

The Catholic Record.

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

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WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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DEPLOABLE DISUNION

The situation that has arisen in Ireland between what is called the Free Staters and the Republicans is genuinely to be deplored by every person who has at heart the higher interests of the Irish nation. Now, the time of times when unity is necessary—when the people need to exert themselves in a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together—it is deeply painful that, at the supreme moment, disunion of the most menacing type should break out. There is no any doubt in the world that both sides of this dispute are as sincere as men can be. The Republicans wholeheartedly believe that the Irish nation is dangerously compromised by the London settlement. The great body of the Free Staters believe with them that the London settlement did not get for Ireland what Ireland should have—but, reason the latter, the Irish delegates to London got all that, under the adverse circumstances, it was humanly possible to get.

Also, a large body of those who are wholeheartedly supporting the Free State believe that a serious mistake was made by the Irish delegates consenting to sign the Treaty, and a still more serious mistake was made when these delegates, knowing that the Treaty did not give Irish liberty, proclaimed to the nation that it did. Yet, since a large portion of the suffering country want peace at any price, these dissatisfied ones, for sake of unity, and for sake of making the best of a bad bargain, considered it wise to take hold of the new order of things and make the most of it, until Ireland was in position to assert her full rights. Now, if the whole of Nationalist Ireland united upon even the very defective Treaty, resolving, not to regard it as a settlement, but to use it as a lever for forcing a true and just settlement later, Ireland would have good chance of winning out within the next decade. But now, that brother is divided against brother, each of them preparing to fight the other, and no preparation being made against the common enemy, Ireland's outlook is for the time being, desperately gloomy.

For the time being, it is the Providence who has thus far guided the destinies of Ireland, will ere long, probably in a most unexpected way, shatter the dense clouds that are lowering. Within six months unexpectedly happy things will happen. Meanwhile, it is the duty of every Irish-blooded one here to say or do nothing that will encourage fratricidal strife. Every man or woman of the Irish race, should by sanity of thought and sanity of speech exert himself and herself to discourage bitterness among brothers, stay the threatening strife, and encourage happy union once more.

PATRIOTIC IRISH UNIONISTS

One thing which is insistently and persistently shown by all the Irish newspapers which come to me—is the encouraging fact that not only have the Unionists of the south and west of Ireland (the Anglo-Irish) wholeheartedly spoken out for a united Ireland to back the Irish Provisional Government in its work of reconstructing the nation, but here and there in the Northeast, some of them are daring to give expression to their opinion that all Ireland should stand or fall as a unit. When it is remembered the amount of hardihood necessary for any Unionist in the hot-bed of Orangeism thus to give expression to his opinion, it will be recognized that against the few who have publicly spoken out for a united Ireland, there are thousands who would so speak but dare not.

The message addressed by Sir James Cotter, prominent Southern Unionist, to his fellows in the Northeast, calling on them to put their insanity behind them and to be Irish, was in itself significant. Another noted Unionist, Andrew Jameson, one of the big figures in the Dublin Chamber of Commerce—and one of the famous Jameson family, distillers of Jameson's whiskey—gave frank expression to his views at a recent meeting of his Chamber. He said he had no doubt that every man present was turning over in his mind how the Irish Free State was going to work. To those who had doubts he could recommend their going to some kindly chemist and ask him the easiest way of committing suicide. What he wanted was common sense in the Government and bravery also. The new Government had a very difficult task before it, and they as business men should, to the best of their ability, take kindly to everything that was done, and not be in too great a hurry to jump on everything that did not quite please them. He could not himself see why Ireland as a Free State, with such arrangements as they had now in front of them, should not be a prosperous and contented country. They would

be one of the only people on the earth who would have an extremely small debt! They did not know what it was going to be, but they knew from what they heard that it was not going to be a crushing debt, such as the National Debt of Great Britain. It would be one which could be carried without terrific and great taxation on the people in this country. He was glad, he said, to see that our leaders both North and South, have shown us that they are appreciating to the full what a great deal of us have held to be an essential principle in Ireland; and that is, that North and South should work together for the common good of the country. There is no doubt what we feel about it. He only mentioned it because it shows that the men in power—both North and South—appreciate what are the real necessities of the situation and are doing their best to meet them.

"NO SURRENDER" DERRY

In the City of Derry, the Maiden City, whose cry for two centuries was "No surrender!" a great body of Unionist merchants (who are the leading merchants in the city) are said to be entirely against the partition of Ireland. And when, at a recent meeting of the Derry Corporation (City Council) a resolution was proposed that the Corporation address all its communications, not to the Belfast Government into the lap of which they had been thrust, but to the Provisional Government in Dublin, one of the best-known of the Derry Unionist merchants, Mr. Gilliland, publicly supported this radical—almost rebellious—movement. Portadown, one of the most notorious hot-beds of anti-Irishism has spoken out also—at the meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of that city. One of the best-known men and Unionists, Thomas Shillington, pleaded for the return of sanity and the union of the people of Ireland to make Ireland great. He regarded the outlook of Ireland as hopeful and he trusted that those who were looked upon as leaders on both sides might put their heads together and say: "This Ireland of ours has got to be developed and helped; let us put our shoulders to the wheel and find some common means whereby we shall, in its commercial and economic interests, as well as in its social interests, and the interests of Government, pull and act together." Ireland was too small a country to have two States in it, and they would find that it would work out to the disadvantage of the country. He thought that was an opportunity to speak out what he thought all reasonable men would admit were the facts of the present situation in this country. He believed that the younger men among them would live to see a united effort made on the part of the people of this country to work for commercial, industrial and social well-being and for the other interests of the country, and that they would see a more prosperous country when these influences got to work.

BELFAST PROTESTANTS NOT ALL THUS AND MURDERERS

At the same time, we learn from Belfast that despite the fierce sectarian persecution there, the respectable Protestants of that very Protestant city are not afraid to stand by their Catholic fellow citizens and to help them. The Catholic Bishop of Belfast, Dr. McRory, in an address that he made on behalf of the Catholic Boys' Home (which is run by the Sisters of Nazareth), gave utterance to the following pleasant testimony: "I am glad to know and to acknowledge publicly that the work of the Sisters of Nazareth has won the admiration and the support of a very large number of our non-Catholic fellow-citizens. Even in the darkest days of the pogrom of the last eighteen months, that support from a large number of non-Catholics in Belfast was never withdrawn, and I am proud on this occasion to be able to make that acknowledgment to our Protestant fellow-citizens. It proves what I know otherwise—that there is a great number of broad and liberal-minded people who have no sympathy with, and no approval for, the terrible things that have been going on in our midst."

SEUMAS MACMANUS, Of Donegal.

RELIGIOUS TRAINING VITAL TO SOCIETY

Chicago, March 4.—Religious motives must be substituted for selfishness and children must be made to constitute a new society, or the present machinery of civilization will break down, Henry F. Cope, of Chicago, told the department of superintendence, National Education Association, in an address delivered here this week.

"Unless we can train children in the religious motives of living all our legislation and all our social regulation will completely fail," Mr. Cope declared. "And unless we can charge human life from selfishness to social good our machinery of civilization will break down. There never will be a police force

big enough to suppress banditry in a city unless you can outlaw it in the wills of the citizens. You cannot regulate folks into righteousness.

"The War broke down traditional morality, and we had built up nothing to take its place. Young people are not worse than they were, but they are like the rest of us, without moral compass in a time of rough seas."

BISHOP O'BRIEN

CHALLENGES AGITATORS TO FACE SQUARELY THE QUESTION OF GRANTS

The Editor of the Daily Star.

Dear Sir: As one who for years has given a great deal of time and attention to the matter of school grants, I beg to make some observations upon the statements of Mr. George Spotton of Wingham.

When this gentleman first made his startling discovery of "a wide discrimination in favor of Separate schools in the matter of provincial grants," and challenged the Minister of Education to a public debate, I had no idea that he would be taken seriously. I felt that conditions in this province were such as to reassure the most anxious and sensitive Public school supporter; more than five-sixths of the people of this province support the Public schools; the legislature which votes the grants is composed of members of whom the vast majority are Public school supporters; the Minister of Education and all the officials of his department, including the gentleman who actually computes the grants and divides them between the Public and Separate schools, are Public school supporters; surely, I thought, Public school supporters have sufficient guarantee for the equitable distribution of grants.

MISLEADING AND MISCHIEVOUS

However, Mr. Spotton, accompanied by the Hon. Dr. Edwards of Kingston, recently came to Peterborough, a city of more than twenty thousand persons, and the local press informed us that about four hundred persons heard the addresses, which extended over a period of nearly three hours.

He informed his hearers of "a wide discrimination in favour of Separate schools," renewed his offer to debate the issue on a public platform with the Minister of Education, warned that "unless Protestants speak with no uncertain sound the treasury of this province will be raided," and, in the face of figures which he quoted, asked the specious question, "Why should not a child, born of a Protestant mother, have the same financial assistance in matters of education as a child born of a Catholic mother?" He was followed by Dr. Edwards, who, among other things, said that Mr. Spotton's figures "showed clearly that the Public school supporters have just cause for a grievance."

In the face of actual conditions in this province, as I pointed out above, I did not think that these kindred remarks would be taken seriously, but Tuesday's newspapers indicate that they are at least being repeated elsewhere, and it may be that "such statements, constantly reiterated and seldom answered, will assuredly be believed."

Mr. Spotton has conveniently assembled figures where he shows that some Separate schools received larger grants than some Public schools, but he has carefully avoided proving that the aggregate of the legislative grants given to the Separate schools is larger proportionately than that given to the Public schools. He has not shown that the children of Catholic mothers get a larger proportionate share of grants in the Separate schools than the children of Protestant mothers in the Public schools. He has carefully side-stepped the real issue.

AGITATORS MUST ACCEPT OR CONFESS FLAGRANT DISHONESTY

In order that the general public may be fully informed on the question which Mr. Spotton has raised and that accurate and authoritative information may be had of where every dollar of legislative grants for school purposes has gone and how it has been divided between the Public and Separate schools, I hereby agree to go with Mr. Spotton to the Minister of Education, or to send my solicitor with him, and to ask for a full judicial inquiry, by two high court judges, into the question of the division of grants between Public and Separate schools for last year, and for any number of years which may be satisfactory to both parties. If it is found that one dollar of the legislative grant that legally belongs to the Public schools, has been applied for Separate school purposes or in any way diverted into Separate school channels, or if it is found that Separate schools are receiving a larger per capita allowance than the Public schools, I will undertake, on behalf of the Separate schools to press for any redressment which the court will direct as just and fair.

I will furthermore give security for any costs which the court may adjudge me liable for in the case.

If this proposition is not satisfactory to Mr. Spotton and if he continues to agitate the public mind by representations such as he has been making, I must assume, and I think the general public will be convinced, that his great solicitude in this matter is not wholly for the welfare of Public schools.

Respectfully yours,
M. J. O'BRIEN,
Bishop of Peterborough.
Peterborough, Feb. 22, 1922.

A MORE REASONABLE INTERVAL ASSURED

AMERICA TOO IMPORTANT TO BE IGNORED AS IN PAST

Rome, Feb. 28 (Associated Press).—"All the American Cardinals will be present at the next Conclave," said Pope Pius during a farewell audience to Cardinal O'Connell of Boston this morning.

"There will be no more racing 5,000 miles in a vain endeavor to reach Rome in time for a Conclave," the Pontiff added. "The United States is too important to be ignored as she has been. I shall see to it that what happened at the last Conclave shall not occur again."

The audience lasted for an hour, during which the Pope and Cardinal O'Connell held intimate conversational regarding the American Church and the Catholic University.

During the course of his remarks Pope Pius said to Cardinal O'Connell:

"You know I have been a librarian all my life. The happiest years I have spent were in company with books. In that way I have come in contact with the great scholars of the world and with great university lecturers. I have received letters since my election from scientists and men of letters in Oxford, Harvard, Yale and other institutions. Your Catholic University of Washington, its work and future interest me intensely.

"The university must be a shrine of learning. It is the purpose of the university to mold intellectual leaders, and endow them with deep erudition, guided by the principles of faith. It is all right to build great basilicas and great buildings, but the essential thing is to make learning the important aim of all those activities. It is not a great basilica that is needed, but zeal, spirit and learning are forming the most important effort of achievement."

"PAY YOUR PROFESSORS WELL"

"The principles must be right. A great church is a great thing, but it is no essential part of a university. External appearances count for little. An extravagant facade is nothing unless there exists in that seat of learning the soul of learning. Pay your professors well. It brings good results. You will then have the best trainers of the leaders of men, and it will insure that the product is the best obtainable."

His Holiness then gave Cardinal O'Connell the example of Galileo, who first was employed by the University of Genoa, then was taken by the University of Florence and then by Bologna. Each time he had a higher salary until he had passed through several universities which were anxious to have the world's greatest teacher at that time. The Pope then continued:

"Oh, what a wonderful country you have! There the Church is free, really free, as it is nowhere else. There the Government respects religion. Therefore the Government has the right to all that religion can give. It is a fair exchange."

"I know, too, how hard the clergy of America work. That is the reason why they have the respect and love of the people. Americans are practical people. They recognize the value of earnest men. There is a wonderful future in store for America, especially in these trying times when Europe is passing through such an anxious period."

Cardinal O'Connell then told the Holy Father of the relations between the Catholics and Protestants in America and how both co-operate in the social and economic life. He said that no enmity existed between the members of the two faiths and that when a good and noble work was to be done both united for the common good. The Pontiff, hearing the Boston Cardinal's words, seemed deeply moved. He said:

"I like that. It is great advantage. It makes for peace and harmony everywhere. America is truly wonderful and full of hope and promise. My prayer is that the Catholics of America will continue to be united in the bonds of brotherly affection. Let the hierarchy stand together for all that is best in human life. Of course, there will be human defects and differences, but when the spirit is right and the principles true, God will take care of the rest. No one expects perfection in this world, but what we want is good-will all around."

CONVERSES IN THREE LANGUAGES

Cardinal O'Connell said he was deeply impressed by the Pontiff's earnest and calm manner, his clearness of mind and his kindly disposition. Besides great strength of character, the Holy Father also had great bodily strength. During the interview Cardinal O'Connell said the Pontiff said to him, "You are an old Roman," to which the Cardinal replied, "But now, Holy Father, you are a Roman for life."

The Pontiff spoke of the congratulations he had received from all parts of the world, saying, "I am delighted with the feelings of approbation and acclaim that have come to me from every hand and I shall try to deserve them."

Cardinal O'Connell then presented Mr. Michael J. Spaine of Boston and Father Richard J. Haberlin and six students of the American College, all of them from Boston, to Pope Pius, who spoke to them in English. Previously he had conversed with the Cardinal in Italian. Near the end of the audience Cardinal O'Connell presented his valet, John Riedi, who is a Swiss, to the Pope who talked to him in German and asked him all about the Alps, declaring he had climbed almost all of them.

ANSWERS MR. SNELL

Editor Free Press: The letter of Mr. Horace W. Snell, of Wingham, which you published in this morning's edition of The Free Press, calls for and deserves a very definite reply. Separate school supporters in Ontario are making an appeal to the Legislature, the Government and the people of this province for a fair and just consideration of the claim that their schools are deprived in many respects of their guaranteed rights. Part of the responsibility involved in such appeal obliges them to furnish accurate information to honest inquirers on the subject.

The legislative grant to rural Public schools in 1921 was \$1,514,491 and the number of pupils was 120,836; for the same year the legislative grant to the rural Separate schools was \$145,509 and the number of pupils was 11,105. The average grant per pupil was the same in both cases. Obviously, if some Separate schools received more than the average grant others received less; and if some Public schools received more than the average grant others received less. There are several hundred Separate schools and several thousand Public schools in the Province of Ontario.

I have not the leisure to search the records of them all, but it is in any case necessary. For the act of 1893 between the two sets of schools, Public and Separate on the basis of the average attendance of pupils. The act of 1893 is the contract; the average attendance of pupils is the single condition in that contract. And the contract is bilateral. In 1907, without the knowledge, approval or consent of one of the parties to that contract, several Separate school supporters, several other conditions were written into it by the late superintendent of education, the department of education or the Legislature of the province. From 1908 until 1917, despite the protests of Separate school representatives, this unjust and unconstitutional procedure was persisted in. In 1917 the crown in Ontario gave a written opinion to the Government of the day that Separate schools were legally entitled to and must receive every dollar of their share of the legislative grant on the basis of the average attendance of pupils, and that any distribution which deprived them of a single dollar of this grant was ultra vires of the province. Since then the grants have been paid in full. But the moneys unjustly retained from our grants from 1908 to 1917 still remain in the consolidated revenue fund of the province. I want to ask Mr. Snell, and all who think with him, to answer this straightforward question: If Mr. Snell and I enter into a mutual contract with the sole condition "on the basis of the average attendance of pupils," has he the right, without my approval, knowledge or consent, to write into the contract other conditions that suit himself and that do me an injustice?

Mr. Snell confers on me a title which I must modestly but firmly decline. He places me, at least by inference, amongst the "episcopal defenders" of the Minister of Education. For almost twelve years I have been one of those who have protested vigorously at that time against the unjust, unfair and unconstitutional treatment accorded to the Separate Common school system. The actual Minister of Education has been no exception to this rule, and while I should deem it an honor and a privilege to be an enthusiastic defender of every Minister of Education in his work for the development of this great public interest, I regret to say that I have not been able to occupy this

position with regard to any one of them for the simple reason that, from the point of view of a Separate school supporter, I have not felt that they deserved it.

M. F. FALLON,
Bishop of London.
London, March 6, 1922.

THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE HOLY SEE

THE ENGLISH PRESS AND PIUS XI.

If the secular press of England had been directed by Catholics as a distinctly Catholic press, it could hardly have given much more space to the election of the Pope Pius XI. and from the leading articles of some of the greater dailies it is possible to see that a great change has set in with regard to the Papacy.

The fact that the Holy Father gave his first public blessing from the outer loggia of the Vatican Basilica seems to have conveyed a meaning of striking significance to the editorial writers, though it must be admitted that perhaps more has been read into this incident than it calls for.

"A Sovereign Pontiff," says the London Times, which is not exactly a pro-Papal journal, under the influence of the Italian Government would necessarily lose the confidence of the Catholic people—and still more of the non-Catholic Governments—out of Italy. With whatever wisdom and impartiality he might act, he would be suspected of complaisance towards the secular rulers of the Italian State."

It is rather a curious attitude to find taken by the Times, which is intensified further on by the same journal approving the pride of all Italians, except the extreme Socialists, in the Papacy, and deprecating anything that might give color to the assertion that the Pope was under the thumb of the Italian secular Government.

But the most striking statement of all in the long editorial article with which the Times greets the accession of Pius XI. is one that implies the fullest recognition of the independence and sovereignty of the Holy Father. "The Pope," the Times goes on to say, "can never be an Italian subject or an Italian citizen. His mind and his attitude must be Catholic in the first sense of the word, but as he is, and must remain, the Pope of Rome, he can do much to mould upon the principles of order and of right the people who are of his blood, among whom he lives, and whom he dearly loves."

When the Holy See was engaged in restoring the Catholic Hierarchy in England in 1850, the same Times called loudly and violently for trusting out, bag and baggage, of the prelates whom the Pope had appointed to the newly-established dioceses. Here is the same journal implying in its pages that the Pope belongs to the entire world, and defending the Catholic position on the independence of the Holy See.

The Daily Telegraph, which is a journal of standing and influence of no lesser degree than the Times, quotes with favor the Pontiff's utterance at Milan on the occasion of his enthronement as Archbishop, when he spoke of the Papacy as being the greatest glory of Italy.

"For this glory," says the Daily Telegraph, "the filling of the vacancy in the Holy See is of interest, because we recognize it as an event of the first magnitude for the Catholic world, and can sympathize with the feeling of that world in seeing its spiritual leadership conferred on one who proposes to continue the fine tradition of peace, charity, and enlightenment set up during the Pontificate of Benedict XV."

Like the Times, the Daily Telegraph, dwells with emphasis on the need of preserving the political independence of the Holy See, and the implication is that the Holy Father should be just as independent of political influence on the part of other secular Governments as of the Italian Government.

FAMINE IN CONNEMARA

Dublin, Feb. 24.—In some of the seaboard districts of Connemara, where the residents are exclusively Catholics, there is acute distress. These people are living in territory which is mainly rocky. They rely for their sustenance on fishing, and when that industry is bad they are reduced to starvation. They are now in that plight.

As soon as the matter was brought under the notice of the Provisional Government it sent two inspectors to investigate, and report on, the state of affairs. It is expected that, through the intervention of the Government, work and a means of livelihood will be provided for the unfortunate people now faced with famine.

Never wait for a thing to turn up. Go and turn it up yourself. It takes less time, and it is surer to be done.

CATHOLIC NOTES

When Marshal Joffre arrived in Hanoi, during his recent trip to French Tonkin, he found there an old friend, fellow officer in the Great War, and student of the Ecole Polytechnique, Father Lecornu, pro-vicar Apostolic of Tonkin. Father Lecornu has just died in Hanoi following a long illness.

Philadelphia, March 4.—More than 800 babies, boys and girls, were blessed at the Gesu Church here this week. Mothers from every part of the city took their little ones to the church to receive the special blessing. Two babies, a boy and a girl, were placed on the altar as the representatives of the several hundreds of others, when the benediction was imparted, during a Jesuit mission.

Many thousands of poor and sick have profited by the activities of the Catholic Women's League of St. Louis during the last year. In all more than \$6,000 was expended by the League in its social service work, which included assistance for the poor, protective efforts in behalf of girls, instruction in domestic arts, and the free distribution of meals among deserving children.

Altoona, Pa., Mar. 4.—A remarkably successful campaign for funds to build Catholic High schools in this city and in Johnstown has just been concluded and Bishop McCort has announced the purchase of sites and his expectation of opening the schools in September. The Bishop asked for \$200,000 for this special purpose; in three weeks \$280,000 was subscribed, more than 60 per cent of this amount being turned in in cash.

Washington, D. C., March 3.—To extend the usefulness of Georgetown University in the field of education, the officials of the institution have inaugurated a lecture service which will enable societies, conventions and schools to obtain lecturers on any one of a variety of subjects, religious, philosophical, literary, scientific, sociological and educational. More than seventy lectures on these subjects are provided for.

Madrid, February 24.—The town-council of Sotrodo (Asturias) recently issued an order prohibiting the teaching of Christian doctrine and sacred history in all the Public schools under its jurisdiction, about twenty in all. The local board of the *Accion Catolica de la Moya*, a national organization of Catholic women which is very active throughout Spain, called upon the Civil Governor of the district, who immediately annulled the order of the Sotrodo Town Council.

The Vicar Apostolic of Kwang-Si, a large province in South China, has, with the approbation of Rome, ceded to the American Foreign Missions of Maryknoll a large territory including the important city of Wuchow on the West River. The new mission adjoins the present Maryknoll Mission in the Province of Kwang Tung, and comprises nine districts with a total population of 2,500,000 inhabitants. The French Fathers have already withdrawn, and two of the missions are now occupied by Maryknoll priests.

St. Louis, March 7.—The Rev. Philip Gordon, a Catholic Chippewa priest and perhaps the only full-blooded Indian who can deliver an address in the German language, preached in both German and English last Sunday at the Church of the Holy Trinity, where he made an effective appeal for aid in missionary work among the Indians. The Rev. Joseph F. Lubeley, pastor of the Holy Trinity, was a student at Innsbruck, in the Tyrol, when Father Gordon studied there.

Washington, D. C., March 4.—Copies of the "Catechism of Catholic Education," prepared by Rev. James H. Ryan, D. D., Ph. D., executive secretary of the Department of Education, National Catholic Welfare Council, will be ready for distribution on March 15, it is announced by the Department. This "Catechism" is an exposition of the history, administration and organization of the Catholic school system of the United States. The booklet of 120 pages, is a presentation of facts useful for Catholics and non-Catholics interested in the subject.

Cincinnati, March 4.—"During the last year," wrote Archbishop Moeller to the President of the Catholic Big Brothers League, "the League has been true to its noble object and has accomplished much good for its wards. Of the 1,750 juvenile delinquents summoned before the Judge of the Juvenile Court 520 were Catholic boys. Owing to the helpful sympathy, the untiring vigilance and the loving interest of the League only 44 of these offenders were brought before the Judge for official hearing, and not one of them was committed to a correctional institution. The Big Brothers succeeded in reclaiming these boys from their evil ways and in saving them from the disgrace of being sent to a State reformatory. The Court complimented the Big Brothers on this splendid and praiseworthy work."

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND (LADY GILBERT)

CHAPTER XIII—CONTINUED

"Poor thing!" murmured the other voice, a very soft, cooling little voice.

"Still you see, Mamzelle, if these folks of hers in Ireland should never look to her, or if it should be all a lie—I must say again I can't undertake to provide for her."

Here a tinkle from the shop-bell called the proprietress away to attend to a customer, and Mamzelle also rose from her chair, and casting a glance at the sofa, quietly left the room.

Fan opened her eyes wide, and thought busily over all she had heard. Was this workhouse, then, a bad place, and was she going to be shut up in it? Fan had heard at home about the poorhouse, and she supposed this workhouse must be something like it, only worse. Why should she go to it when she could earn money? Mrs. Wynch had called herself a poor woman, and perhaps this house and shop did not belong to her at all.

"But maybe she would take care of me," thought Fan. "If I could bring her money. I could sing in the streets, and work for her all the rest of the time."

The child lay and reflected, and at last a brilliant idea sprang up in her little mind. She rose from the sofa and peeped through the window of the door into the shop. Mrs. Wynch was busy with a gentleman, who was examining a jar. How pretty the lighted shop looked, with all the beautiful things around! Fan opened the other door into the hall, and listened. The house was dark and still. Her own little black cloak hung on a stand in the hall, she seized it and threw it over her head. "As it is dark," she thought, "the people will not notice that I am not gaily dressed." Then she opened the hall-door into the street softly, closed it as quietly, and flew down the street.

An hour later Mrs. Wynch, having wound up her business affairs for the evening, came back into the parlour, stepping lightly and wondering to herself. "My, how that tired child do sleep, to be sure!" She came to the sofa, bent over it, and felt for the little girl's head with her hand. There was no one there. The creature was gone.

"Perhaps Mamzelle has taken her upstairs," thought the worthy woman, after a moment of surprise, and she mounted the narrow staircase to the first floor, where her friendly lodger was to be found.

"Little Mamzelle," as she was called, or to speak more properly, the Signora Dolce, was an Italian. In her leisure hours, when not pouring over Dante or Tasso with a pupil, she sat at her easel either at the National Gallery, or in her own little room, and many a sweet little picture, a copy in miniature of one of the old masters, or perhaps only a head, or a group taken from a corner of some of their great works, went forth from her hands to be sold in the print shops, bringing her a modest sum of money in return, which helped to keep the fire alight upon her lonely hearth.

When Mrs. Wynch entered the room, she was sitting before her easel doing such work as could be done by lamplight. The lamp stood on a high stand beside her, and the yellow light fell on her fair, pale hair, a mixture of gold and silver, which hung loosely about her large head, and just at this moment had somewhat of the character of nimbus. She was not young, and yet there lurked round her an air of youth, somewhat of the look and expression of a child, which made one sad for her suggesting that she had never been suffered to ripen or nature, perhaps for lack of sun or dew, and forced one to wish that Time had not overtaken her so cruelly just yet.

Her brows were knit almost fiercely over her work, but the soft "come in" that invited Mrs. Wynch to appear proved that there was no real irritation of spirit within her. "Not here!" exclaimed Mrs. Wynch. "Goodness me! Mamzelle, what has become of the child?"

"Is she gone? I left her sleeping on your sofa."

"So did I; but she has taken herself off. Oh my, my! the ungrateful little baggage. But I might have known what a folly I was doing. I must go and see how much of my property she has stolen."

"Not any, I trust," said the signora. "The little one had so sweet a face. I cannot bear to believe—"

"Ah, that is so like you, Mamzelle! You are always thinking of the angels in your pictures, and you have wings ready made for every little beggar you set eyes on. What took her off in such a hurry if she hasn't got something with her? Without even saying 'thank you' or 'good-by,' the ungrateful monkey. I that paid her train, and her cab, and gave her breakfast and scrubbing. I shall hand the matter over to the police, I shall!"

"Won't you search first?" said the little signora. "Search the house and see if anything is missing."

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Wynch, angrily. "There's never any use in asking your advice about anything, Mamzelle. You always go off on a hobby of your own, and leave one to worry out the rest for

one's self. If she isn't a thief, now just tell me what do you think she is?"

"I don't know," said Mamzelle, softly. "We must try and find out." But her irritated landlady had already bounced out of the room.

The signora's work was at an end for that night. She tried in vain to recover the mood so rudely broken in upon, and giving up the attempt, she took up her needlework and put it away again, opened a book and closed it, just glanced at a guitar that hung on the wall between two small bronzes of Michael Angelo and Titian, and shook her head. Her mind would not rest upon anything, and finally she locked her hands behind her back, and began a little trotting walk up and down and round about the room.

"And why should they not have wings?" she muttered, in an angry whisper, putting her little feet on the ground as if she would tread something down. "Except that an evil world will not allow it. Such faces, full of heaven, so freshly come on earth! Where did Raphael find them if not about the streets and in the fields? Great Powers! such a mask as that! It is enough himself. Do I see a look of mischief, a glimmer of malice hiding in the corner of that little cherub's eye? And did the master see it, and purposely leave it there to disappoint and mock me?"

She had taken up her lamp, and was peering into a canvas on the wall, a head of one of the angels out of the Virgin with the Candelabra. It had been a labour of love to her, and for many years the beloved companions of her solitary hours. She had never been able to make up her mind to sell it, and was resolved not to part with it except upon some great emergency. Something in the face had soothed, refreshed, delighted her; it was unlike any face she had ever known, and yet within the last two hours she had seen a face that bore some resemblance to it. The angel in her picture had the appearance of a young boy, and yet there was in its countenance a certain resemblance to Fanchea.

The door opened quickly again, and Mrs. Wynch reappeared, "I'm bound to say," she began, "that I can find nothing wrong; but I shall need the daylight to make a proper search. I feel sure—"

Here there was a sound of the hall door shutting, a slight noise in the hall; the door of the signora's room flew open, and Fanchea sprang in, her eyes shining, and her cheeks glowing like a damask-rose. All traces of languor and fatigue had vanished from her, and she stood erect, graceful, and alert as a young stag before the two astonished women.

"I got it; I earned it; I knew I should!" she cried, lifting Mrs. Wynch's stuff apron, and pouring a large handful of silver into it.

"Whatever do you mean, you young monkey?" said Mrs. Wynch, seizing her by the arm and shaking her. "Tell where you got it. Whom did you steal it from?"

"Steal it!" echoed Fanchea. "Did you think I was a thief, then?" she said, reproachfully.

"What else can I think?" cried Mrs. Wynch.

"Oh, you shouldn't, you oughtn't, you have no right; how dare you?" cried Fan, waxing more indignant as the whole truth came to her. Then, as the recollection of what her benefactress had saved her from came back upon her, she burst into tears, and sobbed passionately. "Oh, why have you turned cruel? why have you spoiled your goodness?"

There was that in the ring of her voice that stayed the angry reply on Mrs. Wynch's lips.

"Tell me where you got the money!" she said, after a pause, and a perplexed look at Mamzelle.

"I sang in the streets and the people gave it to me," said Fan, drying her tears and looking frankly into the woman's face. "I went into great wide streets where there were fine houses, and I sang under the windows. People came out and gave me money. I counted the turnings going, and so I found my way back. I heard you say you could not afford to keep me, and I thought if I earned some money you would let me stay here with you till Kevin comes for me. I can earn more, and I will give it all to you; and I will work for you if you will let me; indeed, indeed I will."

Mrs. Wynch threw up her hands with an air of unbelief, and took a seat with a gesture, as if the whole affair was becoming too much for her.

"Do you believe this story, Mamzelle? Can you think it true that people would hand out their shillings and sixpence—ay, and their half-crowns, she added, turning over the silver in her apron, "to a little tramp like this, because of any singing she is likely to be able for?"

"We will see," said Mamzelle, who had been watching Fan's every look and movement. "Let us try what she can do. Sing us a song, my dear, if you can find your voice."

Fan swallowed a sob, and glancing round the room her eyes fell on the guitar. "Will you lend me that?" she asked, "and it will help me."

"Certainly," said the signora, and quickly placed the instrument in her hands.

Fan went on one knee immediately, and began to strum with her finger and thumb upon the strings. After a few bars she "saw" Killeevy mountain; and then her song arose. When she had finished, the two women were silent. Mrs. Wynch, quite subdued, tried to steal away a tear or two that had gathered in her eyes, while the signora wept copiously with her face behind her hands.

"There, that will do," said Mrs. Wynch. "I won't say again but what you earned the money fair enough, though where you learned such singing I can't make out. What do you think, Mamzelle? What are we going to do?" and she chinked the silver in her apron.

The signora choked, and gasped a little, and wrung her hands, while a sort of spasm seemed to have possession of her. "My advice—" she began.

"Go down stairs, child. Betsy is not gone yet; ask her for some supper," said Mrs. Wynch; and Fanchea obeyed, satisfied that she had at least cleared her character.

"Now, Mamzelle! Dear, dear, how dreadfully you do take things to heart. What are we to do with this little singing girl?"

"Let the poor bird stay where it has taken refuge," said the signora, recovering her usual demure, for her landlady's matter-of-fact speeches always acted on her like a shower bath.

"I don't want to drive her away, bird or no bird," said Mrs. Wynch, "not if she's honest, and I've made up my mind she is. This money would buy her some clothes, and if she will work in the house, she might do part of the time instead of Betsy. We might make a little maid of her."

"True," said Mamzelle, brightening. "I would like to see the little face coming in and out of my room. But we must not overwork her."

"And you must not spoil her. For mind, I give you warning, if she is lazy and useless I will have none of her here. I would not have a slovenly baggage in my house, not for all the music in the Italian opera. And she must not sing again in the streets."

"Heaven forbid!" said the signora, fervently. "She is far too good for such a fate as that."

After this a new life opened up for Fan. Quickly apprehending her position, she laboured to perform well all the tasks appointed for her, and was soon clever at sweeping and arranging rooms, dusting ornaments, waiting at table. Dressed in a neat brown frock and little white apron, with her curly hair cut short out of the way, she tripped about the house doing her best to serve her protectress, and succeeding in winning her good opinion.

"She don't eat much poor dear," said Mrs. Wynch, reckoning up her accounts at the end of a month; "and Betsy's half time covers the expense. And I'm sure we're a deal more comfortable."

She did not, however, admit quite so much to Mamzelle who, she maintained, was always doing her best to spoil the little girl and hindering her from developing into a steady servant.

It was with great unwillingness in the end that the two good women agreed it was their duty to write and acquaint the child's friends with her circumstances, and let them know where she was to be found. Neither confessed to the other how much she disliked the idea of losing the little servant and companion, with her bright face and her ready song which would break out all over the house; Mrs. Wynch was ashamed of such sentimentalism, and Mamzelle was afraid of Mrs. Wynch. Fan dictated the address of the letter, which went its way with its imperfect direction, "Killeevy Mountain, Ireland; and then life, in and behind the little brie-a-brac shop, went on as before.

For Fan the life was not an unhappy one. Escaped from the gipsies and from the fear of the workhouse, confident in her assurance that this time her letter was properly written and posted, and that she was safe with friends who would keep her till Kevin should come for her, she gave nature to her naturally buoyant nature and picked up all the enjoyment she could find. The signora's old guitar was a pleasure always waiting for her, and the signora's instructions began to make her feel for the first time the capabilities for music that were within her. The signora's pictures were a wonder and delight to her, "like the people Kevin used to see in my songs," she thought. As time went on, Mrs. Wynch made no objection to her spending the evening occasionally, when her household services were done, in the signora's room, and Fanchea was full of wonder at the little lady's goodness to her, not knowing what a light of fresh life she had brought into the lonely woman's heart. Mamzelle was very neat and exact in all her habits and ways, and Fan tried to repay her kindness by serving her small requests delicately, dusting her bits of ornaments carefully, and arranging the room according to the artist's ideas of harmonious combination. She learned to draw a curtain so as to hide awkward forms, and throw the light upon latent touches of color that only wanted to be coaxed into life; she could make the pictured faces on the walls smile and the bronzes glow. All these harmonies of light and color were as music to her; what was to the signora a picture

was to Fan a song, and her appreciation of the beautiful always came bubbling in melody from her lips.

Mamzelle moaned less frequently and wrung the soul within her less bitterly over her own work, and she listened for the child's feet and expected her to come like a flash of sunshine any moment across her threshold. Her chilled blood tingled at the nearness of so much bounding life, and her creative genius, fettered as it was and had always been, found an outlet by projecting itself into the future of the child and weaving beautiful dreams of what might possibly come to pass within the limits of her fate.

"Put away that sewing," she said to her. "It is all that I shall be fit for presently; but there are other things for you to do in the world. Take the guitar and sing me that gipsy song that always brings such a flash into your eyes." And Fan obeyed, throwing all that colour, vigor, and dramatic life into the song which had such wonderful fascination for the disappointed little woman, who first kindled and burned for a while at the sight and sounds, and afterwards groaned, and rocked herself, and wept.

"Heavens! what possibilities are before the creature!" she said. "What love and power, what capabilities for interpreting the beautiful! Child, do not be frightened at me; you are like a glimpse of my own youth, left far behind in an old Italian town. I was beautiful, full of genius (so my father said), capable of anything, and yet it has all come to nothing! You have to do with a large brain for a little woman, my father used to say: 'I fear you have more in it than you can manage.' But I only laughed; I felt powers within me that I thought he had no conception of. 'It shall be music.' I said one year, and devoted myself to the study with feverish ardour, dreaming of the great composers and getting up in the night to note down fragments of melody that haunted me. But next year the passion for form and color swept everything else before it, and I laboured to be a true descendant and daughter of Carlo Dolce, who was of our family. Yet never, never could I satisfy myself, and my health became bad and my temper irritable. My poor mother used to stroke my hair and say, 'Child, child, so much effort and passion, and such a slight, frail body to bear it all! Be content with lowly things. Make yourself happy with love, carina, and let the rest go by.'"

TO BE CONTINUED

THE RESIGNATION OF TIMOTHY

Tim he was to all his friends; Tim he would have been to his enemies, had he had any; Tim he was to all the other workers at the plant; Tim with a warmth of affection to Mary, otherwise known as Mrs. Tim, and Tim, with a generous air, on all the subscription lists that Father Martin published for the parish.

But for the purpose of our story we style him Timothy, as more befitting a hero, for Tim is a name associated with neither the brass band type, this heroism remains obscure. None the less it is on the records of the Great Jubilee and some day Tim will know of the great balance to his credit.

Nothing was farther from his mind, however, one certain night as Tim, standing on the rear platform of a crowded street car, gazed on the shining tracks that led to the place of his daily labours, the place that he regarded from an entirely new viewpoint.

For more than twenty years Tim had followed the same route, six days out of seven, from the plant to his humble dwelling and for well nigh twenty years previous he had followed a similar route from the same plant to his first home. An occasional holiday, prescribed by national patriotism, had broken the monotony, but otherwise, winter and summer, hail, rain, or shine, Tim was never absent from the scene of his work.

And now it was all ended. Tim had packed his tools and cleaned his work bench for the last time. He had taken his cap and lunch box from the locker that he would never open again. He had said "good-by" to the "hands" with whom he had worked for so many years, and now he was on his way home to spend the declining years of his life in peace and quiet in the little cottage that he and Mary had called home for many years.

His years of unceasing toil had brought their reward in the form of a fairly substantial bank account and this, with a pension from the company for long service, would care for all their reasonable needs and still allow a little something for the less fortunate who might come to their door for aid.

So Tim's heart was light as he swung off the car, for Tim was active though aged, to walk the remaining distance to his humble dwelling. "There'll be the back lot to clean up, the fence to mend—" he was saying to himself, "an' then maybe I'll paint the old place for spring and—but won't Mary be surprised when she finds I don't have to go to work tomorrow mornin'! Can't I just see her, though, tryin' to wake me an' sayin', 'Tim! Tim! It's past six already and you in bed! Hurry or

ye'll be late to the plant.' Bless her old heart, Mary never did have much of a memory for dates. What was the use 'tillin' her that it was not '82 that I was thirty-three, and not '84 that I was thirty-two? Shure, Mary didn't give a care how old I was, when I was walking out with Polly Shane."

That was how it happened that Tim's resignation from active service at the factory was unlooked for on the part of Mary. She knew well enough that "come sivilty" Tim would be put on the pension list and that thence forward they would live quietly and happily together in the little cottage that, humble though it was, spelled home. But by her calculations that time was a good year or more away, and Tim had planned for years to play this great trick upon Mary, to give her the surprise of her life.

Family they had not, to share their happiness and contentment, and for many years this had been a heavy sorrow for them to bear, but "tis the will of God," they piously averred and as such it was cheerfully accepted.

Tim was now round the last corner and in sight of home. The sight of it put fresh vigor into his old bones and he hurried along, his mind going over the words with which he would break the glad news to "the missus." He was not sure yet whether he could really hold it back until the next morning. That would be a supreme test of his power of reticence which, through the long years of their married life, had never been strong enough for Tim to hold anything from Mary for more than fifteen minutes, excepting always the affair of his retirement and this had been forced into a secret by Mary's inability to remember dates.

"Maybe I'll just wait until after supper," he thought. "That'll be a good time, when I light me pipe and sit by the fire for a quiet smoke and Mary has her sewin'." Mary, he never forgot for keeps. "Mary, I've left the plant for good an' from now on you an' me 's till joint to live comfortable like jill Saint Peter sends a message sayin' the gates open an' for us to come. By the great Sain't Patrick, she'll fall off her chair."

Reaching the cottage, Tim saw the cheerful light burning in the kitchen where Mary would be preparing their evening meal. He stopped for a moment to compose his features and assume his customary expression lest Mary notice something unusual and, by asking questions, spoil the climax he had prepared.

"Hello, Mary, girl!" he said, opening the door and depositing his lunch pail on the stool by the table.

"Huh!" he continued, in surprise, "she's not here. An' the table not set—an'—" he looked around, his mouth open in amazement, "divil a pot on the stove! What's the matter? Mary! Oh, Mary!" he called, going into the parlor and bedroom.

Obviously Mary was out but, barring the time Father Regan had been buried and she had taken a sudden notion to go to the funeral, Mary had never been absent at Tim's home-coming these ten years. Surely there must be something wrong.

Tim started on another search, which included the clothes press the pantry, the under side of the bed and the space behind every door. No Mary being there, as indeed would have been impossible for physical reasons, Tim decided to sit down and wait for her.

It was warm and comfortable there by the stove in his own particular chair, and as Tim looked around the little kitchen he felt a deep sense of satisfaction in the possession of his little home, plain though it was. Here at least dwelt happiness and, looking back over the years of his married life, most of which had been spent in this one home, Tim felt that he and Mary had much for which to be thankful. They had by no means an abundant share of the world's goods but with what he termed "raysonable comforts" he and Mary had got along well enough satisfied to work, and work hard, having in mind the goal of retirement from active service to an old age free from anxiety and care. That time had come at last. Henceforth they could spend all of every day together in the enjoyments supplied by their years of industry.

So Tim planned and dreamed, when, overcome by the genial warmth of the stove, he fell into a sound sleep.

It was several minutes later when Mary returned, to find Tim fast asleep in his favorite chair. She came in quietly in contrast to her usual sprightly manner. Tears were in her eyes and her whole bearing betokened sorrow. Tim heard her, quiet though she was.

"Mary, darlin', where were ye? Here I've been—but what's the matter with ye, Mary? Sure it's cryin' ye are!" And the old fellow put his arm affectionately around her.

"Let me be, Tim; let me be just a minute." She slipped into a chair and for a few moments sobbed quietly, Tim staring in bewilderment.

"It's all come so sudden," she said at length. "We knew she was sick, but nobody thought a thing of it. Shure an' didn't Doctor Murphy say a day or two in bed would fix her up all right? And now—now—"

The tears came afresh and Tim stood by helplessly.

"Is it yer sister Lizzie ye mean?" he asked at length. Mary nodded her answer and Tim tried to guess the rest. Lizzie, he knew had had an attack a few days before, but it was no worse than the others, and they had not feared for her. She must have taken a sudden turn for the worse during the day. And that was the story Mary told when she was able to talk.

"An' did they get his Reverence?"

"Shure he came, Father Martin himself, an' stayed with her till the last, blessin' on him for a holy soul. She knew everything, too, and that made it harder."

Tim attempted to be philosophical. "Twas the will of God," he said, piously. "She's better off now away from this world of trouble an'—"

"Sure, Tim, an' no one knows that better than me. But it's the children I'm thinkin' on," interrupted Mary.

"Shure, shure, the two little girls. They'll miss their mother, poor things. John, though, is well fixed. He'll be getting a house-keeper."

"Oh, Tim, ye don't understand. Shure John's only their stepfather an'—"

"What?"

"Well, ye know he never cared much for them, bein' as how they were Catholics, like their mother, God rest her soul. What he did, he did for her, but he had no use for church-going an' the clergy."

"He was supposed to be a Catholic," ventured Tim.

"Supposed it was," answered Mary. "But it's lucky for all of us he wasn't there when Father Martin came. He'd driven us all from the house as soon as not. As it was, it all came so sudden like there was no time for him to get there before the end came."

An' he wasn't there at the last," queried Tim, in horror at the thought of death coming so suddenly. "Oh, the pity of it, the pity of it."

"I don't know what to think at all," she said. "After all, the girls have no claim on John, bein' as he was not their father. If their own father didn't leave enough for them shure it was no fault of John's. And even if he could provide for them and wanted to, they'd grow up outside of the Church. John would never see them go to Mass and live in his house. I don't know what to think."

"Ye won't have asked Father Martin?" asked Tim.

Not yet. It was all confused and sudden. It's a terrible thing to lose the only relative you have in the world."

"An' didn't the girls' own father have anyone?"

"No, Tom was the only one in his family, just as Lizzie and me were all there were in ours. No, there's nobody they have any claim on but me, and it's little enough I have."

"Would to God I could give ye more, Mary, girl," exclaimed Tim fervently.

"It's no fault of yours, Tim dear; sure you've worked steady all these years. But the good God will find a way. He won't let them go in want."

Old Tim's face wore a worried look. Here were terrible difficulties to be overcome. Two little girls were left motherless, perhaps homeless; worst of all, their religion was in danger. It must be worked out somehow.

Tim lay awake far into the night, his mind wrestling with the problems that the day had brought. His own piece of news had been relegated entirely to the background and for a while he had almost forgotten it. Should he tell Mary now and help cheer her? No, not yet, he thought. He must wait and see how things turned. Suddenly it came to him. Maybe a year would make all the difference in the lives and fortunes of these two orphan girls. It would give them time to settle down a bit under the changed circumstances, and while they would still be too young to work for their own support, they would certainly be nearer caring for themselves, and if a year or two more should be needed—well, Tim's back was straight, his hand was steady and—it was fortunate that he had kept his secret.

"Mary," he said, "there's the old bed up in the attic."

"What of it?" questioned Mary.

"Shure it'll be big enough for the two girls," continued Tim hesitatingly.

"And they live here, ye mean?"

"We can't let them grow up hay-thens," he said, as he settled himself to sleep.

It seemed but a few minutes before the voice of Mary awakened him.

"Tim! Tim! It's past six already."

"Right ye are, Mary. Shure I'll be at the plant before the whistle blows."—Noel A. Dunderdale in the Franciscan Herald.

A WORTHY TRIBUTE

The following paragraph is taken from the editorial on the papacy which was printed in one of the greatest papers in the country, the Cincinnati Enquirer: "It matters little what name the Pontiff bore before he answered to the call of the Deity as expressed through the judgment of the chosen representatives of the Church. His antecedents may have been as humble as were those of the Fisherman of Galilee, or he may have been born in the purples of high social estate.

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Whatever he was, in his sacred office he now becomes to millions of humanity of every color, in every clime, of every degree, a trusted guide, the chosen representative of the Father, whose power and influence inevitably must make for the elevation and perpetuity of all that is good and pure and helpful. And so the world—not Catholic alone, but all those who believe in Christianity, as a faith of tolerance and good will as well—hails the new Pope as an administrator of spiritual affairs and a leader whose days must be devoted to the exaltation of faith, to healing the wounds and stripes of the nations."

ELECTING THE POPE

John C. Reville, S. J., in America

"Why do you make me so old?" asked Leo XIII. of the artist painting his portrait. "Holy Father," answered the latter, "you will soon have reached your nineteenth year." "Yes," replied the Pontiff, "Leo may be old, but the Papacy is young." Nine days the Church has mourned the death of Benedict XV. That Pontiff's memory she will treasure as an heirloom and an inspiration. But the world's needs are summoning her to action. She always eagerly awaits the day when another Pontiff will ascend the Chair of Peter and add another link to the chain of the historic past. That past counts 1,000 years. Yet Leo was right, the Papacy is still young. There are no gray hairs on Peter's head. The palsy of old age has not yet touched his hands. The power and the promise of immortal youth are with him still.

The conclave, which is to elect the Pope, has assembled. Etymologically, the word "conclave" is derived from the Latin words "cum," with, and "clavis," key. It means some object kept under key; a room or cell, locked with a key. In ecclesiastical language, it means the place, in which, after the death of a Pope, the Cardinals, the official electors of the Vicar of Christ, gather, actually and formally under lock and key, to choose his successor. The term also designates the assembly gathered for that purpose. Today the Cardinals alone are the electors of the Pope. It was not always so. To mention but the earliest ages of the Church, the Pope was then elected by the suffrages of the Roman clergy. This method lasted for 230 years. Pope Nicholas II., by the Bull "In Nomine Domini," issued in 1059 reserved the election to the Cardinal-Bishops, although even then Cardinal-priests, the Roman clergy, people and Senate, and even the emperor, played some part in its ratification. By the constitution *Lecler de Vitanda*, issued in 1179, Alexander III. determined that the entire College of Cardinals, independently of the consent of clergy or people, should be the one and only juridically authorized body to elect the Pope. The so-called right of *Vebo* or *exclusiva*, which the monarchs of France, Austria and Spain claimed, and at times exercised, and in virtue of which they attempted to exclude candidates not agreeable to them, lasted down to the conclave which elected Pius X. in 1903. In that assembly the *exclusiva* was exercised by Austria against Cardinal Rampolla. It was an unwelcome reminder of the days when temporal princes endeavored to control the election. By the constitution *Communis Nobis* of January 20, 1901, Pius X. abrogated the unwarranted claim. The election of the Roman Pontiff, according to the new Canon Law, henceforth is to be regulated by the constitution *Vacante Sede Apostolica*, issued by the same Pope.

We find the word "conclave" in its present meaning, in the constitution *Ubi periculum*, published by Pope Gregory X., at the Second Council of Lyons, A. D., 1274. But a real conclave, and of the strictest kind, meets us in 1271. The Cardinals had, up to this time, met for the election of a Pope under certain personal restrictions. But no very definite code of procedure had been drawn up. In 1271, after the death of Clement IV., seventeen Cardinals had met in the papal city of Viterbo to choose his successor. Through their inability to settle upon any candidate, the Holy See remained vacant for two years and nine months. The good folk of Viterbo lost patience and walled up the papal palace. The Savellis constituted themselves the wardens of the imprisoned Cardinals. For 600 years after, they remained the protectors and marshals of subsequent conclaves. Two hundred years ago, the honor passed to the Chigi family. Yet the imprisoned Cardinals would not yield. The Viterbians then, led by the *podestà* Montebono and Raniero Galli, unroofed the palace and put my Lords Cardinal on bread and water. This enforced fast brought them, though not immediately, to terms. They elected Gregory X.

Gregory X. had seen the evils attending a protracted vacancy of the Holy See. To obviate them, he sanctioned the fundamental idea at least, of the compulsory sequestration, to which the electors had been subjected. The Cardinals in future, while electing the Pope, were to be in *conclave*, actually under lock and key, in order to hasten the fulfillment of their task. In *conclave* ever since, with rare exceptions, have they assembled for that duty. In the days immediately following Gregory X., a conclave must have

been a trying ordeal to the Cardinals, most of them usually old and infirm. The electors were lodged in a common living room without partitions or curtains, and fed on not too luxurious fare. If the election was long delayed, their rations of food and wine were reduced. In 1351, Clement VI., while still enforcing the enclosure, allowed the Cardinals to live in separate cells protected with curtains and hangings. Succeeding Popes granted even a larger measure of comfort.

The conclaves which elected the last three Popes took place in the Vatican. Here also is the present one gathered. For this purpose several floors of the palace are divided into apartments containing three or four cells simply furnished. Over each Cardinal's cell hangs his coat of arms. Cloth of purple distinguishes the cells of Cardinals created by the last Pope, green all others. Each Cardinal has the right to take into the conclave a secretary and a servant, the secretary being usually an ecclesiastic. A sick Cardinal may be allowed a third attendant. Only the Cardinals, of course, have the right to vote. Besides the Cardinal-electors, their secretaries and servants, like them sworn to secrecy, a number of officials also bound to secrecy, are admitted to this beleaguered host. Food and official correspondence are let in through "towers" or "turns" such as are found in Carmelite monastery. All these are closely inspected. No official news of the conclave may be given to the outside except when the heavy smoke of the burning ballots mixed with damp straw pours from windows of the Sistine chapel, meaning that thus far there is no decisive vote. A pater, thinker, puff announces that the Pope is elected. Archaic method of communication in an age of telephones and electric signaling! Yet how significant is that *sfumata* that wisp of smoke announcing the election of the Pontiff, who at his coronation, while the burning flax slowly wastes away, hears the words: "Holy Father, thus passes the glory of the world." *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

No pressure from without is allowed to be exerted on the conclave. The inside locks and keys are in the hands of the cardinal camerlengo, or chamberlain, who at present is Cardinal Gasparri. The outside ones are in the possession of the hereditary marshal of the conclave, Prince Chigi, whose sworn duty it is to watch over its safety. A Cardinal arriving late may take part in the deliberations after his admittance in due form by the marshal and camerlengo. The sole purpose of the conclave is to elect the new Pope, and if there is pressing danger, to provide for the defense of the Church. All Cardinals and only Cardinals have the right to act as papal electors. They must of course be of sound mind. Even if excommunicated, suspended, under interdiction or any other ecclesiastical penalty, they may enter the conclave and vote. But a Cardinal canonically deposed from office, a Cardinal who has resigned the Cardinalate, and whose resignation has been accepted by the Holy See, a Cardinal, not in deacon's orders, may not enter the conclave as elector. A Cardinal, not in deacon's orders, may however, become an elector through a special privilege granted by the Holy See. For the valid election of a Pope, they must choose one of the male sex, as in the Catholic Church women are incapable of receiving the Sacrament of Orders, and of exercising jurisdiction in the strict sense of the term; one who has attained the age of reason and is of sound mind; a member of the Catholic Church, since a heretic who does not believe in the doctrines of that Church, or a schismatic not in union with her, is incapable of becoming her head, may validly elect a layman, as probably was the case in the election of John XIX. in 1024. They are not obliged to elect a Cardinal although from the time of Urban VI., in 1378, the Popes have been taken from that body. They need not vote for an Italian. One Englishman, Adrian IV.; one Hollander, Adrian VI., the last non-Italian Pope, elected in 1522; Germans, Frenchmen, Spaniards and Greeks, have sat on the Chair of Peter. The election must take place in conclave and not until ten full days have elapsed from the death of the late Pontiff.

The voting takes place in the Sistine chapel. Here before the Crucifix on the altar, with the Last Judgment of Michaelangelo casting its terrors on them, and the Sybils looking down from the arched ceilings, after a solemn oath that they are electing the man who, according to God, they think ought to be chosen, the Cardinals proceed to vote. There were four ways of doing this, by *scrutinium*, or regular ballot; by *accessus* or "going over," in case the *scrutinium* has given no decisive vote, to a candidate who has already received some votes; by *compromissum*, or election through the choice of a com-

mittee appointed by the Cardinals for that purpose, and by quasi-inspiration or nomination by an elector of a candidate, subsequently ratified by unanimous acclamation. The last three methods are obsolete. A two-thirds majority is required. No elector may vote for himself. The ballots are signed, sealed, marked with appropriate texts of Scripture for identification, folded in a specially designated form and, from a paten, slipped into a chalice. Three Cardinals to supervise, three to check their ballots, three to collect the votes of sick Cardinals if any, are appointed. With many minute formalities, the votes are counted, their number compared with that of the electors. The result is announced. If no definite result is reached, the ballots are burned with damp straw. Awaiting Rome and the world know there is as yet no Supreme Pontiff. Every day there must be two voting sessions for the *scrutinium*, or vote by ballot, one in the morning, one in the afternoon. At last God's chosen one unites the two-thirds majority. A wave of indescribable emotion sweeps through this assembly, the most august on the face of the earth. The Dean of the Sacred College asks the elect if he accepts the election thus canonically made. The acceptance given, the baldachins over the seats of the Cardinals are lowered, while that of the newly-elected Pope alone is left standing. The Pope chooses his name. The thin wisp of smoke curls from the window of the Sistine. The senior Cardinal-deacon addresses the waiting throng outside: "I announce to you a great joy. We have as Pontiff the Most Eminent Cardinal . . . who has taken for name . . ." The Pontiff appears and gives his blessing *urbi et orbi*, to the city and the world. The conclave is over. The widowhood of the Church is ended. The Pilot of the Bark of Peter once more holds the helm. The Seven Hills seem to re-echo the words of Christ spoken of old to the Fisherman of Galilee. "Duc in altum." Launch out into the deep. Be not afraid. Behold, I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."

ST. PATRICK

Surely the soul of Patrick must rejoice for the peace and hopefulness that fill the hearts of his children as they gather in this year of grace to commemorate the memory of their great saint and patron. For seven long centuries he has witnessed the travail which the inscrutable plan of God marked out for his children, and he has glorified at the heroism and purity of their loyalty to Christ, through all their sufferings. He has known, too, the significance of those sufferings. They were the birth pangs of an enlarged catholicity. Out of Ireland's agony was destined to be born those Catholic foundations in America, Canada and Australia which would prove the religious salvation of the great democracies of the West. Patrick's people more than any other, were to undo the tragic harm which Protestantism had brought upon the world, for they were to keep the new nations knit to Christ through His holy Church.

Still there must ever have been on Patrick's lips the prayer that one day the cross might be lifted from his people. That having accomplished the trust God gave them, they, too, might know the more human joys of national freedom and the fuller realization of those pre-eminent racial talents with which God has endowed them. We have had a great wrong partially undone. Once more Ireland is a free nation with her own government, her own power of legislation, and the unquestioned right to carry out in Ireland's own way her high hopes for the future.

There is, indeed, an especial joy in heaven as Patrick and the innumerable saints of Erin look down and smile on the little green island that is set in the sea.—The Missionary.

LENTEEN ABSTINENCE

In Religion and Health, one of the most deservedly popular books of recent years, Dr. James J. Walsh pointed out that from earliest times religious legislation has been an extremely important factor in health. For example, he cites the careful observations of the leaders of modern scientific medicine that periodical abstinences from food, or from certain foods, especially among people who are accustomed to eat rather heartily, instead of being a detriment, to health, are practically always of distinct hygienic value. "Religion," says Dr. Walsh, "by inculcating the practice of fasting and abstinence at certain times has conferred a great benefit on the race."

One who reads the beautiful prayers that the Church has preserved from antiquity for the blessing of the ashes on Ash Wednesday cannot help being struck by the fact that the hygienic value of the Lenten penitential regime was not merely an accident, but was clearly perceived and intended by the Church. For instance in the first prayer for the blessing of the ashes, the priest prays that whatever persons may be sprinkled with them may find them efficacious for the redeeming of their sins, the healing

of their body, and the protection of their soul. This reference to bodily health seems to ascribe an almost medicinal effort to the ashes, but as Father Thurston points out, the true meaning is rather to attract attention to the salutary effects of the fasting with which the ashes are associated, for in the prayer of the Mass for the first Saturday in Lent, there is a reference to this solemn fast which is wholesomely instituted to cure our souls and bodies.

The remarkable virtue of abstinence in promoting longevity is a theme upon which the good Alban Butler expatiates with singular gusto. In his Feasts and Fasts, he says: "Neither is it beneath the consideration of the Church in this holy institution to have regard to the motive of our corporeal health. As extreme temperance and abstinence are its best guardians, so is fasting often its safest and most easy restorer. By it so many of the ancient Fathers of the desert, whose austere and perpetual fasts astonished and almost affrighted us, maintained a constant, vigorous health and prolonged their lives for a whole century. Usually a fast of one or two days has the full effect of a course of physic, and does the work in a much safer and more effectual manner. Many persons within the circle of my acquaintance, chiefly among those who led the most exactly regular lives in religious convents, have attained to a very advanced old age, without having ever made use of any apothecary's drugs, or consulted a physician, having made it their rule whenever they found themselves indisposed, to fast one, two, or three days, till they found their health re-established."

There is a story in a novel popular a decade ago, of a non-Catholic who always rigorously observed the Lenten regime of the Church for reasons of health. The familiar dictum of dietetics that "we dig our graves with our teeth" has given wide currency to the value of abstinence. Certainly the penitential ashes of Ash Wednesday is far less prejudicial to bodily health than many are tempted to suppose. It is true that the recent laws have mitigated the severity of the ancient penitential regime in regard to fasting and abstinence. But it is also true that the old laws are always there to be observed by those who following the Spirit of Holy Church and the conclusions of medical authorities are persuaded that abstinence is good for soul and body.

We should of course practice, abstinence and mortification during Lent from spiritual motives, but the higher motives do not exclude the more earthly one of helping to preserve our health especially since the Church herself in her official prayers takes cognizance of the medicinal value of abstinence. The conclusion of an experienced and widely read medical authority like Dr. Walsh on this matter may persuade some to greater efforts in Lenten abstinence. Dr. Walsh says, "Considerably more than one half of adult mankind would be benefited by keeping to the regulations of the fast during the Lenten season. The fact that the Sundays are not in Lent and that good, hearty meals can be eaten on that day gives assurance that people are not likely to be hurt by the fast. I think that most of the physicians of the world would agree that the great majority of men and women would be benefited by the rest and change which their metabolic processes receive as a result of limitation of eating, and the observance of ecclesiastical regulations to the modification of food."—The Pilot.

THE JESUIT'S REBUKE

A famous Jesuit missionary had just concluded a successful mission, and was walking up and down the platform of a European railway station, awaiting the arrival of a train to convey him home. On the same platform stood several well-dressed atheists, intently observing him, and among themselves exchanging derisive remarks about him. "Wait one moment," said one of them. "I will have a little fun out of him; I will give him a nut to crack." Courteously approaching the Jesuit, he bowed and said: "Pardon me, reverend sir; I have always heard that the Jesuits are very knowing men. Therefore I am so bold as to ask you if you can tell me why it is that my head of hair is yet all black, whilst my beard, as you see, is white. No wise disconcerted the Jesuit answered as courteously, but in a tone of voice easily heard by all upon the platform: "The reason, sir, is self-evident; in your life-time you have exercised your mouth more than your brains." The laughter of the waiting passengers was not suppressed, and happily for the crest-fallen atheist, the train just then came along.—Catholic Columbian.

The Lord does not want splendid workers so much as He wants simple and loving souls that are altogether given up to Him. It is the song of the little children that He would not suffer to be silenced; and it was the mite of the poor widow that He commended more than all the golden gifts of the rich. Our Master has a wonderful eye for the service of the little and the lowly.

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WHY HAVE SEPARATE SCHOOLS AT ALL?

"In a strong sermon in Christ Church, Chatham, Ont., yesterday, Rev. R. J. M. Perkins advocated the teaching of the Bible in the schools of the land. He stated that the system was necessary for three reasons, the greatness of the nation depends upon the character of her citizens, the foundation of character is religion and the responsibility of religious instruction has been shifted from the home to the school."

This summary of the Rev. Mr. Perkins' sermon, taken from the London Free Press of March 7th, answers satisfactorily and sufficiently the honest query "Why have Separate schools at all?" often posed by people who have not given much thought to the subject of education. Catholics would give additional reasons; for though religion might serve the State, that is not its primary object. But let us accept the rev. gentleman's national reason. It is sufficient. Why have Separate schools? "The greatness of the nation depends on the character of her citizens, the foundation of character is religion, and the responsibility of religious instruction has been shifted from the home to the school."

That is an unanswerable reason for religion in the schools. There are those who advocate one system of national schools which all should be obliged to attend. But have we a national religion? We have not. Then it is impossible to have a national religion in the national schools. The case is no better when limited to the province. And that brings us squarely to the difficulty that can be solved only by Separate schools.

The Rev. Mr. Perkins advocates the teaching of the Bible in the schools, as though that were a solution. And Mr. Perkins is not alone. Far from it. Every reader of the newspapers is familiar with pronouncement after pronouncement in the same sense not only by individuals, but also by synods and conferences and assemblies.

"But," a Protestant friend may say, "you Catholics believe in the Bible too?"

Yes. Catholics believe that there are seventy-two books, "sacred and canonical," as the Vatican Council declares, "because having been written by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they have God for their author and as such have been handed down to the Church." The Catholic Church is the appointed witness and guardian of revelation. And though the inspiration of any writer and the sacred character of his work be antecedent to recognition by the Church yet we are dependent upon the Church for our knowledge of the existence of this inspiration. From her alone we know what books belong to the Bible.

The infallible teaching authority of the Church founded by Christ on Peter is the Catholic rule of faith.

It is not necessary to accept this to understand it. Catholics do not believe that Protestants are right when they proclaim that the Bible is the sole rule of Christian faith, and the rule of interpretation thereof is private individual judgment. Yet we fully understand the Protestant position on the Bible. We have a right to ask Protestants to understand our position.

There is no honest and intelligent Protestant who can not see clearly that the Protestant position differs from the Catholic fundamentally and essentially.

Catholics read the Bible with submission to the judgment of the Church, the divinely constituted guardian and interpreter of the Bible; just as Protestants and Catholics and pagans read the civil law, the school law, or any other law of the land with submission to the judgment of the civil courts, the duly constituted interpreters of the civil law.

Quite evidently "teaching the Bible in the schools" cannot be accepted as a solution of the problem by both Catholics and Protestants even if we were agreed as to what constitutes the Bible.

Catholics have always held that to divorce religion from education is disastrous, and, where possible, a thing to be avoided. Thinking Pro-

testants are coming very largely to agree with us.

If religion is to be taught in the schools, and liberty of conscience means anything, then we must have Separate schools.

In all the references to the Bible in the schools it is taken for granted that it is the Protestant version that is to be used. Public schools according to law must be opened with the reading of the Bible.

What Bible must be read in these "nonsectarian" schools? Why the "sectarian" Authorized Version with seven whole books and part of two others deliberately excluded!

Now let us ask our Protestant friends would they consent to read such a "mutilated Bible" were it given to them by Catholics?

Catholics cannot deny the divine authority of the Church and acknowledge the human authority of Protestants in this matter of the Bible; they cannot consent to have the incomplete Protestant Bible taught, and the Protestant rule of faith at least tacitly assumed, and admit that such schools are just as acceptable to them as to Protestants.

Dr. Hodgins, though far from friendly to Separate schools, was honest enough to admit this. Opposing Separate schools for his own Church (of England) he said:

"The Roman Catholic standards, however, differed *in toto* from the standards of every Protestant Denomination, and that distinction was recognized by the School Law."

Protestants of different denominations can very easily agree on the Protestant Bible, the tacit (at least) assumption that it is God's medium of revelation to man; they may also agree on certain ethical and moral teachings, but this greatest common measure of all the Protestant denominations is, so far as it goes at any rate, the Protestant religion. You may call it nonsectarianism, but you cannot honestly claim that Catholics ought to be satisfied with it.

The State has the right and the duty of exacting certain standards in the secular studies. Separate schools accept these standards and live up to them. The State has the right to fix certain standards of scholarly attainments and professional training on the part of teachers. Separate school teachers agree and measure up to the standards thus set. The State has fulfilled its full duty in seeing that the future Catholic citizens will be educationally as well equipped for the duties of citizenship as their non-Catholic fellow-citizens. There the State's duty ends. When Separate schools measure up to the Public school standards in secular subjects they fulfil their educational function so far as the State is concerned. It is sheer nonsense, then, to talk of State aid in the teaching of the Catholic religion. We do teach the Catholic religion in Separate schools, and thereby render great service to the State; for "the greatness of a nation depends on the character of its citizens, the foundation of character is religion, and the responsibility of religious instruction has [in too many cases] been shifted from the home to the school."

The State can not teach religion in Ontario any more than in Quebec. Hence the justice as well as the necessity of Separate schools.

AN ORANGE SENTENCE

For the benefit of our readers who have not attended the same school as the members of the Grand Orange Lodge of Ontario West we reprint a resolution passed at Sarnia last week. It is fearfully and wonderfully made.

We shall be glad to give a suitable prize to any boy or girl, youth or maiden, who is able (a) to give us the principal subject and predicate; (b) to give the kind, number, and relation of the subordinate, as well as the insubordinate and mutinous clauses; (c) to find in any authorized Canadian text-book of grammar or composition an appropriate name for this kind of sentence.

There is no age limit for the foregoing, but we shall also give a special prize to any Separate school pupil, boy or girl, not over thirteen years old who will translate this resolution into English.

Here it is: "That this grand lodge, having learned through the public utterances of Bishop Fallon and others that a petition has been presented to the Government and Legislative Assembly of the Province of Ontario, preferring certain requests regard-

ing the Roman Catholic Separate schools in Ontario, thus reopening sectarian questions which it was solemnly agreed by responsible representatives of the Roman Catholic hierarchy on the occasion of the enactment of the Act Respecting Separate Schools, in 1893, would be regarded especially by the Roman Catholics generally as a final disposition of all their claims for special legislation of such nature and which, if these questions are now reopened and the prayer of the petition is granted, would lead to a great extension of the rights and privileges claimed to have been conferred by the Act of 1893, do hereby denounce such attempt as a gross and deliberate breach of faith and most emphatically protest against the enactment of the legislation asked for or any extension of whatever rights and privileges were conferred by the Act of 1893, and we call upon the Government and Legislature to preserve our non-sectarian educational system and the public funds from invasion and division upon any principle not now justified by the law of the land and we also register our most deliberate and emphatic protest against any concurrence by the Government or Legislative Assembly in the submission of a stated case or any device as such a calculated to procure only a one-sided judicial declaration upon any of the questions involved and ask that such legal questions as may arise be disposed of by the courts in the ordinary course of court practice unaided by Government intervention."

HERE AND THERE IN IRELAND

It will be remembered that the account of the shooting of Ulster special constables at Clones reached us through the despatches as a sensational piece of Irish Republican lawlessness. It is true that the despatch admitted "the accounts are conflicting"; but what we got was that the Republicans raked the station with machine guns!

The Irish papers give the following facts as educed at the Coroner's Inquest:

The specials were passing through Clones, which is in Free State territory, without having given notice, according to the agreement, to the I. R. A. liaison officer. Word was brought to the I. R. A. divisional headquarters that there were armed men in uniform at the station. The messenger could not say whether they were R. I. C. or Specials.

Commandant Fitzpatrick said: "We will go down and interrogate these men and see who they are."

Four officers went down to the station and on Commandant Fitzpatrick's order to the armed specials to throw up their hands, he was shot dead from the compartment of the car near which other armed specials were standing. Thereupon Fitzpatrick's brother, who had accompanied the murdered commandant, emptied his revolver into the compartment; the firing then became general.

Commandant Fitzpatrick was in uniform. His brother, who had a good knowledge of fire arms, having served three years in France, testified that they had no intention of firing when going to the station, or, they would have taken rifles. The specials were armed with rifles.

Commandant C. Ward, (Liaison Officer for Co. Monaghan) said that according to the terms of the Truce armed forces could not be moved from one station to another unless by arrangement with the liaison officer for the area concerned.

He had had no information about the passing through of armed forces, and if he had got official information he would have guaranteed them safety.

It was the duty of Commandant Fitzpatrick to interrogate this body of armed men in the circumstances. After much corroborative evidence the jury brought in the following verdict:

"That the deceased died on Saturday, February 11th, from laceration of the brain, caused by a bullet deliberately fired by one of a party of Special Constables, armed and uniformed, passing through Clones and while Commandant Fitzpatrick was in the discharge of his duty. We condemn the action of those responsible for sending through our area uniformed and armed men contrary to the liaison arrangements."

These facts require no comment. They explain the Clones incident; but they do not explain the despatches that reached us. The machine guns have evidently not yet been heard of at Clones.

It must be remembered that the arrest and interrogation of the Specials passing through Free State territory was subsequent to the famous arrest and imprisonment of

the party of Republicans on their way to a foot-ball match in Derry.

Mr. Churchill in the House of Commons thus referred to them:

"The greatest pressure has been put by H. M. Government upon the Provisional Government to effect the release of those kidnapped persons, and I trust that the Provisional Government will be successful. We may look for similar action or action couched in a similar spirit on the part of the Northern Irish Government in releasing certain prisoners whom they have in their hands, and whose continued detention, although no serious crime is alleged against them, is undoubtedly one of the causes of the trouble."

Mr. Moles, a Belfast member, interposed:

"May I ask further, whether having regard to the statement which the right hon. gentleman has made as to the proposal to liberate persons caught proceeding to a football match with twenty bombs in their car, and a corresponding number of revolvers, with ammunition, it is to be laid down now by him and the Government that such people are to be free to pass through Northern Ireland, but that if you send police through Southern Ireland to go to the defense of these raided areas they are to be assassinated?"

Mr. Churchill's answer is interesting; he gives Mr. Moles the lie direct in Parliamentary language:

"Mr. Churchill—The only possible means by which we shall escape from this hideous business is by frankly stating the facts. I shall be very glad to receive from Mr. Moles any evidence which he has as to the bombs and revolvers which he speaks. I have frequently asked for this evidence, and I have not yet had it furnished to me. I do not think that if it were forthcoming the Northern Government would have taken the very lenient course of saying that they would not oppose bail if it were asked for by these men."

As a matter of fact at the Petty Sessions where the arrested footballers were openly tried and the evidence reported in the press of both sides, there was no mention whatever of bombs, though it was brought out that there were four and only four revolvers in the party.

There is nevertheless a vast improvement in the despatches about Ireland. The shocking failure of civilized Government in Belfast imposes discretion on the most unscrupulous propagandist. And the evident desire of the British Government to carry out loyally the terms of the Treaty has a sobering effect on exuberant anti-Irish "loyalty."

The old leaven shows itself in giving quiet headings and obscure position to Belfast savagery as well as to matters of greater moment. For instance, have our readers seen prominently featured this despatch despite its stupendous significance:

The discussion [in the House of Commons] was quiet except at one point, where Winston Churchill, who was in charge of the bill, raised a storm by declaring:

"If the House should modify, extend or amplify, or otherwise change the treaty, the bill would be dead, the treaty would be dead and the Government would be dead."

The discussion was on the Banbury amendment, proposing to make it plain that the treaty was between Great Britain and Southern Ireland, not between Great Britain and Ireland.

Mr. Churchill resisted the amendment and argued that in the negotiations with the Irish delegates the Government had decided, for good or ill, to consider the men they were negotiating with as representing the Irish Nation. This statement led to an uproar and cries of "traitor."

The Banbury amendment was defeated, 254 to 65.

The Treaty is between Great Britain and Ireland. Great Britain is doing her part. We believe Ireland will decide with an overwhelming majority to do hers.

A remarkable piece of news comes from Cork. It appears that the Henry Ford works in that city had agreed to employ two thousand men. The Cork Corporation (we should call it the City Council) finding that Ford was employing only sixteen hundred men rather peremptorily demanded that the conditions as to the number employed be observed. In these days of unemployment and consequent suffering it is safe to say that there is not a city on this continent that would not welcome with open arms and financial inducement Henry Ford or any one else who would furnish employment on such a large scale. Nor would any city council on this side of the ocean dream of exacting rigid fulfillment of conditions in these exceptional times. Before us as we write is a letter just received from Detroit, the home of Henry

Ford and the place where his great works are located.

"I am still working for the Ford Motor Company," writes this correspondent, "and the work is not very steady this winter; but seven days every two weeks so as to give all the men a chance to get some work."

That Cork will have little reason to be grateful for the Corporation's querulous and short-sighted action is indicated by the following despatch:

Cork, March 7.—Five hundred men who had been dismissed from Henry Ford's factory at Cork applied for out-of-work pay at the Employment Exchange today. They had been discharged as a result of Ford's decision not to submit to certain stipulations by the Cork Corporation in regard to his works in the city.

All construction work and erection of machinery and equipment has been stopped. It is expected dismissals of hundreds more men will follow.

It is even intimated that Ford may abandon his Cork enterprise altogether.

At a time when it is sought to induce wealthy Irishmen abroad to aid in Ireland's industrial development the indiscreet zeal of the Cork Corporation is particularly unfortunate and ill-timed.

The mutiny of Republican troops and De Valera's refusal to discontinue it are ominous signs; unless it be a case of "whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad."

NOVELISTS AND PROPAGANDA

By THE OBSERVER

It has been said by cynical observers of the vagaries and weaknesses of human nature that men are seldom prouder of the things they know or can do well, but usually of the things they know nothing about, or cannot do at all.

I suppose it is to this fact, if it is a fact, that we must ascribe the eagerness of authors of fiction to air their personal views on subjects which do not enter into, or relate in any way, to the work they consider their own work, and in which, probably, they deem themselves expert. Great business men have been known to flatter themselves on their singing, or on their playing of some musical instrument, whilst in reality they were a bore and a nuisance to all on whom they inflicted their imaginary accomplishments. Wizards of finance, medical or legal experts, have had as their main ambition to be after-dinner speakers; and men whose judgment in politics was the best of their day, have fancied themselves connoisseurs in art, and have been unmercifully fleeced by every roguish dealer who chanced to hear of their weakness.

And so it is not uncommon, though it is very ridiculous, to find authors of stories, even though they have not the talent to master their chosen profession, or even to make a respectable showing in it, quite ready, even eager, to convey to their readers their ideas on Religion and Revelation. I suppose, following the vagary above referred to, these gentlemen fancy themselves in the roll of propagandists for the shallow and superficial philosophy they have picked up in college lectures or in the popular pseudo-scientific publications with which so much good white paper is spoiled nowadays. Or perhaps it is mere overflow of the slops of pretended science and philosophy with which the so-called educational literature of the day has inundated the world.

There comes under my hand a magazine of fiction in which story-tellers occasionally leave the more or less familiar ground of story-telling to try their prentice hand on religion. One such writer speaks of "the legend of Adam and Eve."

Sometimes writers make a more or less inadequate defence of such intrusions into a field in which they have no place by putting such expressions in the mouths of one of their characters. That may sometimes be a defence; but one is not always convinced of it; for they go out of the course of their story, and make it plain that they want to do a little propaganda work for their views or their lack of views; want to convey ideas which have nothing to do with any story they have to tell.

But in the case I now mention, no such excuse is available. The words are the words of the author; not those of a character in his story;

and the author simply turns out of the path of his story to take a crack at the Bible and revealed religion.

A single instance of this sort of thing may have no great importance; but such incidents are being multiplied rapidly, and we know of no reason why readers who want stories, and stories only, in such a magazine, should stand for it. An excellent way to show their displeasure would be to stop buying the magazine and to notify the editor of the reason.

The offence is becoming very common. It is getting more and more common to find a story writer turning aside from his legitimate work to tell us about cave-men, or our ancestors in the trees swinging by their tails, or how human life began in a swamp or amongst bugs or slugs, or to give us some other fantastic, pseudo-scientific theory of Creation.

The province of a writer of fiction is to entertain, not to find new victims on whom they spill the slops of the godless college or of the circulating library. People read stories to be amused; perhaps according to their optimism, to pick up a few interesting facts. They certainly do not buy such magazines to be annoyed and irritated with amateurish explanations of Creation, or to be pained by attacks on their religious faith and convictions. And, if editors of such magazines persist in passing such stuff for publication, they must not be surprised if many readers classify their magazines with all the rest of the guerrillaism which godless education has loosed against the Bible and Revelation.

There is a humorous side to the matter, too. Imagine men undertaking to attack Christianity and the Bible; to dispose of it in a mere casual raid in the course of a pleasure excursion; men who, every few pages in the telling of their little story, commit the most obvious literary faults; make the most unpardonable errors in grammar and composition? Had they not better learn first to do their own chosen work well and correctly? Do they expect to be accepted as teachers of religion, or irreligion, before they have mastered the A. B. C.'s of their own little, unimportant work?

But, though scholars may hesitate to venture an opinion, for fear they may be wrong, no such fear disturbs the man who knows nothing about a subject. Ignorance is a fruitful source of rash actions.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE LATEST electric device is a bed wherein a man may cook his own breakfast without having to rise and place his feet upon the cold floor. Mankind in this generation certainly is in danger of being coddled to death.

AT THE big Toronto meeting of the Dominion Alliance last week, Col. Guy D. Goff, Assistant Attorney General of the United States, affirmed that "respect for law is one of the essential features of Anglo-Saxon civilization." That being so it does not speak highly for existing prohibitory enactments that their chief defect, what is indeed their chief defect, general disrespect for law.

APPARENTLY OBLIVIOUS to the pharisaism of it all, the same speaker in a burst of fervid eloquence proceeded to boast of "that unmatched and unequal civilization of North America." When an individual is given to parading his own virtues or accomplishments he is apt to be considered worth watching by his fellows. True virtue or talent does not need advertising of that sort. It is the same with a nation, which might with better effect leave the process of exaltation to other nations than to inordinately proclaim and applaud its own. The people of this continent may indeed see flaws in its institutions, menacing even the very existence of the nations themselves, without imputation of disloyalty or loss of self respect. That such flaws exist must be apparent to even the ordinarily observant. To such the vain boast of Col. Goff is the merest inflation.

A NEW organization to be known as the "Protestant Federation of Patriotic Women of Canada" has just made its bow to the public. Its objects, as detailed in the daily papers, read like a page from the proceedings of an Orange convention, such as that assembled in Sarnia last week, where the usual

resolutions to defend rights which nobody dreams of attacking were passed with the customary heroics. It is really astonishing what a lot of defending poor old Protestantism seems to require, and always, it is worth remarking, in communities where its pre-eminence is undisputed. Why this excessive nervousness and timidity?

"BILLY" SUNDAY, and "Gypsy" Smith, two evangelists very much to the fore in late years, have suffered somewhat of a mutual jolt recently. They are declared to be "too high-priced, too much commercialized, obsolete, false in stimulation and ineffective"—and this by a "finding committee" of the Federated Council of Pittsburgh Churches. Just what degree of force there is in this finding only those directly concerned are in a position to say, and we would not presume to interject an opinion. We know nothing of "Gypsy" Smith but may at least be permitted to say that the antics of "Billy" Sunday would not commend Christianity to either the sage or the savage.

NO SINGLE institution of the Catholic Church has been more the target for ridicule, misrepresentation and abuse than the Confessional. Now thinking men and women outside the Fold are coming to see that in this the Church may be in the right after all. We refer not to the sensational reports of ritualistic carryings-on in certain Toronto churches, but to the sentiments expressed by leading Protestant clergymen in the United States. The Literary Digest of March 4th devoted a column to this subject which is instructive in the highest degree.

THREE THINGS, notes Dr. Charles M. Sheldon (of Christian Endeavor fame) in the Atlantic Monthly, have made the Catholic Church a power in history. These are its unity, its dogma, and its Confessional, the last of which, he believes, the Protestant churches might adopt with advantage. The confessional of the Roman Church, he asserts, is a "recognition of a human craving so deep and eternal that it is a bewildering thing to see how it has been ignored by the Protestant Church, which has emphasized preaching above pity, and the pulpit above reason." Therefore, he has in his own church instituted what he calls the "Open Door," where the troubled and wayward are encouraged to come and ease their burden by frank opening of their minds and hearts to those whose interest it is to help them.

THE CHURCHMAN (Episcopal) commenting on this says: "But why, because confession may be debased by wrong use, should Protestants throw the whole thing overboard? There is, we venture to say, no Protestant living who has not at times longed to tell some trusted minister certain secrets of his heart that weigh like lead upon him. And it is not always sin of which we wish to unburden ourselves to some mediator between ourselves and God. Frequently it is a moral perplexity in which our lives have become entangled. The soul caught in a thicket of doubt craves release."

And continuing: "We believe that Protestantism can mend its leaky vessel by giving thought to this personal ministry and the satisfaction of this human craving to unburden the sin and sorrow that is weighing upon many a heart and poisoning many a life. The Protestant Churches could make of the confessional a practise altogether wholesome and could strip it of every evil which makes it, in Catholic practise, sometimes dangerous."

IT WILL be noted that in these aspirations, laudable enough in themselves, the writers miss, as they do in so many other things Catholic, the chief purpose of the Confessional, which is the forgiveness of sin. But having in the beginning rejected the whole idea of confession through the medium of God's appointed ministers, it is not to be expected that they can grasp its significance now. And as to fancied abuses of this great privilege as indicated by the Churchman's concluding sentence the thought may be put down to the sheer ignorance concerning the institution in itself, which in the past has formed the staple of Protestant controversy, so called.

BOY LIFE

INTERESTING BOYS

Scouting gets boys interested in doing, by their own choice, things which promote good health, good habits and good character.

The only way to understand what Scouting is and does is to observe the change it brings about in boys—in their sense of honor and responsibility, in self control, in courtesy and good manners, in interested and intelligent use of free time, and in being prepared for useful service in emergencies as well as in the ordinary rounds of daily life.

The Scout programme is a well balanced combination of ideals, knowledge and practical doings in play, work, study and wholesome adventure. It appeals to the "likes" of boys because it suits their nature and age.

No other scheme of welfare work is more acceptable to the boys themselves. Through loving and obeying the Scout Law, and going in heartily for the activities of Scouting, boys are helped to preserve and develop the many qualities which they themselves admire.

My Lord Bishop: My heart is still thumping after the emotion of an hour ago. For three days I had gone morning and afternoon to the Piazza of St. Peter's in expectation of the glad tidings.

Scouting also met the need for a scheme of recreational education that would teach the small boy those first lessons in loyalty to the right, self control, respect for authority and kindness to others, which are the foundation stones of good citizenship.

The programme of the Wolf Cubs, paralleling the plan of Scouting for older boys, has been built up about the natural activities and impulses of the boys of eight to twelve years of age.

Wolf Cub organizations and packs may be formed in a manner similar to the way in which Boy Scout Troops are formed. Instead of a Scoutmaster there is a Cubmaster who may be either a man or a woman, and instead of the troop committee there is a pack committee.

Further particulars regarding the organization, registration and chartering of Boy Scout Troops and Wolf Cub (Junior Scout) Packs and with reference to either of these most interesting branches of the Boy Scout Movement, may be had upon application to the Catholic Boy Life Council, 67 Bond Street, Toronto.

POPE BLESSES CITY AND WORLD

HOW A MOMENTOUS EVENT THRILLED A CATHOLIC SOUL

His Lordship Bishop Fallon has received from a friend in Rome the following striking and graphic description of one of the circumstances surrounding the election of His Holiness, Pius XI.

My Lord Bishop: My heart is still thumping after the emotion of an hour ago. For three days I had gone morning and afternoon to the Piazza of St. Peter's in expectation of the glad tidings.

THE HOME THAT WINS

Right into the hands of every father the Boy Scout Movement puts an assurance policy for the boy's future. Scouting is not something outside the home to turn your boy over to and forget about.

Every father does not realize that the average Ontario boy is awake 5,500 hours a year. You put him to school for 900 of these hours and everlastingly keep after him to make good.

Yet right here, in these hours he is away from home and other wholesome influences is where your boy forms his character and needs you most. Scouting gives you, as a father, a complete playtime programme through which you can win your son for life.

THE WOLF CUBS

God planted in the small boy a horror of all that is dull and slow, and conventional. He made him a creature of restless energy, with an inquisitive eager mind, a sensitive little heart, and a romantic imagination.

In 1914, in response to continual demands from boys under twelve years of age for admission to Boy Scout Troops, Sir Robert Baden-Powell answered with a plan for the organization of the Wolf Cubs.

peace and happiness to the whole living world. The hearts of that awe-struck multitude almost stood still at the thought of the grandeur of the coming spectacle.

About 12.47 p. m., His Holiness Pope Pius XI, in the simple white soutane with just the red cape and the white stole over his shoulders, and the white skull-cap upon his head appeared before his children.

It was an unforgettable moment. The Earth was on bended knee with bowed head before the Master, and all the tenderest memories of the Past and all the choicest hopes of the Future were there in that glorious Present.

With a sure earnest note, as of one who used the Voice of God, the Holy Father sang with precision the Confiteor, the Absolution and the Blessing. And after each prayer there rose in perfect harmony from that grand Piazza a stupendous "Amen!"

And I went away slowly towards the Castle and the Tiber, feeling that it was wonderful to be a Catholic.

LENT IN OLDEN TIMES

A STUDY OF THE EVOLUTION OF THE PERIOD OF FASTING SINCE APOSTOLIC DAYS

By Right Rev. Msgr. H. T. Henry, Litt. D.

The Lenten Regulations announced annually on Quinquagesima Sunday in our churches present a fairly complicated series of legal obligations and customary observances, of exempted days and persons, of appropriate times and quality of repasts, and of suggested voluntary pieties.

Why should such differences in law and practice exist? Why should there be so many exemptions, indulgences, dispensations? Well, for one thing, a long-continued custom may silently acquire the binding force of a law.

TENDENCY TOWARDS LENIENCY

The tendency of the Lenten Regulations seems always, however, towards greater leniency, especially in America. We live in the "land of the strenuous life," the *land of the strenuous life*, as one French writer translated the phrase.

In this highly developed industrial age, the strenuous life is not confined to America. Everywhere, and for many decades past, history has been witnessing how "the individual withers and the State is more and more."

the multiplying difficulties that confront life liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The obscure history of the Lenten Fast seems to suggest that it was an evolution of what had been a brief one-day or forty-hours fast preceding every Sunday, into the forty-days fast preparatory to Easter, the central feast of the year.

Symbolism that shaped fast Doubtless the symbolism of these forty hours, as well as that of the forty days during which Our Saviour fasted in the desert, shaped the limits of time for Lent as we know them.

There were also great variations in the quality of the foods used in Lent. We learn from the historian Socrates (fifth century) that in his day "Some abstain from every sort of creature that has life, while others, of all the living creatures, eat of fish only."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSIONSOCIETY OF CANADA

TRAVELLING FOR CHRIST

A WESTERN MISSIONARY'S NOTES

In a few minutes the witching, but not bewitching hour of midnight will come and go in the silence of our Edison shack. Over on the other side of it Father Louis is sleeping the sleep of the just.

We naturally contrast this rigidity concerning the one meal, without meat or lacticinia, to be taken only in the evening, with our present permission to take a warm drink of tea, coffee or chocolate and to eat a morsel of bread, in the morning; to eat meat at the principal repast (except on the few forbidden days), and to eat lacticinia as well as fish and the like at another repast, styled the collation and (a very recent grant) to eat fish as well as meat at the principal meal of the day, which moreover may be transferred to evening, the collation then being taken at noon.

BUILDING THE BUTTER TOWER

To attain this comparatively happy status, many indulgences have been issued by the Holy See from time to time; many inferences and arguments have been constructed by theologians; many popular customs have intervened.

The stress and strain of modern life permit but few to fast with legal rigour, even under present most lenient regulations. The duty of self-denial and mortification nevertheless remains, and the piety of the faithful is not wanting in devising appropriate means and methods.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

There are four hundred million pagans in China. If they were to pass in review at the rate of a thousand a minute, it would take nine months for them all to go by.

China Mission College, Almonte, Ontario, Canada, is for the education of priests for China. It has already thirty five students, and many more are applying for admittance.

A Bursar of \$5,000 will support a student in perpetuity. Help to complete the Burses.

QUEEN OF APOSTLES BURSAR

Previously acknowledged \$2,288 05

ST. ANTHONY'S BURSAR

Previously acknowledged \$1,832 10

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BURSAR

Previously acknowledged \$2,628 48

COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED BURSAR

Previously acknowledged \$889 60

ST. JOSEPH, PATRON OF CHINA, BURSAR

Previously acknowledged \$2,316 89

BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSAR

Previously acknowledged \$848 05

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER BURSAR

Previously acknowledged \$811 80

HOLY NAME OF JESUS BURSAR

Previously acknowledged \$248 00

HOLY SOULS BURSAR

Previously acknowledged \$1,850 12

LITTLE FLOWER BURSAR

Previously acknowledged \$807 84

MITE BOX, ST. JEROME'S CHURCH, WARKWORTH

Friend of the Missions

SACRED HEART LEAGUE BURSAR

Previously acknowledged \$2,188 25

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSIONSOCIETY OF CANADA

TRAVELLING FOR CHRIST

A WESTERN MISSIONARY'S NOTES

I.

In a few minutes the witching, but not bewitching hour of midnight will come and go in the silence of our Edison shack. Over on the other side of it Father Louis is sleeping the sleep of the just.

This "ninth hour" was our three o'clock in the afternoon. It is the canonical hour styled "None," which word gives us our "noon," since the custom obtained of reciting the office of None immediately after that of Sext (or the sixth hour, that is, midday), and the None-hour thus became our noon, at which time the principal meal of the day is now taken.

We naturally contrast this rigidity concerning the one meal, without meat or lacticinia, to be taken only in the evening, with our present permission to take a warm drink of tea, coffee or chocolate and to eat a morsel of bread, in the morning; to eat meat at the principal repast (except on the few forbidden days), and to eat lacticinia as well as fish and the like at another repast, styled the collation and (a very recent grant) to eat fish as well as meat at the principal meal of the day, which moreover may be transferred to evening, the collation then being taken at noon.

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shiny colonel in the shape of a Thermos bottle. No doubt the Thermos bottle, like most colonels, feels the dignity and the responsibility of office.

circle that God gives to the priest in return for the one family that he had to leave for His sake. III. If there is one thing that strikes one more than another in this new country it is that there are many houses—or at least many shacks—and comparatively few homes.

II.

The very mention of the word "home" has a talismanic power. It brings up, from the dim past, all kinds of memories to mingle in one's tired brain at night. Memories of a land that is far from this, and of dear ones who are separated from us by the grave—or the Atlantic Ocean.

The captain with a roving commission in God's permanent forces may indeed justly claim that he has many of the hardships of technical life, minus its glamor, its excitement, most of its danger, and nearly all of its slavery!

We must aim to shape and order society after God's pattern even though we know that we are not going to do a perfect work in time. Yet we must not be discouraged when we are thwarted and disappointed, for all the while we are gathering within ourselves a valuable deposit which is so imperishable that it laughs at death.

circle that God gives to the priest in return for the one family that he had to leave for His sake. III.

If there is one thing that strikes one more than another in this new country it is that there are many houses—or at least many shacks—and comparatively few homes. A sound principle of social order tells us that the family and not the individual is the unit of society.

Here and there, as I have said in a previous article, we come across the home we love to see—the comfortable and comforting union of a Christian man and woman, crowned and completed by the happy laughter of children who are being brought up in the same Faith and with the same manners as their parents.

So I look upon the stained and crooked walls of this Edison shack with great affection tonight. Outside the wind is whining, and the snow is piling up on the track.

IVOR HAEEL

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT

THE NEED OF A WELL-INFORMED LAITY

But some of them said: He casteth out devils by Beelzebub, the prince of devils. And others tempting, asked of him a sign from heaven. Luke 11, 15, 16, 19.

A wicked mind and wise utterances scarcely ever go together. An evil conscience always will practically prevent a man from speaking wise and true things. He often thinks that his words are convincing and even overpowering; but he learns differently when a wise and truthful critic exposes their real meaning. Truth never can come out in all its beauty and fullness, unless men's minds are properly directed. Passion will keep the truth back as much as possible; rash judgment will not allow its open and full manifestation. Minds and hearts must be pure and noble, in order that the truth be made known. If these qualities are not found in them, we never can be sure that their words and their judgments are laden with truth.

In the Gospel of this Sunday we see these facts confirmed. Our Lord was performing wonderful works, and the people around were admiring them. Not all of these people, however, were free of malice. The very works they saw did not seem to convince them. To seek for an excuse, they went to extremes and said that the works of the great Master were performed through Beelzebub, the prince of devils. This assertion may have seemed strong to themselves; they probably thought that it would influence the crowd against Jesus and His works. But their minds were too misdirected and their hearts too poisoned to judge properly and feel rightly toward Jesus. However, Our Lord, in His infinite wisdom, needed but little argument to show how foolish were their utterances. Why should Satan work against himself? Why should he undo the work that he and his fellow wicked spirits had accomplished? Satan was too wise ever to have done this. What he had accomplished was done through hatred for God. Now he would not, as it were, repent and undo his work, and depart from the place where he was what is to continue his success. To do so, he knew would tend to the utter destruction of many of his already accomplished designs. Christ made this truth clear to the crowd. He thus enlightened the minds of those who were really ignorant, and prevented the effects that might have resulted from the unwise sayings of the evil-minded.

Catholics of today should learn a wholesome lesson from this fact recorded in this Sunday's Gospel. They need much courage, and must always be ready to show their convictions. Arguments similar to the one used against the works of Jesus are continually being uttered against the Church. There is no truth in them, but they must be stripped, in order to be exposed. They are clothed in a language that appears convincing, and are confirmed by facts that seem undeniable. The fervent, earnest Catholic however, can contest them and show in what they are lacking. The facts that the Church daily exhibits are but another work of Jesus. He is in the Church, with the Church, guiding, enriching, and making her fruitful. The great work she has ever done, and continues with the self-same energy and devotion to perform, is a proof of Christ's presence within her. Yet, how little of this truth does the non-Catholic world admit. It ascribes the Church's work to false motives. Consider what is so often said of our devotion to the saints and of the veneration of relics, and the respect we show the crucifix and sacred images! It is all put down as superstition. How disrespectful many of our dissenting brethren speak of our Religious Orders! The world reaps innumerable benefits from them. Their lives are an open book that all may read, yet what slanders and lies are spread broadcast about them? Holy men and women, blessed with vocations from God, are ridiculed and are accused of being unfit for the world, and hence forced to enter the cloister as a refuge. How unwisely and maliciously they judge of the aims and intentions of these self-sacrificing individuals. They give every reason but the right one for the actions of these Religious.

How disrespectfully are our sacraments spoken of and treated? Penance, especially, is made light of. Its true meaning seems never to have come home to its maligners. The tradition of the ages, since the pseudo-Reformation, has instilled into their minds and hearts a totally wrong conception of the meaning of this great sacrament and an inveterate hatred of it. Men who are supposed to represent God stand in pulpits Sunday after Sunday, and aim untruthful and vilifying words against this great institution of Christ.

Catholics know the truth, they are convinced of it, they have felt its results since they became conscious of their state. Why should they allow the liar and the slanderer openly to assail their most sacred convictions? When prudence advises it, they must raise their voice and use their logic in the defense of their holy religion. They never should be swayed by the false arguments of unbelievers and scoffers. They especially should not heed the

words of men ignorant of true Catholicity, though learned in many other things. These latter perhaps, are among the most dangerous enemies Catholics can meet. Secular learning, however, has little to do with faith. A man may be a Solomon in worldly sciences, and yet be totally ignorant of the true teachings of Christ. The world today abounds in this class and no doubt we are all familiar with their tactics.

We must be ever faithful to Christ's teachings, as they are handed down to us by the apostles whom He chose and sent over the world to preach His doctrine. Their successors are our guides today, and those men who pose as innovators and ever are crying out that the world needs a new religion fitted to the times, should be sedulously avoided. What the modern world needs is a correct knowledge of the old religion—the only true one—the one founded by Christ on Peter—a rock. Let us as Catholics by our lives and our words continue to practise and teach this religion, and defend it on all occasions.

MY DEAR IRISH MOTHER

There's a home in old Ireland I think of each day; Not a mansion 'tis true, as you'll find on Broadway. It's an old Irish cabin where ivy does cling, And the roses bloom forth near its windows in Spring. Many years have passed by since I left that dear spot, But the fair scenes of childhood I've never forgot.

Father Time has made changes, my old friends are few, But I know there's one left, who is constant and true. She's my dear Irish mother, with hair white as snow, Her brow is deep furrowed, her footsteps are slow. Although her voice trembles, yet I fancy I hear The throbs of her heart as the post-man draws near, Saying, "My spirit is with you wherever you roam— Don't forget your dear mother in her Irish home."

I am now going back to the land of my birth, To that humble old cot, dearest spot on this earth. Where a light in the window does constantly burn, In the hope that her loved one, some night may return. Yet I know she'll forgive me for what I have done, On leaving my birthplace, and dear mother alone. I have learned a great lesson, no more shall I roam, From a dear widowed mother, and my Irish home. —J. J. GALLAGHER

ST. TERESA

Active preparations have been inaugurated throughout Spain in preparation for the celebration of the centenary of the canonization of St. Teresa, the great mystic and reformer of the Carmelite Order.

Teresa was born at Avila in Old Castile, March 28, 1515, being the third child of Don Alonso Sanchez de Cepeda and Dona Beatrice Davila de Alhumada. The Saint's mother died when she was in her fourteenth year. The father of Teresa was a man of remarkable piety and devoted to the reading of spiritual books. After the death of his wife, he sent Teresa to the Augustinian nuns at Avila for her education. Here, after a period of eighteen months, she became so ill that she was obliged to return home. From this time she remained with her father whose favorite child she was. Occasional visits made by the young girl to a pious uncle were the means whereby she was induced to consider the religious life as a vocation. Reading the Letters of St. Jerome, she felt that in religion was a safe refuge from the many snares to which an ardent and deeply affectionate nature might expose her. Unable to obtain her father's consent to the step, she left home secretly on November 2, 1555 and entered the Carmelite convent of the Incarnation at Avila, then a community of 140 nuns.

The pain of parting from her loved ones was so keen in the soul of Teresa that she ever afterward compared it with death. After a short time her father became fully reconciled to her vocation, and Teresa took the holy habit of a Carmelite.

The year following her religious profession she became so ill that she was in grave danger, and being treated by unskilful physicians occasioned her to suffer more intensely. Through the intercession of St. Joseph she partially recovered, but her health remained permanently impaired.

During these periods of suffering, Teresa began the practice of mental prayer and persevered in this direction for a short while. But being attracted by the conversations of worldly persons who came to visit the convent, she left off the pious practice for a time. God, however, had designs on this generous soul who had made the sacrifice of the world solely to please Him rather than because of any attraction which religious life offered to her. Interior manifestations became frequent in her experi-

ence, and she was gradually drawn more and more to the contemplation of heavenly things.

But clouds were gathering for Teresa. Certain persons whom she consulted were inclined to believe that these manifestations were the work of the Evil Spirit, and after a time the entire city of Avila was agitated by the reports of her experiences. It was reserved for the great St. Francis Borgia, St. Peter of Alcantara and a few other wise and holy men to discern the true nature of Teresa's manifestations and to guide her to the heights whither God was calling her.

After much trouble Teresa founded the Convent of Discalced Carmelites of the Primitive Rule of St. Joseph at Avila. Other foundations followed in rapid succession in spite of violent opposition. A fearful storm burst over the Saint which lasted four years and threatened to undermine her work. Calm and serene, she continued her loving colloquies with her Divine Lord, and success eventually crowned all her undertakings.

Her holy death occurred on October 4, 1582, in the reformed calendar October 15, which is the day on which the Church celebrates her Feast.

Her incorrupt body is preserved at Alba, whence it was removed from Avila. She was beatified in 1614 and canonized in 1622 by Pope Gregory XV.

St. Teresa holds a unique position among mystical writers because of her deep insight and analytical gifts of no unusual order. Probably there is no saint in the entire Calendar who probed more skillfully the depths of human nature, or who understood from more varied experience the joys and sorrows of the human heart.—The Pilot.

PRAYER AND THE WRECK

The occasion does not make the man, as a Kempis teaches us, but only shows what manner of man he is. Out of the dreadful catastrophe at Washington comes the lesson that heroism marks the life of many whom we pass unnoticing in the daily rush of life. "Three priests insisted on entering the building," reports a correspondent, "although told that the walls might fall at any moment." That is heroism, yet a manifestation which, thank God, we have learned to look for, and never in vain. For the priest of God knows that he has been given his sublime and stupendous powers, not for himself, but for his brethren, the children of God, without exception. "I do not belong to your Church," faintly whispered a wounded soldier when Father William Doyle, S. J., crept out under the guns to rescue him. "No, but you belong to my God," replied this man who after bringing peace and even sweetness to many a dying soldier, laid down his life for his brethren on a bloody field.

Before the heroism that is, as it were, professional, every Catholic says "Thank God," and prays that when his time comes, the priest of God may be at his side. But he does not wonder at it, nor should he. It is the heroism of the man in the street that thrills; the heroism of the poor fellow caught in the ruins of that theater, who said to the physician, "Don't waste time with me, Doc. I'm done for. But there's a fellow pretty badly hurt over there—" or the self-forgetfulness of the boy who worked for nearly an hour, his own shoulder dislocated, and when taken to the hospital, gasped out, "Well, thank God, I was able to help some others a little, bit." Incidents such as these snatch the veil of cynicism from the eyes of the hardened critic who has almost lost all confidence in the rectitude of any man, and give him hope that the world is not so bad as it seems to be.

W. L. Peters of Plattsburg, N. Y., a student at Georgetown University, while held fast in a mass of cement, led in prayer services in which all the entrapped sufferers within his hearing joined, including his chum, Wilfred Brousseau, a student at the same school. Young Brousseau joined heartily in the prayer, although suffering intensely from a wound in his side. He died early this morning.

The ways of God are unsearchable, but this we know, that no human heart has ever lifted a petition for mercy that was unheard. "All around me the people began to pray," relates the young student, and the angels of God bore their prayers to Him whose care is not withheld even from the birds of the air. "Are you not of greater worth than they?" The prayers that went up from that scene of suffering and death could not be left unheard, for they were the prayers of men in utter helplessness, turning to their Father in Heaven.—America.

LENT

The holy season of Lent, with its solemn days of humiliation and repentance, is a call from Almighty God to His people to consider each man for himself what is going to become of him. It is the solemn declaration to all the world of God's terrible and most certain judgment on all kinds of sin and on sinners of every sort, high and low, if they still go on offending God in spite of His long-suffering mercy. The spirit of penance; the religious exercises, the exhortations, the mor-

tification suggested all are echoes of the warning that sin will be our ruin if it is not put away and pardoned before we die and that there is one way open and only one way to escape from death and hell: the way of true repentance and turning to God with a steadfast and humble sorrow. In these holy days we learn anew the marvelous means which His Grace has provided to save us from our sins, not only to pardon them, but to cleanse us from their power, to change our sinful hearts and to make us new creatures, to strengthen us against the enemy of our salvation and to help us walk worthy of our calling as His servants and children. Let us enter into the spirit of Holy Church and pray God to give us the wisdom to use every day and every opportunity of this holy season for our eternal profit.—The Missionary.

We labor in the boisterous sea; Thou standest upon the shore and seest our dangers; give us grace to hold a middle course between Scylla and Charybois, that, both dangers escaped, we may arrive at the port secure.—St. Augustine.



Nervous Breakdown

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."

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DEAF? NEW INVENTION

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE ROSARY IN IRELAND

To my memory idly roaming comes a vista of the gloaming— Comes a breathing from the meadows of the shamrock and the peat;

Oh, how well do I remember when by crackling log and ember, And the family all were gathered from the highland and the sea.

I remember how in boyhood, just a bit advanced from toyhood, How I loved to clasp the beads her gracious lips had prest;

MARK TWAIN'S IDEAL OF A GENTLEMAN

About thirty years ago an American magazine published a special symposium number on the query, "What is your ideal of an ideal gentleman?" which it had submitted to several notable writers.

GOOD TEMPER AN ATTRIBUTE THAT CAN BE ACQUIRED BY EVERYONE

A mild answer breaketh wrath; but a harsh word stirreth up fury. A fool immediately smothereth his anger; but he that dissembleth injuries is wise.

We may not lose the peace of our soul.

A present-day writer, Father McNabb, O. P., says that almost 75% of the things of this world should be taken with a little laughter.

LEARN TO "LET GO"

One does not often encounter such practical, homely philosophy as that which appeared some time ago in Medical Talk on the wisdom of letting go.

"If you want to be healthy morally, mentally and physically," the writer says, "just let go. Let go the little bothers of everyday life, the irritations and the petty vexations that cross your path daily."

It is not so hard after once you get used to the habit of it—letting go of these things. You will find it such an easy way to get rid of the things that may mar and embitter life that you will enjoy letting them go.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary, Where we sat side by side. On a bright May mornin' long ago, When first you were my bride;

ST. JOSEPH

FEAST SUNDAY, MARCH 19

Fervent devotion to St. Joseph is the remedy for many of the evils of the day. This world is not the smiling paradise that dreamy visionaries like to picture it. It is a rugged work-shop of duty fashioned by the creative hand of God.

OUR BLESSED MOTHER AND THE FLOWERS

How many of our boys and girls when they look at the beautiful flowers think of Him who gave them to us? Many of the fairest blossoms show by their names that there was an age when the Giver of the flowers was remembered, but that was long before chrysanthemum shows.

Mother, whether it is the lovely Annunciation Lily, the fleur-de-lis or the sweet lilies of the valley which in some lands are thought to be our Lady's tears.

The hazel tree, it is said, blossomed for Mary when she visited Elizabeth, and the daffodils formed a path for Gabriel when he came to the humble house of Nazareth.

Across the sea, the strawberry and the cherry are dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. There is a plant known as "Our Lady's Bedstraw," and there is a species of primula which has been styled "Our Lady's Candlestick."

Oil of Sweetness, Kindness and Gentleness. Once upon a time, as the story-tellers say, there lived an old gentleman in a large house.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 20.—How the need of a solid faith was shown, and how it has grown and spread to embrace 9,000 of the savage population of New Guinea in a few years, was told to the Medievalists, a club of Catholic men, at a recent meeting by the Rev. Francis Neuhaus.

THE MEDIEVALISTS

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BEAUTY OF THE SKIN

is the natural desire of every woman, and is obtainable by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

As long as truth or justice could be supposed to influence men, as long as man was admitted under the control of reason, so long must it be prudent and wise to procure discussions on the sufferings and the rights of the people of Ireland.

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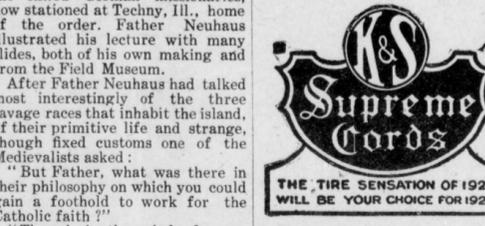
TRY IT—YOU WILL LIKE IT

carve out a meagre subsistence for himself and his blessed charges by menial service, by incessant drudgery, and poorly requited toil. He had his hours of sadness, when want and suffering laid their heavy hands upon him, for the members of the Holy Family were the poorest of the poor.

At last, a friend advised me to take "Fruit-a-lives" and in a short time the Constipation was banished, I felt no more pain, headaches or dyspepsia, and now I am vigorous, strong and well.

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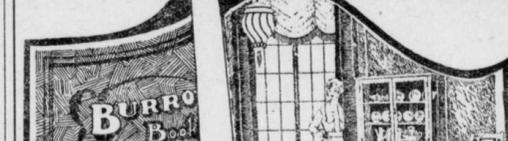
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RUSSIANS IN FRANCE TURN TO CHURCH

Paris, Feb. 25.—Mgr. Chaptal, the new auxiliary bishop of Paris, has been specially assigned to work among the foreigners, particularly the Slavs residing in Paris. He is familiarly known as the "foreigner's bishop."

He took up his new work with enthusiasm immediately after his nomination, and has devoted himself particularly to those foreigners who are in moral or material distress. In the first place there are the Russian emigrants, whose conditions are lamentable. Many of them were born in opulence, and today all are reduced to seeking employment of the most humble kind, sometimes without success.

A Catholic committee has been formed to coordinate and develop work on behalf of these unhappy refugees. At the head of the committee are Msgr. Chaptal, Msgr. de Guébriant, who was Visitor Apostolic in Siberia, and Rev. Father Rouet de Journay, like Msgr. Chaptal, knows the Russian language and Russian people well.

The committee is endeavoring to find homes and shelters for indigent Russians. It collects worn clothing, which is mended by the nuns, and an effort is also being made to establish cheap restaurants and boarding houses for them.

At the request of this committee the Rector of the University of Paris has exempted students of this class from the registration and examination fees which are paid by French students.

"No distinction will be made from the point of view of religion in rendering assistance," says Msgr. Chaptal.

Of course the majority of the Russians living in Paris (not counting the Jews) are schismatics, but it is an undeniable fact that they are coming much closer to Catholicism.

"We are trying to establish for the Russians in Paris a Catholic Church which will follow exactly the 'palco-slay' rite, the rite of our Russian fathers. This church will receive or bring together more people than one would believe. For some time there have been many conversions in Paris and throughout France from orthodoxy to Catholicism. These conversions occur in all ranks of society. It is not this encouragement for us to persevere in our charitable work?"

Msgr. Chaptal—Count Chaptal—is a grandson of the famous scholar of that name who was Minister of the Interior under Napoleon I.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA AND THE VATICAN

Prague, Feb. 18.—Speaking of the relations between Czecho-Slovakia and the Vatican, M. Benes, President of the Council, made the following statement to representatives of the Prasky Vecernik:

"I opened relations with the Vatican in the name of the National Council as far back as 1916, during my different trips to Rome, through the intermediary of four persons: M. Loiseau, in charge of ecclesiastical affairs of the French Embassy at Rome, Msgr. Deploige, (of Louvain), the English Cardinal Bourne and the Rumanian Prince Ghiki.

"Through them I tried to inform the Vatican of the aspirations of the Czecho-Slovak people in order that the powerful influence of the Vatican might not be exercised against us among the allied nations.

"At the time of the discussion with the Vatican in regard to the appointment of bishops in Slovakia, the Vatican showed that it understood the religious needs of the Slovaks, and despite some very great difficulties aroused by this question, an accord favorable to the Slovaks was reached by the Government and the Vatican. In other questions also, as for instance, the division of dioceses according to the frontiers, the Vatican anticipated our desires."

A PRIEST IS FOREMOST LINGUIST

The New York World of a recent date informs us that the world's foremost linguist recently celebrated his sixtieth birthday in the small parish of which he is the Cure.

Rev. M. Koudelka, who is better and more widely known under the pseudonym of "O. S. Vetti," has already mastered thirty-four different languages. While a student in school, and later at the seminary he attended, he learned Latin, Italian, English, Spanish, and many Slav tongues. Shortly after his ordination to the priesthood he added to his accomplishments a knowledge of Swedish, Dutch, Finnish, and other languages and dialects. While pursuing these studies, and also exercising his priesthood, unnumbered contributions of his appear as translations in periodicals and magazines. A little later in life he became interested in the Magyar tongue, and also studied Turkish, Arabian, Hindustani, Armenian, Greek, Russian, Polish and German.

Rev. M. Koudelka is now engaged in translating the gems of literature of the languages he has studied in Czech.

THE "MOVIES" IN IRELAND

Rev. J. S. Sheehy, C. M., who recently addressed the Irish Vigilance Association on the necessity of more strict supervision of cinema theatres declared that American visitors to Ireland had assured him that films had been shown in Irish picture-houses which had been definitely turned down in the United States. The greatest inheritance of the Irish as a race was a spiritual one, he said, and material prosperity without that would be a calamity. The corroding influences of Anglicization had done much to weaken the moral fibre of the Irish people. That things were not worse was due to the religious instincts of the Gaelic nature and the principles of the Irish Revival movement.

The time had come when a Department of State should deal with the activities of the cinema and the theatre so as to give the sanction of law to the censors when they exercised their judgment as to what was objectionable or unobjectionable. He proposed:

1. The establishment of a central censorship in Dublin which should inspect all films to be exhibited in Ireland.

2. No films should be allowed in picture-houses anywhere in Ireland which had not passed the censors in Dublin.

He laid down the following principles for the guidance of a censorship Department:

a. Everything contrary to Christian purity and modesty should be banned mercilessly;

b. All films and performances which were used for propaganda purposes alien to Catholic and Irish ideals should be turned down;

c. Pictures and performances which took for granted an un-Christian state of society should not be tolerated.

If sacred subjects from the Bible and ecclesiastical history were to be depicted on the screen they should be under the supervision of the Church.

In Dublin the corporation has already appointed a number of censors. Members of the public who observe anything objectionable in the films at theatres are requested to notify the censors.

THE NATURAL RIGHTS OF THE CITIZEN

John A. Ryan, D. D., in the March Catholic World

Probably a majority of the writers on political science, as well as the greater part of non-Catholic authorities in economics and sociology, reject the doctrine of natural rights. In their opinion, all rights are derived from the State. Hence, the citizen possesses only civil rights. It is not necessary in this place to set down a formal refutation of this theory. It will be sufficient to point out that the theory inverts the position of the State relatively to the individual. According to its logic, the individual exists for the State. Against the State he has no moral rights, but only those which the State itself is willing to grant. Consequently, the State may, if it chooses, deprive the citizen of all rights whatever, may arbitrarily take away his liberty and his property, and even put him to death. According to the Catholic doctrine, the State exists ultimately for the individual, and the individual is endowed with certain natural rights which belong to him because of his nature, because he is a person and because of his intrinsic sacredness. As the State does not create or confer these rights, it cannot take them away.

This doctrine is not only Catholic, but it is a part of the traditional American political theory, and it is specifically included in the Declaration of Independence. The second paragraph of that immortal document begins thus:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

PRESS HOUR IN THE SCHOOL

LINK BETWEEN THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL AND CATHOLIC LITERATURE

"Reading is a habit and we get into the habit of reading, and reading only certain things, and the longer we read them the stronger the habit becomes. Habit can be modified, changed and developed by education. And I see in this the link between the Catholic school and Catholic literature. If we want to get our Catholic people into the habit of reading Catholic papers we must begin in the school."

This was the advice given by the Right Rev. Edward A. Pace, of the Catholic University, at the first annual conference of the District of Columbia Chapter of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, at the Willard Hotel, Washington, which was addressed by Archbishop Curley and Monsignor Pace on the subject of higher education, welfare work, and Catholic press and literature.

In his address the Archbishop said, "We have a Catholic paper in the Archdiocese that can reach

60,000 every week. We have a wonderful power for good. The Catholic paper brings into the home the Catholic spirit—Catholic news from all over the world. As a result of the splendid service being given in the National Catholic Welfare Council's News Service, we are receiving lively, up-to-date and interesting articles from the capitals of Europe, and we are in touch with the activities of the Church everywhere. If we are really Catholic with a big Catholic interest—that interest ought to extend to the Catholic Church wherever it is at work. Her sorrows are our sorrows—her joys our joys. Interest must be aroused and this can be done only by the Catholic press."

Among the resolutions presented by Mrs. James F. Hartnett, Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, were the following:

Resolved: That we urge our Alumnae to encourage a weekly Catholic Press Hour in our schools, and to foster it by the gift of subscriptions to the Diocesan Journal, The National Catholic Welfare Council Bulletin, the I. F. C. A. Bulletin and at least one Catholic educational magazine.

WEEKLY CALENDAR

Sunday, Mar. 12.—St. Gregory the Great, a noble Roman, who renounced his wealth, turned his house into a monastery and lived as a monk. He did great work for the church at the court of Constantinople and was finally made Pope, governing for fourteen years. He extended the faith to many lands, set in order the prayers and chants of the Church and exerted an immense influence for good. He died in 604.

Monday, Mar. 13.—St. Euphrasia, Virgin, who, when seven years old, begged that she might be permitted to serve God. Her mother permitted her to enter a monastery in Egypt at an early age and she spent a life that was a pattern of meekness, humility and charity. She died in 410.

Tuesday, Mar. 14.—St. Mauli, the wife of Henry, Duke of Saxony, who was afterwards chosen King of Germany. She founded many churches and monasteries, but her two eldest sons, Otto and Henry, tried to strip her of her dowry on the pretense that she squandered her revenues on the poor. They afterwards repented. She died in 968.

Wednesday, Mar. 15.—St. Zachary, successor of Gregory III., who ruled the Church with great prudence and benevolence. He adorned Rome with many sacred buildings. He died in 752.

Thursday, Mar. 16.—St. Abraham, a rich nobleman of Edessa and guardian of St. Mary, a daughter of his brother. The saint, who had retired to a cell, placed the maiden in a cell close to his own and guarded her carefully. Finally she fell from grace, but Abraham by prayer and intercession brought her to repentance. Mary worked many miracles before her death in 365, five years after that of Abraham.

Friday, Mar. 17.—St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland.

Saturday, Mar. 18.—St. Cyril of Jerusalem, at the time of whose episcopacy the apostate Julian tried in vain to rebuild the walls of the temple. Cyril suffered many persecutions before his death in 386. He was noted as a teacher and many of his expositions of the faith have been preserved.

OBITUARY

MRS. JULIA HART

Mrs. Julia Hart one of the best known and highly respected residents of the Ottawa Valley, passed away, after a rather protracted illness borne with Christian resignation, on Saturday, February 25th, at the home of her son Michael F. Hart, proprietor of the Windsor Hotel, Ottawa. The deceased, who was the relict of the late Patrick Hart, was in her seventy-eighth year.

Mrs. Hart was a daughter of the late Michael Mulligan and was born at Osceola, Renfrew Co., May 10th, 1844. The family from which she sprang was one of the outstanding Catholic families of Bromley township and in the early mission days, before the organization of parishes and the erection of churches in that section of the country, the Mulligan home was the "station" at which the mission priests and bishops were made ever welcome on their apostolic rounds. There Mass was said, confessions heard and instruction given to the faithful Irish settlers of these early days. Thus under the best religious influences and the examples of a model Catholic home the late Mrs. Hart developed, while still young, the many beautiful and kindly traits of character which, throughout her long life, won for her a host of friends whose admiration and affection she retained even to the end.

In 1868 she married Patrick Hart, a model Catholic man of education and refinement, who died in Ottawa only two years ago. Their union was blessed with nine children, six sons and three daughters. Two of the daughters Mrs. D. J. Shields of Sault Ste. Marie, and Mrs. Leo Sanor of Ottawa, and one son Albert have already gone to their reward. The surviving children Mrs. Wm. Somers of Ottawa, Rev. Brother Stanislas of St. Ann's School, Montreal, John of Cobden,

Michael F. of Ottawa, Patrick of Cobalt and William of Montreal, had the consolation of being with their mother when she died.

The late Mrs. Hart was a zealous church worker and a member of many pious confraternities. She was a life member of St. Joseph's Union, of the League of the Sacred Heart, of the Benefactors of the Holy Land, etc., and was, besides, a generous supporter of the various charitable parish organizations. The many friends and callers at the Windsor Hotel on the occasion of her death and the wonderful display of Mass cards and spiritual offerings of various kinds bore eloquent testimony to the great esteem which the many virtues and kindly deeds of the departed had won for her.

The funeral Mass was celebrated in St. Patrick's Church, Ottawa, on Tuesday, Feb. 28th by the Rev. Father Smith. The remains were then taken by the C. P. R. to Cobden for interment at Osceola where the deceased had spent sixty-two years of her life. A great many former friends and associates met the cortege at Cobden and followed in procession to St. Pius' Church, Osceola, where the Libera was sung by the Rev. W. H. Dooner, P. P., a relative of the deceased, assisted by Rev. L. French of Eganville and Rev. Father Case of Portage Du Port. The remains were then laid to rest in the family plot beside those of her late husband in ground donated to the church long years ago by her father as a burying place for the faithful of the rising parish. R. I. P.

NEW BOOK

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poverty of the Order he contrived arrangements whereby the young Franciscan students pursued their studies in Vienna, Paris, Munich and London. Thus they brought back with them a sound and general culture, including a knowledge of foreign languages, by which they were raised both spiritually and educationally far above the standard of their fellow countrymen.

When, following the fusion in Jugoslavia the Catholic minorities of the northern Balkan States were in danger of being swallowed by Serbia and the Greek Schism, Father Didak-Buntic manfully embraced the cause of the fighting Catholics and as a member of Parliament he led them in the defense of their faith, in this way following the example of his great Franciscan predecessors, who carried the cross as the protector of their people.

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FARM, farm stock, household furniture, will be offered by Public Auction on March 15th. Farm is 75 acres of good sand loam. Lot 24, Con. 15th Range, 1st District, 1st Township of La Salle station. Good barn and shed on basement, drive house, log pen, new silo, poultry house, all in first class condition. Comfortable frame house, 7 rooms with cellar; also the La Salle church and separate school 20 acres under fall crop. Will be offered subject to reserve bid. Terms 10 per cent. down, balance up to one third within 30 days; remainder if desired on mortgage at 6 per cent. Also at same time and place the farm chaffers and household furniture. Terms 8 months credit and 4 per cent. on cash. Richard Donohue and Cecilia Donohue, Executors. Address Mrs. Cecilia Donohue, La Salle, Ont. 226-1

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TEACHERS WANTED

LADY teacher wanted, holding second class professional certificate, for Port Arthur Catholic Separate school, duties to commence after Easter holidays. Apply stating experience, salary expected and age to R. E. Chénier, Sec. Treas., 263 Park Street, Port Arthur, Ont. 226-2

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