

The Catholic Record.

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

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IMPARTIAL JUDGES

Many notable writers and publicists have dilated upon modes of government, but few of them could be reckoned impartial judges. The whole school of materialists, before and after Hobbes, takes for granted the inability of mankind generally to look after their own affairs; consequently rulers by exclusive right were necessary to the very existence of a State. Thus Caesar and his imitators founded their rule upon force and craft. Successful rebellions usually started among their military chiefs, Napoleon being the great modern instance of triumphant army leadership. Yet he could truly avow that as an alternative a military despotism was a failure. "I am not so fortunate as Gengis Khan," he said, "each of whose sons rivalled the other in zeal for his service: no sooner do I create a king than he thinks himself such by the grace of God." Machiavelli's detestable doctrine has widely prevailed. "When the safety of his country is the question, a good citizen will not be stayed or diverted by any consideration of justice or injustice, benevolence or cruelty, glory or dishonor. The one essential, paramount object, in comparison with which all else is as nothing, is to make sure of his country's liberty and independence." President Wilson's declaration affirms the sanctity of treaties founded upon the fundamental moral law. No selfish claim to power could compare with the safety and welfare of self-respecting peoples, desiring to live and let live. Patriotism is only a virtue when it aims at the common happiness; when it becomes a covetous passion it is like a vice of cumulative destructiveness to the guiltless and guilty alike.

After all, Democracy rests on a foundation of integrity as between governors and governed. The words of Alexander Pope only hit off one practical aspect of lawful rule—that "form of government which is best administered is best," when it possesses the confidence of the nation at large. Efficiency is of the greatest value when it does not need to be backed by physical force.

Government, to be stable and just, must spring from and lean upon the sense of right which is the deepest element in the national consciousness. This surely is what was meant by the ancient saying, Vox populi vox Dei.

We are aware that these lofty abstract levels are not easily reached by the average man. Let us, then, recall some of the traditions by means of which the mass of simple folk have been induced to leave their affairs to be looked after by those in authority. Charlemagne and his paladins, Siegfried and the Niebelungs, Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table represent the strong and capable leaders, men of heroic mould, whose vigor saved their countries from anarchy. Their brave deeds and sacrifices established order, made law respected, and laid the foundation of social and political civilization. The ballads and romances of early ages exalt such pioneers, crediting them with heaven born virtues which sealed them as chosen to rule by divine right. These mailed heroes were by no means particular as to the methods they adopted to establish their power. Court and camp exhibited strange contrasts of behaviour. Blithe and debonair among the ladies, they could be ruthless when their will was crossed. Chaucer's gentlemen were followed by those Elizabethans who wielded both sword and pen; famous in love and in war, they became the titular leaders of society—indeed had they been equal to so great a calling they might not have suffered eclipse as they have done in these complex and exacting days.

Do these few facts imply that a complete reversal of the existing order, with its semi-feudal survivals, offers a sound basis for government? Is social salvation to be found among the revolutionary parties who swear by Karl Marx or any of the prophets of an era which shall see the downfall of organized authority—the substitution of rule by popular clamour? Out of leaden instincts can golden virtues be magically evoked? Such an Earthly Paradise is not to be extemporised. The New Jerusalem must be reflected in human hearts before it can be materialised in society at large. Not after such a fashion are truth and happiness to be "in widest commonality spread." But of that long-desired consummation of humanity's struggles we have no direct commission to prophesy. This we may venture to predict—only as the wisest and best yield themselves up to the service of their fellows with singleness of purpose, obeying an imperative call and renouncing all selfish designs in the interests of the whole, can power be safeguarded, haunting terrors banished, and life raised to its full and supreme dignity. In that day men will understand how this War has been instrumental in making "the world safe for Democracy." Its awful cost, its limitless sacrifice of life and temporal good, its spiritual agonies borne with a dumb patience or a quickened faith, will be justified in the blazing light of a redemption such as the storied past has never known through the fading symbols of a vanishing world.

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IRELAND'S ULTIMATE OPPORTUNITY

DOMINION HOME RULE

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT TELLS ENGLAND SOME VITAL TRUTHS

London (Eng.) Times, April 15

To the Editor of The Times:

Sir—You are still opening your columns to all who are seriously trying to disentangle the Irish situation, notwithstanding the prevailing belief that nothing can be done now. If proof of urgency be needed, it will surely be supplied when, on Tuesday of this week, the Lord Chancellor introduces a measure in the House of Lords to compensate military and civil officers and their dependents if they are injured or killed in the task of upholding the existing régime. Considerations, however, of a much deeper and more far-reaching character move me to send you some thoughts upon the subject from a point of view at once deeply interested and yet comparatively detached.

I have differed widely from the majority of my fellow countrymen upon three political issues. (1) I felt and said that, no matter what our grievances against Britain might have been, we should go into the War to our last man, though I knew well the formidable case which could be made for demanding first a political settlement in accordance with the principles for which we were fighting. At the beginning of the War a large number of Irish Nationalists, mostly dead, acted as I felt. (2) While I hold that an Irish settlement is an essential foundation of a lasting peace, I do not think the Peace Conference can be relied upon to settle it. Such a body might, for example, favor partition in an unthinkably form. (3) I believe in a much wider measure of self-government than might formerly have sufficed, but not in an Irish Republic.

Do not, therefore, presume to speak for my countrymen; but life-long relations with them at home and abroad justify me in speaking frankly to them, or to others about them, in moments of national crisis.

I have exercised this privilege lately in America without, so far as I know, having done harm even to myself. In London, before I sailed, I have been assured by those whose duty it was to know outside opinion that the Irish failure to follow the United States enthusiastically into the War had completely changed the American attitude to our national demand. I knew it had done so to some extent, but I expected to find—and did find—that, on a review of all the circumstances, the major part of the blame was placed upon the shoulders of the British Government. If upon the main issue American opinion has changed, it is only that it has been driven by the closely-watched course of British government in Ireland during the War into sympathy with extreme Irish opinion and its new demand. This latest swing of American opinion is, I am convinced, quite open to reconsideration; and not until something definite and irrevocable is done, in proof of good faith, towards an Irish settlement. And I assert emphatically that not only is the Irish question more active in the domestic politics of the United States than at any time since the early 'eighties," but that it is also a dominant factor in their foreign policy. It is felt that in the Peace settlement, President Wilson's principles must be applied to the Irish case.

On my way home I spent last week in London. I found the common atti-

tude towards Ireland one of cultivated indifference. The problem being obviously incapable of solution, the less thought or said about it the better! But, while I was there, there was an Irish debate on the motion of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who tried to make the House realize the urgent importance of removing American doubts of British sincerity—the inevitable consequence of the present Irish situation. A new Chief Secretary had to put before a new Parliament and an expectant world the latest British policy for my country. In his speech I have no doubt he quite accurately reflected the official mood. He did not speak until near the end of the sitting, nor approach the vital question of the Government's intentions until near the end of his speech. "I know, he then said, I am expected to say a few words about general Irish policy." The words were few, as he had only two things to say. "The first was that:—'No outside authority can interfere with us by intervention or otherwise in the solution of our own Irish problem.'" In other words, "Hands off, America!" Then he heralded "the solution of our own Irish problem." "No steps," said Mr. Macpherson, "can safely be taken by the Government to alter the present system of government," on account of the lawless condition of the country, which he proposed to deal firmly. Of all the declarations of Irish policy in my life it was both the most familiar and yet, in the circumstances of the time, the most amazing. The rest of the speech was a catalogue of outrages—presumably to demonstrate the safety of leaving things as they are—with the final avowal that "a generous settlement" of the problem was "never more pressing than today!"

Let me take the Chief Secretary's two points in order. When I said above that it is felt in America that, in the peace settlement, President Wilson's principles must be applied to the Irish case, I did not mean to suggest that the American delegates would themselves raise the matter in Paris—it would be very helpful if they could do so, but I can quite understand they cannot. What I had in mind was the paramount importance of friendly cooperation between the democracies of the United States and of the British Empire. I have personal knowledge of the extreme injury which is done to these relations by keeping open the Irish sore. Moreover, if President Wilson's world policy means anything, it is that the public opinion of the world is in future to support the rule of right rather than the rule of force, and that it may be focused even upon internal questions where this principle seems to be contravened.

I pass now to Mr. Macpherson's second point. I returned to Ireland, where, since I left its shores, a Republic has been set up alongside of the Castle. So far the two have not come into more than verbal conflict. Throughout the country grave symptoms of unrest are almost universal, and there are sporadic outrages which Sinn Féin cannot desire and the Government cannot control. Meanwhile, there is the inevitable demand for more coercion, and more troops to back it. I still meet old Unionists who confidently assert that nothing is required but firm and consistent government to end the present political agitation. They cite the agrarian agitation of a generation ago, which died down, albeit after a longer drawn out agony than would be tolerated now by the British people. These optimists forget one half of their precedent. British statesmen, beginning with Gladstone and ending with Wyndham conceded the whole of the agrarian demand. In the present case none of the political demand has been conceded unless the creation of an Irish Parliament and its instrument in the Statute-book can be called a concession. At best, we have been asked what we would like not to get. In the result those of us who are striving to concentrate the best thought of Ireland upon the problems of reconstruction, against the time when representative and responsible government can be set up, are paralysed. Unless an immediate settlement is reached the country will shortly become ungovernable either by England or by Ireland itself.

I realize that I must not raise my voice in protest against leaving things as they are without saying very definitely what I think ought to be done, and why it should be done now. I know that every postponement of the inevitable reform makes its enactment and operation more difficult; and the successive postponements during the War were exasperating. Often, half in jest, in the last quarter of a century I have said that nothing but a world war would settle the Irish question, and when that calamity befell I did think that some reality was going to be given to the phrase, "the one bright spot." The opportunity came in April of last year, when the Coalition Government and the Ulster Unionist leaders together threw it away. Let there be drift, said Sir Edward Carson, and there was drift.

It was a bitter disappointment to all who worked for an Irish settlement during the War. It could then have been based not upon necessity but upon good will. I decline to abandon the hope that such a settlement may yet be within the resources of British statesmanship. A year ago the penultimate opportunity was lost; in my view the ultimate opportunity is now ripe. It may be heard those who persist in this great endeavour if I point out that the peace value of an Irish settlement may be vastly greater than any possible war effect it might have had. So let me, in conclusion, state what I believe to be the most hopeful path for those who have the statesmanship to follow it.

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A year ago an Irish Parliament might have been set up with all the powers granted by the Act, and with any reasonable safeguards demanded by Ulster. The further powers demanded by the majority in Ireland could have been postponed, without prejudice, for consideration after the War, when the mere fact of North and South having come together in the War might have made a settlement by consent immeasurably easier. As things are now, it is useless to offer a restricted form of self-government. Ireland must be given the status of a self-governing Dominion. Upon the strategic questions raised by the proximity of the two islands the Peace Conference in being, and the League of Nations to come, will make it easy to avoid conflict between British and Irish opinion. The Convention was clear and unanimous upon the necessities of Imperial defence as long as there is any Empire. As to fear of a hostile fiscal policy in Ireland, my own belief is that a contented self-governing Ireland would at once enter into commercial arrangements with Great Britain which would be tantamount in practice to the present system of Free Trade.

I will not say that the course to be followed in the ultimate settlement, which every sane man must desire to bring about at the earliest possible moment, is a choice of evils; but I admit it is a choice of difficulties. The direction of the greatest difficulty, and certainly of the greatest resistance, is leaving things as they are. The most hopeful course is to give to the Irish people as nearly as they are asking for, in practice, the interests of that people (which I personally believe are almost identical with the interests of the other peoples in the British Isles) permit. Partition, in the only thinkable form of county option, I believe to be neither desirable, nor anywhere in Ireland desired. I admit fully the claim of part of Ulster to special consideration based on the difference of its economic life from that of the rest of Ireland. Within the scope of a Dominion there is ample room for provincial rights; but, if one thing has been made clear by all that has happened in the recent attempts to deal with the Irish problem, it is that, while there may be many solutions, there is but one Ireland.

Your obedient servant,
HORACE PLUNKETT,
Kiltaragh, Foxrock, Co. Dublin, Apr. 15.

THE LITTLE FLOWER

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF HER INTERVENTION IN BELGIUM

Catholic Press Association

London, April 4.—A remarkable instance of the intervention of the Little Flower is related in pursuance of a promise, by the Abbot of the Premonstratensians at Leffe, Belgium. It will be remembered that one of the most terrible episodes of the fighting on the Meuse was the sack of the charming little town of Dinant, near which the abbey stands. German soldiers entered the abbey, and drove within it some two thousand men and women, of whom they chose promiscuously sixty men, and shot them in the courtyard. The other refugees they left in the abbey, of which they made an exhaustive search, threatening the Fathers with death if they did not disclose their treasure, and finally dragging them away for six weeks in captivity.

Now the Fathers had disposed all the vestments, altar linen, and what valuables they had in a box, in the cellar of the abbey. During the search this box, which had no lock, was struck by the guns of the soldiers more than once. It was also left to the discretion of the nondescript crowd during the absence of the Fathers. Within it they had placed a relic of Soeur Thérèse, and commended its contents to her protection. When some of the Fathers returned six weeks later they found the box and its contents intact.

BOLSHEVISM THE NEW NAME FOR SOCIALISM

MARXIAN PRINCIPLES APPLIED WITH RIGID LOGIC

DR. RYAN EXPOSES SOCIALISTIC AUTOCRACY

(By John A. Ryan, D. D., of the Catholic University in The Catholic Charities Review.)

The Nation has rendered an important service to the American public by publishing (December 29) the Declaration of Rights by the Bolshevist Government of Russia, and a week later the new Russian Constitution. Inasmuch as Bolshevism is merely Marxian Socialism in its most logical and extreme form, we should expect a body of organic law made by it to be the last word of reckless radicalism. Our expectations are fully realized in these two documents, which have been formally adopted as the fundamental law of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic.

In chapter two of the constitution, "all private property in land is abolished, and the entire land is declared to be national property and is to be apportioned among husbandmen without any compensation to former owners, in the measure of each one's ability to till it."

Taken as a whole, this is sheer robbery. Let us make all due allowance for the injustice that vitiated a large proportion of the titles to Russian, as to English and Irish land in the past; let us admit that possibly the majority of the present owners have inherited it from men or purchased it from the heirs of men, who took it by force and conquest; still we must remember that most of them have a good right to their land as well as the great majority of owners of any kind of property.

In the long period that has elapsed since the original acts of spoliation, the titles of the Russian landowners have become morally valid through prescription and other circumstances. Why have these factors made the claims of the present owners legitimate? Simply because this is on the whole a reasonable arrangement for human welfare, individual and social. From the viewpoint of human welfare, prescription is as reasonable a title as purchase, or gift or inheritance. If the new Government with the long name wishes to transfer the ownership of the land of Russia to itself, it can honestly do so only through compensation to the present owners. In those cases in which the title of the present proprietors is vitiated by fraud or any other form of injustice, compensation would properly be assessed accordingly; but the device of universal confiscation means that all property titles will be put in jeopardy. Indeed, that is exactly what these ultra-logical Socialists of Russia desire to accomplish.

The same chapter of the constitution annuls and repudiates all loans obtained by the government of the Czar, and also those made by landowners and business men. The millions of persons, both within and without the borders of the Russian empire, as well as all persons who lost money to a landowner or a director of industry, are at a stroke of the pen deprived of any hope of getting back their money during the life of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic. The immediate effect of this measure is of course, to relieve the taxpayers and the private borrowers of the burden imposed by these debts, but its effect upon the persons who have provided the money is quite different. Apparently their welfare is not of equal importance with the welfare of the debtors. It is a very simple theory and it is not new in human practice, but it has never before been deliberately adopted by a political government.

The Declaration of Rights includes this decree: "Inheritance, whether by law or by will, is abolished. After the death of an owner, the property which belonged to him, whether movable or immovable, becomes the property of the government of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic." When a man dies, therefore, the Government takes possession not only of his house, his factory, or his store, but of his household furniture, his watch and his trousers.

The two documents under consideration contain many other curiosities of systematic plunder in the name of law, but their general trend and spirit are sufficiently indicated by the foregoing examples.

Turning from the economic to the political sphere, we find the constitution declaring that there shall be "universal military training"; that "all soldiers be armed, . . . and that the compelled class be disarmed"; that "a dictatorship of the urban and rural proletariat be established in the present transition period"; that only "the toiling masses can hold a position in any branch of the Soviet Government"; and that right to vote or be voted for shall not be exercised by "persons who employ hired labor in order to obtain from it an increase in profits; persons who have an income without doing any work, such as interest from capital, receipts from property, etc.; private merchants, trade and commercial brokers;

monks and clergy of all denominations" (chapter two, four, five and thirteen). This is all orthodox and logical Socialism. The owners of private capital or business of any kind must, by all effective means, be dislodged from this position and converted into government wage earners. When that process has been completed, they may have all the political rights of the great body of the proletariat. When the last of the private capitalists and exploiters has been thus regenerated, it may be safe to dispense with universal military training and to decide political issues by a majority vote. Until that condition is securely established the Government must be that of a "dictatorship," and the democratic theory of government by the majority cannot be suffered to operate. We all know that the Bolshevists were only a minority of the Russian Constitutional Assembly, and that they overthrew the Kerensky government merely because they had the requisite physical power. One of their English apologists, Mr. Arthur Ransome, admitted this a few months ago in the New Republic, and defended it on the ground that the Bolshevists were the more active and vital element of the assembly. Lenin himself is quite frank and explicit on this point: "Just as 150,000 lordly landowners under Czarism dominated the 10,000,000 of Russian peasants, so 200,000 members of the Bolshevist party are imposing their proletarian will on the mass, but this time in the interest of the latter."

Obviously this is the principle of pure autocracy. The man who denies the democratic principle of majority rule always assumes that a select few, or an individual, possess certain superior qualifications, or harbors certain benevolent intentions, which give the minority a moral right to override the majority. The late German Kaiser, and every other monarchical autocrat in history, defended his position and his despotism on precisely this principle. Whatever else the present Russian Government may be, it is certainly not democratic. It is aristocratic and autocratic.

The scientific formula concerning the equality of action and reaction is curiously illustrated in the section on qualifications for the franchise. For centuries the nobility and the propertied classes denied the right of political suffrage to the workers. Today the proletarian rulers of Russia retaliate by imposing a like disability upon the dislodged dominant classes. In so doing they have not "bettered the instruction" received from their late masters; they have kept strictly within its limits. If the makers of the new Russian Constitution had a sense of humor, which we know they have not, they should derive considerable amusement from this franchise restriction.

The frequent assertion of Socialists that their doctrine and system are not hostile to religion or the family, receives a rather damaging interpretation in the Bolshevist Declaration of Rights. While freedom of religious profession and worship is promised, the Church is separated from the State, and the school from the Church. While "citizens may teach and study religion privately" they may not impart religious instruction "in either public or private educational institutions in which general subjects are taught." No church may compel its members by any sort of penalty to contribute to its support, nor own property, nor have the rights of a juridical person. Only civil marriages are recognized by law, and "marriage is annulled by the petition of both parties, or even one of them." Comment would be superfluous.

Fantastic and unjust as are the economic and political provisions considered above, they are the inevitable reaction from the oppressive rule of Russian autocracy during many centuries. This, however, is an explanation, not a justification. The principles of the Bolshevist Government show that it is quite as anti-democratic, quite as autocratic, as ever was the Government of the Hohenzollerns. Did it seriously threaten to attack, whether by arms or by propaganda, the social and political systems of other countries, the democratic nations of the world would have exactly the same right and duty forcibly to abolish it that they had to put an end to the autocracy of Prussia. The only previous question to be decided would be that of expediency. As things are, the use of force by the other nations does not seem to be expedient. Leaving aside the dangerous probability that the soldiers of the Allied armies would refuse to enter upon such an enterprise, we can take refuge in the practical certainty that the resources of a sane and democratic diplomacy, combined with the latent common sense of the masses of Russia and the inherent folly and stupidity of their present masters, will within a few months bring about the downfall of the monstrous political edifice of Bolshevism.

What good is there in friendship and love if they bring not to friends and lovers increase of faith and hope, and of wisdom and joy?

CATHOLIC NOTES

The past year, says the Buffalo Union and Times, marked the death or consolidation of 1954 papers and the launching of 776 new enterprises.

Right Rev. Dr. Browne, Bishop of Cloyne, Ireland, announces that the building of the Cathedral at Queenstown has been completed, and that the consecration and dedication ceremony will be held in August.

A beautiful old Brussels tapestry of the Renaissance period, enriched with gold, "The Resurrection of Our Lord," which is said to have been designed by Giulio Romano, Raphael's most distinguished pupil, was sold in New York recently for \$14,000.

Verner Z. Reed, a multi-millionaire philanthropist, who as a non-Catholic proved one of the most generous friends of the Catholic Church ever known in America, was received into the Church at Coronado Beach, Cal., before his death Sunday evening, April 20.

The Process of Beatification of the Venerable John Nepomucene Neumann, C. S. S. R., says the Catholic Transcript, was taken up recently by the congregation of Sacred Rites. The Venerable Neumann, a native of Bohemia, was at one time Bishop of Philadelphia. He died in 1860.

Pope Benedict on April 14 received in special audience Senor Olyntho de Magalhães, who presented his credentials as Brazilian ambassador to the Holy See, the legation there having been raised recently to the rank of embassy. Ambassador de Magalhães has been Brazilian minister to France.

There is a movement on foot in Venice to restore the Chapel of the Rosary, built in memory of the Battle of Lepanto and partially destroyed in the aerial attacks on the city during the War. It is proposed that this work should be undertaken as a thanks offering for the present victory of the Italian arms.

The Rev. Michael O'Dwyer, Albany Diocese, who has been a student in the Academi of Noble Ecclesiastics, Rome, for the past three years, has left that city for London en route for the United States. Father O'Dwyer was at one time editor of "Donahoe's Magazine" and afterwards a successful lawyer of Boston. He was fifty-nine years old when ordained.

Rome, May 1.—On Monday, there took place, at the Dominican Church of Minerva, the consecration, as Bishop of Myriophytos, of Rev. Father Couturier, of the English Dominican province, who was the first Apostolic visitor to Egypt and, for three years Principal Chaplain in Egypt. The consecrating prelate was Cardinal Van Rossum and the co-consecrators were Archbishop Cerruti; Paval Under Secretary of State, and Archbishop Sardi, Assessor of the Sacred Congregation of the Consistory.

Rome, May 1.—No official utterance has been made by the Holy See regarding the present critical situation, existing by reason of the departure of the Italian delegates from the Paris Peace conference, on account of the Adriatic dispute; the only recent document issued by the Vatican being a letter written by the Holy Father to the Franciscans across the Adriatic, urging them to practice and inculcate moderation, in both language and action, when feeling is apt to run high.

In payment of a debt of gratitude to the asylum in which he found a haven and where he was reared and educated Peter Dominici, who was killed in France in the Battle of the Argonne, September 28th, gave one-third of his estate to the St. Paul's R. C. Orphan Asylum at Pittsburgh. That he made a success of life after he left the institution is evidenced by the amount of his estate, which is estimated to be worth more than \$12,000. This is disclosed in his will, filed for probate in Pittsburgh.

Five bells, taken from the churches of Colmar during the War by the Germans, have been found in Frankfurt and will be returned to their old places. Four of the bells were from the Church of St. Martin, while the fifth was the great bell from the Church of St. Joseph. Valuable treasures stolen from the museum have been found in Munich, where they were taken by Bavarian soldiers. The treasures include the painting of the "Madonna in an arbor of Roses," by Sebongauer, and the painted wings of the famous altar at Isenheim.

During the year 1918 there were four losses to the Sacred College; Cardinal Serafini, Martinielli, Farley and Tonti. There are at present sixty cardinals and two reserved in pectore. Thirty-one are Italians; twenty-nine non-Italians. Thirteen are of the Pontificate of Leo XIII.; thirty-two of Pius X.; fifteen of Benedict XV. Cardinal Gibbons is the second on the list in point of entry into the Sacred College and of age, Cardinal Netto being first in the former category, Cardinal de Cabrières in the latter.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FABER CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED

"Phillips," said he, laying his hand on the other's arm, "my hesitation surprises and perhaps displeases you, does it not? But you will understand and believe me when I say that I have all a father's concern for that young creature who has come to us. Her father was one of my dearest friends; but apart from that, her orphan state, her youth, her limited means, all appeal to my instincts as a man and a father, and I have the same interest in her welfare that I would wish any friend of mine to have in that of my daughters were they similarly placed. The accident that threw you and me together three years ago abroad discovered at that time sufficient of your character to win as warm an esteem as perhaps I have ever given to any one outside of my family, and all that I have seen of you subsequently has but increased that regard." Phillips bowed. Tiltotson continued: "That regard was enhanced by the confidence with which you honored me. But—there was a woman's hesitation, during which the speaker's eyes looked searchingly into those of the listener—'are you sure that this marriage which you desire will be for your happiness? Forgive me if I speak very plain. Are you sure that it is because you love Miss Brower you would marry her, and not because you would complete the revenge you have already partially taken?'"

"I shall be as frank with you, Tiltotson, as you have been with me. It is to gratify both passions—love and revenge. I love Miss Brower as I have loved but once before in my life, and I would cut off, by marrying her, the last hope which may dwell in a proud and obdurate heart. He began to be strangely agitated. Tiltotson also became agitated. "Phillips," said he, "have you weighed all the consequences of this unhappy passion, revenge; and have you been even just to the object you would so ruthlessly crush? Have you never gone back to the years that preceded that unhappy event, and been touched and softened by their story of affection? Perhaps it needs but one word from you to break down even now the wall between you."

Phillips rose from his chair. "Tiltotson, would you counsel me to such degradation. Where is your spirit as a man and a father?" "But," said Tiltotson, rising also, and speaking quickly, "there may have been no opportunity for the other party to make overtures, your whereabouts being unknown." Phillips answered, fiercely: "Rodney is always a means of communication. Speak no more, Tiltotson, on this subject; it wrings my heart, and that already has sustained more shocks than it long will be capable of enduring."

He looked rightfully pale as he spoke, and pressed his hand to his side. "My decision is made," he continued. "I shall marry Miss Brower if she will accept my hand and if you, her sole protector, do not interpose, with a smile and a bow, and I shall, even before the marriage rite takes place, make my will in her favor; everything shall be left to her except a few trifling bequests." Tiltotson replied: "Your fortune is so large, will it not be sufficient to settle a magnificent income upon Helen, and reserve the bulk of your wealth for other purposes? You may repent when too late, perhaps, of a decision you are so passionately insisting upon."

"Never!" and there was a fierceness in the tones that betrayed an implacable spirit. "And further, I shall annex a condition to the will that my widow, should my wife become such, is to possess my wealth only so long as she refuses to aid by one cent that—she hesitated as if seeking a word—"other party. The moment that she gives to that person a tithe of my wealth, that moment she ceases to own my fortune. It will revert in that case to your family." "My family! Phillips, are you mad! My family does not need it." "Let them endow some charitable institution with it if they find it superfluous, but on no pretext is my wife to possess a dollar of it should she disobey my wishes. Do we fully understand each other now? and have I your permission to press my suit for Miss Brower's hand? I do not think that I shall make an unkind husband."

"Nor I, Phillips; and believe me that there is no one to whom I would give her more willingly—no one to whom I would give more willingly Mary or Annette; only, that for your own sake I wish this unpleasantness of the past were wiped out." "Since it cannot be, we shall forget it. And now, Tiltotson, do you think that Helen—Miss Brower—should she favor my suit, could be induced to have the ceremony performed soon—in fact, on the very day of that of your own daughters? You know my reason for wishing to hasten it; indeed, my premonitions are very sharp sometimes, and again he pressed his hand upon his side. Tiltotson shook his head. "I fear to give you my opinion upon that point it is such a delicate one, particularly at this time when she is mourning the loss of her father; he is not dead six months yet."

"And yet I must press the matter," said Phillips, "if only to secure my own peace of mind." He placed his arm through that of Tiltotson, and together they left the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mildred Burchill came home from school one afternoon in a much more thoughtful mood than usual, and with strange abstraction, instead of immediately seeking her mother, as it was her habit to do, she entered the parlor and, seating herself on the first convenient chair, covered her face with her hand and appeared to be deeply thinking. She had evidently supposed the room to be unoccupied, and a first cursory sight would justify her supposition; but a second and more careful look would have revealed Barbara Balk's skimpily-dressed form in a corner reading, and almost entirely hidden by the half of the curtain and casement, which, opening into the room, stood as a sort of shield before her. She looked up from her book on the entrance of Mildred, and watched the latter with the glance of a basilisk.

Suddenly there were quick little steps on the piazza, and a fat, round, freckled face surrounded by an uncombed mass of thick red hair, thrust itself in at the casement beside which Miss Balk sat. She started up in some dismay, and the dirty, fattened child to whom the freckled face belonged, equally frightened at finding a live being where she expected nothing but the open casement, fell inward, striking against Barbara's toes, and putting a rent in Barbara's silk dress.

"You filthy, nasty little brat! how dare you come into any person's house that way?" And Barbara's shrill and angry tones would have given fear to a stouter heart than the poor, little, dirty mite, who had picked herself up and was saying, with her fists in her eyes: "Please, ma'am, I didn't go for to do it. I—"

But Miss Balk's wrath would suffer no explanation. "Don't tell me that, you good-for-nothing imp. Don't—!" This time she was interrupted by Mildred, who comprehending the scene at last darted forward and caught the child's hand.

"Were you looking for me, Maggie?" "Yes, ma'am,"—sobbing as if her heart would break—"Mamma sent me for you. Poppy's home from the factory, and there's awful times there. Come right away, please, Miss Burchill," and both little chubby, dirty fists were clinging to the friendly hand of Mildred.

You see, Miss Balk, the child really meant no harm. She saw me through the casement, I suppose, and thought it the surest and quickest way to reach me. I am sorry she has torn your dress, but you will surely not continue to hold anger against my little friend for that."

All this from Miss Burchill while her frank eyes looked full into the flaming eyes before her. "Your friends,"—with a sarcastic accent on the latter word—"I presume, are too sure of their privileges to care about my anger."

This from Barbara, while, with one hand covering the rent made in her dress, she stalked from the room stiffer and grimmer than ever. Mildred was indignant and more annoyed than she cared to acknowledge even to herself. The emphasis on the word friends, and the hidden meaning evidently implied in the whole sentence, made her feel as if she had received some bitter insult; but for the sake of her mother, who seemed really foolishly afraid of offending Miss Balk, she would endure it. Besides, two months of Barbara's stay had expired, and in four months more her sojourn with them would end.

Having informed her mother of the summons which had come for her, Miss Burchill accompanied little Maggie to a part of the village which comprised the poor, and, in many cases, dirty abodes of the poorest people of Eastbury; people who lived from hand to mouth, and who, to purchase brief oblivion of their condition, frequently spent on liquor that which should have given food to their families. The dwellings in many cases were rude shanties, and in some of these a broken window, or a door half off its hinges, or the neglected state of the little plot of ground surrounding, told the story of drunken indolence. Mildred conducted Mildred, though it was evident from Mildred's manner the place was not unfamiliar to her. As she entered a woman with a baby in her arms started up from a low seat in a corner of the room. Though poor and plain, well-nigh to the last degree of poverty, the apartment was very clean, and the poor, hollow-eyed creature who met the girl bore evidence of neatness in her dress.

"May God reward you, Miss Burchill, for coming. I'm in sore distress this time." The sleeping baby in her arms was stirring, and she paused to kiss and soothe it. Miss Burchill waited with that expression of tender sympathy in her face which is of itself more sometimes than a gift would be.

Mr. Robinson, you see, has been cutting down the wages again, and Dick got into one of his tantrums, and said he'd stand it no longer. He said he was flesh and blood, and not a stone to be stepped on that way; that he wouldn't have stood it so long only for Mr. Thurston. And so he's been stirring up the other hands with his speeches, and yesterday Mr. Robinson discharged Dick, and sure we'll starve all together now—"

She paused to let her tears have way, and they trickled on the face of the sleeping babe.

"That was all when he had the drop in," she resumed. "If he had kept sober he wouldn't have gone to the extremes he did; but it was the drink that fired him to it, and he's so reckless since his discharge that he thinks of nothing but making the hands agree to a strike, and I'm afraid he'll do it, for they're to have a meeting tonight at Roney's Hall, and perhaps it will all bring bad work."

She stopped again to soothe the half-wakened baby, and Mildred gravely reflected on what she had heard. "I sent for you, Miss Burchill, thinking that, as Mr. Thurston boarded in your house, you might speak a word to him for Dick," and the tearful eyes were fastened with resistless entreaty on the face of her listener.

"Everybody knows that Mr. Thurston is everything with Robinson, and I think Dick would be content to go back even at the reduction, for he knows we'll starve if he don't; and he cried himself last night when he was sober and we were all talking the matter over together. Will you speak for him, Miss Burchill?" "Certainly, if you think it will do any good. But the fact that Mr. Thurston boards with us gives me no right to ask a favor from him; indeed, I seldom speak for him."

"No matter for that, dear; but ask him."

And Mildred, on her homeward way, was full of the thought as to how she would approach Mr. Thurston. After supper she found or rather made, an opportunity. Way-laying him in the little passage, much as Miss Balk had done on a former occasion, she asked his permission to speak to him, then she led the way to the parlor, secretly thankful that Miss Balk was on the piazza, where, if she saw them, she must do through the open casement should she turn her head, she was at least far enough away not to hear their conversation. In a low tone, and in her own brief, simple, candid way she stated the facts.

Gerald looked very grave. "This man for whom you are interceding," he said, "is as low a tone as she had used, is really a very formidable character to us in the factory just now, because of the influence which he exerts over his fellow-workmen both by his generous disposition and his talents as a speaker; almost without education he can stir men up by his uncouth eloquence as many cultivated orators are unable to do, and for these reasons it is safer to have him out of the factory. I allow that the reduction in the men's wages was hard; God knows, their pay was scanty enough before; but their master is a close one, and heggars, you know, can't be choosers."

There had succeeded to the look of pity which came into his eyes when he spoke of the men's wages a half-playful expression, but it only lasted an instant; he was saying, as gravely as before: "You have given me valuable information, Miss Burchill. I felt that the hands would take some concerted action, but I did not know how soon nor where would be their place of meeting. 'Roney's Hall' you say? I shall be there; and now you may assure this poor Mrs. Hogan that I shall do all in my power to have her husband reinstated."

"Thank you," and one fair slender hand was extended to him, while the glow of pleasure on Miss Burchill's face showed how earnest was her gratitude. They turned to leave the room, and were met by Miss Balk's spare form standing in the open casement. Gerald could have shot himself for starting as he did; but, to the shame of his manhood he spoke, the sight of Barbara always gave him a shiver, and Mildred was very angry with herself for coloring so violently; but Barbara, with a haughty, scornful glance at both, as if they were unworthy of any but her contemptuous attention, passed into the room, where were kept the choice books of the household.

CHAPTER IX.

Phillips sought Helen at the close of his interview with Tiltotson; she felt his presence even before she saw him, and stopping suddenly in some vicious remark to Annette, she blushed and trembled visibly. But the amused Annette only smiled the more significantly; she fancied she understood Miss Brower's emotion, she had impulsively repeated Mr. Phillips' last remark to herself, and though during the whole evening the young lady thought Helen strangely agitated, she was not disposed to question or criticize her emotion. Through Helen's mind wild thoughts of immediate flight were speeding, but Mr. Phillips had reached her, and while Annette gracefully withdrew, he was saying: "Miss Brower, will you accord me a few minutes now in the library?" She bowed assent, she could not speak if she had tried—and she turned and followed him.

In the library he drew forward for her a chair so recently occupied by Tiltotson, and standing before her told in a rapid, impassioned way his love, and his desire for a speedy marriage. His vehemence produced a strange awe in her; she shivered as if with an ague, and her eyes, which were fastened upon his face, had the terrified stare of some hunted animal; he perceived it and became concerned and remorseful. Bending to her, he

took her hand; it was like marble in his hot grasp.

"Forgive me, Helen. I have frightened you by my impetuosity; but when a man's heart is stirred as mine is, his feelings too easily carry him away. And I have suffered so keenly in the past; one day perhaps you shall know, and then you will understand and pity me."

A low cry broke from her blanched lips, and she snatched her hand from him and covered her face with it, for not quite three months ago had not Gerald Thurston spoken those very words to her?

Phillips, utterly unsuspecting, and only chiding himself for being too abrupt with one so sensitive, was saying, in an agony of remorse: "My darling, I shall say no more to cause you such agitation; only look up, and tell me that you forgive me; in my haste I forgot how delicately sensitive you are."

He had drawn her hand from her face, and, waiting a moment as if to be sure that her agitation would take no worse form than the intense pallor that rather added to than detracted from her beauty, he resumed: "I have been proceeding, Helen, like an insane man. I do not yet know that you will accept my hand, and yet I have built my hopes alone on the encouragement which you have given me. Your manner certainly evinced that my attentions were agreeable to you; were they not, you would have made me understand that fact before this late moment. As an honorable woman you must have done so."

The last impulse to act honorably on Helen's part died at these words. How could she tell that stern and yet impetuous man that she who had permitted and received his attentions was all the time the betrothed of another? She could not meet the scorn and wrath which she felt would be sure to follow such an avowal; she thrust back the earnest, manly face that rose to upbraid her, and sat up rigidly to hear the remainder of that passionate declaration.

Phillips continued: "Once before, Helen, have I loved, but not with the strength of affection which I seem to have for you. Of course, you are aware that I am a widower,—a childless widower. There was a slightly perceptible accent of bitterness on the next to the last word, but the fair listener did not perceive it. "Though so much older than you, as to be more father than husband, I shall be both. Helen. All my wealth shall be yours, and your life shall be replete with every gratification that my love or my means can procure for you. Do you accept, Helen? Will you be mine?" His eyes were burning into hers, his hot, hard-drawn breath fanning her face.

For answer she placed her hands in his, and then she bowed her head, and sought desperately to shut out the vision of Thurston's face. Phillips circled her with his arm.

"My darling, my own! And now there is but one thing more,—the naming of the day. You will allow our marriage to take place with that of Mary and Annette?" "I could not! Oh please don't ask me that, I could not marry so soon; indeed I could not."

A flood of tears accompanied her last words. "My poor affectionate child," said Phillips, "you hesitate, I suppose, on account of the recent death of your father. I do not blame you; indeed, it but enhances my regard for you. But, my little Helen, I am too impetuous a lover to defer for very long my claim to you even in consideration to your filial affection, and I think your father, could he speak from his grave, would not object to see his little girl provided for even so soon as six months after his death. Since, however, you feel it so keenly, I shall give you the grace of an additional three months, allowing nine months to elapse from the death of your father. Will that suffice?"

Her tears ceased. "Thank you, Mr. Phillips; that will do." In her mind were all sorts of whirlings thoughts about this three months' respite. Something might happen, something must happen, to prevent the consummation of her horrible treachery to Gerald.

He led her from the library directly to Mrs. Tiltotson, and in an intimately quiet and graceful way made the good lady acquainted with the relation which he now held to her young guest. Then, leaving the latter to be folded in an embrace so tender that tears of remorse for the deceitful part she was acting sprang to her eyes, he sought Mr. Tiltotson. Mrs. Tiltotson said to the fair girl she was holding so closely to her breast: "I congratulate you my dear girl. You will have a husband worthy of you, and one who will place you in a position you are so well fitted to adorn."

The last words quieted Helen's emotion, for they brought up the old fondly indulged-in visions of wealth, elegant dress, fashionable society, and all the luxuries which her inconstant heart so craved. She looked up from the bosom where she had buried her face, and that still retained traces of her recent remorseful tears, and assumed a manner so expressive of happiness, and at the same time so modest, that during the rest of the evening, when congratulations from the different members of the family warmly poured upon her, and Phillips after he had announced his engagement to Tiltotson, seemed unable to remain a moment from her side, she charmed more than ever those who had taken her so unsuspectingly to their hearts.

Later however, in her own room, there came fiercely enough to her the torturing thoughts which flattering attention and music and mirth had kept at bay so successfully during the earlier part of the evening; regardless now of what Jennie might think at being dismissed so soon, she sent her from the room, and cried more unhappy and bitter tears than she had shed in her whole life.

"Mr. Phillips forced me into this engagement," she said aloud, in answer to the sharp upbraiding of conscience, "and I shall not be false to Gerald. I'll run away, I'll do something before I'll marry Mr. Phillips. Poor Gerald! I'll write to him this very night, and he'll think I'm wonderfully good to write again so soon; it is only two days since I wrote to him before. But then my letters have been shamefully short. Well, I'll make up for them by writing him a good long loving one now."

She rose to get her writing materials, pausing on the way to draw from her bosom a slender chain to which would have swung a small gold heart; a light touch opened it and revealed the manly face of Thurston.

She pressed it to her lips, and when she was seated at her desk she unclasped the chain from her neck, and placed the open locket where she could look at it from time to time while she wrote.

And all this she told to Gerald in her letter,—how his picture looked up to her while she penned passionate words of affection which she would have sworn came from her heart, and page after page was filled with a nervous rapidity that astonished herself. But the bulky packet when at last it lay sealed and addressed, was as innocent of Mr. Phillips' name as had been all her previous letters.

TO BE CONTINUED ROGER'S BIT

The man in the crumpled chair outside the library window let the paper drop from his hands on to the flagged terrace. It was dated August 5, 1914, and in it he had been reading the official announcement of England's declaration of war on Germany the preceding day—a declaration he had known to be a foregone conclusion from the moment the Germans had crossed the Belgian frontier.

Roger Bethune was alone. For the moment there was no necessity to school his face in its habitual cheery optimism, and it grew strained and white as with haggard eyes he gazed out over the gardens and park—the boundaries of which for many a long day had not been crossed by him.

Five years previously, Cyril, his younger and only brother, had fully insisted, against his father's strict injunctions, on riding to house a nervous and excitable mare, and he would undoubtedly on that day have ended his short and no means irreproachable career at the bottom of a chalk-pit but for the prompt action of Roger Bethune, who with fine, if reckless, horsemanship had in the very nick of time jockeyed the runaway horse out of its course and all but lost his own life in the ghastly fall from which he had saved his brother.

He had been a keen and promising young soldier, but six months later he had perforce to send in his papers, for when surgery and science had both done their utmost he was still left entirely dependent on crutches and the service of others.

His father, a delicate man whose every ambition had been centered in his eldest son, never recovered from the shock of the tragedy and died within a year; so the duty of managing through an agent a large estate, of comforting a broken-hearted mother, and of acting for the space of four years as guardian to a wild and headstrong brother all devolved on the man tortured by physical and mental suffering, who in the eyes of the world, at least, had lost everything which could make life worth the living.

A tall, white-haired woman stepped out of the library window. "Cyril has just telegraphed that he has got leave to run down for a few hours to say good-bye," she said, in a dull, level voice.

Roger made no answer. Stooping, she picked up the paper, and sitting down in a chair near him began absently to fold and refold it.

"Down-hearted, mother mine?" he asked at last. "Perhaps a little, dear," she answered, "but if I am, it is for you and not for myself."

"What a Spartan it is!" he said, smiling, "not content with parting with one son, she is grieving as being obliged to keep the other!"

"Roger," she asked presently, in a low voice, "will he make good?" "For a moment the man frowned and did not answer, then "Of course he will make good," he said, sturdily.

But Cyril's colonel was an old friend of Mrs. Bethune's, and both mother and son knew that the boy had only lately been warned that he had presumed overmuch. "He is charming and lovable," Mrs. Bethune went on, "but he has no character—and I'm afraid that morally he is a coward."

"But not physically," his brother put in hastily. Yet even as he said the words, the memory of a panic-stricken face on the edge of a chalk-pit flashed before his mind's eye—and belied the words.

Mrs. Bethune got up and stood for a moment with her hand on her son's shoulder: "Roger," she said, "I

know how rightly diffident you are about trespassing in other people's spiritual recesses, and," she added sadly, "I do not even know if Cyril possesses any. But talk to him today—let him see a little of the sorrow of your heart, a sorrow you try to hide even from your mother—and then—appeal to his affection, to his gratitude. Ask him, in your place, to make good the opportunities you have sacrificed to him."

Roger shook his head: "Cyril is no longer a boy, mother, and I cannot suggest gratitude to me as a motive for his doing his duty." "It would be wiser," she replied gravely, "than appealing to qualities he at present does not possess. Don't fail him now, Roger, through pride!"

And so it came about that late that afternoon, when Mrs. Bethune had left the brothers alone for a last talk, Cyril gained a clearer knowledge of the price at which his life had been prolonged.

"It's rotten luck," he had been saying moodily, "that England should have been dragged into this war, and between you and me, it's ten to one that we shall get a good licking for our pains. A fellow in my regiment spent long spells in Germany when his brother was attached in Berlin. What he doesn't know about their army the Germans don't know themselves, and he says it just gives him cold feet when he thinks of its efficiency and extraordinary organization."

"I don't for a moment allow the possibility of our going under," his brother replied, "but even if we do, it's better to persevere our honor in defeat than to lose it through an ignoble peace. Wouldn't you rather die for your country than live to be ashamed of it?"

"Oh, that's a copy-book platitude!" Cyril replied irritably. "Anyway, it's easy for you to talk!" Then, in a horrified voice, as his brother flushed hotly, "Good Lord, Roger, don't misunderstand me. The fact is I'm desperately in love, and I don't seem to make much headway—so it's hard to go away and leave the field open to a possible rival. That's what I meant!"

"That I have never had to turn my back on love!" Roger said. "Well, Cyril, I have had to, and not for a time only, but for always."

For a moment there was silence, then Cyril spoke: "It seems," he said bitterly, "that I succeeded even more completely than I imagined in wrecking your life." "No one can do that for one except one's self," his brother replied, "and even if I am a bit handicapped, you can make it up to me, old man, if you will."

"I will!" "Well," Roger continued, and though his voice was light, his face was grave, "just remember me glued to my chair, and do a bit for me, by associating me with all your hardships and with . . . all heroic deeds."

Cyril got up. "There's the car," he said and his voice shook a little. "I must go and say good-bye to the mater. Remember me at Mass," he added. "I'll do my best, old chap, and . . . I'll be there in mind."

An enemy attack, in the early hours of the morning, had isolated from their company in a foremost position a platoon sergeant and a young officer.

Wounded all, with the exception of the officer, they had fought desperately until the latter had given the signal of surrender; then, taken prisoners and dragged far back to the rear, they were placed in a dug out under ground.

"We're a lot of skunks" the sergeant cried furiously "to have parleyed with the swine,—that's what we are!"

"I've got it in the neck," a Tommy said, trying to staunch the blood, "but I'd rather have got it through my heart—that I would!"

"We hadn't the ghost of a chance," the young officer said sullenly. "We were hopelessly outnumbered."

"Well, we shan't have a ghost of a chance when the show's over," for when the sergeant remarked grimly, "for when our boys get a bit of their own back, and the Huns start running, they'll make short shrift of us."

"Cheer up," cried a Tommy with a shattered leg. "I'm game! I've no one to miss me, and I'd as soon be dead as a blooming cripple all my life!"

Cyril Bethune's white face stiffened, and a new fear drove for a moment even the fear of death from his heart. A cripple! What of the brother he had doomed to the fate the man held worse than death—the brother who had claimed a share in the life he had saved at such cost to himself? What would he have to offer him when they met again this side of the grave—or beyond? Nothing but a coward's portion, for a coward he had been from the first instant that morning, when at last his courage had been put to the test.

If every beat of his heart, every throbbing of his brain, had not proclaimed the fact, he would have read it in the averted looks of the men around him. As every incident of life is said to flash through the mind of a drowning man, so every weakness and failure on his part were made clear to Cyril Bethune, as the waters of despair threatened to engulf him.

Love of pleasure, self-indulgence, impatience of discipline and self-sufficiency—all had combined to make him faithless in small things, so what wonder now that under the crucial test he had failed again!

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MAY 17, 1919

A prisoner in a dug-out on the field of battle during the long hours which ensued, Cyril Bethune fought a more desperate battle even than the one raging in his soul.

"Sergeant!" he said at last, turning to the man near him, and doing the one thing he now could, "I'm out of place here. You're all brave men, but I—I've been a coward!"

"That's a plucky thing to say sir," the man rejoined, with quick generosity, "but never fear—you'll get another chance yet."

And even as he spoke, the distant roar grew nearer, and nearer—and suddenly above them, like a bursting dam, the enemy rolled back.

Furiously bombing trenches and dug-outs, the British infantry pressed hard on their heels—and then, just as a warning cheer broke from the group of prisoners, a grenade fell full in their midst.

Like lightning as it touched ground, Cyril Bethune leapt upon it with both feet. And so it was that when at last the stretcher-bearers arrived to do their work they found that for one man among that little company they had arrived too late.

"Sergeant!" he had gasped with breathless voice as the man knelt speechless beside him, "write home my first chance. . . I forgot! But tell them I got another, and that then . . . I did his bit!"—Thyra Creyke in Rosary Magazine.

IS FRANCE CATHOLIC?

The Peace Conference in Paris has a dark side as well as a bright side. The journalists who are here differ radically in their appraisement of the values of light and shade.

On the other hand, the discovery of France itself has been a source of never-failing delight. There might be some impatience saved if the Conference were held in Holland, say, but Paris is worth a delay in the mails.

In Catholic circles, for example, our Paris friends are delightfully introspective. They recognize that there may be church interests in other parts of the world, but all fields, however distant, are looked at through French glasses.

After the Armistice [said an experienced journalist, identified with the most conservative school of Catholic thought], there was a *Te Deum* service at Notre Dame. All the governments of the world were represented there, except the Government of France.

"There are many districts in France where the people are almost wholly Catholic. When an election comes along, one would expect a Catholic to be elected. What a stranger might find it difficult to comprehend is that in all these communities, the dominating political motive is a passionate devotion to the principle of equality—*egalite*.

way of temptation, for who knows when an unlooked for turn of the wheel of fortune might tempt them overmuch? Thus it comes about that in an electoral division when there are but a dozen non-Catholic families, a non-Catholic is sent to Paris. The clergy, also, are ticketed, in the minds of the people, as probable up-holders of the old tradition.

In this, and in its inconvenient consequences, the clergy are to some extent the victims of circumstances not of their own making. On my remarking to a friend in Paris in the opening days of the Peace Conference that France seemed to be as imperialistic as in the days of the Empire, his answer was:

"And could it be otherwise? This Republic is maintained upon the foundations upon which Napoleon based his Empire—a highly centralized police power. If a little orator attacks the Government in some far off corner of France, the police prefect reports the fact within three days to the bureau in Paris, and it is the bureau that rule France. It is Napoleon's system, but without Napoleon. The French worship Napoleon's genius, but they have learned by bitter experience to deny themselves the pleasure of putting heroes in the places of power. They insist upon mediocrity. However capable a public man may be, he must not become too popular on pain of being put aside. Out of this has grown the will, almost absolute in French public life, that a man counts for nothing unless he can surround himself with some sort of a group.

No member of the group will be allowed to extend unduly the area of his own influence, but if a few of the group combine for the furtherance of a designated cause their increased activity will be tolerated. There is Gabriel Hanotaux, for instance. Once he was a powerful Foreign Minister; then he ceased to count; then one day he became identified with the group France-America, and now he is a person of consequence again. He is neither more nor less able than he was, but he is identified with the French political unit, the group, and France can see him again. There are scores of these groups, and the antagonisms and affinities amongst them are innumerable."

On the other hand, the ability of the clergy to adapt themselves to the general conditions is limited by tradition. "Odd as you may think of it [commented a Catholic who knows his France from end to end], we have here no episcopacy. Oh, yes, we have Bishops, and some few who are very able Bishops, but their ability to act together in any large way is restricted by tradition. Their relation to the State did much to stifle their functions, especially in relation to one another. The best hope we see is in those who have been appointed since the State washed its hands of us, Bishops who from the very start have been thrown wholly upon their own resources, who have never contemplated any support but that of their people and who look to the Faithful only for support. Even they may sometimes find themselves powerless to make needed changes in the partition of dioceses. You will find an excellent priest in charge of a parish whose active membership has dwindled down to numbers so small that he cannot possibly be supported, yet any proposal to change the parish lines would be, and many times has been, resisted to the utmost. The boundaries of the parish are what they were in better days gone by; they must remain so to await better days to come.

Tradition, also, it would seem, circumscribes the influence of the priest. He knows and everybody knows, that the lay school has been chosen as the fighting ground against religion. He knows that the lay teacher is given a positive training as a priest baiter and is expected to carry on the war unremittingly. The priest, whose training is what it was before this annoyance developed, finds himself not equipped for such controversies, and is in a manner engaged in them. He falls back upon authority; then upon silence, finally upon whatever can be hoped for from example. The Church is rich in good works, and few have any idea of the vastness of the scope of religious and charitable organizations, but the good women who are leaders in these works and give of their time and means, do so because their mothers and grandmothers did the same thing in the same way. It is their inherited duty. It is the service to which they were called by birth. There are fine ladies who will spend hours at a cancer hospital in the day and who will appear untrifled in their salons at night. Their devotion is splendid. Yet if you were to point out to them a great void hitherto left unoccupied, show them those opportunities for social service among the working and middle classes which American Protestant organizations are seizing, you would frighten them. Such activity might involve contacts they could not contemplate, because, and only because, there was no tradition to sanction such contacts. Here you have, in fact, a mass of social tradition, inherited from the old royalist era, deeply influencing the Catholic body, operating to perpetuate what was beautiful and good in the old regime and at the same time interposing a barrier against undertakings which if entered upon, might

cause the Church to be regarded very differently by great masses of the French people, whose palpitating life seems at present to be almost hopelessly beyond the reach of the Church of its moral teaching, and of its social canons."

From which it would seem to follow that if the Republic is a survival of the Empire, tied down in leadership to a safe mediocrity, it carries also a very definite, if a somewhat embarrassing, legacy from royalist times. It is not for nothing that a country has a history of 2,000 years.

French Catholics have all these factors in mind when they answer the question which, coming from a stranger, interests them the most—"Is France Catholic?" Yes, they reply; there is a France that is Catholic. It can be recognized by all the manifestations which ordinarily disclose the action of the Church upon society. There are wide differences, no doubt, in the proportions of communities which can be set down as practising Catholics, but the tendency is towards improvement. There is participation by the Faithful in a great number of societies and undertakings, each inspired by a definitely religious purpose. A friend of mine saw in one room upwards of 5,000 beautiful vestments gathered from all over France, the gifts of French women to the pastors about to return to the devastated area. Ways have been found to enable labor and religion to support and sustain each other. Confraternities based upon frequentation of the sacraments permeate all ranks of society. France is still the prolific mother of the foreign missions of the world. In the time of the nation's trial, it is now conceded, it was the patient, God fearing peasantry whose simple fortitude based on faith saved France.

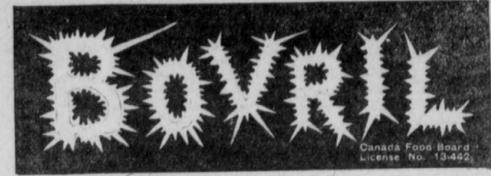
"Is France Catholic?" No, they reply; there is a France which is the despair of the Church, if the Church could concede despair, but the Church does not despair. It fights, not alone in the pulpits, on the lecture platform, with the "good theater," and the "good press," with the "good movie"—with a hundred secular agencies designed to challenge the corrupting influence of like agencies whose countenance is evil. If there is a widely-held opinion that the period of active persecution is about to end, there is the undeniable certainty that the spirit of Catholic France is more eager, more buoyant, more hopeful, now that the magnitude of its task has been made manifest, than in the days when too much was taken for granted. If the Church in France cannot be accurately described as a Church militant and there is at least a militant wing, and there is certainly no exaggeration in saying that this militant wing looks with confidence, not only for spiritual support but for practical comradeship and helpful counsel, to Catholic America.—J. C. Walsh, Staff Correspondent of America at the Peace Conference.

THE FICTION OF CIVILIZATION

These are days of reconstruction. They are also days of the repudiation of false ideals. Institutions have been built on foundations of sand, and the storms have come and swept away some of these structures of human ingenuity and made others evidently unsafe. Men are not quite so sure as they were that they can build anything which will endure. They are in a more humble frame of mind, at least, those who are capable of seeing aright and of profiting by what they see.

Out of the wreck and ruin of what was called European civilization the Church of Rome bids fair to be the only thing that will remain as it is going to endure. The end is not yet in sight. There is not a nation that is entirely secure. Out of the hearts of men thoughts are being revealed that none except the frivolous can disregard. We have all awakened to the realization that the thoughts of men are the supreme and final arbiters of human affairs. Governments and social institutions are the creatures of human thought. They may acquire an impetus in the course of time which lead us to mistake them for vital realities. We begin now to understand that they live after their creators have wished them to continue only until the force of the original impetus has been expended. Such a crisis as we are now passing through shows of what ephemeral stuff they are made.

If the thoughts of men are echoes of the thoughts of God, then and only then, will their creations endure. "Unless the Lord build the house, in vain do they labor who build it." The pride of builders other than those whom the Lord inspires is being made manifest. It will become yet more apparent when the folly of some present efforts will be demonstrated. It is too much to expect all men to see what the chosen people of God now see more clearly than ever. It is to be expected that the latest efforts of the arrogant should be feverishly desperate as they are hopelessly vain. So pride always strives against the inevitable. We cannot expect all men to acknowledge the wisdom of the Church of God even in such an hour as the present. We cannot expect all to recognize as hers the fragments of wisdom upon which some may stumble because they are driven to search for stable principles in a despairingly unstable world. We rejoice at every fragment that is discovered and embodied in the new structure which men must build.



THE MONTH OF MARY

It was at the beginning of the last century that this devotion of the Month of Mary sprang up in the Catholic Church; and the circumstances of its origin are most wonderful. A little child—scarcely come to the use of reason, on a beautiful evening in May, knelt down, and began to lip with childish voice the Litany of the Blessed Virgin before the Image of the Child in the arms of the Madonna in one of the streets of Rome. One little child in Rome, moved by an impulse that we cannot account for—apparently a childish freak—knelt down in the public streets and began saying the Litany that he heard sang in the church.

The next evening he was there again at the same hour, and began singing his little Litany again. Another little child, a little boy, on his passage, stooped, and began singing the responses. The next evening three or four other children came, apparently for amusement, and knelt before the same image of the Blessed Virgin and sang their Litany. After a time—after a few evenings—some pious women the mothers of the children, delighted to see the early piety of their sons and daughters, came along with them, and knelt down, and blended their voices in the neighboring church said: "Come in to the church, and I will light a few candles on the altar of the Blessed Virgin, and we will sing the Litany together." And so they went into the church; they lighted up the candles, and knelt, and there they sang the Litany. He spoke a few words to them of the Blessed Virgin, about her patience, about her Divine Son, and about the dutiful veneration in which she was held by her Son. From that hour the devotion of the month of Mary spread throughout the whole Catholic world; until within a few years, wherever there was a Catholic church, a Catholic altar, a Catholic priest, or a Catholic to hear and respond to the Litany, the month of May became the month of Mary, the month of devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Is not this wonderful? Is not this perfectly astonishing? How naturally the idea came home to the Catholic mind! With what love it has been kept up! With what love—with what instinct—it spread itself! How congenial it was to the soil saturated with the divine grace through the intelligence, as illumined by divine knowledge and divine faith.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

It is Christianity in what is called Christian civilization, which has made that civilization to be a dominant factor in the world's regeneration. The Protestant Reformation was a pestilential germ attacking the nucleus of Christian civilization. It "divided the Body of Christ" and would have extirpated, if anything could have done so, the vital principle of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It failed because that principle was of God and could not be destroyed by man. That vital principle continued in spite of dissenters, and the ancient gospel will become again, in days which seem to be at hand, the nucleus of a new Christian civilization.

No progress will be lasting that seeks to build upon other foundation than the gospel of Jesus Christ. In this supreme crisis every man must declare his allegiance to one or other of the contending forces, and no man can escape a declaration. We have already gotten far enough from the passions of war and from the perverted exaggerations of the various propaganda to believe no longer that the forces of the significance are arrayed along racial or national lines. Those who are solicitous for the human welfare must stop their race-bating and their nation-bating. They must align themselves with Christian men of every race whose eyes are fixed on the standard of Jesus Christ and whose souls are inspired by the gospel of Him through whom alone salvation can come.

Protestantism is beginning to be conscious of the wrong of "dividing the Body of Christ." It can hardly be expected to recognize its guilt at once because that guilt is not perceived with the average Protestant of today. Earnest Protestants love Christ and hope for the coming of His Kingdom. They are travelling on a "belt line" that goes round and round in the same old circle of human creeds. Passengers that never rode upon a "trunk line" may honestly think that the rattling equipment and stumbling service are the inevitable accompaniments of travel. They look for the New Jerusalem, even though they are on the wrong road. There is evidence, however, of a new light dawning upon the weary travelers. Many are feeling the loneliness and futility of their journeyings. These are praying that all who seek the Lord may come together for the journey, and by their united efforts bring the world into the way of salvation.

Kind words are the music of the world, and have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes, as if they were some angelic song, which had lost its way and come on earth, and sang on undyingly, smiling the hearts of men with deepest wounds, and putting an angel's nature in us. Truly, it is worth the water to acquire the right and find the opportunity of saying kind words. They cost us nothing, and yet how often do we grudge them.

It is the Church of God against the world, the flesh, and the devil. We can have no doubt of the ultimate victory, but what will be the price? Whatever it is, we must pay for there can be no lasting peace except that peace which the Lord alone can give. Only tragedy can come of listening to materialism, or utilitarianism, or ethical culture or any of the seven voices that claim to speak in the name of civilization. There is no such thing and never has been such a thing as civilization. Civilization is not a living thing or even a force for good except so far as it has received an impetus from religion and morality, whose channels have been the hearts of men and whose sources have been in the heavens. The living Church of God has been and she alone can be the mother of the highest civilization.—The Missionary.

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Ah! if we had the eyes of angels seeing our Lord Jesus Christ present on the altar and looking at us, how we should love Him! We should wish never more to be separated from Him; we should wish to remain always at His feet. This would be a foretaste of heaven; all the rest would become insipid to us.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1919

CATHOLICS AND THE BIBLE

That the Bible is the inspired Word of God is happily a belief common to Catholics and Protestants alike. Prescinding now from the fact that Protestants regard certain books of the Bible as apocryphal; prescinding also from the fact that many Protestant scholars, even doctors in Israel, have become so infected with German rationalism that for them the whole doctrine of inspiration is vitiated; still it is a matter for joy and gratitude to all Catholics to recognize that numberless sincere Protestants are united with them in that great fundamental truth, the inspiration of Holy Scriptures.

"My relations with the various Protestant ministers in town have been and are cordial and enduring. I have not been above learning from them in some matters of practical administration, and I like to think that my contact with them may have been conducive to the breaking down of a few of their inherited prejudices. In our discussions we most often take our stand upon opinions or doctrines held in common, rather than upon those about which we differ. I think no greater mistake has been made by Catholic controversialists than the drawing of the vicious distinction between the Catholic religion as true and Protestantism as false. The distinction really to be observed is between the Catholic religion as true and Protestantism as partly true. There is, as you perceive, a wide difference in the methods of attack. One, I fear, has served but to alienate further from the Church many good and sincere people; the other may be rendered capable of drawing many to her."

So little is this great and consoling truth emphasized that often non-Catholics are surprised to find that the teaching of the Catholic Church on the Word of God is even more explicit and definite than their own. It may be well to give here the dogmatic pronouncement of the Vatican Council (Sess. III, cap II.) on the inspiration of the Bible:

"These books are held by the Church as sacred and canonical, not as having been composed by merely human labor and afterwards approved by her authority, nor merely because they contain revelation without error, but because, written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they have God for their author, and have been transmitted to the Church as such."

And Leo XIII. in 1893, in his Encyclical on The Study of Holy Scripture, reaffirmed the constant teaching of the Catholic Church in the face of the pseudo-science of Higher Criticism and the ever-spreading German rationalism, in these words:

"The Holy Ghost Himself, by His supernatural power, stirred up and impelled the Biblical writers to write, and assisted them while writing in such a manner that they conceived in their minds exactly, and determined to commit to writing faithfully, and render in exact language, with infallible truth, all that God commanded and nothing else; with-out that, God would not be the author of Scripture in its entirety."

Nearly five hundred years ago the Council of Trent pronounced anathema against those who denied that the Bible and "every part thereof" was the inspired Word of God.

But even those Protestants who know that not only do Catholics believe that the Bible is the inspired

Word of God but who know, also, that the Church throws over the Holy Scriptures the irrefragable protection of Catholic dogma, still have the impression, sometimes the honest conviction, that Catholics are not allowed by the Church to read the Bible.

It is true that the Church as the divinely appointed guardian and interpreter of Holy Scripture has always forbidden the reading of misleading and erroneous versions of the Bible; nor can she allow any one, even with good-will and a desire to be accurate, to usurp her functions with regard to the written Word of God.

But it is strange that the fable about our being forbidden to read the Scriptures should have survived Leo XIII's public urging on all Catholics to read the Scriptures, and his granting an indulgence to those who for at least a quarter of an hour daily, read the Gospels. Nor is this a new departure in the practice of the Church.

The following Letter of His Holiness Pius Sixth, to the Most Rev. Anthony Martin, later Archbishop of Florence, on his Translation of the Holy Bible into Italian, shows the benefits which the Church considers the faithful may reap from their having the Holy Scriptures in their own language. This Letter until recently was used in the preface to the Catholic English version of the Bible; more recent publishers have substituted a preface of no particular value.

POPE PIUS THE SIXTH

Beloved Son, Health and Apostolical Benediction.

At a time that a vast number of bad books, which most grossly attack Catholic Religion, are circulated, even among the unlearned, to the great destruction of souls, you judge exceedingly well that the faithful should be excited to the reading of the Holy Scriptures. For these are the most abundant sources which ought to be left open to everyone, to draw from them purity of morals and of doctrine, to eradicate the errors which are so widely disseminated in these corrupt times: This you have reasonably effected, as you declare, by publishing the Sacred Writings in the language of your country, suitable to every one's capacity: especially when you show and set forth, that you have added explanatory notes, which being extracted from the Holy Fathers, preclude every possible danger of abuse: Thus you have not swerved either from the laws of the Congregation of the Index, or from the Constitution published on this subject by Benedict XIV. that immortal Pope, or predecessor in the Pontificate, and formerly, when We held a place near his person, our excellent Master in Ecclesiastical learning; circumstances which We mention as honorable to us. We therefore applaud your able and accurate application than to these Canadian proselytizers:

"We unto you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites; because you go round about sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is made you make him the child of hell twofold more than yourselves."

Hypocrites! Did any one ever conceive of such hypocrisy as the bogus masses of the Protestant (?) Ruthenian converts?

These people whose faith is destroyed, whose conscience is perverted, who have been taught that blasphemy, irreverence, hypocrisy and deception are enlightened and progressive ways of serving God, are not likely to stop at anything. So they make the utterly preposterous charges that Bishop Budka and his priests are inculcating Bolshevism! The Catholic Church as every one knows is the greatest support of lawful authority and the greatest bulwark against Bolshevism amongst Canada's foreign population. The would-be Ruthenian leaders know this better than any one else; so they would strike at the Shepherd of the flock, relying on insect-like and unreasoning prejudice to support their foul and baseless accusations.

Lieutenant R. Keyman, who appears to be a Ruthenian who did his full share during the War, sent to Mr. Mackie, M. P., a telegram which was not allowed to be read in the House falling general consent, which, though suggested by Mr. D. D. MacKenzie, M. P., leader of the Opposition, was not given.

Mr. Mackie subsequently gave the telegram to the Canadian press which was given space but no prominence in some of the papers:

"The Ukrainians are the only solid backbone behind Union Government in Canada. Charges against Bishop Budka same as in 1914. Conspiracy to get him out of Canada by a bunch of scoundrels. You know me for years and you may depend on my word. You know what I have accomplished for the British flag amongst Ukrainians in Canada and you may tell the Government that they can

interpretation of the school law be permitted. As a means of settling such disputes right reason and uniform human experience demand that tribunals of competent jurisdiction interpret the law, apply it to the facts of the case and settle the dispute.

With regard to disputes over property rights private judgment would allow as a divine right to each disputant to interpret the law in his own favor and pass on the quarrel to his children and his children's children. Reason, common sense and universal human experience have decided that this would be folly; competent tribunals decide the question. No where and at no time so far as knowledge or record of the human race goes back was the principle of private judgment applied to civil law. It is contrary to the common sense and common experience of mankind. No one but a fool or an anarchist would advocate this principle so far as civil law and order are concerned.

Human experience is quite as clear in its testimony that private judgment is the principle of anarchy in matters spiritual.

Our non-Catholic friends if they could rid themselves of preconceived notions and obfuscating prejudice would be compelled to admit that the Catholic principle of authoritative interpretation of the Bible is at least in accord with right reason and that the alternative principle of private judgment runs counter to the whole experience of the whole human race, and to the common consent of mankind.

THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST BISHOP BUDKA

To understand the preposterous charges against Ruthenian Catholics and Bishop Budka it may be useful and illuminating to recall the efforts of certain anti-Catholic zealots to proselytize these people some years ago. They actually seduced some young Ruthenians from the faith of their fathers and succeeded in instilling into them such diabolical hatred for the Catholic religion and such utter disregard for all considerations of truth and decency and reverence that they induced these young apostates to pose as priests and go through a blasphemous travesty of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, according to the Ruthenian rite, with the deliberate and utterly shameless intention of cruelly deceiving these simple Christians and finally seducing them from their faith. There were Presbyterians in Canada whose stomachs would not stand such nauseating zeal in the perversion of Ruthenian Catholics.

Never had the words of Christ a more apt and accurate application than to these Canadian proselytizers:

"We unto you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites; because you go round about sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is made you make him the child of hell twofold more than yourselves."

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rely upon Ukrainian element notwithstanding what an organized Camarilla may invent. Ukrainians all over Canada, calm and supporting all the measures of Union Government for reconstruction, not Mr. Ross, nor any other prevaricator can shake their confidences in Dominion Government. Tell straight to the House that Ross is lying."

It will take more than a gang of scoundrels with their aiders and abettors to get Bishop Budka out of Canada.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

CATHOLICS who read the daily papers will scarcely have failed to note that in respect to the agreement reached by the British and French Governments concerning the graves of our soldiers in France, the tombstone reproduced in illustration bears the good old Catholic prayer: "Have mercy upon him O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him." The inscription at the base of each stone will, it is true, be chosen by the relatives of the dead. It is nevertheless not without significance that the one chosen for illustration is as mentioned. Whatever effect the War may in the long run prove to have had upon religious belief in general it seems unquestioned that a great impetus has been given among non-Catholics to the holy and wholesome practice of prayers for the dead.

THE HIGH cost of butter is not due, authorities state, to any undue amount being placed in cold storage, but simply to the fact that the supply is not equal to the domestic and foreign demand. American dealers are said to be scouring Canada, especially in the West, and buying up all they can lay their hands on. At the same time the Weekly Bulletin of the Dominion Department of Trade and Commerce announces "a great opening for Canadian Butter in Japan," with prices ranging in that country from \$1.10 to \$1.35 per pound. This latter fact will doubtless be of immense interest to the cold-storage fraternity. In view of the high prices prevailing at home however, the much harassed Canadian housekeeper may well be pardoned if her prayers are directed to the narrowing rather than the widening of export facilities.

THE APPEAL of Professor Mavor of Toronto University to prevent the spoliation of the Doukhobors in the North West in respect to their lands should not be lost upon the Government of Canada. As pointed out by Professor Mavor these people came to Canada under express agreement with our Government that they were to be exempt from military service and have freedom to settle in villages and to ply their several occupations in peace. Both of these conditions were accepted by the Minister of the Interior and the first was embodied in an Order-in-Council. Lands were set apart for them, which on arrival they proceeded to occupy, and have since extensively improved. That, whatever their religious peculiarities or racial shortcomings they should now be deprived of their lands as they were expelled from their homelands in 1907 through a conspiracy of local tradesmen, farmers and politicians, Professor Mavor in an open letter to the Acting Premier, Sir Thomas White, rightly characterizes as "monstrous national crime."

THE PRIME MINISTER'S APOLOGIA

THE TIMES ON LLOYD GEORGE'S SPEECH

Mr. Lloyd George essayed yesterday to give the House of Commons some idea of the manner in which he has been directing the work of the British Delegation at the Peace Conference. He succeeded beyond expectation and, probably, far beyond his own intention. One of his fellow-members of the British Delegation said recently that, in the Council of Ten, Mr. Lloyd George had spoken "in his best Parliamentary style." This he has often done—notably when he rejected the unanimous report of the Conference Commission on the frontiers of Poland, and when he subsequently denounced the distinguished French wagers who had ventured to criticize his attitude. Yesterday's performance in the House of Commons was by no means inferior in point of dignity, tact, wisdom, and truthfulness to some of his oratorical exploits in Paris. How greatly they have contributed to hasten the making of that stern and righteous peace for which the Allied peoples yearn, those who heard him yesterday and those who read him today will readily imagine. A fortnight since, the position and prospects of the Conference were so dark, partly, though by no means entirely, as a result of his tactics, that the keen alarm felt by many of his fellow-delegates—British, Allied, and Associated—found expression in the public press, and particularly in The Times. Moved by these and other signs of the acute danger that threatened the cause of peace, some four hundred members of the House of Commons expressed their anxiety in a telegram to Mr. Lloyd George. Its effect was immediate. He rallied quickly to the support of the just demands of France, and began, as our Political Correspondents in Paris observed, "to keep a straight bat and to play a straight game." The sender of the telegram therefore deserve the thanks of the nation. As far as The Times is concerned, it received yesterday from the lips of Mr. Lloyd George the kind of thanks, which, in its long record of public service, it has learned to most appreciate, since it is the kind least open to any suspicion of flattering intention. But this feature of the Prime Minister's speech was, despite the prominence he sought to give it, the least interesting. Of far greater moment were

his references to matters that directly concern the making of the peace, and the stability when made. Of these matters British and Allied policy in regard to Russia stands foremost. Grave and complicated as the issue undoubtedly is, Mr. Lloyd George handled it in thoroughly "Parliamentary" fashion. He insisted upon the truism that "there is no Russia," but showed no appreciation of the truths that there is a Russian people, and that, next to the conclusion of a satisfactory peace, the greatest interest of the Allied and Associated nations and the "acid test" of their fidelity to Wilsonian principle is that the Russian people shall be helped on to its feet. He made great play with the idea of "a conquest of Russia"—as though there had ever been any serious question in any serious quarter of forming a huge Allied army to "conquer Russia." There has been a question, and there is a question, of helping patriotic Russians to help themselves, of not denying their assistance and encouragement, and of not disheartening them or driving them in despair, into the arms of Germany, by ill digested improvisations like the Prinkipo proposal. The best that can be said of this part of the Prime Minister's oration is that it was disingenuous. Nor does his declaration that there has never been any question of recognizing the Bolshevik Government appear to have been made without a mental reservation. It may be literally true that a definite proposal to recognize Lenin and Trotsky has never been formally discussed or put forward in the Council of Four, or the Council of Five; but he would be a hardy prevaricator who should maintain that the idea of giving some form of recognition to the Bolsheviks as the de facto Government of Russia has not been assiduously discussed by the leading delegates in Paris, and has not been strongly advocated by interested parties. If it was abandoned, or shelved, before it could complete the moral discomfiture of the friends of the Allies in Russia and of the small nations "living on the slopes of the Bolshevik volcano," the result was due in part to the resistance of the French Government and in part to the prompt publicity that has aroused the Prime Minister's resentment. The policy of supporting the dwellers on the slopes of the "volcano," which Mr. Lloyd George announced, may do something to check "the flow of the lava," if it be adhered to and vigorously carried out. But it is accompanied by deplorable and short-sighted "Parliamentary" statements to the effect that we would rather see Russia Bolshevik than Britain bankrupt or by belated apologies for the Prinkipo proposal, its value may be counteracted and its success jeopardized.

In no portion of the Prime Minister's apologia did the weakness of his case stand more clearly revealed than in his references to the great complexity of the problems with which the Conference has to deal. There had, he said, nearly been a quarrel between two Allied peoples over "Teschen." "How many members of this House ever heard of Teschen?" he asked. Everybody has heard of it who knows the later history of Maria Theresa, of Frederick II, and of Catherine II.; everybody who knows the origin of Russian influence in Germany, or who knows the beginnings of the French Revolutionary War. Mr. Lloyd George evidently judges the knowledge of members of Parliament by the standard of his own. However much they may appreciate the compliment, they are not the responsible delegates of the British Government at the Peace Conference. If Mr. Lloyd George, of whom it is currently said by his colleagues in Paris that while he is able to read and write he does neither, had studied the excellent memoranda prepared months ago for the enlightenment of Allied Delegates by the Polish and Czech-Slovak experts, he would have known that the great mineral wealth of Teschen makes the question, in its way, as important as that of the Basin of the Sarre. Had he further consulted the columns of The Times in years gone by, he might have learned of the great properties formerly possessed at Teschen by the Archduke Frederick, the wealthiest of Austro-Hungarian Archdukes, and of their sale to a great armaments firm. But he apparently cares for none of these things. Strong in his ignorance of other aspects of the Polish question, that are, at least, indirectly connected with the Teschen issue, he made bold to reject the unanimous report of the Conference experts on Poland and went far by his attitude to weaken the spirit of the Polish people in their struggle against Bolshevism. Now he has learned from Mr. Paderevski that the Poles are anti-Bolshevik. Did he not know it before his treatment of the Danzig question rendered M. Paderevski's gallant fight against Bolshevism almost hopeless? The truth is that Parliamentary politicians like Mr. Lloyd George ought not to have wasted weeks at the beginning of the Conference by setting themselves down at the Quai d'Orsay as a sort of elementary school addressing primary instruction in European politics and geography, instead of appointing from the outset expert commissions to solve political and geographical problems in the light of the general principles governing the Peace which the Conference leaders alone were competent to lay down.

Toward the end of his oratio pro domo sua the British Prime Minister alluded to the thrill of pleasure he

had felt when the English way of doing things was praised at a recent session of the Conference. What sort of thrill will his Colleagues in Paris feel when they read his performance of yesterday, with its half truths and palliations, its suppressio veri and suggestio falsi, its false analogies and cheap rhetorical effects? They will note, without amusement, his evident care for his political position and his obvious desire not to give the House of Commons any trustworthy material upon which to judge him before the terms of Peace have been communicated to the enemy. They will note the entire absence of any determination on his part to deal promptly and vigorously with the enemy, in case the peace terms be rejected. They will also note his philippic against this journal. On this head we are not concerned to answer him, beyond stating that at no point of his speech were his statements less accurate and less worthy. Our readers, who know the traditions of The Times, will not expect us to compete with the Prime Minister in "Parliamentary style." The record of this journal during the crisis that preceded the War will bear closer examination than that of Mr. Lloyd George. Its record during the War is known of all who read and of many who do not read it. Some points of his war record may require to be more fully known when a public service can be rendered by making them known, and by showing that, if the Allied peoples are now within sight of a tolerable peace it is in part at least, because Mr. Lloyd George has had at some critical moments a "bad press." That time is not yet. Meanwhile The Times will continue undeviatingly to pursue its course, looking neither to the right or to the left, striving to correct popular misapprehensions and Ministerial ignorance, respecting no persons, being subservient to none, and maintaining by honest and fearless publicity what it conceives to be the highest traditions of British journalism.—The London Times, April 17th.

THE NEW YORK Journal of Affairs, Life, commenting on a newspaper reference to the naturalist John Burroughs as being on his latest birthday "eighty-two years young," opines that "it was a fine thing to say the first time, good the next ten times, fair the first hundred times, but that it begins to get a little stale." The Toronto Globe puts "psychological moment" and "acid test" in the same category. It may be questioned, however, if there are any phrases extant so overworked as the "social uplift" and "kiddies" of the eclecisyng institutions. They have long since outrun the "dull thud" of the reporter.

CATHOLICS' PROGRAM FOR LABOR UNREST

RELIEF OF INDUSTRIAL ILLS THE OBJECT OF PROPOSALS OF COUNCIL OF FOUR BISHOPS

The National Catholic War Council, represented by the Bishops of Rockford, Toledo, Tagaste, and Charleston, has issued a plan of social re-construction which is unique in its support of the highly progressive attitude taken toward the solution of present day industrial problems. Among the defects of the industrial system of to-day it mentions "the enormous inefficiency and waste in the production and distribution of commodities; insufficient income for the great majority of wage earners, and unnecessarily large incomes for a small minority of privileged capitalists."

Prefixed its program by a survey of the industrial platforms of the British Labor Party, the labor plan of Quaker employers in Great Britain, and the programs of the American labor organizations, such as the California State Federation of Labor, the State Federation of Labor of Ohio, and the Chicago Federation of Labor, the Catholic Council takes up the situation in our country and suggests a definite outline of reconstruction.

Coming down to actual principles of labor conditions under which the American employes should be allowed to work, the first suggestion made is the continued maintenance of the National War Labor Board. Its work during war-times is succinctly summed up as follows: "Upon the basis of a few fundamental principles, unanimously adopted by the representation of labor, capital, and the public, it has prevented innumerable strikes, and raised wages to decent levels in many different industries throughout the country. Its main guiding principles have been a family wage for all male adult laborers; recognition of the right of labor to organize and to deal with employers through its chosen representatives; and no coercion of non-union laborers by members of the union. The principles, methods, machinery, and results of this institution constitute a definite and far-reaching gain for social justice."

WOULD MAINTAIN HIGH WAGES

The question of wages is next considered. The phases taken up under this heading are the keeping up of the present wage rate and the establishment of a legal minimum wage. The organization takes the position that even though a large majority of workers are in receipt of more than living wages, they are entitled to them. On this point the Bishops say: "In a few industries, especially some directly and peculiarly connected with the carrying on of the war, wages have reached a plane upon which they cannot possibly continue for this grade of occupations. But the number of workers in this situation is an extremely small proportion of the entire wage-earning population. The overwhelming majority should not be compelled or suffered to undergo any reduction in their rates of remuneration, for two reasons: First, because the average rate of pay has not increased faster than the cost of living; second because a considerable majority of wage earners of the United States, both men and women, were not receiving living wages when prices be-

had felt when the English way of doing things was praised at a recent session of the Conference. What sort of thrill will his Colleagues in Paris feel when they read his performance of yesterday, with its half truths and palliations, its suppressio veri and suggestio falsi, its false analogies and cheap rhetorical effects? They will note, without amusement, his evident care for his political position and his obvious desire not to give the House of Commons any trustworthy material upon which to judge him before the terms of Peace have been communicated to the enemy. They will note the entire absence of any determination on his part to deal promptly and vigorously with the enemy, in case the peace terms be rejected. They will also note his philippic against this journal. On this head we are not concerned to answer him, beyond stating that at no point of his speech were his statements less accurate and less worthy. Our readers, who know the traditions of The Times, will not expect us to compete with the Prime Minister in "Parliamentary style." The record of this journal during the crisis that preceded the War will bear closer examination than that of Mr. Lloyd George. Its record during the War is known of all who read and of many who do not read it. Some points of his war record may require to be more fully known when a public service can be rendered by making them known, and by showing that, if the Allied peoples are now within sight of a tolerable peace it is in part at least, because Mr. Lloyd George has had at some critical moments a "bad press." That time is not yet. Meanwhile The Times will continue undeviatingly to pursue its course, looking neither to the right or to the left, striving to correct popular misapprehensions and Ministerial ignorance, respecting no persons, being subservient to none, and maintaining by honest and fearless publicity what it conceives to be the highest traditions of British journalism.—The London Times, April 17th.

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gan to rise in 1915. . . . Even if the prices of goods should fall to the level on which they were in 1915—something that cannot be hoped for within five years—the average present rates of wages would not exceed the equivalent of a decent livelihood in the case of the vast majority. The exceptional instances to the contrary are practically all among the skilled workers. Therefore wages, on the whole, should not be reduced even when the cost of living recedes from its present high level.

"Even if the great majority of workers were now in receipt of more than living wages, there are no good reasons why rates of pay should be lowered. After all, a living wage is not necessarily the full measure of justice. All the Catholic authorities on the subject explicitly declare that this is only the minimum of justice. In a country as rich as ours there are very few cases in which it is possible to prove that the worker would be getting more than that to which he has a right if he were paid something in excess of this ethical minimum. Why, then, should we assume that this is the normal share of almost the whole laboring population?"

"Since our industrial resources and instrumentalities are sufficient to provide more than a living wage for a very large proportion of the workers, why should we acquiesce in a theory which denies them this means of the comforts of life? Such a policy is not only of a very questionable morality but is unsound economically. The large demand for goods which is created and maintained by high rates of wages and high purchasing power by the masses is the surest guarantee of a continuous and general operation of industrial establishments. It is the most effective instrument of prosperity for labor and capital alike. The only persons who would benefit considerably through a general reduction of wages are the less efficient among the capitalists, and the more comfortable sections of the consumers. The wage earners would lose more in remuneration than they would gain from whatever fall in prices occurred as a direct result of the fall in wages. On grounds both of justice and sound economics, we should give our hearty support to all legitimate efforts made by labor to resist general wage reductions."

FAVORS SOCIAL INSURANCE

It is taken into account, however, that at the present time the worker is not in a position to cope with sickness, accidents, invalidity and old age. Social insurance is held to be the answer to this problem.

It is, however, on the subject of industrial representation and industrial management that this program of social reconstruction fosters the most radical and far-reaching reforms. The statement on this subject follows:

"The right of labor to organize and to deal with employers through representatives has been asserted in connection with the War Labor Board. . . . In addition to this labor ought gradually to receive greater representation in what the English group of Quaker employers have called the 'industrial' part of business management—the control of processes and machinery, nature of product, engagement and dismissal of employees, hours of work, rates of pay, bonuses, etc., welfare work, shop discipline, relations with trade unions." The establishment of shop committees, working wherever possible with the trade union, is the method suggested by this group of employers for giving the employees the proper share of industrial management. There can be no doubt that a frank adoption of these means and ends by employers would not only promote the welfare of the workers, but vastly improve the relations between them and their employers, and increase the efficiency and productiveness of each establishment. . . .

"It seems clear that the present industrial system is destined to last for a long time in its main outlines. That is to say, private ownership of capital is not likely to be supplanted by a collectivist organization of industry at a date sufficiently near to justify any present action based on the hypothesis of its arrival. This forecast we recognize as not only extremely probable, but as highly desirable; for, other objections apart, Socialism would mean bureaucracy, political tyranny, the helplessness of the individual as a factor in the ordering of his own life, and, in general, social inefficiency and decadence.

"Nevertheless, the full possibilities of increased production will not be realized so long as the majority of workers remain mere wage earners. The majority must somehow become owners, or at least in part, of the instruments of production. They can be enabled to reach this stage gradually through co-operative, productive societies and co-partnership arrangements. In the former the workers own and manage the industries themselves; in the latter they own a substantial part of the corporate stock and exercise a reasonable share in the management. However slow the attainment of these ends, they will have to be reached before we can have a thoroughly efficient system of production or an industrial social order that will be secure from the danger of revolution. It is to be noted that this particular modification of the existing order, though far-reaching and involving to a great extent the abolition of the wage system, would not mean the abolition of private ownership. The instruments of production would

still be owned by individuals, not by the State."

NO FEAR OF SOCIALISM

The main remedies for excessive gains by a small minority of privileged capitalists are prevention of monopolistic control of commodities, adequate Government regulation of such public service monopolies as will remain under private operation, and heavy taxation of incomes, excess profits and inheritances. The precise methods by which genuine competition may be restored and maintained among businesses that are naturally competitive, cannot be discussed here; but the principle is clear that human beings cannot be trusted with the immense opportunities for oppression and extortion that go with the possession of monopoly power. That the owners of public service monopolies should be restricted by law to a fair or average return on their actual investment has long been a recognized principle of the courts, the Legislature, and public opinion. It is a principle which should be applied to competitive enterprises likewise, with the qualification that something more than the average rate of return should be allowed to men who exhibit exceptional efficiency. However, good public policy, as well as equity demands that these exceptional business men share the fruits of their efficiency with the consumer in the form of lower prices. The man who utilizes his ability to produce cheaper than his competitors for the purpose of exacting from the public as high a price for his product as is necessary for the least efficient business man, is a menace rather than a benefit to industry and society.

The document concludes by saying that our immense war debt constitutes a particular reason why incomes and excess profits should continue to be heavily taxed. "In this way," it says, "two important ends will be obtained: the poor will be relieved of injurious tax burdens, and the small class of specially privileged capitalists will be compelled to return a part of their unearned gains to society."—N. Y. Times.

ENDEAVOURS OF PONTIFFS FOR PEACE OF NATIONS

RIGHT ADVANCED FOR PAPAL PARTICIPATION IN PRESENT CONFERENCE EFFORTS FOUNDED IN HISTORY

The opponents of the Catholic Church have succeeded in preventing the participation of the Holy See in the establishment of a league of nations and of peace. Yet no sovereign and no State has a greater right to a seat in the council of nations than the Pope, whose better authorized mission than he to deliberate on and to help accomplish a league of nations. To support this contention we do not need to base our claims on the position of the Pope as the shepherd of mankind given him by Christ Himself, nor on the fact that he is considered a sovereign by so many States, including even such as are non-Christian and non-Catholic. The right of the Holy See to co-operation can be proven historically also; it can be deduced from the events recorded on the pages of history. It was the Pope who, before even the earliest outlines of international law were known applied the principles which are now the basic ideas of the law of nations, and who sought to promote the principle of arbitration and permanent peace. It is to these achievements that attention should be called at this time.

PAPACY'S CLAIMS TO PARTICIPATION

An age which like the present is torn with social storms and social changes has a special interest in knowing whether or not the Papacy has merited the right to sit in the council of the nations, even if past merits of other powers are not considered a prerequisite for participation. Of all the powers in the world none has less reason to dread such an examination as the Papacy. If the stormy spirits of the age assume the role of having done away with the absolutism of the princes and the States, and for having paved a way for democracy, they are really lagging behind in the race, for the Papacy is found at the head of the fighting line in the struggle for the freedom of the people against the absolutism of the rulers and the omnipotence of the States, which fair would impose arbitrary laws on the people. War was declared against State omnipotence in all its forms in the command: "Thou must obey God rather than men!" and by the same dictum mankind was delivered from an incubus which would have smothered and destroyed all life. The Papacy has waged this war, and it is its undying glory that it is has done so. With the same cry: "Thou must obey God rather than men!" the Pope of the centuries of persecution took up the struggle against the Roman Caesars. They fell under the sword of the executioner or were torn asunder by the jaws of the wild beasts in the circus, but the idea for which they sacrificed their lives remained victorious.

The idea of absolutism did not disappear with the Roman Caesars; it celebrated its revival in the Byzantine Empire. While the Pontiffs at Rome continued their struggle, without respite and without wavering, against the absolutism spreading out its arms from Constantinople, the Orient, in separating itself from

Rome, succumbed to the almighty power of the State. In the embrace of the State the Church was degraded to the rank of a maid, and henceforth accomplished nothing socially and culturally, while the people dropped off into that stupid sleep of death from which the Bolshevik revolution has now roused them.

POPE AS OPPONENTS OF ABSOLUTISM

The recollection of the practically unlimited political power of the Roman Emperors ever constituted a dangerous temptation for the German Emperors and the occidental rulers. Many of them yielded to this temptation. Thus the aim of the Hohenzollerns, of a Barbarossa, of a Frederick II, was the re-establishment of the ancient State omnipotence, of an absolutistic world empire. But the Popes were the guardians of the freedom of the nations: the names Gregory VII. (1073-1085), Alexander III. (1159-1181), Innocent III. (1198-1216), Boniface VIII. (1294-1303) denote the more important epochs in this gigantic struggle. Inspired by the same ideal, Pope Innocent X. (1644-1655) voiced a protest against the treaty of Westphalia, because the peace document contained the absolutistic principle that the ruler could determine the religious adherence of his subjects. "I am happy," writes Doellinger, "that one man could still be found in Europe at that time who filed a protest against the peace of Westphalia in the name of God and of Christian conscience, and that this man was no one else than the bearer of the supreme ecclesiastical office on earth."

ENDEAVOURS OF BENEDICT XV.

Inspired by the same thought a Pope, Pius VII. (1800-1823), opposed the despot Napoleon, a Pius IX. (1846-1878) struggled with a Bismarck and a Pius X. with the Jacobin regime in France for the preservation of the rights of conscience of Catholics. And was it not a Benedict XV. who, when the waves of martial enthusiasm still rolled high in the warring countries, raised the cry for peace and did not let it weaken? Was it not he who laid down principles by which a peace founded on justice could be obtained? The refusal of the Popes to permit themselves to be degraded into court chaplains of absolutism has earned for them an abundant harvest of hatred and vilification on the part of those who counted the favor of princes; it has also earned them an undying claim to the gratitude of the people of all nations for having taken on their shoulders the heavy yoke of the service of liberty. And thus, ignoring all other considerations, they merit a title to participation in the league of the peoples of the world. This is the opinion of the entire Catholic world.—G. B. of the C. V.

DOUGHBOYS BETTER MEN

FORMER OFFICER OF THE SIXTY-NINTH TELLS OF CHANGES

By Major Joseph G. Fogarty, of the 7th Division, formerly of the 69th

There may be lines in the faces of those in the 7th Division whom you know, there may be different expressions in their eyes, you may even find gray hairs on the heads of some. But you will be surprised at how much they are the men you watched march away.

There is one thing of which I am absolutely sure. The Americans who fought in France have learned how to live as well as how to die. They are going back to you better men.

The majority of men returning will no longer be cynical. If they have gained nothing else from the vivid experiences they surely have gained a faith in humanity they never knew before. They have seen men whom they never believed capable of anything noble or brave go forward with a laugh or a joke to almost certain death. They have seen suffering men refuse aid until more seriously wounded for.

Over here in the fields they have learned to love America and to hunger for her. They came to miss America with all the feeling of separation from one they loved. The picturesque towns, the fields, and the scenery of France were matched time and again with the homeliness of America and America always won. And so through the fighting and through the dark days of German offensives they all came to know America a better and to love her as she should be loved. Those who have learned to love their country by fighting for her, enduring hardships, going through hell for her that no one can imagine, will not, I think, make bad citizens.

Outwardly the War has had little effect on the religious life of the men who fought. It has not stifled religion in them, nor is it a foundation for predictions of a religious revival among them.

When these men are mustered out there will be no wave of dissipation, no overflow of immorality and drunkenness. Of course no one will say that there won't be a short period of celebration when they get into civilian clothes again. But I don't think even this first feeling of a long wished-for freedom will bring scandalous results. The men who fought over here are going back to their homes the cleanest morally of anybody their size in the world. Immorality is a rare thing among the combatant forces.

It was not so long ago that many American mothers wailed and their sons go away with secret forebodings that they would come back brutalized by the things they would have to do and see. It has worked out the other way. There is a peculiar gentleness among frontline soldiers. This characteristic is so general that a man back of the lines who is rostering and "hard boiled" invites the belief of those soldiers who see him that he never has been under fire.—N. Y. Times.

THE WORLD'S CORDIAL

There never was a time when belief in immortality was so necessary as now. This conviction, expressed by a writer in the May number of the Red Cross Magazine, has become a vivid truism for all Christians. But the statement is true in a sense rarely touched upon in the secular literature of the day. There was doubtless need of a firm faith in a future life for the soldier fixing his bayonet to storm the enemy trenches amid the deadly hail of machine-gun bullets. There was need of a boundless hope in the mother's heart as she opened with trembling hands the fatal missive, "Killed in action." But there is equal need of a living, energizing faith and a hope no less strong on the part of all of us as we see the old order crumbling and face the work of reconstructing a new and better world.

The work calls for courage, the courage of Christian men and women. "Is a life worth while," men ask, "that is subject to such enormous destruction and calamity? Is a race worth continuing whose members can contend and ravage so brutally? Yet, the War itself was but the lesser test of faith. What of the flood of anarchy let loose since then that is now deluging Europe, the confusion worse confounded that seems to know no climax but continues spreading with increasing violence over all the face of the earth? Surely there is need of the cordial of faith, of a strong belief in the eternal destiny of man, the immortality of the God-created soul; not a belief in the inanities of Spiritism, but in the infallible word of the Son of God, in the Church which He has founded for the guidance of mankind.

Why is the world gone mad after greed and pleasure? Why is woman so often derelict in duty? Why are divorces increasing with such tremendous rapidity? Why is the home, the unit in every plan of civic and national salvation, made desolate at the very moment that the cry of reconstruction is on the lips of everyone? Why are the peoples of the earth uprooting everywhere the red flag of anarchy at a time when there was never greater need for quiet, earnest and constructive action to build up a world in which men shall find the measure of the same human happiness that is possible here below? It is because they are wanting in the unifying hope that faith bestows on them and are losing even the small good they possessed while frantically grasping at the empty shadows of pleasure or loot or gain. For a world at the point of fainting there is need of the cordial of supernatural faith. To aid in setting this to the world's lips is the instant and urgent duty of every Catholic.—America.

ON THE OLD COURSE AGAIN

A few weeks ago an Italian radical leader solemnly proclaimed that it would be futile to oppose the anti-clerical forces to assail in the future the patriotism of Catholics, for after the demonstrations of the past few years there would be none glib enough to believe the slander. But the mockery of that profession is now plain. After all, it is difficult to step from the beaten track, though it leads nowhere. The habit persists and we now find the anti-clericalists asking members of the Italian Populists, recently organized by the Catholics of the country, what their attitude would be in the event of a clash between the Government and the Holy See.

This early emergence of the old tactic should awaken from their foolish dream those who believe that the old ghost of bigotry has been downed forever by the fervor with which Catholics the world over espoused this country's cause in the recent conflict. The sons of the very man who fought at Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel and the Argonne will hear the very taunt that was flung at their fathers a few years ago. War would have to be incessant if the glow of Catholic patriotism were to remain stamped on the public mind. Nothing is wiped out as quickly. Persistently as we seek to impress it, others are at work endeavoring to erase it. It is entirely erroneous to suppose that only the ignorant are arraigned against the Church. Ignorance is merely the clay in the molder's hands, giving bulk to the enemy against religion. Shaping the minds of the ignorant against the Church are the malicious who find God's law between themselves and their purpose. To believe otherwise would be to hold that the children of the world had passed with biblical days. The Church will continue to have enemies, none the less bitter or shrewd than before the War. A million Catholics lives lost in the nation's defense would not weigh against their cry assailing our patriotism.—Chicago New World.



FATHER FRASER'S CATECHISTS

FATHER FRASER'S LETTERS FROM CHINA

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

Catholic Mission Taichowfu, April 17, 1917.

My Dear Friends,—I gave a retreat to my catechists. They came from the four quarters of my parish, from distances varying from ten to sixty miles. Five days of sermons, meditations and prayer instilled into their hearts great fervor and zeal. I took a picture of the group, thirty-three in number, a notable increase from the last photo two years ago which only contained twenty-one. I am anxious not only to retain this army of catechists in its present strength but through your kindness to increase its numbers, for there are many other towns and villages—hundreds of them—in need of catechists to preach to them the glad tidings of the Gospel and lead them into the port of salvation. A catechist baptizes the new-born babes of the Christians in the absence of the priest and the dying infants of the pagans, instructs the converts, big and little, in Christian doctrine and teaches them their prayers, protects them against the vexations of their pagan neighbors, leads the prayers and preaches a sermon on Sundays, propagates the Faith among the pagans, visits the sick, procures for them the last rites of the Church, conducts the funerals according to the rules of the Church and prays over the remains of the dead; in a word he is a makeshift for a priest in a place where, through the great lack of missionaries, it is impossible to have one.

I have formulated some rules for my catechists and at the retreat this year gave each a copy. They will give you an idea of the work we exact of them and convince you that the money spent in this way is not spent in vain.

- 1. Every day to go out visiting to propagate the Faith.
2. With the utmost zeal to strive by word and prayer to induce the pagans to enter the Church.
3. To preserve a becoming gravity in conversation with people of every age and condition.
4. Once a month to visit every Catholic family.
5. When impeded by grave cause to leave the house, to read pious books.
6. Every Saturday afternoon to prepare the morrow's sermon.
7. In preaching on Sundays to hold a book of doctrine open in the hand (this to increase the confidence of the audience in his words).
8. To recite daily, morning and evening prayers, the Rosary and little office of the Immaculate Conception.
9. To visit the sick daily and prepare them for a happy death.
10. To recite the prayers for the dying at the sick person's bedside and "Communion of Saints" prayers (a special set of prayers) over the dead.
11. To teach converts and children catechism and prayers.
12. To read a spiritual book every day for half an hour.
13. To go to Confession and Communion each time the priest visits his chapel or he visits the priest.
14. Not to visit his home without the permission of the priest.
15. Not to engage in commerce or other employment to make money.
16. Without the permission of the priest not to engage in lawsuits, nor write to nor visit the mandarin.
17. To enter all names of Catechists and Catholics in the chapel books.

- 18. To diligently enquire into proposed marriages that they be in accordance with the laws of the Church.
19. To assist at the marriages of the faithful or of catechisms.
20. Every day to enter his doings in the 'journal' and present this journal once a month to the priest on the occasion of receiving salary. (They are paid \$50 a year—not much you will agree for such arduous duties.)
Yours sincerely in Christ and His Blessed Mother.
J. M. FRASER.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting of the Catholic Church Extension Society was held in the Offices of the Society last Wednesday, May 7th.

The President reported to the Governors of the Society a most satisfactory condition in the affairs of Extension. The Record of the Chartered Accountants—Fred Page Higgins Co.—was placed before the meeting and met with the entire approval of the Governors.

The revenue account of the Catholic Extension Department of the Society showed an increase from \$17,484.28 in March 1916 to \$120,885.04, March 1919. In three years this means an advance of over \$103,400.00. Last year the Accountants reported \$61,682.52. This year the Society's revenue was practically double this sum. During the year a most substantial and helpful addition was made to the revenue of the Society by the Women's Auxiliary. These Catholic ladies donated vestments, linens, etc., to the value of \$6,480.10. If there is in Canada today, (the Catholic Extension Society is able to state without fear of contradiction) a mission without sufficient vestments and linens for the celebration of Mass and the administration of the Sacraments, the blame cannot be placed at the door of Catholic Extension. We are in a position now to supply every needy mission with the necessary equipment. We are able to do this through the generous co-operation of the Catholics in this Eastern section of Canada.

During the year the Society invested over \$7,000 for the educational work of the Church—education of Seminarians, etc., for the missions. The entire expense of conducting the Extension Society was borne by the Catholic Register with the exception of \$287.41. Again we owe this remarkable feature to the generous action of our Register subscribers.

We have much pleasure in adding for the encouragement of our readers the following statement taken from and approved by the Page Higgins Co. Chartered Accountants' Report:

Table with 2 columns: EXTENSION SOCIETY INCOME and amounts. Includes Contributions, Chapels & Altars, Church Goods, Mass Intentions, Interest on Loans, Interest on Investments.

Table with 2 columns: EXTENSION EXPENDITURES and amounts. Includes Donations, Chapels & Altars, Church Goods, Masses, Extension Expenses, Hotel, Investments, and in special Funds.

The above Report as given to the Governors of the Extension Society is put before our readers for two purposes. We believe you as efficient supporters have every right to know what we have done with your funds and that the publication of these facts shall urge you to continue and to increase your gifts in favour of the Catholic missions of Canada to the Catholic Church Extension Society. Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'Donnell, President,

Tablets as Tributes. The placing of appropriate bronze memorial tablets upon the walls of church, lodge, college or club promises to become quite as general here as in "dear old England." Ryrie Bros. 134-136-138 Yonge St. TORONTO

Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed to:

Table with 2 columns: DONATIONS and amounts. Includes Previously acknowledged, E. McGinnis, Wallaceburg, E. O'Connor, Wakefield.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

Almonte, Ontario. Dear Friends,—I came to Canada to seek vocations for the Chinese Missions which are greatly in need of priests. In my parish alone there are three cities and a thousand villages to be evangelized and only two priests. Since I arrived in Canada a number of youths have expressed their desire to study for the Chinese mission but there are no funds to educate them. I appeal to your charity to assist in founding bureaus for the education of these and others who desire to become missionaries in China. Five thousand dollars will found a bureau. The interest on this amount will support a student. When he is ordained and goes off to the mission another will be taken in and so on forever. All imbued with the Catholic spirit of propagating the Faith to the ends of the earth will, I am sure, contribute generously to this fund. Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary J. M. FRASER.

I propose the following bureaus as subscription.

Table with 2 columns: SACRED HEART BURSE, ST. ANTHONY'S BURSE, IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BURSE, ST. FRANCIS XAVIER BURSE, HOLY NAME OF JESUS BURSE, HOLY SOULS BURSE, LITTLE FLOWER BURSE. Includes names and amounts.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

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

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

GRACE

"Every best gift, and every perfect gift, is from above." (Eph. 1:7)

My dear brethren, we can grow so accustomed even to the greatest benefits and kindnesses that we seldom advert to them, and gratitude for them is unthought of. And it is not the grace of God, so freely bestowed on us, often treated in this way? Yet grace deservedly should be classed with the best and perfect gifts from above, from the Father of lights. Grace is the life of our soul, as the soul is the life of the body. No one can earn it or acquire it of himself; it is the gift of God—a gift that is absolutely necessary for our spiritual existence. There have been men who maintained that they themselves could do the works of grace and lead a supernatural life. But, my dear brethren, that error has been condemned (Pelagianism), and we are bound to acknowledge grace as a necessary gift and endowment, for no one can avoid sin, fulfill the commandments, acquire virtues, please God, and merit heaven of himself.

Grace is a precious gift, for what price was paid for its purchase? God gives it to us so freely, so lovingly, day after day, we forget the price that was paid for it. It will come to us to do so. The price of grace is the atoning Blood of the Divine Redeemer. Is it possible that man understand this and squander grace as they do—that they willfully neglect to obtain it; that they willfully neglect to ask for it at Holy Mass; that they refuse to accept it by abstaining from Holy Communion; that even for drink, for a bad thought, for an evil desire, for greed, for envy, for revenge, they will contemptuously lose away God's precious grace, and indulge in their wickedness? And how often, how often is the great God patient at such affronts from His children? If we have ever behaved thus wantonly let us repent, and ask to understand the value of grace henceforth. The precious gift of God, see how the Saints valued it. Rather than lose the grace of faith, the grace of purity, men and even youthful maidens gladly sacrificed their lives, and became martyrs for Christ.

To understand how great a gift grace is, let us look into its effect and results. No one can adequately describe the dignity and excellence of grace. Through grace a man is made supernatural like to God, becomes the adopted child of God, the servant, the friend, the brother of Christ, the heir of His Creator, and the co-heir with His Saviour. Through grace his soul is made the tabernacle of the living God. Grace merits eternal life, and opens heaven to us.

Grace, then, is the gift of God, necessary for us, most precious in itself, most marvelous in its effects. We can so easily obtain it—alas! we can so easily lose it. God is so generous; He grants it to those who ask it lavishly. We are so perverse, so fickle, so prone to evil, that we constantly lose it and neglect it. Yes, easily lost, but remember always through our own fault. We may lay the blame on others, on circumstances, on the tempter, but undeniably it is our own fault when we lose God's grace by sin. We have not valued it as we should; we have grown careless and ungrateful.

So easily lost, are we sure that we can always so easily regain it? Beware, my dear brethren, for here lies hid one of the craftiest of the devil's wiles. He knows how often, how lovingly, how easily God forgives us, and He tempts us to presume on this. He keeps himself hidden in the background, but by means of some companion, some bad book or other, the thought is put into our mind: "What does it signify, an odd sin more or less, a few more weeks of self-indulgence? We can always go to Confession; we shall be forgiven, grace will be restored to us and we must think seriously of a change in life." It is quite true, my dear brethren, the mercy of God has allowed this kind of thing to go in many cases for years and years. We grow more presumptuous; God's patience is coming to an end; the number of graces allotted to us are growing fewer and fewer. What the devil wants is, that when we come unknowingly to the last grace we cast it away and sin again.

Alas! and when the sad end has come another soul is lost, the devil insults our Heavenly Father for the waste of His best and perfect gifts, the countless graces He has unavailingly showered upon us. Let sorrow for past neglect, my dear brethren, and gratitude for God's patience and manifold graces bring us to our knees before Him now. Let us ask Him for one more grace—the grace to prize, to treasure the graces that He gives us. See how to do it from the inspired words of St. Paul. It is a business and a work—and does it not deserve to be?—to work with the grace of God for everlasting life. "Neglect not the grace that is in thee," says the Apostle. "Be thou an example in word, in conversation, in charity, in faith, in chastity. Attend to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine. Meditate on these things, be wholly in these things. Take heed to thyself; be earnest." (1 Tim. iv. 14-16.) This is the way to treasure God's grace. For this grace makes a man acceptable to God, fit and able to do

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good, and be brave against the array of vice and temptations of the Evil One; it makes him brave, armed, safeguarded—yes, it will make him victorious. Yes, for this blessed grace takes away sin, frees the soul from spiritual death, and unites it to and conforms it to God, makes man loved by God. Thus acceptable to God, grace crowns us by making us fit to merit eternal blessedness.

GREAT AND VALUABLE LESSON

CONSEQUENT TO THE WAR?

CATHOLICS SHOULD APPRECIATE THE PRIVILEGES THAT ARE THEIRS

In the leading article of the Ave Maria, under date of February 15, J. Godfrey Hampert, K. S. G., who, prior to his conversion, was an Anglican clergyman in one of the largest districts of London, writes of the utter helplessness he felt, when called upon to minister to the spiritual needs of his dying parishioners. Catholics who may fail to appreciate the provisions which have been made for them in their hour of sickness and death, cannot but profit by reflection on the comparisons made in the excellent article, which we reprint here in full.

It has been justly said that if the Protestant religion is a good and comfortable one to live in, it is a very bad, and indeed a worthless one to die in. It is evident from what is being reported that the War has brought this home to a great many thoughtful minds.

A reflecting mind will admit that if there is a time in human life when the heart craves for the definite and authoritative assurances, and when it realizes the need of a very direct and personal relationship with God, it is when the shadows of life are falling and the awful realities of the world unsee are dawning upon the soul. It is then that mere conventional phrases and religious shibboleths are felt to be worthless, and that the soul stretches forth its hands for something upon which it can rest securely, and upon which it can base its confidence and hope. Now Protestantism, being a purely subjective religion, and as such subject to an infinite variety of delusions and of ill-grounded assumptions, is wholly incapable of furnishing any such secure hope and confidence.

SPeAKING FROM EXPERIENCE I well remember how frequently and strikingly this defect came home to me in the course of my life and ministrations as an Anglican clergyman. My first appointment upon my ordination was to a large and busy parish in an Eastern suburb of London, where I had opportunities of studying the practical working of the Protestant system of thought under what I still regard as exceptionally favorable conditions. Our staff consisted of the rector and three curates; and I think I may say that we were all men of sincere faith and desperately in earnest,—ready, night and day, to minister to our people, and to bring them all that the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as we understand it, has to offer to shipwrecked humanity.

UTTERLY HELPLESS I had a large and thickly populated district assigned to me, and I did all I could to aid, to the best of my ability, those who desired my aid. I relieved their material and temporal needs according to the means at my disposal, and I endeavored to assist them in the time of sickness and of death. It was at such times, however, when they were smitten by disease and nearing death, that I most frequently became conscious of my utter helplessness and of the inadequacy of the means of spiritual aid provided by the Protestant system. Again and again did I stand by the bed of the sick and dying, or come away from a deathbed, with a painful sense of complete and utter failure,—with a consciousness that something was radically wrong somewhere, if I could but lay my hands upon it and call it by its proper name. I never failed to realize that the soul to which I strove so earnestly to minister was really a sealed book to me; and that I could never under any circumstances, be sure whether I had, in my ministrations, said and done the right thing.

CO-OPERATION NECESSARY

It is manifestly impossible for a physician to attempt the cure of his patient unless the patient is willing to give such information respecting his pain and affliction as will enable the physician to make a correct diagnosis and to prescribe the right kind of remedy. If the patient shrinks from such a disclosure, refuses to submit to careful examination, or hesitates to tell the whole truth about his condition, the best qualified physician is helpless, and may, if he attempts to work in the dark, do more harm than good. The same applies to the troubles and sicknesses of the human soul. The most earnest and conscientious clergyman can do nothing effectually to aid a sick or dying man unless that man is prepared to make some sort of disclosure respecting his past life and the present state of his soul, and thus make it possible for the clergyman to make a correct diagnosis.

THE BARRIER

But to the Protestant minister the soul of the parishioner remains to the last as I have said, a sealed book. He dare not ask for a manifestation of conscience which would in any sense bear the mark of a confession of sin. A sincere Protestant parishioner, moreover, would resent the very suggestion of such a thing; and no Anglican clergyman, who is honestly loyal to the principles of the Establishment, would attempt to make it. Tactlessness and inquisitiveness and "priestly pretences" would, beyond doubt, be the charge preferred against him. There is the further difficulty that a Protestant has never been taught to make such a manifestation of conscience, has never been brought to realize its necessity, and is quite unable to distinguish between temptation and mortal or venial sin. He knows nothing of, and has probably never in his life made, a definite act of contrition or sorrow for sin.

LIMITED CONSOLATION

Now, what can the conscientious minister do under such conditions? He can but point to the beneficent and remedial power of suffering patiently borne; perhaps pray with the sick person, and repeat a psalm or a few comforting verses from the New Testament. And this, indeed, is all that is ever done, or can be done. And it is here that the hopeless failure and utter inadequacy of the Protestant system of thought and teaching are to be found. It takes no account of the deepest needs of human nature in the hour of its sorest need, and it has no means of effectually meeting and providing for that need. It leaves the soul in that state of confusion and uncertainty in which paganism has left it, and from which the Gospel of Jesus Christ came to set it free.

THE UNCERTAINTY

Mary and many a time, in the days gone by, when standing by a sick or dying bed, have I asked myself the question: "Now, what is my duty here? I know little or nothing of this person's past history, yet he has sent for me and wants me to help him. What kind of life has he been? Is the soul really awake and alive to the fact of spiritual responsibilities? Am I to speak words of exhortation, inviting to a repentant and contrite state of mind, or am I to speak words of consolation and comfort such as a truly Christian soul may consider itself entitled to?" In the case of a great sinner who is troubled by his awakened conscience, the first would be my bounden duty; but any searching question would most certainly upset and annoy him and offend his relatives. My words of consolation, moreover, would be wholly misplaced. They would leave him under a false impression, and cause him to enter God's presence under a delusion. And when one bears in mind what human nature is at its best, and how much there is to be straightened out in the most pious soul, it is clear that consolation alone and the repetition of comforting thoughts from the Holy Scriptures, could not in any case be a safe mode of procedure.

LIKE AN AMATEUR

It is hardly necessary to consider seriously the claim made by some High Church clergymen that they are now reverting to Catholic practices, and that they are thus supplying the needs of sin-burdened souls. No accurately informed mind, acquainted with the origin and history of Protestantism, will be tempted to recognize the validity of the claim and apply for relief to a clergyman who is masquerading as a Catholic priest, but who is nevertheless a Protestant minister. By this very circumstance he has neither valid orders nor lawful authority to administer the Catholic Sacrament of Penance; nor has he the knowledge requisite for so delicate and complex a work. He is in the position of an amateur medical practitioner who has no qualification, and who is neither capable of rightly diagnosing the weakness of his patient nor authorized to prescribe the remedy.

A PARTICULAR CASE

I remember being one day called to a dying peasant. He was a young man of gigantic frame who had suddenly been seized with a dangerous sickness in its most virulent form. He had manifestly never before given any serious thought to religion, and for years past had not entered a church. But he had overheard the doctor's remark to the effect that he could not possibly live; and the fear of death and his conscience were awakened. He sent for

me and asked me to help him. To the end of my days I am not likely to forget the look of anguish in that man's eyes and his soul agony. Evidently there was much in his past life that required straightening out and no doubt he longed to communicate it and to ease his conscience. But his relatives insisted upon remaining near, and they would certainly have regarded it as a presumption on my part if I had asked any searching question respecting that past life. All I could do for that poor dying sinner was to treat him to some comforting Bible texts, and to urge him to bear his sufferings manfully.

FEAR AND CONSCIENCE

I remained with him during the whole of a hot summer's afternoon, and left him, finally somewhat calmed. The doctor whom I met on the stairs, said to me: "That man ought to have died days ago. It is his fear and his conscience that are keeping him alive." And here was I—a minister of that Christ who had authoritatively forgiven sin, and who had commissioned men, rightly ordained and instructed, and under given conditions, authoritatively to forgive sin—wholly unable, through ignorance and misconception, to bring him the consolation of forgiveness. Can a worse and more worthless system of thought and teaching possibly be conceived?

HAS THE WAR HELPED?

I hear from England that the War has brought to its aspect the failure of the Protestant system home to hundreds, perhaps to thousands, of souls; numbers of those facing sudden death in the trenches or on the field of battle having instinctively turned to the Catholic religion for what their consciences have prompted them to desire. They have thus taught the world a great and valuable lesson. Which may be more lasting and powerful in its effects than volumes of theological argument and controversy. One of its effects shows certainly to be the bringing home to Catholics the immense responsibilities which are theirs as members of the household of faith.—Catholic Transcript.

BE OF GOOD CHEER

A HAPPY DISPOSITION PROMOTES JOY IN LIFE

It has been said that laughter is the medicine of the world. Physicians recommend laughter in nervous disorders to relieve the tension of the mind and its reactive effect on the body. Few of us laugh enough, in spite of the delightful, whimsical, mirth-provoking incidents of life. The woman who has the saving sense of humor is indeed fortunate. There are few occasions in life that will not smooth themselves out more readily before the merry heart than before the least that wears as a mite. Merriment does not depend on any outward agency; it is an elixir which comes from within, born of our outlook on the world. Humor may be cultivated just as any other attribute may be.

It is a pity to see any one shut the door on all of the sunshine of life and hide away in the dark and ugly

places. If you don't know how to be merry learn how. Most of us are born with the love of laughter in our hearts, but often it is repressed until it dies without bringing forth its fruit of happiness. Many a family group is darkened by the shadow of some member who looks upon innocent mirth as a crime and laughter as an empty echo of the empty mind, and many a home is made how poor that the laughter-loving natures are not repressed, but youthful spirits are allowed to bubble over into innocent fun and frolic.

The home should be the very centre of mirth; no moody nature should be allowed to cast its gloom over the family circle. There is more happiness in a home where the mother and father know the value of innocent fun and the children of mirthful spirits go unchecked, no matter how poor that home may be, than in the home where every bit of fun is frowned upon and life is a continual repression of the natural instincts of youth.

One thing is very sure, if we do not learn to laugh while we are young we will find it hard to learn when we are older. And it we shall have taken from us our strongest weapon against disaster. For disaster is frequently largely of the mind.

No man or woman really meets defeat until the mind has capitulated. And there is no weapon that can do more to keep the mind sane and happy, from the entanglements and pitfalls of the enemy, than that of humor that sees through the camouflage of these forces which would deceive us into believing that they are victorious conquerors when they are but beaten foes.—Buffalo Echo.

A VISITOR'S IMPRESSION

During a visit to the Eternal City, the late Wendell Phillips entered St. Peter's. In the vast church a surprise awaited him, which is thus related by himself:

"I listened to the music, and as it died away, standing as I was behind a massive pillar, which obscured my view, I caught the words of a sermon pronounced in faultless English, and moving forward to catch a view of the speaker, to my astonishment, I beheld there in the pulpit of St. Peter's a tall blooded Negro, preaching the Gospel of Christ; and I said—no where else could I have witnessed such a scene but in the Catholic Church. All honor to such democracy; all honor to the College of the Propaganda for its grand work in behalf of Christian civilization."—The Tablet.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

IT TAKES SO LITTLE
It takes so little to make us glad,
Just a cheering clasp of a friendly hand.

THE LIFTED HAT

Bostonians to whom the long stretch of Washington street is a daily thoroughfare have frequent occasion to observe a good custom which is so familiar that its deep meaning eludes them the lifting of the hat by Catholic men as they pass the Cathedral.

That great avenue is a sort of Galata bridge crowded with folk of all races, sorts and conditions, yet however diverse, they are in large numbers united in faith and open tribute to the Author of Revelation.

This act of honor to God's majesty is by no means confined to casual wayfarers or even to those whose duties draw them thither once or twice a day. The Catholic motor-man and conductor whose cars sweep past the sacred edifice many times every twenty-four hours always find time for that quick yet respectful salutation.

Curiously enough this devout custom recalls a scene familiar to those who have visited Cairo or Constantinople, the Mohammedans who at the hour of prayer stand with bowed heads in the midst of the hurrying crowds.

This is no chance coincidence. Christ and Mahomet are poles apart, yet their followers agree in this that religion is the highest concern of men, something interwoven with daily life and glorifying it.

The old time Puritans were rigid and intolerant; they tried to force all to conform to their own narrow, man-made theocracy, but they must be given credit for their stern earnestness that held Christian worship and conduct as the highest duty of men.

Mohammedanism is a masculine creed appealing to man's strength as well as his weakness, but it was a fearful menace to Christendom for that very reason. The Crusades, the battle of Vienna, Lepanto, though not all decisive, demanded Christian fighting men lest the Koran become the law of Europe.

Wherever the Church has seemed for a time to fail and be overborne it was because the love of God grew cold in men's hearts and Christ's cause seemed not worth an unyielding defence. Yet even in dissent and confusion of religious opinion there is an unanalyzed inheritance of Christian principles that right-minded men will give their lives for.

The line of cleavage in the Great War was not one of religion, but the morale of the armies that finally broke and hurled back the Teutonic hosts was a morale founded on Christian principles as plainly as the Central Powers depended on the denial of these principles. War is always frightful, but while the cruelty of earlier struggles proceeded from passion, religious hate or political shibboleths, what marked the German cause for destruction was the very calculated and inhuman materialism on which it was based.

Men of various creeds fought on both sides but the powers allied against Germany with all their faults fought under the standard of Christ while the rulers of Germany put their hopes in Thor and Woden.

It is worse than foolish to say that any class is important only numerically, because at the final ditch it is numbers that count, ordinary men who love to cause and a flag well enough to die for them.

Hence the thousands of Catholic men who make the missions every year, who through our churches at every Sunday Mass ought to move every sincere friend of America to give thanks to God.

dwells behind the Sacramental veil, shows the mettle of his Christianity, gives public token to friend and enemy alike of the faith and devotion that are in him, and like the veteran returned to the ways and garb of peace, yet ready to die for the great cause, by his salute shows the world that he is a soldier of Christ and is proud of it.—A Looker-on in Boston Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A SMALL, SWEET WAY
There's never a rose in all the world But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky But makes some bird wing feather.

No robin but may thrill some heart, His dawn-light gladness voicing;
God gives us all some small, sweet way To set the world rejoicing.

IN THE MONTH OF OUR LADY

The sun shone down with golden radiance on the two white spires of Saint John's Cathedral that afternoon in early May, while a child stood at the window of her home across the street and began to gaze eagerly at the troop of little boys and girls that ran up the stone steps to disappear somewhere beyond the vestibule into the beautiful white church.

Presently she turned away from the window to see Ann McGinley, the faithful old house-keeper who had come to take charge after her mother died, enter the room.

"Ann," she queried, "why are people going into that church across the street when it isn't even Sunday? Every afternoon this week they've gone there. What are they going for?"

"Ann looked down at the child with a smile in her kind old eyes. 'Tis the month of Our Lady, my pat, and they're going there to pay her honor.'"

"What are they going to have?" "May devotions," Ann answered. "Presently you'll hear the bell ring; then the playing of the organ, and the children'll be singing a hymn to Our Lady. After that you'll maybe hear low murmuring of voices, if the breeze happens to bring the sound this way; it'll be the Rosary they'll be saying, that's like a wreath of roses they'll offer her—only their flowers'll be prayers."

"What will they do next?" the child asked. "Then they'll sing another hymn," Ann smiled, "and May devotions will be over."

"Ann, do you ever go to May devotions?" the child asked, after a little silence.

"Yes," she answered, "every time I can get away for a little while, I go."

"The next time you go, Ann, would you take me with you?" Ann did not answer at once, but when she did there was a hint of defiance in her small bright eyes.

"Now, why wouldn't I be taking you if you wanted to go with me? And maybe if you're real good I'll take you to the May procession."

"Oh, Ann!" the child beamed. "When will they have that?" "Next Sunday afternoon at a 5 o'clock. Then you'll see a grand sight! I'll take you in my pew, where you can see everything and hear the children sing; they'll be marching up the aisle then, the altar boys first, and the little girls following. And, sure, there'll not be one of them that won't have her flowers."

The child's eyes were wide and bright. "What will they do with the flowers, Ann?"

"That'll be the loveliest part of all," Ann beamed, "they'll give the flowers to Our Lady. Just you be patient and wait. You'll see!"

The hours dragged until the child's father came home from the office that night when she began to tell him about the wonderful event that Ann had promised to take her to. But there was no corresponding smile in his face as he jerked off his glasses and threw them on the table.

"Nonsense!" he jeered. "What can the woman be thinking of?" The child stopped short and stared back at him in wide-eyed surprise and disappointment.

"I—I asked Ann to take me, father," she faltered. "I didn't know it would make you mad." "Tears came into her pretty eyes. 'I'm not blaming you, my dear,' he answered more gently, 'but Ann should have known better.'"

Then it was that Ann came back into the room again, and seeing the sorrow with which the man regarded her, looked a little startled.

"What is this I hear," he demanded, "about your taking Rose over to that church to a May procession next Sunday afternoon?"

"Why, sir, the child could not be in better company," she answered calmly. "What?" He began to glare at her from across the library table.

Her spirit came to the surface, and two red spots burned in her thin cheeks.

"That will do!" he thundered. "Leave my house at once for your interference—do you hear? And tomorrow come down to my office for the check that will be due you."

"Very well, sir." There was a good deal of dignity in Ann's voice as she added: "But 'tis not your real self that's sending me away, sir; 'tis your money and your ambition that you've let come between you and your old-time Catholic faith—even robbing your own flesh and blood of her holy religion, because it ain't stylish enough for her!"

She had expected a second tirade from this, but, paling and too surprised to answer, he could only stare back at her.

Very quietly the door opened and Ann went out, while Rose, who had listened to these strange things she had said to her father, began to watch him very closely now. But the questions that rose to her lips died away, and it was not long before she, too, stole away.

Rose was often very quiet after Ann went away, for she loved her dearly and missed her motherly devotion. Her greatest pleasure now was to stand at the library window each afternoon when the hour for May devotions came to watch the people as they went into the church.

When the Sunday of the May procession came Rose tried very hard to satisfy herself with watching the children as they trooped their way into the big white church.

The altar boys came first, led by a young priest, and after them the little girls. Some of them were wearing the veils and wreaths that they wore the day they made their First Communion; and all of them had flowers.

After a long time the music and the low murmuring of voices, that she had learned from Ann was the Rosary, died away, and somewhere in the church a sweet-toned gong sounded. She did not know that the sounding of the gong meant that they were having Benediction; Ann had not told her about that.

When Benediction was over and the children had left the church, she told herself that although she had missed the May procession she could at least go over to the Cathedral the next day and see this lovely Lady who looked down from the altar that Ann had said was in the left aisle of the church.

The next day found her in the church. She had never been in a place so still before, and almost timidly she looked about her. Then up the aisle she went, pausing now and then to gaze back at some sweet-faced saint who seemed to smile down at her from the stained glass windows. She did not miss the Stations, either, and her face grew sober as she looked at them.

But before Our Lady's altar her eyes lit up, for it was beautiful with the flowers that the children had left there the day before, and votive candles burned brightly at her feet. How beautiful her mantle, and how lovely the crown she wore, studded with rubies and pearls and even turquoise—the color of which matched the blue of her mantle!

"Why did father send Ann away for telling me about this Lady?" the child began to ask herself. "And why did he not want Ann to take me to the May procession?"

That night when she and her father were again in the library she looked at him a long time before she ventured to ask the questions that she had been turning over in her mind.

"Father, what made you send Ann away for telling me about that lovely Lady?" He did not frown or look impatient, and it gave her courage to go on.

"And why wouldn't you let Ann take me to the May procession?" The next moment she had climbed up in his lap and her two small arms were about his shoulders. Although she smiled a little, there was a touch of stiffness in her smile that made her face more thoughtful than was natural for a little girl of seven.

"Father, don't get a new house-keeper. Send for Ann instead."

There was a little tremor in her voice, and she swallowed hard to drive back the tears.

Very tenderly her father kissed her when she went off to bed that night, but he had not answered her questions, nor had he told her what he would do about Ann.

For a long time he sat at the window after Rose had left the room, his eyes riveted on the big white church before him. Weeks had passed and months had slipped away into years since he had entered there: years in which he had become too engrossed in reaching his goal to give any time to religion.

Out of the reaching of this goal ambition for a brilliant social career for Rose had come. Deep laid were the plans he had made for her future; and, knowing his faith as well as she did, he knew also the sacrifice that he exacted if one would keep true to its teachings. So he had set about with jealous care to keep her away from any knowledge of his Church and hers.

No wonder, then, that he had hid the house of Ann! But before the accusing eyes of his unlettered old housekeeper the sordid standards he had acquired and set up in the place of his old-time Catholic faith began to crumble.

And there was the mother of his little girl! Presently his eyes left the church, and slowly he lifted them to the picture over the mantel. He read nothing but reproach in her

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lovely face tonight. What would she find to say to him, he asked himself, for the awful wrong he had done to their little Rose?

Suddenly he rose from the chair in which he had been sitting and, moving over to the other side of the room, switched on an electric light that hung low over the small mahogany desk in the corner and began to write.

It was Ann herself who met the postman at the door the next day, and received from him a letter addressed to her.

"Come back to us, Ann," it read. "Rose misses you, and the house needs you very badly."

"And glad that I am that I was that bold to say what I did to him that day. Maybe it has helped to bring him to his senses."

Tears filled her eyes as she folded the note and tucked it away in her apron pocket, but through the tears came a kindly little smile.

"Sure," 'twas not the real Anthony Bowman that sent me away from my darling that day."

It was Sunday morning. The late stroke of the bell sounded for the children's Mass as Anthony Bowman came out of the house. Rose was swinging to his hand as he started down the steps, and every now and then she would look up at him with eyes shining and cheeks aglow.

"Father," she said when the evening came, and the ringing of the Angelus had died away, "are we going to Mass next Sunday like we did this morning?"

"Yes," he answered, "every Sunday morning from now on, we're going."

"And am I to stay after Mass for Sunday-school like I did to day?" "Surely," he answered, smiling.

And the same peace that brooded over the big white church across the street that Sunday evening came into his face and settled there.—Eleanor Lloyd in Rosary Magazine.

A PROTESTANT TRIBUTE

OUTWARD ACTS.

"Roman Catholicism lays great stress upon the performance of outward acts, while Protestantism affects to make light of such things. In this attitude I am firmly convinced that Roman Catholicism is right and Protestantism wholly wrong. A genuine religion must manifest itself in some outward way. A man who seldom or never attends divine services, who declines to avail himself of the sacraments of Christ's appointing, who openly makes no confession of his faith, whatever else he may be, is certainly not a religious man. The Roman authorities understand human nature, and when they lay down certain definite rules and regulations governing the outward expression of religion and insist upon their loyal observance as the evidences of the individual's sincerity, they show the greatest wisdom. It is folly to talk as though religion could be divorced from its outward forms. Religion is not solely the practice of ethics, as some seem to suppose. It includes ethics, but it comprises infinitely more. Religion is the attitude of the soul towards its Creator, and that attitude must find expression in all the departments of man's nature."—Rev. N. Scupler.

HIGHER STILL AND HIGHER

So closely have certain of the so-called "High" Church rectors come back to the methods and the manners of pre-Reformation days, that even the most discerning are being deceived. A priest, visiting lately in one of our larger cities, confesses that he dropped in to say his Office in what he supposed was a Catholic Church, and only learned the following day that he had been praying for nearly an hour in a Protestant edifice. (The altar, the sanctuary lamp, the statues, confessional, etc., were all there. Just what marks of recognition might have been missing, we have not learned. One of our exchanges reports that "at the great thanksgiving Mass in All Saints, Margaret street, London, a solemn procession encircled the parish, in which a detachment of American marines had place, escorting the Stars and Stripes. Among the statues borne was one of Jeanne d'Arc. The Salvation Army band accompanied the clergy. Religious, choir, incense bearers, etc., and the vicar's warden, the Duke of Newcastle, preceded the vicar and his assistant clergy. The procession ended with the Te Deum before an out-of-doors altar in the Church courtyard." Here, too, there must have been room for doubt in the mind of any stranger chancing to be about Margaret street. Unless one were acquainted with the face and

the faith of His Lordship, the Duke of Newcastle, or got a glimpse at the bass-drum head carried by the Salvation Army bandman, how could one tell the difference?—Catholic Transcript.

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CARDINAL MERCIER HAS DOUBTS AS TO GERMAN TRANSFORMATION

London, April 17.—Cardinal Mercier, who has retired from the public eye since the armistice—thanks to his own modesty and the desire of a certain Free-Masonic element to ignore him—has just given an interview to a Catholic journal of the Allies. The Great Figure of the War, the Archbishop of Malines, who is the only great man of his country during the war who has not been honored with the title of Minister of State for his eminent services during the occupation, is missed by those who know what Belgium owes to him; and his detractors endeavor in vain to raise a wind of ill feeling against him by declaring he worked not for his country but for the Church only.

The Cardinal told the Catholic journalist that he was skeptical on the transformation of the German mentality. He said, "I will help to change it, but a certain force is necessary before they cease to be the men they have shown themselves in Belgium. They must pass through a period of re-education, which will refashion them, or they will never be a free people. By a free people," he said, "I mean one, which is capable of understanding the nobleness of moral values."

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

The Cardinal then described one of his own experiences of the occupation, apropos of that remark of moral values.

"It was at the time, when the German governor was convinced that I meditated leaving my house to take the lead in the popular revolt," said His Eminence. "I consented to promise that I would abstain from going out for any cause whatsoever. The following day an officer brought me a letter from the governor. The officer was accompanied by an automobile full of soldiers, which entered the courtyard of the archiepiscopal palace. A moment after, having need to pass into the opposite wing of my palace to get a document, I descended and was about to cross the courtyard. Suddenly the officer, who accompanied me, turned his revolver upon me, while the soldiers in the courtyard leveled their firearms at me. I was evidently convinced that I was about to try to escape. I took no notice of the soldiers but I could not help saying to the officer: I pity you that you have done this. You will never understand that the word of a man of honor is a surer guarantee than the bullets of your revolver."

ENDURING SOUVENIR

The Cardinal added that that glimpse into the mentality of the Germans had left an enduring souvenir upon his mind.

The Cardinal has been invited by the Minister for Economic Affairs to assist in April at the solemn session, organized at the Palais d'Égremont, for the benefit of the works for child hood, a ceremony at which the King and Queen will also assist.

On Tuesday of this week the Archbishop of Malines went to Zebrugg, where he was the guest of Admiral Keyes on the flagship Terzagant, the admiral himself explaining to the Cardinal the phases of the famous attack by British sailors. His Eminence afterwards visited the battlefields of the Year.

CHAPLAINS AND RETURNING SOLDIERS

The United States from the very beginning of our entrance into the War recognized the importance of chaplains as a part of the military organization. Every effort was made to satisfy the wishes of every shade of religious belief, and every facility accorded the ministers of religion to exercise their duties in the field. In the camps at home and abroad, and in the fighting lines, chaplains were treated with a broad spirit and with large courtesy. So, too, on the return of the soldiers the same generous recognition, with characteristic American fairness, has been extended to those whose insignia of office is the Cross. An instance of this, selected out of many, will serve as an illustration.

One of the striking features of the celebration of welcome accorded to the Yankee Division on its return to Boston was the guard of honor which accompanied the service flag with its glorious record of heroic duty heroically performed. Two thousand gold stars were blazoned on its field of white. It was heavy toll to pay for the saving of the world, and New England has reason to be proud that in this as in former instances it has been generous, even prodigal, in giving its best blood to the cause of freedom. At the head of the procession rode that gallant soldier, Major General Clarence E. Edwards, a man dear to the heart of New England even before he went to France, not merely because he is the highest type of a gentleman soldier, but also because like the man he is, he shared every danger with his men, and in the trenches no less than in the camp, was not their commander only but their comrade and their friend.

It was characteristic of Major-General Edwards, as an American and a soldier, that he should have placed two chaplains among the guard of honor of the service flag. He knew he could not better consult the

wishes of those who have died for their country than to have a chaplain in attendance on the flag. For him the chaplain is the link between the soldier, whether dead or alive, and God. The officer is responsible for the lives of his men; the chaplain for their souls. The army wishes the soldiers to do their duty, and to die if need be, as men; the chaplains work to help them to fight, and should the extreme sacrifice be demanded, to lay down their lives as Christians. Since the Yankee Division, which fought and died with such heroic generosity, was composed so largely of Catholics, and since the chaplains had so large a share in the creating and sustaining their unshaken morale, it was wise and fitting that a chaplain, a priest, should have had an honored place in the guard of honor to their heroic living and dead.—America.

THE MOTHER CHOOSES

Upon the death of Sir Mark Sykes, the most promising of British Catholic statesmen, his constituents volunteered to send his widow to represent him in Parliament. It was, indeed, a significant tribute paid to her dead husband, but also, it offered her the enviable opportunity of being the first woman to take a seat in the House of Commons. Lady Sykes, however, declined on the plea that bringing up her children must consume all her energy. That reply proves her a worthy candidate for Parliament, but a far better mother. Of course, it has about it that which will make the feminists fume. But if there should be a wavering woman somewhere, it may encourage her to know that one who has the opportunity to speak either in Parliament or in the home, preferred the home. There are women who could not be trusted with such a choice. What would mothers choose in such a case, who now prefer bridge parties and matinees, though there is none to whom the children can be entrusted in the meantime? There is no intention to deny the right of father and mother to recreation. Little enough of either will the conscientious have. But there is many a mother who should ask herself what her choice would have been in Lady Sykes' place. There is only one possible judgment when unaccompanied children are seen at night tramping the streets and packing the film houses. That judgment convicts fathers and mothers of their shameful and sinful neglect of their first responsibility.—New World.

THE VATICAN

AND THE PAN-CHRISTIAN CONGRESS

Some short time ago it was reported in the Arkansas Gazette that the Vatican would not take part in the proposed Pan-Christian Congress. Nor have we any doubt about the authenticity of the report.

To the outsider this stand may seem narrow. And it would be narrow if religion were a matter of private judgment. No man or no set of human reason, and where there is question of solving problems that lie within the scope of reason of mankind is more represented in their solution the more prominent there of success. This is why we hold a philosophy that has been the growth of ages from Aristotle to the present day, each generation of scholars contributing its share towards fathoming the riddles of the universe, more reliable than the philosophic systems spun out of individual minds.

But the Christian religion is primarily based on a divine revelation. It is a gift of God to mankind. And when God speaks it behooves man to listen. The truths of religion must not so much be discovered as accepted. This would be simple enough, you say, if the voice of God spoke unmistakably to each individual. And, no doubt, God could have chosen this way to make known His revelation to mankind.

As a matter of fact, however, He spoke to men through Moses and the prophets and last of all through His Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ. And the latter committed the teaching office to His Church. Having promised His apostles the Holy Spirit who was to remain with them forever to lead them into all truth, He more assured them of His own assistance in the consummation of the world. Comforted by the never-failing presence of the Holy Spirit and supported by the assistance of Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life, the Church has enjoyed from the beginning an infallible teaching authority in matters pertaining to divine revelation. At any rate this is the position of the Catholic Church. She has always claimed that authority and always fulfilled the responsibility of keeping the deposit of faith intact. No matter what obliquy or ridicule she may have to bear in consequence, she must be faithful to her trust. In other words, the Catholic Church cannot take part in a Pan-Christian Congress without denying her whole history, throwing overboard all her traditions, sacrificing all her principles—in short, ceasing to be the Catholic Church. Those who believe in private judgment in matters of religion may very well meet together and profitably compare their judgments, but those who believe in a faith, unchangeable and unamendable, guaranteed by a divine authority,

cannot allow that faith to become an object of debate. No power on earth or under the earth will ever be able to seduce the Catholic Church from what she considers to be her duty of witnessing to God's revelation.

Nor do we believe that a congress of the other Christian denominations would result in a real union among them. For such a union would suppose a central authority, a kind of pope of Protestantism, and having rejected the historical papacy, they are not likely to succeed with a substitute of their own making. Any attempt in this direction would come to shipwreck at their principle of private judgment.

Still one step towards a union in which even the Catholic Church could join would be possible, viz., the negative union of dropping all bitterness and antagonisms contentions. We all acknowledge that but for a miracle of divine grace it is not possible for all of us to believe alike. Let us then, at least believe in one another's sincerity, which is not only possible but a duty of Christian charity. Thus we may all have a part in showing the way, more or less direct, of salvation to struggling souls—souls that have been redeemed by Jesus Christ, the Saviour of all men.—S. in The Guardian.

VICTORIAN ORDER OF NURSES

The Victorian Order, Toronto branch, has recently opened two new suburban districts and the nurses have been provided with automobiles, with which to make their calls, and it has been found that this has been of considerable help to them in making more visits and covering great distances. We are given to understand that Miss Hall, 281 Sherbourne St., is anxious to add several nursing assistants to her staff.

IRISH BISHOPS SCORE MARTIAL LAW IN LAND

ENGLISH GOVERNMENT SEEMS TO BE GOADING IRISH INTO OPEN VIOLENCE

The Catholic Bishops of Ireland have just issued a statement condemning the institution of martial law in Ireland by the British Government. Bishop Hallinan, of Limerick, in a published protest, which appeared in the British and Irish press, says:

"The Government seems bent on provoking the Irish people into overt acts. Ireland, the most peaceable country in the world, is today the only example before the eyes of the Peace Council of a nation of law-abiding and God-fearing people, being degraded and 'Prussianized' by an alien power. As far as Limerick is concerned, it is the most peaceful county in Ireland."

The executive of Sinn Fein at a meeting at Dublin, issued an appeal to the people not to let any acts of the Government incite them into misguided action, to cling to their policy of passive resistance and in their daily lives to carry out the idea that English government has no place in Ireland and that the Government of the Irish Republic whose claim for recognition is now before the nations, is the only Government to which the Irish people owe allegiance.

The recent strikes in Limerick, Cork and elsewhere are general strikes against martial law and not because of any labor trouble. Mrs. Lillian Scott Troy, of San Francisco, the American woman who was deported to America without any charges being made against her, is understood to have brought down the ire of the Government by getting articles to the American press showing up the true conditions that prevail in Ireland.—Buffo Echo.

CARDINAL OPPOSES PUTTING OF SACRED HEART UPON FLAG

Brussels, April 2, 1919.—Cardinal Mercier's Lenten Pastoral is a call to gratitude to the Sacred Heart which, he says, has so visibly protected Belgium. His Eminence says several have suggested demonstrating this gratitude by placing the emblem of the Sacred Heart on the national flag. To this the Cardinal replies that the flag belongs to all Belgians, and may not be used by one or other to express anything beyond the devotion of all Belgians for their country. Catholics, who are persuaded that Our Blessed Lord and His Immaculate Mother have helped us specially in those dark hours, owe it to God to affirm the faith of their souls, and they can do so by contributing to the completion of the National Basilica of Koekelberg, by consecrating themselves to the Sacred Heart, and by combining the public expression of their patriotism with their religion. To this end the Cardinal exhorts all Catholics to hang on the flag staff, which bears the oriflamme of their country, their own ensign of the Sacred Heart inscribed with their own consecration thereto.

The Cardinal also calls on all to look back to be grateful. He exhorts them to recall the War every year at the evening Angelus of August 2, which was for Belgium a tocsin. He calls on all to recall the brave dead, whose names will be inscribed in every parish, and for whom every year a solemn service will be celebrated in the first fortnight of each November, as the victory will be commemorated every

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OBITUARY

MRS. BENJAMIN BLONDE The news of the death of Mrs. Benjamin Blonde, Chatham, Ont., will come as a great shock to the friends of her family. After a prolonged illness hastened by an attack of the dread influenza she passed away on April 25th, at St. Joseph's Hospital, Chatham.

The late Mrs. Blonde was born in Raleigh township, fifty years ago and was the eldest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John O'Rourke. Her life was a beautiful example of Catholic motherhood and Christian charity. The memory of her cheerful, kindly disposition will be an inspiration for many years to a wide circle of friends.

An untimely illness robbed her of the supreme consolation of witnessing the conferring of the dignity of the priesthood upon a son at the coming ordination in June.

A large family remains to cherish her memory. Its members are, Mrs. T. G. Sullivan, Miss Anna, Rev. Gregory Blonde, deacon at St. Peter's Seminary, Clara, Irene, Angela, Antoinette, Benjamin, Elizabeth and James Richmond Blonde at home. May her soul rest in peace.

DIED

O'BRIEN.—At her residence, 115 Augusta St., Ottawa, on Tuesday, April 29, Miss Hannah O'Brien. May her soul rest in peace.

McDONALD.—Suddenly, on Tuesday, April 29, 1919, at his late residence, 252 Laurier Ave East, Ottawa, John McDonald of the Exchequer Court. May his soul rest in peace.

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