

The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1914

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THE NEW CARDINAL

The Catholics of the Dominion will rejoice at the news that the Most Rev. Archbishop of Quebec has been elevated to the exalted position of Cardinal.

The historic see of Quebec, renowned for its glorious traditions, for its zeal and self sacrifice, has again reason to exult at this mark of distinction conferred upon it by the Holy See. His Grace Archbishop Begin may with his characteristic humility shrink from the glory and responsibilities of this great dignity, but his spiritual children and friends and admirers know that by virtue of his gifts, his contributions to scholarship and executive ability he is worthy to be a member of the Sacred College. His career as professor at Laval University, as Director of the Normal School at Quebec, as Bishop, and as successor to Cardinal Taschereau has been unwearied service to the Church. He has given of his brilliant intellect to its defence, to explain its doctrines, and he has bestowed ungrudgingly his good will and co-operation upon any cause that could redound to the glory and good of Canada. Like all the truly great he is child-like in gentleness. His intellect has become a kindly light to many and the zeal of his compassionate priestly heart has fallen like a benediction upon the sorrowful and discouraged and has infused into them resolution and new life. The students who learned to love him in the days long ago, and whose love has persevered during the years, will, wherever they are, look back at old Laval and give thanks that their professor, guide and friend will be a member of the most august body in the world. We rejoice with Quebec. We have been always proud of her as the pioneer, the missionary, the martyr; as the guardian of the memories of her saints and sages, and we are proud to lend our humble voice to the joyful chorus that acclaim His Grace Archbishop as the next Canadian Cardinal. May he have many golden years.

AN OLD STORY

Mr. E. H. Phelps, an Insurance authority in Boston, quoting birth rate statistics says: "The present generation of rich and middle-class Americans is dying off. The highest birth rate in the United States at present is among our fellow-Catholic citizens. Their Church teaches the desirability and the doctrine of large families."

Mr. Phelps echoes the opinions of many authorities who warn their compatriots against the desertion of the family and the abominations that are prompted by disregard of divine law and fostered by selfishness and luxury. Any age that is soft and sensual is always brutal in the attainment of its ends and ceaseless in its exertions to avoid pain and responsibility. So-called scientists pander to its cravings with the result that race suicide is condoned and regarded as fashionable. Thoughtful men without the fold cry out against it, but their words have no meaning for those who have lost faith in the supernatural and who are immersed in matter. The shadow of decay is over them though they see it not, and they go their way repeating cant that they have learned from the teachers of cant.

A BORE AND A BIGOT

Our Catholic brethren of the United States are protesting in no equivocal manner against the appointment of ex-Mayor Nathan of Rome as Commissioner of the Italian Government to the Panama Pacific Exposition. Every reasonable citizen should, in our opinion, commend this action. For any representative of a government should be a factor in the cultivation of international amity, and moreover, should have given evidence of qualities which connote the gentleman, and gifts which are wont to be characteristic of the diplomat. So far as these things are concerned ex-Mayor Nathan's career has been a blank. He is a bore of the most offensive type. He has been a notorious anti-Catholic bigot and has publicly insulted Pope Pius X. He

is a very cheap pocket edition of the vilifiers of the Church, and is at his case in company with rabid Socialists. Without tact or the most elementary idea of decency in regard to certain things, without any standards of dignity and worthiness, he is the last man in the world to be chosen as a bearer of fraternal sympathy to the United States. We do not object to him, say the Directors of the Knights of Columbus, on account of his race or religion, but because of his obvious unfitness for a post that is one of diplomacy, of social amenities, of governmental representation. In the name of a people and a nation who love freedom of religious worship and religious toleration we deplore and resent the insult implied by this appointment of Mr. Nathan, an enemy of social order and religious freedom.

MIRACLES

Regarding miracles Chesterton has the following: "If the great Catholic Church says that miracles do happen I believe it because it is far more probable that miracles happened than that the Catholic Church should lie about the matter."

GOING BACK

Prominent educators are harkening back to the methods of the schoolmasters of other days. They are becoming weary of fads and look askance at the theory that knowledge is the one great remedy for evil and the one important factor in the advance of civilization. Says one of them, President Andrews: "Speaking succinctly the constituents of a sound education are first, character; second, culture; third, critical power, including accuracy and also sympathy, with all the various ages, nationalities and moods of men. Mere knowledge is quite incidental and relatively insignificant. The definition makes character part of education and even gives it the first place. All reflecting persons are coming to feel that unless schooling makes pupils morally better, purer within and sweeter, kinder, stronger in outward conduct, it is unworthy the name."

WE WONDER

A secular daily paper, in the course of a sermon on amity, wonders why prejudices are fostered and perpetuated and why divines of a certain type go up and down the country declaiming outworn tales. We wonder also. It may be that these clerics have been graduated from colleges which are saturated with bigotry and that they are content to live in regions haunted by the ghost of partisan ages. But, nevertheless, "any one but a born idiot has brains enough not to be a fool." Why don't they read reputable Protestant authorities, or at least why don't they rely on the inherent strength and vitality of their cause. It may be also that they have implicit confidence in the gullibility of their public and hence resort to methods which even the most unscrupulous political partizan would scorn to handle. But their activities would be lessened if the conscientious and truth loving Protestants would refuse them their support. We have heartfelt sympathy for the victims of these clerical frebrands. That men who are supposed to minister to truth should calumniate us, and for notoriety barter their manhood in the mart of prejudice is passing strange, but we cannot say that we are disturbed about it. Miss Zephine Humphrey, a non-Catholic writer, says in an article entitled "Protestant Paradox," in the April Atlantic Monthly: "Catholic patience is one of the foremost and most magnificent developments of the human race. Nothing new dismays or shocks it—no raging of the heathen, no dissension or catastrophe, no injury or insult. It is not tolerant, for it holds that truth must be absolute, one truth for all humanity; but it is full of forbearance and pity, ready to make allowances, to wait, to turn back, to begin all over again. There is no coldness about it; instead there is a passion. The passion of patience—somewhere or other that phrase has lately crept into religious discussions and it admirably describes the marvellous temper of the Catholic Church. Caring so mightily that he would die for his faith and would

suffer anything to promote its cause, a good Catholic yet remains undisturbed in the face of calumny."

A PARENTAL DUTY

The yellow journal with its comic supplement falls like a pestilence upon every town in Canada. With the reports of scandals and crimes, with their cheap and vulgar illustrations they are not only enemies of good taste but they are also a menace to the morality of the family. The adult who likes this kind of garbage will feed on it despite our advice, but the young should be protected from its polluting touch by the guardians of the family. Fathers and mothers should close the door against that turbid stream that cannot but blacken and defile. They cannot shirk their responsibility in this matter. They may say that they do no harm, but that pretext of the weak and inefficient and careless will not save them when they are summoned to render an account of their stewardship.

IMPRESSIONS OF CATHOLICISM IN AMERICA

There are two ways of regarding life, or rather two parts of it that can be regarded, the past and the future, since the present is a perpetually moving point "without parts or magnitude." The perfectly balanced mind, whether of the individual or of the community, will of course give due attention to each; the perfectly balanced thinker will be perpetually estimating and weighing up the lessons of the past in order that he may deal adequately with the future; he will not be presumptuous when he looks forward, nor merely reminiscent when he looks back. Now there is probably no perfectly balanced mind anywhere. There is literally "nothing so uncommon as common sense;" normality is an ideal rather than a concrete fact. Every individual, therefore, and far more so, every community, has predispositions and tendencies that err continually towards one or the other side of the golden mean.

For example the European tendency is to dwell far too much upon the past. Living, as the European does, among scenes crammed with history, having on all sides the monuments of the past, it is only too easy for him, since he is supplied with thoughts and memories ready made, to drift into reminiscence and contemplation; and instead of securing that the history of the future shall be as full of life as the past, to congratulate himself on what his fathers did, and leave posterity to take care of itself. This is true even in the realm of religion: the Catholic in Europe, and particularly in those lands where the Faith has undergone fierce persecution, is far too ready to rest upon the achievements and the fortitude of his ancestors, instead of setting out to imitate them.

Now in America all is different. America is indeed, crammed with history, but it is a gold mine that soon runs out; and on the other side its future is simply limitless. The shrewdest historian in the land cannot predict what that future may hold. Every day new races pour into the country, every month new towns are founded. As in Europe it is the past that is full of fascination so, in America it is the future.

And this is, at once, both a weakness and a strength; and they are qualities exhibited plainly enough in every stratum of life. It is my business to record my impressions of these qualities in the stratum of Catholicism.

I cannot conceive any man being in doubt as to the future of Catholicism in this country. The congregations, the zeal, the activities, the businesslike methods—in all these matters America is incomparably ahead of Europe. The clean smartness of the churches; the departments of parish life; the variety of devotions; the numerous Masses; the very ornaments of the churches; the relations between priests and people; all these things inspire the visitor from Europe with an extraordinary sense of hope; the churches are not exquisite sanctuaries for dreaming; they are the business offices of the supernatural; the clergy are not picturesque advocates of a beautiful medievalism, they are keen men devoted to the service of God; the people are not pathetic survivals from the Ages of Faith; they are communities of immortal souls bent upon salvation. There is a ring of assurance about Catholic voices; an air of confidence about Catholic movements; a swift, punctual, conscientious and efficient atmosphere about Catholic activities; a swing and energy about Catholic life that promise well indeed for the future of the Church in this land. Catholicism has already won its place in American life, and holds it in such a fashion as to augur magnificently for the increase of its influence in the future. Such an or-

ganization alone, as that of the Knights of Columbus is security enough.

Yet exactly in proportion as the strength of Catholic life lies in its future, so its weakness lies in its relation to the past; and in this lies the one single point which I may venture to criticize.

There are two elements in all life; in that of Justification, Faith and Works; in that of Politics, Precedent and Legislation; in that of Art, Tradition and Enterprise; in that of Religion, Contemplation and Activity. Now I know that it may be charged against me that, as a visitor, and an active one at that, I cannot judge fairly of what lies below the surface of Catholic life in this country; yet, even after having made allowances for that, there still remains in my mind the impression that there is not enough of the reflective, contemplative, brooding spirit beneath these activities. And I think that statistics are on my side; for I believe it to be a fact, and a symptom therefore of what I mean, that the Contemplative Houses of Religion in this country do not even approximate, in their percentage, to the proportionate number in Europe. So too, to some slight extent, with regard to the atmosphere of the churches. I do not mean that people do not go there to pray; only that there is not the sense of brooding peace there to which we are accustomed in Europe; there is not enough darkness; it is all open, clear and light. I should imagine, for example, that a heavy roof-loft or screen, such as is common, let us say in the old French cathedrals, intelligent, airy plenty of the American Catholic. And I would venture to guess that the proportion of the devout who spend at least a week in retreat every year is very considerably smaller than in the older countries. I may add that more than one American priest cordially supports my timorous views.

It is then precisely the opposite criticism that I would level against my own people. In Europe, as I have said the fascination lies in the past; it is terribly easy to become a dreamer; terribly hard to become a worker; easy to be sentimental; hard to be strenuous. When I reflect upon the philanthropic agency of the Church in New York alone; when I watch the congregations streaming in and out of church; when I consider the generosity, the zeal, the lavishness of both priests and people alike; when I learn, as I have been learning, the enormous influence of Catholic thought and standards upon civic and political life. I have such an illustration as nowhere before of the "leaven hidden in the dough till the whole is leavened;" of the great "net let down" in the seething waters of humanity; of the Church herself "terrible as an army with banners." Yet I may still remember that it was He who "went about doing good," who also invited His disciples to "come apart and rest awhile."—Robert Hugh Benson, in America.

A SACRILEGE AVERTED

A PORTUGUESE MAGISTRATE WHO TRIED TO DESTROY A VENERATED IMAGE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN STRUCK BLIND

With the intention of building a new exchange, great alterations had to be made in the Convent of St. Francis, in the city of Oporto, in Portugal, says St. Anthony's Monthly. These alterations were under the direction of an official who enjoyed a very high reputation in the city.

It was deemed necessary to open a door of communication between the new edifice and the adjoining church which had been previously profaned by making it a store house for the reception of various kinds of merchandise. To do this it was necessary to destroy the altar which still remained and on which was a remarkable and valuable picture of the Blessed Virgin.

The workmen, who were influenced by family traditions, and had been, from childhood, accustomed to venerate this picture of the Virgin; who had many a time seen their mothers, wives and sisters kneel before it in their afflictions and sufferings and pour forth the sorrows of their souls and ask of God, through the intercession of His Virgin Mother, to relieve their distress; resisted any injury to the picture which they so much venerated. The magistrate reproached them with what he called their superstition, took an axe in his own hands from one of the workmen and with the first blow he struck the picture in the breast, but at the same instant he let the axe fall and fell back, uttering a piercing cry and covering his eyes with his hands. He was perfectly blind and remained so until the hour of his death. The altar was not destroyed; public worship is now held in the church, which was originally a magnificent structure, and the injury done the picture of the Virgin is still plainly visible.

This occurrence has wonderfully increased the devotion of the people of Oporto, and in the family circles the event is spoken of in the usual conversations that arise, so that

gradually, but imperceptibly, it has exerted a powerful influence in educating the minds of the children and in teaching them to reflect on the mysterious ways of Divine Providence.—St. Paul Bulletin.

THE FIRST KILLED IN MEXICO—A CATHOLIC SOLDIER

When the first dispatches of the bombardment of Vera Cruz, on April 21st, reached the American press, it must have made the so-called Guardians of Liberty sick at heart, to read the news that a Catholic United States soldier had given his life for his country's flag.

This was Daniel Aloysius Haggerty, a private of the 8th Company of the United States Marines, who had just stepped on to the roof of the Terminal hotel at Vera Cruz, to assist in the signal operations, when a bullet pierced his brain. This death was the first fatality on the American side, and is the most effectual answer made to the charges of the Guardians of Liberty and all kindred organizations, that Catholics cannot be loyal citizens.

Young Haggerty had been in the service for eight years, and came from Cambridge, Mass. In this unfortunate affair, history simply repeats itself, that the Catholic soldier is ever loyal to his country—and to those who state otherwise—well has it been said of all such so-called patriots that they are invincible in times of peace, but invisible in times of war.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

INDIANS AND SPANISH PADRES

PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER DEPLORES LACK OF BIBLES WHICH PREVENTED THE FRANCISCANS FROM TEACHING INDIANS THE LIFE AND GOSPEL OF CHRIST!

Rev. Bartolo Bloom, Presbyterian Minister, writing on New Mexico in "Old Santa Fe," commits the mistake so frequently found in the writings of non-Catholics when they venture to treat of Catholic themes. Their ignorance of the Church and her children is so great, their antipathy so pronounced, that while they cannot but admire the fruits, they must condemn the tree that bears them:

Francis of Assisi was indeed a fascinating character, but he was not really in harmony with his church. Dante was a great poet, but his spirit was that of a Protestant reformer, St. Agnes was exquisite in her purity and a marvel in her faith, but she was not a product of the papal system, the confessional does a great deal of good but of course it is only a human invention, divorce is practically unknown among Catholics, but the tyranny of the clergy rather than solid doctrine and sacramental aids is the responsible factor. Such is the plan of reasoning adopted by many non-Catholics whose minds are blinded by bigotry but whose eyes cannot but see the results of Catholic teaching and training.

And so, our friend, Mr. Bartolo, while seeing the devotion and labors of the Spanish priests must needs deplore the futility of their labors because they "had no Bibles. He says: "The Franciscan Padre was a man of good heart who loved the Indian, labored for him, gave his life to help and to save him, but alas! all he had to give him was Medieval Roman Catholicism. The Bible was entirely unknown in New Mexico. We can safely say that the Fathers did not have a single copy in Spanish for themselves, much less copies for the natives," and in consequence

Jesus Christ, the Saviour and Supreme Governor of the universe remained unknown in New Mexico during the Roman Catholic Administration. Such is the lamentable and ridiculous conclusion to which Mr. Bloom is led because he is a true Protestant, i. e. he believes that in the Bible and in the Bible only can be found a knowledge of Christ and of His teachings. We will not attempt to refute his charge, but we might ask a question or two. Did St. Paul fail to give to the natives of Corinth and of Galatia a knowledge of Christ because, forsooth, the Bible had not yet been written? Did Augustine fail likewise because he too was unable to present Bibles to the Anglo-Saxons? Did Christ and His Gospel remain unknown to the Irish because St. Patrick could not afford to present them with copies of the Holy Scriptures? Did Boniface fail to impart a knowledge of the Saviour to the Teutonic tribes because he too failed to secure a colporteur with a good supply of the Holy Book? Did the vast majority of the men and women of Europe who knew not how to read, from the first century to the days of the printing press, fail to get a knowledge of Christ, albeit thousands of them died for Him? Are the natives of Africa and China condemned to live and die with no knowledge of the Saviour unless they first learn how to read? And why did the same Saviour neglect to tell us that our salvation could be secured only through Bible reading? Perhaps because He told the apostles and their successors to "teach all nations."

DANISH KING HONORS CATHOLIC PRELATE

Monsignor von Euch, Vicar Apostolic of Denmark, who has done such wonders for the faith in that country during his long sojourn of fifty years, has been honored by the king, says a correspondent of the Catholic Press Association. His Majesty sent Prince Waldemar, his nephew, to the residence of Monsignor von Euch to ask his acceptance of the decoration and title of the Order of Danebrok. Prince Waldemar said it was the King's wish to recognize the services rendered to Denmark during half a century by the devoted Catholic priest. Monsignor von Euch accepted the decoration, not as he said for his own gratification, but as an honor to the Church, of which he is the representative and which has inspired his work.

The courteous action of their sovereign has given great pleasure to the Catholics of Denmark, who have had an uphill fight against prejudice and bigotry, but are now coming into their own thanks largely to their devoted and brilliant Vicar Apostolic.

REVERENCE FOR THE BLESSED VIRGIN

"Protestantism sometimes omits the reverence due to the Mother of God, and fails to assign her to her holy place," says the Rev. James S. Montgomery, pastor of the Metropolitan Memorial Methodist Church, Washington, D. C.

"Reverence is the prime energy of Christian character," said the pastor. "It is the sovereign power of godly life. For centuries among the Hebrew people it was the hope, the thought and the prayer of every maiden that she might become the mother of the Redeemer, and the vindicator of Israel. Yes, this was the cherished prayer of every home, that from its portals might go forth a saviour of the nation.

"Among the generations of the world one woman was selected, one woman was taxed. What a recognition, to be selected to be the mother of the only pure man who ever lived. We bow in her presence with a reverent stoop. Protestantism sometimes omits to assign her to her holy place. We would not worship her, but we would exalt her somewhat, and come into her presence with a reverent stoop and with a devout silence, as God himself placed upon her brow the crown jewels of undying glory."—The Missionary.

NINE NUNS OF ONE FAMILY

From the Sacred Heart Review: "An English Catholic paper reporting a lecture on the foreign missions given recently in London by Father Farmer, rector of St. Peter's College, Freshfield, says that the lecturer told of a convent in Madras, India, in which the reverend mother has eight of her own sisters as nuns under her charge. We learn from a subscriber to the Review that those nine nuns, sisters in blood as in religion; are members of a family named Murphy, belonging to Newmarket, County Clare, Ireland. This is perhaps the most remarkable case on record. There is another Irish family named Rogan which has supplied five priests to the St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Order, and has also given a daughter to a religious order in Dublin. The Irish are certainly a missionary race.

WHY IT WAS STOPPED

A few weeks ago Mayor Kosek of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., stopped newsmen from selling the Menace on the streets. A correspondent of the Elmira Telegram, commenting on this incident said, according to the Live Issue:

"Many were inclined to the opinion that the boys had as much right to sell it as any other paper. With all such I beg leave to differ. Any paper which is filled with virulent attacks upon the priesthood and the Sisters of Mercy should not be allowed to be sold on the streets. Aside from the bigoted phase of the matter such a paper tends to incite riot and bloodshed, and therefore was the Mayor justified in preventing its sale. While the priesthood can withstand its nasty attacks, it is cowardly and un-American to attack the Sisters, who do so much good in the world. All of them are pure and virtuous ladies. Their mission is charity in all that the term implies. They visit the home of the sick, soothing the fever-stricken, consoling the dying. Their sole and only mission on earth is doing God's work. Then wherefore should they be attacked—denounced as wantons, and held up to the scorn of the prejudiced? Little wonder that such conduct is resented by indignant Catholics."

A good precedent for other cities afflicted with menacitis.—St. Paul Bulletin.

Those who aspire to exalted virtue must begin by practicing the lesser ones. The foundation is not the building, yet the building cannot be constructed without it.—Rev. W. F. Hayes.

CATHOLIC NOTES

His Holiness, the Pope, has sent his Apostolic Blessing to the Knights of Columbus for the assistance they rendered the Abbot Gasquet during his visit to this country.

The Decennial Passion Play.—The Oberammergau Passion Play will not take place until 1920. Pressure was brought to bear to have it performed every five instead of ten years. The village authorities decided to retain its decennial performance.

The latest statistics from Korea register 75,000 native Catholics and 800 Japanese Christians. For this Catholic population there are only two Bishops and fifty-six priests, while for the Japanese converts only two priests are available.

About 500 men and 150 women have arrived at the leper island of Shkelung, near Canton, China. Father Conrady, who has labored there with heroic self sacrifice, will now be assisted in his work by a young French missionary, Father Desvazieres. Four Canadian Sisters will care for the women.

An Englishman has recently patented a clock which strikes the Angelus at the duly appointed hours of 6 a. m., midday, and 6 p. m. including the pauses for the necessary responses. The machinery for calling attention to these sweet devotions, instituted by Pope Urban II, can be easily adjusted to any ordinary clock.

The Very Rev. Dionysius F. Best, prior provincial of the Order of Calced Carmelites in the United States and Canada, died suddenly in Holy Trinity rectory, Pittsburgh, last Sunday morning thirty minutes before the hour he had intended to enter Holy Trinity Church to help celebrate the silver jubilee of the Rev. Berthold Luzzan, O. C. C., the pastor.

One of the four young men ordained this week to the priesthood at Denver, Colo., is Humphrey V. Darley, who is a convert to the Church. His mother, Mrs. Christian Darley, of Denver, was led into the church through reading. His father is dead. He has a brother, Father Christian Darley, in the Redemptorists, located at Detroit. Father Christian Darley said his first Mass at St. Joseph's Church, Denver, four years ago.

It is not every day a bishop finds himself in a position to tell his handful of Catholics in the midst of a hostile community that he has 45,000 applications for reception into the Catholic Church, as Archbishop Menini was able to do in Sophia recently. "You need not feel surprised," lately remarked M. Talefeu, minister of France at Sophia, to the great French missionary, Abbe Des Granges, "if within two months two or three million Bulgars become Catholics."

The Catholic University of America, at Washington, will receive the greater part of the estate of \$1,000,000 left by Theodore B. Basselin, of Croghan, N. Y. He makes the request that a hall to cost \$100,000 be erected in connection with the university, and that his name be suitably recognized by the institution. He gives \$25,000 for a parochial school at Croghan and \$100,000 is put in trust for many years for its maintenance.

A wonderfully impressive ceremony, unique in many characteristics, was performed in the church of St. Alphonsus, Grand Rapids, Mich., recently, when the Rev. Edward J. Jewell, pastor of St. Edward's Church, Omer, Mich., a former Protestant minister, celebrated the solemn high Mass, following which his own daughter, Miss Matilda Jewell, received the white habit of the Order of St. Dominic. Miss Jewell's name in the Dominican Order will be Sister Charles of the Infant Jesus.

Assisi, Italy, has a population of about 5,000 souls. It dates from before the time of our Lord. The Roman temple of Minerva, with its beautiful portico of six columns of travertine, is now known as the Church of St. Mary Minerva. Its Cathedral of St. Rufino was completed in 1140; its double church or two churches erected one above the other as the tomb of St. Francis and wherein are magnificent frescoes, is a Papal basilica, and was built shortly after the death of St. Francis, in 1228.

The national Joan of Arc committee has sent a circular to all the deans of the Catholic Church requesting them to organize a fitting celebration of her day. Efforts will be made in each district to induce not only the big shops and hotels to hoist the heroine's flag as they did last year, but to get as many as possible of the retail dealers and private persons to deck their establishments with Joan of Arc's banner. It is also proposed to organize processions to parade the main boulevards and streets during the day and to make them resound with tattoos in the evening. Though the complete program of the celebration to be held on May 24 has not yet been elaborated, it seems already certain that the fete in Paris will be an imposing manifestation and that it will be observed more or less generally throughout the whole of France.

AILEY MOORE

SALE OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW VICTIMS, MURDER AND SUICIDE PARTISANS ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRELAND TOGETHER WITH MANY STIRRING INCIDENTS IN OTHER LANDS

BY RICHARD B. O'BRIEN, D. D., DEAN OF NEWCASTLE WEST CHAPTER XIII THE ABDUCTION

There is a mysterious something about a "cross road," especially if one arm of it lead up a hill, and showing itself afar, is lost in trees, or in clouds, or in distance. Very near Clonmel there is a cross road of this description, at which side we will not say—not because we are unable, but because we deem it proper not to become too particular. Once before we warned the reader that we are mere chroniclers of facts and sketches of characters; almost all of the latter are yet living. It would be, therefore, unjustifiable and imprudent to mark either places or times in such a manner as to become an embarrassment, perhaps a danger, to our neighbours.

Near this cross road was a "cabin," not very much superior to the mansion of Biddy Browne, the beggar-woman, which mansion we have described in a former chapter; and as its arrangements were also pretty much like those of the home which gave Peggy Hynes a place to die, we are saved the necessity of particular detail.

At the door of this house, just at the foot of the hill, there stands a small spare woman, with a very white cap, whom the reader will please to recognize as Biddy Browne herself, and her eyes are fixed on a certain spot upon the hill-side, over which a traveller is hastily passing. We like an object—a man—standing upon a hill side, all alone. The fine sky above him, like a crown—and the bad busy world beneath him, he looks "every inch a king," and "every inch" he may be one.

On the traveller's nearer approach, he appeared old and way-worn. He sometimes stopped to look around, and sometimes he walked rapidly. A beautiful country certainly lay at his feet, and it may be that familiar objects awoke recollections which the old man loved to indulge, while his amended pace might have been required in consequence of the delays which were demanded by feeling.

We have just said that the scene beneath him was beautiful. The great old "Sieve na Mon" stretched its gigantic arms along the horizon on his left; on the right were the hills of the County Waterford, leaning against the majestic chain of mountains that fling their shadows into the county of Cork and in the valley between, fringed with flowering green, almost ever fresh and blooming, flowed the clear silent Suir, on its way to the *urbs intacta*, and the sea. Cottage and castle, farmhouse and church spire, copse, wood, and knoll, diversify the scene as far as the eye can view; while in the foreground stands the city, active, thrifty, prosperous, and religious as any in Ireland, or out of it—the city of Clonmel.

The traveller approached Biddy Browne's cabin, before he gave any sign of recognition; nay, he came to the very door before his "Good morning, old woman," announced the voice of Shaun a Dherk.

"Mille failte!" cried Biddy. "Guhreh maith agrid!" (which is meant for the English, "Thank you," but which really means, "Happy fortune to you") was the reply. "Sit down?" asked Biddy. "No," answered Shaun. "Is every-thing done?" he demanded. "Be course—why not?" answered the beggar-woman.

"You can depend on Mrs. Colman?" he continued. "As on the parish priest," answered Biddy. Shaun raised his eyes piously. "God is merciful, Biddy," remarked Shaun, "an' may He keep my hand from sheddin' blood,—but," he added, "may the blessed in heaven cover their faces, when I turn for mercy, if I have mercy upon him this night!" "O yeh! Shaun," Biddy replied, "great things he'd be for you to be puttin' yer neck in the halther for him! Arrah, break his neck, or his head, or his arm, or—"

"Biddy," interrupted Shaun. "Well?" "Neddy will be a great man." "A good man." "He has the sine o' twenty." "You never seen the likes uv 'im," said Biddy. "He knows everything, an' he's close as a rock; an' thanks be to the Father, Son, an' Holy Ghost!" and Biddy made the sign of the Cross, "he nuvur towd a lie?" "He's in town still?" "Be course he is. He comes to see his Gran every day, an' I'll go bail he nuvur gets a hapenny he doesn't bring me; an' an' he o'n brings somethin' else, too."

"What?" "Faith, thin, if Neddy finds any wan worse than himself, Lord be up us an' all harm, he brings him up; an' if I was thruv to beg far a bit fur him, I mane say any little fellow he brings up, I must get it."

themselves. A treasure of happiness the poor may make for the poor, if they by head and hand be ready to assist one another. Every day of the seven, and every hour of the day, they are in communication; and how many a kind word, and kind look, and kind deed, which money could not buy, they may bestow without being poorer. And, then, kindness begets kindness; there is no heart in the world like that of a poor man's, for yielding an abundant harvest of gratitude to any who will take the trouble of sowing the seed. Alas! since the world will have their toil, and think them paid when they receive the hundredth part of what their poor sweat earns, why not ever and always strive to make sunshine on their own road by the royal reign of love? Reader! are you a poor man? Well—begin—begin to love the poor like yourself, and make them all as happy as you can.

Shaun a Dherk pursued his way—still on foot; he passed through Clonmel, apparently unmolested; went into a new house by the way-side, about a mile from the city, on the Kilkenny road; he talked to the littlest of the children, and praised them all to their grandmother's willing ear; and, finally, to the astonishment of the old dame, who, at seventy, was "knitting socks for little Paddy," he gave them a penny for gingerbread. Shaun had a principle, though he did not call it by that name, and it was to make every one, young and old, as happy as he could.

"It cost nothing," he used to say, "an' 'twas better than atin' and drinkin' to many a soft heart; and, then," he added, "it made 'welcomes,' where a *bodlagh* would find only black looks, an' 'would deserve 'em.'"

A *bodlagh* is a dark selfish kind of dog, whose mission is to bring might with him, always—and cold rain, and snarling. Keep clear of a *bodlagh*, dear reader; and oh! never be one.

The beggarman waited till the supper was laid on the table,—and, moreover, he had a good place and a kind welcome from the father of little Paddy and little Peg and little Lucy. A fine "mealy potato" and a "peggin of milk" are not despicable fare in the shadow of a mountain; and in the company of honest souls, Shaun a Dherk ate "lashins" and left "lavins," and was almost thanked for his company into the bargain. Tipperary, wonderful in its strong passions,—rich benevolence and glowing traditions,—and hardly ever understood! Tipperary has the Irish heart, with blood unstained as the faith that warms and rules it;—to be plain, we love Tipperary, and have sound reason for our affection; so, reader, "you will bear with us!" as Mark Anthony says.

At seven o'clock, Shaun a Dherk lit his pipe,—covered its head with a tidy tin cap, which was held by a brass chain to the shank, pushed his hat down upon his head,—took his wattle in his hand, and after many a *slan tliu*, or "farewell," he made for the bog.

The beggarman turned to the left, and ascended the hill. He made straight for "Sieve na Mon." Shaun took out his beads on the lonely way, and commenced to say his prayers. Wonder not. The beggarman was one of a class which would not be convinced that Justice has her own path; and that, dragged from her road, she is transformed into Anarchy. He was her self-appointed officer and daring representative, and Religion herself was insufficient to convince him he had mistaken his mission and his mistress. He gave up the practice of confession, because a clergyman could receive only to correct and upbraid him; and gave up the graces and hopes of Communion, although he often shed tears when he saw people approach the altar; he preferred his own convictions to the sentence of authority, and so far was fit to be a Protestant—but, as he was convinced he was right, he betrayed on "Some one must give the poor justice" he used to say; the wrong head never saw that if every man with a sure aim is to be the minister and judge of justice, we shall have a disordered world.

In reality, Shaun a Dherk's mission was practical Protestantism, for Protestantism can never give security to order.

So far we give a reason for Shaun's prayers; and we, that is the writer, knew Shaun and talked with him, and argued with him, and, we believe, made him happy at last; for Shaun was an honest fellow, though wrong-headed.

At dusk our traveller had entered far into the mountain. The breast of "Sieve na Mon" is like a huge wall before an irregular encampment of small hills, or rather hills of every magnitude and of every shape and form. Slope and point, and lengthening ridge, and green table-land; gorge, ravine, precipice and shelving rock, are all round in "wild profusion," and suggest the reflection, that many a lawless chief made law an right with their sanctuaries, when roads and traffic had not multiplied the inconveniences of "robbing the rich to help the poor," the profession of former highway philanthropy.

Making an angle with the house, he bent his course into the heart of the country. He trod it like a man to whom every inch of the ground was familiar. He looked at the rocks as if they had been old acquaintances, and the retiring nooks he eyed like a connoisseur. At length he came to a high rock—a high and far-projecting granite—from behind which he had a perfect view of the entrance to the house above noted. Here he sat down for a while, and seemed to commune with himself.

The moon rose beautiful; the moon is beautiful among the hills—the crests all lighted up, and the long shadows like the reflection of camp tents; while here and there the little streams flow on in their gurgling murmurs, as if troubled by the beams that reveal them in their hidden road.

In half an hour a horseman rapidly passed the bridge-rod—a very narrow one which wound from the highway around a hillfoot, and approached the house with the conical chimney.

Shaun a Dherk started. Shaun had a glass, and he employed it. Steadily, as if he had become "incorporate" with the rock, Shaun looked at the horseman; he looked for some minutes.

"Shay-e!" said Shaun. "Shay-e!" he repeated, which means, "It is he!"

Shaun then took off his "ridin'-coat,"—his large overcoat with all the pieces in it, and having carefully folded the same, he placed it under the rock. He added a long flannel vest to the riding coat, and then took off a pair of gaiters literally made of rage. He smiled as he "tornure" of his legs displayed itself, and he laid his metamorphosing habiliments aside. Finally, he looked what we saw him on the second occasion of our meeting him,—a man of fine proportions, and of an agility worthy of his symmetry.

"Now," said Shaun; "now, colleen!" he said, drawing forth from his bosom a double-barrelled pistol, which he viewed with the complacency of a parent. "You'll do your business," he added, and he drew the palm of his hand from the mouth of the pistol all along the shining barrel, till it rested on the lock.

At this moment, or not long after, a shot was heard at a great distance. "Glory to your hand," cried Shaun, but not loudly.

Then afar was heard the tramp of horse's feet, and Shaun grasped his weapon more firmly. After a little, they approached nearer and nearer, and Shaun stepped up to the side of the rock, which at the same time shadowed him and assisted his view. He looked along the main road, of which he saw some pieces here and there, along towards Killeelhan, and on the opposite direction towards Clonmel. With fixed gaze he waited; and plainly, plainly as possible, he saw on one of the pieces of road two men on horseback, and behind them a post-chaise, which was driven by a man in a white jacket.

"Good!" said Shaun a Dherk. And now the carriage came thundering up the mountain road, while consultations were frequent between the two horsemen, and one of them occasionally flew to the vehicle and looked in. At length it stopped—stopped at the mouth of a *boorheen*, which Shaun had evidently been watching.

The beggarman turned his eye from the carriage in the direction by which it had come, and having looked for one moment, he placed his pistol in his bosom, and circuitously approached as nearly as he could to the travellers. He listened with all the attention of deep anxiety, and the sharpness of a practised ear.

First one of the men approached the door, and having opened it gently, placed his foot upon the iron step—a shriek announced the presence of a lady. Then there seemed some pleading upon the part of the man, and resistance on the part of the female, while gradually his action was becoming more animated, and his voice and some words were distinctly audible. "Ab-urd," "attachments," "love," "force," and so on, came to the beggarman's ear, and seemed to shake him like shocks of a battery. Three times he had his pistol raised, and three times he looked towards the Clonmel road, and lowered the deadly instrument.

"Fainn! ruddhen beg, fainn!" said Shaun to himself; "wait—a little—wait! Oh! your hot blood—your hot blood!" he said.

The man who had been importuning and threatening called his companion, who took his place at the carriage door, and himself proceeded up the road to the cottage. Shaun made good use of his time in finding a sheltered nook in a commanding place, and deliberately examined his priming, putting the pistol on full cock.

"I am the hand of justice!" impudently Shaun said; "I am the hand of justice, an' I'll strike! Virgin Mother, guide me!" he said to himself. All this time there was an occasional sob, but no shriek. "Brave colleen!" said Shaun. There was heard a low whistle—very, very low.

carriage door; it swung open, and he put in his head; there was a violent shriek and a struggle.

"Mercy! mercy! Holy Mother of God protect me!" cried the lady. "This is all vain nonsense," cried the aggressor; "resistance is out of the question. Though I die, you are mine!"

"Shu!" said Shaun, covering him with the pistol. "We'll see, agra!" continued the beggarman, presenting his arm, and looking like a statue in the moonlight—he was so fixed.

Just then two men crept in beside him. "Weng'em," said one, in a low whisper. "Welcome!" answered Shaun, just as low.

Then the attention of all was directed towards the entrance to the "boorheen." One of the first two men got into the carriage; the well-dressed man remained outside; there was a scuffle; shriek upon shriek of agony awakened the echoes of every hill around; the subdued curse—the confusion—the tramp—the rearing of the horses—the going to and fro of the coachman and the cries of the new-comer woman and boy were frightful beyond imagination. In the midst of all, the well-dressed man thrust in his arms and tore the lady half out of the carriage.

The shrieking was incessant; the struggle was one of life and death; the ravisher's left arm was round the lady's waist; the right was stretched out, crying to the woman of the cottage for a handkerchief; at the same moment, the captive was almost entirely drawn forth, the woman of the cottage standing behind her.

"In the name o' the God o' justice!" said Shaun.

"This was a flash—a report—and lying on the ground, his right arm shattered," to pieces, and himself senseless with fear and pain, was Mr. James Boran!

"The lily o' the valley!" said Shaun, whispering into her ear; "your mother Mary heard you, *malanau* (my child)!"

"You!" said Ailey Moore. "Oh, thanks to the great God!"

"Shaun," murmured Eddy Brown. "Shaun caught the hawk!"

The two men had long fled, and the unfortunate postillion was on his knees declaiming about his innocence, and asking mercy. Boran lay still, apparently insensible.

"I think I'd better be warned the p'lice," said Mr. Colman.

"Sartinly, and demand a good reward," said a tall young man, laughing.

"You'll go with this good woman for the night," said Shaun, addressing Ailey.

"The pale woman," said Eddy. "With her!" said Ailey. "Shaun has her here to meet you," whispered Eddy in Ailey's ear.

Ailey saw with a glance. Shaun had discovered the conspiracy—had made Mrs. Colman engage "to keep a young lady for a few days," and had allowed the whole process of abduction to be performed.

"But my father!" cried Ailey. "He's warned not to expect you to-night," answered Shaun. Boran groaned.

"Help him into the carriage," said Shaun; "we'll be merciful even to him. Oh, you cabbage life sow'd spalpeen, this ought to know me!" and he stooped to his ear. "You murderer—you chate—you sidhucer!" whispered the beggarman. "Yer caught, ain't you?"

Church was overcrowded every night. The end of the mission came, and the final sermon was on the Sacrifice of Christ on Calvary and the all-powerful efficacy of the Mass. It was a master-piece, and the people, deeply impressed with the magnificent explanation and appeal to their souls, filed slowly out of the Church, while the priest remained a few moments in the sacristy.

"As he stood there, a young lady of great beauty and distinguished appearance presented herself at the door. She advanced at once to the Missionary, and said, 'Father, I would like you to say a Mass for me, but,' she added dolefully, 'I am not even a Catholic and I am an actress; will that make any difference?'"

"Certainly not, my child," said the priest, moving towards a chair, 'of course I will say a Mass for you.'

"He turned, but the lady had gone—with a scarcely audible, 'Oh, thank you!'"

"True to his promise, the priest said the Mass for the mysterious lady, thought of the matter a good deal, and then, because other important things claimed his attention, forgot all about it.

Four years passed. This good Father had given many missions, and travelled many hundreds of miles. At a long distance from the city where he met this lady, he arrived late one evening at another city where he was to give a Retreat. With the usual crowd he passed out of the railroad station, and made his way to the Church where he was due that night. He was a complete stranger in the city. He delivered his opening sermon, and then retired.

"The next morning after his Mass at 7:30, the porter informed him that a lady was waiting in the parlor, most anxious to see him.

"It must be a mistake," he said, 'I have no acquaintances here.'

"But being assured that there was no mistake, he hurried to the parlor, for he had no time to lose. The moment he opened the door he recognized the lady whom he had met four years before in the city of X—hundreds of miles away, and who had asked him to say a Mass for her. He was amazed, remembering that she was an actress, and a non-Catholic.

"I ask your pardon, Father, for troubling you so very early," she said; "I saw you and recognized you in the train last evening, and heard that you came here to this Church. Fearing I would miss you, I made an early start. Can you spare me a few moments, Father? I have something to tell you, that I can tell no one else."

"For anything connected with his priestly duty, a priest simply has to have time," said the Father, motioning her to a chair, while he seated himself.

"I thank you, Father," said the lady. "I have been an actress for a number of years, and I have made a splendid success in my art. I was a member of the opera in the city where you preached that mission four years ago, and I am the star of the principal theatre in this city. I need not tell you my name, nor that no one knows or believes that I would ever come to see a priest. I have everything a human heart can long for; youth, wealth, praise, love. Yet I am not happy. I have felt a longing for something, I know not what, for a long time past. I have no religion, and I have been looking among my companions of the stage, curious to learn their inward thoughts. They live like I do, enjoying travel, change, excitement, and the too-free-and-easy life of the stage fraternity. But in all these past years I have found but one who told me she was happy. This is a young girl beginning her actress career the foot of the ladder, so to speak. One day I talked to her quite a while, and I asked her if she really had a happy heart. Her smile was so sincere that I could not doubt her words. But I watched her, pried into her conduct day and night, and soon learned that she lived a retired life, compared with ours. She did not attend our frequent, and sometimes unseemly and wild orgies after a season of success, although she was a lovely, kind hearted, beautiful girl. I also found out that although she had many many male admirers, she kept them at a distance. Then little by little I became aware that her life was one of absolute purity and virtue, and I felt that I could bear no comparisons with her. I learned that she was religious, and I determined to find out what was the religion that kept her like a lily in the midst of dissipation. When I next saw her, after many hours of thought about it, I said to her: 'You are very correct, and reserved. Is it because of your religion? What is it?'"

"I am a Catholic, Madam," was her reply; "I attend to the duties of my Church, and this is my salvation and my happiness."

"I thought over her answer, and determined I would find out something about this Catholic religion. Your mission was going on at the time, and I knew the Catholic Church where you preached, Father, so I slipped away one night from my noisy friends who had a supper, and went right over to the Church where you preached. Unfortunately it was the conclusion of the mission, so I had no chance to profit by it. But I listened breathlessly to all you said about the great Sacrifice of the Altar, and the thought entered my mind that perhaps you could say a Mass for me—the great effects of which you so masterfully explained, and so warmly recommended to the Catholic people. Frightened at my boldness,

I went to the sacristy where I was directed to find you, and asked you to say Mass. Do you remember?"

"I had listened without a word to this outpouring from a soul whose sincerity I felt, and who was drawn to God by all the magnetism of His Divine Heart. I looked at the speaker. She was a noble looking woman, still young, and attractive, and of those easy distinguished manners that are given to all whose stage career is successful.

"Do I remember? My child, I said heartily. 'I remember distinctly. And I said the Mass for you next day. For a long time I remembered you, and then—"

"And then," she interrupted, "you naturally forgot all about it. Well, that is not all. The good God did not forget. Not a day has passed in all these years that something did not impel me to pray in my own way that I might see you again. My prayer has been heard, and here I am. I ask you to give me instruction, and receive me into that Church which is so Godlike in its pure and holy doctrines."

"My heart overflowed with joy, and at once I began to instruct and prepare this chosen soul for reception into the Catholic Church. Although she had never received religious instruction, the task was not hard. Her native intelligence, her quick apprehension, and above all her intense desire, made the work easy. Before I left the place I had the happiness of baptising her, of giving her the sacraments, and of placing her on the road to a holy Catholic life. She continued in her profession, and has continued to be successful in it. But with success generally comes a sacrifice; and God required it, not from her, apparently, but from another.

"A year later I was in another city, giving a mission in a certain parish. The pastor, during conversation, spoke of his visits to a hospital nearby, and of a young woman who had been crippled by an unfortunate fall.

"She is a marvel of patience and intelligence," he said, "and although she can move only on crutches, she is the life of the place. Sometimes when the convalescents are moody or discouraged, she gets up a little 'Punch and Judy' show, or helps the Sisters with music and song. I wish you could meet her."

"My curiosity was aroused, and I went to the hospital. I asked the good Sisters about this patient. At once they beamed with pleasure, and launched forth into eulogies of praise. They led me to the convalescent ward, and I saw in the distance a young woman seated in the midst of a little crowd, which parted as I approached. She smiled without the least embarrassment, and pointed to her crutches:

"These wooden friends of mine, Father, must be my apology for not rising," she said with a charming grace; "but I know you are Father So and So. I have seen you often, and have heard much of you, too."

"She had the face of an angel with fair hair, and eyes like the blue heavens. I started at her for a moment. I was so amazed. The other patients had slipped away, and the Sister who was with me had given me a chair. I found that we were alone.

"You have seen and heard of me before?" I said, in surprise. "Where my child? And you know my name? How is this?"

"She folded her hands, which were very white and shapely, and with a beautiful smile on her face, she was silent for a moment. The act and the silence, suggested something I could not grasp at once, and then like a flash it occurred to me—

"Have you ever been on the stage?"

"Yes, Father."

"How does it happen that you are here?"

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THE TWO ACTRESSES

A TRUE STORY
Rev. Richard W. Alexander in "The Missionary"

The other evening, a priest of my acquaintance called for a social visit, and as he was obliged to leave early, I took my hat and went a short distance with him. The night was fine, and the moonlight beautiful.

Our conversation turned on the conversion of the famous theatrical manager, Henry E. Abbey, who was attracted to the Church first by noticing the clear, business-like methods of her beliefs, especially by the system and order evidenced in her mission-work: "No faltering, no doubting; she speaks with authority, and no unbiased mind can fail to be convinced of her truth!"

"Speaking of the stage," said my companion, "let me tell you a story of another member of the stage fraternity, who was convinced of the truths of religion, by watching the results of believing them, in others."

"By all means," I replied, "go ahead with it!"

TO BE CONTINUED

the scenes, and I knew others would be going that way. I undertook to close it, and lost my balance. It was a dreadful fall, but another girl, who heard me cry out, was close behind, and if I had not fallen, my fate would have been here. At first I had hopes of recovery, and it was a bitter blow when they broke it gently that I would never be well—that I must give up all my aspirations. But, Father, is it not better to suffer and pray that one, gifted, soul may become perfect, and closer to God, than to lead an indifferent life in perfect health?

"What could I say? Here was the greater love of which Christ gave the example. I arose, deeply touched. I laid my hands on the little actress's head, and prayed God to bless her, and to bless that other actress who had been led by her to the kingdom of the faith. I have never seen either of them since."

What a wonderful story! I said, as my friend finished. It must go into The Missionary.

"It is worth recording," said he, as he signalled a car, and waved a good bye.

All the way back to my room my thoughts lingered with "The Two Actresses," and I breathed a prayer of thanksgiving to our God, whose mercies are above all His works.

GOLDSTEIN'S LECTURE

LUCID AND LOGICAL — POINT OUT THE MENACE OF SOCIALISM TO RELIGION AND ALL CIVIL GOVERNMENTS

At Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City, David Goldstein, under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, the eloquent and nation-wide famous lecturer, delivered a most touching and logical discourse on the evils of Socialism. From beginning to end he quoted from the works of modern recognized leaders of that cult.

Before introducing the lecturer Grand Knight Dr. J. J. Galligan of the Assembly Hall, and in a few choice words introduced David Goldstein, who said in part:

In the words of the Most Rev. Mgr. Bonzana, "Socialism is something more than a mere political party, it is an anti-Christian sect." The reverend monsignor says that a perusal of Socialist books on religion will convince any fair-minded man of its atheistic principles and its immoral propaganda. This is essentially the position taken by every high dignitary of the Catholic Church throughout the world.

Cardinal O'Connell in a recent pastoral, in defense of the rights of labor, says: "There is not and cannot be a Catholic Socialist. Leo XIII. has rejected such a fellowship in his immortal encyclical. The principles of Socialism are utterly opposed to the principles of Christianity. They are mutually destructive to each other. Certain misguided Christians may call themselves Socialists, but objectively a Catholic Socialist is an utterly impossibility."

As Socialists seek to bring about a revolution in all departments of human activity, their organization is not to be classed as a political party in the ordinary sense of the term. A genuine political party seeks to control the power of the state in carrying out a more or less definitely stated policy which is strictly lawful according to our constitution and in accord with our basic institutions. This policy is arranged with the view of perfecting our domestic and foreign relations for the benefit of all the people. Not so with Socialism. It seeks the control of the power of the State with which to cause the State to "die out." With the hand of the State, Socialists would throttle the State. "We consider political action," says one of the national leaders of Socialism "primarily as a means for the propagation of certain revolutionary tendencies, which may or may not be carried into effect by the political method alone." It is this reasonable propaganda that the Knights of Columbus call upon all Christians to oppose that they may safeguard their rights, their liberties and their property.

Mr. Goldstein then proceeded to analyze the Socialist revolutionary propaganda as related to religion and the Christian family. He presented evidence to show that the fundamental Socialist principle known as the materialistic conception of history, upon which the Socialist authorities say the whole superstructure of Socialism is built, is frankly monistic. This philosophical principle, declared the speaker, is the direct opposite of Christian philosophy. It assumes there is no God, no eternal truths, no free will, no personal moral responsibility, nothing that Christians hold fundamental to their faith and morals.

Mr. Goldstein quoted from Socialist writers, notably, Marx, Engels and Bebel, to show that the fundamental principle of the Socialist philosophy is the materialistic conception of history, or, in other words, economic determinism.

"According to this doctrine," he said, "religion and morals are but the by-products of economic conditions, and change with those conditions. There are no eternal verities or immutable principles, but fluctuating values, conditioned by the kind of economic system that gave them birth."

Continuing, he said: According to the materialistic conception of history, religion is asserted to be a mere reflex of prevailing

economic society and the existence of slaves.

Slavery, according to the philosophy of Socialism, gave birth to paganism. Slavery in turn gave way to feudalism, which was the parent of Catholic Christianity. Capitalism followed feudalism and its religious offspring is the Protestant presentation of Christianity. As preceding economic systems have passed away, so will capitalism be succeeded by Socialism, and this will create a new regime, in which there will be no classes, and therefore no more need to feed the people on "religious opium." So, in the words of August Bebel, "religious organizations will gradually disappear and the churches with them."

Dietzgen, "the Socialist philosopher," says in "Philosophical Essays," "If religion means the belief in a supernatural being, then Socialism is irreligious. Socialism and Christianity differ from each other as the day does from the night. Indeed, all religion is service, but Christianity is the most servile of the servile."

A man to be a Christian must believe in an eternal and unchangeable God; he must believe in revealed truths; he must believe in eternal, immutable moral principles; he must believe in personal moral responsibility of each and every man to his Creator. To be a Christian a man must believe in the second coming of Christ when He shall judge both the living and the dead and render to each according to his thoughts, words and deeds, irrespective of the environment in which he was born and in which economic class he obtained the necessities of life. These beliefs a man must hold to be a Christian. These beliefs the materialistic conception of history repudiates. A man must believe in the materialistic conception of history to be a Socialist in the so-called scientific sense of the term. Hence, it is absolutely impossible to be a Christian and a Socialist at one and the same time; one rejects the other in toto. Therefore, no man can logically be a Christian and a Socialist.

There are no showder tacticians in the country; Socialist propagandists know how to make the most of the poverty, the discontent and the ignorance of the masses. The lack of charity and the immorality of to-day they denounce as though they held Christian views of life; all the while insisting that the notion of free will is out of date and that society is wholly responsible for individual shortcomings; that poverty is caused by robbery and ignorance, fostered by the church; while discontent with everything and everybody is their long suit; and there is no hope this side of Socialism triumphant.

If a workman's religious scruples are to be overcome, the Socialist Johnny is on the spot with true history falsely employed to do the deed. "Oh, yes, there are some atheist leaders," they will declare, of course, but religion is a private matter. You should recall the fact that Robert G. Ingersoll was an agnostic; that he was one of the leaders of the Republican party. He nominated James G. Blaine for the presidency, he stumped the country for his party nominee, "would it be fair to therefore conclude that the Republican party is an agnostic party?" The answer is plainly no.

Then comes a second question, which looks just like the first to the uninitiated. Is it then fair to conclude that the Socialist party is an atheist party because some of its leaders are atheists? The sucker is caught, but not so the man who thinks. Did ever the Republican party propagate the blasphemies of Ingersoll as its doctrine? Has ever an editor or a stump speaker, a state or national committeeman declared that men must believe in the agnostic writings of Ingersoll for instance, "The Mistakes of Moses," to be a Republican? I challenge the Socialists to name even one.

Now let us turn the tables. Did ever the Socialist party insist that the materialist conception of history—that materialist monism—is its cardinal doctrine? Do the Socialists challenge me to name the editors and speakers, the national and state committeemen who declare that a man must accept the teachings of Marx and Engels, Bebel and other Socialist doctrinaires before he may correctly lay claim to the term Socialist? If so, I shall add to the list of twenty-five names I have already given.

Is then the Socialist party an atheist party because Marx and Engels, Bebel and other Socialists were atheists?

Not merely, no. The Socialist party is an atheist party because its founders, Marx and Engels, set up the movement on the atheist principles—the materialist conception of history, on materialist monism—and, because its leaders ever since have propagated these anti-religious principles as its bedrock doctrine. Only he who juggles with the truth denies it; or, he who, though calling himself a Christian, reads into the materialist conception of history a meaning all his own, for which there is no warrant and in the philosophy or the practice of Socialist movement throughout the world.

Mr. Goldstein very effectively dispelled the idea that the Socialist books he referred to were merely personal opinions, as is sometimes asserted by Socialist tacticians in the interest of votes. He held that those books are more than personal opinions, as the Socialist party circulates them officially. He brought forth evidence to show that in one season alone the Socialist party sold \$120,000

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worth of these books and papers through its series of about four hundred lecture courses. He presented a number of Socialist party catalogues in which these books are listed. He said that those books were written by Socialist leaders of the highest standing in the Socialist movement of the world, and they advocate principles of the rankest atheistic character and free love.

The last part of Mr. Goldstein's address was given to an analysis of the Socialist attitude toward woman as outlined in Socialist literature. The speaker took some of the books, section by section, and read from them. He quoted paragraph after paragraph where the writers advocate free love, where they say that after sex passion had ceased to exist separation was better for the man, for the woman and for the community in which they live. He quoted places where they declare that no third person has the right to interfere in matters between a man and a woman; that no functionary is of any importance in such matters; that they are private matters as much as the kind of food that is eaten. These books declare that under Socialism men and women would live together as long as they cared to and separate according to personal inclination; no divorce courts would be necessary; all the women work in the industries, for the private household shall have become a social industry and society would bring up all the children as its wards. This, said Mr. Goldstein, is free love in its most brazen term. It will thus be seen, said the speaker, that the Knights of Columbus is doing a work for God and country when it assists in making known the fundamental hostility of Socialism to religion in general and to the Christian family in particular.

In an eloquent and forcible peroration Mr. Goldstein pointed out the sacrilegious orgies in the past, especially in France and Portugal, committed in the name of humanity or atheism.—Intermountain Catholic.

THE CALDEY MONKS AGAIN

From America

The Church Times, an Anglican journal, in its issue of March 6th contains the following announcement: "Many who are interested in the revival of the Contemporary Life for men in the Church of England will be glad to know that some of the Caldey Brothers who did not go over to the Church of Rome are now settled at Pershore in Worcestershire."

The "some of the Caldey Brothers" is the "loyal remnant" of which so much was made in the Anglican press at the time of the conversion of the Caldey monks; and the state ment setting forth the fact of their settlement at Pershore is attested by the Ven. J. H. F. Peile, Archdeacon of Warwick; Lord, Halifax, Mr. Athelstan Riley, and Mr. H. W. Hill, secretary of the English Church Union.

On the face of the statement quoted above the average reader would be apt to jump to the conclusion that the residue of the Caldey monks was large enough to form a community of some sort. Of the total number of religious who did not become Catholics, but four can be said to have any sort of a claim to that title, and of these one was a novice; the remaining Anglican members were Oblates or associates, that is to say, neither monks nor novices. Of these three monks forming this "remnant," one is engaged in parochial work, one is in America; and so, by a simple process of elimination the Caldey Brothers who did not "go over to the Church of Rome," are so far as Pershore is concerned

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summed up in one person, for the solitary novice also left England.

Apart from this one monk who was professed during the Anglican regime at Caldey, the Pershore community must obviously consist of those who were Oblates or else of newcomers who were not attached to the Caldey community at all. And so the announcement that the "Brothers have the full sanction of the Bishop of the diocese, and are continuing their life on the basis of the Benedictine Rule," can only refer to a theory of continuity which is peculiar to the Church of England.

When the Caldey monks were Anglicans they not infrequently were subject to a certain amount of comment in the Catholic press, and if at any time criticism was offered, it was never to call into question their sincerity; rather it was as a matter of surprise that any person could seriously contemplate the Order of St. Benedict as existing outside the fold of the Catholic Church. In the same way, whilst all honor is due to the sincerity of the Pershore Brothers, it is little short of amazing that any should be found to champion the cause of Benedictinism in the Church of England.

The Caldey episode showed clearly that it is impossible for the Church of England to sustain within itself Benedictine monks. Caldey was by no means the only attempt at this form of religious life. The late Father Ignatius tried it at Llanthony and it failed. Two attempts were made in the same direction at Fond du Lac, one under the personal direction of the late Bishop Grafton, and both these attempts have come to nothing. That Caldey was able to persevere for so long in the Church of England was due, not so much to the fact that that Church had any real desire, as a Church, to have Benedictine monks, but to the courage, faith and hopefulness of Abbot Carlyle, and also to the fact that the monks were to all intents and purposes isolated from the active life of the Anglican Church.

The religious orders in the Church of England form no part of the economic system of Anglicanism; they have no representation in the synodical and representative bodies of that Church; they lack that protecting authority which gives permanence to the delivery and donation of himself which a subject makes in pronouncing his vows, and lacking in this, how can a person be a religious at all?

One of the hardest knocks delivered at the Church of England was that of Lacordaire, who said "the Church of England was no true branch of the Church Catholic, for she had not within her the vigor and power sufficient to develop the religious life." This was a hard saying, and the High Anglican has smarted under it ever since. The Anglican Benedictines were welcomed in High Church circles because the fact of their existence appeared to remove the reproach of Pore Lacordaire; their abandonment of Anglicanism was the greatest blow the High Churchmen have sustained for a considerable time. Hence their fervor in welcoming the "loyal remnant" to their bosom. Caldey was an old Catholic foundation and it found its way home at last; Pershore, too, was Catholic once, and it too may look upon the Rock whence it was hewn.

The Anglican Benedictines takes a new lease of life under the guarantee of Archdeacon Peile. He has to say of them:

"I can testify that . . . they have shown themselves eminently reasonable, loyal, and ready to be guided by him [the bishop]."

"Secondly, I have hopes that my name may in some degree serve to reassure some who would otherwise suspect this as a party movement. So far as I am known at all, I am known as a Moderate churchman; and, as such, I desire to remind (or inform) Church-people that we are here dealing with men who have resolutely clung to their English churchmanship through grave trials and anxieties."

But my chief motive for addressing you is a profound conviction that in our Church also there are some whose spiritual needs and powers can be fully realized only in the life of prayer and contemplation under a Rule. We may regard them as 'weaker brethren,' or, more rightly perhaps, as a spiritual asset of enormous potential value to a Christian society. In either case, it is surely a pity if all we have to offer them is the choice between rejecting their vocation and transferring themselves to the Roman Obedience."

The third paragraph is delicious. Imagine any Catholic having the im-

pression that the religious houses of the Catholic Church are refuges for the "weaker brethren." It sounds as though the Church of England contemplated the introduction of spiritual eugenics. Weaker brethren! and just a short time ago Mr. G. K. Chesterton told us that the reason why he wouldn't do for a monastery was that he was not active enough! It is not a happy augury for the resuscitated Anglican Benedictinism that its promoters should have the idea in the back of their mind of its being a species of religious anemia.

H. CHRISTOPHER WATTS, Associate Editor, The Lamp, Garrison, New York.

CONVERTS A-PLENTY

By Cable C. P. A.

Rome, April 14.—There has been a steady stream of English-speaking converts to the Church in Rome during the Lenten season. They came here specially for the Easter ceremonies. I know for a fact that twenty-one were simultaneously under instruction. On Easter Sunday Cardinal Falconio, administered the sacrament of confirmation to a prominent English lady, and last week Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli confirmed the son and daughter of Verner Reed, the well known non-Catholic resident of Denver, Col., who is at present staying in Rome. They were subsequently received in audience by the Holy Father, who gave them a special blessing and presented each with a handsome medal and rosary. Mr. Reed has ordered a large bust of Pope Pius to be made, and when it is finished he will present it to the Denver Cathedral.

"HOLY IRELAND"

In a tribute to Ireland—"a bouquet offered for the feast of her Saint"—the London Tablet quotes noteworthy utterances of Cardinal Manning: "Holy Russia," he once said in an irony rare with him; but "Holy Ireland" with all his heart. "For years I have been saying these words, 'The Irish people are the most profoundly Catholic people on the face of the earth.' They have also been afflicted with every kind of sorrow, barbarous and refined—all that centuries of warfare of race against race

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and religion against religion can inflict upon a people has been their inheritance. But the day of restitution has nearly come. I hope you will see the noontide when the people of Ireland will be readmitted, as far as possible, to the possession of their own soil, and shall be admitted, as

far as possible, to the making and administration of their own local laws."

The Tablet adds that: "A thousand similar words could be quoted from the great Cardinal." Truly the "workingman's Cardinal" was a true friend of Ireland.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1914

THE MAN AND THE OFFICE

Writing to the Mail and Empire correspondent who signs himself "Anglican" raises a question that in these days of loose writing and looser thinking may be worthy of some consideration.

But no Catholic cares two straws about the fact that some of the Popes, even after their elevation to the Chair of Peter, lived far from edifying private lives.

Every Catholic knows that there is a human as well as a divine element in the Church. Every civilized person out of a lunatic asylum is accustomed to distinguish between the official capacity and the private life of judges, kings, policemen and others occupying positions of authority.

For instance, these very Protestants glory in their professions of reverence for the Bible as the Word of God. Well, David led a licentious life and was guilty of many crimes including adultery and murder.

that Christians would have us believe is the Word of God! It is very superficial, very silly, but it is very Protestant when it helps to score a point with ignorant prejudice against the Catholic Church.

EUCCHARISTIC CONGRESS

The great Eucharistic Congresses that have developed during the last quarter of a century are now events attracting or compelling the attention of the world.

Last week the Eucharistic League of the diocese of London held their annual congress in the episcopal city. Though to some extent the interest in such an event is local, its object and informing spirit must concern intimately every Catholic.

One of the most touching features of the celebration was the Children's Hour, when all the children of the city gathered at the feet of Jesus in the tabernacle and, who can doubt, learned to realize more deeply and fully than ever before His special and fathomless love for the little ones.

The Conference at which His Lordship the Bishop presided was a feature that deserves special mention. A large number of priests together with the seminarians, their future colleagues, assembled in St. Peter's Hall to hear carefully prepared papers read on different phases of the priests' work in spreading and deepening devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

A FUTILE METHOD?

"It is for this reason that the condemnation of the Index seems to be so futile. But it is very sad as well, for it shows how entirely the Church of Rome misjudges the true Church of meeting error."

With this assurance of condescending pity for the obsolete methods of "the Church of Rome" the Canadian Churchman concludes an article on the Index of Prohibited Books.

the official list of Open Questions, what is there left in the Deposit that we are here to hand on to the Africans?" "Foundations" is not on the Index, not at any rate by name;

Really the Anglican who finds the methods of Rome so futile and so very sad as well, should suggest something a little less vague than "the presentation and protection of truth" as an effective substitute.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES

Before the Public School Department of the Education Association, recently held in Toronto, Dr. John Seath, Superintendent of Education, dealt exhaustively with his proposed plan to make Holy Scripture a bonus subject at the Entrance examination.

Now of the making of books on every conceivable subject, even on every phase of faith and morals, there is no end. It is not childish, nor futile nor foolish for one who wishes to read up some medical subject to get the opinion of a well-read medical friend on the choice of the work or works to read.

"Indeed," continues the Churchman, "as the Index includes every classic of French literature it would seem impossible for French Roman Catholics to attend school, to pass public examinations, or even to receive a Degree if they trouble themselves about ecclesiastical prohibitions."

This is another case of self-complacent ignorance posing as doctor in Israel. As a matter of fact the Index permits the use of the classics, ancient as well as modern, though not free from immorality, in consideration of the elegance and purity of their style.

The Churchman writer thinks that Dante, Milton, etc., are on the Index. The Index is a list of books, not of authors. Moreover, the preface to the revised edition, which has the same authority as the text, expressly states that the phrase Opera omnia in connection with an author is intended to include only those works which treat of religious matters or have otherwise been proscribed by name or by the general rules of the Index which embody the natural law.

But let us take an example. There is an Anglican theological work called "Foundations" against which the Anglican Bishop Weston vigorously protests. And he asks: "If Episcopacy, Sacraments, the Bible; and the Lord Christ Himself are on

seldom allowed to see a copy of the Index, as they are seldom permitted to see a copy of the Gospels."

At a very early period there was a great mass apocryphal Scriptures. St. Irenaeus referred to them in the second century. Warnings against false teachers we find in the inspired writings of St. Paul, St. Peter and St. John.

Teaching the Bible intelligently would necessitate an answer to the question: On what authority do we receive the several sacred books as the inspired Word of God?

A GREAT SERVANT OF GOD

Noble deeds impress the imagination and tend to purge us of low aims and self-gratification. The men who brave the dangers of the waste places of the world and spend themselves in order that they may add to the conquests of sciences, lift us out of the rut and set us upon the highway where we can feel the glow of excitement, of noble striving, of courage and unwavering fidelity.

"The word 'phenomenal,' said Inspector McIntosh, of Madoc, 'was not strong enough in referring to ignorance of the Bible in Ontario; 'appalling' was the word. If the Church is not doing its duty the teachers should do something, or there is a bad lookout for the country."

This is interesting if not edifying reading. It is safe to predict that it will not be the text for the sermon when the object is to collect funds for the "evangelization" of the French Canadians and South Americans.

THE STIGMATA

Sometimes Our Lord appeared to her and showed her His bleeding wounds. But all the graces granted her seemed to be intended to prepare her and dispose her soul for the reception of the culminating proof of Our Lord's special love for her—the bestowal upon her of the sacred stigmata on June 8, 1899.

A penny weekly, Everyman, having been taken to task for such an attack printed a "postscript" in which the editor disclaimed all intention of making any attack on the Church. And in this apology or disclaimer he stated that Catholics "are

Her life, written by her confessor, Father Germano, has had a wide circulation. The first edition, in 1907, was soon exhausted. New editions were called for and the work was read not merely in Italy but also in most foreign countries.

The coupling of the Index with the Gospels suggests another consideration which is also quite relevant to our subject.

Dr. Seath is right when he proceeds on the principle that no teaching of the Bible shall be conducted in the schools.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

A BAPTIST preacher of Orangeville communicates to the Mail and Empire a prayer which he delivered "last Sabbath evening" for the defeat of Home Rule for Ireland.

THE GOVERNMENT of Bengal recently turned over to the Anglican officials in India the famous Hastings House at Alipore, once occupied by Warren Hastings.

WE ARE indebted to a Scots contemporary for the following. A football match was "pulled-off" a short time ago at Belfast between teams representing Scotland and Ireland.

OUR METHODIST contemporary

OUR METHODIST contemporary, the Christian Guardian, tells of a "good Presbyterian brother," who, expatiating upon business honesty, had a little tale to unfold regarding a French Canadian Catholic.

THIS YEAR marks the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Adelaide Proctor, that sweet laureate of Catholic devotion and love of home who, during her lifetime and for many years after her death, ranked second only to Tennyson in popularity.

wrote: "I observed a short poem among the proffered contributions to our journal, very different, as I thought, from the shoal of verses perpetually setting through the office of such a periodical, and possessing much more merit. Its authoress was quite unknown to me. She was one Miss Mary Berwick, whom I had never heard of; and she was to be addressed by letter, if addressed at all, at a circulating library in the Western district of London.

DICKENS THEN RELATES

DICKENS THEN RELATES the series of events through which Miss Berwick's disguise was penetrated, and she became known to him as Adelaide Anne Proctor, daughter of one of his closest friends, Byron Waller Proctor, celebrated in literature as "Barry Cornwall."

IT IS TO BE feared that the present generation is not as familiar with Miss Proctor's poems as the two which have preceded it. Twenty-five years ago her name was a household word, not only to Catholics but to the lovers of poetry and to the devout of every persuasion.

THE CROWN MUST BE WON

THE CROWN MUST BE WON for Heaven, dear, In the battle-field of life: My child, though thy foes are strong and tried, He loveth the weak and small; The angels of heaven are on thy side, And God is over all!"

THIS INCIDENT is, perhaps, a trifling one, and scarcely a peg to hang a sermon upon as the Guardian editor

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proceeds to do, enlarging especially upon the material advantages which are likely to accrue to the honest man. But it is something to have brought a Methodist editor and a good "Presbyterian brother" to admit for once in a way that a French Canadian and a Catholic can be honest. It might profit them to go a step further and decipher the reason why to good Catholics honesty is a fixed habit of mind, and not dependent upon the policy of it at all. It might also profit them to reflect upon the wisdom of sending "missionaries" to unsettle the faith of this "honest French-Canadian Roman Catholic," while, on their own admission, their own people are slipping away from them at home.

DEAN HARRIS put his finger upon the crux of the Mexican situation when in an article in the Mail and Empire descriptive of Vera Cruz, he said: "Everywhere in the Republic of Mexico, the stranger within the gates will encounter all classes of people, Indians, Spaniards, Mexicans, and half-castes, but he will nowhere meet with rudeness or vulgarity, unless by his own misconduct he evoke it. The well-to-do classes are refined—noticeably so—courteous and affable, and the mass of the people are civil, deferential and obliging. The prevailing idea of the average American or Canadian is that the Mexican is something like a barbarian—a notion that like so many from the same source is based on ignorance of the densest and most hopeless kind."

LORIMER TURNS CATHOLIC AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS' STUDY

IS BAPTIZED INTO THE FAITH BY THE VERY REV. XAVIER SUTTON

William Lorimer, former United States Senator, president of the La Salle Street National Bank, and for years one of the most prominent politicians in the State of Illinois, was received into the Catholic Church by the Very Rev. Father Xavier Sutton, C. P., in the Servite chapel on Sheridan road, last Saturday and made his First Communion the day following. Only his wife and the members of his family were present when he made his profession of faith and was conditionally baptized—conditional baptism being required unless the proselyte or some one who was present at this lay baptism, members that the sacrament was administered in the form prescribed by the Catholic Church.

The prominence of Mr. Lorimer in public life and the fact that he is the son of a Presbyterian minister, make his conversion a matter of public interest. "I hoped that when I became a Catholic nothing might be written or said about it. There are so many conversions every day, including men far more prominent than I am, and I trusted that my religious convictions, at least, would be left to me, alone," said Mr. Lorimer in his office in La Salle street yesterday afternoon.

SPENT YEARS IN RESEARCH "For more than fifteen years I have read every book on the subject of controversial theology that I could get," he continued. "I felt at last, that the only thing for me to do was to become a Catholic, because of honest convictions. I have travelled over the same route that many others have gone. I did not want to join the Catholic Church, but I felt compelled to investigate, and the deeper my research the more settled my convictions became. So I am a Catholic in spite of myself."

"I was born in Scotland, the son of a Presbyterian minister, and a very strict Presbyterian, too. I went to Sunday school until I was twenty years old, and all the time I heard nothing but condemnation of the Catholic Church. I grew to hate it and to fear it. It was my hatred of it that led to my conversion, for I argued with myself: 'How can a thing so evil as they say the Catholic Church is continue to exist? How can an institution the deeds of which are said to be so vile and self-seeking continue to cumber the earth? I began my inquiry as a champion of the Protestant cause. I found that the Church was not evil, but good. I discovered that there was nothing to 'protest' against, and I became convinced that when one starts out to find truth in religion one will come at last to the Catholic Church, no matter how strong one's prejudice may be."

"Year after year I read all the books I could get. I studied the life of Cardinal Newman. I devoured his 'Apologia,' and I found out how he struggled for two years after he left the Church of England before he finally did the thing he hoped not to do and became a Catholic. I read of the conversion of Cardinal Manning and many others. And then of course I had the example always before my eyes of my wife and children who were Catholics and attended strictly to their religious duties. 'I began my investigation at the beginning. If Caesar lived, if Nero lived, then Christ must have lived.

They are all historical characters and the fact that they lived is well established. The argument that some advance that Christ was an impostor was successfully refuted for me by the fact that He went to the cross. If he had been an impostor He might have said so, and His enemies would gladly have set Him free and laughed His followers to scorn. But He died. If He was mad, as some say He was, then how was it that all the minds of His day His was the brightest and clearest and the philosophy He taught was the most profound and lasting of all the doctrines of that age or any other.

"So, admitting Christianity to be a vital truth, I found that the Church has been the conservator of truth for centuries, and that when the storms came and beat against it, the Church stood like a rock, while other creeds rose and fell and split into fragments. Recently I have seen upon the billboards pictures calling upon men and women to take their children to Church. Catholics need no such appeal. They always go to Church as a part of their religious duty in which they cannot fail. I found my admiration growing and my conviction strengthening until at last I, too, had to do the thing for conscience sake that I had struggled against doing for fifteen years, because for all that time I have felt that I ought to do the thing I have just done."

"I do not know that I am any better now than I have been. I just feel that I am touching back to apostolic times as a member of the same church that Christ founded and to which He said He would send His spirit so as to guide it into all truth." The ceremonies of baptism with which Mr. Lorimer was admitted to the church are of apostolic tradition. They followed the profession of faith of converts to the Catholic Church, according to the form prescribed by the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office in 1859. The profession of faith was made by Mr. Lorimer with his hand touching the gospels. The opening words of this profession are: "I now with grief and contrition for my past errors profess that I believe the Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Roman church to be the only and true church established on earth by Jesus Christ."

Absolution from excommunication, "which perchance thou hast incurred," followed. Mr. Lorimer took his name William as his baptismal name in this ceremony. As it was an adult baptism there were neither godfathers nor godmothers. Mr. Lorimer will be confirmed some time this month.

MEXICO'S DEPLORABLE STATE

For many months the newspapers have been filled with accounts of what has been going on in Mexico. The interests in the domestic affairs of our sister republic has become intensified by the prospect of an American-Mexican war. Very little, however, has been published about the underlying causes of Mexico's present distracted state. Why have there been frequent revolutions and counter revolutions in that country? Are the Mexicans constitutionally unfit for self-government? Is that the reason why armed uprisings on the other side of the Rio Grande have been so frequent occurrences?

In answer to these questions we may startle our readers by asserting that the conditions which have existed in Mexico obtained in the United States, this land also would witness frequent revolutions. Human nature is pretty much the same in all parts of the world. It will revolt sooner or later against hideous injustice. It did so in our own land when England, in colonial times, attempted to perpetrate upon Americans wrongs, which were insignificant as compared with those the overwhelming majority of Mexicans have endured generation after generation. They were first robbed of their lands, and then reduced to a condition of virtual slavery to their despoilers. In the year 1910 practically all of Mexico was owned by 200 families. About 85 per cent. of the population who were denied the right of purchasing land for themselves, were working for these families for wages that barely kept body and soul together. These victims of land monopoly, though in a constant state of semi-starvation, were not permitted to cultivate the thousands of acres lying all around them uncultivated by the orders of land monopolists who were as great a curse to Mexico as Irish landlords were to Ireland in the recent past.

There was a time when Mexicans possessed communal lands in virtue of decrees of the kings of Spain at the time when Mexico was a Spanish possession. On these lands the people might cut wood, pasture their cattle and cultivate small patches of grain without charge. In 1857 the Mexican Constitution indorsed the original grants of the Spanish kings and enforced their maintenance. Just as in England aristocratic landowners, many of whom were enriched by property stolen from Catholic monasteries, inclosed or rather stole the commons set apart for the use of the people, so in Mexico members of the 200 families among which the soil of that country is partitioned, coveted the acres dedicated to the free use of the common people. When Porfirio Diaz came into power in 1876, a ring was formed for

the purpose of land stealing on an extensive scale. It was enacted by Congress that holders of Government bonds might exchange them for Government lands at the exchange rate of about 3 to 1. The best Government lands were selling for 3 cents an acre. It is easy to imagine the rich harvest the land grabbers reaped in this way. Not satisfied with this plunder, the big landholders pooled their influence with the object of getting possession of more land. They succeeded so well that the Mexican Congress passed a law which declared that all lands, title to which had not been registered, were forfeited to the State. Farmers whose forefathers for generations had been living in absolute security on farms now declared forfeited, faced eviction. It was the wholesale spoliation of the poor by the rich and legal forms that have been framed by the tools of greedy land monopolists.

What took place in the valley of Papantla in the State of Vera Cruz shows with what savagery the lawful owners of the soil were evicted and murdered. Several thousand mounted police and a division of the army swept down upon the doomed valley and for fifteen days indulged in unrestrained slaughter. It was never known how many were killed. A Mexican writer describing the awful crime says that not a man escaped alive. He adds that the task of burying the dead was so great that a month later the air for miles round the valley was unbearable, owing to the stench of thousands of putrefying bodies. To day the region which witnessed this horrible massacre, and which formerly furnished a living to 20,000 souls, is the property of one rich family. Is it any wonder that Mexico is in a state of revolution?

General Villa, who with General Carranza, is conducting the fight against the Huerta regime, has shown that he fully realizes that the land question is at the bottom of the present crisis in the affairs of his country. He has confiscated the estates of the great land owners and divided them among the people. He probably justifies these proceedings on the grounds that he is restoring to the robbed what rightfully belongs to them. During the last quarter of a century the landed aristocracy of Mexico, with the aid of Dictator Diaz, grabbed the open cattle ranges, the communal fields round the towns, the village commons, and wound up by absorbing the small independent farms like those in the valley of Papantla.

In this way were sown the seeds that have produced such an abundant harvest of disasters to a country richly dowered by nature. Indeed, it is these natural advantages that have not only stimulated the consciences, but the rapacity of some of her foreign harpies, who are eager to get possession of her vast mineral wealth, and who would gladly welcome an American-Mexican war as a means to carry out their designs for plundering our sister republic.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE "MENACE" OF THE EAST

To the Editor of the Commonwealth: Dear Sir—My object in writing you was simply to place myself right among the many friends I have among the Protestants. My friend, Mr. McKay, who is a gentleman, will bear me out in the explanation I have given.

With regard to the Catholic religion which I follow, I am afraid it would take me too long to instruct you in the fundamental beliefs of our Church. I would have to deceive you in the first place regarding all the views you hold—as you are certainly wrong in everything you write about us. If you would take the trouble to learn our doctrines there would be a chance for your following the lead of the thousands of eminent Protestants who had found consolation in the teachings of the Catholic Church. One of the latest is Dr. Albert Von Ruville, a distinguished German author, who says, among other things explaining his conversion, the following: "Next I argued if Christ is divine, if He possesses divine wisdom, He must have founded a Church which teaches His truth with infallible certainty. In examining the various churches and different creeds of Christendom, I found only one church professing to teach with absolute certainty. And thus I was led step by step by a logical and reasoned method, to the very door of Catholicism."

"But I shuddered at embracing the religion of Rome. All my ingrained Protestant prejudice rose up in rebellion against the Mass and the Confessional and the invocation of Saints and the Blessed Virgin Mary. "This I believe is the supreme trial of converts to overcome prejudice. I feel confident that many a non-Catholic is mentally convinced that the Catholic Church is the true Church established by Christ, but prejudices inherited and ingrained from childhood and the way and prevents them from acting as their reason would direct. And these prejudices are based upon traditional lies and misrepresentations—they are based in the last analysis upon ignorance of the true meaning and significance of Catholic ceremonial and Catholic doctrines."

Yours very truly, D. A. HEARN. Don't climb the hill before you cross the valley.

THE SEALERS

Brigus, Nfld., April 27, 1914

Dear Senator—The RECORD of 25th inst. is just before me and I note your kind reference to our poor Sealers. It is good of you to write in such a sympathetic strain and to deeply appreciate it. Your paper goes into our poor fishermen's cabins and their friends will read over and over your kind words. There were 70 Catholics out of a crew of 178 went down in "Southern Cross." More beautiful acts of heroism is recorded of "Newfoundlands" crew and our non-Catholics of crew living death of the noble way our men faced and how fervently they prayed, and blessed themselves with it. Wonderful is the faith—"tis the victory surely which overcometh the world—our precious faith." There is a sadness everywhere these days, thousands of orphans and many widows and dependents left to mourn the poor dead.

The Capt. of "Cross" was a Brigman, Clarke. The Relief Fund is swelling by the thousands every day. There is a wonderful God reward pathy from everywhere. God reward them! Canada did her work nobly. The Messrs. Reid here not only gave their ship "Kyle" to search the ocean for weeks, with special trains to carry the bodies of the poor dead to their homes and besides \$5,000 cash to the Fund. Not less than \$15,000 in all. In speaking of use of "KYLE" Mr. N. D. Reid, who is president of the Company, said: "What of the expenses? It only means a few shovelfuls of coals." Everyone was surprised in view of their cheque for \$5,000. They do things princely. This has been their record since they came to Newfoundland—the record of their good father, Sir R. G. Reid, and now of the brothers, Messrs. W. D. and N. D. We know you will say a word in your paper of their generosity. Their cheque book is always on their desk to give to everything. God reward them. Sincerely yours, J. MURPHY.

THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY OF CANADA

Toronto, May 7th, 1914. Editor, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

Dear Sir—I wish to call your attention to the means now being employed by the Christian Scientists to use Catholics' homes and others in general, as a recruiting ground for that body.

They have a paper called the Christian Science Monitor, published in Boston, Mass., and weekly they are sending it into the homes of Catholics with some article marked "The Menace of the East." The article is not necessarily pertinent to their belief, but to various subjects of general interest, thus, the paper gets into the homes and there it is read, and all the illusions of Eddyism, amplified to catch the unthinking, will have a deadly effect. This Society thinks it well to ask you to warn our Catholic people. They know their duty.

Yours truly, O. J. STALEY, Assistant Secretary.

DEATH OF MOTHER MARY URSULA AT "THE PINES" CHATHAM

Over fifty years of consecrated service to God must surely mean a halo at God's throne and is some thing good to look back upon. This was the consolation of Mother Mary Ursula, who breathed her last at the Ursuline College, Chatham, on the afternoon of the 6th inst.

On August 6th 1861, a year after the inception of the Order in Chatham, Mother Ursula offered herself to the little Community and cheerfully assumed its hardships, which, as those who are reminiscent know, strewed the pathway of the Institute in those early years. Her general proficiency combined with her ordinary personal magnetism made her a very successful and popular teacher, while her strong physique inclined her to take up any duty that presented itself. Thus the domestic work was often lightened by her ready and cheerful assistance in the intervals of her hours in the class-room.

She taught for many years in St. Joseph's Separate School and many of her pupils still living in the city attest to the genial influence of her motherly patroness. Like her great patroness, St. Ursula, stern but kind, with forbearance and gentleness she watched, she warned, she guarded, but, above all, she loved and with tender thoughtfulness guided those under her care. Cheerfulness and humor were the dominating notes of her life, making her an exemplar of the words of Our Divine Saviour "My yoke is sweet, My burden light."

Mother M. Ursula, whose family name was Catherine McMahon, was born in Ballinasloe, Co. Galway, Ireland, in 1824. Another of her family, Sister M. Ignatius, died a few years ago after a most edifying career in the service of God's poor. Her nieces, Mrs. Smith, of Winchester St., Toronto, and Miss K. Doyle of that city are now her only surviving relatives in Canada. The funeral High Mass of Requiem took place on Friday morning, Right Rev. Monsignor Aylward, Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral,

WARDS OF CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETIES

An incident which occurred recently in the work of Children's Aid Societies suggests the exercise of a little more care on the part of those who are called upon to give a recommendation to applicants for children. The Children's Aid Societies are organized for the protection of children, and the placing of their wards in foster homes, which is an important part of their work, is done chiefly with an eye as to what is best for the children. If the foster-parents benefit, and they do in most cases or they would not keep the children, that is incidental, but is not the end in view. Those asked to make recommendations should not give a young girl, just because the applicants are worthy people of good character who are attentive to their religious duties. In addition to these qualifications the applicants should be sufficiently energetic to protect a young girl against the inclinations engendered in her by a neglected childhood and probably, evil parentage. If these young girls and children were competent, careful, judicious and self-respecting, they would not be under the supervision of the public authorities and the forgetfulness of this has, in some instances, caused serious mishaps to the poor children.

Another incident, which suggests a moral, is related of a girl baby who was placed in a good foster home. She grew up to be the pride of her foster-parents, but a person, who by all precedents and tradition should have been more discreet or charitable, mentioned to a friend of the family some of the family history of the child. The result was an anguish to the foster-parents and the possibility of a child's future being ruined. WM. O'CONNOR, Toronto, May 7, 1914.

PROTESTANTS, CATHOLICS AND THE MENACE

WRITTEN BY P. L. T. GUILD, FORMERLY PASTOR OF ST. PAUL'S M. E. CHURCH, TOLEDO, NOW EDITOR OF THE FARGO, N. D. DAILY COURIER NEWS

The Courier News is a newspaper. It is a fair newspaper and does not mean to be the tool of any clique nor the instrument for unnecessarily wounding any man or woman. The Courier News stands for the square deal. In publishing a Sunday newspaper, the Courier News is trying to give something different from the mess of scandals, divorce, narratives of crime and the slush served up by some periodicals. The paper must contain news, of course, and news is the record of what occurs. But it also contains on the Christian days of worship something reminding people of invisible forces and the values usually associated with religion. These articles are appreciated by many readers. Those who do not care for them, of course, will pass them over. On this particular day it seems well to give especial attention to church and colleges because we have more room, in the larger paper, and because of the appropriateness of such matter for that day.

Always the Protestant churches have large representation in our Sunday paper, and we are glad to publish their news that everybody may know what is going on. We publish all church notices without charge, for they are excellent news, and we consider the support of religion in public duty for a newspaper interested in good government. We publish Catholic Church notices and are glad also to publish a column of well selected news on Sunday of interest to our Catholic readers. It is from reliable sources. Protestants do not need to read the Catholic notices and news, nor do the Catholics need to read the Protestant, if they don't want to, but possibly it wouldn't hurt either to read both.

Now comes a clipped section of the Menace directed to the editor with the penciled suggestion that it is suitable for the Sunday Courier News. The clipping is a fiery attack upon the Catholic Church and uses some very caustic epithets. No, it does not fit our columns, and it is not fit for our columns. And in our humble judgment the publication of that kind of material will injure the cause represented by who-

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FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

The noble response which has been made to the CATHOLIC RECORD's appeal in behalf of Father Fraser's Chinese mission encourages us to keep the list open a little longer. It is a source of gratification to Canadian Catholics that to one of themselves it should have fallen to inaugurate and successfully carry on so great a work. God has certainly blessed Father Fraser's efforts, and made him the instrument of salvation to innumerable souls. Why, then, dear reader, have a share in that work by contributing of your means to its maintenance and extension? The opportunity awaits you: let it not pass you by.

Table with names and amounts: Previously acknowledged \$141.20, Robert McCarty, St. Johns 1.00, Mrs. M. Laird, Ashcroft 1.00, James McIntyre, Dominion No. 4 5.00, Rev. J. A. M. Gillis, Mt. Allison 15.00, A. Friend, Malvern 1.00, A. M. K. Halliday 1.00, Geo. Hammond, Mt. Allison 1.00, M. T. G. New Aberdeen 3.00, A Priest, New Waterford 10.00, A Reader, New Waterford 2.00, A Friend, St. Johns 2.00

LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID

When over the fair fame of friend or foe, The shadow of disgrace shall fall; instead Of words of blame, or proof of thine, and so, Let something good be said. Forget not that no fellow-being yet May fall so low but love may lift his head. Even the cheek of shame with tear is wet If something good be said. No generous heart may vainly turn aside In ways of sympathy, no soul so dead But may awaken strong and glorified, If something good be said. And so I charge ye, by t'ye thorny crown, And by the cross on which the Saviour bled, And by your own soul's hope of fair renown, Let something good be said. —JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. J. J. DORR, PHOENIX, ILL. FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

PRAYER

"Ask and you shall receive." (St. John xvi. 24). There are only two roads leading to heaven, one is the road of innocence, the other of penance. If we sinned our baptismal robe of innocence by sin, then we must by penance make atonement for the injury offered to God. Every day of our life should be interspersed with little works of penance. When we kneel down to pray, when we have any little disappointment, trouble, trial or affliction, we should offer it to God in a penitential spirit, in atonement for our sins. Prayer is one of the principal works of penance. "My house," says our Lord, speaking of His Church, "is the house of prayer," and, as a natural consequence, every worshiper in this house should be a person of prayer. Man is a dependent being. He comes into life helpless and ignorant of the past and future. He has nothing of his own. The weakness of his infancy, the misfortunes and trials of advancing years and the helplessness of old age teach him this and show him the necessity of calling on a superior power. Hence prayer has always been the natural dictate of the human heart. We know that man was created in innocence and destined for felicity; but by sin he has lost his innocence and weakened all the powers of his soul. On account of the influence of sin the lower parts of his nature, his bodily senses, are continually urging him on to guilty excesses. Satan and all the powers of hell are bent on his destruction; while the world in league with Satan smiles upon and caresses, in order to delude and destroy him. Such are the spiritual dangers that continually threaten man, and such the motives which should urge a reasonable person to have recourse to prayer, to seek the protection of heaven. The thought of a just and angry God should be a sufficient motive to induce the sinner to ask His pardon. But a stronger motive would be the thought of eternal desolation, and the fire that is not extinguished. Without prayer the sinner cannot return to grace. For it is a truth easy to understand that all the efforts of man are insufficient to obtain supernatural virtue without the cooperation of heaven. Prayer, then, is absolutely necessary for our salvation. That is absolutely necessary which is a necessary means for a necessary end. But prayer is a necessary means for our eternal happiness, our necessary end, and hence is absolutely necessary. Our salvation is a necessary end, because if we do not attain it all is lost, and happiness, the end of our creation, cannot be attained. Prayer is a necessary means to attain this end because God says, "Ask and you shall receive."—Whatever you ask in My name it shall be given you.—Without Me you can do nothing, much less attain salvation. The saints were all persons of prayer. St. Patrick, it is said, was accustomed to kneel in prayer three hundred times a day. We cannot see how they did so much, since they spent so much of their time in prayer. But they understood that without God they could do nothing, hence their frequent recourse to Him. A man of prayer is a man of God—a saint. A man who does not pray is a man of the world. He who prays will be saved. The one who does not pray will most certainly be lost; for by prayer, and prayer only, do we obtain the grace necessary for us in resisting the temptations of our spiritual enemies. "And who shall know thy thought, O God, unless thou send wisdom." What is wisdom? Is it gold, learning, worldly pleasure? No. It is the power of judging rightly, the power of knowing the importance of things, especially of heavenly things. It is a gift of God by which we endeavor to do His holy will. We cannot obtain this without prayer. We cannot be pure, good and virtuous without prayer. "Pray lest you enter into temptation" is a warning given by our Lord to all and especially to the person of society who daily mixes with the heedless throng and creates the contaminating air of a wicked world. But some one may say, "My prayers are never answered. I have been praying continually for years, and I make no improvement." Is not this because you do not ask with confidence, because you are indifferent in your prayers? If some one asked you for a favor but was indifferent, did not seem to care whether he received it or not, would you grant it? If a subject went to his king and, while in his presence, was muttering, casting shy glances around and otherwise showing indifference and disrespect to his majesty, the king would undoubtedly order his guard to eject him. But God is more merciful. He forgives us a thousand times for our wilful distractions, indifference and disrespect to Him. He desires our amendment. He wishes us to approach the throne of grace with confidence and love. Jesus assures us that our prayers will be heard if we pray with confidence, humility and perseverance; for He says, "Pray always and faint not; whatsoever you ask the Father in My name, it shall be given you." Remember, then, that prayer is absolutely necessary for our salvation, since it is a necessary means for a necessary end; happiness, our salvation, being the end of our creation, which cannot be attained without prayer.

I OWE MY LIFE TO "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

They Did Me More Good Than All Other Treatments Combined



Mrs. H. S. WILLIAMS

PALMERSTON, ONT., June 20th, 1913 "I really believe that I owe my life to 'Fruit-a-tives'. Ever since childhood I have been under the care of physicians and have been paying doctors' bills. I was so sick and worn out that people on the street often asked me if I thought I could get along without help. The same old stomach trouble and distressing headaches nearly drove me wild. Some time ago I got a box of 'Fruit-a-tives' and the first box did me good. My husband was delighted and advised a continuation of their use. 'Fruit-a-tives' completely cured me. Today, I am feeling fine, and a physician meeting me on the street, noticed my improved appearance and asked me the reason. I replied, 'I am taking Fruit-a-tives'. He said, 'Well, 'Fruit-a-tives' are making you look so well, go ahead and take them. They are doing more for you than I can'. Mrs. H. S. WILLIAMS. 'Fruit-a-tives' are sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Remember, too, that prayer not only unlocks heaven for us and locks hell against us, but it also unlocks purgatory for our friends and those detained there. Bearing these things in mind, we cannot but resolve to be more regular and devout in our family prayers and in our morning and evening devotions and our other religious duties. We cannot fail to ask Almighty God for any grace and blessing we want for ourselves or for any one else; which will certainly be obtained if God sees it is for the best. And we thus begin upon earth that sweet converse with God which will be our happiness for ever in heaven.

TEMPERANCE

MEDICAL THOUGHT ON ALCOHOL Men who have died within the easy memory of the most of us remembered the time when the only physician in England known to be a total abstainer was almost an outcast among his professional associates, because of what they regarded his heresy. What a change has taken place is indicated by a volume of addresses recently published in England. The addresses were delivered in the city of Birmingham, by fifty members of the British Medical Association, each physician being free to express any opinion which he might choose. The Journal of Inebriety quotes the following passages as the leading thoughts of the addresses: That alcohol does not quench but awakens thirst. That alcohol is of no value when work is to be done. That alcohol diminishes the quality and total output of manual work of all kinds. That alcohol blunts perception and feeling, impairs moral sense, and impedes intellectual processes. That alcohol, when taken by children, checks growth and development, both mentally and bodily. That alcohol weakens the power of self control, thus leading to immorality and crime, poverty and misery. That alcohol has a narcotic poisonous action and must be classed with chloroform and ether. That alcohol predisposes both directly and indirectly to infectious fevers. That alcohol is now known to be one of the most important factors in rendering patients more susceptible to the attacks of tubercle bacillus and so to tuberculosis. That in pneumonia and typhoid fever alcohol does more harm than good. That alcohol hastens the end in a fatal illness, but prolongs the duration of the illness in those cases in which the patient recovers. That alcohol predisposes to heat-stroke in hot weather. That alcohol causes rapid loss of heat in cold weather. That alcohol is one of the great predisposing causes of heart-failure and cerebral hemorrhage.

But some one may say, "My prayers are never answered. I have been praying continually for years, and I make no improvement." Is not this because you do not ask with confidence, because you are indifferent in your prayers? If some one asked you for a favor but was indifferent, did not seem to care whether he received it or not, would you grant it? If a subject went to his king and, while in his presence, was muttering, casting shy glances around and otherwise showing indifference and disrespect to his majesty, the king would undoubtedly order his guard to eject him. But God is more merciful. He forgives us a thousand times for our wilful distractions, indifference and disrespect to Him. He desires our amendment. He wishes us to approach the throne of grace with confidence and love. Jesus assures us that our prayers will be heard if we pray with confidence, humility and perseverance; for He says, "Pray always and faint not; whatsoever you ask the Father in My name, it shall be given you." Remember, then, that prayer is absolutely necessary for our salvation, since it is a necessary means for a necessary end; happiness, our salvation, being the end of our creation, which cannot be attained without prayer.

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M.D., C.M., 155 King St. E., Toronto, Canada. References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by: Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice. Sir Geo. W. Ross, ex-Premier of Ontario. Rev. N. Burwash, D.D., Pres. Victoria College. Rev. J. G. Shearer, B.A., D.D., Secretary Board Moral Reform, Toronto. Right Rev. P. Sweeney, D.D., Bishop of Toronto. Hon. Thomas Coffey, Senator, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ontario. Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are healthful, safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certain cure. Consultation or correspondence invited.

That alcohol often causes neuritis or inflammation of the nerves. That alcohol is one of the great causes of degeneration or too rapid aging of the tissues of the body. That those who take no alcohol can perform more work, possess greater powers of endurance, have less sickness, and recover more quickly than non-abstainers, whilst they are unaffected by any of those diseases specially caused by alcohol. That the great amount of drinking of alcoholic liquors among the working classes is one of the greatest evils of the day, destroying more than anything else, the health, happiness, and welfare of those classes. That the universal abstinence from alcoholic liquors as beverages would contribute greatly to the health, prosperity, morality, and happiness of the human race.

BOYS TAKE THE PLEDGE

During the Vesper service at St. Mary's Church, Cortland, N. Y., on a recent Sunday evening, an edifying and imposing sight was witnessed when thirty-five members of St. Mary's Boys' Sodality took the pledge to abstain from the use of intoxicating drink until the completion of their twenty-fifth year and sixty other boys who had previously taken the temperance pledge renewed the same. The celebrant of the vesper was Rev. Patrick Donohue, pastor of the church, and the sermon was by the Rev. William Purcell of Syracuse, who spoke on the fourth commandment of God, "Honor thy father and thy mother," addressing his words to "the dear boys of the parish."

The sermon contained many allusions to the dangers of intemperance, and at its close Father Hannon, the assistant pastor, addressed the pastor, saying: "Rev. Father, some of the boys here present already admitted to our Sodality are anxious this evening to declare publicly their intention of observing all the sodality rules and regulations, and moreover they wish to take a pledge to abstain from the use of intoxicating drinks until the completion of their twenty-fifth year."

Father Donohue then had the boys stand up and raise their right hands and take the following pledge: "To avoid evil, both temporal and spiritual, I solemnly promise to abstain from the use of intoxicating drink until the completion of my twenty-fifth year."

A RE-ASSURING NOTICE

The following notice in railway dining cars is causing much satisfaction. It is surely a sign of the times; and the trains will run no less securely for having sober passengers as well as a sober crew. "Won't Sell Liquor on Trains."

The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad has decided, effective March 1st, to discontinue the sale of liquor on its trains throughout its entire territory.

"The New Haven takes this action in the belief that, however custom may have sanctioned the practice, the sale of liquor on its trains in the states of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut is not permitted by the laws of these States, which make no provision for state licensing. No liquor has been sold in New York State because the distance traversed there was believed to be too short to warrant taking out a state license for each car, such as the laws of that state permit."

"In regard to the sale of liquor on trains, the position of the New Haven in the past has been that it had no desire to sell liquor but that it did so in response to the demand of its patrons. However, it is the policy of the company to conduct its business strictly in conformity with the laws of the state in which it operates, and upon an investigation of the subject it feels that as the law in these three states does not provide for liquor selling on trains it should be stopped."

"In taking this action on discontinuing liquor selling the New Haven is following a rule which many other large railroads have adopted in different parts of the country. In Illinois recently twenty-five railroads under a rule adopted by the General Association of Chicago agreed to discontinue the sale of liquor with or without meals in that state, and other railroads have done the same elsewhere."

THOUGHTS FOR MAY

BY REV. D. P. MCMENAMIN, RECTOR OF SACRED HEART CHURCH, SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT.

An angel stood upon a sunbeam and announced to Mary, the Heavenly message that God had chosen her to become the mother of His Divine son. "Hail full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women." At that instant God paused for an answer and heaven became silent. Like sweet music in the silence of a mid-summer night was the voice of Mary as she replied: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done unto me according to Thy word." God smiled and all Heaven rejoiced, as the answer of Mary was sung by the angels, who, ever since, have never ceased to sing the praises of Earth's fairest Lily, Mary, the Virgin Mother of Jesus and Queen of Heaven. The song of the angels was heard on Earth and the children of God have learned to love the sweet praises of Mary, our Mother in Heaven. "And all generations shall call me blessed," said Mary, the Mother of God. Like a newly arrived and long looked for friend, the month of May receives from all a most cordial

welcome. Robed in her mantle of freshness, accompanied by myriads of birds from sunny lands, singing to us of pleasures to come, the month of May soon makes us forget the cold piercing blasts of a long and dreary winter. This is the beautiful month our Holy Mother the Church has reserved in a special manner for the veneration of the Mother of God. The first fruits of the Earth she offers to God, but the first smiles of nature she presents to Mary, His blessed Mother. Let us bear in mind, however, while we lovingly place at the feet of our Queen, nature's first and prettiest gifts, that there is still an offering, more beautiful than all the flowers of the earth, richer than all this world's wealth, dearest to God of all creation, an offering He asks for,—a gift He craves for, thirsts for and died for,—our love, a heart free from sin, a heart devoted to Him. It is not by crucifying the Son and making His Sacred Heart bleed by our sins that we will please His Mother. But when we strive to avoid sin, when we learn to detest sin, when we live lives of purity and fidelity to God's commandments, then we are giving pleasure to Mary, the Mother of God, and showing the homage and reverential worship due to her, whom God has honored so much. Let us gather around the shrine then of Mary our Mother, and offer a heart of purity and love for God. Our prayers will ascend as sweet incense to her, who will show herself a Mother and present to her Divine Son our petitions and the many graces we stand in need of. The flowers we place upon her altars may fade and die and the sweet perfume of their lives exist no longer; but the love we show to Mary will increase God's love for us and the sacrifices we make now will be so much rich treasures before us in Heaven, where flowers never fade and sorrow is unknown. The heart that is placed in the care of Mary will never cease to love God. In moment of temptation, in hour of trial, in time of sorrow, let us hasten to Mary, comfortress of the afflicted. She will be our true friend and most powerful advocate in Heaven. Help us, oh Mary, sweet Mother of God. Be the guiding star of our lives and teach us to love our Dear Lord more and more every day. Sweet Heart of Mary be my salvation. Sweet Heart of Jesus remember me.

these few years is sufficiently large to admit of our avoiding the ones who do not specially appeal to us.

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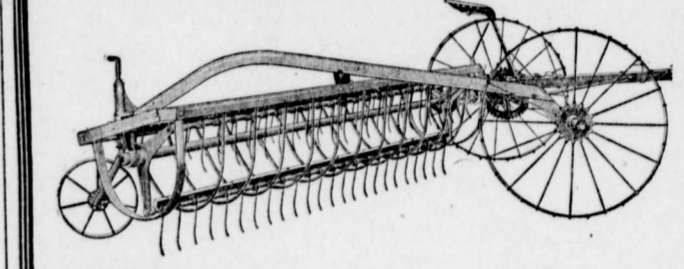
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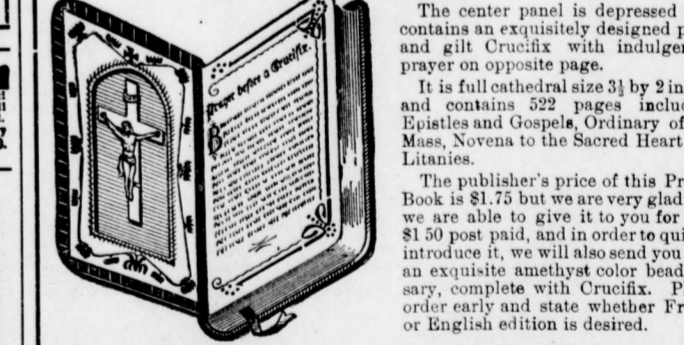
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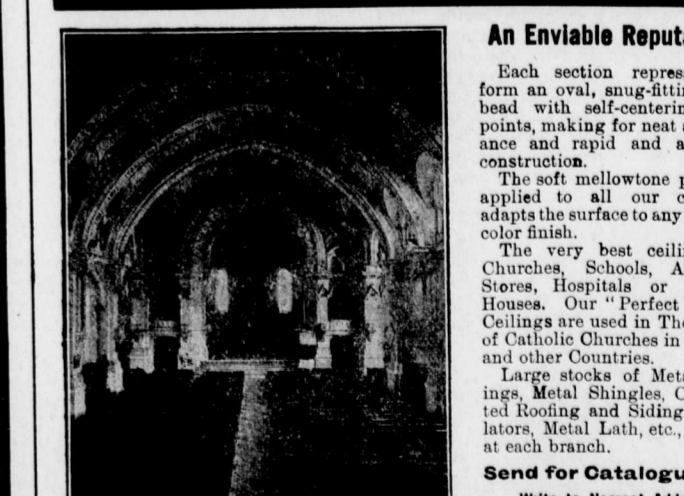


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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

BUILDING OF CHARACTER

Did you ever watch the rose bush as it slowly lifts itself from the earth? From a tender shoot it grows and develops; leaf after leaf, stem after stem, branch after branch send forth new buds and leaves, until there is finally rounded out a fully-developed tree. This is the external portion of its growth, its material part, as it were, for it has all the while been storing up within itself qualities of beauty, which, at a certain stage of its life, unfold in the form of deliciously-scented flowers—blossoms of such beauty in form and color, as can never be improved upon by human art. This would seem to be the purpose of the rose bush in the plan of nature—to please the human eye and heart, to add to the cup of human joy, and to arouse, if possible, in the soul of man, some appreciation of God's own beauty. This being done, its purpose in nature is justified. Without these emblems of God's beauty and love, the rose bush would be barren—an eyesore and a failure.

The life of the rose bush is very closely analogous to that of man; different, however, in that maturity of the one is much more rapid than that of the other. Man in his infancy is much more delicate than the tiny rose plant, more precious in its intrinsic value; yet like the latter, he is subject to continuous change. He must grow and strengthen to cope with the struggle for existence, and as he travels the road from infancy to childhood, and on to man's estate, there should develop, as in the rose bush, the qualities, which, later on, will express themselves in the beautiful and attractive blossoms of character; for character is to the man what the scented flowers are to the rose bush.

Change is the law of man's physical and mental development. It goes on from youth to old age, in all conditions of life. The mind is ever active and in its superabundant energies it must be trained, educated and directed in the right channels of conduct, otherwise it would run wild and hideous ways. Man must be disciplined, he has energies, impulses of the animal kind, which are not restrained and brought under the control of reason, would surge forth in deeds that would disgrace the fair name of manhood. Even as the athlete must go through hard and trying exercises to perfect his physical manhood by developing the muscles needed in the conflict, so also the higher faculties of the soul must be trained, even more carefully, in order that they may be fitted to engage in the struggle for eternal life.

The human mind, then, like the body, must be trained in order to bring out the best that is in it. Man must learn, not only how to conduct himself towards his fellow man, but also how to think and act aright towards his Creator. If he has not the prudence to improve himself in these essentials, he must be taught by others. The truth of the familiar saying, "We are never too old to learn," is evident. Man is constantly meeting new experiences and acquiring new knowledge. The young are taught by the old, and the old may learn from the young. Those in high places may receive salutary lessons from the lowly. The illiterate may be masters to the learned. Even the little child, who has much to learn, may be an instructive book to the thoughtful. The rough knots of human character must be pared down and smoothened with the oil of refinement, in order that the individual may fit into his allotted place in the fabric of social life. In other words, the individual must be subjected to discipline, whereby mind and heart are trained and strengthened to follow joyfully the way of Christian life.

What is discipline? It is the curbing of one's evil tendencies, the suggesting of elevating ideals, the encouraging of all that makes man more manly, more Christian, more God-like. To discipline, then, is to eradicate evil habits from the soul,

and foster into a manhood, strong and healthy, both morally and intellectually. Discipline may be administered in ways as varied, almost, as human nature itself. At one time it flows from the gloved hand of sympathy and kindness; at another it takes the form of a casual suggestion. In some cases it produces its best results by gentle advice; but while the strong hand of right should always rule with firmness, it should rarely resort to the methods whose chief results is severity.

To discipline, then, is to arouse and train the dormant faculties of the soul, to cultivate them and evoke their latent possibilities, so that they may blossom forth into a rich and vigorous activity. To discipline is to evoke all the good qualities of the individual, and curb and subdue his evil inclinations. Hence it follows, that discipline does not concern adults so much as it does the young. Little hope, indeed, can be entertained of training the burly oak to assume any other form than that which it now has. It is with the young whose innocent and plastic souls are capable of receiving impressions, that discipline is chiefly concerned, and therefore disciplinary methods, worthy of the name, should train the child to right action, should point out clearly the difference between right and wrong, and stimulate the individual to do what is right at any cost.

The will is the great lever with which disciplinary methods must deal. The resultant of all the habits of the will constitutes character, which is the power of self-direction. When the intellect is trained to recognize the good and the will to choose it, then we have strong character. The end of all discipline is character. If a boy be trained to have a clear conception of duty and stimulated and encouraged to perform that duty conscientiously, then the method by which he was trained was the correct one; at least for him. He possesses within himself a force which expresses itself in right action. Opportunities there are aplenty on the road to manhood by which a boy can prove of what stuff he is made and, if when the occasion arises, he has not the moral courage to follow his conscience, he confesses himself a coward. He lacks the quality which is the very groundwork of true manhood. But if, when put to the test, he sees the right and conscience never fails in presenting it and strikes out boldly towards the goal, however strong the influences to the contrary may be, then he is in reality not a boy, but a man in moral strength and character.

The Catholic Church is the great guardian of youth. She is a kind mother to her spiritual children. Her centuries of rich and varied experiences have given her the right to speak with authority, for no society knows human nature better nor the weakness of youth and the temptations to which it is subject. Neither can any institution boast of such multitudes of pure and noble men as the women have marched under the banner of the Catholic Church throughout the centuries. Hence in Catholic homes and educational institutions should be found the safest and most salutary principles of discipline.—Catholic Union and Times.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A MAY DAY MIRACLE

BY EILEEN HOLDEN

"Oh Mary, we crown thee with flowers to-day, Queen of the angels, Queen of the May."

This was sung as a circle of violets was placed upon the head of the statue of Our Blessed Lady. The words echoed in Lola's ears as she left the church. She had helped to make the crown of violets, during which she offered up a fervent prayer to the Blessed Virgin to make her mamma well. When she went home she related the events of the ceremony to her mother. Now, Lola could always tell things well, and her mother could almost imagine herself there in reality.

"Good-bye, Brother Horse!" No doubt with the majority of men the strongest tie between them and the animal world is that which has bound them to the dog. Naturally less intelligent than the dog, and far less demonstrative in signs of attachment to his master, the horse still has won for himself a very noble place in the heart and life of man. In the poem, familiar to some of us in our school-days, "The Arab's Farewell to His Horse," there is sounded a cord that has stirred to tears more than one boy and man whose love for the horse is a part of his very life.

It's born in you or it's left out of you. There are those who care no more for a great piece of music, or for a canvas whose colors a Raphael might have mixed than they do for the wild sweep of the wind or an advertisement on a billboard. The symphony, the painting, awaken no response. To multitudes the dog and the horse are in the same category as the pig and the goat. They are simply animals. With others since their earliest remembrance, there has lived an unchanging hunger for the ownership and companionship of horse and dog. They would go without their meals, deny themselves a score of other pleasures at any time if only they could satisfy this hunger. There are men who dream about their horses when away from them as they dream of absent friends. This is the way they were born. A motor car can no more take the place with them

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"It must have been lovely, dear," she answered: "I wish I had been there, for it may be the last May day I shall see."

"Oh, no, mamma; nothing is impossible to God. He can cure you. Don't you remember the instance of the woman in the Scriptures, who touched His garment and was cured of a disease that was pronounced incurable? And, mamma, I did more than touch the hem of His garment when this morning I received Him into my soul, with only one purpose in view—that He might make you well. Have faith, mamma dear. And you know you can see the procession this afternoon," added Lola; "it is to pass down this way."

Two hours later Lola wheeled the invalid chair up to the window, and they pressed their faces against the pane, watching the procession slowly winding down the street. It consisted of nearly three hundred children and their pastor. First came the altar boys, bearing lighted torches, then the priest with the Most Blessed Sacrament, the little girls, dressed in white, with veils on their heads, strewing flowers and singing hymns as they went. It was a beautiful sight.

Suddenly, as the procession was passing by Lola's house, her mother exclaimed, as she arose from her chair:

"Why, Lola, I have strength—I can walk! Our dear Mother has helped me!" and, taking Lola's hand, she fairly flew down stairs to watch until the procession was out of sight. When the crowds had dispersed and Lola and her mother returned to their home, they both knelt before their little bed-room altar and offered up prayers of gratitude to Our Blessed Lord and His Holy Mother for the miracle that had been performed.

Then, gathering Lola in her arms, her mother said:

"Dearest, our Blessed Lady has helped me. Through her Divine Son she has wrought a miracle, by curing me of an affliction from which I have suffered for years. It was due to you, Lola; you have been so persistent in prayer, offering up Communions, novenas, and rosaries for my recovery."

"I always knew, mamma, Almighty God would make you well if I had the right faith and kept on praying and hoping. And I feel so happy now to have my dearest wish granted, on this glorious May-day."

That night Lola's mother was awakened, to hear her child singing in her sleep:

"O Mary, we crown thee with flowers to-day, Queen of the angels, Queen of the May."

LOVE OF THE HORSE

It was a custom of the great saint of Assisi to speak of the birds as his little brothers and sisters. In the story of this St. Francis we frequently hear such phrases as "Brother Fish," "Brother Hawk," "Brother Ox." Among the earliest acts of his self-renunciation was the selling of his horse to provide the money needed to restore a neglected sanctuary. Loving as he did every living thing, it requires no stretch of the imagination for us to hear him, as he parted with his faithful servant, saying,

"Good-bye, Brother Horse!" No doubt with the majority of men the strongest tie between them and the animal world is that which has bound them to the dog. Naturally less intelligent than the dog, and far less demonstrative in signs of attachment to his master, the horse still has won for himself a very noble place in the heart and life of man. In the poem, familiar to some of us in our school-days, "The Arab's Farewell to His Horse," there is sounded a cord that has stirred to tears more than one boy and man whose love for the horse is a part of his very life.

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of the horse than the memory of a fireless cooker could supplant the remembrance of the old home kitchen and the loving mother who prepared the meals. It is this inherent love for the horse that burns in many a man's blood that makes him smile at the prophecy of a horseless age.

The motor car will take its place as a permanent feature in the world and pleasure of men, but so long as human nature remains the horse will abide as one of the joys and satisfactory delights of mankind. When the railway supplanted the stage-coach no remark was more common than "the day of the horse is done." His best day many of us believe is yet to be. In spite of our friends the motor car manufacturers, the horse is coming back. Never were there so many in the world as now. Not a few who gave them up years ago are buying them again.

No, Brother Horse, your place is assured among men, because men were so made that they will never let you go. May the day of your slavery to hard and inhuman masters some time end! And when all things are made new, unless you are there to share that golden age with man—that age unmarred by deed of cruelty or wrong—some of us will cherish your memory so long as memory lasts. Another saint, earlier than the Italian Francis, tells us that in his holy visions he "saw heaven opened, and beheld a white horse, and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True." Only such are worthy of thee, noble friend!

NO PRIEST, NO OPERATION

I remember a good Catholic doctor was lying dangerously ill. His brother practitioner, one of the most skillful in the city, came to perform a serious operation. "Wait a minute," said the Catholic doctor to the other, who was prepared to begin operations. "I expect the priest every minute."

"Oh," said the other, "we don't want one of those black coated gentlemen about us! He will only disturb you and put the fear of hell into you. We shall get on much better without the priest."

The Catholic reply was, "No priest, no operation."

At that moment the priest entered; whereupon the irate operator retired, muttering that he would not be responsible for the consequences. The consequences were that when he returned to the room he found the patient in so wonderful a state of content and happy resignation, that it gave him every chance to make the operation successful—as it was, and indeed as, of course, it might have been, whether or no. But ever afterward when that doctor was called to a Catholic patient his first question was, "Have you sent for the priest?" And if he had not, he would say, "Well, send for him and then I'll cure you." Doctors are beginning to realize this fact nowadays and act up to it. I wish it were better known.—From the Lenten Pastoral of Bishop Chisholm, of Aberdeen.

RENTERS DRINK NAUSEOUS

THROUGH RESTORING NATURAL PHYSICAL CONDITION

Drunkennes is coming to be regarded in its true light. It is a disease—a diseased condition of the stomach membranes, and sufferers should be pitied and helped instead of blamed or punished.

The drink habit takes hold quickly. Alcohol inflames the stomach and quickly brings about a diseased condition of the nerves and membranes of the stomach that creates an unbearable craving, and unless the patient is helped, his desire to stop is powerless.

Read what one devoted girl did for her father. Silver Lake Ont., Jan. 30th. You may remember sending me a treatment of Samaria Prescription. I have administered it all and since the third day, father has not taken a drop of any kind of liquor and looks a new man. I please accept my heartfelt thanks. May your company ever prosper in the good work it is doing.

Have withheld by request. Samaria Prescription stops the craving, restores the shaking nerves, builds up the health and appetite and renders all alcoholic liquors distasteful, even nauseous. It is tasteless and odorless and can be given either with or without the patient's knowledge in tea, coffee or food.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Samaria with booklet giving full particulars, directions, testimonials, price, etc., will be sent in a plain sealed package to anyone mentioning this paper. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Write to-day. The Samaria Remedy Company, Dept. 11, 142 Mutual Street, Toronto, Canada.

SEX PROBLEMS

Dr. James J. Walsh

To-day people are clamoring about physical standards in marriage. This problem is easily solved by giving the examples of Athens and Sparta. In Sparta the cripples and weaklings were killed a few weeks after birth. As a result the armies of Sparta were the greatest fighting machines of the age and a great physical nation. Athens produced the finest intellectual race.

Weaklings have given us the greatest of ideas and some of the most wonderful work ever accomplished by man was performed by a cripple and persons who in their childhood were kept on earth only by the mother's love. They claim the person must be born right. Some of the greatest scientists, musicians and authors were weaklings.

"Too much thought is being given to sex problems. The theatres, newspapers, novels, and women's club are occupying themselves. We wonder what the result will be. The knowledge of sex proves a suggestion to the young people. It is most dangerous to them. There will be an increase in avart proportion. "There is a way of getting a better class of plays at the theaters, by refusing to attend the bad ones. You can be sure of the theaters. Three-fourths of the attendants at theaters are ladies. If they will refuse to attend these sex plays within two weeks there will be no more of them. The ugly sex problem plays will be no more if the good women will stay away. We may have good news papers by refusing to accept the bad ones.

"The child should not receive the knowledge of sex. They must be taught to deny and build up character. They do not want more knowledge of sex problems and suggestions but discipline. This is a new superstition among a certain class of people of the day, to teach them more about sin and they will be better. What we need now is discipline and self-denial among the young men and women. Strikes in the schools prove that discipline has been broken down by some social evil.

"The old generations were not too ignorant about the minds and bodies to look at and solve the problems in the proper way. We must encourage self-denial and discipline to properly solve the sex problems."

What art thou, O human life? Thou art the way of life and not life itself. We must traverse thee without dwelling in thee, no one dwells on a great road; we but march on through it to reach the country beyond.

Make The Teapot Test

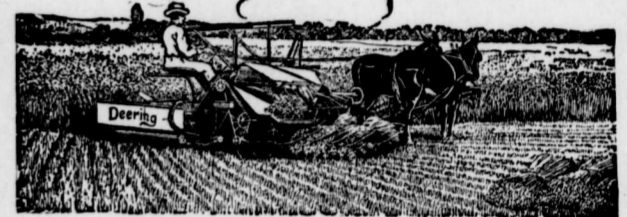
Put "SALADA" TEA in a warm teapot—pour on freshly boiled water—let stand for five minutes—and you will have the most delicious cup of tea you ever tasted.

"SALADA"

HAS THE FLAVOR! THE FRAGRANCE! THE DELICIOUSNESS that makes Ceylon Tea the beverage of delight. In sealed lead packages ONLY.

BLACK, GREEN or MIXED

Deering New Ideal A Money Saving Binder



THESE Deering binder features appeal to the farmer. The elevator, open at the rear, delivers the grain properly to the binding attachment. Because the elevator projects ahead of the knife it delivers grain to the binder deck straight. A third packer reaches up close to the top of the elevator and delivers the grain to the other two packers. A third discharge arm keeps the bound sheaves free from unbound grain.

The T-shaped cutter bar is almost level with the bottom of the platform and allows the machine to be tilted close to the ground to pick up down and tangled grain without pushing trash in front of the knife. Either smooth section or serrated knives can be used. The Deering knottor surely needs no recommendation.

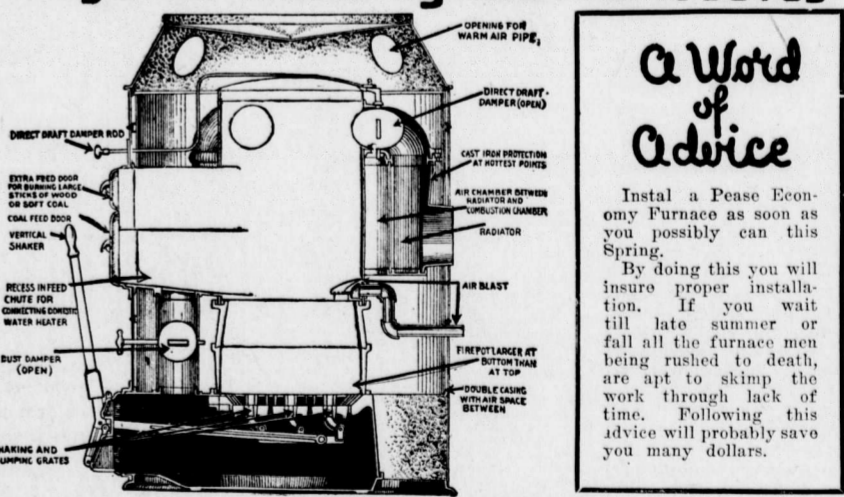
The Deering local agent will show why Deering New Ideal binders are the standard of binder construction. See him, or, write to the nearest branch house for a catalogue.

International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd

Hamilton, Ont. London, Ont. Montreal, Que. Ottawa, Ont. Quebec, P. Q. St. John, N. B. These machines are built at Hamilton, Ont.

Pease "ECONOMY" 700 SERIES FURNACE

Pays for itself by the Coal it saves



A Word of Advice

Install a Pease Economy Furnace as soon as you possibly can this Spring. By doing this you will insure proper installation. If you wait till late summer or fall all the furnace men being rushed to death, are apt to skip the work through lack of time. Following this advice will probably save you many dollars.

MANY NEW FEATURES

For 36 years the Pease Furnace has led in Furnace construction, but our new "700 Series" Furnace is even an "improvement on the best." The heat radiator is now constructed of Copper Bearing steel that enables it to resist the corrosive action of gases, and makes a "Pease" Furnace last from two to three times as long as those in which just ordinary steel is used. The large clean-out doors enable one to clean out the furnace in a few minutes—at any time, whether the fire is going or not. Provision is made for installing a Domestic Water Heater that can be put in this new Pease Furnace at any time without taking the furnace apart or drilling holes. The Domestic Water Heater provides hot water for the house, heated by the furnace rather than by the kitchen range. The new fire-pot is a vast improvement over the ordinary kind, and is built in two sections to insure long wear and to provide against all dangers of cracking. It is so shaped, as to get 50% more efficiency out of the fire. This furnace has more air space between the Dome and the outer casing than any other furnace. This makes it possible to supply a large quantity of moderately warm air instead of a small quantity of parched hot air. This new Pease furnace will give the greatest amount of heat at the smallest cost of upkeep. Truly "IT PAYS FOR ITSELF BY THE COAL IT SAVES." This winter particularly the month of February, has been a great advertisement for Pease furnaces. They give a summer temperature in zero weather. Install your new furnace as early as possible this summer. Let us give you quotations and advice. We have a special department of heating experts which will be glad to advise you without any cost or obligation whatsoever. But don't put it off till the last minute—do it early so as to get a proper installation. Write us to-day for our free booklet, or see our local Agents.

PEASE FOUNDRY COMPANY, TORONTO, ONT. Works: Brampton, Ont. Branches: Hamilton, Winnipeg and Vancouver, 1322

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The Mop that gives satisfaction. Ask your neighbor! Above all things else the Cedar Mop Polish.

Is indispensable as the house-cleaning season approaches. Gets at all the hard-to-get-at places and save a spell of back-aches and other physical trials. Keeps the hardwood floors in good condition.

O. Cedar Mops and O. Cedar Chemically Prepared Dusters from your dealer.

Channell Chemical Co. LIMITED
369 Sorauren Ave., TORONTO, Ont.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE MASS

When I recall my first impression of the Mass—if in my bewilderment I can be said to have received any impressions whatever—I assure myself that the majority of Protestants and unbelievers, who look coldly or curiously upon the altar, are as little mindful of the sacred significance and as unworthy as I was. Oh, the loss of these! Do we not see in the gravity of the celebrant as he bears the chalice to the altar, Our Lord entering the garden of Gethsemane? It is the first scene in the mystical drama and every breath is hushed. The Divine One is burdened with a foreknowledge of His doom. He kneels in the garden; we kneel with Him, and are to follow Him, step by step to the end. At the Concoffer He has fallen upon His face, bathed in the sweat of His blood. He is betrayed with a kiss, led away captive, grievously smitten and denied. The celebrant turns to us at the Dominus Vobiscum, and in his glance we see the conversion of Peter. Our Lord is led before Pontius Pilate. He is spoiled of His garments—at the unveiling of the chalice—scourged and crowned with thorns. Pilate washes his hands of the crime, and at the moment the celebrant moistens his fingers. "Behold the man!" cries Pilate, and the voice from the altar pleads, "Orates, Frates." At the Preface we hear the warning bell. The awful progress of the tragedy is watched in breathless silence; only from the organ loft comes the wail of the singers. The bell rings; He is condemned to death and made to bear the cross while His brow is wiped off with the handkerchief of Veronica, and the effigy of the sorrowful face is retained forever. He is nailed to the cross, and at the elevation of the Host, while the chiming bells mark every posture of the celebrant at the altar; while the torch-bearers gather about, the smoking censurers are swung aloft, the flowers scattered upon the air, and, if it be a military Mass, the whole body silently present arms while the devout kneelers bow their heads and beat their breasts in contrition. Lo! the cry is raised on high. A moment later the elevated chalice seems to catch the water and the blood that seem to gush from the riven heart of Him who died for us. In moments, which follow, He is praying for the world: He is merciful to the penitent thief. He thirsts and He utters the seven words upon the cross. (Here the Pater Noster is loudly chanted.) He dies. He descends into hell; and at the Agnus Dei, while the bells chime again, there is the conversion of many at the cross. In Communion we commemorate His burial. His resurrection follows, and He appears to His Disciples at the "Dominus Vobiscum." The last collect is a memory of His forty days with the Disciples; the last "Dominus Vobiscum" of His glorious Ascension; and with the benediction descends the Holy Ghost. O marvelous Sacrament! mysterious, mystical! O never-failing source of joy! What a privation is theirs, who having once known Thee, are parted from Thee. How do they survive who trust not in Thee, and who seek Thee and know Thee not?—Charles Warren Stoddard.

NO SUCH HOUSE

A Catholic gentleman traveling out of St. Louis sends The Church Progress from Chicago a sample of one of the very latest diabolical tricks of A. P. Alism. It is a product, of course, of the scurvy foundry at Aurora, Mo.

The sample is a copy of a sticker seen on a billboard in the above city. The text reads: "Priests, Attention! If your revenues are running low, why not have a relic of some saint in your church; it is the best money making scheme ever thought of; always pay big money."

"We will supply these bones as follows, any quantity; St. Anne, \$5.00; St. Anthony, \$4.50; St. Rita, \$4.00; Jesus Christ 10c. Catholic Supply House—St. Louis."

Christian people of every description should feel as deeply shocked over this display of bigotry as Catholics at whom it is aimed. It plainly discloses in the last item mentioned that these emissaries of hell would blot out all religions if such a thing were possible.

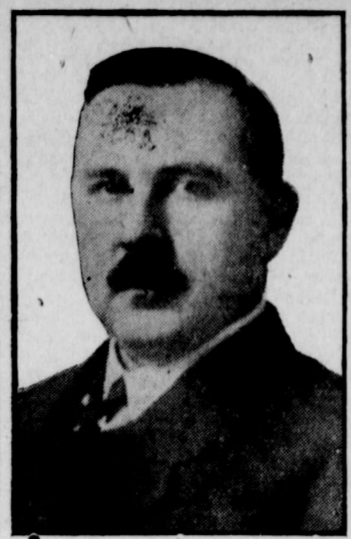
Of course, there are many Protestants who will see at once through the dastardly trick. But it is also

true that there are many who will not. For the benefit of the latter, as well as all who do not know otherwise, it may be well to extend the positive assurance that there is no such firm or house in St. Louis as the Catholic Supply House.—Church Progress.

HIS LORDSHIP'S ENGAGEMENTS

His Lordship the Right Reverend Bishop of London will administer the Sacrament of Confirmation as follows:

May 21, 7:30 p. m., Woodstock.
May 22, 10 a. m., Ingersoll.
May 24, 10 a. m., Cathedral.
May 24, 3:30 p. m., St. Martin's.
May 24, 7:30 p. m., St. Mary's.
May 25, 7:30 p. m., Chatham.
May 27, 7:30 p. m., Immaculate Conception, Stratford.
May 29, 10 a. m., Courtright.
May 30, 10 a. m., Port Lambton.
May 31, 10 a. m., Sarnia.
May 31, 4 p. m., Mount Forest.
May 31, 7:30 p. m., Petrolia.
June 1, 10 a. m., Strathroy.
June 1, 7:30 p. m., Parkhill.
June 2, 10 a. m., Mount Carmel.
June 3, 10 a. m., Zurich.
June 3, 4 p. m., Drysdale.
June 4, 10 a. m., Clinton.
June 4, 7:30 p. m., Blyth.
June 7, 7:30 p. m., St. Michael's, London.
June 13, 10 a. m., St. Augustine.
June 14, 10 a. m., Kingsbridge.
June 14, 7:30 p. m., Wingham.
June 15, 10 a. m., Brussels.
June 15, 7:30 p. m., Seaforth.
June 16, 10 a. m., Logan.
June 17, 10 a. m., Hesseon.
June 18, 10 a. m., Kinkora.
June 21, 10 a. m., St. Patrick's, London.
June 21, 7:30 p. m., West Lorne.
June 22, 10 a. m., Ridgeway.
June 22, 7:30 p. m., Prairie Siding.
June 23, 10 a. m., Paicoung.
June 23, 3 p. m., Big Point.
June 23, 7:30 p. m., Raleigh.
June 24, 10 a. m., Tilbury.
June 24, 4 p. m., Stony Point.
June 24, 7:30 p. m., Ruscom River.
June 25, 10 a. m., Belle River.
June 25, 7:30 p. m., Woodside.
June 26, 10 a. m., Staples.
June 26, 7:30 p. m., Maidstone.
June 27, 10 a. m., McGregor.
June 27, 7:30 p. m., Tecumseh.
June 28, 10 a. m., Amherstburg.
June 28, 4 p. m., Canard River.
June 29, 10 a. m., Thamesville.
June 29, 3 p. m., Bothwell.
July 4, 10 a. m., Simcoe.
July 5, 10 a. m., Tillsonburg and Norwich.



Mr. A. E. Carrigan, vice-president of the Capital Trust Corporation, Limited, who sailed April 21 on the Lusitania for London, England. He will complete the business connections of the corporation in England and will also visit France and Belgium for the same purpose before he returns to Ottawa.

tones of the leaded glass which throws a mellow light through the perpendicular tracery of the windows.

Looking through the beautifully stenciled arch to the sanctuary in a smoky greyish green, which lends a striking contrast and background for the richly carved Italian marble altar and windows forming the central feature of the chapel, the lines are in perfect conformity with the rest of the interior architecture. The exterior treatment has been designed so as to harmonize as far as possible with the adjoining buildings of the convent, making a pleasing composition.

The sanctuary lamp of fine workmanship and highly artistic design is the gift of Right Rev. Monsignor Mato, V. C., and by the brilliant rays reflected from its golden surface adds lustre to the dwelling place of the Eucharistic King.

It may be of interest to add that the bell which has called the Sisters to prayer for more than thirty years, now transferred from the old to the new chapel, once pealed forth the hour of the day at Dundurn Castle.

The little town of Kearney, on the Grand Trunk Railway to the west of us noted for the thrift and enterprise of its people and possessing natural surroundings of surpassing beauty, is making rapid strides on the road of progress, and unless all signs fail will in the near future become a live manufacturing centre. The Canada Pine and Lumber Co., with headquarters at Kearney, have fully three hundred men at work in their different camps, their pay rolls totalling at least \$10,000 monthly. The great Lumber Co., are about to add a single mill to their already large lumber business, and a new firm is establishing to go extensively into the manufacture of laths, baskets, chair bottoms, etc. The Leader is advised from a most reliable source that a first class opening for a mercantile business awaits at Kearney for a capable and steady man, and only a comparatively small amount of capital would be required. There are \$200 worth of goods in stock which are pronounced first class. These can also be purchased a good business first class. With an implement trade in addition. Any of our readers desiring further information may address Box 77, Kearney, Ont.

Borrowed refinement can no more conceal its true character than can the leopard change its spots. That which is not natural can never successfully deceive.

TEACHERS WANTED

CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED, HOLDING first or second class certificate, for school No. 7, Rochester. Duties to commence as soon as possible. Salary \$150 per annum. Address John Byrne, Sec., South Woodside, Ont. 1856-2

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Undertakers and Embalmers
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Write for literature on Diabetes.
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DETAILS OF THE Typewriting Contests

Held in conjunction with the Annual Business Show at the Arena, Toronto
April 25th and 27th 1914

INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP

| Name | Machine | HALF HOUR Total Words | Net Words Per Minute |
|-------------------|-----------|-----------------------|----------------------|
| Margaret B. Owen | Underwood | 3,928 | 126 |
| Rose L. Fritz | Underwood | 3,864 | 122 |
| Bessie Friedman | Underwood | 3,805 | 122 |
| Emil Trefzger | Underwood | 3,704 | 120 |
| Wm. E. Oswald | Underwood | 3,725 | 119 |
| Rose Bloom | Underwood | 3,742 | 117 |
| G. Trefzger | Underwood | 3,648 | 116 |
| Parker C. Woodson | Remington | 3,626 | 111 |
| Harold H. Smith | Remington | 3,583 | 102 |
| E. G. Wiese | Remington | 3,607 | 95 |

CANADIAN CHAMPIONSHIP

| Name | Machine | HALF HOUR Total Words | Net Words Per Minute |
|-----------------|-----------|-----------------------|----------------------|
| Fred Jarrett | Underwood | 3,444 | 105 |
| Corinne Bourdon | Underwood | 3,288 | 95 |
| P. J. Cowan | Underwood | 3,879 | 81 |
| Nellie Haskell | Underwood | 2,985 | 74 |
| Mary Tharrett | Underwood | 2,266 | 57 |
| Thos. Veziina | Underwood | 2,350 | 58 |
| Reta Odium | Underwood | 1,695 | 41 |

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