long for the crumbs from this table. But no hand appeared to write the warning on the wall.

TO BE CONTINUED

HER CAREER

Over in Berlin the American students of music declared that Mar got Hanson must have been born with a four leaf clover in one hand and a rabbit's foot in the other, or she would never had the opportunity to make her debut in opera before she was twenty one years old Back in Mifflin, Minnesota, it was

only what everybody expected Everybody in her home town knew of the girl's ambition to become s great singer. Margot's songs had een the popular feature of hurch concerts and the society entersainments since she was a mite of a thing with yellow curls. Her ambition frightened her gentle, widowed mother, who believed in omes rather than careers for girls.

but let her daughter dominate her m Margot's high school days. When these were over Burke Payne had urged the girl to come up to Minneapolis and study her music It would be his last year in the university, and they could have some-thing of a time; he'd take her to football games and class dances; in between she could vocalize. Burke and Margot had been neighbors since childhood. The big boy had petted and teased the little girl, as is the way with big boys and little girl's the

world over.
"In between!" Margot had repeated with scathing emphasis. "I want you to understand, Burke Payne that my music is not to be tucked in between a football game and a class dance! It's to be the biggest, most important part of my life. I'm not going to Minneapolis, either. I'll

take mother and go to Germany at And Burke had whistled. 10 course, he had always known that Margot wanted to study abroad, but

He was silent for a moment before he could nod approval. "All right. Perhaps if you were in Min neapolis I would shirk, and I must get my diploma this year. Then for two years I'll slave in Uncle Jim's shoe factory, and then—" The blood had come into his cheek, his eye had gleamed and his voice

Margot had lifted her pretty head expectantly. "And then, Burke, then?" thrilling at the mystery in

the broken sentence.

He had scanned her face eagerly. "You are too young to know," he had said at last, pulling a lock of her hair as if she were six. "Perhaps in two years I'll tell you if you are very, very good and write to me at least, a week."

And then-Margot and her mother became a part of the musical colony in Berlin. And then-Tchelko, the great Tchelko, consented to take the girl as a pupil. And then—oh joy!
—after the girl had sung the famous
teacher laid her hands on her shoul-

"Kleine Amerikanerin, I believe that you can be what you please.
You have the voice! Herr Gott,
what a voice — You have the
chest of a Wagner singer, deep and broad, and your throat is round and full. You must have patience to work and work and yet work. work and work and yet work. You

Margot got ready to give all. She felt that there was nothing she could not do and be. And how she did work! She lived like a nun in the Berlin pension; took no part in the unconventional relaxations of the American students; made few friends; went nowhere but to the

opera and to Tchelko's. Every hour of the day belonged to her voice; so many for vocal practice; so many for physical exercise, as her body must be kept muscle-free; so many for Italian, for French, for German She lived and breathed in an atmos-

here of music. She found time to write to Burke for there was a masterful tone in his letters that demanded an answer. But how different were their lives Burke had obtained his diploma; has had entered Uncle Jim's shoe factory "to slave for a while, and then—" Then his uncle died, and the factory became Burke's property. This was not the "and then" that once rang so mysteriously alluring in Margot'

ear. Margot still remembered Burke's expression. But she forgot it when Tchelko said, with the smile that softened her keen, clever face : "Nun, meine Theure, an artist must learn to know Nun meine audiences as well as music, else she might appear self-conscious before her public. Go you to Norway liebes Kind, and leavn audiences No one who counts will hear you in the villages there. You shall not sing at Germany until after your debut. Ach, but your voice will be a surprise I will give the musical

So Margot sang in concert through out the smaller Norwegian towns and found it a pure delight. She chose the Norwegian ballads, and they rested her after the big operatio arias she had been studying. And the people would wait around the door of the village church to kiss her hand, her sleeve, her skirt as she passed, and cry loudly : rah, Froken Hanson!" Hur-

It was a triumph, a foretaste of the future, and Margot would go back to her mother with her face aglow and her eyes like stars.

At Vossevangen, when she came back to her inn, a little fat man who had been standing before the fire stepped forward and asked abruptly: "Who is your teacher, Fraulein?" His abruptness startled her, but

she was proud to answer, Tchelko." Tchelko," he repeated the name with approval; then in the same short, gruff way: "I heard you sing to night. You will sing Weg ner, yes? Your voice tells me your temperament. I am von Wurm, the Intendant at Berlin, When you are ready for opera, Fraulein, come to

me."

"Oh, Herr Intendant!" Then she boked. He nodded understandingly and rapidly questioned her about her work and her plans.

'You are very young," he grum-d as he went away. "Your voice bled as he went away. "Your voice is older than your years. You must grow to it. It will demand much, that voice. Time, atrength, love, all life itself, perhaps." And he said as Tchelko had said: "You must work, work, work. One buys the future by the toil of the present."

She stood where he had left her,

trembling with excitement and joy.
To think that the Intendent of the Royal Opera in Berlin should have Royal Opera in Berlin should spoken to her so! It was as though she had been crowned.

The slam of the door brought her back from dreams of the future. A tall man entered quickly, came directly to her, caught her hands and raised them to his lips, as the country folk had done at the church door. I was there! I heard!" eried Burke Payne breathlessly. Margot, but you can sing !"

At sight of him she had stepped At sight of him she have. Now back as though to run away. Now Burke! Where she smiled sottly. "Burke! Where did you come from? How did you know we were here? I'm so glad to

see you!"

"Are you?" wistfully. "I was afraid you had forgotten me and Mifflin. I came to England on business connected with poor Uucle Jim's estate, and when I went to Berlin they told me you were here, and I tagged after you I'm not sure," and he laughed uneasily, "whether I'm glad or sorry.

Why, Burke ?" "Ob, you know-you know I've

always cared for you, honey. Yes ever since you were a little thing all yellow hair and blue eyes. At first it was as a pet, a play thing, and then we were good chums. But since I went to college the feeling has changed again, and I love you now as a man loves but one girl in the world. I love you, sweet, I love you!" The words seemed to force their utterance. "But this music, their utterance. But this music, this career of yours is going to come between us." He clenched and unclenched his fists. "No, don't speak yet," as she would have interrupted him. "When I heard you to night I was convinced of that. The Lord has given you be more as the condental was a second of the conden has given you a wonderful voice, dear. I don't know whether He meant you to use it in opera or not, and sleep," she commanded, but I do know that even if you loved me you wouldn't come to me now.
You've got to do and see if being a prima donna satisfies you. I shan't ask anything of you'vet—not until you ask anything of you'vet—not until you ask anything of you'vet—not until you.

Ret. have had the fame and glory. But pride and ambition if the day ever comes, dear heart, with—with what?

when you-when you want me, you'll tell me honestly, won't you?" He spoke with such a simple manliness that the girl felt abashed.

work and work and yet work.

must give every thought and act to must give every thought and act to that voice. Hein! it will be fealous, that voice. Hein! it will be fealous, that voice and demand all."

It isn't a question of fairness and demand all."

little girl "—his voice was not quite steady as he answered—" I love you. I can't help it; you can't help it. We must just accept the fact, dear little friend, and our friendship must not be broken. You will write to me of your triumphs, and in my office in he factory I'll thank God for know-

ing and loving you."
His unselfishness touched her, but somehow frightened her, too.

You must not do that, Burke. As you say, love isn't a question of choice, but neither is ambition. God did give me my voice and my desire to make the most of it. I don't suppose you can understand me, but-love -- love between the men and women of to-day seems insignificant beside that of Elizabeth and Senta. It hasn't the depth, the grandeur the master put into those wonderful women. They were content to suffer and to sacrifice if they could give."

He laughed fondly. "Dear, you are so young," as though he were an " Dear, you octogenarian himself. "True always means sacrifice. Love 'True love receiving; it's giving, while life lasts. You'll learn that some day. Not for me perhaps, but for some man. You are too sweet, too womanly to be denied the lesson, and both your life and your art will be bigger when you

have learned it." She shook her head. He could not inderstand; no one could understand but those whose souls bent to the

power of the master's music.
"I had to tell you," Burke went on quietly, "and now we won't talk of it any more. I have a week to play, and I'd like to play here with you and your mother. But if my presence disturbs you I'll go. It is for you to

Bay. Again he was the old friend who had always teased and petted her. He looked so strong, so cheerful she could scarcely believe that he had been telling her he loved her. He took it very easily, she thought. He was content to stand aside while she

gratified her ambition. And he can not understand it,"

she murmured.
"Yes, I can." He took her hands. And I'll stay and prove it. But first I must say with these good Norwegi ans: "Hurrah, Froken Hanson! Hurrah!" And he kissed her hands again.

Thereafter they sailed the blue flords, climbed among the pines of Lonehorje or walked across the green pastures to Finneloft without further word of love from Burke. Yet occa sionally it spoke in his eyes or in a note of his voice, and it irritated her. Mrs. Hanson watched them wist

fully and kept silence. She was afraid of a big career for her sensi-tive girl. A single winter in Berlin d opened her eyes to the jealousies and annoyances that surround a great singer, and she did not want Margot to suffer them.

When the Norwegian holiday was over and Burke had returned to America, Margot threw herself into her work with greater zeal than ever. Tchelko declared that there was a new depth in her voice.

"Aber, it is with your brain and muscle you must study, not with your nerves," she castioned "Ach, diese Amerikaner! You will never do big things until you conquer those girl's shoulder. "If you eat and sleep you will bring fame to both of us. Let nothing some between you ence made him look up. "You are nd your career."

'I will. I won't," Margot promised, and studied harder than before. She did not answer Burke's letter that week, nor for many weeks, and she said nothing when her mother took up the neglected correspondence. But whether she wrote or not, Burke's letter came.

He could have found no surer way to obsess her thoughts than by ask ing nothing. If he had begged her to marry him and she had refused, she could have put him out of her mind. But he had only told her that he loved her, and that love meant giving. Involuntarily she compared him to those legendary men whose passion she heard in music; not to Tannhauser, the discontented knife, but to the unseifish Wolfram, who could sacrifica his love for Elizabeth's happiness.

The first time she found herself doing this she laughed almost hys-terically at the incongruity between a broad-shouldered shoe manufacturer and a mythical German knight. All the same, every time she sang the Tannhauser" music it was Burke, not Wolfram, who told her that love is sacrifice, is giving. The words rang a continual melody in her heart. She could not forget them, try as she would. The stirring of these emo-tions gave an added glory to her voice, and Tchelko broke into incoherent adjectives the while she grumbled to see the girl grow thin and pale.

"Bah, these nerves! They have ruined more than one great career for you Americans. Ach wass! Eat don't come to me for a week. Get out into the air and don't think."

Pride and ambition within her fought

Margot walked along Unter den Linden, her head high, her body tense. She felt tired of it all; deadly tired of the daily practice, the fencing and dancing lessons, the French and German and Italian. But she did not dare go away from Berlin. It she did that she was afraid she would never come back. It she could only make her debut now; at once. That would drive everything else out of

her mind. And then coming toward her, through the Brandenburg Gate, she eaw fat little von Wurm, the intendant of the Berlin Opera. It seemed as though he came in direct answer to her frantic wish, and she went to

him quickly.
"Herr Intendant," she said abruptly, have you forgotten that you told me to come to you when I was ready

He frowned as he tried to remem ber her, and then his face cleared. "Ach, yes. The baby I heard sing in Norway, at Vossevangen."
"And you will hear me in Berlin!

To morrow?" she begged.

He laughed indulgently, for he was in a good humer. "Yes, to morrow. Come to me at 10."

The next day at 10 o'clock Margot was standing alone on the big stage of the Berlin Opera House with the dark auditorium opening before her ike a vast cavern. No one knew. Not her mother : not Tchelko, who had never heard of that talk with the Intendant at Vossevangen. No one but that influential little fat man, listening critically somewhere in the

To her own amazement she was not nervous. She sang easily and well. "You have grown, little ene," von Wurm told her. "There is greater breadth and richness in year

voice."
"Then you will let me sing in

opera?" she coaxed timidly. He swung around in amazement. Why, you are a baby, too young for opera. Go back to Tchelko for two. three years, then come to me." "I don't want to go back to Tchelko," stubbornly. "I want to

sing in opera now." He shrugged his shoulders and sighed at the persistency of the American girl. "Look, meine Kleine," he said at last, "you have a big voice yes, but you are a baby, a baby. should find a place for you in Berlin it would not be good for you. Noin! Noin! If you are determined to make your debut now, go to one of the smaller places. See, I will give you a letter to the Intendant at Blebach, a good friend of mine. There you can have more opportunity, more appearances

than hers, where the personnel is so large." That evening Margot and her

mother went to Blebach.
"Would you like to be the mother of a Blebach prima donna?" Margot queezed her mother's hands as they sat in the railway carriage. "Could we live on \$75 a month? You know we live on \$75 a month? a beginner does not get \$1 000 for performance, like Melba or

Tetrazzini.' 'It isn't a question of money, my dear, but of your happiness," replied

her mother.

Margot flung herself back against the cushions and looked out in the gathering dusk as the train sped along. "I don't think people are sent inte a little sigh.

Baren Von Wurm's letter secured

an early interview with the Blebach

Intendant. Margot was pale and

nervous. The Intendant was unfaverably impressed by her wouth. When she began her first aria he even turned saide and began to look ever some music. Heavens!" thought Margot in She stopped short. The sudden silence made him look up. "You are

not listening, she told him "Do you think it is courteous to read while I am singing ?" am singing r
Baron von Waze thraw down the
music with a laugh. Her spirit
amused him and she was right. Sing now, Fraulein. I will listen. And Margot sang as even Tchelko had never heard her, and Herr von

Waze forgot to be bored and supercritical. "I would like to offer you an engagement," he told her frankly, " if our personnel was not full. But a debut I can give you. You shall

make your debut in Blebach." Only a debut. She wanted to be tied by a contract. It would make her feel mere secure. Still a debut was a great deal at her age, and it might lead to more. At least she would have no time for irritating questions, for it was settled that her first appearance would be in " Tann hauser" within a month.

Tchelks was at first furious that she had not been consulted, and then sufficiently pleased to put off her other pupils and come to Blebach for a last coaching. Rebearsals with Tchelko; rehearsals with the Intendant ; rehearsals with the accompanist, and finally with the Kappel meisted and orchestra crowded the

At last the great night came. Margot in the clinging robes of Elizabeth, stood ready, her life's ambition attained. The auditorium was crowded, for great interest had been aroused in this first appearance of the young American girl. The Grand Dukeland his suite occupied the royal box.

Margot felt strangely indifferent. She wondered if all attained ambition was joyless. Tchelko seemed far more nervous than her pupil, waiting like a tall, pale statue in the wings. Then a note was handed to her, and at the name signed to the few lines Margot's face flushed, soft-ened. The statue had come to life. "Make 'em sit up and take netice, dear little shum. You can de it and you will. My best wishes and heart-iest congratulations."

It was like Burke to send her a line just when she needed it mest. He must have enclosed it in a letter to her mother. Dear old friend, think-ing of her and loving her in far-away

With the note in her bosom she walked out on the big stage to win fame, so that Burke might be proud of her. All at once the Grand Duke and his suite, the vast audience dis-appeared, and it was as though she was alone with Burke, who had said that love was sacrifice, love was

She sang as she had never sung before. Tchelke stood in the wings the tears running down her face. The cople hung on her silvery notes, and when she finished the elegant plea for tergiveness for the repentant Tann hanser a deep hush, the truest tribute, was followed by cries of "bravo'

and a sterm of applause.

Margot was still in a dream when
she went back to her dressing room at the close of the second act. The excited Intendant met her in the pas-

"It is wonderful, wonderful, Frau-lein!" he cried. "I must find a place for you here. We must keep you in Blebach. Here is a contract. Sign!"

Margot's heart was a tangle of Burke and Welfram, Elizabeth and Tannhauser. She started at the paper unseeing. Unseen the Intendant slipped away to receive the congratulations of the Grand Duke and he strengthened in his determination to make her a member of his com

When the final curtain lowered and the thunder of applause had died away, Margot, still in a dream world, nd herself in the Intendant's room Her mother was there. They were to witness the contract that would make her a prima donna of the roya

opera of Blebach for five years.

"Five years! Five years!" she repeated. "That is a long time to be away from"—she caught back the substituted-" from America." The Intendant put a pen in her

Sign bere, Fraulein. By writing her name on that paper he would achieve her ambition did not seem so worth while as when she had worked and dreamed. While she hesitated; while the Intendant Kappelmeister started, an attendant

burst into the room.
"Her Intendant! Herr Intendant!" he cried. A man has been killed. A child fell under a motor car of the Grand Duke, and this Amer ican saved and himself was killed!"
"Killed!" cried the Intendant.

Margot dropped the pen and sprang to her feet, her face like marble, her eyes blazing with fear. "Burke!" Her stiff lips could not form the name that burned in heart and brain, but she knew it was he-knew it as though they had all shricked it. Her mother took her hand with a startled exclamation, but Margot

Where is he ?" she asked the at-

The attendant swelled with importance. "It is a pity, gracious Frauelin," he began eagerly, "to spoil your debut with such a regret-It is a pity, gracious table accident, a fellow-countryman

"Take me to him," she interrupted, pushing aside Intendant and contract.
A little crowd of stage hands and

police had gathered inside the foyer. and women fell away and saw—as God in the present crisis. All we do she had known she weuld—Burke. know is that He can, when He wills oliceman was fastening a bandage on his arm. His clothes were torn nd muddy, but it was Burke, her Burke.

"Burke!" she cried. "Burke!" At her voice he swung around pushing the policeman away, and limped to meet her. "Margot! Mar-

"They said you were killed. Her lips quivered piteously and her hand clutched his. "Oh, they said you were killed!"

'And you cared like this?" He held her shaking hand, he losked into her pale face, and a wonderful smile transfigured his own. "No dear, I'm not killed, not even badly hurt. It was just an old football trick I used to drag a kid from under an automo-bile. I'm not much hurt, and if I were the sight of you-oh, Margot,

the sight of you......"

She clung to him. The anguish she had suffered when she had feared he was hurt, killed, forced home the knowledge that she would not receive before. That sharp stab at her heart told her that he meant more to her than anything else in forgetful of all human sympathy, the world. She had fought the fact hurl bembs and shells against living all winter, but now she answered the ranks of their fellow men, or plunge call to her womanhood as frankly as bayonets into their quivering flesh call to her womanhood as frankly as sayonets into their quivering flesh, she had answered the call to her talent. emulating tigers which kill their foes Utterly disregarding the German crowd, whose eyes goggied on the crowd, whose eyes goggled on the young singer and the man with the torn clothes, she said in a shaking voice: "I—I promised, Burke. I've got to tell you the truth. Your unselfishness, your loyalty, your very willingness to sacrifice your own love have made me love you."

"Margot!" One word, but it held a man's heart in its deep tones. As he clasped her close and as she locked into his face she felt a greater exaltation, a greater rapture than she had ever known before.

Huskily he spoke: "How much you are giving up for me, sweetheart. Honor and fame and courts and-"

silence him. "Love wants to give," country is a sort of martyrdom, and she said sweetly. "It was you who that God is pleased to accept a

taught me that."—Frances R. Sterrett, in an Exchange.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JULY

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

VICTIMS OF THE WAR

The present war is evidently destined to become a tragic landmark in the history of the world. A setback has been given to civilization and all will take many years to repair. Nay rather, only after long years, when time shall have given the needed perspective, will men be able to gauge properly the cataclysm which has already ilung half a continent into mourning. Generations yet into mourning. Generations yet unborn will continue to study and pass judgment on the horrors that are being witnessed these months in Europe. The extent of territory in-Europe. The extent of territory in-volved, the magnitude of the operations, the multitude of men under arms, the perfection of the ments of butchery employed, the un-paralleled devastation of property, the perpetration of so many crimes and sacrileges, the violation of so many sacred rights, and saddest of all, the tremendous sacrifice of human lives—all these elements are giving the war actually raging a preeminence hitherto unknown in the annals of warfare. And what adds pathos to the situation is the spectacle of millions locked in a deat struggle, millions who believe the same dogmas, and in time of peace, kneel at the same altar, a striking proof that, where Christian charity is lacking, mere than a common Christian faith is needed to control

the actions of men.

And yet this common Christian
faith tells us that the European
armies in the field to-day are simply pawns moving hither and thither on the chessboard of God, that He Who counts the blades of grass and regu-lates the sparrow's fall, is sitting over and above this strife and tur moil, and quietly scrutinizing every move. Who can sound the infinite mind of God? Who can penetrate the secrets of His justice? May it not be that He requires the present outpouring of human blood to atone for the sins of mankind? This is not an unlikely hypothesis. Recall the outrages perpetrated against Almighty God in the past few decades, the persecution of His Church and of those who try to serve Him faithfully. Laok over the world and contemplate the arrogance of wealth and grinding of the peor, as if men had no lenger any right to appeal to justice or charity. Think of the mil-lions who practically ignore God as if He did not exist, scout His laws and wallow in the mire of their passions. All these are sins that cry to heaven for vengeance. Is it too much to assert that God is avenging Himself in His own way? If He permits the innecent to suffer in this awful war it would not be the first time such a thing happened in his tory. He knows that there are great or misfortunes than physical priva tion and suffering: otherwise the martyrs would have been the most unfortunate of our race. He Himself was innocent, yet He was the King of martyrs; although innocent, He died on the Cross. War purifies nations; it gives thousands the opportunity of atening for their own

sins and for the sins of others. However, our vision is limited; we do not knew the secret designs of God in the present crisis. All we do its promoters into instruments of His justice and glery. We may leave to Him therefore the task of large to Him therefore the large to Him the Hi

disentangling the responsibilities of what were once homes of peace an those who have forced millions of men to fight in the present war, and confine ourselves to its victims, for whom Our Holy Father asks the League to pray during the present month. For the moment, what stands out

amid the horrors of war, and what appeals to us, first and foremost, is the number of the slain. So numerouz, indeed, are the men who have lost their lives in recent months that in the language of an ancient writer, Death is obliged to open wide his jaws to receive the bodies thrown to him. In ordinary times of peace it is estimated that eighty thousand persons pay their debt to nature daily in the whole world: but press despatches, if reliable assure us that this wast number is augmented almost daily by those who fall in the

men died like the brates of the forest, and thereby ended their existence? They might be reconciled by the hope that at least their names would live after them. But soldiers are rational beings, and though their bodies die, their souls do not. The awful consequence of this truth is that whether a man enter eternity direct from the common battle-field or from the quiet of his ewn home, he carries with him his responsibilities to God. Every one, whether he be soldier or civilian, must give an account of his stewardship once he ou are giving up for me, sweetheart.

onor and fame and coarts and—"

She put her hand ever his lips to a call responded to for king and

patriot's sacrifices in atonement for his personal sins. But does this satisfy us Cathelics who know how severe Ged's judgments are? And is not this new form of martyrdom a theory gotten up to con-sole rather than to assure? Granted that God accepts the obedience and the sacrifices of the soldier as a satisfaction for sin, dare we assert that these sentiments inspired all those who have met their death in the trenches of Europe during the past year? We Catholics have other sources of assurance. Owing to the zeal and heroism of our soldier-priests, both in the ranks and in the ambulance corps, many thousands of their shriven comrades went fear-lessly to meet their Judge! And yet we know that other thousands were whiled who did not receive a final absolution. One can only hope that the absence of chaplains did not prevent those others dying on the battle-field from thinking of their souls and uttering a last act of con-trition which moved the Heart of God. One who has had the experi-ence tells us that "during war a soldier feels that he is under God's hand. The nearness of death and of eternity helps to keep this thought before him;" which is equivalent to eaying that attraction to sin diminishes in direct ratio to proximity to the firing line. The hazards of war and the dangers of the moment must The thundering of cannon and the whistling of shells round about them are oftentimes more elequent than human tongues can be; and when men realize that they are at the mercy of a passing bullet or of an exploding comb, they must surely feel their powerlessness, and utter prayer or a sigh which is a plea for mercy to Him Who may in a few moments he their Judge. And yet no matter how much we may speculate no matter how consoling our sur-mises, the fact remains that we cannot be assured of the fate of fallen soldiers, and consequently as Cath olics we cannot feel that we are dis-pensed from praying for the souls of the thousands who have been called suddenly away, as well as for the theusands who may possibly be called away before the end of the

A second class of war victims are the wounded and suffering, those bodies mutilated by shet and shell, those shattered human frames which the hospitals and prison camps, many of them awaiting death as a result of their wounds. Others who survive will owe their lives to medical skill and to the Red Cross and those kindred philanthropies which, animated very often by the truest Christian charity, do their best to ease the sufferings of the wounded. The victims of war will be seen in years to come in the number of the crippled and infirm and in the vast ension list which nations will have to pay. And yet pensions, medals, and so on, are sorry substitutes for the health and vigor of manhood. envy these just gratifications to precious beyond all price! who have fought bravely on the field of battle, we must always prayers to God to make the men whe

The third and last class of war we should visit not merely the treuches and hospitals and prisenwives, mothers and children, homeless and hunger-stricken, seated by the road-sides seeking shelter where none is to be bad, and wondering all the while what the future has in store for them; we should see the flood of tears that is being shed these menths by thousands of despairing widows and orphans as they scan the

n a true Christian spirit.

And shall not those who are responsible for it, be they kings or cour sellors of kings, have a strict account to render to Almighty God? Vic tories gained or territory canquered at the price that modern wars exact will always be too dear. Let us hope that when the present struggle is over, war shall have run its course, and that other means of settling in-





ternational disputes will be resorted to in the future. Arbitration in some form or other can surely be tound to quell the rivalry of inter and the lust for power which for nations as for individuals are a

source of strife. Meanwhile the duty of our millions of members is not to stand of Milwaukee.

listlessly and proclaim war a cruel thing. There would be little use in ment of every Catholic church, school our denouncing war or the pro-moters of war, if we did not do our share to end it, or to use the means that leads to peace. The language of hate or revenge should have no place on Catholic lips. Let us de-sire peace, but let us desire it efficaciously by turning to Him Who can give it. God is still Master of men and events. Let us there-fore kneel daily before Him during the present month, and humbly ask Him to put an end to the war that is not only decimating Europe but raising barriers among populations which will take half a century to break down. If we do our share, we may confidently hope that God will not refuse to send back peace to E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

July is the month of the Precious

Why is the bleed of Jesus called the Precious Blood? Because it was the blood of Ged Himself, veiled under the form of man, and therefore every drop of it as it flowed through His sacred veins deserves our supreme homage, as being united to His divinity. Hence we can adore the Precious Blood as we adore the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and all else that belongs to the sacred humanity, with the supreme

hemage that belongs to Ged alone. We also term it the Presions Blood inasmuch as it was the blood of One Who was not only full of grace, but was Himself the Source of all grace so that the grace that dwelt with Him was infinite, and the grace that manifested itself through the veil of flesh had no bounds or limits, save those that the mere face of His human nature carried therefore, the blood of the saints is treasure up a piece of cloth, stained with their blood, how much more is While as loyal citizens we do not the blood of the King of saints,

The Precious Blood is also precious on account of its effects. One deplors the necessity which occa- drop of it was sufficient not only to sioned them. If we must submit to cleaned the world from sin, but to drop of it was sufficient not only to the results of the present war, we earn all possible graces for all the should not be less fervent in our millions who have even lived on earth. How infinite then must be have suffered bear their misfortunes its precisusness! What has it not done for man! What has it not done for me! It has washed me victims, and perhaps those who are to be most sympathized with, are the non-combatants. If we wish to see every increasing devotion to the the results of war in all its grimness.

Precious Bleed.—Rev. F. Clarke, S. J.

> PRIEST TRANSLATES NEW TESTAMENT

The Rev. Father Cataldo, S. J., has translated the New Testament into the Nez Perce language. This work was in preparation for five years. The publication of the book marks the golden anniversary of his labore in the wilds of Rastern Oregon and Idaho, among the Indiane. Father Cataldo speaks several of the aboriginal languages of the Western and Alaskan Indians, and is master of casualty lists, or crowd around round that casualty lists, or crowd around round that that proves his fluency and accuracy, that proves his fluency and accuracy, and that also shows how attentive a listener the Indian is, is related in listener the Indian is, is related in listener the Indian is, is related in Oregon:

Preaching on one occasion to these Indians the Rev. Father wished to express an idea, and in familiar par-lance "coined" a word, by the addition of an affix to the root of th verb. After Mass an aged Indian approached him saying: "Black Gown, where did you hear that word before which you spoke in your ser-mon to-day?" "Which word?" answered Father Cataldo, whereupon the Indian repeated the word the priest had coined. "Well," an-swered the Rev. Father, "didn's you understand me?" "Yes, yes," re-plied the old Indian, "we all understood you perfectly, and it was word of our language, too, but I never heard that word before." "Well," said Father Cataldo, "I Well," said Father Cataldo, didn't either till I formed it from

your own language."
Taking into consideration the fact that there are over 200 000 inflections of the active verb, besides fifty - one tenses, and not counting subdivisions or multiplied forms used as mediums of expression, it is easy to appreciate the difficulty of the tongue and to realize the gigantic task undertaken and accomplished by Father Cataldo

in mastering it.
Incidentally, the fact that a Catholic priest takes so much pains and

undergoes so much labor to give the Nez Perce Indians the New Testa-ment in their own tongue should furnish food for thought to those of our non · Catholic brethren who imagine that the main purpose of the Catholic clergy is to keep the Bible away from the pacel

> CATHOLIC CHURCH AN ARSENAL

It an over timid Protestant ever in husky tones and with sideways glances, tells you that dear old thread bare story that every Catholic church is an arsenal—that there are armiconcealed in church basements to be used when the Pope shall order the Catholics to revolt against the Protestants, do two things.

First, show him the story reprinted

below from the interesting Cock and Bull edition of the Catholic Citizen

ment of every Catholic church, school, convent and monastery that you know of, until he begs for mercy.

"The Knights of Columbus of the

State of Iowa will pay \$5,000 reward for proof that there is in the State of Iowa, or in the United States, in any church, or hall connected with any church, or in any parochial residence or school, any arms of any kind, rifle, er shot guns or other implements of warfare, kept or maintained or held by the Church or by any organiza-tion of the Church for any purpose except only such equipment as may be used in a known establishment and recognized military school which is open to full inspection."

This offer, which is still good, it signed by John B. Keefe, State, Deputy, Sioux City, Iowa, and the Rev. John T. Noonan, State Chaplain,

'It ought to be 'easy money' to a loyal Protestant is there is anything in this repeated story of arms hidden under Catholic churches. That it is an old story is shown by the way it figured twenty years ago, during the A. P. A. movement. In a history of that movement, by H. J. Desmond, we read (pp. 57 8):
"One line of alarmist stories com

men in Know Nothing days was widely revived in the earlier years of the A. P. A. This was the ramor of arms hidden under Catholic churches. For instance, in Tolede, Ohio, Daputy Sheriff Stanberry of Lucas county, and the Rev. W. S. Brackney, a minister in West Tolede, went to visit the St. Hedwig's Polish Catholic church, which he believed was filled with arms and ammunition. He admitted he was deceived in so think-

ing.
The following Associated Press dispatch from Los Angeles, Cal., under date of Sept. 30, 1894, is interesting in this connection :

"'J. K. Gosper, a local politician and an A. P. A. man, was invited to address the Unity club. In the course of his remarks he charged that unde the Catholic Cathedral in this city were 500 stands of arms. D. F. Done gan, a contractor, arose in the audience, and, displaying a \$1,000 silver certificate, declared that the state-ment was a lie, and that he would give the money to the A. P. A. it it were true. Much excitement followed. The chairman said that Gos-per had violated the courtesy of the club. Gosper said that he had been

told the arms were there.' 'An esteemed correspondent asks us if we think there are guns or other arms in Roman Catholic shurches.
"'We do not think there are, to

any great extent. There may be gune in seme of them, just as there are where there are 'cadets' or 'boys brigades' or other bedies of youth being drilled. Why should there be guns? They

know they are not in danger of Pro-testant attacks. They feel perfectly secure. Protestants are not rioters, and they know it. " 'Papists do not intend to bring on

war with deadly weapons. They get all they ask for through peaceable methods—through pelities and bluff. They don't need to fight for special privileges. They are theirs for the asking. To have gurs in their churches, if discovered, would mean certain defeat for their present pussyfoot methods.' — American Citizen (A. P. A.) March 20, 1915. "It is very easy to visit Catholic

churches. They are open all day, and the public is free to go in and out. Plumbers and steamfitters are constantly going into Catholic

church basements. The police powers of the state and city give public offi-cials full authority to examine all church premises, parochial school rooms, etc., to ascertain whether city ordinances are being obeyed. Who, as yet, has found arms in or under Catholic churches?"

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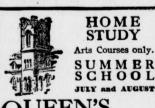
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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY, 3, 1915

BELGIUM, CLERICALISM AND PROGRESS

Clericalism like Socialism is one of those familiar but elastic terms whose meaning is somewhat elusive and whose comprehensiveness expands or contracts according to the prejudices or predilections of the writer or reader. For one reason or another, nevertheless, clericalism is pretty generally taken to mean the political activity of the Catholic clergy and underlying this is the gratuitous and undemocratic assumption that such activity is unwarranted and reactionary. It never seems to occur to some people that priests are of the people, and that the interests of both may be identical.

In the columns of the Ottaws Citizen recently there has been carried on an interesting discussion of the subject which elsewhere in this issue we reproduce in part.

The controversy-if we may so term it-has the rare merit of being courteous, informing and timely. Very appropriately Belgium has been cited as an example of a country governed continuously for over thirty years by what is popularly called the clerical party.

Dr. Sarolea, who is not a Catholic was recently in America as the accredited representative of this clerical government. A fact worth noting in passing. Dr. Sarolea is a Fleming by birth, a Datchman by origin and an Englishman by residence, being for many years a professor in Edinburgh University. From this eminently qualified writer's latest book " How Belgium Saved Europe" we

quote: 'It is characteristic of Belgium that she may best be described in superlatives, and in superlatives which are mutually contradictory. Belgium is in mere size the most diminutive country in Europe. Yet it is the most thickly populated. It is probest country on the continent. Yet it is also the country where living is the cheapest.

It is one of the most free thinking countries, and it is also one of the most Catholic, almost mediæval in its loyalty to the old religion. In politics it is one of the most ad vanced, with a formidable organized Socialist party. Yet it is also one of the most Conservative, having been thirty years under the same Catholic government-a fact which is unique in the history of Parliamentary Government.

Economically, Belgium is marvel lously prosperous. . . The land is largely owned by the people, as Belgium has adopted the Code Napoleon Co-operation, which is carried as far in Belgium as in Denmark, and the nationalization of railways, which in Belgium has proved a magnificent bringing back tens of thousands of industrial workers to the rural districts."

Compare or contrast Belgium with England. In England a handful of people own the land and a powerful oligarchy until very recently had a practical monopoly of political power. In Ireland - with the ald of clericalism — the land was wrested from the grasp of the predatory few; but in the sister island the battle for the people's rights in the land has only just begun. In England there is great wealth it is true ; but also there is unparalleled poverty. We shall not dilate this class and privilege; even yet it has interesting comparison. Suffice it to power to thwart the will of the people say that Belgium is the ideal Cath. olic state where wealth and land are widely distributed amongst the atives.

whole population. now. The world would be all the wiser if it would modify its preju- the promised reform of the Second dices and preconceptions in the face of facts; and Belgium, clericalism and progress are facts. To those who think anticlericalism and progress are synonymous there must be something reactionary about clericalism and the Citizen thinks it sees the cloven-foot of Belgian clericalism in plural voting.

The usually well - informed and open minded Citizen has allowed its subconscious anticlerical assumptions to take the place of first hand study of the question in issue.

Henri Charriaut, commissioned by the French Government to study this and kindred questions, thus describes the Belgian franchise in Belgique Moderne:

1. Every man in Belgium has first of all a right to one vote in the election both of deputies and senators. The age at which the citizen enjoys this right is : twenty-five years for the Chamber of Deputies; thirty years for the Senate.

2. One supplementary vote is given to every elector of thirty five years who is the father of legitimate children, and who pays five france (\$1.00) as a personal contribution to the state.

3. One supplementary vote to the proprietor of real estate, having a cadastral revenue of at least 48 francs. Elsewhere we have seen this given as real estate to the value of 2,000 francs, \$400, which probably amounts to the same thing.)

4. One supplementary vote to every voter who has 100 francs income from state securities or from the National Savings Bank.

5. Two supplementary votes to electors having certain certificates of superior education.

6. Two supplementary votes to certain categories of persons whose capacity is presumed by reason of public functions, positions or prolessions.

Now be it noted that in no case can an individual have more than three votes; nor can he vote elsewhere than where he is domiciled. The Socialist workingman if he be the father of legitimate children and has exercised a very modest degree of thrift can have just as great voting power as the honor graduate of a university who is also Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and a millionaire.

In England, like so many other things in that country free from the neubus of clericalism, plural voting favors the wealthy and privileged classes. In Belgium plural voting is something entirely in accord with an enlightened conception of true democracy. We find, in Belgium, civic recognition of the dignity and responsibility of the heads of families ; en couragement of thrift; and the recognition not of wealth, nor of class or privilege, but of the enlightened responsibilities of those who have been favored with a liberal educa-

Answering Father Cavanagh's defence of plural voting in Belgium The Citizen says :

"Unfortunately it is hardly right to say that the plural voter is required to provide himself ewith means to support his family. It is only nec sary to HAVE means to be entitled to an additional vote; and the means of the plural voter are generally provided by some one else, the common worker.

But unfortunately for the Citizen's argument the facts are entirely with Father Cavanagh, and the Citizen's assumption that plural voting in Belgium is the same as plural voting

in England is entirely gratuitous. Then the Citizen goes on to quote Lord St. David on the heirs to the plural vote in England who never did a day's work since they were born but who may be found hanging about theatres and music halls.

All of which is quite true of unclerical England but has nothing to do with Belgian clericalism nor with Belgian plural voting. It is only necessary to HAVE thrift, not wealth,

to be a plural voter in Belgium. With the somewhat supercilious assumption of Anglo-Saxon superior. ity we are apt to jump to conclusions regardless or even contemptuous of the premises. "One man, one vote" is a good enough shibboleth for the unthinking crowd in a country where until recently a hereditary House of Lords effectively and consistently nullified the will of the people whenever it clashed with the interests of by delaying for years legislation demanded by their elected represent-

However, with the effective aid o Belgium is in the world's eye just the clerical Irish, democracy has made great progress in England. When Chamber is carried into effect we hope that it will represent all that is eminent in learning, science, jurisprudence and public service in the country. It is safe to predict that we shall then applaud the recognition of those very things which we now condemn the Belgian democratic franchise for recognizing.

shout the 80,000 English agriculturists who have the same representa tion as 800,000 industrial workers Is that not practically giving, and giving arbitrarily, ten votes to each voter of one favored class?

There are a great many other anomalies that have developed since Clericalism gave England the Magna Charta but, however interesting, entertaining or instructive, space forbids their enumeration.

The Citizen's press despatch myth that clericalism compelled "the people" to strike, and that the strike compelled clericalism to yield will keep till next week.

THE SUMMER SCHOOL AT GUBLPH

The priest in a rural parish is not engaged in agriculture; he may not be even interested in the work of the farm, and yet faithfully minister to the spiritual needs of his congrega-But it goes without saying tion. that if he is intelligently interested in the work of his people he can more fully enter into their lives sympathize with their difficulties and aspirations, and greatly increase his influence on their welfare temporal and spiritual.

From the guilds and crafts of the middle ages down to the Catholic workmen's associations in many countries of the present day the priest has always taken a prominent

But there is no reason why the priest's activity, why his helpfulness and sympathy should stop short with the workers in industrial centres. As a matter of fact a great movement has been going on in Ireland for some years which has in large measure effected the regeneration of agricultural Ireland. In the political limelight great leaders stand out prominently; but without making any invidious comparison we think that Sir Horace Plunkett, who for the first seven years was head of the Irish Department of Agriculture, has been one of the greatest benefactors that Ireland has had in a century. The task of Sir Horace Plunkett and of those associated with him was to make agriculture attractive by making it profitable, and then to make social conditions agreeable. "Better farming, better business, better liv-

ing" was the motto. The work of Sir Horace and of the Department since as well as before his retirement received its most intelligent and effective support from Father Finlay, S. J. who has been the soul of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society. The I. A. O. S. enlisted the sympathy and active cooperation of priests and ministers, Orangemen and Catholics, Unionists and Nationalists. The result of intelligent and persistent effort is a marvellous betterment in the conditions of rural life in Ireland.

"One effect," says Sir Horace Plunket in the Atlantic Monthly, "of organizing adult farmers for busichanges their attitude toward their own problems. I could cite instances where agricultural co operative as sociations, composed of individuals generally regarded as hopelessly unprogressive, have displayed in business, in politics, and in promotion of education qualities which, if applied to the more opulent circumstances of the agricultural community of the United States, would place American farming in a higher position than it occupies to day."

A gentle intimation that the expresident of the Irish Board of Agriculture found progressive America behind regenerated rural Ireland so drawn. far as farming conditions are conerned.

The interests of agriculture are now being recognized in Canada as national interests. The press is devoting a great deal of attention to the matter. Much that is important is receiving intelligent attention and discussion. But the Summer School at the Ontario Agricultural College is at once the most sensible and most practical attempt to give effect to the general desire for the amelioration of methods of agriculture and of the conditions of rural life.

Millions are spent by Departments of Agriculture, federal and provincial, experimental farms and agricultural colleges. Before the farmers, whom all this is designed primarily to benefit, can derive any adequate return from such expenditure there must be the vital, personal relationship between them and the institutions intended to serve them. This must be provided by those who by education, sympathy and residence are fitted for rural leadership.

Summer School at Guelph (July 26th. picture the Canon sketches is, in is "Rome" that is the dupe and the and reinforcing the armies of the in his investigations of this distribu

their people and the enlargement of But at the risk of seeming presumpheir own sphere of usefulness, put themselves in the way of becoming verdict. We think he is a little too people for whose benefit this institution exists.

We hope that this Summer School may be the means of initiating many of the rural clergy into that work for the betterment of their people which so many priests in Ireland have energetically undertaken and carried on with such signal success.

MR. JARVIS' HOME RULE GOSSIP

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD :- I enclose a marked passage clipped from the Toronto Globe of June 16. I have the good fortune to be of Irish descent : and I join daily with thousands of Irish Canadians in praying for the success of the Allies: and also with them look forward to Home Rule for Ireland. Hence my desire to know it Aemilius Jarvis be right in his statement.

CONSTANT READER OF RECORD.

Montreal, June 17, 15. This is clipping enclosed :

Under the surface in Britain there feud, and the general impression was that party lines would never be the same again as they were before the outbreak of war. The feeling was growing that Home Rule for Ireland was now a very remote issue, said Mr. Jarvis. The south of Irelanders had not recruited well, while the men of north Ireland had stepped into the breach in large numbers

"The young men are emigrating to America from the south of Ireland at the present time on every boat that leaves Liverpool," Jarvis. "The steerage on the boat I crossed in was fairly swarming with that class." "They say over with that class." "They say over there," he added, "that fear of conscription is driving the young men from the southern counties of Ire-

Mr. Jarvis bitterly denounced the swankerism " of certain Canadian representatives stopping at the fashionable hotels of London, and trying to make use of their military uniforms for selfish ends.

Our Montreal friend must have heard some political gossip about Canadian affairs in his time, and have lived long enough to know its worth, or rather worthlessness.

The fact of the matter is that the south of Ireland has contributed its full quota of recruits; while of Carson's erstwhile army of 200,000 "drilled and disciplined troops" barely 15 per cent. have enlisted and they "have stepped into the breach" for home defence. There are probably 50,000 casualties amongst the Irish Nationalists in France and Flanders. Before us is a casualty list of 1,000 of which 814 are south of Ireland names. And this was about the time that the home defenders of Ulster were refusing to give up their German rifles for use at the front. But this is no time for recrimination. The Orangemen are Irish and will, we trust, do credit to Ireland yet. Let Mr. Jarvis' travellers' tales and political gossip about Ireland pass; as we may also quietly overcome the "damnosa hereditas" ignore his Yellowplush denunciation of the "swankerism" of Canadians "stopping at the fashionable hotels of London, and trying to make use of their millitary uniforms for selfish ends."

THE GRAVES AT KILMORNA II

Considered as an analysis of the Fenian movement, the "Graves at Kilmorna" is admirable. But as a picture of present day social and political conditions in Ireland, it is over From the quiet seclusion of his

study at Doneraile Canon Sheehan looked out upon the Irish political world, and saw his country in the melting pot. The old order of things was changing, and the change was decidedly for the worse in his opinion. Materialism was eating into the hearts of the people, and undermining the foundations of the splendid idealism of the past. The old simplicity was yielding place before the advance of complex modern conditions. The stock broker's office, and not the village chapel, attracted the eyes of the later nineteenth century Irishman. Ireland was breaking with her past. "We are going after strange gods,"he writes. "We Irish were a race spart; so surely as Jehovah of old selected the Jews as his people—the chosen nation -so we, by God's design and destiny, stand aloof from the nations around us. Their ways are not our ways; their God is not our God. But we are forgetting ourselves, just as the Israelites forgot themselves under the thunders and

tuous we venture to challenge his the living medium between Ontario's general in his condemnation. We great Agricultural College and the said so before in reviewing "The Blindness of Dr. Gray." Like Luke Dalmege in the novel of that name, and Myles Cogan in the present volume, we are of the opinion that Canon Sheehan lived so much among his books that he hardly understood the people. The Irish people are not all saints; nor are all Irish politicians pure souled patriots. There are self seekers in Ireland as in everywhere else. There are those whose hands are itching to touch the golden counters. But for all that we believe that the heart of the nation is sound.

But in the end the author thinks all will be well. Just as in St. Augus. tine's famous saying, the soul is made for God, and is restless until it finds its rest in Him, so Ireland cannot be permanently satisfied with the things of earth. She will yet sicken of the pursuit of material things; and then, he writes, they will build a monastery on every hill top, and Ireland will become a second Thebaid. It is worthy of note that this is the ultimate destiny of Ireland as predicted by another distinguished writer, the late Mgr. Ben-

Although we cannot accept Canon Sheehan's picture of present-day Ireland in its entirety, yet we believe that his rather exaggerated criticism will do good. It is good for the Irish people to have their faults and short. comings held up before their eyes by the kindly hand of one who loved them as did the gentle Canon. His is a warning not to break with the past. He tells them that their past was great and inspiring even if defeat be written across its pages. And it is good for a people to be told that defeat oftentimes spells victory.

Canon Sheehan, genius though he was, was out of touch with the times. He held that the rigid unity demanded by the parliamentarians meant the sacrifice of independent thought. Hence he sided with O'Brien in his ridiculous All. For. Ireland movement, a protest against the modus operandi of the official nationalist party. Much of the gloom that overhangs his pages is begotten of this thought.

For the last time we have reviewed a book by the great ornament of the Irish clergy. Never again will we walk with Canon Sheehan "Under the Cedars and Stars." "The Graves at Kilmorna " comes to us as a gift from the dead hand of the gentle priest of Doneraile. Onr pleasure in its perusal is shadowed by the regret that the voice that speaks through its pages is stilled for ever, and that never again will we be privileged to listen to this wisest of teachers and kindliest of philosophers. His books are a noble legacy, and is it too much to hope that the inspiration of his example will encourage others of his class to that has made the Irish clergy los askance at the literary profession.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

IN A RECENT issue of the Presbyterian occurred this paragraph:

"Roman Catholicism is an easy re ligion and human nature is inclined to take the easy road. When for a consideration responsibility can be shifted to another's shoulders when for a fee religion can be done by proxy it is not an easy thing to persuade men that the more difficult and arducus path of personal respon-sibility to God or the 'Via Dolorosa is the way to life."

WE WOULD not think of contending with the writer of the above as to the 'easiness' of the Catholic religion further than to remark by the way that the assertion scarcely coalesces with the ordinary imputation from such a quarter that Catholics are in effect slaves, and so oppressed and priest ridden as to render it a pious duty on the part of Presbyterians to labor strenuously for their emancipation. To this end the sect in question is in the habit of spending thousands of dollars annually in what, on the showing of many of its own adherents, is a vain attempt to shatter the faith of the Catholics of French Canada. If "Roman Catholicism" is coast, and menace shipping passing every day for the Cornavin station at so easy a religion it is surely senseless, or dishonest, or both to extert money from the pockets of the credulous on the opposite pretext. For upwards of three centuries the Presbyterian sect has been railing against the "tyranny of Rome" and shedding If priests of the rural parishes of lightnings of Sinai."

What prove to be crocodile tears over the same waters would greatly in ticular department or proventially the same waters would greatly in the same waters were also as a same water water water waters were also as a same water water water waters were also as a same water water

its slothful and pleasure loving mem-

THE IMPUTATION of easiness then from such a source scarcely merits consideration. It may be put down as the irresponsible gabble of an ignoramus. Of a different character, however, is the underlying insinuation that all the graces of the Sacraments and the numerous other aids to salvation which are the inheritance of the faithful Catholic can be bought for a price like any other commodity, and that "for a consider ation" responsibility for one's acts "can be shifted to another's shoulders." This is a calumny which has done duty in the bands of Protestant controversialists for three hundred years but which is none the less reprehensible on that account.

NOTWITHSTANDING the progress of education and enlightenment which is the characteristic boast of the age it need not be matter for surprise that this heritage of vicious slander should still find lodgment in the brains of the shallow and ignorant, or prove a ready instrument for ex torting applause from a Twelfth of July audience. But that the organ of an influential denomination in Canada, which makes special parade of its scholarship and lays great stress upon the Ten Commandments, should open its columns to a vulgar libel of the sort is surely calculated to weaken our confidence in human nature as therein exemplified. The editor of The Presbyterian would consider himself insulted were an attempt made to use his columns as a vehicle for the slander of an individual, no matter how deprayed. Strange is it not, that the Christian Church, the Bride of Christ, should not merit an equal degree of consideration.

DISCUSSING THE "union" movement in the Presbyterian General Assembly recently held at Kingston, a reverend delegate who favored fusion with the Methodists pertinently asked: "What did the church do before the name 'Presbyterian' was invented?" and casually quoted Shakespeare's famous epigram, "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Published reports of the Assembly's proceedings do not indicate that there was any response to the enquiry. Evidently the Assembly as a body thought it prudent not to raise the issue, or, being raised, to pass it unheedingly by. For the name Presbyterian as so used has no roots in the past and the sect which marches under it is no less a thing of yesterday.

WRITING ON the question "Anglican and Roman," a correspondent of the Canadian Churchman asserts that you may search the city of Toronto in vain to find a single Romanist who honestly believes that he cannot be saved unless he believes all the portance took place in ten who could tell you offhand what the Council of Trent has decreed"a safe assertion to make in the columns of an Anglican Eweekly. But let the gentleman travel outside of his own restricted sphere and he may ascertain that with Catholics the Faith is not a thing to be whittled and sifted according to one's own whims and caprices but is a revelation from on High, "built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets," and safeguarded by the Holy Ghost through all ages. With Anglicans as with every other denomination of Protestantism, it is on the contrary but the creature of the human intellect-which makes all the difference.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

THE DARDANELLES From Tokio comes an apparently authentic report that seven German submarines have entered the Mediterranean by way of Gibraltar. They will not be able to stay long in tion ratified between France the western part of the sea, because Switzerland on July 26, 1914. every foot of shore line on which there is a possibility of concealing stores of fuel oil will be guarded by the French and Italian patrol boats. They may hope to replenish their oil tanks from Austrian vessels running between twelve and fifteen tons of the blockade along the Dalmatian to and from the Suez Canal, but it is much more likely that they have been despatched to assist in the ing of the Dardanelles against the attack of the Allies. The first German submarine that ran the gauntlet of Gibraltar sank the Triumph and the Mejestic, and the Kaiser probably thinks that a few more in

And as for plural voting-what | Aug. 7th) they will, to the profit of | many respects, a depressing one. | Catholic Church the merest tool of Allies operating on the Gallipoli Peninsula. The presence of even one efficient German submarine in the Dardanelles has forced the British and French Admirals to guard their fighting ships very carefully, and a seventoid increase of the peril from torpedoes would be no joke.—Globe, June 25.

The marked lack of news from the Dardanelles is depressing, if not ominous.

THE ITALIAN FRONT

It looks as if the Italians may have to flank the Isonzo lines by landing an expedition on the Istrian shore near Trieste. The presence of Austrian destroyers and submarines n the Adriatic makes such an expedition somewhat risky, but it is evient that the forcing of the Isonzo lines is going to be a slow job, and the Italian navy may be called in to help by guarding and facilitating a anding to the east of them.

THE RUSSIANS

indomitable Russians are already beginning to come back. Official reports from Petrograd, confirmed by admissions from Vienna. show that along the Dniester, between a point almost due south of Lemberg and the Bukowinian border, the Russians are not only holding their own, but at two places have forced Austrian columns which had succeeded in reaching the north bank of the river to withdraw and fall back to the river, after suffering losses which the Russian report speaks of as enormous. The Russian eft flank on the Dniester must be withdrawn so that it may remain in ouch with the general retirement of the centre, caused by the evacuation of Lemberg, but it is quite clear from yesterday's reports that the Russians in the Dneister region are capable of outfighting the Austrians, d are retiring not after a defeat, but after an important victory. In the balancing of accounts it may be found that the Austrians have reently lost as many men along the Dneister as they captured on the reoccupation of Lemberg and in the week's fighting which led up to that

Berlin, June 25-The fighting, according to Berlin despatches, has been uninterrupted for four days and nights, and the Rus-sians wasted the lives of their troops by recklessly marching them in masses into the Austrian fire. Large heaps of Russian dead, it is asserted, lie before the Austrian

The fighting is declared to be particularly desperate eastward of Zale Zsczyky. The Russians are said to be charging repeatedly along the river. At a few places they have succeeded in fighting their way to near the Austrian positions, but suffered frightful losses, and were compelled to retire before the determined Ausrian resistance. Similar scenes, it is asserted, are

being enacted daily in Bessarabia. The Russians fighting here have been recruited chiefly from the home guards and by levies on the eastern prov-

THE WESTERN FRONT

There is comparative calm all along the western front, according to the night French official report. A few combats with hand gree ported, but the only fighting of imsaved unless he believes all the decrees of the Council of Trent, and I nelle region was repulsed. There doubt whether you could pick out was violent fighting on the heights ten who could tell you offhand what of the Meuse on Thursday night, in the course of which the Germans assailed the entire French front at Calonne with flaming liquids and asphyxiating bombs, and aunched an infantry attack. They reached and occupied some of their second line trenches captured by the French a few days ago, but the French returning to the attack, recaptured them. The German report claims the "recapture of a stubbornly defended communication trench from the enemy," but this was evidently sent before the final French attack or ignored it. In the renewal of active hostilities along the Meuse and on the Lorraine frontier there is evidence that the Germans are strengthening their forces in eastern France in the hope of relieving the pressure in the region of Arras, having for its object the recovery of Lille and the industrial district by which the Manchester of France i surrounded.

> Jacques Dhur, a French expert in international law, has startled his fellow countrymen by the assertion that no small part of Germany's food supply is reaching her from France by way of Switzerland. A convention ratified between France and vides that in case of war France shall supply the Federal Government of Switzerland with 300,000 tons of cereals a year. According to M. Dhur, 100 trucks, each loaded with cereals, cross the French frontier Geneva, while in ordinary times the monthly exports did not exceed 4,000 or 5,000 tone. At the same time enormous quantities of potatoes, beans, oil and other vegetable pro-ducts are passing into Switzerland via Pontarlier. To prevent commerce in contraband, all chandise is forwarded to a particular department or province of

MAGNA CHARTA SEVEN CENTURIES OLD TO-DAY



KING JOHN SIGNING MAGNA CHARTA ON RUNNYMEDE FIELD, JUNE 15, 1215

close to the frontier point where the German and Swiss railway systems are linked up. The obvious interference is that, the importation of food far in excess of the usual amount, as well as of contral and a code is another than the first term of their lessons at the term of their lessons at well as of contraband goods, is enab-ling the thrifty Swiss to make a fine fit by selling French grain, garden stuff and general supplies to German eustomers. There is not much use in Britain cutting off ocean borne

food supplies if they are to be sent into Germany from France by way of Switzerland.—Globe, June 26.

FRASER Tientai. May 19, 1915 city forty miles from my central station. I intend to celebrate the Feast of Pentecost here for the benefit of the hundreds of Catholics liv ing in the neighboring towns. I made the journey yesterday by sedan-chair. Rose at 4, said Mass at 5, breakfasted, and at 6 started out. I took a little boy with me to sing High Mass. It will be the first High Mass in this city. I wish I had an organ for this new church. intended to dine at a temple half way but I found the place crowded rith soldiers who were taking dinner so I decided to proceed to th end of my journey and got my dinner at 5:30 p. m. I am not sorry as it served for supper also and saved me a little money that I can put into pagation. The soldiers were empanying a general on his tour of inspection. (By the way we got a big scare the other day. We thought Japan was going to fight China, but it passed off by China ceding to many of the Japanese demands.) While I stood waiting for my chair bearers to get a little rest an officer came up and addressed me: "Father where are you from?" I told him and asked him if he were baptized. He said, "Yes and confirmed also. I am a member of a parish on the coast." I asked him is there were other Catholics in the regiment. But the bugle sounded and away he went with a rush. I think there are others as another continually nodded to me every time he went by in the escort of the Subefect. So you see the Faith is infiltering into the Chinese army, as of old into the pagan army of Rome. On my arrival I was delighted to see the school which I recently opened here in running order. The master is a graduate of a modern school. When hired two months ago he knew nothing of our holy religion

but now he recites morning and

evening prayers with his pupils who

are all new converts and will doubt-

less make a fervent and useful convert. Seven of his pupils come from villages fifteen miles away. They

portion of the supplies went to Augst close to the frontier point where the German and Swiss railway section to the day and went home to the control of the the top of their lungs. They their new drilling suits (foreign style) for the first time yesterday and were visibly pleased. They locked quite cute. I asked one of them where he got the black eye. He said that last night a big rat bit him whilst he was asleep and with that he showed me the marks of its face and pillow were covered with blood. His companions and teacher corroborated his statements and LETTER FROM FATHER it more inhabitable by plugging up the rat holes. I will have to do the same for my own room as I could not sleep last night with the rats running over my bed. I was amused to see how unconcerned the little fellow with the swollen eye took his misfortune. He was laughing all the time he was telling me about it. "It was only a little bit poisoned," he said, "and would be better in no In spite of the rats they were all prepared to sleep in the same place and I had to insist strongly before I could get them to move to better quarters. The dear little fellows! May God make use of their courageous nature for the

epread of His kingdom on earth. The road leading here from Taichowfu is merely a path a few feet wide and bordering a precipice at the bottom of which is a river. Yesterday thousands of oxen were being led along it in single file and in passing them many times I came near being pushed over the edge. There was lots of shouting and profanity between the cowherds and my chair · bearers, especially on one and my front chair-bearer. I was jostled of course but was thankful I was not hurled over the presipice.

Express my thanks to all your readers for enabling me by their continuous alms to keep on spread ing the Faith in this part of the Lord's vineyard. I would like to write a letter of thanks to each and every one of them, but I am sure they understand that is impossible through lack of time. I read all their names every week in your valuable paper and my heart over-flows with gratitude. May God bless them and grant that we may all meet in heaven, there to offer our grateful thanks before the throne of God and to present to them the souls they have enabled me to save as a crown of glory for all eternity.

Yours very gratefully. J. M. FRASER.

BELGIUM The Ottawa Citizen

CLERICALISM AND

Belgium is generally regarded as a Catholic country in religion and a Liberal country politically. Apparently many Belgians find it possible to be good Catholics and socially democratic at the same time; and so long as the church is not a political institution there would seem to be no good reason why a Catholic should

not be a democrat. But the Citizen has contended that seeth. In the morning his head and there is a difference between Catholi cism and Clericalism : the former being a religion, and the latter represented by Clerical parties working to showed me the miserable hovel in control and regulate the social and which they sleep. I immediately political life of a nation. In answer before the war to the existence of a Clerical party in the Belgian parliament. Rather, in spite of the Clerical party the Belgian people, orthodox and free thinkers, seemed to combine and co operate for theirown social and political welfare without worrying too much about religious differences

On another page of The Citizen to day there is a letter from Rev. Father Cavanagh of Almonte, giving some interesting historical information about the absence of democracy between 1830 and 1884, before the Clerical party came into power, and claiming due credit to the Clerical party for extending the franchise.

It would seem to be to the credit of the Clerical party that it staved off a revolution in Belgium by granting the vote as demanded by the common people, and by establishing the enlightened electoral method of proportional representation. So, a year or two before the war, it would have been to the credit of the Clerical party in power if it had abolished plural voting. But it required a general strike, a peaceful revolution throughout Belgium, to force the Clerical premier even to promise a bill, dealing with the voting reform so universally demanded. Clericalism in Belgium stood stubbornly to maintain plural voting—a privilege working to the advantage of the Clerical party and the reactionary interests of Belgium-just as the Tories of Britain (including clerical interests in the Conservative party) sim ilarly fight to maintain the plural

voting privilege. Plural voting, upheld by the Tories (and Clericals) of Britain and the Clericals of Belgium, might not seem to be so very retrogressive it it were only as Rev. Father Cavanagh describes it. Unfortunately it is hardly right to say the plural voter is required "to provide himself" It is only necessary to HAVE means to be entitled to an addistinguished that country? We find neans to support properly his family.

plural voter are generally provided by someone else: the common work-er. Just last Wednesday, Lord St. David speaking in the House of Lord's is reported to have described some plural voters in Britain in the

following terms: Even among the members of the apper house he ventured to say they would find men who had never done a day's work for themselves or anybody else since they were born, and that the sons of some of them were still hanging about the theatres and music

In Rev. Father Cavanagh's letter to The Citizen there is reference to the so called education test, as an other way to secure an additional vote in Belgium; and comparison is made with the Canadian franchise method, "where the tramp and wandering stranger within our gates have the same democratic rights as have the same democratic rights as doxy, bent all its energies on reform. our best citizens." After all, most The Bishop of Liege found among people will agree that the tramp and the secular priests a new order, wandering stranger may be just as intelligent and useful as the idle and devotion were entirely directed rich loafer (with plural voting power) referred to by Lord St. David.

Nor, leaving the source and use of the plural voter's wealth out of consideration, is a college education necessarily a guarantee of good citizenship. Some of the world's best citizens and greatest leaders have come from the common people, and graduated only at the University of Hard Knocks. Manhood suffrage in Canada would seem wisely to be founded on a democratic basis. It may have some serious obstacles to contend with, and there is no doubt the popular suffrage might be improved in this Dominion. But it would not be improved by curtailing it by a backward step to the method upheld by the clerical party in Belgium and the Tory party in Britain. The cure for democracy is more democracy, whether in Belgium, Britain or Canada.

CLERICALISM AND BELGIUM

FATHER O'TOOLE'S REJOINDER Editor Citizen,—In your reply to a letter of the undersigned, on June 2, you very deftly insist on the point that we took exception to in former editorials and press paragraphs, namely: that the Catholic clergy in Catholic countries are allied with conservative and reactionary interests and that they stand in the way of the amelioration of the conditions of the people. It is no concession to us to say that there are scores of priests who are exceptions to the general rule, nor to assert that Prosecond letter, and it is only on the assumption that you are making a serious effort to give justice to all classes, even to the Catholic priesthood, the most maligned body of men in the world. in the world. However, a discussion of the subject is made easier because it is one of fact, and not of doctrine which supposes faith.

In the letter of June 2 we stated

that the Catholic clergy, as a body, were not opposed to liberty or pro-gress in the true sense of the words, and we cited the case of Belgium as and we cited the case of Belgium as an example of a progressive country controlled by a Catholic or so-called clerical party. You replied that this country was progressive in spite of the Catholic party supported by the clergy. If this were so it would be a most unique case of a country proordered them to move their beds to a letter on Clericalism last week (boarde) to a room upstairs next to The Citizen maintained that Clericalism and on history and the commercially and otherwise, in spite mine and am hiring men to-day to calism and Conservatism are natural fix up their dormitory (?) and make allies; and that the brave-Belgians sider the facts. But let us consider the facts of the legislators. But let us consider the facts of the legislators of the legislators. did not owe what liberty they had From 1830 to 1884, with the exception of a few years, the Liberal party, which was supported by the Masonic forces, ruled the country. During that period very little progress was made. The policy adopted, "the independence of the civil power," was in reality a pretext to carry on an anti Christian propaganda. Their whole time was spent and their energies consumed in enacting laws to thwart the spiritual work of the churches, that there was no time left broad progressive measures Unfortunately, too, when the Cath olics got a brief respite of power they lacked the aggressiveness to re move the disagreeable legislation The anti-clerical party managed to retain, or speedily regain, office by means of secret organizations during the fifty four years. The long years of power made them bolder and arrogant and in the early eighties their policy became more violently anti-Christian. But about this time the Catholics, encouraged by the example of the Catholics of Germany, who successfully fought the hostil laws of that country, united and brought about the downfall of the Masonic Liberal government. This

was in 1884. Since then the Catholic party has held office and the history of Belgium during the past thirty years shows that she has advanced right into the frontrank among nations. Although not having large colonies like the other nations, the 7,000,000 people, up to the beginning of the war, were The country was proprosperous. gressive in commerce, education, in. dustry and agriculture. There were A soldier called Briand was brought reforms still to be made in Belgium, into the hospital at Creil riddled as elsewhere. But no country has yet reached the ideal. The fact that the plural voting difficulty was over-come without the Catholic party having power, is about the best evi-dence of its stability and progressive-

ness. Now, what part had the hier-

ditional vote; and the means of the that the very best leaders in the ambulance major said he could not plural voter are generally provided cause of the workingmen were the spare him. Then a priest soldier, a Catholic bishops and priests. Mr. Godefroi Kusth, director of the Belgian Historic Institute, who we may presume knows something of the situation, has this to say: 'Under the presidency of Bishop Doutriboux of Under the Liege three (congresses of Social Works were held at Liege in 1886, 1887 and 1890, in which the most vital questions were studied and exhaustively discussed. Groups were formed especially among the younger men to introduce the most urgent re-forms into the Catholic platform; Canon Pothier, professor of moral theology in the Grand Seminary of Liege, became the apostle of the re-form movement. The Catholic friends of reform established a Democratic Christian League, which, encouraged by the Bishops and keep-ing within the strict bounds of ortho-

> people. After this the government prose cuted reform with vigor, established Councils of Industry and Labor and among other things grappled with the problem of child labor and labor of women. (c. f. Cath. Ency. II., 403.) These reforms, Mr. Editor, were

to bettering the lot of the working

done not in spite of, but with the encouragement of the hierarchy and clergy of Belgium.

So we might enlarge upon other phases of the progress of Belgium under the Catholic or so called clerical regime. However, we think that the point we advanced is sufficient to show that the opposition of the clergy to progress in Belgium as well as in countries is a myth, invented by anti Christians. We recognize that in the past even

intelligent non Catholic men looked for their information on Catholic atfairs, or on subjects where Catholics were vitally concerned to the French encyclopaedists of the eighteenth century. We do not blame them entirely for this, because the grave disabilities that English-speaking Catholics have lived under dur-ing the last three hundred years have interfered with the work of producing books that would afford information when needed. We are glad to say that since those disabilities have gradually disappeared there is an everincreasing number of standard works of reference, the greatest of which is the Catholic Encyclopedia. We think that it is only just to expect that when subjects that concern Catholics are treated by editors writers or speakers, who aim at fair

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

CIGARETTES FOR SOLDIERS Lieutenant O. S. Barton, Prince of Wales', 5th Yorkshire Regiment, in a

letter home, writes : Thank you very much for your postcard, which I received under heavy shell fire yesterday afternoon. I can tell you I clung to mother earth down in the bottom of the trench. Their shells were bursting right into our trenches. It is wonderful what a small space you occupy under these conditions. I have been in the firing perienced the gas, very heavy shell and rifle fire. The gas is the worst.

I wish Churchill or Accretion and the fire. The gas is the worst.

I wish Churchill or Asquith could just get a mouthful; they would soon say, "Reply with gas!" It is murdering us to save them; you do nothing but choke, spit, the eyes run and feel as though someone was burning them out. It is a terrible sight to see twenty or thirty men writhing, turning, tearing at their chests and throats in their death agony, struggling for breath, and no one can do the slightest thing for them. We can face the shells but not the gas. Every day here must be worse than the charge of the Six Hundred. Sometimes there are over 800 guns firing on a few miles of frontage about 900 rounds a piece, to say nothing of what comes from the other side. It is the nearest approach to hell anyone can imagine. We are holding the Germans very nicely so long as the wind will keep in the right quarter. Do pray for me every day; I need it all, I can tell you. We can receive Holy Com-munion any time of the day out here and need not fast at all. The priests are not allowed up near the firing line, so I have not been able to go yet since I came out, but I will the first chance I get. Until then I must go spiritually. If you know of any good rich people I should love you to ask them to send cigarettes out to my men. I have about fifty left now A DUEL OF CHARITY

Here is one of the incidents of ready self sacrifice for others, which are of daily occurrence in these times of heroism, summarized from the Semaine Religieuse of Montpellier A soldier called Briand was brought with bullet and shell wounds. Gradually he grew weaker and weaker the doctors found that it was hope less to save his shattered leg. The limb was amputated, but he continued to sink, and there seemed only one small chance of saving his life-transfusion of blood. The Abb

spare him. Then a priest soldier, a corporal, was asked to find a man, but he straightway offered himself. A friendly rivalry between the two priests then ensued, each contending that he could do his work after the operation, and that he would be only too glad thus to assist in the saving of a man who was a father. The in-firmier declared that it was his right to perform this last act of charity towards one of his wounded, and carried the day. So the operation took place, but failed to save Briand, who died shortly afterwards.

RETURNS TO GOD IN TRAGIC MOMENTS A French soldier, writing to s friend, tells how the war has opened the eyes of many, so that a great change has come over their ways of thinking, speaking and acting. Of this we have an example in the fol-lowing, which is taken from the letter of another piou piou: At the hospital where I underwent

an operation which caused me horrible suffering afterwards, I made the acquaintance of a priest infirmier who came to attend on me, and consoled me with words worthy of a priest. He heard my confession— and I had great need of it. Next day he gave me Communion, and I was happy to have peace of soul and to be reconciled with God. I was no pagan, but it was, it I may say so, my conversion.

HAPPY TO DIE

A letter from a priest soldier contains a fine saying by a man who was next to a soldier who was killed by a

M. Arrones is no more. He died the good Christian he had lived. The day before his death he made his confession, served my Mass, and received Communion. Next morning he was killed by a shell, a piece of which struck him on the head.

"Arrones was a good enough believer to be happy to die," said his neighbor in the trench. I should think he died clothed in his baptismal He was the sweetest soul I have known.

THE KAISERIN AND HATRED OF

ENGLAND As an illustration of the way in which batred of England is fostered in Germany, the following, from a letter reproduced in the Allegemeine Chennitzer Zeitung, and written by a Saxon nursing sister to her relatives, is significant. Giving an account of visits paid by the Kaiser and Kaiserin to the military hospital to which she is attached, this nurse writes:

On April 20 the Empress visited the hospital. Her Majesty passed through two surgical wards and then inspected the operating room, which is fitted up extremely well. Over the door are painted the words, 'Gott' strate England.' The Empress said: 'Children, that is the one motto, Catt strate England.'' Gott, strate England.'

BAYONETING "GASSED" SOLDIERS

A special correspondent with the British Headquarters in the Field, describing last week a German at tack prepared by gas near Ypres,

One young soldier-a lad of eighteen-who was able to tell me a little about this ordeal when I saw him in a casualty clearing hospital this afternoon said quite simply: "The gas was so thick we couldn't see through it. We stayed there waiting for orders, and when we were told to retire we marched away." Screened by gas, the enemy's infantry attacked in several places. The attack succeeded better than previous attacks have done before, because they advanced behind the cloud of bayoneted many British soldiers who were stricken by gas and helpless. Wherever a victim of the poison had strength enough to roll to his rifle he made a gallant attempt to save him-self. Men who escaped declare that the enemy killed the victims of gas wherever they found them.

A SURGEON'S VIEW

From the same account may be added the following, which contains a surgeon's opinion on the terrible effects of the gas: The scene at the casualty clearing stations behind our front on Monday

was a terrible one. One station handled several hundred patients, of whom only seventeen died. The men were brought in ambulances, the cases being carried into a worst ground-floor room, with windows on two sides, where sur-geons and dressers worked unremittingly to save them. "Gas poisoning has again given us the worst phases of the suffering caused by war," said one of the surgeons to me to day. "The scene in the room (the room I Friend, Athens.....

Thornton-Smith Co. Mural Paintings Church Decorating 11 King St. W. Toronto

> mention) was beyond description— strong men rolling in sheer agony on the floor, begging to be allowed to die or pleading to be given enough strength to take them back to the trenches in order to meet their enemies again." THE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN AND

and

mention) was beyond description-

RECRUITING

Presiding at a recruiting meeting at Loughlinstown on Sunday, the

Lord Mayor of Dublin said: They all knew that this was world wide fight - a fight of liberty against barbarism. They in this little island of theirs had a great interest in the fight. As all of them knew, they were one of the small nations. "Recent legislation has made it possible for me, as Lord Mayor of the city of Dublin, to stand on this platform here to-day with some of the greatest Unionists in Dublin. What has made that possible is that His Majesty's Government has placed Home Rule on the Statute Book. There is talk about compulsory service, but it rests in the hands of the young men of this country whether they have compulsory service or not."

THE SPIRIT THAT ANIMATES THE MISSIONARY

A traveler among the mountains of South America once came upon a Catholic missionary living at an iso-lated mission station. Seldom did this holy priest see a white man's face, rarely did a letter come to cheer

his existence.
"Father," asked the traveler, "are you very lonely here? Do you not consider your life wasted in this re-mote and uncongenial place, among

natives who are almost savages?" 'My son," replied the missionary, "to be able to hold the crucifix before the eyes of one dying Indian repays me for my life's labor and solitude. -St. Paul Bulletin.

THE UNDYING INFLUENCE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

A Protestant woman missionary relating her experiences in Japan spoke of the wonderful influence of St. Francis Xavier exercised over the country, and told the story which has so often appeared of late in our publications regarding the preservation of the faith by the early Catholics for three hundred years:

The first question the Japanese put to our Protestant missionaries," she said, "is this: 'Are you a Catho lic? Are you a disciple of Francis Xavier? Do your priests have wives? Do you believe in the Real Presence? Do you pray to the Blessed Virgin? And being unable to receive satis-factory answers, they go away shaking their heads and will have none of us. The spirit of Francis Xavier lives. It is the greatest hindrance to our Protestant missionary effort, she said.—Standard and Times.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, March 22, 1915. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD :

Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the corner stone of the church in Taichowfu. The former church was too small for the crowds who are being converted in the city and neighboring towns. Even with the new addition of forty-eight feet and gallery it will be too small on the ig Feasts. May God be praised Who deigns to open mouths to His praises in the Far East to replace those stilled in death in Europe. And may He shower down His choicest bless-ings on my benefactors of the CATHO-LIC RECORD, who are enabling me to hire catechists, open up new places to the Faith, and to build and en-large churches and schools. Rest assured, dear Readers, that every cent that comes my way will be immediately put into circulation for the Glory of God.

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

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. PEPPERT SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

"They did eat and were filled, and they took that which was left of the fragments, seven basks (Mark vin, 8.)

The miraculous feeding of the multitude, of which to day's Gospel gives us an account, reminds us that Jesus, the true Bread of heaven came Jesus, the true Bread of heaven came down to earth to be the food of our souls and bring them to life everlasting. Mankind, hungering and thirsting after true justice, looks up to Him, and He satisfies all with His grace. We, too, are hungry and thirsty, looking up with earnest desire of heaven, and He will bring us thither it we follow Him. He is no thither, if we follow Him. He is no less merciful now than when He said: "I have compassion on the multitude," and by His help we shall one day reach the abode of everlast-ing peace, where we shall drink of the fulness of His grace and joy, that fulness which contains unspeakable happiness for all eternity. We are destined for undying glory and bliss; in this fact is the dignity of man most beautifully revealed; and we perceive our destiny if we consider the dignity conferred by God upon man even now

In the world to come, the good will enjoy great honor and glory, for they will be not angels, but like to and equal to the angels, being children of God, because the Son of God became Man. Therefore every Christian possesses great dignity even on earth and this is the fact of which we can really be glad and proud. At the Ascension our Lord in His human nature went up to heaven in drive out ignorance, to elevate the order that all who through Him have become children of God may also go believes that it should be made more order that all who through Him have become children of God may also go whither the Son of God has gone. In heaven He is highly exalted in His human nature, in order that all who follow Him here may be assured of sharing His indescribable glery in heaven. Indescribable, indeed, is the glory reserved for the children of God, far beyond all that our imagination can picture or our hearts

world, let us walk with Christ, through whom alone we can attain to that true glory. To walk with Christ is the same thing as to live like a child of God; and he only walks with Christ who seeks happiness nowhere save in God, and, like Christ, desires not his own glory, but that of his heavenly father. One who walks heavenly father. One who walks with Christ looks constantly at Him, remembering that even the Son of Man had to enter into His glory through self-denial, suffering and sacrifice. One who walks with Christ aime not at the things of earth, but at those of heaven, striving ever to become more like his Divine Master Let as often think of the glory of heaven, secured for us by our God, Brother and Saviour, for this thought will help us really to walk in the way of holiness with Him. The glory and joy of heaven consists primarily in the contemplation and possession of God. This contemplaknowledge of His works, not merely of the things that He created, but also of His government of the universe. All that has been obscure to us here on earth will be cleared and intelligible to us there. Now we know God re-flected, as it were, in the mirror of and joy. Far more perfect, however, is the knowledge we derive from reveown, and so we are bound all the more to be thankful for it. It is only by true thaukfulness, manifesting itself in a right use of His benefits, that we can become worthy of the reward promised us by God. We make a right use of the revelation that we our actions, and when we accept with humility all those truths which, far from contradicting the reason of man, lie above it, and are inexplicable by

means of it alone. Let us firmly resolve that through. out life we will accept these truths they will be our light on the way that we must follow in order to attain to the contemplation of God.

Inseparably connected with this contemplation will be the love of God in heaven, which corresponds with the possession of what is infinitely good. It is only by loving God here that we shall gain that entrancing love of Him in heaven. If we are too weak to love Him fervently now, Jesus will help us, so let us pray earnestly for this love on earth, for in heaven it will be nsformed into the delight of possessing Him. He has given us, in His infinite love, all the means that we require to enable us to reach the d glory of heaven. It depends upon ourselves alone whether we obtain what He desires to give us, provided we make a good use of the means at our disposal. We resolve to use them rightly, but the world does its best to prevent us from keeping this resolution. Therefore it behooves us often to meditate quietly upon the sternal reward awaiting us. May the remembrance of it strengthen us in our endeavor to walk with Christ, and not only to be true to our holy faith, but to unite with it a really heartfelt love of God. in order that our craving after God, innate in every heart unspoiled by the world, our hunger and thirst after justice, may one day be really satisfied in heaven, where all joy and glory are made perfect. Amen.

TEMPERANCE

LOSSES THROUGH DRINKING Loss of money follows drinking; Loss of time brings bitter thinking; Loss of business follows these; Loss of bealth, respect and love; Loss of health, respect and love; Loss of hope of heaven above; Loss of friends who once admired;

Loss of mind by frenzy fired; Loss of usefulness, alas; Loss of life's goal for the glass! Crown his loss who loves the bowl.

UNDOING THE WORK OF THE LABOR UNIONS

The brewer, distiller and saloon keeper pretend that they are the workingman's friend. The labor leaders knew that they are his worst enemy, since they thwart chief purposes of the labor movement.

Unionism aims at an increasing ly high standard of work by its adherents. How can this be maintained if conditions like those in a certain mill town exist? Here, when saloons were open, a steel mill with a capacity for rolling 175-200 tons of plate per night was accus-tomed to lose from 20 to 40 tone to lose from 20 to to tons because of spoiled plate on nights following pay day. The report says, "But with the closing of the saloons that's all history now."

Again, according to the teaching of the labor leaders, the aim of the trades union movement is to elevate the working class. "The labor movement is essentially a moral move-ment," says John B. Lennon. It is organized" to educate the people, to easily possible for women to be come home-makers," says Lennon, "but who can deny that the liquor traffic is driving women to work in factories, in workshops and at washtubs who ought not t be there?" Because their husbands are drinking, and are not taking home the money they might, the women are at work.

"The trades union movement i opposed to child labor, yet who can deny," says Lennon, "that the liquor traffic is driving into industrial life, boys and girls who should be in

school or on the playground?"
"Nothing has done more to bring children than the money spent in drink," says Mitchell .-- Sacred Heart

THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE

Now that men, heart sick with fickle temporalities, are beginning to turn once more to the skies, they hold the Star of Bethlehem, alleged to have been extinguished by the French Directory about a decade back, sparkling as majestically as it did two thousand years ago over Judea's hills. It is indubitable that possession of God. This contempla-tion of God includes a delight in and knowledge of His works, not merely indeed to what could the quivering soul cling in the present mad see the of human affairs save to the Rock of Our novelty-loving modern spirit of thought, however, is stirring mischief into the great revival. Instead of advocating a return to the His creation, and even in this partial knowledge we find great satisfaction centuries have stamped their approval, scholars are striking out

ion of the future will be. In place of the creed of Christ for which hearts are so hungrily calling, he modestly and generously sub-stitutes a religion of his own. The purpose of his preferred system is to right use of the revelation that we have received through Christ, when we accept it with firm faith, letting it have a practical influence upon our actions, and when we accept with course the purpose of Christianity—to sway men more effectually. Briefly, he would saturate religion with democracy until the mustiness of centuries is washed out. He would make social, rather than individual perfection, the aim of religion: apparently oblivious that Christianity has always aimed at

Mr. Wright is a philosopher. One can not but judge his incursion into the field of theology rather rash. Surely it would be better for him to let divines determine our religious needs. But, able in things of the mind, he can not resist the temptation to prescribe for the heart too. Genius is notoriously and painfully lop-sided. No wonder the Wright doctrine is perilously unsteady.

The assumption on which our Professor's thoughts evidently rest, the failure of prevailing forms of Christianity, is obviously queasy. Not to Christianity, but to dispensation of Christ which, if duly observed, does not make for the emobling of individuals and humanity. That with us into the most fearful of wars, God's grace we have had sufficient strength to conform to the law it we century history, thus early, with the strength to conform to the law it we strength to conform to the law if we willed to do so, conscience can tell. Let us be fair enough to place the fault where it belongs; that is, on our own heads. The old Christian regime has not proved inefficacious and worthy of abolition. The Church which Christ built on a rock does not need to be reconstructed on any meed to be reconstructed on any man's theory. It is expedient for us to think of remodeling our minds and hearts in conformation with the old religion, rather than of remodeling the old religion in conformation with our "advanced" minds and hearts. Let no man think that he man secures his own natural existhas more brains in the matter of Christianity than Christ, the divine Founder thereof. History shows that, wherever human ingenuity pricked over natural forces through his own that the truth."

man scures his own natural exists and short is all that the first minimum against imize, or obscure its teachings. It preaches with authority, confident over natural forces through his own that it has the truth."

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the Nazarene's manifest plan, sorrow

was the issue.

Professor Wright and those who
think with him might draw a salient
lesson from Profestantism, born of the fallacy that Catholicism has failed. Led by the recalcitrant spirit of Luther, the faith of the sixteenth century fell over ugly precipices and was shattered into a heap of sects. In this heap was lodged the elements of religious ruin: out of it rose such rockets of free though as scepticism, positivism and agnosticism. For, by its bewildering multiplication of petty sects, Protestantism had fairly well demonstrated that God, the simple and irrefragable, was not in

it. Thus it cast religion into more or less discredit, and incidentally cleared the stage for the reign of philosophy and David Hume. In time, ennuied with cynicism, and having wandered too far from Wittenburg and Rome to return to either, the world of "enlightenment" fawned upon Comts. Ultimately disgusted with his frigid, naturalistic creed, it placed Herbert Spencer on a pedestal. His agnostic sway, so detrimental to real religion, has extended down to

Is it not time for men to see their mistake; to appreciate that every modern religion, or substitute for religion, has been a flason; to rever with reverence to the Rock of Peter from which they broke ancher in the long ago, breasting the high seas of doubt, error, discentent, and heart ache? Yet Professor Wright. and kindred souls, would egg the wearied world on to the pursuit of still another empty novelty—the religion of democ-racy; as though there could be any religion of the masses without religion of the individuals!

But, with their superestimate of the significance of modern progress, they are impatient of things savory of the past. The Christianity of Thomas Aquinas and Christopher Columbus is too slow for an age of steam-engines. If we must be religious, at least let the smart brand of the twentieth century glitter on our beliefs. Such is seemingly the tenor of Mr. Wright's message.

And yet the past, at which on scholars pityingly smirk, possesses treasures which are the despair of the present. Modern art could not and loy. Far more perfect, however, is the knowledge we derive from revelation, and especially from Christ's teaching. Whence did we receive the grace of knowing God and His revelations? It came to us by no merit of our own and sow are knowled all the more of the future will be.

proval, schoolars are striking out the present. Modern art could not along lines of their own. From the along lines of their own. From the along lines of the Forum, Henry W. Wright, professor of Lake Forest College, breathes a representatively misleading concept of what the religion of the future will be. the tooth of time, make medern science appear almost puny. The immortal voice of Homer and Shakepeare ring together in a hearty laugh at the gush which we are pleased to denominate our up to date poetry and prose. Certainly in the realm of religion, nothing has ever been fit to compare with Christianity, that is, with Christianity as expounded by Christ, not by Luther, Mrs. Eddy, or Henry W. Wright. The Galilean's doctrine can be improved "no more than a star." Men have tried to reindication of it. A relig on that could survive unaltered the shocks of two thousand years of strenuous history, hardly needs to be altered at presen by anybody. Human hearts are the same now as they were at the time of the rising of Bethlebem's Star. The faith that fully satisfied our sires of old, fits just as perfectly into the great now. Why our scholars should shrick 'On, on!' when "Back, back!" would be so plainly the more sensible cry, the great fault of the day-immoderate pride of progress—answers.

Yet our vaunted progress has led us into the most fearful of wars, tute our lusicrously inefficient selves as master of the religious world and set about knocking down what Christ
He Himself will abide until the end
and the piety of centuries put up?
of time; that the Bible is the in-

Professor Wright does.

experimental science, inventive skill and technical proficiency. He does not rely upon divine Providence to protect him from ship wreck at sea; protect him from ship wreck at sea; he makes a compass, constructs a steamship invents the wireless telegraph." From which the Protessor deducts that the old prudential type of religion is far behind our times. Let him cast his gaze across the Atlantic and undeceive himself. Modern man so wondrously capable, according to Mr. Wright, of providing for himself, has strangly created for himself a fairly good inferno. The himself a fairly good inferno. The slimy serpent of sin and excess, which has been slowly coiling about the globe and stifling the lives of nations, originally crept forth from the very principle which the Professor approvingly depicts: self sufficiency. The powers of self are instruments that eventually kill, unless God is reverently permitted to direct us in their proper use. This is too plain, especially in our own sad day, for

The Professor likewise flips aside the mystical form of religion as archaic, declaring: "With regard, secondly, to the spiritual goods whose acquisition mystical religion pretends o ensure, modern man has learned that these are attained not by individuals who withdraw from worldly pursuits and devote themselves to supernatural concerns, but by those who avail themselves most success cally of the spiritual resources of their fellow men, as these are de veloped through personal association and cooperation." Herein a gleam-ing jewel of truth is certainly caught on the prongs of error. The "modern man" would make a perfect society out of religion; so would, and also has, Christ. But surely the best means of securing the general good is to devote time and attention to the study of the Source of all good. This does not mean that terrestrial concerns are to be quite neglected in the interim. Mystical religion never taught that a man should gluttonously feed his soul on God and let his family starve. If Professor Wright has monasticism particularly in mind, he should recall that monks never constituted more than a meager part of any Christian community. He might reflect also upon the fact, which has always obtained, that

Enough there are who reap and sow, Enough who give their lives to common gain, Enough who toil with spade and axe

and plane, Enough who sail the seas where rude winds blow, Enough who plead in courts and

Undeniably saints in no way hurt society by being such. Assuredly they gave the graedy world examples of abnegation which it sorely needed. The Professor forgets that real sanctity is heroic unselfishness. The astical calendar are those of the men and women who lived, and often died, for others. Nor let a sneer be passed on the contemplative recluse. God only knows how frequently the lily white prayer, rising from lowly cell, has restrained the divine wrath from pulverizing our iniquitous sphere. In a word, he who loves Gad, lives and labors corporeally or spirit ually, for the objects of God's love:

If Professor Wright would peer more closely into Catholic Christian-ity, he would see that it has all the merits of the proposed religion of democracy, none of the defects, and far more sublimity than any merely man made scheme ever possessed or ever shall—Edward F. Murphy, M. A. in America.

WHEREAS I WAS BLIND-NOW I

SEE" Mr. C. Kegan Paul in the account of his conversion says: "Those who are not Catholics are apt to think and say that converts join the Roman communion in a certain exaltation of spirit, but that when it cools they regret what has been done and would return but for very shame." vise it and have only succeeded in showing themselves ricicalous.

Surely the fact of its age is no argument against its value, but rathers. closer to my side. All human rela-tionships become holier, all human friends dearer because they are explained and sanctified by the relation ships and friendships of another life. Sorrows have come to me since God gave me grace to enter His Church, and I can bear them better than of old, and the blessing He has given me outweighs them all." And an swering those who said that he was confident, he remarks: "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind now I see."-Truth.

> WHAT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH TEACHES

"The Catholic Church stands firmly for all the doctrines of the Christian revelation," says the Cath-olic Columbian, "It teaches that there is one God in three divine persons; that Jesus Christ is God in-carnate; that Christ established a Church to which the Holy Ghost is to teach all truth and with which spired word of God; that there is a future life; that there is a heaven and that there is a hell, etc. The Catholic Church does not hide, min-

Well, I'm Glad There's a "Safford" at Home to Keep the Folks Warm The man whose wife and children are protected by a Safford Hot Water Heating Systemhashismindat rest when he's away from home in bad weather. He knows that, by means of the choke damper at top of the Safford boiler (an exclusive Safford feature), his wife or son can control the Safford and have a warm house no matter how hard the wind may blow

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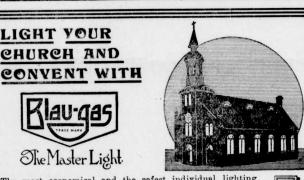
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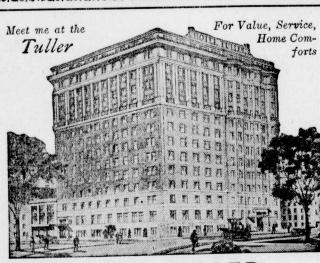
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God leads us by strange ways ; we know He wills our happiness, but we neither know what our happiness is, nor the way. Left to ourselves, we should take the wrong way; we must leave it to Him. — Cardinal

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LIQUOR and TOBACCO HABITS

How I Darkened My **Gray Hair**

Lady Gives Simple Home Recipe That She Used to Darken Her Gray Hair

For years I tried to restore my gray hair to its natural color with the prepared dyes and stains, but none of them gave satisfaction and they were all expensive. I finally ran onto a simple recipe which I fixed at home that gives wonderful results. I gave the recipe, which is as follows, to a number of my friends, and they are all delighted with it. To 7 ozs. of water add a small box of Orlex Compound, 1 oz. of bay rum and ½ oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Use every other day until the hair becomes the required shade, then every two weeks. It will not only darken the gray hair, but removes dandruff and scalp humors, and acts as a tonic to the hair. It is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off and does not color the scalp. hair. It is not sticky or greasy, does not rub off and does not color the scalp.

In the light of the present war in Europe, it is hard to understand this

Continent-panic of a century ago. Napoleon had a human heart. He

advantage of Fulton's then new invention, freely offered to him, the

es in the destruction of women and babes in arms. He never even

ing wells, or spraying his foes out of a trench with liquid fire. There is no record of murdered priests against

him. In short, as we compare him

with a contemporary military ruler whose ambitions are often likened to

Napeleon's, the latter seems to us

merely a soft pasifist.

To be sure, Napoleon made one dangerous utterance: "God is on the

side of the big battalions." and in his

dealings with the only religion he

But when God manifestly deserted

"the big battalions" and left their leader on his lonely island, the

which had stricken him, and died a

once persecuted, because she would not render up the greatest of the things of God, the Divine law of

marriage, to this greatest of the

SOCIAL SALVATION

THROUGH THE

EUCHARIST

And in these days of war, when

intensity their batred of other peoples

patriotism to misinterpret even the

good motives of other peeples, there is an absolute need of a deep devo-

as an antidete against brutishness

The world can never hope for a lasting peace unless the principles of

Christ are embodied in the treaties

that will be drawn up after this great

struggle. Nations can never hope to eradicate the hatreds born of this

But the principles of Christ, and His spirit, are impressed upon us

best through the Blessed Sacrament.

First of all, because the Blessed

Sacrament does away in the most

effectual manner with the one thing

which makes war possible—separa-tion from God. If nations fully observed God's law, there would be

observed God's law, there would be no war, because there would be no greed, no unworthy ambition, no in-justice, as causes of war. Then nations would traverse their own courses without colliding with their

neighbors, just as trains pass one another without collision on a double-

tracked railway. Now, if peoples are to get back to God, it must be through

Christ, Who is the Way to the Father.

Nobady can expect to get closer to the

where than directly to the heart of

In the second place, the Blessed Sacrament destroys effectually the

spirit which produces war, and the temper which nurtures war—I mean

disunion of hearts. If the individuals of the various nations were guided

by true brotherly love, there would

would be none to conduct campaigns

for them—for it has long ago gone out of fashion for kings to head their

troops. Now the Blessed Sacramen

binds men together in the truest kind of brotherhood, because it shows

one another, and not to fall out amongst themselves. It is for this reason that St. Augus-tine calls othe Holy Eucharist the

eignum unitatis"—the sign of unity And he wrote in days that resounde

to the tramp of soldiers' feet, as do

Whilst this Eucharistic scheme of

disarmament may never be applied

by nations, it is worthy of considera-tion by individuals. For after this war much reconstruction will be necessary in Europe. At home, much social regeneration is called for. And it is the experience of history and

And why ?

tion to the Blessed Sacrament

Cæsars.-The Republic.

faithful son of the Church he had

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

ENVIRS CONTENTED OLD MAN Whom do I envy most, and why? An old man with gray hair and bent shoulders who goes by here every evening wifh his dog. Why? Be-cause he has the one thing that spells

ppiness—honest contentment. He is a night watchman, with only his daily wage, yet he has more to give than many of us from our abun-dance. He is custodian of the savings of a dozen street boys. They some to him with their troubles and ambitions. He has kept many boys ext of court, and many who would have been criminals will be good and useful citizens because of this old man with a young heart. He finds time to take care of the furnace for widew and to take home the wash. ing for a woman with a large family. se a sick child or pray at the bed-

Though he is little and old and bent, I believe that in him dwells the "perfect man, the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." And so with all my might I envy his usefulness, his happiness, the stars that will shine in his crown, and that seif-fergetfulness which I long for but cannot attain.—Intermountain

WHAT CAMB OF THINKING 6. Francis Jenkins, a Government clerk, sat at his desk day after day, and along with the things he was paid to think of, a notion got into his head that he sould make a machine to project pictures in such a way were ether men, including Thomas Heison who were working on the same idea. They had made a crude-machine that depended upon the working of a shutter or revolving diss. In the disc was a hole, and the light was shift off and another picture was shifted into place before the hole came around again. picture was thrown on. Then the hole came around again. This left the curtain dark so long that the idea of a continuous scene was not worked out. "Why not?" asked Jenkins, and he thought and thought. And what do you suppose he did?
Just enlarged the hole. He extended it until it became a slit that took up nine tenths of the distance around the disc. Thus the picture was exposed nine times as long as the curtain was kept dark. Operated rapidly it gave the impression of a continuous exposure, and the instant of darkness in which the pictures were shitted was not noticed. The mackine was then perfected, and everybody knows what a great success is attained. Mr. Jenkins' idea was so simple that, at first, his applications for patents were refused. He was told that he had no idea that had not been used in a previous machine.
Jenkins showed that his machine worked, while others did not, and on this being proved the commissioner of patents passed his claim.

has grown wealthy on other clever It pays to think .- Sacred Heart Review. YOUR LEVEL BEST

kine sold his patent outright for \$5,000, and other people have grown rich en it. The inventor however,

One of Mark Twain's humorous peems deals with a young man who was chiefly remarkable for the fact for whatever he undertook to do, "he did his level best." No matter what the undertaking was, great or small, important or insignificant, "he did level best." He was wise. It pays to be thorough.

a fence by one of the petty office-holders at the place. "Don't put any unnecessary work on it," the man said: "and being out of sight behind said: "and being out of sight behind the shrubbery, it won't matter what it looks like. It isn't worth more than a dollar; if you'll do it for that go ahead."

Inspertment to her mother.

Begin to day, girls, and save your in battle array, and pointing to the mothers all the consideration you can; show them all the consideration you can, and give them all the love you can.—St. Paul Bulletin.

Try them-

The young man spent the best part of the day on the job. When he came for his pay his employer went out to lock at the "patch." It was not only substantially done, but with the

sitting around there doing nothing."

"Well, you're a mighty foolish boy—that's all I've got to say," replied the other, as he handed over the

of the young carpenter, who was now a contractor, proved to be a reason-able one, and the work was given into his hands.

began.
"Ne," returned the commissions

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

There is so much a daughter can do for her mother that it is hard to know where to begin. Remember, girls, that all your lives your mothers have been sacrificing themselves for you. Now you have a chance to reverse things.

Your shoulders are young and strong; help lift the burden a little from the tired shoulders that have borne it so long. Let mother see that you appreciate all that she has done for you. Take the heaviest part of the housework off her hands. Make her stay in bed in the morning while you got the breakfast. Sen her out to enjoy herself while you look after the children.

Of source you cannot do this every day, but you can do your share of it. If you are a business girl you can not do much of this sort of thing, but there are many little pleasures you

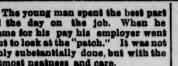
Something pretty to wear will please her. She likes pretty things as well as you do. Confide in her and tell her your hopes and ambitions. She is better than all the girl friends in the world and will never

The trouble about mothers is, that we get so used to them that we don't half appreciate them until we lose them. Then quickly enough we realize what all that divine care and tenderness meant. No matter how much you do, you can't begin to re-

As for the girls who talk and act disrespectfully toward their mothers "he for them no criticism is too harsh. If only they knew what outsiders think of it I believe they would stop

The prettiest girl in the world is absolutely devoid of charm if she is

impertinent to her mother.



only substantially done, but with the utmost neatness and care.
"I told you I didn't care how it looked, didn't I?" said the owner, angrily. "Now you'll be wanting three quarters of a day's pay—"
"I said I'd do it for a dollar," returned the workman, shouldering his tools, "because I wanted the money. If I'd finished in half the time and gone home I shouldtonly have been sitting around there doing nothing."

Not long after this the young carpenter went to a neighboring town and steadily worked his way up. Some ten years later the owner of the patched fence had risen to the position of the county commissioner, and his little town, a growing city, was about to erect a number of fine municipal buildings. Among the many applicants for the contract the commissioner noticed a name that seemed in some way familiar to him. After oment he recalled the incident of the patched fence. The estimate

"You want bonds -" the man

"it won't be necessary in this case, I think. That patch you once put on my fence is guarantee enough. It's standing yet."—Cathelic News.

DAUGHTER CAN SAVE MOTHER

tell your secrets.

turn all they have done for you, but do the best you can. A little love and petting is always appreciated by mothers; try it with yours and see if she does not thrive under it.



A STRAIGHT LINE

Robbie was working away at his drawing lesson. Presently the teacher came around to see what progress he

"Look here, Robbie," she said,
"that line isn't straight."
"No, it isn't quite straight, I know," answered Robbie, "but I can fix that up later."
"A careful line, payer, needs

"A straight line never needs straightening," said the teacher quistly, as she turned away to look at the work of another scholar.

That simple remark which the teacher made set Robbie to thinking. "A straight line never needs straight-ening." How much better, then, to make the line straight rather than to draw a crocked line, which would have to be straightened afterwards! Besides, a line that has been partly rubbed out and then made straight never locks quite so well as a line which is drawn perfectly true and straight the first time. So Robble made up his mind that hereafter he would try to draw the straight lines

straight the first time.
A thing that has been done right does not need to be done over again.
When we speak the truth we do not have to stop to correct what we have said. Let us try to do and say things in the right way the first time, and we shall find that life is easier, and we shall make far better progress than when we do or say the wrong thing first. Let us always remember that a "straight line naver needs straightening."—Catholic Bulletin.

A QUEER EXPRESSION Carl did something his uncle liked and his uncle patted him on the head and affectionately said : "I'm proud

of you, son, you're a brick." "A brick?' echoed Carl. "That's a queer expression. What does it mean? It sounds like a hard

Yet it is a compliment," said the uncie. "It does seem queer to measure your worth by a brick when there is nothing wonderful or fine about that article, but its meaning comes from remote times."

' Now, I'm going to hear a story," cried Carl in glee, drawing his chair up to his uncle's.

"The origin of the expression dates back about nine hundred years before the commen era. It was in the time of Lycurgus, the great Spartan ruler. He believed there was no necessity to build a wall around a town if the soldiers were properly war unless they put on as an armor trained to protect the place. In those the spirit of Christ. days nearly all cities were protected

by high walls. One day an ambassador from neighboring country came to see Lycurgus and questioned his wisdom in leaving the city so unprotected. 'But we have walls,' replied the

ruler of Sparts, and if you will com with me I will show them to you."

"He took his guest out upon the

THE SADDEST OF CENTENARIES

On June 15 comes the centenavy of the final defeat of Napeleon Bonaparte, the greatest military leader of modern times, if not, indeed, of any Table of the Lord he was going othertime. Waterloo, in Belgium, was where than the scene of it; and Wellington, the Jesus Christ. Irishman at the head of Great Bri-tain's armies, was the agent of it. Napoleon, in the zenith of his brief

day of glory, had power such as mortal had never wielded over a vast territory since the days of the greatest of Rome's Cæsar's. At his word every port in Europe, except those of England, would close. His magnetism for his fellowmen was uncanny. His soldiers all but wor canny. His soldiers all but wor-shipped him, nor ever questioned what disposition it pleased him to make of them.

Many historical sketches and readable fictions have been built on the career of Napoleon : the best within the present year being incontestably them that they are brothers in Christ, "The Black Cardinal," by John Talbot all redeemed by the same blood and Smith, LL.D. To be sure, the title is all destined for the same happiness. from the familiar name of Cardinal And it is human for brothers to love Consalvi, Napolesn's great opponent, but the latter really lives and long rules in the stery. The characteriza-tion is so vital that the reader gets something like an answer to his constant curious question, "Why was
this men at once all but worshipped
by his following; and feared like a
our own. preternatural being by his oppon-

we see him at last, a single personality, with the greatest powers of Europe arrayed against him, and resolved to get not his army, not France, but just him, and to isolate him as a danger to humanity.

CANADA

common sense that no social recon-struction, regeneration or readjust-ment is possible and practicable with-out the conversion of individual hearts.—The Rosary Magazine.

THE ONE IMPEDIMENT

"Swapping wives and husbands," said Justice Frederick E. Crane, from the bench of the Supreme Court, in Brooklyn, "has become as common as swapping horses. Marriage is the cheapest thing we have under our law. Marry one day and come back the next for a divorce. If we

want polygamy, why don't we come out and establish it openly?"

Let the Honorable Justice possess his soul in patience. It may be that we are nearer than he thinks to the day of legalized polygamy. Why not? By courtesy of loose law, loosely administered, polygamy is largely practised, and that outside of Utah, both in its simultaneous and successive phases. In each form, it has vigorous defenders who by courmight have destroyed the British fleet and saved himself, had be taken tesy of the press, and occasionally by courtesy of a pulpit misnamed Christian, preach the ancient and ever-welcome gospel of do as you susmarine. He refused it, as being "too cruel." He would take no

There was a time, even in this country when men would have de-clared the present liberality of the civilized community. But we have Reno and, for that matter, we have New York, where a blatant band is seeking to legalize perversion, and we still hold curselves civilized. Give us only a little time, and the men and women who teach that selfcontrol is weakness, and that passing fancy of a moment justifies the assumption of a new mate, will write this code of "human liberty" into our standard of public morality. recognized, acted too much in the spirit of this bold word. Only a Catholic like Dr. Talbot Smith, could

They will find but one impedi-ment blocking the consummation of Catholic like Dr. Talbot Smith, could their plans, and that impediment is adequately study and explain the the Catholic Church. Whatever else changes and passes into oblivion she alone remains unchanging and unchangeable in her divine mission to save man, made a little less than truest greatness of Napoleon came in sight. He bowed before the Power him lower than the brute.—America the angels, from the deeds that make

> What is worth doing is worth loing well. Don't do things by half; the half is never equal to the whole. If you can, turn out the best work.

There is nothing trivial if you love the person to whom it happens.

The doctrines of Christ have enever changed, but have developed.



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attractive piano in quartered oak, fumed finish, with ivory and abony keys, three pedals, etc. Height 4 feet 3 inches. Almost new.
Sale Price \$210 GOURLAY—New Grand Scale Gourlay, Louis XV. design, beau-tifully figured walnut case, unim-paired by use. There was never a

better style shown in our cata-logue than this. Sale Price \$320 HEINTZMAN & CO ... We have two of these pianos — one in MAHOGANY case, the other in WALNUT; of simple, attractive design—modern style. Boston fall board, three pedals, everything as good as new. State your choice of case. Sale Price \$290

MENDELSSOHN-Handsome upright walnut piano, medium size, height 4 feet 6 inches. Good tone and perfectly responsive action; three pedals, ivory keys.
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THE MEXICAN SITUATION

The Washington Post, one of the very able papers in the country. says of the Mexican situation as follows: The President's appeal to the

Mexico, will fall upon unwilling and unresponsive ears: Nearly five years of unrestricted brigandage, of public loot and private plunder, have made a profitable business for thousands of agitating patriots, while such a course has resulted in the deaths of scores of thousands of their countrymen and ruined millions of the in-

"The cries for 'liberty,' 'independence' and 'reform,' will now grow louder than ever among those who have adopted the profession of patriotism as a means to increase, their fortunes, promote their vices and aid

"It is to be regretted that Duval West was not sent to Mexico in March, 1918, or that the voices of American officials then and there, and those of Americans residing there at that time were not given greater head and consideration.

"It is another example of the ills and misfortunes which invariably follow the seeking of advice that will accord with preconceived ideas and the rejection of the correct counsel which would suggest the power of existing conditions upon those ideas.
"Two years of watching and wait-

ing upon political brigands have transformed thousands of formerly self supporting and peaceable Mexicans into armed and defiant organized looters and plunderers, and have vastly increased the difficulties of the mplish that which the President

now calls upon them to do.

"There misspent years have no to only increased the task of the governnt, but added largely to its responsibilities for the tranquilization of the disorderly republic. The responsibilities cannot be shifted now; the task must be accomplished; it must be successfully completed, and in his efforts to do this upon the direct and sensible lines which he has just formulated, the President should have and will the cordial and hearty support of the entire people of this country and people of this country and the aid of those few Mexicans remaining in Mexico who desire an estab-lished orderly government and the peace it will bring."

THE IDEALS OF A REAL DEMOCRACY

BOURKE COCHRAN ADDRESSES K, OF C., ON THE CHURCH AND THE STATE

Bourke Cochran's address before the New York State convention of the Knights of Columbus was ideally appropriate, based as it was on the re-lation of the Catholic Church to the government of such a democracy as the United States and the part that United States and the part that such a powerful organization as the Knights of Columbus might take in preserving the ideals of such a democ-He said in part:

There has been for the last few hundred years and existing as strong perhaps to day as ever, a prejudice against the Catholic faith. This has led to a thoughtful investigation by fair-minded people, of the teachings and doctrines of the faith. This, instead of being resented by Catholics, ought to be welcomed and en-couraged, for anything that brings about the examination of our faith must result inevitably in its tion and to its credit. The Catholic Church stands on a rock foundation and consequently she can stand examination. The enemies of the faith are forever crying out that she is against the government, works secretly to overthrow it, to establish in its stead that which these people say would inevitably occur if the Catholics were to rise to power—a union between church and state, a despotic combination of tyrannical forces with the chief aim to trample down the

enemies of her doctrine.
"Those who have studied the situation, those who regard the state of affairs from the distance of cool calculation, those who have studied history know that the Catholic faith has always thrived most under those forms of government which have been most democratic, for the Church is herself in the very foundations of her teachings a source of democra-tic government, and conflict between the two is improbable and unthink-able. The Catholic Church has ables. The Catholic Children and always worked for a government that recognizes her rights to her own form of religion. The origin of the Church

herself is democratic. What are the essentials in which a democratic government differ from other forms of government? All governments are the same it must be granted in some respects, that is they are all created to establish tribunals of justice to keep the peace, etc. But there are differences in the ways in which the governing officials are elected. In the aristocratic form of government a single class has the final word in saying who shall rule; an aristocracy all the power is centered in a single despot; in a centered in a single despot; in a democratic government all the people are supposed to have a voice in choosing the people who shall rule. "What is there about this govern-

ment that makes it different from

it may take against the liberty, life, it may take against the liberty, life, or property of any person. This is the kind of government which takes Christ's teachings as a guide, for He said: 'Render to Casar the things that are Casar's and to God the things that are God's. Thus the great Master Himself put a restriction upon the power of the temporal government. He put a limit upon what the state may ask of her people. Thus a Catholic who practices his faith under a democratic government is loyal to it and protects its interest is loyal to it and protects its interest not only because it is his govern-ment, but because God Almighty demands that he recognize it and obey

Mr. Cochran gave a detailed account of the struggle of the Church with governments from the very earliest times; the days of the tortures of the Christians in the Colliseum, through the days of Charlemagne, the period of chivalry, the Crusades and feudalism, up through the times of the dismemberment under Henry VIII. and Luther to the present time; snowing how all through that time the Catholic Church has preached charity and has never for a moment relaxed from this policy, first adopted when the apostles assembled in the olden time to begin their mis-sion of good. Through the middle ages the Church carefully guarded culture and learning, even when per-secuted and regarded with suspicion.

It is good that there should be limitations upon a government which it cannot transcend without raising its hand against the very purposs for which it was created. The constitution of this country has created one of the best governments for Catholics. For the Cath olic Church thrives best under a government which incorporates in its system limitations which were imposed by Christ Himself, a govern ment which were imposed by Christ Himself, a government which was founded to do justice to all and to make it supreme, founded on the theory which was Christ's that all

nen are created equal.

Mr. Cochran closed his talk with an injunction to his hearers, to the members of the Knights of Columbus, to continue the work of the knights of old, to take up Christ's teachings nd to spread Christian truth as em bodied in the constitution. No longer the Turk or the Mohammedan is to be fought on the field of battle, but truth and Christianity are to be battled for in the field incorporated in the government. No coats of mail are necessary to day, but the true knight must go armed with gentleness, honor, courage and all the virtues if he is to spread the kingdom of the Lord on earth and live a true, loyal citizen under an ideal government.-Catholic Sun.

TURNS TO RELIGION

JUNE DEVOTIONS DRAW LARGE CONGREGATIONS TO CATHOLIC CHURCHES IN LONDON, (ENG.)

London, June 8 .- June, the month of the Sacred Heart, is witnessing something that it might not be an exaggeration to call a religious revival. Certain it is that among English Catholics religious fervor has been greatly increased of late, if one is to judge by the large attendance at the churches, an attendance, espec ially during week days and on holy days that has been steadily on the increase ever since the war.

The feast of St. Philip Neri, which occurred a few days ago, was observed with beautiful and remarkably solemn services at the historic Brompton Oratory, Great attended the services, and his Emi-nence Cardinal Bourne presided at the Solemn High Mass. Right Rev. Msgr. Barnes, M. A., preached the panegyric of the Saint, and among hose who heard his eloquent and editying discourse were many non-Catholics, among them being some noted members of the aristocracy.

Of course the great feast of Corpus Christi is not observed in Protestant England with the same pageantry and religious solemnity and fervor that it was in the days of old or as it used to be in the Catholic countries of the continent. I am obliged, alast to use the past tense, for the war and other untoward conditions have made the old time public display of honor and reverence for the Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament that once distinguished the observance of the feast in continental Europe impossi-

ble, with the exception of Spain A distinguished traveler writing or this subject in a London Catholic publication speaks of a visit made only about a year ago to Siena, the beautiful Tuscan city, whose name is inseparably coupled with those of St. Catherine and St. Bernadine. The

writer says : CORPUS CHRISTI IN CATHOLIC SIENA

fell within the week preceding Cor-pus Christi, and reference having been made during the Mass, in the Church of San Francesco, to the miracle of the Blessed Sacrament, known to a few outside this most mediaeval city in Italy, we went in the evening to the Franciscans church where it was announced that the silver ciborium which for nearly two centuries has contained the

miraculous Hosts would be carried in procession round the piazza.

The procession was a marvel of beauty, pageantry, and historical significance. ment that makes it different from others? It is the only government in which limitations have been placed upon the constitutions in certain directions and unlimited power in other directions. This government is under limitations as to any action the constitutions as to any action is under limitations as to any action the constitutions as to any action is under limitations as to any action the cauty, pageantry, and nistorical significants. The Railroad and Steamship Companies have all granted excursion rates.

Tickets for ten days period are being with certificates, that have to be presented at the Congress head-quarters for validation.

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two centuries. Reposing within the silver ciborium the Hosts were visi-ble to all. These Sacred Particles were saved from sacrilegious desecra-tion in August, 1730, and have been miraculously preserved ever since They have been carried in procession on great occasions, notably in 1795, in thanksgiving for peace being restored in Tuscany; and always on Corpus Christi."

NO LOURDES PILGRIMAGE THIS YEAR Another sad reminder that war overshadows so many Catholic lands. bringing desolation to hundreds of thousands of homes, destruction to churches and shrines, and threatens even civilization itself in Europe, is the fact that this year the an pilgrimage from Great Britain and Ireland to Lourdes cannot be held.
One cannot help recalling the glori-Blessed Mother shown by the great pilgrimage from the British Isles in past years, and the edifying impres-sion they made, particularly upon

the people of Belgium and France. PROSCRIPTION STILL LINGERS

Echoes of the days of prescription and rampant bigotry in England still linger with us. One of these comes in the shape of a report that the religion of the new English Chan cellor, Lord Reading, he being a Jew might debar him from the English Woolsack. This brings to mind that religion certainly prevented another celebrated Lord Chief Justice from obtaining the Chancellorship. This was Lord Russell of Killowen. In 1892 Gladstone tried to get rid of the rule which excluded Catholics, and ome years afterwards wrote to Lord

'I have never got over my wrath at the failure of our effort to repeal the unjust and now ridiculous law which keeps the highest office in your CHANGE COMES SLOWLY

Changes in these conditions have been coming slowly but surely how-ever. This is becoming more percep-tible since the outbreak of the war. A warmer and more fraternal feeling for Catholics and the Church seems to pervade England. An incident occurred the other day which I could not help contrasting with those which prevailed in the city where once were enacted the tragedies of Tyburn Tree. A few days ago a priest conducted services at the burial of an Irish soldier, a member of Connaught ceived at Ypres. The poor Irish soldier was buried with all the military honors. A few days later the priest was elected, unopposed, as a member of one of the London County Councils, a position of great trust and responsibility, from the district in which he lived and in which the population was overwhelmingly Protestant.—New World.

CANADIAN EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

In connection with the Canadian Eucharistic Congress, to be held in Montreal July 13th, 14th, 15th, it is officially announced that a solemn pontifical open air Mass will be sung on Fletchers Field on Wednes day morning July 14th, with full attendance of bishops and priests.

On the evening before (Tuesday 18th) the Congress will be solemnly opened at Notre Dame Church by

His Eminence Cardinal Begin. The Sessions will be held at Laval

University for the French, and at Congress Hall for the English Sec-

CORPUS CHRISTI IN CATHOLIC SIENA
"It chanced that our visit to Siena Church of the Blessed Sacrament Fathers, and at St. Patrick's.

There is little fear of inadequate ccommodation during the Congress week as besides the hotels, the following Institutions are providing rooms for the priests. The Grand Seminary, the Seminary of Philos ophy, The Normal School, 992 Sher-brooke St. West, Mt. St. Mary Convent, Outremont Convent, the Grey Nunnery, Sacred Heart Convent, St. Alexander St., and the Sisters of Mary Reparatrice, 1035 Mt. Royal Ave East.

The Railroad and Steamship Com-

Two Information Bureaus are now

For the French at St. James Church, 331 St. Cathrine St. East. For the English at St. Patrick's Church, 280 Dorchester St. West.

THE TERRORS OF EXAMINATION

A VASSAR GIRL THINKS THEY ARE EXAGGERATED BY LOITERING PUPILS

About this time of the year the following letter may be of interest: (Ed. C. R.)

To the Editor of The New York

I read with interest and some de gree of amusement a letter by a Mr. Weishaut which appeared in your issue for June 13. In a style which was probably intended to be master-ful and which succeeded only in being unconvincing, he disposes of the whole system of college examinations. "They are simply heart breaking, brain racking, health breaking," he says, and scorns the thought that there is any possible good in them. His description rather resembles that of the worldly sophomore to the innocent, trusting freshman, does it not? The chances are that the time is not long ago when Mr. Weishaut was taking some troublesome col lege examinations. Had he a broader view of the question he would perhaps see that the training offered by these examinations is invaluable. The constant meeting with these crises of college life, which seem so all important at the time, develops poise and self confidence—qualities valuable in the strains, the worrying, anxious times and the larger tests of life.

Leaving this totally out of the question, Mr. Weishaut devotes himself entirely to the worthlessness of college examinations as such, and even in this narrower point of view is unconvincing. Where is his proof for the statement, "It evidently seems that the entire work done during a hard and estruggling term is valueless?" It is unusual, to say the least

"flunked" in a course merely on the result of an examination. It his work during the term has been of the right sort, the student is pretty certain to be passed, although he may "lose his head" and write a poor

My own college has never been known as 'easy," yet at examination time I did not see the bysterical weakness and excitement that your correspondent writes of as being gen ral among his college acquaintances The mathematical friend wrecks his health and loses his eyesight when he most conscientiously begins to study on the day before the examin ation: the French student almost kills himself studying his "eight plays," (dramas, tragedies, &c.,) - and all for nothing. There is something wrong somewhere, but is it in the examina tion system or in Mr. Weishaut's ar-

Schenectady, N. Y., June 14, 1915.

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periodicals.

The 1915 Edition, of which we have just received
a copy, shows that the great war has not seriously
affected the newspapers of Canada. While the birthrate of new publications has received a check, and
the death rate of the weak ones has perhaps increased a trifle, most of the leading papers, particularly the dailies, show very healthy increase in circularly. There metropolitan dailies have reached or
pa-sed the hundred thousand mark.
A census of the papers listed and described in the
1915 Directory shows nearly 150 Dailies, 7 tri-Weeklies, 45 semi-Weeklies, over 1.05 Weeklies about 40
bi-Weeklies on semi-Monthlies, 251 Monthlies, 3 biMonthlies and 18 Qualetiles—a total of over 1.575
publications.

This means approximately one Daily to every

publications. a post mately one Daily to every nono families, and one Weekly to every 1,500 families. From this one would infer that for a comparatively new country. Canada is well-stad.

A. McKim, and the McKim, and the McKim and the McKim

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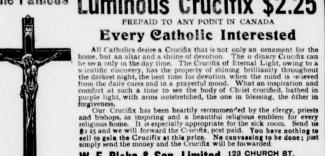
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