

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XLIV.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1922

2296

G. K. CHESTERTON DECLARES HE WAS CONVERTED BY LEADING MEN IN CHURCH OF ENGLAND

By Henry Somerville
Special Cable to the Toronto Star by a
Staff Correspondent

London Oct. 4.—The recent conversion of G. K. Chesterton, noted writer and lecturer, to the Roman Catholic Church, has caused a profound stir in intellectual and religious circles. The Anglican weekly, the Church Times, comments on his secession as a loss to the Church of England of one of the most brilliant Christian writers of the day, while Roman Catholics welcome him as one of the most important accessions since Newman.

Mr. Chesterton gave me an interview in his country home at Beaconsfield to-day, and told me the reasons for his conversion. The only change, he said, is from Anglo-Catholic to Roman Catholic.

"I always believed in the Catholic view of Christianity, at least; I have believed it for twenty years. Unless the Church of England was a branch of the Catholic Church I had no use for it. If it were a Protestant Church, I did not believe in it. In any case the question is whether the Church of England can claim to be in direct descent from the medieval Catholic Church. That is the question for every Anglo-Catholic or high churchman."

CONVERTED BY LEADING PROTESTANTS

With this characteristic paradox, Mr. Chesterton went on to say that it was leading Protestants who had converted him to Catholicism.

"Among the people who have helped me to answer the question as to whether the Church of England was Catholic," he explained, "are the chief Protestant leaders in the Church of England; for instance, Dr. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's, and Bishop Hensley Henson, Bishop of Durham. They have done me this good service and I wish to express my gratitude to them for it. They have done me the best service one man can do to another. I will give you examples.

"It appears to me quite clear that any church claiming to be an authoritative church must be quite definite when great questions of public morals are put. Can I go in for cannibalism or the murder of babies to reduce the population, or any other scientific and progressive reform? Any church with authority to teach must say whether it can be done. But the Protestant churches are in utter bewilderment on these moral questions; for example, on birth control, on divorce, on spiritualism and one could mention other questions; like suicide.

ANGLIANS NOT AGGRESSIVE ENOUGH

"When you have people, and such sincere men like Dean Inge, coming out publicly and definitely as champion for what I regard as a low and poisonous trick not far removed from infanticide, you can see what I mean. It is perfectly true that there are in the Church of England and other Protestant bodies many who would denounce these heathen vices as much as I can. Bishop Gore, (retired Bishop of Oxford), would speak about them as strongly as the Pope. But the point is the Church of England does not speak strongly. In short it has no unity of action. It cannot give a common reply to people when they ask:

"I have no use for a church which is not a church militant, which cannot order battle and fall in line and march in the same direction."

"It would take me too long to discuss all arguments," Mr. Chesterton said in conclusion, "but those are the principal, practical reasons."

RELIGIOUS STAMPS ISSUED BY VARIOUS NATIONS OF WORLD

(By N. C. W. C. News Service)

A unique stamp collection would be one containing all the religious stamps issued by various European and American countries.

Portugal issues stamps bearing the effigy of Saint Anthony of Padua. Hungary, Bavaria and the Virgin Islands have stamps with the image of the Virgin.

The shipwreck of Saint Paul is recalled on certain stamps of the Island of Malta. There are two Belgian stamps picturing Saint Michael. In 1900 Brazil issued a commemorative stamp picturing an angel flying through the heavens.

The priest Hidalgo is frequently represented on Mexican stamps, and the United States has a stamp representing the Jesuit Marquette preaching to the Indians.

Many Swiss stamps have a cross. One of the stamps of the Dominican Republic shows an open Bible, and one of the stamps of Venezuela represents Columbus planting the cross on the new world he discovered. In addition to all these, many stamps of various countries represent famous cathedrals.

VIEWS OF PROMINENT MINISTERS

ON GILBERT K. CHESTERTON'S CONVERSION

Toronto Star, Oct. 5

The sweeping criticism of Protestantism in general and of the Church of England in particular by which G. K. Chesterton, noted English writer, explains his turning to Roman Catholicism, has brought a searching of hearts in Toronto, mingled with indignation and surprise.

Among prominent Anglican authorities whom The Star approached this morning, the most noticeable feeling seemed to be one of incredulity that Chesterton, with his knowledge of history and natural acumen can sincerely believe the statements which he makes both regarding the Church of England's relation to the Roman Catholic Church, and the lack of militancy in the Anglican stand on moral questions of the day.

"CHESTERTON ENTIRELY WRONG"

Rt. Rev. W. D. Reeve, assistant bishop of Toronto, declared that "Mr. Chesterton is entirely wrong in each of his statements. The Church of England has taken a firmer stand on moral questions than has the Roman Catholic Church. The difference is that we do not attempt to dictate to the individual. This is made possible in the Roman Catholic church by the practice of confession by which the private conduct of the individual is discovered. But our stand on moral questions is clear. No Anglican clergyman, for example, is allowed to perform a marriage ceremony for a divorced person. Again, our keeping of the second commandment is something not followed by the Roman church. The Bible states that there shall be no worship of graven images, yet the Roman Catholic erects and worships images of the Virgin Mary. There is no basis for Mr. Chesterton's statements."

HAGUE MAKES CONTRADICTION

Canon Dyson Hague was definite in his contradiction of the Chesterton charges.

"How can any man of Chesterton's intellect," he asked, "hold such opinions regarding the Church of England's relation to the Roman Catholic church? Chesterton must know that the Anglican church is a separate entity and wholly Protestant. He must know that the official title of the Anglican church in the United States for example, is the 'Protestant Episcopal church' and that is similarly mentioned in English legal statutes, and its Protestantism is equally plain in the coronation oath of British monarchs.

"We are a branch of the Catholic church," Canon Hague explained, "but not of the Catholic church as Chesterton means it—not of the Roman Catholic church. By 'Catholic church' the Anglican means all people professing Christianity. The Church of Rome's claim to the word is unhistorical and it is unfortunate that its meanings have become so vague."

LIBERTY OF THOUGHT

"The principle of Protestantism is that of liberty of thought," said Rev. Dr. W. R. Young, of Toronto. "Chesterton has the wrong idea. The Methodist people are just as straight on moral issues as the Roman Catholics, if not more so. The Methodist church defines its attitude on moral issues quite clearly, but it does not attempt to exercise the priestly authority that the Roman church does."

Rev. C. L. McIrvine, of Winnipeg, declared that the Methodist Church attitude on moral issues was well defined, but liberty of thought and action was left on such matters as amusements.

Rev. T. E. Hollings, of Ottawa, said: "The principal of Protestantism is directly opposed to the idea of Chesterton. Protestantism stands for liberty of conscience and action within reasonable limits, of course."

Rev. Alfred Sharpe, fraternal delegate from British Methodism to the General Conference, and a former President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference in Britain, said that Chesterton's remarks were "as ignorant as they are insolent." "Mr. Chesterton has not been a Protestant and has never understood the principles of Protestantism," he said. "If he desires an authoritative church he has a perfect right to 'choose the Roman Catholic Church.' But to suggest that the Protestant churches are in bewilderment in regard to cannibalism, baby murder, etc., is as ignorant as it is insolent."

"Mr. Chesterton has for many years been a prominent Anglican churchman. If he had been asked whether he believed that the Anglican church was Protestant I am sure he would have denied it. Now with the usual enthusiasm of the convert he speaks of the Church of England and other Protestant bodies."

"Mr. Chesterton may speak for the church with which he has been

identified, but he has no right or equipment to deal with the Free Churches, of which he is utterly ignorant. He gets his authority in the church and seeing that the church has often spoken in contradictory terms, he must at times feel that his position is somewhat difficult. We as Protestants find our authority in the voice of God, which speaks in the quiet of our own hearts. This authority is tested both by the communal experience of the churches and the testimony of the Word. In this authority we can find rest for our hearts quite as real as any rest which Mr. Chesterton enjoys."

"Chesterton infers that Protestantism falls through lack of militancy," suggested The Star, "that the church evades moral issues."

"I can't think that he really believes that," replied Canon Hague. "Has there ever in history been a church more militant against wrong than the Church of England is today? The difference is that we are a free church. We do not order the individual as to what he must do in such matters as Chesterton mentions, birth control for example. We can not do it. I can not go to a member of my church and say you must do this and you must not do that, because our church is free. We have no Pope, as the central and absolute authority, shaking the big stick over our heads. But in its stand for what is right, in the questions Chesterton mentions and in all the moral questions of the day the church's position is definite and clear and it has never been more aggressive in its effort to establish what is right and to defeat what is wrong."

Canon H. P. Plumtree of St. James Cathedral said: "If I held the views that Mr. Chesterton confesses he has held for twenty years about church organization, it would not have taken me twenty years to join the church of Rome. If Christ left as His chief legacy an organization, depending upon a particular ministerial type, then probably the Roman Catholics are right. But did He?"

If, again, Mr. Chesterton thinks that the pronouncements of that church during the long centuries of its existence have always promoted the cause of moral and social reform, he is right to join it. There could be no better test of the 'true Church.' But does history justify the claim?

"It seems to me that the kind of leadership that Mr. Chesterton is seeking is to be found among the friends more than anywhere else, with their noble protests to join the church of Rome. If Christ left as His chief legacy an organization, depending upon a particular ministerial type, then probably the Roman Catholics are right. But did He?"

HAVE TAKEN STAND

Dr. C. A. Seager, provost of Trinity college, said:

"I can, of course, speak only for the Church of England in Canada, but on the question of divorce, our church is absolutely clear. It has legislated through the general synod that no Canadian clergyman of the Church of England may under any circumstances marry a person who has been divorced. Nothing is clearer than this prohibition. This expression of the mind of the church is followed absolutely by the clergy, and I do not know any Anglican clergyman who would perform the marriage ceremony for a divorced person."

As to other moral questions, such as birth control, the church of England in Canada, both corporately and through the individual clergy, has expressed over and over again the opinion that anything of this kind is not only un-Christian but also unsound."

When Dr. Seager read the quotation "Can I go in for cannibalism or the murder of babies to reduce the population?" he commented, "It sounds like Chesterton doesn't it?"

When it was suggested that many people made a distinction between prevention of conception and prevention of birth, Dr. Seager replied: "That distinction is a matter for the State and not for the church."

"As to the 'church militant,'" said Dr. Seager. "Mr. Chesterton or anyone else is at perfect liberty to take his choice, that choice is between a rigid military system such as that of Roman Catholicism, or that which is surely sounder, wiser and more worthy of free men, namely free obedience to moral principles."

Continuing to Chesterton's other charge, Dr. Seager stated: "The Church of England does not claim to be the descendant of the medieval Roman Catholic Church. It claims to be the continuation of the Church of Christ planted in England 1,500 years ago. British Christianity was originally distinctively non-Roman, and there has always been a struggle in the church against Roman absorption and aggression. The first great conflict in England was between the Celtic Christianity and Roman Christianity. The former, he said, came from Gaul, and it is from this conception of Christianity that the

Church of England takes its origin. Only gradually did the aggression of Rome succeed. For example, it took 200 years for the Roman service books to replace the old British ones. As against this Roman absorption and aggression the Church of England has been distinctly Protestant, as well as in the reconstruction of its doctrines at the Reformation."

Dr. Seager, when questioned, said that Dean Inge certainly did not express the mind of the Church of England in Canada.

A NOTABLE CONGRESS

REMARKABLE EUCHARISTIC
DEMONSTRATION IN TOWN
FORMERLY ANTI-
CATHOLIC

By Miss. Edna Paoletti

Rome, Sept. 1.—Very shortly after the triumph of the Twenty-sixth International Eucharistic Congress, we have had another splendid Eucharistic manifestation in a city, at a few kilometres from Rome.

In the smiling little hamlet of Genzano, on the Alban Hills, close to the delightful lake Nemi, was held the Interdiocesan Eucharistic Congress between the Suburban Dioceses of Albano, Frascati and Velletri, presided over by Cardinal Granito Pignatelli di Belmonte, Bishop of Albano, under whose jurisdiction is the city of Genzano. Archbishop Palica, Vicar general of Rome, numerous representatives of Ecclesiastical Colleges, among them the North-American, English, Polish, and Leoninian of Anagni, the Salesian of Genzano, etc., took part in the Congress, also many parish priests of the Dioceses of Albano, Frascati, Velletri and numerous representatives of Catholic associations and clubs, who demonstrated by their presence the great importance this Interdiocesan Congress had for the Lazio.

Cardinals Pompili and Cagliero, Suburban Bishops of Velletri and Frascati, sent cordial letters of acceptance, as did Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State, and the Presidents of the Catholic Youth and the Popular Union.

A LETTER FROM THE POPE

The Pope sent to the Suburban Bishop of Albano, Cardinal Granito Belmonte, this beautiful autograph letter:

"We have learnt with the greatest satisfaction that in this Diocese there will shortly be a Congress in which the Dioceses of Velletri and Frascati will take part. Such news must certainly prove most consoling for us, because we well know what and how many advantages usually result from the solemn assemblies of which the purpose is to kindle ever more the fire of love for the Real Presence in the Holy Tabernacles.

In fact, as the Divine Eucharist forms the principal substance of the Christian's life, thus it is the inexhaustible source of those ineffable consolations and supernatural graces capable of soothing the sorrows and sufferings of a poor man, better than any human remedy. Moreover the Divine Eucharist, while healing the wounds of the heart, instilling mildness and charity, like the Divine Master in His lifetime, contributes efficaciously to the restoration of that universal peace which is vainly sought for through other means, not indicated by Jesus Christ, element and peaceful King, who still lives amongst us under the Eucharistic veils. We therefore have good reason to hope that the next Interdiocesan Eucharistic Congress will trace a new golden page in the glorious records of the Church, and will constitute another triumph for the Divine Mystery of Love. This hope of Ours is strengthened by the news which reaches Us of the fervent faith and generous charity with which the happy and consoling event is being prepared. While We heartily rejoice about it, We form the most ardent wishes for the good result of the Congress; and to this effect We impart, with all Our soul's effusion, the Papal Blessing, pledge of Heavenly help, to You, Our beloved Son, to that elect band of Ecclesiastics and laymen who dedicate their activity and their zeal to this sublime manifestation of faith and piety and to all those foremost among them, Our beloved Sons, Cardinals Basile Pompili, Bishop of Velletri, and Giovanni Veletri, Bishop of Frascati—who will take part in the Congress, with the intention of diffusing ever more, amidst all classes of citizens, the Eucharistic spirit and the love of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament."

Given in Rome, near St. Peter's, August 20, 1922. First year of Our Pontificate.

P. P. P. XI.

THE TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION

Last Sunday saw the triumph at Genzano, of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. Thousands and thousands of faithful, whole bands of men and youths, received Holy Communion. Monsignor Pizzardo, substitute of the Secretary of State,

celebrated the Mass, during which there was General Communion. Later Cardinal Granito di Belmonte pontificated.

In the afternoon, from the neighboring districts poured into Genzano countless enthusiastic worshippers anxious to witness the imposing procession. The over-crowded trams brought their contingents from Rome; motor cars and various other vehicles, full of people staying at the several lovely towns and hamlets called "Castelli Romani," arrived continually. Then, alighting, all proceeded in close succession. Popular Catholic hymns were sung and taken up by each arriving group. At 8 o'clock, the appointed hour for the procession to start, circulation through the streets became almost impossible.

Members of the Committee, local policemen and soldiers had difficulty in clearing the way for the procession, in which only men took part. There were also members of ecclesiastical Colleges who spend their holidays in the "Castelli Romani," and amongst these the members of the American College, who came from their splendid Villa "Sta Caterina" at Castelgandolfo, not far from Genzano. Their liturgical chants executed perfectly, as usual, alternated with the harmonies of the popular hymns.

The long procession wended slowly through the picturesque avenues shaded by trees centuries old. Under the green forest swayed a variegated forest of banners. And along the paths strewn with myrtle and flowers, Our Lord passed. Draperies of every description and value, from the poorest to the richest, adorned the windows, balconies and doorways. Where voices might not have been heard quantities of leaflets containing sentiments in honor of the Divine Sacrament were thrown.

The procession lasted until the evening and the culminating magnificence of the spectacle was reached at the final Benediction signalled by the trumpets, while the troops presented arms, and the reverent people knelt, adoring in awed silence. Whilst the last rays of the setting sun were still lingering on the distant sea, hundreds of Venetian and other lights illuminated the principal streets of the town and the acclamations to Jesus in the Eucharist continued unceasingly. By degrees all the windows were lit, all the streets glowed with numberless lights and special fire-works closed the memorable day.

THE REVIVAL OF FAITH

Such was the spectacle seen last Sunday in the pleasant streets of Genzano and the roads called "passeggiata dei Castelli Romani." This splendid manifestation of faith and Eucharistic piety is all the more remarkable because until recently the city of Genzano was considered one of the centers of anti-Catholicism, and it was really so. The local authorities took advantage of every pretext to molest the clergy and act against Religion. The Capuchins were expelled from their convent from which they had showered benefits upon the generations of dwellers in the little city.

Such was the moral and religious condition of Genzano a few years ago. Now it has totally changed and all last week Genzano lived in the excitement of the forthcoming Eucharistic Congress. Sunday the streets decked out with draperies and banners, the pious leaflets, the hymns, the cheers, the flowers showered along the paths where the Divine Eucharist passed, proved the real and deep revival due to the Divine Grace bestowed by Our Saviour and to the work of His Ministers.

In fact the beneficial revival began when the Salesian Fathers, zealous men and expert about the needs of the people, established a house and a convent at Genzano and started there an efficacious Christian apostolate, rekindling in many hearts the ancient Faith, never quite lost, but only for a time slumbering.

WEEK-END CONFERENCE ON SOCIAL SCIENCE SUCCESS IN ENGLAND

London, Eng.—The Catholic Social Guild has tried out a new experiment in one of the North of England towns, which turned out to be a great success. This was the holding of a week-end school of social science, under the auspices of the Guild.

The Tyne-side Council of Social Study Clubs, which is an affiliation of the central Catholic Social Guild, was responsible for the arrangements, and nearly 100 Catholic men and women attended the lectures.

The course consisted of four lectures, and lasted over Saturday and Sunday. Mr. Henry Somerville of Oxford, and until recently Secretary of the Catholic Social Guild lectured on the topic of "Some Practical Applications of Christian Principles." The experiment was a great success, and will pave the way for

the holding of similar week-end conferences in other Catholic centers. This will be a repetition on a small scale, but much more frequently, of the annual Summer School.

PRESTON PAGEANT PRESENTS FAMOUS CATHOLIC MARTYRS

London, Sept. 21.—Lancashire Catholics who organized the pageant during Preston city's week of celebrating its eight-century old Merchants' Guild, had a keen sense of historical value, for their special pageant represented the long story of the English Martyrs, to whom the Catholic church in Preston is dedicated.

The city was filled with Prestonsians, who come from every part of the world to their home town, to assist in these celebrations which are held only once in twenty years. And in was a telling story of Catholic history that the city saw when the Catholics set out on their historical parade.

The Archbishop of Liverpool celebrated Mass in the Church of the English Martyrs, and then, accompanied by several Bishops and hundreds of priests, His Grace took his place in the great procession. The Archbishop rode in the sheriff's carriage, and the other prelates who appeared in the procession were Bishop Banister of China, the Catholic Bishop of the British Army, Mgr. Keating, Bishops Vaughan, Hanlon, and Butt, and the new Coadjutor to the Archbishop of Liverpool.

Among the thousands of Catholic guild members were the characters in the historical pageant depicting the English Martyrs. The first of these represented was the Roman soldier, St. Alban, who suffered martyrdom in the year 303. Following this Anglo-Roman martyr, were those great Saints of the Church, St. Thomas of Canterbury the martyred King St. Edmund. And then came the victims of Henry VIII., Blessed John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester and Cardinal, and Blessed Thomas More, who succeeded Cardinal Wolsey as Lord Chancellor of England.

BISHOP OF ST. BRIEUC MADE KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOR

Paris, September 21.—The "Journal Official" announces that Mgr. Morelle, Bishop of Saint Brieuc, is soon to be appointed Knight of the Legion of Honor. The decree concerning his appointment reads as follows:

"Mgr. Jules-Laurent-Benjamin Morelle, Bishop of Saint Brieuc and Treguier, (Department of Cotes-du-Nord), successively professor in Saint Stanislas College at Abbeville; vicar at Amiens; pastor in the Somme; vicar in Paris; vicar-general at Saint Brieuc and Bishop of Saint Brieuc since 1906, and at the present time it is more thickly scattered with Catholic churches and parishes than any other area in England outside the London district."

It will be recalled that during the War the Saint Brieuc diocese, through the instrumentality of its bishop, contributed more gold for the national defense than any other diocese in France, and that its charity and devotion to the Belgian refugees won for Bishop Morelle the Cross of Commander of the Order of Leopold, which was awarded him by King Albert.

PASSION PLAY GIVEN FOR OBERAMMERGAUERS

Oberammergau, Sept. 26.—A special presentation of the Passion Play was given today for the benefit of the villagers of Oberammergau, many of whom have been unable to attend a single performance during the regular season. During the rehearsals nearly everyone in the village aside from the members of the cast was busy getting ready for the tourists who were expected to attend. The crowds that flocked to see the Passion Play were so great that during the regular season which closed Sunday, the villagers were kept busy providing accommodations with the result that very few of the natives were able to see the play.

Many of the older men and women are particularly anxious to witness a presentation since they regard it as improbable that they will be able to see the next performance in 1932. It is also regarded as very probable that this year marks the last appearance of Anton Lang in the role of Christus.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Providence, R. I., Sept. 29.—A portrait painting of Pope Pius XI. has been given to Providence College by the Right Rev. William A. Hickey, Bishop of Providence. The painting is by Orazio Gaiger and was purchased by Bishop Hickey during his recent visit to Rome.

One of the leading French historical reviews has opened a debate to discover who should be considered the ten most famous French women of the nineteenth century. Many of the lists presented up to the present time contain the name of the Venetian Bernadette Soubirous, to whom the Blessed Virgin appeared at Lourdes.

Paris, Sept. 23.—The Minister of War has awarded posthumously to Canon Joseph Watiez, pastor of Maubeuge, the Croix de Guerre with palm in memory of his heroic conduct during the siege, bombardment and four-year occupation of the city. The citation contains the following magnificent tribute: "Died from results of the privations he imposed on himself in order to assist the victims of army occupation."

New York, Oct. 2.—The appointment of Rev. Father Jacob Lau as Canon in the Diocese of Macao was received by the Chinese and non-Chinese of Macao with considerable pleasure and satisfaction. Father Lau is the first priest of Chinese blood to be appointed a canon in Macao. He was born March 11, 1871; was educated in the Seminary of St. Joseph in Macao and ordained priest on November 1, 1894.

New York, Oct. 2.—Maryknoll—The American Foreign Mission Society—reports an enrollment in its Major Seminary course of Philosophy and Theology of 110 students from as many as thirty dioceses scattered throughout the country. Its preparatory college has nearly ninety more, making a total of 200 young men studying for the foreign missions under the direction of this still young society.

Dublin, Ireland.—High distinctions have been obtained by the students of the Convent of St. Louis, Monaghan, at the Intermediate examinations of the past scholastic year. The percentage of passes secured exceeded 90 per cent. This record compares favorably with that of any other teaching institution in Ireland. The Dail Eireann cup for spoken Irish in Ulster which was won by the Convent in 1921 was retained this year.

Paris, Sept. 21.—A Eucharistic triduum is to be held in the parish of Moulin, at Vent-Venissieux, near Lyons from Sept. 29 to Oct. 1. In addition to the religious exercises and study meetings, prizes have been offered for the best description of a young girl's or young men's association in which the members frequently go to Holy Communion. The subject will be: "The Incompatibility of the Present Worldliness of Women and Young Girls with the Practice of Frequent Communion."

Rome, Italy.—A terra cotta figure of the Virgin holding the Child in her arms has been stolen from the Castle of Balcaro. The figure was very valuable since it is ascribed to Luca della Robbia. It was colored in azure and gold. This theft is the latest of a series of daring robberies which have resulted in disappearance of many rare works of art. Many of the stolen paintings and sculptures have been recovered by the police including the famous Madonna of Duccio Buoninsenga which was stolen several years ago and was recovered recently in France.

New York, Sept. 29.—Damage estimated at \$10,000 was caused by fire in St. George's Catholic Church for Syrians of the Malchite Rite. An oil painting of St. George fighting the dragon, said to be over 300 years old and which was brought from Rome, was destroyed. It is believed that the fire was caused by the falling of a candle on the altar. When the fire was discovered, the pastor, Father Abraham Behewate, groped his way to the altar through the smoke and flames and carried out the chalice and several other sacred vessels.

Cologne, Sept. 15.—The cause of the beatification of Anna Catherine Emmerich, the Westphalian nun and stigmatic whose revelations were given to the world by the poet Brentano, is arousing great interest in Germany, especially in view of the fact that it is being supported in France, Italy and the United States, where this holy woman has many devotees. The works of the obscure nun have been published in many editions in the United States. An "Emmerich Bund" has been formed for Germany and met last month in this city. Dr. Dieringhoff, who presided, said that the country faced the prospect of having two new saints, Anna Catherine Emmerich, and Kaspar Kratz, the Jesuit martyr who lost his life in China.

HER IRISH HERITAGE

BY ANNIE M. P. SMITHSON

AUTHOR OF "BY STRANGE PATHS"

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED

Then complete silence fell upon them, and they walked twice round the square without exchanging a word.

"Will you miss me during the coming weeks?" she asked, the words almost a whisper.

"You know I will," he answered, and then added abruptly, "Mary, is your mind really made up on this matter?"

"Yes, Theo. You know I am."

"Well! Look here—you are running a risk, you know?"

"Running a risk?" And Mary repeated the words in a sort of stupid wonder.

"What on earth do you mean?" Dr. Delaney laughed uneasily.

"Oh, well, you see," he said, "I mightn't want to be friends again after Lent! Six weeks is a long time you know!"

Mary stared at him for a moment, and then she laughed. It was Theo's teasing way of course—he was such a great tease.

He laughed also, but added, half jokingly, half seriously, "But suppose that this absence was to cause a change of feeling with me—would you still adhere to this resolution of yours?"

For just a moment Mary hesitated. Then she lifted her head a little proudly, "I would!" she answered, "for a friendship that could not remain unchanged through a six-week's separation would not be worth the keeping."

Dr. Delaney laughed again, but not very naturally.

"Well, remember that I've warned you—that's all!" he said.

And Mary, taking it all as a huge joke, laughed back, and said that she would certainly remember.

A few minutes more and they had separated. Just a lingering hand-clasp, a long look into each other's eyes, and then Mary was stumbling up the stone steps and feeling for her latch-keg with trembling fingers.

She thrust it into the key-hole and entered the Home, without trusting herself to give one backward glance towards the tall figure in the street below.

Oh, but the hundred stairs up to her bedroom seemed very long and weary that night, and when she reached her room at last she was thankful to find that Nurse Jackson was in bed and sound asleep.

Mary undressed with shaking fingers, and kneeling down before her little picture of the Sacred Heart she tried to pray. But she was overwrought, and had to give up the attempt—still she knelt on for some time looking up at the Divine Face through a mist of tears.

"Oh, Sacred Heart!" she breathed again and again. "Help me to bear it! Help me to bear it! Not to see him!—not to speak to him!—not to know nothing of him except by hearsay—for six weeks, six weeks!"

Oh, how will I do it! How can I bear it! And then, again, more tenderly, more lovingly, "Dear Lord, it is for Thee!—it is for Thee!"

And so at last, sadly and wearily she crept to bed. Of course the next morning her first waking thought was—"I won't see him today!" and her next, "nor tomorrow, nor the next day, and oh, not for weeks and weeks."

Then she made the Sign of the Cross and an Act of Contrition, and during Mass she prayed, really earnestly that she might not think too much of him during that day, and all the following days of Lent, but bear patiently her self-chosen cross.

It was a gloomy, dismal day, and the faces of the nurses gathered round the breakfast table that morning seemed to be in unison with the weather.

Dry toast and black tea, no matter how spiritual we may be, are not conducive to gaiety or good spirits. Mary Carmichael detested "black" fast days; indeed she had found it rather hard to fast or abstain at any time, not having been brought up to it. Not that she was a large eater or cared much for elaborate meals, but as she used to say laughingly, "I like a little and often!"

Of course she couldn't bear the food at St. Columba's, and had her own special tea shop in her district where she could get a dainty little tea if time permitted her to break her morning fast. But alas, she remembered that there could be no such indulgence in these luxuries today—she could take nothing until she came back to the dry fish dinner at two o'clock.

It was when she was returning from her evening visits about six o'clock that she saw him—and strange to say she never saw him again during Lent. And yet it was hardly so strange either, for both of them knew each other's haunts and would be pretty certain to keep away from those places where they would be likely to encounter one another—for so much "was in the bond."

But on Ash Wednesday night Mary saw him quite unexpectedly. She was seated in a tram going

idly out on the wet pavements, shining under the street lamps. The street was, of course, very crowded at that hour, principally with people homeward bound to the various suburbs and trying to board trams and get cover from the heavy rain.

Mary's tram was coming down Dame Street, and at the corner of South George's Street, Dr. Delaney was standing. Her heart gave a sudden sickening throb as she saw him, and the tram stopping for a moment to take up a passenger, she was able to observe him fairly closely, and she noticed how sad and utterly weary he looked, staring straight in front of him, but as one whose thoughts were far away.

If Mary Carmichael lived to be a hundred years old, she would never forget the pain at her heart, and the unutterable, overwhelming desire she experienced to leave the car and cross over to him, to slip her hand through his arm in the dear old way, and to say to him—"Theo, here I can't go on with this thing—I can't do without you, even for six weeks. Let us give it up!"

She almost rose from her seat and had to exert all her will power not to get out. The next moment the car was moving on, and the temptation had passed, but it had left her so physically sick and weak that she feared she would faint.

She saw a gentleman on the opposite seat looking keenly at her—she knew him by sight as a medical man—and with a tremendous effort she pulled herself together and managed to shake off the deadly faintness that had been stealing over her.

She was wretched in mind and body when she reached St. Columba's.

"Oh, God forgive me," she thought drearily, "but I don't feel spiritually minded at all—just the very opposite. I'm cold and hungry and miserably unhappy—and I'd like all kinds of things which I can't get, and oh! I want him! I want him!"

The Lent that followed was long and dreary to Mary, but no day in it was so black or so long to her as this Ash Wednesday. After a comparatively short time she became more reconciled—or rather more accustomed—to that terrible blank in her life which only one person could fill, and soon came the cheerful thought that every day that passed was slowly but surely making her time of penance shorter.

Each night as she went to bed she would stroke off the date on her calendar and count the remaining days, till Easter, and after a couple of weeks as they began to get less and less, so in proportion did Mary's spirits rise higher and higher. For the self-sacrifice had been very great, and after all the woman was only human. Still she did try to keep Lent well. Every morning saw her receiving Holy Communion, and sometimes during the day, no matter how busy she might be, she would manage to find time for the Stations of the Cross. She prayed earnestly before the Blessed Sacrament, she meditated, she denied herself in many little ways—such as giving up all sweets and cakes, and similar small luxuries.

And so the fifteenth of March arrived and Mary Carmichael remembered with a little thrill of joy that on that day she would receive the prayer-book which Dr. Delaney had promised to send her.

She found it on the hall table where she returned from Mass on that morning. It was wrapped in soft tissue paper and carefully packed in a square card-board box—and her heart leapt within her as she recognized the dear familiar hand-writing.

All through breakfast it lay beside her place and her eyes were drawn to it again and again, much to the secret amusement of Daisy Ray. Immediately after breakfast Mary fled with her treasure upstairs. Reverently she untied the string and took off the paper covering, reverently and lovingly, for had not his dear hands touched it—handled it? When at last the wrappings were all off and the book lay disclosed to her view she could hardly see it for the rush of tears that came unbidden to her eyes, but she laid it gently against her soft cheek, as she murmured again and again, "Dear little book, dear little book, I wonder does your sender know how much I really love him?"

That was Mary's "half-day" and she started off about five o'clock in the afternoon to pay a visit to the convent in the suburbs, where lived the Sister of Charity who had instructed her in the doctrine of the Church and had prepared her for her Reception into the true fold. This nun had always remained one of Mary's best and truest friends—in the real sense of the word—and Mary tried to see her pretty frequently. However, it was now some months since she had seen her last, but on this day she would not have missed a talk with Sister Joseph for a good deal.

It was a lovely day, with a real feeling of spring in the atmosphere to which Mary was quick to respond. The birds were singing in the trees of the long avenue which led up to the convent, and her heart was singing with them.

The Sister was seated in her special little sanctum, where she saw "her girls" in the evenings.

"Ah, Mary," she said, as her visitor entered, "I was expecting you this evening—and just thinking of you."

"Did you remember what day it was, Sister?" Mary asked happily.

"Of course, I did, my child. Do I ever forget it? But how well and happy you look. God bless you, dearie, and send you many happy anniversaries of this day," and the Sister took the smiling face between her hands and kissed her, nun fashion, on both cheeks.

"And now sit down, and tell me all your news," she said, and the next moment Mary was chatting away with real pleasure, for she had a very deep affection for Sister Joseph.

"By the way, what about your Novena for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception?" asked the nun. "I meant to have asked you about it several times, but I always forgot. You promised to tell me if you obtained what you were praying for—although you would not let me know what those intentions were."

Mary's face crimsoned in spite of all her efforts to keep cool, as she said, "Oh, Sister, I got my intention. Such a wonderful answer came to my prayers. Some day you will know all, but it is a secret just yet—a secret between myself and one other."

The Sister smiled, and glanced at Mary quizzically over her glasses.

"Suppose I know who the other person is?" she queried, and then as Mary sat in dumb surprise, she added quietly, "Dr. Delaney was with me this morning."

Mary caught her breath sharply, and it was a minute or two before she could speak, then she asked shyly, "Did he tell you, Sister?"

Sister Joseph nodded her head briskly.

"Not that I needed much telling, dear," she said, "do you suppose I have been blind for the last two years?—knowing you both as well as I do I could hardly fail to see how things were going. My own wonder is that everything wasn't settled long ago."

"Oh, Sister," breathed Mary, "did you really guess? Why didn't you know myself until he spoke to me—in fact I didn't dare think of such a thing."

"My dear child—why not?" she queried, and then she said, "Oh, just because I—I thought it would be too good to be true, the happiness would be too great. I could not believe that such a thing would ever come to pass in this sorry old world." But the nun only smiled as she said, "Well, you see, dear child, that it has come to pass. And I am so glad, Mary. I cannot tell you, dear, how thankful I am that God has been so good to you. But you deserve it all—yes, every bit," as Mary lifted a protesting hand, "every bit, dearie—for you are a good woman and, please God, you will make a good and loving wife."

Mary's eyes were misty, as she stretched out her hand and laid it for a moment on Sister Joseph's.

"He always said you would be the very first to know it," she whispered.

Then the ice being broken, she opened her heart to this old friend of hers, and told her some of her hopes and fears for the future, of her gratitude to God, and of her Lenten penance.

"But Lent is passing quickly now, Sister!" she added, in tones of such heartfelt relief that the nun had hard work to keep from laughing—for Sister Joseph understood poor human nature and was never severe on its limitations. Mary rose to go shortly afterwards, and the Sister went with her to the door. She paused for a moment on the threshold and put her hands on Mary's shoulder.

"Mary," she said, "don't make an idol of Theodore Delaney. From a mere worldly point of view it is unwise for a woman to make too much of any man—no matter how near perfections she may consider him. And then, well, dear, even he—precious as he is to you—must not come before your Divine Lord."

And then before Mary could reply she kissed her softly and closed the door.

Mary walked down the convent avenue as though she trod on air—a little bird was singing in her heart and his song was louder than that of any of the feathered songsters, thrilling out their evening hymns all around her.

So he had spoken to Sister and told her the great news, yes, he had always said that Sister Joseph should be the first to know. As for the nun's warning to her not to make an idol of this man she loved Mary only smiled to herself. He was her idol, and she knew it. But she could not help worshipping him as she did, and besides—there were no clay feet, and her idol.

On the top of the tram she encountered Tom Blake.

His face lit up at the sight of her.

"Why Mary, where have you sprang from?" he inquired, as they shook hands.

"Oh, Tom," she cried happily, "is it you? I was only up at the convent seeing Sister Joseph. Isn't it a glorious evening? Spring has come already."

"Yes, it's a ripping evening," Tom assented quietly, "and how are you, Mary? I haven't seen you this good while."

"No—you were out the last time I was in Rathmines," said Mary, "and then I haven't been going out much—Lent you know. But I'm quite well, and as fit as a fiddle, thank you," smiling at him with dancing eyes.

"You look it," said Tom, "although I think you've got a trifle

thinner than you were. Don't over-do it, Mary, and kill yourself altogether."

Mary laughed gaily. "No fear," she said, "life is too wonderful for one to want to leave it yet awhile."

Tom smiled, rather sadly.

"How transparent she is," he thought, "one could imagine she was a girl in her teens, she seems so young and joyous these days."

"I suppose you are not indulging in much gaiety either, Tom?" she asked presently. "Will you be at the Nurses' Dance on St. Patrick's night?"

"No," he said, "I don't dance in Lent—but I hear it's to be a very big affair?"

"Yes, we have sold nearly four hundred tickets. Of course most of the nurses in the Home are going—all of them in fact, except Daisy Ray and yours truly. We are going to be the sensible ones and stay at home. Well, Tom—I must get down here. Good-bye and give my love to all at home, and with a gay wave of the hand, Mary ran down the steps and got off the tram. She turned to wave to him again from the road, and then she disappeared round a corner, and for Tom the spring atmosphere went with her, and only a cold, grey March evening was left behind.

TO BE CONTINUED

RECONSTRUCTION

Eleanor Rogers Cox in Rosary Magazine

At the time when she first saw him, she was so satisfied with herself and all the world besides that she was inclined to resent his presence as an intrusion on the placid realm of her content.

Not that she phrased it that way, even to herself, for she had still enough of the war-felling of a few years back left in her breast to recognize that a man bearing the visible sign of knightly service in that overseas crusade of her country's bravest and best was well entitled to the regard of his neighbors. But there was no denying it that somehow his presence there, with his crutches, on the stoop of the third house from her own, she called it that ever though her share in it was only a second-story hall bedroom—did cast a pensive shade over the bit of sidewalk she had to negotiate each late afternoon on her way from the cars.

Though with the "nice girl" reticence that she was inclined to refuse herself on she had never glanced directly at him, yet from observations taken from her own window she had first seen him there, she knew that even in that short time he had grown a little thinner, a little paler, a little older. That he had a family connection of some sort in the house that formed his background was entirely probable. But that they troubled themselves in any way concerning him was not visible to the neighborhood eye. Such was the entire sum of Mollie Carrington's observations of him. She did not know his name, and though not herself of New York origin, was sufficiently to the manner born not to put herself to the trouble of inquiring. Anyhow, such an inquiry would have been rather out of her role as "nice girl."

She was very well-off in those days. That is, in her capacity as "assistant to a busy executive"—which any one knows is a much more inspiring title than that of competent stenographer—she had earned an income which met all her wants quite happily, and left a tiny margin for the wet day whose very probable coming no one in New York business life can ever wholly ignore. Pretty, well-dressed, just as plump as fair young one-and-twenty should be, she couldn't help a touch of impatience when forced to face the fact that all the world about her didn't share in the same contented mood. And any one could see that her impatience melted away, whether based on newspaper ads or agency assignments. Once, returning from such a "No Thoroughfare" quest, she actually believed she saw a look of concerned sympathy in the eyes of the man with the crutches. She tilted her chin a bit at the time; but some how the next day, when she sat during the long eventless hours at the type-writing agency, awaiting a non-materializing "job," the thought of the wistful, friendly brown eyes would obtrude itself unpleasantly. But all the same she resolved it would never happen again. Never!

It was that thought that was occupying her mind so wholly to the exclusion of all other things, as she turned from the Avenue into her own street that afternoon, that she

almost tumbled over a harrassed bridled dog whose one thought just then was escape from his comet-tail of hallowing boys-pursuers. Instantly she stopped. She was hardly so angry on the dog's account as she was sorry for him. She had no gift of wrathful words. What she did say, waving a neatly-gloved barring hand against further pursuit, was: "Why, boys, you wouldn't hurt that poor creature! Don't you see that he's just hungry and homeless? Suppose it was one of yourselves now—how would you like to be hunted?"

The little appeal to their natural sense of justice struck home.

"Honest, lady, we was only just havin' a little fun with the poor mutt." Their candid boyish eyes backed up that perfectly untruthful assurance; but Mollie accepted both at their surface worth, and seeing that the bridled dog had disappeared, smilingly walked on.

"I say! Some little speech that!"

Mollie turned abruptly, a little red running up her cheek, as her glance met that of the Man with the Crutches. Jim Darlington's face flushed a bit, too. In fact, the unexpectedness of his own words now stirred him a trifle shockingly. In the matter of nice girls he too had his own code of etiquette.

But Mollie rose gaily to the situation.

"Oh, it wasn't anything," she answered lightly. "I said the first thing that came into my head. I'm only astonished they paid so much heed to it as they did."

"I'm not. It's always the kind word goes. Mine wasn't—I called them a set of little cruts. I shook that old crutch at them, too,"—he grinningly pointed to where it had fallen on the second step; "and the only notice I got from them was: 'G'wan! It ain't none o' your funeral!'"

"I'm glad you did, just the same," said Mollie, picking up the crutch and handing it to him. "I've known you a long time, even if we haven't spoken—"

"Same here," interpolated Jim. "And it's nice to know that we think along the same lines, even if we don't express it the same way."

There, now, she had bungled her whole code of young ladyism! Thinking along the same lines—well, what did he think of her now? And as yet she didn't even know his name! But—there was just this much sure. His face was not pallid now, nor the light in his eyes wistful.

"Do you know," he said, "that's the very nicest and kindest little speech I have heard for months—for ages now it seems to me. We used to hear lots of them. But, there—she sternly repressed the implied complaint, "I have no kick coming."

"No," said Mollie, with sentimentous New York philosophy, "a grouch never gets anybody far. Not but it seems to me you have a pretty good right to one. For myself, now, though we have been almost next-door neighbors for ever so long, I don't even know your name."

But I know yours—Miss Mollie Carrington. Mine's Jim Darlington.

So, for another minute or two they chatted, and separated with a promise on Jim's part to tell her later how he had come by the detested crutches.

But, as Mollie learned when their next opportunity of speech came, Jim Darlington's loss had gone much deeper than physical wounds and the fell necessity of going about among his fellows a palpably maimed man. His had been the loss hardest of all to bear for the returned soldier—his mother. She had died while he was still in France. Hence the fortune which had made him glad enough to accept upon his return his married cousin's offer of a home. He was now, as he said with cheery grimness, being "reconstructed." The Federal Reconstruction Board was giving him a chance to acquire a knowledge of linotyping that would later—if that old shoulder would only stop wrenching—enable him to draw a nice little pay envelope once more.

Mollie had cares and frets of her own these days. Her slender savings-bank account was beginning to show a vexatious shrinking. Still, she believed she had quite sufficient control over her expression never to have betrayed to any mortal eye a hint of her inward anxiety. Sometimes, on Sunday, and the girl lamed by economic conditions would take their way to the cheery open spaces of the little neighborhood park. It was a troubled twisted way for Jim, but once arrived there and comfortably seated, the disclaimed crutches cast aside, he would sometimes at Mollie's earnest request recount to her the hazards and lighter phases of his one Great Adventure.

Something, too, he told her of his friends—the good old "buddies" now scattered far and wide. One of them a brother corporal in the same regiment, came in for a special lot of mention, always of a whimsical admiring kind. That he had been a "bird," a "corker," and "one grand old bud" there seemed no reason to doubt; and Mollie, listening, shared quite sympathetically in Jim's grouch against the fate which, upon their regiment's demobilization, had sent Beverly Waters ("Some class to that name,

eh, Mollie?") to his home town in Virginia, while he himself perforce remained in New York to share the thin hospitality of his cousin's hearth and table.

"To tell the truth," Jim confided on one of these occasions, "well as I knew him, I could never quite make him out—never be quite sure that he wasn't just kiddin' me. He was college-bred and all that—you could see that at an eyelid. But there was one story of his that was sure an Arabian Night. It was about an old grand-aunt of his, somewhere down there in Virginia, who owned a great big place—sort of place you'd read about in an English novel—and as the other kin and heirs had all died off, it only remained for him—Beverly—the minute the old lady had said her last good-bye to Virginia, to step in and be high lord of the manor. Jelly-fish sort of story wasn't it? Just the same he'd swear to it on forty Bibles!"

Mollie's sweetly sympathetic smile did not quite efface the look of sharp anxiety that was gradually becoming the perceptibly dominant one in her blue-gray eyes. Jim, whose own eyesight was remarkably good, was poignantly aware of that expression, but with a natural delicacy shrank from putting his apprehension into words. Presently, however, after a little disjointed chatter, he brought forth a somewhat dingy looking note-book, and soon was deeply and as Mollie thought, rather impolitely engaged in certain pencilled calculations that required some intricate figuring.

"Good gracious, Jim Darlington," she cried at last, "what are you doing? A lovely way, I'm sure, to spend the Sunday afternoon, watching you writing down and crossing off a lot of tiresome old figures. But, there—I won't disturb you. I'll go back to my room—and look at the Sunday supplements!"

"No you won't! You'll sit right here and help me figure this thing out. What I'm trying to get at is this: Suppose a fellow at the present time is receiving from his old Uncle Sam a salary of twenty a week, and that things being as they are—"

"What things?"

"Landlords—and—"

"Jim Darlington, what have you to do with landlords?"

"A whole lot—maybe. I was just wondering—just sort o' figuring a bit—though I know it would be a terrible hard pull on you—if, somehow, we both of us couldn't manage on that old twenty per—"

"Oh!" Mollie, her face all one glowing carnation pink, arose. Dismay darkened her eyes. So she had shown this wounded boy so plainly her need that she had driven him to this unthinkable idea of sharing with her, as his wife, his little Government gratuity! Ah, and had things been otherwise, how appealing that picture of a little mutual dovenote might have been! But now—oh, whatever happened, she must not again impose another atom of care on the boyish shoulders already so burdened with their own load!

Their brief, troubled good-bye that afternoon was their last for some time to come.

For Fortune smiled in the next day's way upon Mollie the left-hand chance at the typewriting agency. It chanced that the superintendent of an up-State public institution "required the services of an expert stenographer" and the response had been limited, owing to the distance of the institution from the city and the lack of social and amusement opportunities implied by its location. Mollie, only anxious to get away from the once delightful but now hateful town, gladly responded to the chance, and without word or note of parting to Jim, started off to the fulfillment of her new duties.

The institutional office was trim and trig; her room bigger and better than the one she had left behind in New York; the meals an infinite improvement on those she had been lately permitting herself. So she was probably just as unreasonable as she believed herself to be in growing restive, as she did, during the advancing weeks. The sameness of the eventless days palled upon her; the very noiselessness of the nights oppressed her. She could not get interested in the new friends she might have acquired.

Suddenly she made up her mind. She would go back to the little Indiana town—to her aunt's home—whence she had come three years ago—even if her doing so implied defeat.

So the last day of that month found her checking her suitcase in the Grand Central Station, preparatory to starting on the longer trip, and a half-hour afterwards saw her turning with desperate resoluteness into the long-familiar street. At first she had told herself it was merely to take one good last look at the well-remembered neighborhood, but by this time she knew perfectly well that it was the hope of being able to say some explanatory, even if futile, word to Jim Darlington about the silence she had so stubbornly adhered to since that fatal Sunday.

All life's chances had gone so forlornly against her of late that she had little hope of this last one's accomplishment, so it was with a sense of joy that was the measure of her previous depression that her first glance down the row of high-stopped houses showed Jim's figure

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BEAUTY

in its old-time place. His face was turned away from her, so the burden of the first salutation fell upon her. That was awkward, but there was only sheer, unadulterated gladness in his answering speech.

"Welcome to our city," he cried. "My! but this has been like a bit of the great sandy desert since you left—since you stole away," he corrected himself grinningly.

"I'm sorry for that, Jim"—Mollie hoped she was winking away that sudden moisture in her eyes so quickly that he wouldn't notice it—"because—because—I'm not coming back."

"Not coming back!" Now that should have been a speech of dismay, but it wasn't. In fact what seemed its too-quiet acceptance of her tragic determination rather hurt and shook Mollie.

"As for that," vouchsafed Jim, "pretty soon I won't be coming back here any more myself. But where, little Mollie Macree, may I ask, are you going to?"

"Back home," said Mollie tersely; "back to Harmonstown, Indiana."

"You are? Well, now, I bet you have another guess coming—" The hand that had been fumbling at his right-hand pocket extracted a well-creased envelope.

"You remember Waters—old Bev Waters that I so often told you of—well he sure has landed in that downy nest at last! Just see for yourself—"

"Dear old Bud,"—Molly read skipping over the first few reminiscent lines—"it's all come out just as I used to tell you. Here I am, lord of the Manor, grand high cockalorum of Jackson County, and so many other things that I hate to name them. And what do you think this grand old Virginia demesne of Aunt Caroline boasts among its other glories—a gate-keeper's lodge? Nicest affair you'd ever want to see. All little diamond-paned windows, and clambering vines and little make-believe turrets. I wanted to live in it myself, only those lawyer fellows shooed away the idea. Then, says I to myself, 'Here's where old Jim comes in.' Jim, old lad, this is your place. This, I see, is what you were cut out to be—a stout and jovial lodge-keeper. But it's a rule of the game that all bona fide lodge-keepers must be married men. So now, Jim, it's up to you if you don't know a nice girl to find one."

At that point Mollie stopped, for Jim's fingers lay across the remaining words, and Jim's breath was warm upon her ear.

"What say you now, Mollie—is it Harmonstown, Indiana, or—"

"Better call it Virginia, Jim," whispered Mollie.

At that point Mollie stopped, for Jim's fingers lay across the remaining words, and Jim's breath was warm upon her ear.

"What say you now, Mollie—is it Harmonstown, Indiana, or—"

"Better call it Virginia, Jim," whispered Mollie.

brought them into being. That they will soon become again like Buckfast Abbey the homes of the true religion, the Tabernacles of the Blessed Sacrament, the sanctuaries that house the statues and pictures of Our Blessed Mother and the Saints, and the teachers of the full doctrine of the Catholic Church is the encouragement that Catholics throughout the world are taking from the restoration and rejuvenation of England's ancient abbeys and shrines.—The Pilot.

REUNION

The London Tablet of Aug. 5th gives some interesting details of recent attempts at reunion by non-Catholic churches in England. That there exists in that Protestant land a strong desire for reunion among the sects ought to encourage the hope for better things; but when we investigate the results of the efforts made thus far to accomplish reunion, we encounter the unpleasant fact that Protestantism in England is still far from the Catholic Church. The Reformation still rules in England, and private judgment is still cherished as its most precious heritage. Until Protestants begin fully to realize that God made a revelation to man, that He established an infallible Church to safeguard and teach that revelation, and that religious doctrine must be accepted, not according to individual pleasure or caprice but on the authority of God revealing through His Church, we can look for no hopeful signs of the conversion of England. But Protestantism is now as far away from the mental attitude as ever before. To the Catholic mind, the recent attempts at reunion in England appear ludicrous. Before the sects can hope to unite among themselves they should, individually try to unite their own adherents. As far as doctrine is concerned there is evident chaos in Protestantism, and chaos in each one of its sects.

The Tablet says: Both union and reunion were discussed at the Wesleyan Methodist Conference at Sheffield; union between Wesleyan Methodists, Primitive Methodists, and United Methodists; and reunion of Methodists with the Church of England in response to the appeal from the Lambeth Conference. The Primitives had already resolved in favor of Methodist union; then the Uniteds ranged themselves alongside, and now the Wesleyans have declared in its favor by 461 votes against 60. But that does not mean that the question is settled. All that the Sheffield resolution says, is that there are no hindrances to Methodist union from doctrine, finance or constitution that cannot be overcome with good will on the part of the three bodies concerned. Furthermore, it would appear that the minority of 60 scarcely represents the strong feeling of opposition among the rank and file to the proposed union, and the resolution has still to be discussed at the Quarterly and Trustees meetings, which are the local courts of the Wesleyan body. Strongly worded protests had been presented before the Conference, one from 800 members, and another from nearly 1,000 laymen, deploring the precipitancy with which the question was being pushed, and affirming that there were great differences in doctrine, etc., between the three bodies. The Right Hon. Walter Runciman expressed his conviction in the debate that there was no obstacle at all, and that a blow at Methodist union would be a blow at Christian union. The Rev. W. R. Maltby very pertinently asked: "With what authority can we call the rest of the world to peace and ask Chinese and Indians to unite together in the fellowship of our Church if we cannot unite at home?" So eventually the resolution was passed, and we must wait and see what comes of it.

Next came the question of reunion with the Church of England in response to the Lambeth appeal. The reply of Conference was both guarded and discouraging to those who made the appeal. Of course, the fact of the appeal was welcome and a wish to co-operate was expressed with becoming heartiness. But when it came to details, there were important reservations. Conference wondered whether it was even desirable to have such organic unity as was implied in an episcopate as the sole and indispensable means of providing a ministry acceptable to all. Episcopal ordination, as a condition of re-union, if meant re-ordination for Wesleyans, could not be accepted. On these two points Conference requires "careful and prolonged investigation." Then as to the acceptance of the Creeds mentioned by Lambeth, Conference took up an embarrassing position. After a sharp discussion on the report, the following was agreed upon: "We acknowledge the Apostles' Creed as a very early baptismal confession of belief, and the Creed commonly called Nicene as a statement of Christian faith upon certain fundamental truths, and we heartily accept with reasonable liberty of interpretation the teaching contained in both these venerable symbols. This insistence on the liberty of private judgment on a Creed, though it may seem somewhat novel, is really a logical carrying out of the old Protestant principle of private judgment in the interpretation of the Bible, and during

the last year has been brought into prominence and used by the Modern Churchmen. The Dean of Carlisle, as far as we understand him, has no objection to the Creeds so long as he is allowed to interpret them as he thinks; other Modern Churchmen would go further and have new Creeds of their own composition. Between these two positions there seems little to choose, but they are both so far acquiesced in by the Church of England that her authorities refuse to take disciplinary action against those who hold them. But it does seem curious that whilst thus refusing to act against such people, the Church of England poses the acceptance of these Creeds as a condition of union with the Free Churches. However that may be, it is significant to note that the Record hails the Wesleyan Conference's decision on the Creeds as "quite satisfactory." As might have been expected, the Church Times views the matter differently, sadly remarking that the Conference is "unaware that its reply closes the door to profitable negotiation."

But this was not all. In this matter of reunion the Conference plainly told the Lambeth Bishops that it "felt it necessary to affirm the adherence of the Wesleyan Methodist Church to the principles of the Reformation;" and, again, that "the difficulties raised by a connection between Church and State, form an important consideration." So it comes to this, that if the Church of England wants the Wesleyans within its fold or itself joins them, the Church will have to sacrifice the episcopate as the machinery for providing a ministry, drop the demand for re-ordination, stick to the principles of the Reformation, and oust those who do not approve of them, and get itself disestablished. There could never be real unity on the principles put forth from Lambeth; even the Bishops emphasized the result of coming together as Christian fellow-ship—a sort of agreeing to differ; and to most English Churchmen the price of such fellowship, as laid down by the Wesleyan body, will seem unduly high, and there will be wonder whether the result would be worth while.

The inevitable result of the Reformation was disension and disunion. How can Protestants hope to unite among themselves until the "principles of the Reformation" be overthrown?—Catholic Union and Times.

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RADIO SERMON

TRUE CHARITY AND PHILANTHROPY

(By N. C. W. C. News Service)

Chicago, Sept. 16.—An audience of two hundred thousand people made up of all classes, races, and religions, heard a remarkable lecture on "Charity according to St. Paul" delivered by Right Rev. Mgr. Francis C. Kelley, President of the Catholic Church Extension Society, over the radio from Westinghouse Station K. Y. W. Sunday afternoon, Sept. 10. The speaker at the regular Sunday afternoon chapel service conducted from that radio station.

Mgr. Kelly is one of several Catholic speakers who, through arrangements made by the N. C. W. C. News Service Correspondent here, have talked to the invisible radio audience scattered over the entire central west. His address was accompanied by a number of excellent musical numbers.

The speaker drew a telling picture of true charity as compared with mere philanthropy. "If I should distribute all my goods to feed the poor and deliver my body to be burned and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing," says St. Paul. Then according to St. Paul it would be quite possible for us to do all these things and still not have charity," said Mgr. Kelly.

GIFTS LACKING CHARITY "Men, in fact, have given away fortunes without one spark of charity in their hearts. They have even had a love for humankind in doing so; but Christ's commandment was to love God as well as our neighbor. There have been and there are still scientific men who have died for the sake of science. Only a few months ago I read of a French scientist who passed away in the horrible agony of burning, through experiments in the X-Ray. He was certainly a martyr to science, perhaps to love for his fellowman. But again we must

remember that Christ said that we must love God as well as man. He surely meant that when we manifest our love for man it must be because of our greater love for God our Father.

"We may show our love for God through our love for man, but not if we deliberately exclude love for God as the motive of our acts." St. Paul has a warning for us: "Even my body and my life, if I have not charity it will profit me nothing in the eyes of God. I can carve my name on the wall of a university or over the door of a library. I may die with my breast decorated with medals. I may have monuments erected to me in every city of my country, but there is a country beyond our own which lasts for eternity. The possession of that country is a reward of merit beyond any honor a man can receive. My philanthropy may win me the world, but it is my charity that will win me the Kingdom."

WHERE PHILANTHROPY DIFFERS

"Charity," St. Paul says, "is patient, is kind, Charity envieth not, dealeth not perversely, is not puffed up, is not ambitious." It would be very difficult for us not to know charity if we meet it in ourselves. Philanthropy is marked off clearly from charity. It is most impatient and anything but kind. Philanthropy is very selective about its donations and very impatient lest they be not received in the proper spirit. Philanthropy is jealous and deals perversely if it does not get the credit for what it does. There would be little philanthropy if there was publicity for it. The glory of giving by the philanthropist demands somebody around to bear about the gift. Many a gift is made larger than was originally intended by the philanthropist, because some one "matched" it. The difference between philanthropy and charity, is very marked, and St. Paul shows it. "Charity," he says, "seeketh not her own." There is the great test. Charity has a right to certain rewards, even in this world. It has a right to gratitude, to thankfulness, to fair dealing, to a certain

laudable pride, to a return even in temporal things, to kind thoughts. But, even while having a right, charity does not seek that right. It wants nothing in return.

WHEEN CHARITY VANISHES "Read St. Paul on charity very carefully and ask yourself if you could possibly conceive of any one holding sentiments of charity and religious rancor at the same time. Can you think of a Christian hooded and masked in the depth of the woods, swearing four or five thousand other Christians to the doctrines of ill-will and hatred for their brethren? In truth, there are many departures from the ideal of charity as fixed by St. Paul. Many of us do not in practice show that we agree with him at all, for we cut our charity off at the doors of our homes, our lodges or our churches. We do not show by our actions that we believe in the depth of the virtue, for we want rewards in this world. But the most of us who offend do so because we do not understand what St. Paul meant when he said that this charity he was preaching 'rejoiceth not in iniquity.' We oppose charity when we do the things that are contrary to the qualities St. Paul says the virtue possesses."

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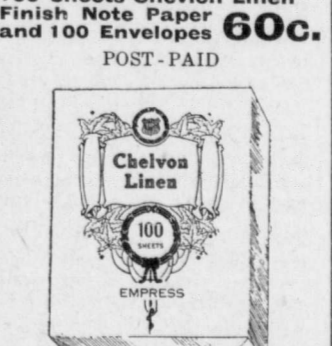
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The Catholic Record

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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 14, 1922

CANADA'S "EFFECTIVE VOICE" IN FOREIGN POLICY

Discussing Canada's obligations under the so-called Treaty of Sevres, the Ottawa Journal points out that neither the Canadian people nor their representatives in Parliament have any active interest left alone any effective voice in the control of the foreign policy of the Empire.

"Since the Armistice," says the Journal, "the Canadian Government and Parliament have been committing this country to treaties of the most vital far-reaching consequence, without deliberation, reflection, or discussion. Take, as an illustration, the Treaty of Sevres. How many Canadians knew, previous to last week-end, that Canada was signatory to that treaty? How many realized that this Treaty was not only signed on behalf of Canada by Sir George Perley, but that, less than three months ago, it received the sanction of Parliament? How many of those who knew that it was a party to the Treaty, understood the obligations involved?"

As a matter of fact the "Treaty" of Sevres commits us to nothing, as has already been pointed out, notwithstanding the public pronouncements of eminent statesmen and leading daily papers. But this does not in any way affect the moral to be drawn from the pen-picture the Ottawa Journalist draws of the scene described below:

"Try to picture what took place in the House of Commons on June 24th last. It is three days before prorogation. The House is hot and listless; most of the members have their indemnity checks in their pockets; Progressives have their Crow's Nest Pass rates to take back West with them; everybody wants to go home. Mr. King, congratulating himself that the end is near, is cleaning up odds and ends of the session. Presently, and with an air of passing an estimate for an extra messenger, he introduces 'An Act for carrying into effect the Treaties of Peace between His Majesty and Hungary and Turkey.' Not ten of those in a thinned House are listening to what he is saying. Mr. Meighen, usually vigilant, does not even think it worth his while to ask a question. Mr. Crerar, apparently impressed with the idea that the measure was a debt-collecting instrument, simply asked: 'Are we likely to get anything out of Turkey?' And thus, without deliberation, without intelligent discussion, without a moment of examination, Parliament sanctioned an obligation to defend with blood and treasure the straits which today are menaced by Moslem cannon."

Had the proposed Treaty of Sevres gone into effect we might have been thus stupidly involved in far-reaching obligations. The Journal thus concludes its caustic comment:

"The nation ought to see to it that such tragic trifling is done with. It ought to see to it that our claims and professions of status and nationhood are something more than a sham. It ought to compel some more real and effective means of co-operation with London on questions of foreign affairs. And, lastly, it ought to see to it that it is not involved in treaties without reflection or discussion by politicians who do not know whether the Dardanelles are straits or harems. Failing this, the signing of treaties by our Government, and their ratification by our Parliament, becomes nothing but childish play-acting, a grotesque farce, calculated to arouse no world emotion other than contemptuous mirth."

Had we not better be done with all this "flummery"? If we must go through the motions of ratifying Imperial treaties then we should do so with Mr. Fielding's reservation that nothing therein contained should impair the full autonomous authority of the

Canadian Parliament in dealing with Canadian action or interest. It is folly to think that Canada can have any effective voice in British diplomacy.

The British Government controls absolutely British foreign policy; and it is responsible solely to the British Parliament which in turn is responsible only to the people of Great Britain. Canada's childish "play-acting" in ratifying Great Britain's treaties may be only "flummery," but then it may not be a safe form of amusement.

If and while Canada asserts and maintains her full traditional right of self-government her voice in imperial affairs will be effective, for then it will not be assumed that a farce such as the Journal so graphically depicts could commit Canada to irrevocable obligations. On the specious pretext of reaching a higher national status we must beware of surrendering the essentials of self-government.

THE GOOD SEED BEARS FRUIT

At the forty-second triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, held in Portland, the Right Rev. Edwin S. Lines, Bishop of Newark, N. J., delivered a sermon in which he courageously and sanely dealt with the industrial and social unrest, its causes, and its remedies.

One is struck with the germinating of the good seed sown by Leo XIII. in his immortal encyclical "On the Condition of the Working Classes" in this and many other pronouncements by men outside the fold of which Leo was Chief Shepherd.

Bishop Lines said in part: "No one can see the way in which our great cities have grown up with their homes of luxury and extravagance, waste and selfish comfort at one end, and mean streets and comfortless houses and indecent conditions at the other end of the town, without feeling that it is semi-paganism rather than Christianity."

"The Church must make its own the cause of the underprivileged people, of those who are in hard places in life, of those upon whom the existing social and industrial order presses heavily, while it must stand against injustice and unfairness on both sides."

Again he pleads for the poor and heavily burdened: "The Church is suffering today from too close association with those high in authority and in prosperity, while less considerate for the great majority for whom life is one unending struggle, often with little hope, often in poverty. We have not measured yet the meaning of Our Lord's compassion on the great multitude."

Over thirty years ago in his great Encyclical that has gradually permeated all sociological thought Leo wrote:

"All agree, and there can be no question whatever, that some remedy must be found, and found quickly, for the misery and wretchedness pressing at this moment on the vast majority of the working classes." "For the ancient workmen's guilds were abolished in the last century, and no other organization took their place. The mischief has been increased by rapacious usury which, though more than once condemned by the Church, is still practised under a different guise by covetous and grasping men."

"A small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the teeming masses of the poor a yoke little better than slavery itself."

This ringing denunciation of un-Christian industrial conditions sounded a note seldom heard thirty years ago; but it has brought forth fruit an hundred fold.

Bishop Lines in the course of his sermon said:

"It is a subject for rejoicing that an increasing number of intelligent business men are endeavoring in a Christian way to solve industrial difficulties, seeing the other man's point of view, and giving it consideration. We will rejoice that labor is no more thought of as a mere commodity by right-minded business men, and that human welfare is counted more than the value of property, and that the remedy for the world's ills is recognized as moral and spiritual rather than economic."

At a time when it was an accepted doctrine that the price of labor

like that of any other commodity should be regulated by the economic law of supply and demand Pope Leo insisted on human dignity and human rights, and characterized the law of supply and demand as applied to human labor as "shameful and inhuman."

"With respect to their souls, all men are equal," wrote the great Pope, "there is no difference between rich and poor, master and servant, ruler and ruled. . . . no man may outrage with impunity that human dignity which God Himself treats with reverence, nor stand in the way of that higher life which is the preparation for the eternal life of heaven. Religion teaches the employer that their work-people are not to be accounted their bondsmen. . . . and that it is shameful and inhuman to treat men like chattels to make money by, or to look upon them as so much muscle or physical power."

Here Leo protests with all the power of his divine office, with all the conviction of his Christian soul against the commonly accepted principle that the law of supply and demand should determine human wages just as it determines that of any other commodity that is bought and sold.

Now it is commonplace to hear the self-same idea expressed as something new, though it is as old as Christianity and found only a new application in Leo's great Letter.

At the Peace Conference in Paris the labor representatives protested vigorously against the ruthless "economic law" that regards human labor as a commodity. President Wilson on his return in a message to Congress said: "Labor must not be longer treated as a commodity. It must be regarded as the activity of human beings, possessed of deep yearnings and desires."

"Deep yearnings and desires" is pitifully weak compared with Leo's basis for human dignity, human worth, and human rights.

But in all such pronouncements we see the germinating and fruition of the seed that Leo in his great encyclical sowed on all sorts of ground throughout the world.

WHAT THEY ARE DOING

The Antigonish Casket tells us what the last graduates of St. Francis Xavier's University College are now doing. Four of them are in Seminaries preparing for the priesthood; seven are engaged as teachers; two are law students; one is in training as a dentist; one is employed in survey work; one goes for graduate course to the Catholic University, Washington; and one is in the Technical School of Boston.

It would be much more interesting if we had similar lists from all the Canadian Catholic Colleges. The number of Antigonish students who took up teaching is remarkable. Not all of these have definitely decided to continue in the educational career; but in Ontario it is rarely we find so large a proportion of graduates go into teaching at all. This is in part due to the fact that so many High Schools and Collegiates in Ontario are reluctant to engage Catholics as teachers, but principally to the prospect of greater remuneration in their careers. The latter reason points to the probability that too many of our young men fail to ask themselves: In what career can we best serve our fellow-men? The question each of them seems rather to put to himself is: Which career can I get most out of for myself?

It is becoming difficult, for instance, to find enough qualified teachers to appoint as Separate School Inspectors. Money is far from being the only remuneration that should be sought in the choice of a career. Not only is there the great object of service to others, as instanced in the call to the priesthood; there is also the abiding satisfaction of using one's powers and attainments in the particular work for which one is best fitted.

ERRATUM

In last week's article, "Canada's Status with Regard to War," the second last paragraph should have read:

The French colony of Senegal, which unquestioningly furnishes a large proportion of black troops to France, must not be considered as furnishing also the model status for a "sister nation" in the British Commonwealth.

LABOR BANKS AND LOAN COMPANIES

By THE OBSERVER

I saw an item in one of the papers the other day, to the effect that Wall Street had just raised an immense sum of money to finance the Federal Land Banks. That is satisfactory as far as it goes; but the writer went on to remark that the farmers are in the habit of complaining of the financial system, that it did not afford them enough accommodation in financing their requirements, and that they found it hard to secure the funds needed for their operations.

Some people seem to imagine that there is some monopoly of finance, as there is sometimes supposed to be in shopkeeping; a monopoly of a natural kind which cannot be interfered with going up against unbending and unchangeable natural laws, and consequently meeting with inevitable defeat. There is not any monopoly of banking, any more than there is of the selling of groceries. There are certain wise and prudent laws made for the regulation of banking, to the end that the people who put their money in banks may be protected. A bank must have a certain amount of capital paid up; must keep its financial condition up to a certain standard; must be open to government inspection; must keep within certain bounds in the transaction of its business; and any persons who are willing to submit to those laws, and who can put together the requisite amount of money, can get a charter to do a banking business.

As a matter of fact, very little of the business of a bank is done with the sums of money that are paid in at its first beginnings as its capital. A bank does business with the money of its customers. A common misapprehension exists that when John Brown or John Jones puts some money on deposit in a bank, that money remains his money; the very same money he paid in at the bank window. That is not so; if it were, the bank could not lend that money to the next man who came along; it would have to put it carefully away till John Brown or John Jones came back to get it again. The legal situation is this,—John Brown and John Jones have loaned the bank some money; and the bank owes them the amount plus whatever interest the bank has promised to pay them for the use of it. The money is payable to John Brown or John Jones on demand; not the same exact notes or silver money that they paid in; but only the same amount, with interest.

That being the case, the bank is free to use that money in the meantime the way that the law allows a bank to use money; the same as a private citizen can use in any way he likes a sum of money he has borrowed from his neighbor; only the bank has less freedom in that regard than a private individual has; for a bank is governed by laws made to ensure that the customers will not be left mourning when they come back to demand their money.

I go into this detail, because, if you ask the man in the street about the matter you will be surprised how little the public, familiar as they are with banks, have ever taken the trouble to learn about banks and banking. Now, the point I want to make today about this matter of banking business, is this: There is no monopoly of that business; neither a natural nor a legal monopoly. There is no reason at all why the people who supply banks with the money to finance railways, tramways, business enterprises of every sort and kind, should not undertake to do their own banking; in other words, the co-operative principle is as suitable and applicable to banking business as it is to any other kind of business. No doubt there is necessary for safe and sound banking a very special sort of training and education; but has any class a monopoly of education or training of any sort, however special? Surely not.

There is a natural association between banks and loan companies; they are different developments of the business of loaning money. And there is no monopoly of either the one or the other. It would be, of course, the height of folly for any group of men to rush into either the business of banking or that of loaning money for building, without knowing what they were about. A bank or a loan company is managed by a few men who have been trained to that work; and the

experience of generations of predecessors in the same business has been put at their disposal in the course of that training. The obvious thing for co-operative banks or loan companies to do, would be to engage the services of men who have had such training; and to place under them young men to be trained to take their places; just as is now done in banks and loan companies.

There is one advantage that banks and loan companies have which co-operative banks and loan companies might not have at the beginning; that is the services of a board of directors, men who have had a long experience in general business affairs; though not, usually, in the active service of exactly similar institutions. In the interest of the shareholders, some supervision of the salaried managers will be needed; and in the bank or loan company, as at present constituted, this supervision is given by the board of directors. There might be in some cases, or for a time, some difficulty in getting the services of competent directors to superintend the work of the managers; but that is not at all an insuperable obstacle. In the world of business, much can be bought for money; and the best and most honest men in the world are always to be found ready to give good service for good pay.

As a matter of fact, banks as at present constituted, are very largely run by the salaried managers; and without any constant interference by boards of directors.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE VERTIBLE hodge-podge of "views" and opinions expressed by clergy of various denominations in the columns of the Toronto Star, on the conversion of Gilbert Chesterton is a curious study for the psychologist. Not one of them fairly faces the issue, or attempts disproof of Chesterton's reasons for his change. On the contrary, they almost to a man fall back upon the old tactics of abuse and misrepresentation. Bishop Reeve, for example, from whom from his position better things might have been expected, asserts that Catholics "worship" images.

BOY LIFE

"Talks to Boys" By Rev. J. P. Conroy, S. J. Published by permission of the Queen's Work Press.

GET A LADDER

Professor Walker understood his class. As a natural result his class understood Professor Walker. If he praised his boys, which he wasn't a bit ashamed to do, or if he blamed them, which he did rapidly and efficiently, ninety-nine times out of a hundred the boys would see there was a reason for it. Results were plentiful. But of course there came times when results were ragged. Heavy slumps in early fall and late spring forced the Professor into using tactics he didn't particularly relish—namely, strategy. And this was the one time out of a hundred his boys did not see the reason for the Professor's movements—until, say, a year or two afterward. Then they used to admit, with a kind of plaintive humor, that "Walker was some strategist."

BUT NOTE THE DELIVERANCE OF CANON DYSON HAGUE ON THE OTHER HAND.

To him the "Catholic" theory is nothing. "Chesterton must know that the Anglican Church is a separate entity, (italics ours) and wholly Protestant. He must know that the official title of the Anglican church in the United States, for example, is the 'Protestant Episcopal Church,' and that is similarly mentioned in English legal statutes, and its Protestantism made equally plain in the coronation oath of British monarchs."

BUT LEAVING THESE UNLOVELY DISPUTES TO THOSE MOST CONCERNED WITH THEM THE READER OF THE STAR PARAGRAPHS WILL NOT HAVE FAILED TO REMARK THE FRANK ABDICATION OF EVERY CLAIM TO SPIRITUAL OR MORAL AUTHORITY ON THE PART OF PROTESTANTISM.

Divorce and birth control are the two principal issues raised by Chesterton as "practical" reasons for his change of faith. One of the Methodist exponents appears to relegate these two basic evils to the category of "amusements." Canon Hague, speaking for Anglicans, affirms that the Church of England "exercises no control over the individual in moral matters." "I cannot go to a member of my church," he adds, "and say you must do this and you must not do that," because, forsooth, "our church is free." Was there ever such a travesty on "freedom!"

WHILE REFRAINING FROM COMMENT UPON PROVOST SEAGER'S WILD NOTIONS AS TO THE ORIGIN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, WE CANNOT IGNORE HIS

frank admission that be that origin what it may it has now foregone all claim to be a teaching church. The distinction in things moral, he says, "is a matter for the State and not for the Church." We were aware that the Church of England had long ceased to teach doctrine, but have continued to labor under the delusion that she still exercised some supervision over the morals of her people. Provost Seager, if we read him aright, says this is none of her affair.

CANON HAGUE SAYS THAT, IN ALL THE MORAL QUESTIONS OF THE DAY THE ENGLISH CHURCH'S POSITION IS DEFINITE AND CLEAR.

We presume that if interrogated he would say the same of her dogmatic beliefs. And yet every shade of belief and disbelief is embraced within its folds, from the undisguised agnosticism of Bishop Hensley Henson to the most advanced ritualism of the "Association for Corporate Re-union" or the "Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament." And, notwithstanding the bald puritanism of Canon Hague it should not be forgotten that "Mass" is said, without let or hindrance in more than one Anglican church in Ontario. Of ritualistic goings-on in England it is not necessary to speak.

VISITORS TO LONDON WILL HAVE BECOME FAMILIAR WITH THE METAL TABLETS PLACED ON NUMEROUS HOUSES THROUGHOUT THE METROPOLIS STATING THAT THIS OR THAT CELEBRITY ONCE LIVED THERE.

To those already existing another is likely to be added in years to come bearing the inscription, "Here lived Pius XI." The house thus honored is the Cenacle Convent, Stamford Hill, where the Holy Father sojourned for some time on his visit as Father Ratti to London many years ago. An echo of this visit was heard when Archbishop Biondi, Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, while on a visit to London presented to the Sisters a special letter and bronze medal from the Pope thanking them for their hospitality of other days.

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"Latin" wailed a chorus in the corner, who had offered as a class yell "What's the use of Latin?"

The Professor went on again: "And that is—good English reading."

"What? Reading!" came from a dozen boys, striking attitudes after the manner of actors in the denouement of a melodrama. The class writhed in agony, partly real.

If there is one thing more than another that a boy—or, for that matter, anybody else—hates, it is to be lectured upon reading. It really is taking an unfair advantage to unroll before anyone the vasty deep of books, to stand him alone there on the shore, forcibly to adjust his head photographer-fashion, until he can't miss seeing the horrible welter, and then to stand beside him and to say, "Look there, ignorance!" Every one of those books becomes a family skeleton which he would like to forget but isn't allowed to. "He is caught in a state of red-handed stupidity, and branded 'Defective' on his forehead with an annihilating distinctness."

A boy, in particular, regards a list of books with the same cheerfulness that he shows in contemplating a row of headstones in a graveyard, and dubs a lecture on reading "highbrow stuff," which means that it is open to suspicion and very likely contempt.

But Professor Walker did not plan either a lecture or a list of books. He simply waited at the desk, and he waited not in vain.

"Professor," said Steve Pomeroy. (Steve was the "cool boy" of the class, upon whom the others depended to put forth a smooth, even argument in a crisis.) "This isn't the time to hit us on reading." (Murmurs of approval from the class.) "We're in an awful fix right now." (A low moan from the class.) "We've all got to make up after exams. There's a row of us went down in Latin." (Exclamations in sections of the class.) "And think of those funks in Greek!" "Oh!" from the class.) "And the way we were bowled over in Mathematics!" "Ah!" from the class. Besides, a lot of us are weak in branches. We want to come back, and we haven't the time for extras now."

"No time, no time!" echoes the class.

Professor Walker heard Steve through, and didn't notice the echoes at all. Flegidly he took the cue furnished by the sufferers.

"On the contrary, Steve," (Professor Walker called his boys by their first names, which made them feel comfortable, even in their misery.) "on the contrary, it is the very time to talk about reading. You want to do better, to 'come back,' as you put it; to advance where you have been retreating, or to go faster where you have been doing well. How will you do this? By following the law for all advance; namely, by going more than the work that is absolutely required. In a game of baseball you don't absolutely have to make more than one base on a two-base hit. The umpire won't call you out for staying at first base, but the team and the crowd will call you worse than out if you try it. In football you don't have to make more than ten yards to keep the ball. But if you went your ten yards and then, gently placing the ball on the chalkline, waited for the other team to come up and shake hands with you, imagine what the young ladies waving pennants in the grand stand would think of you!"

"Columbus didn't have to discover America, Steve; but he did extra work, and so achieved what he actually wanted to achieve. So with your mind. The class has partially lost it, according to their own confession. We shall rediscover it by going in for all the Latin, mathematics, and the rest, plus something which I name to be English Reading. We've simply got to do the first, and the only way to be sure of it is by adding on the second."

"Oh, now he's going to make us wade through a lot of that highbrow stuff!" wailed Teddy Quinn, in a piercing aside.

"Well, suppose even that," the Professor said, answering the wail. "As long as one doesn't get in over one's ears—"

"Quinn'll never get in over his ears," interjected Ted's particular friend, Tom Campion.

"Ah, cancel it!" retorted Quinn.

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"Hush, child," said Professor Walker.

"But anyhow, Professor, isn't Quinn more than half right?" said Steve Pomeroy, again taking up the cudgels.

(Suppressed cheers from the class.)

TO BE CONTINUED

EXPOSES RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY

NON-CATHOLIC CONGRESSMAN DELIVERS STRONG ADDRESS BEFORE THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

N. C. W. C. News Service

Washington, D. C., Sept. 28.—In one of the most complete exposures of the virulence, ignorance, and malice of the anti-Catholic and anti-Jewish political and publicity campaigns now being waged in the United States ever delivered in Congress, Walter M. Chandler, of New York, himself a Protestant, in a speech before the House of Representatives on September 11, singled out Gilbert O. Nations, editor of The Protestant, for special castigation, declaring him to be a liar, a hypocrite and a foe to true American principles of justice and tolerance.

Mr. Chandler began by quoting from President Harding's speech delivered before the Calvary Baptist Church, of Washington, a few months ago, in which the President said: "There is no relationship here between Church and State. Religious liberty has its unalterable place, along with civil and human liberty, in the very foundation of the Republic. Therein is shown the farseeing vision of the immortal founders, and we are a better people and a better Republic because there is that freedom."

"I fear it is forgotten sometimes. In the experiences of a year, in the Presidency there has come to me no other such unwelcome impression as the 'exists among many of our citizens. I hold it to be a menace to the very liberties we boast and cherish."

PRESIDENT'S FEARS JUSTIFIED

That President Harding's fears and anxieties are entertained by many members of Congress, and that at no period since the proclamation of the Declaration of Independence has the menace to religious freedom been so great as it is today, were facts that should be known by all, Mr. Chandler went on to say. He continued, in part, as follows:

"The propaganda of prejudice and persecution now in progress in the United States is sometimes open and sometimes insidious, but it is always aggressive and perpetually malignant. At times we hear its utterances from the pulpit or from the political rostrum, at times we get it through the press or read it in books and pamphlets, and again it conceals itself in Ku Klux garb of mask and gown and does its dirty and destructive work in mob action under the cover of night."

"The leaders and champions of this un-American propaganda are almost without exception designing and unscrupulous men whose motives are mean and mercenary and whose bank accounts appeal more powerfully to them than do the guarantees of religious freedom in the Constitution of their country. Its votaries and victims are generally the most ignorant, narrow-minded, and lawless of our countrymen."

"At this point, Mr. Chandler denounced a vicious Texas organ, now defunct, misnamed Pure Democracy, edited by Donald B. Allen, who is still carrying on his bigotry in motion picture works and then turned his attention to Gilbert O. Nations and The Protestant. After saying that hitherto he had treated the flood of anti-Catholic and anti-Jewish propaganda now pouring in upon Congressmen and Senators with silent contempt, Mr. Chandler continued:

ROME IN CONGRESS

"But recently I received a pamphlet, sent by whom I do not know, that mentions me personally, makes charges against me and threatens me with political punishment. The impudent and belligerent character of the booklet challenges my serious consideration, all the more so since it contains a charge and a threat."

"This pamphlet is entitled 'Rome in Congress,' and was prepared by one Gilbert Nations, who describes himself as a 'Ph. D.' This gentleman seems to be the editor and publisher of a monthly magazine entitled The Protestant, with offices at 2639 F Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. This magazine is a violent anti-Roman Catholic publication, and is about a year and a half old."

"In order to acquaint myself thoroughly with the views of Mr. Nations, and to determine how much consideration he and his magazine deserved, I sent to the Con-

gressional Library and secured all back numbers of The Protestant. I have spent nearly a week, at odd moments, examining them. I find that they contain an amazing amount of liberty trash and rubbish, and that their pages are filled with ludicrous citations from canon and other laws and with grotesque references to literary works that have not the remotest connection with the subject discussed or the thesis proposed. A perusal of the magazine convinces the reader that the editor of The Protestant is a literary paranoiac with a strong propensity to mendacity and a distinct predilection for hypocrisy."

"Nearly every issue of this magazine from the first to the last publication devotes considerable space to an appeal for subscribers and a cry for financial help. In more issues than one the alarm is given that the ship is about to sink and the lifeboats are being made ready to be lowered. Throughout the publication are strong suggestions of strained financial circumstances as well as mental and moral bankruptcy, and from the whole enterprise we feel justified in concluding that the author of The Protestant has prostituted his meager talents not for love of Protestantism or solicitude for the Republic and its free institutions, but rather for a sordid desire for mercenary gain."

"The motive at the back of the publication of this magazine is the same as that at the back of the publication of the Menace and all others of its kind, a desire and a determination to make money, even if truth is outraged at every turn and the Constitution of the country is trampled under foot, even if religious freedom is ruthlessly struck down in her own temple, even if good fellowship among the citizens of a common country is utterly destroyed."

"The Rome in Congress" pamphlet gives a list of the Senators and representatives who had voted for measures such as the Burnett and Johnson immigration bills, the Gallivan and Borah Irish freedom resolutions. Prohibition. Woman Suffrage, and the Towner-Sterling bill. The pamphlet asserts that all votes for the immigration bill, Prohibition, Woman Suffrage and the Towner-Sterling measures were "Protestant" votes, and all votes against them "Catholic" votes, while the reverse was true of the Irish resolutions. Mr. Chandler was listed as a "Catholic."

After showing the nonsensical character of this analysis of the voting on these measures, reminding his hearers that three Protestant Presidents, Cleveland, Taft and Wilson, all vetoed the immigration bills because of the "literacy" tests they contained, and that scores of Protestants voted for the Irish resolutions because of their belief in the righteousness of the Irish cause. Mr. Chandler was especially ironical in his treatment of the Prohibition test of "Papal" leanings, as construed by Gilbert O. Nations.

"PAPAL PROHIBITIONISTS"

"According to the reasoning of the author of this pamphlet," declared the speaker, "those who voted for prohibition are Protestants and patriots, those who voted against prohibition are Catholics and traitors. The queer-headed, saddle-brained man who makes this contention seems to have forgotten that the Germans of America, most of whom are Lutheran Protestants, are violently opposed to prohibition, and that the 3,000,000 Jews of America who are neither Protestants nor Catholics, are also violently opposed to prohibition. If he had an ounce of gray matter in his head and were capable of a moment's serious and intelligent reflection, he would know that the anti-prohibition ranks number millions of Protestants of all denominations—Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians, amen-corner brethren and backsliders alike. He would also know that a very considerable percentage of Catholics in America are in favor of prohibition. The late Archbishop of St. Paul was a prohibitionist."

"The absurdity and imbecility of attempting to identify a particular church organization with an economic problem that affects all the people, or even with a certain question of morals, may be easily shown by considering the matter from a world-wide viewpoint. To identify the Protestant Church and Protestant teachings with prohibition and then be compelled to stare Germany in the face would be something that only a fool and fanatic, like Nations, could stand without embarrassment and a blush, for we must remember that Germany is the land not only of Martin Luther and thorough-going Protestantism but of beers, wines and whiskies as well."

"Since the days of Gustave Vasa, Sweden has been densely Protestant, and yet only a few weeks ago Protestant Sweden voted overwhelmingly against prohibition. And to give a touch of mingled humor and pathos to the scene, we need only mention that 'Pussyfoot' Johnson was ridden on a rail and lost an eye while trying to convert Protestant England to prohibition. So much for the ludicrous attempt of the editor of The Protestant to identify the Roman Catholic Church and anti-prohibition."

NATIONS DENOUNCED

The speaker next went on to expose the mendacity of Editor Nations on the occasion when he

insinuated in The Protestant that no Protestant clergyman had been invited by the War Department to take part in the services over the body of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington cemetery on Armistice Day, 1921, Mr. Chandler said:

"The good patriotic friend who wrote the editor of The Protestant asking for truthful information received a suppressed truth that is a lie in answer. The facts were these, as I have learned them authoritatively from the War Department. Secretary Weeks invited a Protestant preacher, Dr. Brent; a Catholic priest, Father Kelley; and a Jewish clergyman, Rabbi Lazaron all of whom had been chaplains and had seen overseas service, to officiate at the ceremonies conducted over the body of the unknown soldier at Arlington cemetery on Armistice Day. All of them accepted this invitation. Two of them, the Protestant preacher, Dr. Brent and the Jewish clergyman, Rabbi Lazaron, were present and officiated. Father Kelley was unavoidably kept away. These were the facts, and Gilbert O. Nations doubtless knew them, or could easily have learned them, when he wrote that dirty lie and libel against Secretary Weeks and the contemptible and sneaking little diatribe against the Catholic Church."

"Nations is a miserable little pedant. He delights to quote Latin, doubtless to impress his ignorant readers with his learning and importance. In this connection, and in the matter of the Arlington cemetery ceremonies, this Latin phrase is peculiarly applicable to him, 'falsus in uno falsus in omnibus'; that is, having been caught lying in this case, we are justified in assuming that he is a liar in all cases."

Secretary Weeks played a fine and manly part. Feeling that the occasion was truly national and that the unknown dead soldier might have been a Catholic, a Protestant or a Jew, he acted with exquisite tact and taste and invited to officiate at the ceremonies representatives of all the great religious organizations of America. Nevertheless, the petty pamphleteer goes on in his dirty work of falsehood and of libel."

"The Protestant clergymen of America, like the clergymen of the Catholic and Jewish faiths, are in the main men of education, earnestness and piety and are sincere seekers after truth. The large majority of them would scorn to subscribe for a magazine that disseminates falsehoods and seeks to destroy character by libelous insinuations. If the real character of this magazine were known to them not a dozen clergymen in America would be subscribers to it."

CORONATION OF NEW STATUE

POPE URGES WIDESPREAD DEVOTION TO BLESSED VIRGIN

Rome, Sept. 21.—The letter of the Holy Father, Pius XI, to His Eminence, Cardinal Gasparri, on the occasion of the Coronation of the new statue of the Blessed Virgin of Loreto, furnishes the faithful with a lively expression of the affection of His Holiness for this Holy Virgin.

The following is the letter of the Holy Father:

"To Our beloved son, Lord Cardinal Pietro Gasparri, Secretary of State.

"Lord Cardinal,

"The dolorous echo of the disastrous fire which occurred in the Holy House of Loreto during February of the past year, with the destruction of the thaumaturgic image which was the object of popular veneration of peoples and of pious pilgrimages, is still laid in the hearts of faithful Catholics of the entire world."

"Our Predecessor of saintly memory, Benedict XV, was more than any other sensible of the sorrowful news as he was profoundly moved by the loss entailed to the Catholic world and in an especial manner to the city of Loreto which was chosen by Divine Providence as a shelter of the Holy House of Nazareth."

"He, therefore, following out the impulse of his tender devotion to the Most Holy Virgin, hastened to contribute by generous offerings to the restoration of the Holy Chapel damaged by fire, desiring especially to provide the Holy House with a new image as far as possible identical with the former."

"We, inheriting this pious desire of the beloved Pontiff, have studied as far as possible to put this project into execution, and today We are able to say that happily it is a deed accomplished."

"Not content merely to bring to its consummation the devout proposal of Benedict XV, but wishing on our part to offer an attestation of particular veneration to the Queen of Heaven, whom from tenderest years we have loved intensely, We are pleased to enrich by a golden crown the venerated effigy of the Virgin and Child, and we have arranged Ourselves to bless the sacred Icon and to fulfill the rite of its solemn coronation."

After which nothing remains to Us except to despatch the new image to the famous sanctuary of Loreto as to its proper seat, to the end that Catholics of the entire world may throng to its feet in a consoling spectacle with a generous and holy rivalry of piety and veneration."

To add to the solemnity and decorum of the event We have entrusted to a specially invited delegate the charge of transporting the image We have chosen for this purpose, you, Lord Cardinal, who better than any other are able to represent Our Person not alone by the lustre of virtue and the height of dignity, but because also you sustain with Us the daily fatigues of the apostolic ministry."

"Charging you, Lord Cardinal, who are Our faithful collaborator and who represent Us in the quality of delegate, with this mission, we are pleased to profit by the present opportunity of attesting anew our special benevolence due to your select gifts and to your great merits."

"In the midst of the solicitudes and anxieties of all kinds which for the good of the Catholic Church, you, Lord Cardinal divide every day with Us, we form the ardent wish, surrounded by Cardinals and Bishops, clergy and rejoicing people, are able to fulfill with the greatest consolations the mission which we now confide to you."

"In recommending Ourselves and the Holy Church to the most powerful patronage of the Blessed Virgin, with paternal affection of heart, We bestow on you, Lord Cardinal, the Apostolic Benediction, and We accord you at the same time the faculty of imparting it to the faithful who will be present at the solemnity."

"Given at Rome, St. Peter's August 17, 1922, in the first year of Our Pontificate.

PIUS PP. XI."

A torchlight procession in which one hundred thousand participants marked the arrival of the statue, with its notable escort, in Loreto shortly after midnight. From the time the entourage left Rome before daybreak and throughout the journey enthusiasm at every town and village was boundless, the progress of the escort being constantly slower and slower because of the augmentation of the crowds. During the night there were brilliant illuminations in every part of the country through which the statue was carried and floral arches, music, hymns and public prayers attested the great devotion of the people to Our Lady of Loreto.

The statue left from the Vatican in a papal motor, escorted by eight other Vatican motors, at 4:30 a. m. Cardinals Vico, Ranuzzi and Tacci were in the escorting cars as were Mr. Respighi, the master of ceremonies and Prince Aldobrandini, commandant of the Noble Guard, and many other prelates and dignitaries.

The departure from Rome was preceded by elaborate ceremonies which started last Tuesday with the blessing and crowning of the new statue by Pope Pius in the Sistine Chapel in the presence of Cardinals Vico, Fruhwirth, Ranuzzi, and Tacci, as well as many members of the episcopate and prelates. On the same afternoon the Papal motor carried the statue to the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, stopping at the Church of the Piceni where it was acclaimed enthusiastically by the faithful. The statue remained in Santa Maria Maggiore during Wednesday and there was an enormous uninterrupted attendance. Cardinal Tacci gave benediction in the evening and a great procession accompanied the statue around the Basilica, the voices of fifty thousand of the faithful being raised in hymns of Our Lady in which will ever remain as a memorable triumph.

The statue was then transferred to the Vatican where it remained under the Colonnade of the Court-yard of St. Damasus, until placed in the chapel again, where it was watched by the Swiss Guard at ten o'clock. His Holiness prayed before it a statue.

The statue, with its escort stayed on its long journey the next day at Visso, the birthplace of Cardinal Gasparri, who was appointed Papal Legate for the ceremonies. The statue was met by the Cardinal who joined the procession.

The statue arrived at Loreto, after the journey of two hundred miles, at 12 m. and at the sanctuary at 2 o'clock. It was blessed by Bishop Andreoli and the Basilica was kept open during the night, a great host of people going to confession and receiving the Holy Eucharist.—The Pilot.

POPE TELEGRAPHS BLESSING TO FRENCH NATIONAL PILGRIMS

Paris, France.—Mgr. Schoepfer, Bishop of Tarbes and Lourdes, has received the following telegram from the Holy Father:

"Deeply touched by filial homage of magnificent national pilgrimage praying to Virgin Immaculate for the Vicar of Jesus Christ, under the leadership of the Most Eminent Archbishop of Bordeaux, Your Lordship, the Archbishop of Algiers, the Bishop of Châlons, Verdin, Aaccio, Jamaica; the Sovereign Pontiff thanks them from his heart, and present in spirit in the midst of his beloved children, paternally blesses the pious pilgrims, especially the dear sick, and forms the wish that the fiftieth National Pilgrimage may be both for individuals and their country a fecund source of prosperity and peace."

This telegram was in reply to one sent to Pope Pius by Mgr. Schoepfer at the time of the Pontifical Mass of Thanksgiving for the

fiftieth French National Pilgrimage, which was celebrated at the Grotto.

OKLAHOMA HALTS BIGOTRY

PETITION TO PUT MEASURE ON BALLOTS DOES NOT GET NECESSARY SIGNATURES

Okahoma, Oct. 2.—Bigotry has been checked in its attempt to destroy the parochial and private schools of Oklahoma.

The petition to place an anti-Catholic school measure on the ballot in the November election has failed, the forces behind it being unable to muster the 70,000 signatures necessary to insure it being brought before the people at the polls.

The collapse of the campaign was foreseen several weeks ago but there were still misgivings in the hearts of many fair-minded citizens that the forces of bigotry might have in hand a host of names which would be brought forward at the last minute on September 2. The proponents of the measure were counting on a last-minute rush to put the measure over. Their expectations failed.

The present movement against the parochial schools, now defeated for the time being, was evidenced first in the spring. The Ku Klux Klan took a hand early in the program while several narrow-minded editors attempted to prod the Church through editorial and news columns.

Sister Mary Ethel a notorious anti-Catholic lecturer, was imported from Alabama and three other lecturers were brought from outside States. The Americanization Society of McAlester started a vigorous propaganda. Masonry was appealed to, but while some of the Masons put their shoulders to the wheel, many in the large cities refused to respond.

While some observers express confidence that the issue will not be revived, others declare they saw in the practical abandonment of the movement more than a month ago plans for the institution of a larger and more intensive campaign next spring.

The Catholic Home, the official organ of the Oklahoma diocese, had the following editorial comment to make on the defeat of the bigots:

Words of tribute should be paid the citizens of this State. With Catholicity cringing under a concerted attack, the strength of which none could surmise, with leaders of other denominations fearing for their private schools, with the entire nation focusing its eyes on Oklahoma, the school crisis passes for a time and automatic relaxation follows.

"Those who have had their fingers on the pulse of religious intolerance, who are acquainted with various movements of a national character, who pore over the reports from Oregon that stands alone on the battle line for liberty were not sure that Oklahoma would not sweep along in its vortex of bigotry 70,000 persons of such convictions that would lead them to sign their names to stamp the Catholic school into oblivion."

The entire campaign was well-planned and buoyed up by money. But we believe the leaders of the anti-Catholic movement overestimated the ignorant dupes who were boldly willing to affix their names. They underestimated the sense of justice which after all is general in Oklahoma. The Catholics of the State were too strong a refutation to the lies that passed in print."

"BOSS OF GENTILLY"

PRIEST WHO DIRECTS CHEESE INDUSTRY LOVINGLY CALLED "BOSS"

Gentilly, Minn., Sept. 25.—The "Boss of Gentilly," as he is familiarly and lovingly known, is a Catholic priest, the Rev. Elie Thiellon, pastor of St. Peter's Church.

Aside from being pastor of his flock and having erected one of the most beautiful churches in the diocese of Crookston, Father Gentilly is business manager, sales manager, advertising manager and general manager of Gentilly's most distinctive co-operative enterprise; —the Gentilly cheese factory.

The factory is owned by the Gentilly Dairy Association, which was established twenty-seven years ago by Father Thiellon and has paid 7% dividends ever since. Recently it erected a new \$12,000 factory. From this factory, cheese is sent to every part of the United States. It is served in leading hotels as far west as San Francisco and as far east as New York. Patrons of the dining cars of the New York Central are familiar with its merit.

Father Thiellon came to the United States from Limoges, France, in 1888 and was assigned to Gentilly, a settlement of French-Canadian who had come down from the province of Quebec in the late 'seventies and the early 'eighties.

When the new priest arrived, the farmers were mostly raising wheat. Crops were not good. The farmers were discouraged. There was talk of moving away.

Father Thiellon changed all this. He was one of the first men in Minnesota to anticipate the end of wheat farming. He called his parishioners together and formed the Gentilly Dairy Association. On his advice the farmers put their

surplus money into live stock. They bought cows. Then the cheese factory was started. Since that time it has grown and prospered. Started with a capital of \$10,000 it has never failed to make its 7% dividend, as well as furnishing a market for the milk. Three hundred and fifty cows, owned by the farmers within a radius of five miles of Gentilly furnish the milk that makes the cheese.

Father Thiellon runs the business. And evidence of his business ability is not lacking in the district, for his flock is prosperous and happy. Every family in Gentilly has its own automobile. Farms are well kept;—men, women and children are well dressed and the young folks are staying home in Gentilly.

The basement of the new St. Peter's Church probably has as big an attraction for these young folk as any place of amusement in the State. It is used for dances, for harvest festivals, for all kinds of parties for young and old and it is the real community centre of Gentilly. In the rectory Father Thiellon proudly exhibits the silver cup won by Gentilly cheese at the Minnesota State Fair and beside it is his certificate as head of the Gentilly Liberty Loan Association during the War.

UNIVERSITY IN ROME FOR STUDY OF COOPERATIVE METHODS

Rome, Sept. 8.—The Italian Cooperative Federation, which is made up of Catholic adherents of the principle of cooperation for the remedying of economic ills, has joined in the establishment of the University of Cooperation, which opened in Rome last month for its first session of four months.

Catholic students, some of whom are managers of Catholic cooperative enterprises, and most of whom have had practical experience, are being sent to the university on scholarships paid for by the various cooperative organizations. The plan is much like that being followed in England at the Catholic Labor College of Oxford, except for the fact that in Italy the college is conducted under undenominational auspices and Socialists, Syndicalists and representatives of other schools of thought are uniting in the enterprise here with Catholics who are seeking a solution of the economic problems pressing so heavily on the country.

The school is located near the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, within the ruins of the Baths of Diocletian.

The Rev. Joseph Quirico, S. J., who is regarded as one of the most noted Jesuit sociologists, Commendatore Ercole Chiri, secretary-general of the Italian Cooperative Federation, and a personal representative of Don Sturzo, the political secretary of the Popular Party, were present at the inauguration of the university.

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1922 Profit..... 65.98

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

PUNISHMENT FOR SIN

"And the king went in to see the guests; and he saw there a man who was not wearing a wedding garment. And he said to him: Friend, how camest thou in hither not having on a wedding garment? But he was silent. Then the king said to the waiters: Bud his hands and feet, and cast him in to the exterior darkness: There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." (Matt. xxii, 11, 12)

A law would be useless without a sanction. When any one fails to observe a law rightly constituted and sufficiently promulgated, he becomes liable to the punishment fixed, or to be fixed, for its violation. Only in this way can man, physically free as to his acts, be coerced into the observance of the law. He is not told to observe the law in order to avoid the punishment inflicted for its violation; but a higher motive for its observance is put before him. The law is to be observed because it will promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of the community and individuals. Were it not for the corruption of human nature, there would be only God's legislation. Reason in its purity overwhelmingly would convince man of the justice of God and His commands and of the rights of his fellow-men. A will possessed of its original power would enable man to do his duty faithfully. The exact observance of the dictates of his reason would eliminate the necessity of establishing human laws.

But, as we know, man lost his primal integrity and purity of mind and body; hence he must be treated in accordance with his present condition. He now needs other aids, considering him as he is, than mere reason and will. When he fails freely to observe the laws of God and the State, he must be forced to their observance. He knows that it is only right to observe just laws; if he really acts according to this knowledge a law is no law to him in the full sense of the word, but an outward expression of the inner demands of his intelligence and reason. He would act the same even if there were no law. He who fails to obey the law must not be allowed to escape the punishment for its violation. This punishment is inflicted generally upon the guilty party as a reminder that he should observe the law in the future, as a sort of reparation for the scandal he has given, and as a means of correction. In addition to this, the punishment of one evil-doer usually has a salutary effect in deterring others from following his example. These reasons, as well as many others, convince us of the justice of punishment for the lawbreaker.

It is the intention of legislators and distributors of punitive justice to impose a punishment commensurate with the amount of malice contained in the violation of the law. Theft, for instance, is punished by a certain amount of chastisement; and the murderer is, as a rule, given the greatest punishment that could be inflicted upon man—death, or deprivation of liberty for life. So there is more or less definite punishment established to be inflicted upon the violator of each law in part or in whole. No one reasonably can object to this, for it is but the rendering of justice to man. Were it not so there would be no order in the world and no one could protect his possessions and his rights.

Now, this doctrine of law and the punishment laid down for the lawbreaker is founded on Scripture. It is the very command and wish of God, as Holy Writ clearly teaches. Revelation tells us that God punished the angels who rebelled against Him, violating thereby the very dictates of their nature. The angels sinned with an absolutely clear knowledge of the injustice they were committing; and once they had chosen to disobey, they never would nor could assume another attitude. Hence, there is no redemption for them. The mind of the angels is fixed now and forever—not only the mind of the good angels but that of the bad ones also; the same is true of their reward and their punishment. In other words, the good angels never can sin; the bad ones never can return to free obedience to God.

God also punished man and his posterity, but not as severely as He did the angels, because man was not so highly gifted as they, and he did not fully understand the injustice he was doing his Creator. God punished man temporarily but gave him another opportunity of enjoying his former happiness, and even a much greater happiness in the life to come. However, God will not give man another opportunity except that offered to him during life. Even if he falls into sin, repents, and starts anew a life of virtue, God forgives him. But if man ends his life in grievous sin, then he must suffer the consequences. In other words, if man dies with the guilt of grievous sin staining his soul, he renders himself subject to the punishment that God has warned him infallibly will be his, if he lives and dies His enemy.

It has become common among some people to deny the existence of hell. This is not surprising, since these same people practically deny the existence of God. We do not say that they openly avow that God does not exist; but they practically deny His existence, when they admit the possibility of a god who corresponds to their own ideas

of what a god should be. The god of whom a man can form a perfect idea would be no god at all, but an idol. What is man to think that he can comprehend God? How disgustingly abundant is his pride, when he believes that God should be and is only such as he pictures Him! God is not what we make Him; He is not what we think Him to be; He is what He is. And what is He? He is what He says He is. If I believe what He says He is, then I believe in God. If I believe He has the nature He says He has, then I believe in the true nature of God. But do I comprehend all that I believe? No; it is faith that makes me believe, but I have abundant reason for my faith. Hence, my duty is not to portray God as I think He should be, but to believe in God as He says He is. Then I have the truth. In no other way can I acquire it or possess it. If I so believe, I shall also have a God such as I think a God should be, not because He responds to the cravings of my nature, but because He is the one, only God. He is infinitely good, and He has established justice and will render it to every one. I should not wish for any other god. When I lament the imperfections and sufferings of poor human nature, I must say in my heart, "It is man's own fault. This punishment was not inflicted nor intended before man rendered himself deserving of it." Thus should every Christian feel and reason.

Hell is a terrible place. God has said so; but it should not worry me as long as I do my duty. I am confident that I will not go there unless I, acting as a free, intelligent being, plunge myself into it. But why did God establish so terrible a punishment for the sinner? Because it was just. God knows to what extent to punish a crime or crimes against Him, because He is the One offender and He is the One who knows justice perfectly; nay, He is justice itself. Rather than doubt the existence of hell, people should say, "No matter how terrible a place it is, no one need go there, for it is within the power of all to save their soul." Neither modern thought, nor modern doctrine, will change hell. Neither should it change our belief regarding it. There is no more evidence for the denial of hell today than there was a thousand years ago. Perhaps we might be justified in thinking of hell a little differently were there some evidence manifested by God to change our opinion. Hell is as certain today as it was almost two thousand years ago, when Christ related the parable, of which a few words are cited in our text, that of the man without the wedding garment, so will the man leaving earth without the garment of salvation—grace—be plunged into eternal torment. It seems to be a hard doctrine, but it is not so, since he who goes to torment goes with his eyes open, for his own fault brings him there.

TRIBUTE TO CHURCH AND POPE

OBSERVERS ADMIRE CATHOLIC POSITION

The following tributes to the Papacy, the Church, and their influence were paid recently by one of the tributes refers to the late Pope Benedict XV, and the other to Pope Pius XI. The first extract was from an unexpected source, being spoken by the Italian Deputy, Lurati, who said:

"Benedict XV. died amidst a homage of universal respect. He was, indeed, a great Pope. Governments and political parties have bowed around his coffin as conquered before a conqueror. A conqueror he was in the recent War. A depository of interests greater than those of any of the belligerents, he held firmly to Catholicity. He was not understood by some—that is, by those who did not wish to understand him. Each Governmental party counted secretly on His Holiness obtaining favors for them which fighting pride would not allow them to ask directly from the adversary.

"RED CROSS OF WAR"

"Benedict XV. was, indeed, the 'Red Cross' of the War, the truest and greatest one in the War. The influence of the Holy See has accordingly increased—it is an evident thing at the present moment. The Entente has thrown itself at the feet of the Pope, whom it termed Germanophile. England has forgotten her anti-clericalism, and has asked for the resumption of diplomatic relations. Italy has her Minister to convey her official condolence on the death of this Pope that she had dared to banish by the pact of London from the Peace Conference. Let us do our part which is to become humble and reconciled with the Eternal Chair of religious and social conservation."

An Italian paper, La Critica Sociale, also says:

"We have been blind, we have been mad. In order to make war which our material appetites yearned for, we have caused terrible evils to fall on all supports of order. We have intoxicated the masses without any thought beforehand of what the masses would be in the sequel. One man alone has had keen eyesight for us whom avidity blinded—one alone, the Pope. He remained faithful to the principles of peace and order, when we were stirring up the fire of

the War in our own country and elsewhere. We were indeed slow of understanding. We prevented him from taking any part in the Peace Conference without realizing that if indeed the War was to be a useless massacre, if peace were to be made without conquerors or conquered, without annexations and without indemnities, it was he who should naturally have presided. We have not realized that he could not have taken any part in the peace which will be a continual foment for us—peace of annexations, of reparations, and of violent, absurd, and arbitrary sanctions. The Pope would not have led the Papacy into such a state of affairs—a syndicate so frail that it is already giving signs of failure.

"Order demands solid, absolute, eternal principles. The Church is the depository of this by Divine institution. It is the source of authority. The State should draw near to it. The State which ignores the Church condemns itself almost to powerlessness."

This article in La Critica Sociale has made a sensation in Italy.

NON-PARTISAN OPINION

M. Carriere wrote in Le Temps as follows:

"To give an idea of what the Pope represents at the present moment, such a short time after his coronation and on the morrow of the events which have so deeply moved Europe, I shall quote the opinion of an observer who is not a Catholic and not even a Christian. I happened to meet him in one of the most fashionable parts of Rome. He is the manager of a financial agency, an old Roman who has seen, judged, and weighed many events, and who—excellent Jew, as he is—regards and appreciates everything without prejudice to anyone."

"The Jew did not speak at first of Lloyd George, nor of Tschichner, nor of Genoa, nor of The Hague, nor of the Communists; he did not even mention Gabriel d'Annunzio. He spoke only of the Pope, of the Eucharistic Congress, and of the impression that the latter ceremonial had had on many mere objective spectators like himself. 'Do not doubt my words,' he said, 'it is the greatest event which has taken place since the War. What we have just witnessed at Rome is far beyond anything we beheld at Paris, Washington, San Remo, Cannes, Spa, or Genoa. For at each of these congresses, comprised of men of various nationalities and holding contradictory opinions, one had the sensation of living in uncertainty and doubt, one felt it was like building on sand. At the Eucharistic Congress one had the impression of assisting at an event of vast importance, the foundation of which dates from past ages, and the cupola of which will be completed in the future.

"Catholicism has resumed all its power; it is today the only real master of the world, and in the disorder of other efforts before the manifest failure of Bolshevism it is the only thing which can place solid, concrete organization before the confused desires and unrest of humanity. The Church is at this moment more powerful than she has ever been before."

The journalist from whom we quote remarks: "These are striking words coming from a man of a different religion." The same journalist continues: "Another man of liberal opinion wrote to me recently as follows: 'When one arrives at Rome to assist at one of these manifestations of the entire world such as the present Eucharistic Congress one has the direct and immediate sensation that the Pope is the first after God, above kings and nations, above everything. He is indeed placed in a sort of superhuman nimbus where all hatred appears to be extinguished before him.'"—The Pilot.

HONOR MEMORY OF NOTED MARTYR

PILGRIMAGE TO TOMB OF VEN. JOHN KEMBLE

(Special to The Pilot)

Cardiff, Wales, Sept. 21.—Large numbers attended the annual pilgrimage to the tomb of the Venerable John Kemble at Welsh Newton, recently. The 248th anniversary of the Venerable's martyrdom at Hereford had been observed at a recent date.

A number of relics of the days recalled by the pilgrimage exist at the present time, and add vividness to the commemoration which takes place annually with appropriate exercises. There is a farm known as "The Broom," at which it is believed Father John Kemble was a frequent visitor during his period of service. He ministered to the needs of the Catholics in the hills of this district.

The holy water stoup of ancient times is still intact in the porch of Welsh Newton Church, while in the interior of the edifice there is a piece of the altar stone under the step of the present day roof screen. The stone still possesses one of its five crosses. It was on this stone that Mass was celebrated until in 1559 altar stones in English churches were confiscated.

A particularly pathetic feature of this martyr's story is the fact that Father Kemble was eighty years of age when he was called upon to give up his life for the Faith. During a portion of his life he resided at Pembridge Castle, which at that

time was owned by his nephew, Capt. Kemble, who is said to have saved the life of Charles I. at the battle of Worcester.

On the program of the pilgrimage was a procession to the grave of the martyr. There the pilgrims stood while a service was held.

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The extreme depression and discouragement which comes over one at times is the most alarming symptom of nervous exhaustion.

This letter is a message of hope to all who find themselves in this unfortunate condition.

Mrs. Geo. T. Tingley, Albert, N.B., writes:—

"For years I was in a very nervous, run-down condition, was much depressed in spirits and suffered a great deal at times. The least noise would irritate me and at times I felt as though I certainly would go crazy. I consulted different doctors to no effect.

"A friend advised the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and I can truly testify today to the great benefits received. There was a marked change before I had finished the second box and when I had used a dozen boxes my nerves were thoroughly restored and I was entirely relieved of those terrible feelings I used to have. I shall ever be ready to testify to the benefits of this wonderful medicine, feeling sure that it will give to others the quick and permanent relief it has given me."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

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"The trouble lasted about a year before I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment. They afforded relief within two weeks, and at the end of six weeks I was healed." (Signed) Clarence J. Burnell, 474 Tyler St., Pittsfield, Mass., Jan. 4, 1921.

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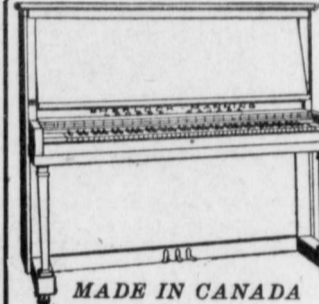
It means pleasant evenings at home—entertainment for you and your friends.

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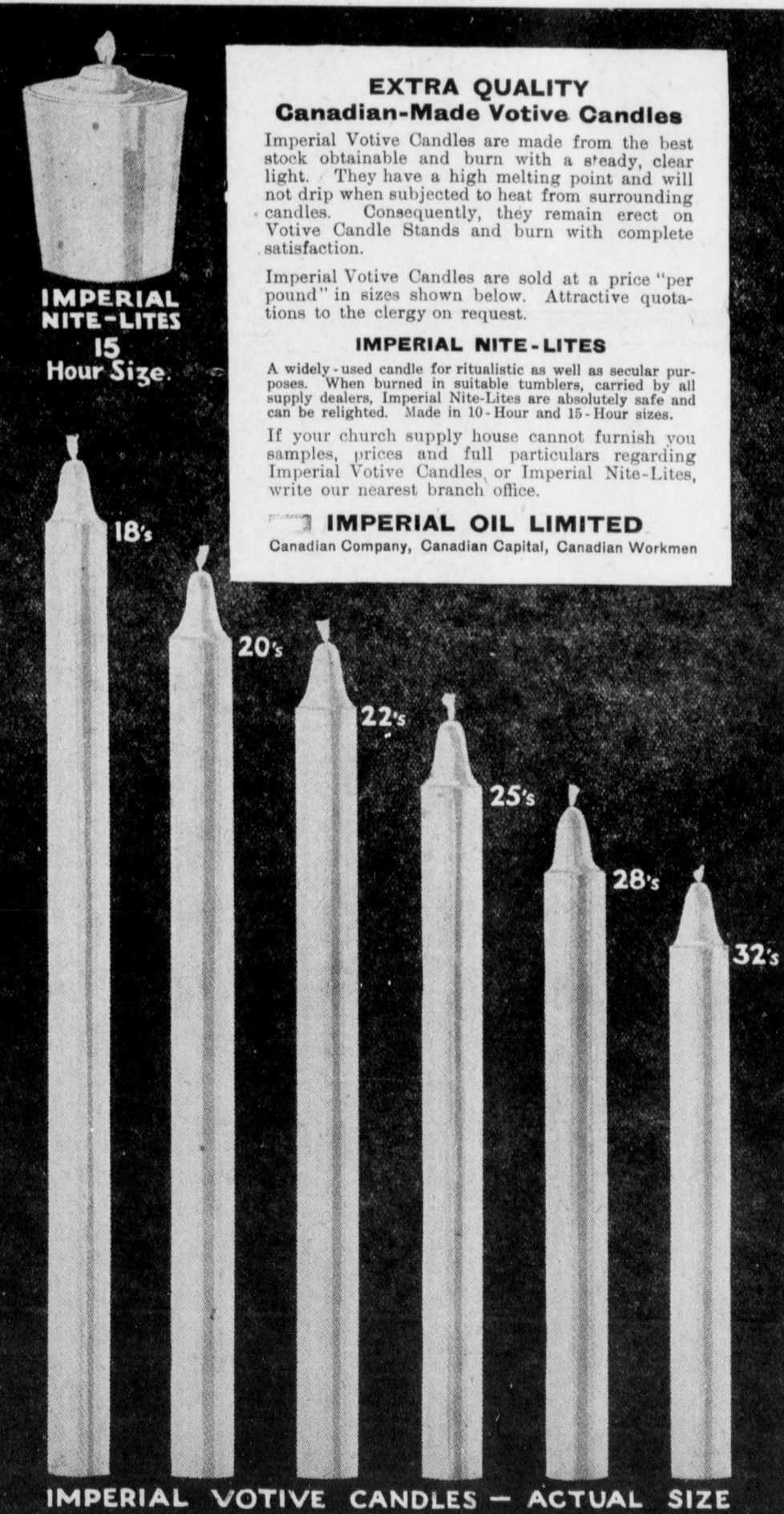
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

HOW SHALL I GET RID OF A BAD HABIT

"How shall I a habit break?" As you did that habit make. As you gathered, you must lose; As you yielded, now refuse.

But remember, as we try, Lighter every test goes by: Wading in, the stream grows deep Towards the centre's downward sweep.

Ah, the precious years we waste Levelling what we raised in haste; Doing what must be undone Ere content or love be won!

LEARN YOUR WORK FROM GROUND UP

A white-haired pilot heard young sailors on the ship complain that he stood at his ease at the helm, while they had to climb the masts, spread the sails, and exert themselves by strength or speed, for less pay than he received.

The moral:—Learn your work or trade or profession thoroughly, and you are bound to succeed in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases.—Michigan Catholic.

YOUR OWN EPITAPH

If you had to write your own epitaph, and the tombstone were big enough, could you truthfully put all this on it? asks Dr. Sheldon:

1. Here lies the body of one whose daily life was a Sermon, and whose conversation left no bitterness.

2. This was a soul that had many faults, but he was always trying to correct them.

3. His friends outnumbered his enemies, and all his enemies were caused by his honest convictions.

4. Little children came to him without asking, and old people asked him to come again.

5. He lost money, but he never lost his faith, and having once found the pearl of great price, he never sold it for something more showy.

6. He shared generously of everything except his troubles, and smiled just before he turned a corner.

7. He knew how to pray, and loved religion, and was not afraid nor ashamed to talk about God to the boy in the office elevator.

8. People loved to see him come along the street, and when he was absent from church, they knew he was sick, or out of town.

9. He enjoyed life so much, and lived it so well, that no one thinks of him as dead, and he lives in very many other people who imitate his virtue and follow his example.

WHAT A BOY COSTS So you are twenty-one. And you stand up clear-eyed, clear-minded, to look all the world squarely in the face. You are a man!

Did you ever stop to think, son, how much it cost to make a man out of you?

Some one has figured up the cost in money of rearing a child. He says to bring up a young man to a legal age, care for him and educate him, costs \$25,000, which is a lot of money to put into flesh and blood.

But that isn't all. You have cost your father many hard knocks and shortcomings and gray streaks in his hair; and your mother—oh, boy, you will never know! You have cost her days and nights of anxiety and wrinkles in her dear face, and heartaches and sacrifices.

It has been expensive to grow you, but— If you are worth what we think you are, you are well worth what it cost—and much, much more.

Be sure of this: While father does not say much, but "Hello, Son," way down deep in his tough, staunch heart he thinks you are the finest ever; and for the little mother she simply cannot keep her love and pride for you out of her eyes.

You are a man now. And some time you must step into your father's shoes. He wouldn't like you to call him old, but just the same he isn't as young as he used to be. You see, young man, he has been working pretty hard for more

than twenty years to help you up, and already your mother is beginning to lean on you.

Doesn't that sober you, Twenty-one?

Your father has done pretty well, but you can do better. You may not think so, but he does. He has given you a better chance than he had. In many ways you can begin where he left off. He expects a good deal from you, and that is why he has tried to make a man of you. Don't flinch, boy!

The world will try you out. It will put to test every fiber. Once the load is fairly on your shoulders, you will carry it and scarcely feel it—if only there be the willing and cheerful mind. All hail to you on the threshold.

It's high time you are beginning to pay the freight, and your back debts to your father, and mother. You will pay them up, won't you, boy?

How shall you pay them? By always being a man!—Maben (Miss.) Press.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MONTH OF THE ROSARY

Say, dearest Mother Mary, can it be That, having May, thou claim'st October, too?

The flowers of the Spring we plucked And these sad leaves of Autumn wilt thou sue?

When evenings first were lengthening, calm and warm, We lit thy altars gay with lily-bloom;

Now falls the night full swift, with lowering storm, And still thy tapers stay the advancing gloom.

'Tis thine and ten times welcome, Mother dear! This ripe and crisp October month is thine, What though our flowers and leaves be scant and rare?

The Calendar of Love knows no decline. Accept these Autumn wreaths—our chapels bright With crimson—yellow-stained, like sunset skies.

O Star of Morn! be still our star at night, And bless our fading years, as thou didst bless their rise.

THE KINDLY WORD

The art of saying appreciative words as we pass through life, is one worth developing and carefully putting into service.

A woman sat on the piazza of her home, her pale cheek and drooping figure telling of recent illness. She was watching the raking of leaves from the grass, and as the man passed near her with his rake she aroused herself from her languor to say: "You keep the lawn looking so nice, John. I like to see it that way."

He was only a hired man, a stranger in a strange land, and this was but one of a score of duties that he was paid for doing. Probably no one had ever thought of praising him before, and he had no answer ready. A week later the gentle invalid was gone—slipped away suddenly out of encircling arms, out of the world, like the vanishing of a snow wreath.

No one thought of John as among the mourners; he was only the driver of the family carriage, which carried some of the friends, but to one of these, with whom he found himself alone, he told of the kind recommendation, the last words he had heard the woman speak, and added, with a voice growing husky: "As long as I stay there, the lawn will be kept as she liked to see it."

Thus it is shown that, by a few words easily spoken, loyalty to one's daily work is quickened.—True Voice.

ST. TERESA

St. Teresa, who with all her mysticism and holiness, was particularly a woman of common sense, says in regard to prayer:

"It is so simple to pray, I don't ask of you high-flown thought or considerations, but I do ask one thing of you, and that is, to look at God. Without a word being spoken or a sign made, persons united in strong affection have a mutual understanding by a glance one from the other. There is no question of many words or long meditations, but there is a question of much love. Prayer is a loving intercourse with God. In prayer we must treat God as a father, brother or spouse."

Today, again, so many centuries after the death of this great saint, we also find the same thought put before us in the life of one of her spiritual children, Sister Teresa of the Infant Jesus. This pure, holy, and courageous soul, without ecstasies or visions, rose to the height of great sanctity. The little Flower of Lisieux also followed St. Teresa's example of folding the choir cloaks for the nuns when they left the monastery chapel, and she tells us that her favorite prayer was the "Our Father."

She wrote that, when she felt in a state of spiritual dryness, she recited "very slowly" the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary," and that these prayers took her out of herself and wonderfully refreshed her. The following words on prayer are very similar to those of St. Teresa—"I simply tell Our Lord all that I want and He understands."

A certain priest came to St. Teresa one day asking her to admit to one of her convents a very pious girl in whom he was much inter-

ested. He told the saint about the girl's piety and spirit of prayer. St. Teresa replied: "If she comes to us we shall teach her how to pray, and God will give her the gift of piety, but if she has not common sense we shall not be able to give it to her." Let us ask St. Teresa to obtain this faculty for us.—The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

BOYS THAT SUCCEED

"A new boy came into our office today," said a wholesale grocery merchant to his wife at the supper table. "He was hired by the firm at the request of the senior member, who thought the boy gave promise of good things. But I feel sure that the boy will be out of office in less than a week."

"What makes you think so?" inquired his wife. "Because the very first thing he wanted to know was just exactly how much he was expected to do."

"Perhaps you will yet change your mind about him." "Perhaps I shall," replied the merchant, "But I don't think so." Three days later the business man said to his wife: "About that boy you remember I mentioned two or three days ago. Well, he is the best boy who ever entered the store."

"How did you find that out?" "In the easiest way in the world. The first day after the boy began to work, he performed very faithfully and systematically the exact duties assigned to him, which he had been so careful to have explained to him. When he had finished he came to me and said: 'Mr.—, I have finished all the work, now what can I do?'"

"I was a little surprised, but I gave him a little job of work and forgot all about him until he came into my room with the question: 'What next?' That settled it for me. He was the first boy that ever entered our office who was willing and volunteered to do more than was assigned to him. I predict a successful career for that boy as a business man.—Liquorian.

THE MOTHER OF SORROWS

One of the sublimest spectacles given to mankind to contemplate is that of Mary, the pure virgin and spotless Mother, standing at the foot of the Cross. Mother love ever evokes tenderness in the beholder. Such an affection, when aroused by sorrow, has a poignant and compelling appeal. The mother of the Maccabees, witnessing the death of her seven sons, stands out in ancient history. Niobe, bewailing her slain children, is the most pathetic human touch left us by the art of paganism.

Mary, however, stands alone in her grief. The exalted station which she occupied in the scheme of humanity; the supreme innocence of her Son; the ingratitude of a people whom He would save; the villainous of His executioners and the divine nature of the Victim Himself: all this sends a rush of horror and pity over the hearts of thinking men.

It is commonly accepted that the more finely one's nature is formed, the more tender one's sensibilities, the more keenly does one suffer. The summit of perfection was reached in this regard in both Jesus and Mary. Hence the very acme of suffering was experienced by those two wondrous beings, the God-Man and humanity's solitary boast. The realization that her Son was God and could, by a mere thought, annihilate His tormentors, was a cause for added sorrow. While her reverence for such divine mercy elicited her admiration, it also deepened the wound opened by man's perfidy.

Occasional reflection on the picture of Mary standing bravely at the foot of the cross cannot but strengthen one in the midst of disappointments and the ingratitude of mankind. The sight of her calm and unperturbed demeanor, while her very soul was agonizing, is a lesson to all who fume and worry about the little trials of life.—Catholic Bulletin.

GO OFTEN TO CHURCH

In every tabernacle God waits and watches for the vision of His children, longing for them to come and talk to Him and tell Him their troubles and their needs, their joys and sorrows, their hopes and tears, and he is always ready to listen to and comfort them and to grant their prayers.

NEW LAMP BURNS 94% AIR

BEATS ELECTRIC OR GAS

A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft, white light, even better than gas or electricity, has been tested by the U. S. Government and 85 leading universities, and found to be superior to 10 ordinary oil lamps. It burns without odor, smoke or noise—no pumping up, is simple, clean, safe.—Burns 94% air and 6% common kerosene (coal oil).

The inventor, T. T. Johnson, 248 Craig St. W., Montreal, is offering to send a lamp on 10 days' FREE trial, or even to give one FREE to the first user in each locality who will help him introduce it. Write him today for full particulars. Also ask him to explain how you can get the agency, and without experience or money make \$250 to \$500 per month.

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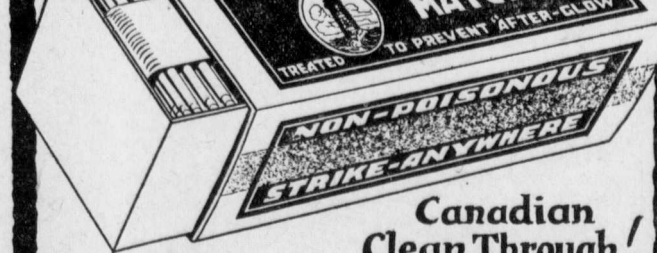
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WEEKLY CALENDAR

Sunday, October 8.—St. Bridget of Sweden, was a member of the Swedish royal family born in 1304. In obedience to her father's wishes she was married to Prince Ulpho of Sweden and became the mother of eight children. After a number of years she and her husband separated by mutual consent. He entered the Cistercian Order and St. Bridget founded the order of St. Saviour, in the Abbey of Wastain. She died A. D. 1373.

Monday, Oct. 9.—St. Dionysius and his companion martyrs. Of all the Roman missionaries sent into Gaul, St. Dionysius penetrated furthest into that country. He fixed his see at Paris and through his efforts and those of his disciples the sees of Chartres, Sens, Meaux and Cologne were erected in the fourth century. During the persecution of Valerian he was imprisoned and later beheaded together with St. Rusticus and Eleutherus.

Tuesday, October 10.—St. Francis Borgia, Duke of Gandia and Captain General of Catalonia was chosen in 1589 to escort the remains of Queen Isabella to the royal burying place at Granada. When the coffin was opened in order that he might verify the body, the sight that met his eyes was so foul that he vowed never again to serve a sovereign who could suffer so base a change. He entered the Society of Jesus and was later chosen as its head. When the Turks menaced Christendom, St. Francis was sent by the Pope on a mission to enlist the aid of the Christian princes. The fatigues of this mission exhausted him and he died on his return to Rome in 1574.

Wednesday, October 11.—St. Tarachus and his companions. In the year 804 Tarachus, Probus and Andronicus, differing in age and nationality but united in the Faith were denounced as Christians. They were tortured three times and finally exposed to the wild beasts. The ferocious animals, however, refused to harm them and the judge ordered the martyrs killed by the gladiators.

Thursday, October 12.—St. Wilfrid, Bishop, was born about 634 and was trained by the Celtic monks at Lindisfarne in the peculiar rites and usages of the British Church. Even as a boy he longed for perfect conformity in discipline as a doctrine with the Holy See and after a trip to Rome he founded a strictly Roman monastery at Ripon under the rule of St. Benedict. In 664 he was made Bishop of Lindisfarne and five years later was transferred to York. He finally succeeded in establishing a vigorous Catholic discipline modelled and dependent on Rome.

Friday, October 13.—St. Edward the Confessor was unexpectedly raised to the throne of England at the age of forty. On the throne, the virtues of his earlier years, simplicity, gentleness, and angelic purity shone with a new brightness. Although he married to satisfy his nobles and people, he preserved perfect chastity. His reign of twenty-four years was one of almost unbroken peace, the country grew prosperous and ruined churches rose under his hand. The weak lived secure and for ages afterward men spoke of the "laws of good St. Edward." Westminster Abbey was his latest and noblest work. He died January 5, 1066.

Saturday, October 14.—St. Callistus, Pope, martyr, succeeded St. Zephyrinus as Pope in the third century. During the persecution under Emperor Severus, St. Callistus was driven to take refuge in the poor quarters of the city. He was martyred October 14, 225.

BEGGING FOR BAPTISM!

From "China"

In a recent letter, which our priest in China, Father Carey, writes to his former companions in China Mission College, Almonte, and China Mission Seminary, Scarborough, we read the following:

Four miles to the north of here in "Lee Family Village" there are upwards of one hundred Christians, of whom the greater number are already baptised. Father Puech is at present on a visit to these good simple souls. A few days prior to Christmas last, I myself had the pleasure of baptising ten of them, amongst whom, was one old lady over eighty years of age, who has since died. Mary Lee is now praying for me, and for you, dear friends, and asking her holy Patron, the Queen of Apostles, to intercede with her Divine Son, for us and for our work! Rest assured, therefore, of the ultimate success of all our efforts for the extension of the Son of Mary's Kingdom on earth! As an earnest of our ultimate success, the letter which came to me soon after the death of poor old Mary Lee is certainly worthy of note. This letter contained a petition addressed to me from the Catechist of Yuen-Ho-Su, a small town in the extreme north-eastern section of our territory, begging of me to come as soon as possible to Yuen-Ho-Su in order to give final instructions, and administer Baptism to one hundred families who had long been under instruction and who were now almost ready for Baptism! One hundred families! Just think of it, boys! Between five and six hundred persons, all well disposed and prepared to enter the Church! Surely, "digitus dei est hic!"

Surely, our Canadian Apostles are destined to outstrip St. Francis Xavier himself! Surely, the record of Canada's future missionaries to China, will be the brightest in Canadian Church History! Pray, then pray that peace may come soon to these poor, distracted people, and, with peace, sturdy, loyal sons of Canada, bearing the word of Christ, the Prince of Peace! In the meantime, you can rely on me, aided by God's grace to "prepare the way of the Lord, and make straight His paths." (Isaiah, xl, 3). You can rely on me to do all in my power to prepare the minds and hearts of these people for your coming, and for the coming of Christ! "Amen. Come Lord Jesus!" (Apoc. xxii, 20).

In the whole district offered to China Mission College to evangelize there are about 4,000,000 Pagans and only 3,000 Christians. The only missionaries amongst this multitude are Father Carey, two French priests and four Chinese priests. The district is 30,000 Square Miles in Extent.

After reading the above we feel sure that many applications will come in for admission to our Institution. Pray first, then write us for particulars.

THE ROSARY

It would hardly seem necessary to remind any Catholic that October is set apart as the month of the most holy rosary, but in our mad scramble for the things of this world we are so prone to forget the things of the spirit that recalling this devotion to mind may not be out of place. The esteem and affection in which all good Catholics hold the Rosary make it by far the most prominent of the Church's sacraments, and so characteristic is the possession and use of it a mark of Catholicity that few, if any, who hold it in reverence, ultimately fail to obtain the grace of conversion.

The Rosary is the most Catholic of devotions, and binds Catholics together in a way that nothing else, short of the common Faith itself, can do. Had St. Dominic and his Order done nothing else than give us the Rosary they would have amply justified their existence. Other forms of prayer, other rites or devotions, appeal to different temperaments, varying intellectual abilities, or states of life, but the Rosary appeals to all. The savage in the jungles of Africa, the Esquimaux in the frozen fastnesses of the North, the inhabitant of the Australian bush, or of Tierra del Fuego, none is too degraded to be able to learn its simple message or to utilize its prayers in his approach to God, and yet Popes, Prelates, priest, theologians, and mystics lose themselves and exhaust their powers in trying to tell the wonders of its "mysteries."

There is really no reason why every Catholic cannot say his rosary every day. It may be done at odd moments, on the way to or from work, while waiting for a car, or a meal, thus utilizing some of the numerous moments we so easily and frequently waste. But this month of October particularly all should make an especial effort to recite it either in company with others, or privately, as a testimony to our faith and as a stimulus to our devotion to Christ and His blessed Mother. No saint within the past seven hundred years has attained heroic virtues without it, and no one who was diligent in its recitation has ever been known to lose his faith.—The Missionary.

Commenting on the proposals of the Minister of Finance for the conversion of 1922 Victory Bonds into new bonds carrying the same rate of interest and maturing in five or ten years, as desired, the Monetary Times says:

"One point which should be borne in mind by investors in considering the new issue of Dominion Government bonds is that the time is rapidly approaching when good securities will be scarce instead of plentiful. Up to the present year, since the beginning of the War, the investment market has been a buyers' market, interest rates being high and money scarce. Looking back to a time several years before the War, however, investors will recall that it was then quite a problem to find a reasonably good investment which would yield 5 per cent. or even 5 per cent."

"The opportunities to invest in

ten-year bonds at 5 per cent. is therefore a good one. The loan will unquestionably be a success and security prices will, judging by prospects, be carried to still higher levels."

The Minister's offer is open until September 30; see the official advertisement for details.

MINERALS AND MINING INDUSTRIES

Canada possesses wonderful assets in her mineral resources, and their development will contribute in a large measure to the prosperity of the country. The success attending the opening up of the mines in Northern Ontario, British Columbia, and the work done in Manitoba has awakened public interest in the great possibilities of the future.

To convey some idea to the public at large, of the importance of our mines, the varied character of our mineral deposits and the remarkable possibilities of our undeveloped areas the Department of Resources of the Canadian National Railways at Toronto, has issued a pamphlet on "Minerals and Mining Industries" dealing with the physical features of the country, the various mining areas and the metallic and non-metallic minerals contained in the various provinces.

One of the instructive and interesting features of this work, is that it gives information as to the many applications and new uses of the economic minerals in the industries and arts. It also gives reference to various publications of the Departments of Mines, both Dominion and Provincial, bearing upon the subject.

THE WISE MAN, PRACTICAL AND SERIOUS

With the closing of the vacation period and the definite beginning of a new work year, the practical Catholic will place first in his planning the fullest measure he can achieve of fidelity to religious practices. Anything like laxity he will definitely exclude. Being too hurried in the morning to offer the day to God or being too tired at night to ask pardon for the weaknesses of the day and a blessing on the rest he is about to take, should be accounted all unworthy of toleration in a serious man's life. Coming late to Mass, hurrying away before the end of Mass, passing the time of the Holy Sacrifice without beads or Mass book in a bored or careless fashion, should be reckoned too grossly wasteful of precious things to form any part in a sensible person's programme. To expect the soul to thrive un nourished while he carefully feeds his body, will be recognized as such folly that the wise man will hold his frequent Holy Communions as of utmost importance to that in him which is his highest and his best; namely, his likeness to his God. As often as he can, he will strengthen his spirit with the Living Bread come down from Heaven.

Where a man is taking this just measure of care in the most important business of his life, there is little danger that he will fail in the faithful performance of his day's work, or in the full task of doing his duty in providing for those dependent upon him. Such a programme in the life of the laboring man and in the life of the employer and the capitalist would quickly bring to an end the prolonged struggle that is a reproach both to our civilization and to our loyalty to the law of Christian charity.—Catholic Standard and Times

THE STRENGTH OF VIRTUE

It is sure that virtue stands in no need of anything but itself to hold its own against malice; it is strong enough when it appears in its own beauty, whether that be its native attractiveness or the adornments of divine grace. Whosoever molests it can have no other aim than to disfigure it by the smirch of vice. Behold the plan of campaign of intrigue, craft and injustice which are almost the only means employed for hurting a true Christian; but these are futile if he be candid and fearless. Our Saviour—how much better we love Him after His temptation in the desert than before. Even heathen philosophers maximized this truth—that virtue

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is a fortress which cannot be captured either by assault or by surreptitious means. As the sun obscures candid light, so does real virtue dissipate artificial virtue—that which makes up the sum total of the virtue of worldlings. Tempests toss the sea into commotion, but far from hurting it they purify it; sooner or later it recovers its normal calmness. Thus patience in due time appeases anger; truthfulness neutralizes calumny; meekness first confounds and then wins arrogance.

SALES AGENTS: SALES agents each county make big money selling "Bodin" Spark Plugs; guaranteed against carbon and breakage on car, truck or tractor; direct to owners; cost 60c, retail \$1; average sale four plugs. For open territory apply Bodin Co., 30 Maitland St., Toronto, Ont. 256-1

FOR SALE: CATHOLIC Encyclopedia, latest and smallest edition; 1 leather bound, good as new, bought recently at \$125. Will sell at \$80. Apply Box 488, Simcoe, Ont. 256-1

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WIN \$2500.00 IN PRIZES NAME THE PICTURES THESE SCENES ARE FROM CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S Picture Plays have made millions laugh. He is particularly well known and appreciated in Canada. But whether or not you have seen all the famous Charlie Chaplin films that are being shown throughout the country, are you clever enough to find the names of the pictures from which the scenes at the right are taken? HOW TO SOLVE IT. The object of this contest is to bring to your mind a few of the most popular of the famous Charlie Chaplin picture plays. The 5 scenes at the right are taken right out of five of his great pictures. In order to help you name them correctly, the artist has put into these scenes the names of the plays themselves in jumbled letters. Unscramble these letters, put them into their right order and you will have their names. In case you are not familiar with the popular Charlie Chaplin picture plays that are appearing in Canada now, the names below will help you:

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Advertisement for Ford Touring Car. Text: "This great contest is absolutely free of expense. Send Your answer to-day. This great contest is nothing more nor less than a great advertising and introduction campaign. It is absolutely free of expense. It is being conducted by the Continental Publishing Co., Limited, one of the largest and best known publishing houses in Canada, and has the endorsement of the great Charlie Chaplin Studios. CHARLIE CHAPLIN HIMSELF IS HONORARY JUDGE! Frankly this contest is intended to further advertise and introduce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's Greatest Magazine, but you do not have to buy anything, subscribe to anything or spend a cent of your money in order to enter and win a prize. Write the names of the five pictures you think these scenes are from, using one side of the paper only. Put your full name and address (stating Miss, Mrs., Mr. or Master) in the lower right-hand corner, use a separate sheet for anything. Mr. Chaplin as Honorary Judge, and three independent judges, having no connection with this company, will award the prizes, and the answer gaining 250 points will win First Prize. You will get 20 points for each picture you name correctly. The 40 points will be awarded for the general neatness, punctuation, spelling, etc. of your answer; 10 points for handwriting and 100 points for fulfilling a simple condition of the contest. This condition is only that you assist in this great advertising campaign by showing a copy of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's Greatest Magazine (which we will send you post paid) to just four friends or neighbors who will appreciate this really worth-while Canadian publication and want it to come to them every month. The contest will close at 8 p. m. June 30th 1923, immediately after which the answers will be judged and the prizes awarded. We reserve the right to alter the qualifying conditions from time to time as may appear necessary, though of course any such change will not affect anyone who has already qualified their entry. Don't delay, send in your answer to-day. This announcement may not appear in this paper again. Address: Charlie Chaplin Contest Entry, Continental Publishing Co., Limited, Dept. 600 Toronto, Ont."