

# 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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## HOLY THURSDAY

I wish I were the little flower  
So near the Host's sweet face,  
Or like the light that half an hour  
Burns on the shrine of grace.

I wish I were the altar where,  
As on His Mother's breast,  
Christ nestles like a child, for'er;  
In Eucharistic rest.

But, oh, my God I wish the most  
That my poor heart may be  
A home all holy for each Host  
That comes in love to me.

—REV. ARAM J. RYAN

## THE TORCH OF LIFE

There was a form of contest among the Greeks of old, the art of which consisted in keeping a torch alight throughout a race, each contestant handing it on, still lighted, to the next. So says Lucretius, of those who run the race of life, *quasi cursores citati lampada tradunt*—like runners they hand on the torch of life. It is the part of each to hand on the torch, bright and burning, when his allotted space is run; it is the duty of us who remain to take it up and keep it burning. The duty always presses, but its urgency is brought more vividly home to our minds when the torch falls, burning its brightest, from the hands of some outstanding leader in the race.

Who will take it up? The question was asked in France when, early in the war, Comte Albert de Mun died. It was asked among ourselves when we lost Duke Henry of Norfolk. It is asked to-day beside the newly covered grave of Sir Mark Sykes. It is asked with the more insistence and anxiety because confessedly all is not as well as it should be with Catholic lay activity in this country. With eminent opportunities before us, which if not seized may pass from our grasp, with a vast amount of eagerness and good-will, and a lot of scattered good work, there is lack of cohesion, clear vision, directness of purpose. These things result largely from lack of leadership, and that is why the loss of one who promised to be eminently a leader is so tragic. However, it is no use simply to bewail our loss, but to consider the little the nature of that loss may afford some guidance for the task of making it good so far as may be.

Among the many tributes to Sir Mark Sykes in the secular press is the opinion that his death is the greatest loss to the Church in England since that of Cardinal Manning. The feeling that justifies this tribute is more largely indicated in a very striking passage in last Sunday's Observer.

"Young, rich, an adherent of the Old Faith, deeply versed in all the lore of the Near East, travelled, versatile, and already leader of a Young Tory Party which left nothing to the other side, he was one of the few men in the late Parliament who actually did bring original, independent thinking to bear the solution of political problems. In the intervals of his special missions in the Eastern theatres of war, which he knew so well, he studied all social and domestic questions with a passionate desire to strengthen his country in the order through which it was passing. He sought no office, but he carried a torch which led others. And all that splendid promise—has it been in vain? I think not. Other torches had already been kindled from his. I remember one of his intimates who used to say, 'The only thing which reconciles me to being in Parliament is the presence of Mark Sykes.'

The writer has here indicated some of the characteristics of an ideal Catholic leadership, though he is speaking only of the general political life. It is in a "passionate desire" for the Catholic good inseparably from the common good, combined with a complete aloofness from any sectional interest, that the secret lies. The danger of public life is that of being caught up in the machine; and Catholic representation in Parliament or in any other public body is of no use to Catholicism unless it means real independence of mind, and still more of heart, and unless it also means a passion for definite, constructive work, and not merely the holding of a "watching brief" for the defence of separate Catholic interests that may be attacked. It was the privilege of the present writer to see something from the inside of Sir Mark Sykes, public action during the last twelve months, and his insistence on both these points was intense. Belonging to the group of young Tory democrats, his language about party machines, the organs of irresponsible plutocracy, was as vivid as language could at times be in his mouth, and he was equally incisive upon the folly of standing out of national movements and abandoning them to the enemy. This principle governed his action upon the Education Bill, and how it would have worked out in the still larger

questions before us may be in some measure seen in Lord Henry Bentinck's recent and fascinating little book on "Tory Democracy." For "Tory" read "Catholic," and imagine the scheme informed by the breath of life instead of inspired by loyalty to a past cause, and you have *mutatis mutandis*, the great and inspiring scheme of social action which Sir Mark Sykes contemplated.

Such a spirit may, of course, combine with general loyalty to any political party or type of thought not in itself anti-Catholic. But it is the spirit, not the party, that matters, and it is remarkable how closely the spirit brings men of varying parties together when concrete proposals for the national good are in question. In proportion as the spirit of national service and of independence in party loyalties is fostered, our chance lies of "throwing up" Catholic leaders who will hand on the torch Sir Mark Sykes bore. Nor is such leadership called for only on the larger platforms of public life; in every town, in every parish, in every workshop, in every social circle, there are those marked out by gifts of nature or of circumstance to lead; and here, for a Catholic above all others, surely "noblesse oblige."

Success or failure in this or that immediate objective is not the thing that matters most, but the constant permeating influence of Catholic action throughout the whole. To keep the torch burning and to hand it on bright, whether men heed its light or not—that is the responsibility of each of us, and our privilege. But it is one of our consolations and encouragements that so often, amidst many failures, little bits of good work can be done, here and there, lasting testimonies to the influence that wrought them, our own torches lighted from our own whose brightness may shine longer and clearer than ours. "Noble is the contest and great the hope," said the Athenian philosopher of old. How urgent is the call for our utmost endeavour, hardly needs emphasis in this fateful week, when issues so grave for both peace and righteousness in our national life are in the balance. We do not take the dark view of the prospect which is held in some quarters, but that it calls for all the wisdom and all the disinterestedness the nation can command is plain. It is for each of us to do our part in the spirit of high endeavour and generous sacrifice of which so notable an example has been bequeathed to us.—The Universe.

## DEFENDS GEN. SHANNON

COULD NOT BE USED BY THE "WIRE-PULLERS," WHO MADE M. S. A. RIDICULOUS

To the Editor of The Advertiser:

If he had been directly quoted by the papers, the M. P. for North Oxford recently stated before the pensions committee in Ottawa that "in London there is no command. They do as they please."

I was beginning to wonder if Mr. Nesbitt's petulant outburst was going to pass without comment, but I saw by yesterday's papers that the Kitchener branch of the G. W. V. A. had gone on record as strongly disapproving that M. P.'s alleged statement, and expressing confidence in the military authorities at London.

If the member for North Oxford really used the words attributed to him, he must have known that military ethics would prevent the G. O. C. or any of his staff from making any reply.

For the greater part of the past year I had the honor to be adjutant of the 1st Depot Battalion, the draft-furnishing unit for this district, and was pretty well awake to what was going on in M. D. No. 1. Being no longer in the army nor in any way connected with it, I feel that I can speak out plainly, and I want the people of this district to know that one of the greatest difficulties with which the military authorities here have had to contend, was the continual and unwarranted interference of certain politicians.

"DO AS I PLEASE"

Mr. Nesbitt is reported to have said, "They do as they please." Would it not have been more near the mark if he had said, "They will not do as I please?" The military authorities in M. D. No. 1 as in any other district, are governed by well-defined rules, and have tried to live up to these rules and carry out their instructions honestly. The G. O. C. Brigadier General Shannon, has the esteem and confidence of every soldier in the district and for any petty politician to say, "In London there is no command" is to say something that the veterans throughout Western Ontario must resent as an unwarranted and wholly uncalled for attack on the head of this district.

The real fact of the matter is that certain members of parliament, ex-members and would-be members, have assumed to take the management of M. D. No. 1 into their own hands. They have attempted to dictate to the authorities particularly in the matter of granting extended leave

of absence, and more recently in the matter of demobilization, and when they find that those authorities cannot be bent to do their wishes or accede to their interpretation of the law, they become peevish.

## MADE ENFORCEMENT RIDICULOUS

These same politicians, after the military service act came into effect (and with the support of many of them) immediately proceeded to make its enforcement ridiculous. Numerous orders-in-council, probably inspired by some of these same patriots, had the effect of nullifying to a great degree, the M. S. A. But orders-in-council and routine orders could not be devised to cover every individual case, and so the politicians got busy and began to deluge the military authorities with letters demanding the release of men whose cases very often, did not come within any of the orders and who very frequently had no conceivable grounds for release except that the M. P. or other politician might demand it. These politicians even found it necessary to make many and frequent trips to London to offer their advice to the authorities, and it was nothing unusual for me to see two or three M. P.'s there at a time.

## HOW WORK WAS HAMPERED

I think it well that the people should know how the work of the military was hampered in this district and I am confident that when they know the facts other branches of the G. W. V. A. will follow the lead of the Kitchener veterans in condemning an unjust attack on the G. O. C. M. D. No. 1.

Yours truly  
S. C. KIRKLAND,  
Dutton, Ont., March 26, 1919.

## SIR HORACE PLUNKETT

FINDS AMERICAN PEOPLE UNANIMOUS

"FULL JUSTICE MUST BE DONE TO NATIONAL ASPIRATION OF IRELAND"

"Whatever the President may or may not see fit to do or say in Paris, I feel that the moral sense of the American people must be satisfied."

Among the 800 first cabin passengers, who sailed for Liverpool yesterday on the White Star liner Adriatic was Sir Horace Plunkett, who presided last year over the Dublin Convention which was supported by the British Government, but failed to bring about an agreement between the Irish factions. Sir Horace has spent seven weeks in the United States, which he devoted largely to studying American sentiment on the Irish problem and declined to make any comments on the League of Nations or the Irish question beyond what was contained in the following statement:

"Americans are united as never before in the forty years I have been coming to this country, in a desire to see full justice done to the national aspirations of Ireland."

"They want the difficulty out of the way both on account of the vital principles involved and the immense number of your citizens of Irish birth and blood. That question will, if not settled, continue to disturb your domestic politics where it raises false issues and threatens to become serious embarrassment in your foreign policy. I have been assured over and over again that nothing else in all the peace problems of the Allies touches America so closely, morally and politically."

"I have been constantly asked my opinion as to what in these circumstances ought to be done. I could not help toward a settlement in Ireland—and nowhere else can a satisfactory settlement be reached—if I were to set out the terms of the solution I should personally prefer. Moreover, there have been political changes in Great Britain since I left which may have to be taken into account. So far as I can judge at this distance the situation there is growing ripe for a final effort to solve the problem."

"My inquiries in America have related rather to the urgency than to the manner of settlement. Of this I am certain, the solution will be greatly simplified if the unanimity which I have observed in this country is maintained. Whatever the President may or may not see fit to do or say in Paris, I feel that the moral sense of the American people must be satisfied and their politics and policies freed from false issues and embarrassment arising from the actual state of Ireland."

"I am glad to find that on one vital point American opinion seems quite definite. The plans for the partition of Ireland, which from time to time find favor at Westminster, would no more satisfy American opinion than they would be tolerated by the sentiment of Ireland. There may be many solutions of the Irish question, but there is only one in Ireland."

"When the Irish people come together, not to talk over but to work out a united Ireland, they will be faced, as is every other modern country,

with the problem of holding the balance even between the agricultural and industrial interests. In this task, the fulfillment of which will dispose of the so-called Ulster difficulty, American opinion, sympathy and advice will all be helpful.

"The war should have brought, peace must bring Irish settlement. That is the message I would leave behind and take home."

## BASIS OF LEAGUE OF NATIONS

By the Rev. John J. O'Gorman, D.C. L., C. F.

The present inter Allied Peace Conference will be a success if it paves the way for the League of Nations. Fixing the blame for the war, punishing the criminals, releasing from the grasp of the enemy empires the nations or provinces held against their will, repairing as far as possible the harm done to the civilian population of the Allied countries—these objects are necessary and excellent, and certain of achievement. But no punishment, however severe, meted out to the Central Empires and Turkey will protect the world or will establish international justice. The cause of the recent world-war, which still rages in Eastern Europe, was, in the last instance international injustice. This evil can be remedied in only one manner—by establishing international justice.

This object cannot be achieved by a balance of power or by making the Entente powers all powerful. For under either of these systems the root evil which caused the war still lurks—namely, the pagan idea of complete State sovereignty. State is absolutely sovereign, if it is answerable to no higher authority of God or man, if it can say to those who would interfere to remedy an injustice, "this is a domestic question" then inevitably it will be a race between state and state as to who can raise and maintain the largest army, the largest navy, and the most powerful air force. That way lies war. If this system continues the youths who took part in this war may still be doing the khaki or field grey arrives. Unless we want an ever present danger of war, then the Peace Conference must result in a League of Nations that will acknowledge a higher power than the state, and that will obey and enforce international ethics.

For the only sound basis of the League of Nations is international ethics. This is not a new science, nor a new idea, but one which was taught in the Old Testament, and which has formed part of the Christian tradition from the beginning. St. Augustine, Aquinas, and Suarez laid down the fundamental principles centuries ago. Unfortunately, few indeed of the delegates to the Peace Conference are well grounded in Catholic philosophy. Few even of the learned and facile writers who indulge us with words about the Peace Conference seem to have a grasp of the principles of international ethics. Every nation, however should know them as we know our Catechism. To refresh our memory, a few of these principles may be here recapitulated.

## PRINCIPLES OF INTERNATIONAL ETHICS

First.—The nations of the world must acknowledge God, the Infinite Creator, to be the Father and Lord of the Universe, whom all nations, as all individuals, must obey.

Secondly.—The Ten Commandments apply without exception equally to all nations. Every nation must worship God, and Him alone, honor His Holy Name, keep holy the Sunday, respect the inalienable rights of parents, and avoid murder, divorce laws, theft, lies, and covetousness.

Thirdly.—All nations are free and equal, and subject to God. Just as human slavery is a crime against the dignity of man, whom God made free and equal in His essential rights, so also national slavery, the maintenance of one nation in subjection to another by force, is opposed to the God-given right of every nation to be free. As, however, man cannot obtain a full exercise of his freedom while a child, so, under clear, established conditions, nations in a primitive state of civilization may remain in tutelage to others more civilized, on condition that they are gradually educated to liberty.

Fourthly.—No nation is really sovereign (that is, irresponsible), for though a juridically perfect society, a state is necessarily subject to the Will of God, as manifested in international ethics. Of the very nature of things, this international ethics calls for an organism to proclaim and apply it. This organism can only be formed by the nations creating a new international and super-national body—the League of Nations.

Fifthly.—Every nation has as its object the common good of the whole nation, but this object must be subordinate to the common good of the human race. Otherwise there exists a form of excessive nationalism or aggressive imperialism, which excites

national vanity, inflames national pride, and increases national greed, all of which results in unnecessary war.

Sixthly.—The League of Nations has as its object the common good of humanity, which it must protect against the injustice of nations. The League must protect the inalienable rights of nations, as the nations must respect the inalienable rights of families. In a clash between the rights of a nation and the rights of the League, the League must prevail as it has as its object the greater good.

Seventhly.—The League of Nations must liberate all civilized nations now held in political subjection by force of arms by another power, whether that power be a member of the Central Empires or of the Entente. It must also protect the real rights of racial minorities, such as that of establishing at their own cost their own schools.

Eighthly.—The League, in adjusting and readjusting the boundaries of states, must consider the principle of nationality, race, and language, and the general interests of mankind, and not be bound by the principle of the balance of power, by selfish considerations of strategic frontiers, by the desire of depriving the enemy of valuable natural resources, or by the clause of sordid secret treaties, which were signed, not to establish justice, but to obtain allies, and which, as they involve injustice to third parties, are of no binding character.

Ninthly.—The League must acknowledge that, independently of any nation or of all nations, there stands the Church. The League has as one of its main duties the protection of the Church against the interference of nations. In particular, the Catholic Church being a juridically perfect society, and hence being in its own (religious) sphere sovereign and independent even of the League of Nations, must be guaranteed perfect freedom. This implies, among many other things, the appointment of bishops and parish priests without interference by secular authority, freedom of church government, freedom of the pulpit, the right of religious orders to own property and conduct their institutions, the inviolability of church property, and the liberty of religious bodies to establish primary, secondary, and university schools, whose pupils may compete on an equal footing with the pupils of State schools for all public positions.

Tenth.—The League must protect the religious liberty of the individual against the interference of others. A State, or the League itself, has a right to interfere with freedom of conscience, only when the so-called religion of a particular individual is against the natural law.

Eleventh.—The League of Nations must acknowledge the Pope to be, as head of the Catholic Church, the international world religion, subject to no nation, nor even to the League of Nations, but to be in his own sphere a truly Sovereign Pontiff. Hence the League must acknowledge his international character and guarantee him the absolutely free exercise of his office in peace time and in war time. The League should, conjointly with the Pope and the Kingdom of Italy, settle the "Roman Question."

Twelfth.—The League of Nations must establish the machinery necessary to obtain its end—international justice and happiness.

The delegates of the nations will not accept this philosophy nor put it into practice but the measure of their omission will be the measure of their failure. However, there has been no moment in history when there was a great chance for the realization of a number of these bases for a League of Nations as there is to-day. All those who believe in these Christian principles of international ethics should support them by word and prayer.—The Universe, Jan. 31.

## RUSSIA

Recently the Archbishop of Omsk, President of the Supreme Administration of the Orthodox Church, sent the Archbishop of Canterbury a letter from which the following passage is taken:

"Having seized supreme power in Russia in 1917, the Maximalists proceeded to destroy, not only the cultivated classes of society, but have also swept away religion itself, the representatives of the churches and the religious monuments venerated by all. The Kremlin Cathedrals of Moscow and those in the towns of Yaroslavl and Simeonopol have been sacked, and many churches have been defiled. The historical sacrifices, as well as the famous libraries of the Patriarchs of Moscow and Petrograd, have been pillaged. Vladimir, Metropolitan of Kiev, about twenty bishops and hundreds of priests have been assassinated. Before killing them the Bolsheviks cut off the limbs of their victims, some of whom were buried alive. Wherever the Bolsheviks are in power the Christian Church is persecuted with even greater severity than the first centuries of the Christian era. Nuns are being violated, women made common property, license and the lowest

passions are rampant. One sees everywhere death, misery and famine. The whole population is utterly cast down and subjected to the most terrifying experiences. Some are purified by their sufferings, but others succumb. Only in Siberia and the region of the Ural mountains and where the Bolsheviks have been expelled, is the existence of the civil and religious population protected under the aegis of law and order."

The press dispatches from Europe still paint a dismal picture of Russia, but men familiar with the character of the Russians still hope that the oppressed ninety per cent. of the people will eventually assert their rights and restore law and order.—America.

## IRELAND'S CAUSE

The passing of St. Patrick's Day has resulted in the usual number of local controversies between opponents of Home Rule and friends of a measure of legislative independence for Ireland. In almost every city of the country there is the usual aftermath of letters to the editor on the Irish question. One side attempts to prove that Ireland is either unable to govern herself or has no right to attempt it, while the other maintains that she deserves the same treatment as other civilized states under modern conceptions. Of course the controversies get us nowhere. They are merely safety valves.

The opinion seems to be prevalent, however, that Ireland today has gone over completely to what is known as the Sinn Fein, or secessionist movement. This relates to Home Rule while the other extreme is represented by the opponents of self-government of any kind, under Sir Edward Carson's leadership. We thus have a picture of a hopelessly divided country. But is this a correct picture? During the recent elections which resulted in the almost complete annihilation of the old Nationalist party, many thousands voted the Sinn Fein ticket, not because they favored secession, but as a protest against nothing being done in the past. The majority of Sinn Fein voters in the whole country was very small. In Ulster the extremists suffered a similar experience. The vote for Home Rule in the province of Ulster was so large as to destroy the contention of Sir Edward Carson that the six northeast counties, whose exemption from a legislative measure is demanded, was a homogeneous Unionist community. In Ulster, moreover, where the local contests lay between Sinn Feiners and Carsonites; the supporters of self-government within the empire refrained from voting in large numbers. As a result of the different influences and their local and general application the electoral results in Ireland as applied to both sides, are not indicative of the strength behind them. The results make Ireland a divided camp, and divided on issues that seemingly cannot be reconciled. But is this so?

During the last few months the Sinn Fein tide has very much receded. Elections held during the past month or so reveal that the interest in secession has waned. Even the republican parliament was received more with curiosity than enthusiasm in Dublin. In Ulster, on the other hand, anti-Sinn Fein and anti-Home Rule sentiment has been largely forgotten in an industrial upheaval. This is significant in that it indicates the inability of Sir Edward Carson to carry his Ulster following, at least, as Belfast is concerned, when a question affecting the material interests of the province are at stake. This is apparently a far more difficult job than arousing religious or radical or political animosity and directing it to a desired purpose. During the Belfast strike Sir Edward Carson, was ignored in favor of labor leaders, some of whom expressed small sympathy with his political affiliations.

There can be little doubt that most people in Ireland and most people in the empire would welcome a measure of Home Rule for the green Isle. There can be little doubt that had Raymond lived he would have succeeded in discounting the Sinn Fein movement. The outlook at present is not bright, but it is infinitely more hopeful than it was some months ago. The chances of a compromise, which is the only possible solution of the trouble, are more promising. With Home Rule Ireland turning away from secession and anti-Home Rule Belfast, which controls Ulster, placing its material and industrial interests in the hands of anti-Carsonite labor leaders, the bringing together on a common ground of former antagonists would not seem to be impossible. Those who follow current political thought will recall with interest the prophecy of Bernard Shaw, made a year or so ago, that the Home Rule question, would eventually be settled by labor sentiment in Belfast. Shaw contended that Home Rule for Ireland was animated by sentiment, more or less badly directed and often vague in its aspirations, while the vote was concerned at heart with its industrial future and material prosperity.—Ottawa Citizen, Mar. 21.

## CATHOLIC NOTES

Chicago has passed the 3,000,000 population mark, according to estimates made by an official of the concern that prints the city directory.

A petition has been submitted to King George, signed by a number of Irish officers who served in the British army during the war, praying that Irish Home Rule be submitted to the peace conference.

The Salesians have opened at Mandorin, in the vicinity of Rome, a practical school of agriculture for the orphan boys of Italian soldiers killed in the war. The American Red Cross has donated \$10,000 as its first offering to the project.

The celebration of Mass on the sands of the Coliseum in presence of three regiments of Italian soldiers formed one of the most touching spectacles that have been for long seen in Rome. For many years, perhaps twenty, no such ceremony has been witnessed in the Coliseum.

The General of the Franciscan Order in Rome has commissioned Rev. Paschal Robinson, O. F. M., the great authority on "Franciscana," to attend the Peace Conference at Paris in the interest of the Franciscan Commissariat of the Holy Land.

For the first time in many years the White House was without a supply of overseas shamrocks for St. Patrick's Day. White House officials assumed that the absence of President Wilson was responsible for the failure of T. P. O'Connor and other Irish leaders to send their usual boxes.

Norman Haggood of New York was nominated to be minister to Denmark, succeeding Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, who recently resigned because of poor health. Mr. Haggood, born in Chicago in 1868, has been chiefly identified with journalism in the United States since his graduation from Harvard in 1890.

New York, March 17.—At the noonday Mass at St. Andrew Church, City Hall Place and Duane street, today, Rev. Dr. H. J. Gallagher gave a five-minute sermon in the Irish language. Dr. Gallagher is professor of Gaelic at the Catholic University at Washington, D. C.

The Convention of the Central Verein, which was omitted last year owing to the war, will be held in Chicago during September, according to a decision reached by the executive board of the organization last week. Archbishop Mundelein invited the Central Verein to meet in Chicago, and has accepted an invitation to address the convention.

There are fifteen more countries now represented at the Vatican than before the war. Among these now having nuncios or inter nuncios or other official representatives are: Great Britain, Holland, Russia, Portugal and Monaco, besides ten republics of Central and South America which were not represented before. It seems likely that France will soon follow suit.

One of the last churches in San Francisco to recover from the effects of the earthquake and fire was St. Patrick's. Its complete restoration, when accomplished, will make it a thoroughly Irish shrine. The stained glass windows are a portrait gallery of the saints of the Green Isle and the columns supporting the roof are to be of green, while everything about the church is suggestive of the land which Patrick brought under the control of the faith.

Cardinal Logue has issued a Lenten pastoral wherein he denounces Socialism, which he describes as "a species of Bolshevism, the blood-stained cancer of which has shocked the sensibilities of Christendom, reviving in the twentieth century in an exaggerated form the worst horrors of the French Revolution, a nice alliance, truly, for the sons of holy Ireland." The Cardinal suggests as a remedy for strike epidemics some form of co-partnership or profit sharing.

By a very large majority, but with one or two prominent dignitaries opposing, the meeting of Convocation in London has decided to add the festival of All Souls to the calendar of the Church of England. In practice this decision is likely to make little or no difference to existing custom, for high churchmen have for many years past observed All Souls' Day on their own account, while the Protestant element will continue to disregard it, whatever the calendar may direct to the contrary.

Bavaria and Bohemia are both greatly troubled in their religious life just now says a Catholic Press Cable. The new Government in Munich has promulgated a number of measures against religious instruction in the schools. The Archbishop of Munich has issued urgent instructions to his people to combat this campaign against the faith. In Bohemia there is a movement towards a revival of the hierarchy. The Czech clergy are an unknown quantity, and have already shown symptoms, in the Slav States at least, of leanings towards things outside the pale in politics, and now it appears in religion also.

A DAUGHTER OF THE SIERRA

BY CHRISTIAN REID

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CHAPTER XXVII

DONA BEATRIZ GIVES HER ORDERS

It was a scene Isabel Rivers never forgot—that which awaited them when they entered the great court of the house. Here deeper shadows than those outside had gathered; and the lamps hanging at intervals in the corridors had been lighted, bringing out the massive walls, the forms of the arches, the dim distances where silent draped figures passed to and fro...

Dona Beatriz held out her hand to Lloyd with a gesture of cordial greeting. "Senor," she said in her full, sweet voice, "you are always welcome at Las Joyas, but never more welcome than when you come as a true friend to bring us a warning."

"I am happy, senor, if my warning has come in time to be of service," Lloyd answered, with a deference and grace of manner which the spectator thought altogether worthy of the occasion. "But I would suggest that Don Arturo should lose no time in going to the mine."

"I should have been on the road now," Arturo interposed abruptly. "If Dona Beatriz had not interposed and said—oh, I cannot repeat it! It is past patience!" the young man cried, with all the indignation which clearly possessed him during expression in his voice.

"Dona Beatriz turned with an air of gentle command and laid her hand on his arm. "Be quiet, Arturo!" she said. Then she looked at Lloyd. "He is not willing to go," she explained, "because he does not wish to carry my orders to the mine."

"No!" Arturo said violently. "I will not carry such orders! If we are forbidden to defend the mine, I for one, will not go near it!" "Forbidden to defend the mine!" Lloyd repeated with astonishment. He glanced from Dona Beatriz to Victoria. The girl had stepped to her mother's side, as if to support her in whatever she might say, but her eyes were downcast, so that she did not meet his glance; and it was plain from her compressed lips that she found it difficult not to echo Arturo's indignant protest. Lloyd looked again at Dona Beatriz. "That surely can not be your order, senora?" he said. "It is impossible!"

"My order," Dona Beatriz replied, "is that no blood shall be shed to defend my property. If those who come to take the mine are to be repulsed without bloodshed, let it be done; but I will not incur the responsibility of sending any soul out into the world for such a cause."

"But the responsibility will not be yours," Lloyd said. "It will belong to those who are the aggressors in the matter."

"It would be theirs chiefly," I know that," she answered. "But it will be mine also, if I suffer myself to be forced into deeds of violence. I have thought much of this, senor; I have suffered much and prayed much and it is very clear to me: I can not allow blood to be shed in this struggle."

"Do you, then, intend to give up your mine to those who are probably now on their way to surprise and seize it?" Lloyd asked.

"I would rather give it up than that any one should be killed either in its defence or among those who come to take it," she replied firmly. "But they come knowing the risk they run; and they come, senora—do not forget this—with arms in their hands. They are ready to kill, and therefore if they should be killed it would be more than justice."

Dona Beatriz's eyes were full of a strange, lovely light as she looked at him. "Even if so," she said, "it is not for me to deal justice to them. That I leave to God. Let him judge between me and those who come to injure me. My cause is in His hands, and I desire nothing—noting—but that His will may be done."

"You cannot think," Lloyd urged, "that it is the will of God that you should be robbed?" "That senor," she returned quietly, "I do not know, and neither do you. It is often the will of God that we should suffer loss of many things. He has already permitted me to lose much, to which the Santa Cruz, with

all its wealth, is as nothing, but, while he permits this, I am sure there is one thing He does not permit, and that is that I shall defend myself or my property by any act of wrongdoing."

There was a moment's pause. Every one of those present shared more or less in the indignant anger and protest which Arturo had so openly and vehemently expressed; yet every one was touched, almost awed into silence, by the attitude of this woman, by the loftiness of the spirit with which she met the culminating injury which confronted her. Lloyd, conscious of admiration and exasperation in equal proportion, turned to the silent girl, who stood by the side of the noble figure, mutely supporting even while mutely protesting.

"Dona Victoria," he said, "can you not persuade your mother that there is no wrongdoing in defending her rights?" In response to this appeal, Victoria lifted her eyes and met his gaze, throwing back her head a little as she did so. Her expression was sad but proud.

"Senor," she answered, "my mother has spoken for me in speaking for herself. What she says, I must say also."

"Ah!" It was Isabel Rivers who uttered this quick, irrepressible exclamation, which conveyed to one ear at least the passionate admiration it expressed. For who knew so well as she what those words meant—she who had won her way deep into the heart of the Mexican girl; who had seen its fiery passion, its strength of force determination laid bare? And having seen, having sympathized with all which was in that heart, she now felt herself thrilled, as we can be thrilled only by that which touches upon the heroic, by this brief utterance, which expressed such intense loyalty of affection, such difficult submission, such hard self-conquest.

Lloyd, on his part, quietly bowed. "In that case," he said, "I can offer no further advice."

"But my mother does not mean," Victoria went on eagerly, "that we are ungrateful for your warning, or that we mean to disregard it. She has asked Arturo to go to the mine to see that the men are in readiness for an attack."

"But to forbid them to use their weapons—to request them to permit themselves to be shot down without resistance!" Arturo interrupted bitterly. "I refuse to carry such an order. You understand, senor, that it is absurd—that the men will never submit—it is asking too much of them. If they are forbidden to defend the mine in the only way in which it can be defended, they will throw down their arms and leave it, and no one could blame them."

"It is true," Lloyd said, addressing Dona Beatriz. "If you wish to give up your mine, you have the right to do so, but you have not the right to forbid these men who are in your service to defend themselves. That, as Don Arturo says, is asking too much."

Dona Beatriz looked at him with a sudden passion of appeal in her gaze. "What am I to do, senor?" she asked. "How can I endure to bring upon my soul the guilt of shedding blood? Ah, you do not know," she cried, "what I have suffered from the fear of this! It has deprived me of peace by day and sleep by night; but I have hoped and prayed that it might not come—that, knowing we were prepared for resistance, those who thought to surprise the mine would not make the attempt. And I had begun to think that my prayers were answered and to have a little peace of mind and soul; and now—now—she suddenly broke down and flung herself weeping into a chair near by. "God has not heard my prayer," she said, "and I know not what to do!"

Lloyd and Victoria looked at each other across the woman's head. If there had been appeal in the mother's eyes a moment before, there was a much deeper appeal now in the daughter's—an appeal which Lloyd read clearly: "Is there no way to help her?—no way to lift this burden of frightful responsibility which is crushing her who has already borne so much?" Victoria's gaze asked with a mute passion which, together with the soul of the woman whose self-control had so suddenly yielded under the strain laid upon it, stirred Lloyd's chivalry to its depths. And the girl, whose eyes were fastened upon his, was conscious of this—conscious that her appeal was understood and answered; conscious of a magnetic current of comfort and sympathy; an assurance of the help she asked—a sense of reliance—a conviction that he would relieve this sensitive soul of the fears which tortured it. She seemed to know what he would say when he bent down to Dona Beatriz.

"Don't be so much distressed, senor," he said gently. "There is—there must be a way out of this difficulty without the bloodshed which you fear. Will you trust me to find it for you?"

Dona Beatriz looked at him, and watched after a falter her to say all that she read in the face bending over her. "Senor," she replied, "if you can find it, I will thank and bless and pray for you always."

"Then it is settled," he returned smiling—"especially about the prayers." He turned around. "Don Arturo," he said, Dona Beatriz is good enough to entrust me with the management of this matter. Will you order another horse for me—I fear mine is too tired to go farther, and prepare yourself to accompany me to the mine?"

"And order my mule, Arturo. I will go also," Victoria said. Lloyd turned to her quickly. "Let me beg that you will do nothing of the kind," he said. "The mine-to-night—is no place for you."

"You are mistaken," she answered quietly. "It is the place for me, not only because it is right to be there, but also because the men obey no one as they obey me."

"Nevertheless," he urged earnestly, "there is no need—"

"There is need," she interrupted, drawing her dark brows together with the expression of determination he knew so well. "And even if there were not, nothing could prevent me from going, Arturo, order my mule."

Half an hour later—for Dona Beatriz insisted that Lloyd should take some supper before leaving the house again—the saddled animals were before the door; and he came out to them, carrying with him a sense of disappointment and pain; for he had looked around the corridors for Miss Rivers in order to say a farewell word, and had failed to find her. Putting this avoidance—for he was sure it could be nothing else—together with the new coldness which he had heard in her voice and felt in her manner when they met at the time of his arrival, he felt a conviction that something had occurred to change her feelings toward him—that frank, delightful friendly feeling which had been to him like water in the desert to the thirsty, and to make her withhold even a word of interest and goodness when he was leaving on an errand which at another time would have commanded her keenest sympathy.

Many men would have found solace for disappointment in recalling time-worn and not wholly unjustified sayings about feminine variability and caprice; but Lloyd knew Isabel Rivers better than to think, or even pretend to think, that such sayings could be applicable to her. Neither variability nor caprice had place or part in her, he was sure; so it followed that she must have a reason for this great change, and that reason he instinctively knew to be a serious one. It was, therefore, with a keen consciousness of the disappointment and pain already mentioned, that having shaken hands with Dona Beatriz, and assured her again that he would do everything in his power to fulfil her wishes, he walked out to the corridor where the horses waited—and there found two feminine figures already mounted.

He paused for an instant, amazed and startled. Then he walked up to the side of the one whom even obscurity of night there was no mistaking. "Miss Rivers," he said gravely, "pardon me for telling you that this, in a great mistake. You should not think of going to the mine tonight."

"I supposed you would probably say so," Miss Rivers replied calmly, "and so I took care to be mounted and ready to start when you came out. Since Victoria goes, I am going with her."

"I must remind you that the cases are very different. I disapprove of Dona Victoria's going, but she has the right of the owner to be there. And I have the right of the friend of the owner. Please don't delay any longer, but please don't delay any longer by arguing the matter, Mr. Lloyd. I am going."

"I am sure that your father would never permit—"

"My father, unfortunately, is in Topia," the young lady interrupted, "and I am not aware that he has delegated his power to—any one. Frankly, I would not miss this for anything; so it is really quite useless for you to say another word."

Still Lloyd persevered in saying another word. "Don't you understand—have you no idea—what may take place there tonight, in spite of anything I can do?" he urged in a low tone. "I beg that you will stay! I beg that you keep Dona Victoria here if possible!"

Isabel leaned toward him, and he saw the glow of strong excitement dilating and shining in her eyes. "Do you mean," she whispered, "that there may be danger?"

Lloyd made the great mistake of misunderstanding her. "Yes," he answered, "there may be danger. It will certainly be no time—no place for women. Most earnestly I beg you—"

Miss Rivers straightened herself in her saddle. "Danger is not exactly an argument with me for deserting my friends," she said. "On the contrary it is an added reason for staying with them. Nothing, I am sure, can prevent Victoria from going, and I shall certainly go with her. I think you had better mount, Mr. Lloyd. This is waste of time."

TO BE CONTINUED

STONYHURST RECORD

The Jesuit college at Stonyhurst in England is to inaugurate a memorial to commemorate the past and present students who have served in the great war. The proposed memorial is to take the form of (1) the foundation of an annual solemn requiem Mass; (2) the setting up of the college of some commemorative design, and the establishment of facilities for the education, at the college, of sons or dependents of past students, who have fallen; and (3) the erection and equipment of science laboratories. For these objects a fund of £20,000 (\$100,000) is to be raised.

The war record of Stonyhurst is as follows; alumni serving or who have

served, 978; 155 have lost their lives; 9 are missing; 21 are prisoners of war; and 197 have been wounded. Of war honors the following have been awarded to Stonyhurst men: Victoria Cross, 3; Distinguished Service Order, 25; Military Cross, 65 (six with bar); and 152 have been mentioned in dispatches for distinguished service.—Catholic Bulletin.

BACKWATERS

A landscape white with snow that is beginning to melt; brown rifts of earth and brown shrivelled foliage; a hill to the left; remnants of forest to the right; and the wide plain between, sad, winter sodden, winnowed. A little back from this arena of whiteness, to the west of it, are the bone like remains of a village that has been repeatedly shelled. Not a wall stands, but some broken shafts of masonry still erect, a few stone piles, an occasional fragment of roof-tiling. Beneath the wreckage, a post has been established, and superior officers congregate in what was once a cellar—a large low cave, where the taller man can barely stand upright, and where mattresses are laid upon the floor for beds. A deal table, two broken armchairs, and a chair that wobbles furnish the apartment; and outside is the incessant boom and reverberation of battle, the whir of airplanes, the nearer sinister ringing of telephones that seem to be possessed by forebodings of evil.

There are only three men in the underground office temporarily, and they smoke but do not speak. The General bends over his official writing, the glow of the lamp—for daylight never reaches this burrow—bringing out vividly the silver gloss of his hair and the furrows of his countenance. Opposite him, his aide is writing home, and a quite young ensign, tilted back in his hobnobbing chair, reads a yellow backed novel.

The General lifts his head and pauses a moment to listen. "Seems to be getting pretty hot out there!"

"Big pots and little pots!" the junior replies. "And a chance for everybody to dance! It's unbelievable," the aide growls, "that they never get tired."

"I think, my dear Vernay, that we can consider our return equal if not superior. I was out on the Ridge last night. You should have seen what went on! I don't believe I ever in my life saw a finer, more spectacular display of fireworks. If you had not been so tired I would have had you called. (There they go again!) Do go up and see what is happening. De-lorme. And our little fellows—how they came up! Breathless, straining with the guns, some of them bereaved, which is criminal. But how are you going to tell these grown-up children to keep on their hats, as a scolding nurse would, when they are playing the big game of life so gallantly? Poor little poltroons, so brave and so unconscious of their heroism!"

"Seeing the elder's face alight and his eyes gleaming, the younger man puts down his pipe and rises. "I wish you had me called, General; though I have not addressed for three weeks now, and I am so sleepy I can scarcely keep one open eye. But let me tell you, before De-lorme returns, that I have a message for you."

"You have a message for me and you don't deliver it?" "It would have been impossible before, sir. I saw Raoul yesterday."

In a moment the light had gone from the old man's face, leaving it in its physical reality—worn, suffering, full of anxiety and care. "You saw Raoul, and then?" "He seemed to be very sad, and spoke of his great wish to see you."

"What does he want to see me for?" "I do not know, sir. He did not tell me. If I may venture to express an opinion, it is perhaps that your long displeasure weighs upon him."

"He has had five full years where in he might have said that he was sorry, if he were sorry. He has never said it."

"He felt with intense keenness, sir, your having him removed from your own regiment, and transferred to another."

"What else could I do? He had disgraced the regiment—I was proud, and which was mine before he himself was born. For two years he satiated me with bitterness by his gambling and misconduct. I did not stop him. And when the crash came I paid his debts and pulled him out of the quagmire. But he could not be proud of his good name—and of my own."

The adjutant bowed his head. "He was very young, sir, and unfortunate in his associates. But I think I may say that he has retrieved his past. His conduct has been unimpeachable; and from the beginning of the War up to the present moment, he has never ceased giving proof of courage and devotedness. In fact, you will forgive me for saying so, we—some of us—wonder that you can still keep him at arm's length."

"I know, Vernay—I know. What do you think of me, of what I felt when I saw him the other day, receive the Cross of War with Palms? My son, who was my son, estranged from me, not speaking to me! In five years I have had no word of gratitude from him, no slightest sign of affection, though I ruined my modest competence to pay his debts.

If you had loved him as I loved him, you would understand why I can not forgive—"

"There is concentrated firing upon our position, sir, along the extent of a kilometre to a depth of five hundred yards. We are bringing up fresh batteries to the south of the Ridge."

"Good! I will come and see." All through the long day the General came and went—a dogged, energetic figure, full of reserve force. Here, he stood observing, silent; there he gave orders, briefly. For the advancing column he had a word of cheer and encouragement; for the wounded carried past him, a glance of tenderness. As they came near him the eyes of the men instinctively turned towards him. They knew they could trust him. They knew that, so far as fore-knowledge and wisdom and love for them could make them safe, they were safe in his hands. And if he hit them doing daring things it was because the daring things must be done, and they were glad and proud that he had chosen them.

Toward the middle of the afternoon coffee was brought in a tin cup to where he stood watching the action, through the field-glasses steadied against a tree notch. At midnight the firing would probably cease. The only use of the light of day was for destruction. He remembered, at sight of the coffee, that he had taken no food; but he was neither weary nor faint. Too great things were encompassing him for that. Like Vernay, like so many others, he had not undressed for three weeks; and he was so sleepy—or he would have been if his mind moment upon himself. Dusk brought the expected lull, yet a lull full of dangers and of apprehensions—a lull in which watching must not relax for it might prove the forerunner of surprises.

Mess was served, incomplete and halting, in the ruins of a tottering house; and, as night advanced, the aged chief withdrew, alone, leaving the younger men to smoke a while before returning to their posts. As he entered his own collar sleeping room and office, the place, in spite of its bareness and discomfort, seemed friendly and inviting. The lamp shone upon the deal table and upon his papers and writing material. The figure of another young man had taken the place of the subaltern of the novel, in the chair that hobbled. They came and went all day, as their duties took them or released them. This one rose and clicked his heels together; and the General, pulling off his cap, acknowledged the courtesy without looking. Then, seeing that the young man remained standing, his presence suddenly struck him with a new significance. He turned and grew motionless.

"You?" he ejaculated. "I was tall figure, and rather slender; dark of hair and eyes; a slight pallor as of fatigue overcasting the handsome countenance; and a sensitiveness, as though long months of horror and of death surrounding him had left their mark upon a delicate organism. Yet he stood erect, with the stamped ineffaceable training of soldiery."

"I must beg your pardon for forcing myself upon you, sir! But I had only one hour, stolen out of my trench, and I do not know when I can have another—perhaps never."

"Perhaps! And after five years of hours, you have suddenly found yourself with something so pressing to say that it cannot wait one moment!"

"You have expressed it exactly, sir." "May I inquire what this imperative need is?"

"I have a curious feeling that I am not to live. I may be making a mistake. But you, more than anybody else, know what an officer's life is worth in the first line trenches."

"A soldier must take the risk." "I do not object to it, sir. But if I am to go out, there is something I want to say before I go. And I have a letter from my mother that I wanted to show you."

"D your mother tell you to come to me?" "No, sir, she did not; though she has often urged me to, at other times. But this is about other things. She knows my danger; and, a future life being very real to her, she is trembling for my soul. It is a wonderful letter—I think the most wonderful that I have ever received from her; and you know how she can plead. She has been pressing me for a long time to return to my religious duties. You will see here how she reminds me—how she rings upon my very heart the remembrance of our Februarys in that happier, sunnier part of France when I was a child. She says my faith and my love for Christ's Holy Mother were so great that on this day I used always to go out into the woods, eager for the first violet, and sure that its blue mystery and fragrant breath would be there unfailingly, either on the 2nd of February or in the days immediately succeeding it, in honor of Our Lady's Candlemas. It seems that I was never disappointed. Mother remembers it all. And I decided to do what she wished, just because she wished it."

"I attended our military Mass last Sunday. It was the first time in many years. Something about it—I know not what, the little ruda after under the fir boughs, the bowed heads of my men as they knelt, (they who believe) or some other secret thing that came over me at the Elevation of the Host—made me resolve to satisfy my mother in full. I made

my confession yesterday, kneeling in the mud of the trench, which seemed to me the same as my own soul. I had not thought twelve years of sin could have been wiped out so quickly or so easily. But as God pardoned me, as I never deserved it, so I have dared to hope that perhaps I could win your pardon, too, my father!"

The old man's eyes were wide open, tense in wonder. It was the boy himself—the boy Raoul whom he had lost, who would come in the old days (for the confidence he had in him) and tell him his inmost thoughts. His breath ebbed short in the labor of untold anguish.

"You offended me cruelly, Raoul, in the thing that I hold most dear—my honor, the honor of my regiment. You brought disgrace upon us all. I paid your debts and brushed the scandal, and you never thanked me. It has been five years of hell!"

Father, you might say even harder things to me. It is true I have been a thankless cur, but I was almost mad with the pain of the thing you did to me. I deserved it, but it broke my very soul. If I live, you will see that you have a new son. I have always loved you—nothing could make any difference to that."

The old man turned away his face, white to the lips; and between them, in their profound trouble, the whole past swept in a tide of emotion, that flooded and submerged all other things. What was the underground hole with the mattresses upon the floor? What those sounds that still came at intervals, awful and ominous, from without? What the whole material world surrounding them, and war or peace, or life or death?

It was the spirit that mattered—the two living, anguished souls with their long record, photographically, phonographically distinct—now as things that have but just happened, old as with the everlastingness of eternity: memories, sorrows, love—those things that mattered most. Each felt the vivid nearness of the other in some intimate poignancy of grief, but neither moved; and the averted face of the father, haggard and convulsed showed some tremendous agency of pain that pierced the depths of the son's being.

"Father!" he cried at last desperately, and threw himself upon him as in the days of old, in some boyish trouble—"father, you must forgive me!"

In an instant, over the mask hardened by long years of self-restraint, austere and iron-like from a habit of command, at the touch of his son's body, the storm of pent-up sorrow broke. Tears poured from the aching eyes, rained down over the mouth, and upon the cloth of his coat and the ribbons of his decorations. His arms flung open, and, the years of manhood forgotten, he strained to his heart fiercely, passionately, this child whom he had loved so much.

"My boy—my boy—my Raoul!" The young man did not weep. He could not. But all the agony, all the remorse and self-hatred that can concentrate in a human face were crowded into his; also the immense shame and pity of having broken down his father's strength through pain. His hands still clung lovingly, sorrowfully, upon his father's arms while the unspeakable anguish of his eyes yearned over him.

"O father, if I could only make amends—"

"General, if you please!" The voice sounded close behind them, precise and cool. The young man turned, picked up his cap and vanished.

The older one, caught in the act, with tears upon his face, did not attempt to conceal them. The newcomer stood dumbfounded.

"I beg your pardon, General—a thousand pardons!" he stammered at length. "Don't, my dear friend—don't! This is no place for 'scenes intimes.' But it was unavoidable. The poor boy—the poor, poor boy—he was asking my pardon!"

"He did well, parbleu! It is the act of a man and a gentleman. He is a very fine lad, your Raoul, General, you know. We all have the greatest regard for him. But I am deeply sorry to have intruded upon the all too little we get of family life in these precarious days. These telegrams seemed so important that I wanted to consult you about them."

The aged soldier wiped his eyes. "I am at your service, Colonel. Pray overlook this moment of weakness. I have not wept for twenty years—not since my little daughter died. Is there something new?"

The two grey heads met together under the radiance of the lamp; telegrams first, then maps and official records, then figuring, and at length the General was alone, in a silent spot, where he flung himself down to rest. He did not even remove his boots. The hours were too tense for ease. And he could not sleep. There was the anxiety of the morrow. Eighty batteries gathered there across the plain; the ridge threatened again; the first line trenches likely to be levelled, and the men hemmed in when they went over the top. Reinforcements were coming up—he knew that.

And most of all before him was Raoul: years of winning childhood; light, gay hearted years of boyhood; years full of enthusiasm and promise of the cadet at St. Cyr. And always they were Raoul's eyes that haunted him—superb dark eyes, flashing intelligence, so swift to message joy, and so proud, so incredibly proud of the soldier father. He had had the boy's confidence as few fathers have

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the confidence of their sons, until—but that was all over, wiped out. The boy had come back to him. Raoul was his again. Oh, they had not said nearly enough! There were so many, many things they must talk over! How much more manly the lad had grown! How fine and how serious his countenance! The cavalry officer, five years ago, had been very gay and a brilliant dancer; this man, with the mud of the trenches upon him, had hands that gripped like steel and a purpose in life.

It was night still when a terrific explosion reverberated through the outer darkness. The General sprang up. He had expected as much. Just above his subterranean dwelling, a hole in the earth showed where the projectile had ripped the soil and lay buried. He hurried out, his assistant officers following, and already the whole post was alive. In the east, to which the morning had not yet crept, fares and flashes of red lightened the sky; and the roaring and booming of yesterday had begun again with intensified thunder. But upon the road fresh troops were swinging forward; and the General saw them pass, column after column, eager, alert, light hearted; looking like mere masses of black animals in the gloom that hid their faces. From somewhere in the tramping ranks, a voice began to hum, lightly, some little ditty about "Rosale" (the bayonet), and broke off abruptly. It made the General smile. He, too, was going to the front. In the clearer light, the hostile artillery found the range of the road, and began to shell that. The men would wait for the spurt of earth and stones, and then run forward between shots. The brasses "died" noised, hastily, too, with their folded stretchers—heroes of the first line, unarmed, yet often wounded; many of them priests.

The General lived it all, felt it all, in his own soul like some great epic. And, more distinctly than many others, he felt, like some vast tutelary genius behind him, the inspiration of the thing called "Country." His task was to gain the hillock with his officers; to stand there, frequently under fire, where he could command the view of the plain; not to lose one move of the extensive chess-board. It was the Ridge they were storming again, and the trenches were it. The men around the General could name technically what the roaring, vomiting mouths were ejecting forth: "Two ten," "Eighty-eight," "Hundred and five." The noise of it was beyond human effort to describe.

Their in-antry will attack immediately after this, you will see," the General predicted.

And his glass alternately and steadily swept north, east, south. Somewhere in the immense theatre was Raoul. And tens of thousands Raoul's straining and fighting all around him!

The trenches were being leveled, the ground ploughed up around them by the hail of iron, and the smoke drifted over to shut them out. But the rifles never ceased their steady crackling response. Presently the first-line trenches near the Ridge ceased to afford shelter. The watch eyes saw the men gather together and take the narrow gully leading north. At the same time, as the expert had foreseen, the enemy's infantry charged toward the eastern slopes of the Ridge. Behind the bodies of troops advancing on each side, the guns of each volleyed their murderous fire. The General had his glass upon the men of the trench. He could see them slowly, with great difficulty, ascending the gully, toward the black, hole pierced top of the hill. He was very glad, and he was very proud.

They pause, and he sees what they are going to do. The officers are arranging the line in the gully, and then one tall figure springs on upon the parapet. The General's fingers tighten upon the glass. He sees distinctly who it is. Two cat-like subalterns leap after him. There is an interval—the fraction of a second only—and the men go over, too. They are in full view, and the machine guns immediately grow very busy with the daring group. They begin to run up toward the summit. Fifty yards, and they all lie down. Then another fifty yards, and they are at the crest and they hold it. And from the east the other troops—swarms of them—are upon the slope, struggling upward. From the united front it is impossible to disengage single units. The General's glass is here and there and everywhere.

"Let us get a little closer," he ejaculates at length; and they immediately leave the hillock, and for a moment are upon the road again, in the midst of the turmoil and uninterrupted, powerful crush of the troops.

Swiftly the little group of the staff ascends the next eminence. A struggling road, much seared and scarred by repeated bombardments, offers the semblance of shelter. At intervals shells crash through the upper timber. The General moves forward fearlessly, almost to the edge of the cope. Momentarily he has forgotten the tall figure that led the Chasseurs to the crest of the Ridge. Some new movement of grave importance calls his attention to the south-west, where a flank manoeuvre is being executed. The brancardiers pass him again, returning at anxious speed with their weighted stretchers. And comrades, here and there, are leading other wounded who are able to walk with some assistance. The sight is familiar—the silence, the unquestioning patience; sometimes low groans, very often a brave, glad smile.

Among the outpost birches, they meet a trooper supporting a wounded officer. Seeing that he can go no farther, the man allows his heavy burden to drop there, at the foot of a tree. Over their heads through the bare boughs, the shells are crashing incessantly. The trooper perceives the little group of the staff, recognizes their leader, and cries, all the sorrow of his honest, affectionate heart in his quivering voice:

"General, it's our captain and your son!"

The father had not needed to be told. He bends over the form that has grown so still; feels for the heart, eagerly, helplessly; gazes with agonized intensity at the pearl whiteness of the face, the drooped eyelids that do not cover the dark eyes; and tenderly kisses him once—before that all.

"General," he says, "it is my son—who was worthy to die for France. Let us go on!"

Somewhere in the more gentle South, where spring is already beginning, one of those who never forget a mother's kiss hunting for the first violet amid the last patches of melting snow.—Gabriel Francis Powers in The Ave Maria.

**LENTE PASTORAL OF ARCHBISHOP ROCHE**

EDWARD PATRICK, BY GRACE OF GOD, AND FAVOR OF THE APOSTOLIC SEE, ARCHBISHOP OF ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND

TO CLERGY, RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES AND LAITY OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF ST. JOHN'S

HEALTH AND BENEDICTION

Evening Telegram, St. John's, Newfoundland

Dearly Beloved Brethren.—The Lenten Season of this year of Grace Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen is being ushered in under exceptional and altogether unprecedented conditions throughout the world. The Great War, which has plunged the world in misery and sorrow of all kinds for more than four weary years has at length been terminated, and the world is now face to face with the great problems of peace. As it is for the statesmen and diplomats of the various nations to grapple with the problems of reconstruction—material, economic and social—reconstruction—so it is the province and the function of the Church to deal with the moral and religious issues to which the War has given rise.

**HOME LIFE**

One of the most far reaching and serious results of the War, from a social and moral viewpoint, is the effect it has had on home life. The War has broken up innumerable homes. Of the millions who have been called away during the four years of War too many, and amongst them countless fathers of families will never return. Others will return but with changed notions, ideas and viewpoints of home life. For many of them home will have lost its sanctity, and its sacred influence will be destroyed. Another factor seriously affecting family life is the necessity which compelled so many women and girls to leave their natural sphere at home to engage in work and employments hitherto held by men. These various causes and influences cannot but bring about a radical change in the conditions of home life the world over after the War. Even before the War the deterioration of home life was noticeable. As the world advanced in material prosperity and wealth it seemed to lose its hold on those ideals of home life that were so cherished and revered in earlier and simpler days. And yet the home is the foundation upon which society is built, and if the great work of moral reconstruction is to be successful, there must be a return of ancient Christian ideals of the home. It is to the Christian home we must look for the regeneration of society. It was, no doubt, with this thought in his mind that the Holy Father, Benedict XV, this year blessed and approved at the instigation of the Apostleship of Prayer for the month of January, Devotion to the Holy Family at Nazareth. Another saintly Pontiff, Pope Leo XIII, of blessed memory in one of his Encyclicals set forth clearly how the Holy Family of Nazareth is a model for every Christian family.

"In St. Joseph," says the late Holy Pontiff, the father of a family has a wondrous example of parental solicitude and care. In the Most Holy Virgin Mother of God mothers find a perfect model of love, of modesty, of resignation and of perfect faith, and in Jesus who was subject to them, children have a Divine pattern of obedience for their admiration and devotion and their imitation. Those who are highly born will learn from this family of royal blood how to be modest in prosperity and dignified in adversity. The rich will be taught how virtue must be before their riches. Those who are engaged in labour, those who, especially in our times, are so strongly tempted to dissatisfaction and impatience by straightened circumstances and the hardships which they and theirs have to suffer need only cast their eyes on these holy members of a holy household and they will find reasons rather for rejoicing than grieving for the lot which has fallen to them. Like the Holy Family they labour, like the Holy Family they have to provide for their daily bread, like Joseph

they must live by what they earn, and as if they work with their own hands as did Jesus before them."

**SANCTITY OF MARRIAGE**

There can be little doubt that the spirit of discontent and unrest throughout the world is largely due to a disregard for God and the sacred laws that should govern family life. The evil of divorce which has been growing so alarmingly in recent years shows that many have ceased to regard marriage as other than a temporary contract to be broken at will. This strikes at the very root of all morality. It is on the unity and indissolubility of the marriage tie that the sanctity of family depends. This is amongst the fundamentals of the teaching of Christ. He elevated Christian marriage to the dignity of a Sacrament and enriched it with special graces. Marriage was no longer mere, according to the ethics of the teaching of Christ, the degradation of woman, it was no longer to be an unstable contract to be set aside at pleasure, but a permanent and abiding union indissoluble except by death. "What, therefore, God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."—(Matt. xix. 6.)

**THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY**

According to the Divine ideal of the family as ordained by Christ in the new dispensation the husband is the head of the home. This is the order sanctioned by the Creator as well: "Let women be subject to their husbands as the Lord. Because the husband is the head of the wife as Christ is the head of the Church. Therefore the Church is subject to Christ, so also let the wives be to their husbands in all things."—(Eph. v. 22-24). But this, however, does not mean the enslavement or degradation of women, for the Apostle immediately adds, "Husbands love your wives, as Christ also loved the Church, and delivered himself up for it."—(Eph. v. 25). Thus it is that husbands and wives both have their respective duties and obligations towards each other and towards their children. It is the duty of the father to labour for the becoming support of the family. He is the breadwinner, the wage-earner by whose efforts the maintenance of those of his household depend. The Christian father should learn to love his family, and whatever outside interests he may have his main interests must ever centre in his own family whose welfare and well-being should be his unceasing thought. He must be an example to his children of all those virtues which should adorn the Christian life. If he is not all that he should be he has much to answer for before God. Listen to the words of a holy Bishop on the position of a Christian father: "Oh, the exalted position of the Christian father! How carefully he should qualify himself for his sublime and difficult office. He should know the doctrines of his Church and be able to render an account of the faith that is in him. He should fulfil his obligations of bearing Mass and receiving the Sacraments at seasonable times. He should be industrious, sober and provide amply for the necessities and some of the comforts of life for himself and those entrusted to his care. He should be manly, not effeminate; cheerful, not gloomy, or narrow; happy and contented, not peevish and fault finding. The noble manliness of the father should make the sound of his footstep the sweetest music to his dear ones. His love for his family should inspire respect for his parental authority and bring about that cheerful obedience which makes the house another Eden."

As for the position of the mother in the sacred circle of the home, no words can better describe it or with more simple beauty than those of Holy Writ: "Who shall find a valiant woman? far and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her. The heart of her husband trusteth in her, and he shall have no need of spoils. She will render him good, and not evil, all the days of her life. Her husband is honorable in the gates, when he sitteth among the senators of the land. Her children rose up, and called her blessed: her husband and he praiseth her." (Proverbs xxxi. 10-28). The very centre of the radiating influence of religious home training is the mother. She is the spiritual sun of the household, giving light and warmth to its every nook and corner, filling it with an atmosphere of love and joy and the eternal sunshine of Heaven. The profound and sweet impressions instilled by a mother remain still fresh and green when every other recollection withers and fades away. Motherhood is a woman's sublime prerogative. As a mother she exercises the greatest influence on man. She is close to the child, constantly his companion, and on her rests the weighty responsibility of nourishing and caring for the frail, tender body and of developing the powers of the soul. She teaches her children the lessons of virtue and religion and instills into their minds those simple yet mighty thoughts which have been the solace of mankind. She builds up character, forms the Christian man and woman, fashions the future cleric or religious, the lawyer, the merchant, patriot, soldier and statesman. The destinies of the individuals of the race, the purity and security of nations are dependent upon the mother. It is assuredly most true that, "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

**CARE OF THE CHILD**

The child is the completion of the family—the bond by which the hearts of husband and wife are bound together, by which their aspirations

are attained, their interests coalesced and united. For this end and to most marriage state instituted and blessed by the Creator. It is at once the privilege and the duty of parents to watch over the child from tenderest years, to guard and foster the development of its various faculties, to sow the seeds of virtue and truth in virgin soil fresh and pure from the hand of Omnipotence. It is a fresh, unspiced beauty and innocence of childhood that touched the heart of the Saviour, that made the little ones so dear to him, that caused him to say of them "Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."—(Mark x. 14).

The training of the children with whom God has blessed them is the first and paramount duty of parents in the home. It is in the home that the characters of the young are formed and those seeds planted which will bear fruit, good or evil as the case may be, in after years. The foundations of the future are laid in the home. It is there that boys and girls grow to be men and women, and they are constantly influenced morally, physically, intellectually and socially by their environments. It is evident, therefore, that unwholesome surroundings, the evil example or neglect of parents corrupt the hearts and warp the minds of the young. There can be no truly Christian home unless parents give the example of virtuous and upright living, for it is the careful observation of religious duties and the constant remembrance of God's presence that gives to the home its Christian character and religious influence. How can it be expected that the seeds planted by devoted teachers in the school can produce good fruit if the children return daily to a home where the father is intemperate, profane, forgetful of his obligations; where the mother is heedless, careless and indifferent and where sin and misery and unhappiness ever dwell? No matter how zealous teachers may be, parents have a duty to discharge which they cannot delegate to others. They must always be the first teachers and instructors of their children. This is the law of religious, the order of divine Providence, the ordinance of God. Unless parents co-operate with the school and the Church it will not be possible to give their children a proper training. What is built up in the school or Church if not supported and well-being should be home teaching and home influence sooner or later must fall to ruin, and here it is that the influence of the mother is paramount and supreme. It is from the mother that radiance all the influence of religious home training. From the father, the child may indeed learn wisdom and strength of mind and discipline of the will which comes from cheerful and ready obedience; but it is from the mother the child receives the subtle moral impressions which fashion his life in time and accompanies it into eternity. The spiritual care of the child in the home is assuredly the mother's task, and blessed will she be in her children if she performs that task faithfully and well.

How many parents fail to discharge their duties in this respect? In too many homes the children are permitted to have too much of their own way, especially when they outgrow the years of childhood and are advancing into boyhood and girlhood. They are permitted to come and go as they please and to leave the house and return at their own discretion. It is the duty of the parents to see that regular hours are kept by their children and to know where they are and with whom they associate when absent from home. As long as the children remain under the parental roof the parents are responsible for them. It is greatly to be feared that parents too frequently fail to realize the responsibility resting upon them in this respect. In the city of St. John's there would seem to be many parents utterly oblivious of their duty towards their children. Large numbers of boys and girls some of them not more than children are to be seen nightly in the streets of the city in objectionable company and undesirable surroundings. These children have mothers and fathers who are responsible for their conduct, and they have homes that should be their refuge at night time. The mother and father who think their duty done in sending their children to school and neglect them in other respects will have a great deal to answer for at the Accounting Day. It is sometimes urged by parents when charged with the misconduct of their children that they are beyond their control. This excuse will avail them very little before the Tribunal of Judgment. The Christian father and mother will prudently and wisely correct and improve their children from their earliest years, always, however, doing so in the spirit of the Lord: "For whom the Lord loveth He chastiseth; and he scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. Persevere under discipline. God deal with you as with his sons, for what you see is there whom the father do not correct. Now all chastisement for the present indeed seemeth not to bring with it joy and sorrow; but afterwards it will yield to them that are exercised by it the most peaceable fruit of justice." (Hebrews xii. 6-11). The duty and proper correction of their children is one of the most important duties of parents. Let it be remembered that to train children to obedience they must be corrected without anger, abuse or cruelty. And you fathers, provoke not your children to anger, but bring them up in the discipline and correction of the Lord." (Eph. vi. 4). Correction must be tempered with authority,

justice and mercy. It is thus that God governs the world and so must parents rule the home. And let the children hearken to the admonition of the Apostles: "Children obey your parents in the Lord, for this is just. Honour thy father and thy mother, which is the first commandment with a promise: That it may be well with them and thou mayest be long-lived upon earth."—(Eph. vi. 2-3).

**HEALTHIER HOMES**

Speaking of home life it may not be inopportune at the present time to repeat the appeal which was made in a Pastoral some years ago for better, cleaner and healthier homes for our people. In the Pastoral Letter addressed to the Archdiocese at the beginning of the Lenten season of 1917 the following passage occurs:

"In connection with educational influence of home life, perhaps we might be permitted to express the hope that the day is not far distant when some practical measures will be taken for improved housing accommodation for large numbers of our laboring people of the city of St. John's. It is impossible to associate the ideals of home life with the environments and surroundings in which many of our people are compelled to live. The houses in some of the congested sections of the city are small, over-crowded, ill-lighted, ill-ventilated and generally unsuited for habitation. Children growing up in these surroundings must be over strangers to the sacred and hallowing influence of home training. We are well aware that the question is a difficult one, but meantime whilst it is unvolved we are paying a heavy toll in disease, ill health and misery amongst our people. The problem has had to be faced in all cities, and it should not be impossible of solution here. The outlay would be more than repaid in the physical and moral health of the community. Whilst under present conditions all concerned suffer, the children suffer more than others, and the ill-effects of these unfavourable conditions are bound to be manifest in the next generation of our people."

Two years have elapsed since these words were written, and though the necessity is admitted on all sides, no improvement has been effected. The housing condition in certain sections are a disgrace to the city. This is a matter that would seem to call imperatively and immediately for united effort and action on the part of all interests and sections in the community as well as for the assistance of the State amongst whose most valuable assets must ever be reckoned the health and happiness of its citizens. It surely should be possible for corporate enterprise with the active sympathy of the State to evolve some comprehensive system whereby the housing problem could be dealt with on an extensive scale, and better homes at reasonable rentals provided for large numbers of our people at St. John's. Until this is done despite the commendable efforts that are being made by the health authorities to bring about a decline in infantile mortality and to combat the spread of Tuberculosis, we must inevitably continue to pay our heavy toll in disease, misery and death.

**DISPENSATION FROM FAST AND ABSTINENCE**

Owing to the epidemic of Influenza which has affected all portions of the Archdiocese and which as yet has not completely subsided, we have deemed it expedient for the coming Lent to remove the obligation of Fast and Abstinence, with the exception of Ash Wednesday and the Wednesday in Holy Week, which will be observed as Days of Abstinence on which the use of meat is forbidden. Although, as we have said, the epidemic has now practically ceased, still owing to the protracted period of sickness through which our people have passed, we have deemed it advisable to avail of the special powers given us in such cases and to grant this Dispensation from the usual Lenten Observance. We would, however, earnestly exhort the faithful of the Archdiocese to make up for this Dispensation by more frequent attendance at the services and devotions of the Church, the giving of alms to the poor and by voluntary mortification and self-denial.

**TIME OF INTERCESSION AND PRAYER**

In conclusion, Dearly Beloved Brethren, we exhort you to enter into the spirit of the Holy Season of Lent which is just about to begin. The Holy Season which is about to begin is a time of intercession and prayer. There never was a time or a year which we needed more to invoke the blessings and the protection of God than we do during the present Lent. We have scarcely as yet shaken off the terrible nightmare of war, and we realize only in a dim way the blessings of peace. Though the war has ended and peace is practically proclaimed, still the future of the world is dark and dim and uncertain. The problems and difficulties of war with which the world has been wrestling for more than four years have now given place to the no less complex problems and difficulties of peace. At the present time the countries of the Old World are seething with discontent, revolution, anarchy and unrest. The statesmen of the world have come together with a view to discussing the conditions of peace, and never, it may be said, in the history of the world has there been a more momentous and important event than the assembly of the Peace Conference which will settle the destinies of the future. The aftermath of the war is already evident

in the signs and tokens everywhere discernible of industrial and economic unrest, and it may be that the effects of this unrest will sooner or later become evident amongst us in this Colony. Already our soldiers and sailors who have fought so nobly and brought such distinction on the Colony are returning in large numbers, and the absorption of three or four thousand men which must take place in the near future into the economic and industrial life of the Colony is bound to have far-reaching effects upon local conditions generally. However, it is to be hoped that our people will readily adapt themselves to the change of circumstances, and be prepared to meet all the difficulties of the future when they arise. The most difficult and delicate problems to be faced everywhere are those which concern the relations between capital and labor, between the employer and the employed. Happily in this Colony, in the main, the relations between employers and employed have been amicable and friendly. There have been from time to time disputes and labour troubles, but there has been always a desire for compromise and amicable settlement, and it should be our prayer that this spirit of conciliation may continue to animate the various classes and elements amongst our people no matter what the difficulties of the future may be.

Let us then during this Season of prayer and grace send forth our supplications to the Almighty that He would continue to bless our beloved country with the prosperity which has been so evident in recent years, that He would guide and direct our people along the paths of wisdom and peace, that He would mercifully spare us from the evils of license and excess of all kinds, that He would cause the fateful years immediately before us to be years of peace and happiness, of material and religious prosperity.

"For the rest, brethren, whatever things are true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever just, whatsoever holy, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good fame, if there be any virtue, if any praise of discipline: think on these things."

"And may my God supply all your want, according to His riches in glory in Christ Jesus."

"Now to God and our Father be glory, world without end. Amen."—(Philippians iv. 8, 19, 20).

H. P. ROCHE,

Archbishop of St. John's

Given at St. John's, this Quinquagesima Sunday, March 2nd, 1919.

[The foregoing admirable Pastoral Letter puts before all Catholics, and indeed all Christians, thoughts and considerations of inestimable importance and universal application; but it may be well to mention that the dispensation therein granted applies only to the Diocese of St. John's, Nfld. E. C. R.]

**ITALY ANSWERS**

It is another reassuring sign of the new Italy that she refuses, in no uncertain way, to give divorce any place on her statute books. A few decades could not sweep her off her feet. The allure of progress has brought no more accursed thing than the operation of the family through the dissolution of the law. Italy definitely lines up with the sentiment of Catholicity in rejecting the very thing that is its most difficult problem. Laws may try to lessen the evil, but where divorce has once received any sanction the nation reaps disaster. Uniform laws to regulate divorce are farcical. Once let down the bars and then there occurs a process of pairing down that results in the sacred bonds being regarded as less binding than an ordinary commercial contract. The causes alleged for divorce would be ludicrous were they not tragic. The scandal of states and cities vying for the patronage of those seeking divorce reeks with shame that exceeds the worst times of the Roman empire. Italy rallied to her Catholic teaching, but she was not the less well advised, even socially, by rejecting divorce.—New World.

Beware of a silent ford and a silent man. You may succeed when others do not believe in you, but never when you do not believe in yourself. No matter how well you treat the world you will never get out of it alive.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1919

BOOKS AND READING

Reading opens the treasure houses of human knowledge, places at our disposal all the thought of the philosophers, all the discoveries of science, all the glories and beauties of literature. To be able to read is an Aladdin's Lamp, the Open Sesame to the accumulated wisdom of all the ages.

Have you not heard or read—heard and read—that sort of buncombe? Few escape it. It comes sometimes from those who talk of "education," of public libraries and of schools; sometimes from men who would, if compelled off hand to define their terms, give pathetically amusing definitions of the very terms they use so glibly; sometimes from men who in spite of their reading are narrow-minded and shallow egotists who profess infinite pity for "illiterates." It is characteristic of the age. It suggests the intolerant zealot who would impose by law his peculiar tenets while prating of liberty and of the profane—before he is found out—expressing with tear-dimmed eyes his profane scorn for profits; or the Unionist statesman with high resolve and heroic purpose proclaiming inalienable rights which he denies to Ireland; or the fervid orator and facile writer who could find no adequate expression to characterize Prussian brutality in invading Belgium, but who now coolly pleads as full and final, in the case of Ireland, the Prussian justification—military necessity.

Innumerable are the examples that might be cited of blatant exaggeration in asserting truths or principles whose application is largely determined by whose ox is gored.

To get back to our books and reading. The profusion of books and the ability to read do not necessarily make people either wiser or better. They furnish, however, a great opportunity for those who are able to use them profitably, so that the subject is one of pertinent and pressing interest to almost everybody. And the very first thing to do is to disabuse one's mind of the effects of the all too common exaggeration and buncombe oratory on the subject. The continents are criss-crossed with railway systems, and steamship lines plow all the waters of the seven seas. If you want to go round the world our marvellous transportation systems will take you round; and if you care to go into the by-ways of the world, there you may go; there is not a place nor a people that you have ever heard or read of that are inaccessible to you. And yet, though there are globe-trotters, as a matter of cold fact the overwhelming majority of the human race travel but little or not at all. Even those who have the means, the money and the leisure for travel, many are insufferably bored by the experience and get their enjoyment only when telling their travellers' tales to their less fortunate friends and neighbors when they get home. When told that it is valued at \$100,000 they gaze in awe at a painting from which they would scornfully turn away if offered to them for 50 cents in a second hand store. As with the art treasures so with the people. From the many they are cut off by ignorance of their language—a fact that they conveniently forget when they get back—with the few who speak their language their intercourse is casual and commonplace. The majority of those who travel much learn nothing and forget nothing. They are not equipped to derive any real education from travel.

So is it with the mighty output of the printing-press. Though we teach all to read and multiply books and libraries the overwhelming majority of people derive little or no benefit therefrom. They find some use in it and get some enjoyment out of it all; but for the many what a grotesque farce it is to say that reading is the key to all the treasures of human wisdom and knowledge!

The use we may make of books, like the use we make of the transportation systems which girdle the globe, is strictly limited for most of us; indeed for all of us, for the most learned men in the world become so by specializing, that is by excluding countless lines of reading and concentrating on one. So we repeat the first thing to do is to get rid of the stupid notion that by the indiscriminate reading of many books we become either educated or well-read. This is put with force and point by R. J. C. Stead in his latest story, "The Cow Puncher," and though we referred to it before it will bear re-peating in this connection. A young man who had had no opportunity as a boy to learn to read and who was working assiduously and ambitiously to supply the deficiency was taken by his teacher to a public library where "he groped in amazement up and down great rows of books. Presently a strange sense of inadequateness came over him. 'I can never read all these books nor half of them,'" he said. His very intelligent teacher gave him his first important lesson on Books and Reading. He taught it by this very apt illustration:

"When you go into a fruit store do you stand and say, 'I can never eat all that fruit; crates and crates of it, and cartloads more in the warehouse?' Of course you don't. You eat enough for the good of your system, and let it go at that. Now, just apply the same sense to your reading. Read enough to keep your mind fresh, and alert, and vigorous; give it one new thought to wrestle with every day, and let the rest go. Oh, I know that there is a certain school which holds that unless you have read this author or that author, or this book or that book, you are hopelessly uneducated or behind the times. That's literary snobbery. Let them talk. A mind that consumes more than it can assimilate is morally on a par with a stomach that swallows more than it can digest. Gluttons, both of them. Read as much as you can think about, and no more. The trouble with many of our people is that they do not read to think, but to save themselves the trouble of thinking. The mind, left to itself, insists upon activity. So they chloroform it."

And that precisely is what a great many people do. The statistics of public libraries show that the great preponderance of the reading of their patrons is fiction. Now we would not be understood as condemning the reading of fiction. Recreation and relaxation are as necessary to the mind as to the body; and the wisdom of our ancestors is enshrined in the proverb: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." That understood, it will be conceded that there is here great danger of abuse. Many read fiction merely for the stimulating effect on the imagination and the emotions; they revel in the play of human passions, they become excited over the action and feel that all the interest of life centres on the development of the plot; through with one novel they become immersed in another; they are dull and listless without their accustomed stimulant. And such stimulants are in many cases much more harmful than those other stimulants which the moral uplift legislation now makes it difficult and dangerous to procure. In fact the late Goldwin Smith characterized such reading as "intellectual intoxication." Perhaps in the good time coming we shall have by legal enactment all such reading prohibited! Once we start in to make the people moral by act of parliament there opens up a wonderful vista of legislation. For ourselves we have no faith in the plan to eliminate by legislation God's most precious gift to man—free-will. And the necessity of training the will in the matter of reading is as great and pressing as in other things. What we have said does not imply that the books in themselves are bad, that is another story. To reinforce our argument let us quote for those who may be inclined to think us too severe the opinion of two brothers, distinguished scholars, who in collaboration published a book, "Guesses at Truth," nearly a hundred years ago when the evil complained was infinitesimal compared with what it is to-day. The Hare brothers were Anglicans, and while we don't mean to commit ourselves to the approval of all their writings we heartily

endorse the quotation which follows and which will be as true a hundred years hence as it was a hundred years ago, and is to-day:

"Desultory reading is indeed very mischievous, by fostering habits of loose, discontinuous thought, by turning the memory into a common sewer for all sorts of rubbish to float through, and by relaxing the power of attention, which of all our faculties most needs care and is most improved by care. But a well-regulated course of study will no more weaken the mind than hard exercise will weaken the body; nor will a strong understanding be weighed down by its knowledge, any more than an oak by its leaves, or than Samson by his locks."

More reading then, instead of opening up to us the treasures of thought, the beauties of literature, the wisdom of the ages, may be only a chloroforming of the mind; very mischievous, turning the memory into a common sewer; intellectual intoxication; an evil from which the illiterate are preserved by their very illiteracy.

We shall continue to discuss this subject in the hope of benefiting at least the younger, more ambitious and energetic section of our readers

MRS. PHILIP GIBBS

A correspondent thinking in a recent article we "implied" that Mrs. Philip Gibbs is a Protestant, writes the information that she is a Catholic. We were quite well aware of the fact; she is not only a Catholic but a prominent and zealous participant in many public Catholic activities; she organized social study amongst Catholics, especially in Catholic schools; is on Committees of the Catholic Truth Society, Catholic Social Guild and several other such organizations.

In the article in question we questioned the statement that Philip Gibbs and his wife were converts in so far as Philip Gibbs himself is concerned; but we "implied" that Mrs. Gibbs was probably a convert since she is the daughter of Rev. W. Rowland, Rector of Middle Chinnock. But it does not necessarily follow that she is a convert; her parents may have been converted before she was born or in her infancy and consequently she herself may have been baptized and brought up in the faith. She was educated abroad; and the Catholic Who's Who, from which we get our information, makes no mention of the fact or date of her conversion.

She is not only an ardent Catholic worker but a prolific Catholic writer, having published many books and contributed articles to such periodicals as that excellent Jesuit publication, The Month. Yes, the evidence is quite overwhelming that Mrs. Gibbs is a Catholic, and we never meant to imply anything else.

IRISH CATHOLIC FREE MASONS

The Calgary Albertan of March 18th reports that the Very Worshipful Brother Johnson gave a very interesting lecture on the growth of the Grand Lodge of Ireland in the Masonic Hall on St. Patrick's Day in the evening. The Very Worshipful Brother was more modest in his assertions than some of the reverend ministers; he did not claim that St. Patrick was a Free Mason. But he is reported to have said this:

"The peculiarity of the Irish lodge is that Roman Catholics are enrolled, and when they die are buried with full Masonic honors in a Roman Catholic cemetery."

That is a very peculiar peculiarity indeed. As every Catholic knows a Catholic cannot be a Free Mason and remain a Catholic; nor will the Catholic Church in Ireland or elsewhere willingly permit such a "Roman Catholic" to be buried in a "Roman Catholic cemetery" with or without "full Masonic honors." Of course a Catholic may join the Masons or the Mormons; nothing hinders a Catholic from legally divorcing his wife or marrying the divorced wife of another living man. But by any of these things he ipso facto excommunicates himself; he is no longer a Catholic.

Now the Very Worshipful Brother Johnson may have thought he was telling the truth; no form or degree of ignorance of the Catholic Church, her practice or teaching, can surprise us any more.

That some Catholics in Ireland join the Free Masons is probably true. The vastly disproportionate and overpaid official class in Ireland are mostly Protestants, and in some departments promotion is difficult or impossible to others than Free Masons. There is an old trait of human nature of which the Bible records many instances, and human

nature is always and everywhere fundamentally the same. There was a time when Protestant Ascendancy was the policy and practice of British rule in Ireland; if not acknowledged now with such brutal candor as it used to be, the policy is the same, the practice in this age of democracy differs only in degree, and a very small degree at that. Catholics may be found even in Ireland who hanker after the flesh-pots of Egypt, and who are willing to sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. But they cannot sell their birthright and retain it. They are either Free Masons or Catholics; they can't be both.

As for burial in Catholic cemeteries, it is well known that the cemeteries of Ireland, or at least many of them, are common to Protestants and Catholics, one part being reserved for Protestants, the other for Catholics. If the Very Worshipful Brother who is an authority on things Irish means that Catholics who have apostatized to Free Masonry are buried in this common cemetery his "peculiarity" vanishes; but if he means that they are buried as Catholics in the Catholic section, he is quite evidently wrong, unless there be some law, of which we are unaware, compelling the Church authorities to permit such apostates to be buried in consecrated ground.

THE CLEAR VISION AND WISE COUNSEL OF THE POPE

Four years ago next August the Holy Father issued his famous appeal for peace in which amongst many wise and weighty considerations he said:

"Nations do not die; humbled and oppressed they chafe under the yoke imposed upon them, preparing a renewal of the combat, and passing down from generation to generation the mournful heritage of hatred and revenge."

More than once through his Secretary of State he warned the world against forcing the control of affairs out of the more conservative democratic elements into the hands of the extremists of anarchistic tendencies. We pass over his advocacy of the principles sought to be established by the League of Nations until another time.

All of which at the time provoked the old traditional and unreasoning hatred and suspicion of the Pope in many quarters in the English-speaking world, not, however, without notable and numerous exceptions.

Again, quite recently the Holy Father, evidently following the same enlightened line of thought and anxious for an ultimate and stable peace, requested the plenipotentiaries not to impose on Germany terms so humiliating as to provoke those very dangers against which he had consistently warned the belligerent powers.

The no-Popery spirit was far less in evidence than on the previous occasions; but there were shallow and petty little jibes in several of our Canadian papers.

This morning in the Globe Richard V. Oulahan asserts that the American and British plenipotentiaries at Paris have taken the very same attitude that the Pope has long maintained, for the very same reasons, expressed in almost identical terms.

Here is the paragraph from Oulahan's letter:

"Some of those informed do not hesitate to express the fear that the imposition of too harsh terms on Germany may give strength to the Bolshevist elements in that country. The American and British plenipotentiaries have been preaching to their foreign associates that it would be unwise to impose conditions on Germany which would serve to intensify hatred and lay the foundation for another war."

Pity 'tis that they did not take the Pope's wise counsel to heart years, even months, or weeks ago; and not wait until the very brink of the abyss which yawns before them.

OUR ALTAR BOYS

BY THE GLEANER

There is one diminutive individual in every parish who is frequently scolded and blamed for a lot of things, not always without reason, but who seldom receives the recognition that is his due. He is the altar boy. We do not mean the Sunday variety, the one that sits in the stalls at High Mass in the full glory of his neatly pleated surplice or carries a candle in the Corpus Christi procession. No, the one we have in mind is the little chap who serves an early Mass on week days; he is always at his post notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather and the natural repugnance

at leaving the warm blankets before sunrise.

One of these youngsters, who boasts that he can serve the whole Mass except the "Orate, fratres," recently confided to us that he liked to be on the altar because he was so near to God. We wonder if all view the honor that is conferred upon them in the same light. An altar boy really exercises the functions of one of the minor orders, viz., that of acolyte. He occupies an intermediate position between the people and the sacrificing priest. He answers for the people the responses of the Mass. At the Offertory he presents to the celebrant the bread and wine which formerly were collected from the faithful at that particular stage in the sacrifice. On the approach of the solemn part of the Mass he sounds the warning bell, and at the Consecration, when he takes hold of the chalice; he represents the congregation who in conjunction with the priest offer the sacrifice. Truly he is very near to God. He is in the company of the unseen angels that surround their Eucharistic Lord, and fulfils a duty that they themselves might envy.

Altar boys should go frequently to Communion, because their proximity to the altar demands innocence of heart. A boy who serves Mass and who puts off going to Communion from month to month is scarcely worthy of being permitted to perform the duties of an acolyte.

Since all eyes are upon them they should avoid any levity or irreverence that might be a source of distraction or perhaps a scandal to the congregation. Some very good boys sometimes fail in this latter regard. This story is told of an altar boy who afterwards became a Cardinal.

While serving Mass he undertook to try out a new top. It slipped from his fingers and went buzzing across the sanctuary floor. "Bring me that," said the priest; and he added, "I will attend to you after Mass." When it came to the Offertory the boy remained standing at the credence table. "Come, Come!" said the priest as he reached for the wine and water. "Will you promise not to whip me, and will you give me back my top?" said the embryo diplomat. That boy certainly deserved to lose his top, albeit he subsequently atoned for his youthful indiscretion by helping another little boy to get back his ball.

The first Friday of the month is general Communion day for our altar boys as well as for the other children of the parish; but many of them go more frequently. We have struck upon an expedient for increasing the number of Communion among the children on the first Friday that might prove of interest to others similarly situated. Many who lived at some distance from the church and could not return home for breakfast before the opening of school, used to bring their lunches with them and partake of a dry morsel in the basement of the building. This proved embarrassing for them as some of the non-Catholic children became aware of the strange procedure and asked them why they did not take their breakfasts at home. As a consequence they ceased going to Communion on that day. To remedy this it was arranged to have the children supplied with hot coffee in the church hall. As a result this first Friday breakfast has become a very popular institution. The hubbub that accompanies this ceremony is, we admit, more suggestive of a band of little Indians than of a lot of little angels, but to us it has seemed that the noise does not prove an inappropriate accompaniment to the older people's thanksgiving.

Let us hope that more of those who have enjoyed the privilege of serving at the altar will aspire to the priesthood. It is the natural order of procedure, but strange to say, it has not always been the rule. On investigation it will be found that a large percentage of our priests never served Mass in their youth. If those among the altar boys who show a lack of appreciation of the sacredness of their office were weeded out before the poison of their example infected the others, and if the frequent opportunities that present themselves were availed of to foster the apostolic spirit in young hearts, our sanctuary boys would, no doubt, furnish a larger percentage of volunteers to fill up the depleted ranks of the clergy.

Measure the appreciation you bestow by that which you desire.

A man who talks to himself always has an interested listener.

Most of the fun we have in life isn't the kind we are looking for.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

HIS EFFORTS in Guelph as chief organizer of the anti-Jesuit campaign having produced nothing more substantial than a lot of noisy declamation and some unsought notoriety for that least obtrusive of institutions, a religious novice, the Rev. W. D. Spence is about to seek pastures new in British Columbia. Let us hope that the balmy breezes off the Pacific will clear the cobwebs from his brain and give him a saner view of the pastoral office.

THE RETURN of Canada's soldiers from overseas having, in the judgment of sundry Ontario critics, put Henri Bourassa for the time being out of a job, they are now determined to make him a monk. As the father of eight children, still in the state of adolescence, the much advertised Nationalist can scarcely be called a promising candidate for the Dominican Order. Suppose they invite him to Toronto and give him a seat in the Provincial Legislature? Despite his "extravagances" that body as at present constituted might learn something even from Henri Bourassa.

A RECENT event of great interest in Rome was the inauguration of a new Irish Province of the Carmelite Order, and the arrival of seven novices to man the new foundation. The project was really set on foot a year ago, but the disturbed state of Europe and the difficulties of travelling delayed its opening. Now, thanks to facilities granted by the Holy Father, a practical beginning has been made and a new chapter opened in the history of Carmel.

THE NOVITIATE with the Church of St. Celsus and Julian attached to it, stand near the Castle and bridge of St. Angelo on the Tiber. To this church the bodies of the two Martyrs (done to death for the Faith at Antioch in 304 A. D.) were transferred from St. Paul's by Pope Clement VIII. Nearby is an open space, formerly a market, where St. Ignazio Loyola used to send his Jesuit scholastics and novices to preach to the people. The connection of the Irish Carmelites with the Eternal City is a long and intimate one, and the new institute, therefore, inherits traditions as rich as they are venerable.

SOON THE delegates of the various nations will meet in solemn congress to give the world a just and lasting peace," wrote His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV. soon after the signing of the Armistice. "Such grave and complex decisions will have to be taken as no human assembly ever took before. Therefore, it is impossible to overstate the need of divine guidance on the part of those participating in the Congress. Their decisions will affect in the highest degree the welfare of the whole human race for centuries to come."

WISE AND weighty words, as became the Father of Christendom, who though himself excluded from the deliberations of the Congress, gave assurance that as the representative of Christ, the Prince of Peace, on earth, nothing would be wanting on his part to ensure loyal acceptance of its decisions on the part of Catholics everywhere. Beginning with the Pope's exclusion, however, the one thing conspicuously lacking in the Conference, at least officially, is the recognition of God's supreme sovereignty over all, and the need of His guidance if a true and lasting peace is to be realized. Without such recognition, the Peace to be declared will be as an arch without a keystone.

A HOPEFUL augury of Italy's future lies in the fervor with which the feast at St. Francis of Assisi was observed throughout the country on October 14th, details of which have only now reached us. One correspondent writes of the "extraordinary devotion" of the populace, particularly in Rome where there are so many memories of the great Patriarch. One place stands out with special prominence, namely, the Church of St. Francisco a Ripa, where may still be seen the little cell where the Poor Man of Assisi slept.

WHEN FRANCIS went to Rome in 1219, he found hospitality at the Benedictine Hospice, which stood on the site now occupied by this church, which was erected in 1231, after Pope Gregory IX. had given the Hospice as a gift to the new Order. Here, or rather in the adjoining

monastery, the Seraphic Saint lived for years in constant attendance upon the sick. In no other place save Assisi itself is his memory so all-pervading as here. The recrudescence of Franciscan fervor in the Italy of to-day is, as we have said, a most hopeful and significant sign for the nation's future. In the cultivation of the Franciscan spirit in rich and poor, employer and employed alike, lies the true solution of the social and industrial problems of our time.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER

"LOVE FOR HIS BROTHER MAN A SALIENT CHARACTERISTIC"

IMPRESSIVE SERMON PREACHED BY FATHER DRUMMOND AT MEMORIAL SERVICE

Edmonton Bulletin, March 4

The special service at St. Joseph's church Monday morning in memory of the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier was attended by an unusually large number of the prominent people of the city and district, and one and all carried away an impression of the occasion which will live long in the memory. The church was crowded and in addition to excellent special music the addresses delivered by Fr. Celestion and Rev. Father Drummond were masterpieces of eloquence which the congregation appreciated to the utmost.

Fr. Celestion, of the Franciscan order, of North Edmonton, delivered a brilliant sermon in French, dwelling with deep understanding and sympathy on the life and work of the great statesman in whose memory the services were held. Rev. Fr. Drummond spoke in English in reviewing the career of one of Canada's most notable sons showing a close and intimate knowledge of the public life of the departed Liberal chieftain. The address was a striking tribute, worthy in every sense of the inspiring subject with which it dealt, and of the cultured personality from whose mind it came.

A large number of the members of the provincial legislature were in attendance, these including Premier Stewart, Hon. J. R. Boyle, Hon. A. G. MacKay, Hon. Duncan Marshall, Hon. Jean Ote, Hon. A. J. McLean, Hon. G. P. Smith, Hon. Wilfred Garfield, A. F. Ewing, P. E. Lessard, Martin Woolf, Wm. Rae and others. Also present were Mayor Clarke and members of the city council. Chief Justice Harvey, Judge Back, Judge Taylor, Rev. Dr. McQueen and many other prominent people of the city.

FATHER DRUMMOND'S SERMON

Father Drummond's sermon was as follows:

"5 Kings III., 5, 9, 11, 12. The Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night saying: Ask what thou wilt that I shall give thee. And Solomon said: Give to Thy servant an understanding heart, to discern between good and evil. And the Lord said to Solomon: Behold I have done for thee according to thy words, and have given thee a wise and understanding heart."

My Lord Archbishop, Your Honor, Lieut. Gov. Brett, dear brethren—The most dramatic of all scenes are those that are staged by God. To our finite nature the complexity of coincident events presents itself as an inextricable labyrinth out of which we can hold no Ariadne's thread nor find a rational issue. Some weak minds dismiss all such coincidences as insolvable puzzles or freaks of blind chance. But chance explains nothing to reason or faith. Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing and not one of them shall fall off the ground without your father. Nay, the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Modern science affirms or, at least, used to echo Herbert Spencer's oracular definition of evolution—that the simplest things were the lowest and the most complex the highest. This is not even true of human beings; still less is it true of angelic spirits and of the Greatest of all spirits. What do we understand by a man genius? Surely, a man of great but simple thoughts, a man who condenses into one great idea the complex observations of others. The sight of one apple falling from a tree seems to have been enough for the genius of Newton to apprehend the law of gravity which rules the wheeling universe. Catholic theology teaches that the higher an angel is in the nine hierarchies, the simpler and the more comprehensive is his intellect, till we come to God whose very essence is one pure act without potentiality or futurity, one omnipotent. Now, "in whom we live and move and have our being." Is it any wonder that such a Being could bring about the death of Sir Wilfrid Laurier at what we poor, short-sighted men would call the most dramatic moment?

"Had the great leader died at the height of his power as prime minister, the customary eulogies would have been centuried by his opponents' recital of shortcomings which they would have exaggeratingly deplored. Had he, as might have been expected at his age, succumbed to his astounding and seemingly inexplicable defeat fourteen months ago, the triumph of the victors would have obscured the merits of the vanquished. But he lived long enough to celebrate a few months ago the golden jubilee of his happy marriage with a lady worthy of him, and to celebrate it, not, as many of his

wished, by laudatory addresser, recounting the glory of his military career, but by kneeling before God's altar to thank Him for fifty years of mutual and faithful love. Typical of his nobility of character was the fact that he, who like some of his Catholic political friends, carried away by the excesses and worries of parliamentary life, had for years neglected the Easter duty, returned to that test practical Catholicism, not as so many do, in the salutary humiliation of defeat, but in the very blaze of his greatest glory. Prosperity, instead of spoiling him as it does common men, refined and lifted him up to the Author of that prosperity. This will be the brightest laurel—and Laurier, you know, means laurel—in his heavenly crown. Thenceforth, fully reconciled to his Master, and constant unto death in that recovered righteousness, he met the dread summons with providential clearness of mind and went to God fortified by the conscious and trustful reception of the last sacraments. His last words were those of his crucified Master, "It is finished."

And how beautifully his end was timed by the Almighty Stage Manager! The divine call came quickly just at the moment when a very important session of our Parliament was about to begin. The state banquet and all other gayeties usual on such occasions were countermanded. Everything had to yield to grief for the dearly loved statesman who was no more. No better stage-setting could be imagined than this gathering of all political clans, of all the officials of the government, of all who could manifest by actual presence their interest in Canada's welfare.

"Thus it happens that the whole country was ready to mourn the dead chieftain. In the chorus of sincere sorrow there was not one discordant note. Conservatives and Liberals vied with each other in proclaiming that he had done more than any other man to weld the various races of Canada into one harmonious whole.

**HIS SALIENT CHARACTERISTIC**

This indeed, brethren, was Sir Wilfrid's salient characteristic: His love for his brother man. It was no mere sentimental wish to stand well with everybody, a disposition which often leads to praising what is blame-worthy. No, his love for his brother man sprang from what my text calls "a wise and understanding heart," as the Lord gave to Solomon. It arose from a knowledge of himself, of the inherent weaknesses of our fallen nature. Wilfrid Laurier was trained in one of those wholesome Catholic colleges where boys learn from daily examination of conscience, what the Greeks considered the sum total of all philosophy "Know Thyself," a sealed book to the fashionable, up-to-date educationists who, ignorantly despising the doctrine of original sin, bow down before the fetish of automatic progress in spite of the lurid lessons taught by the rise and fall of so many great nations in past history and by the return to barbarism which the recent great war has revealed.

Laurier came of a race unique in the annals of the world. When he was born his ancestors had been more than two hundred years in Canada. They had undergone no such internal revolution as was endured by the 13 British colonies under Washington and the Spanish and Portuguese settlements in North and South America. On the contrary, there had been an extraordinary amount of give and take between the gentlemanly and just first British governors of Canada and their equally gentlemanly French speaking subjects, who relying on British fairplay, stood firm by their treaty rights. The latter were all of one religion and their attachment to it was so strong that they won from England its first act of religious toleration.

**DISTINCTLY CANADIAN**

"From the earliest days of New France, the name given to this country in its first phase as a French colony, there had arisen a special type of men and women redolent of the soil, not French, though great admirers of what was best in France, but distinctly Canadian and of course under British rule and during the horrors of the French Revolution, from which the British occupation had saved them. In Laurier's youth and early manhood the natives of Canada, one or both of whose parents had been born in England, Scotland or Ireland, called themselves "English-Scotch, or Irish Canadian," reserving the term "Canadian" for the French speaking natives.

Full of the glorious exploits of Canadians such as Dollard, d'Iberville, La Verendrye, Laurier at college shone as an aristocratic democrat. Not that he claimed descent from the Canadian noblesse, but that he was always, even in his teens, a gentleman to his finger tips, one of God's gentlemen. Now the man who on the one hand grasps the most valuable traditions of aristocracy and on the other the legitimate aspirations of democracy, is the ideal ruler.

As such his fellow students at L'Assomption College hailed him, though one of them could foresee the world-wide fame of his future statesmanship.

splendidly the rightful autonomy of his native land. Canada has not yet sufficiently recognized the great merit of his stand against Chamberlain imperialism, which would have reduced this whole nation to the status of a British colony.

"This brave stand of his, repeated on several similar occasions before the representatives of the far-flung British empire, shows how sincere was his love for the manifold rights of all parties and classes in Canada. This was shown also in his parliamentary battles. For the suave apostle of sunny ways could fight, not with the bludgeon of coarse abuse but with the rapier of polite sarcasm, ever strongest in the party, ever merciful in the throat, so that his bitterest foes, when impaled on his glittering steel, would look back at him yearningly and gasp: "We know you did not mean to wound us wantonly."

**KINGLIEST FIGURE IN ROYAL PARTY**

"During his first leadership of the Opposition, from 1887 to 1896, many of his opponents doubted his sincerity, and attributed his growing popularity to his fine presence, affability and oratorical talent. His certainly was a magnificent presence, a courtly and winsome manner. When, in September, 1901, he, as premier, accompanied the present King and Queen, then styled the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, in their progress through a portion of Canada, it was remarked by a leading journalist that the kingliest figure on that royal cortege was Sir Wilfrid Laurier. In open air meetings for addresses and responses from the Duke, Laurier stilled the vast crowds with one gesture and with another gave the signal for enthusiastic cheers.

But at that time, after five years of his premiership, the people had realized that his magnetic hold on multitudes was due to no merely external gifts, that it was not a pose but the logical effect of sincere sympathy springing from a "wise and understanding heart." Had his object been merely to attract attention to himself, he would have carefully avoided calling to his attention the leading men of other provinces. The shallow self-seeker dreads nothing more than subordinates who may eclipse him. It takes a generous-hearted leader to welcome a "cabinet of all the talents." It takes commanding genius to move with ease and genuine kindness first among one's peers—primus inter pares.

"What made Laurier sincere was his humility, and his kindly truth. No one ever heard him boast of his own capacity. No one ever knew him to turn away a visitor however lowly, who had a real claim on his time. Yet in the use of that most precious time he was, through the very urgency of his humility, most careful. Fully aware of his own talent, he knew that it could be developed only by constant labour. Buffon once said: "Le genie n'est qu'une plus grande aptitude à la patience (Genius is only a greater aptness to be patient)." Thomas Carlyle enlarged upon that definition of the great French writer by saying: "Genius is an immense capacity for taking trouble." Both are wrong. Disraeli came nearer the truth when he said that "patience is a necessary ingredient of genius." He was more exact than either Buffon or Carlyle. However great may be a man's capacity for taking trouble, however constant his patience, no amount of patience or hard work can create a genius. Painstaking is an ingredient, not a creator of works of genius. Genius itself is a Divine gift of original thought, discovery or achievement.

**DOMINATED HIS WHOLE LIFE**

"One such original idea dominated Laurier's whole life and determined its noblest achievement. That idea was not strictly original in the sense of being absolutely new and utterly unheard of before. No great moral thoughts are brand new. The ancients have stolen them from us. The only field of novelty left to us is that of scientific discovery and invention, which has not the slightest bearing on moral conduct. This favorite idea of Laurier's was preached for the first time by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, when he told us to love our neighbors as ourselves, to do unto others as we would be done by. It was echoed so persistently by the beloved disciple John that his hearers complained of his repeating too often, "Love one another" and his gentle answer always was, "It is the Lord's command." But this duty of brotherly love had been so obscured by centuries of verbal conflicts and cruel wars between rival nations and races that the urging of it in this late day seemed Utopian. Nevertheless, Laurier kept on his course of sweet reasonableness, trying to make every body understand that we are not born for strife but for mutual love, not for hatred but for kindness, that even to those who dislike and antagonize us we should not attribute deliberate perversity, but rather mistakenly honest zeal and the very worst people have their redeeming virtues. He was convinced and strove to convince all Canadians that they should have but one mind and one heart for the best interests of their beloved country and the fact that the whole country acknowledged directly after his death the sincerity of this lifelong aim proves that he has not failed in his achievement. We may have had to mourn statesmen as brilliant as he was; but we have never yet grieved over any other popular hero who combined as he did blamelessness of life and sincerity of

purpose with the magnetic charm of his native land. Canada has not yet sufficiently recognized the great merit of his stand against Chamberlain imperialism, which would have reduced this whole nation to the status of a British colony.

"It however we have greatly loved him the best proof of that love will be proved for his dear soul that God the Searcher of Hearts Who weighs the best deeds of the just in the infinitely delicate balance of the sanctuary, may cleanse him from all dross and soon admit him to the enjoyment of eternal love."

**CATHOLIC ARMY HUTS**

**FORMAL OPENING OF THE LONDON HUT**

**ENTHUSIASTIC APPRECIATION AND COOPERATION**

London Advertiser, March 27

Though we might give our own account of the significant function of officially and formally opening the magnificent Army Hut in London we think it better for many reasons to reproduce the accounts given by the secular papers.

There are some events that will be remembered long by the returned soldiers of No. 1 Military District. One of these is the official opening of the K. of C. Catholic Army Hut last evening. A welcome, perhaps never before exceeded in London, was given every soldier and ex-soldier who was present at the hut.

"The huts are open to every soldier. We don't care to what church he belongs. We rejoice that our boys are back and that they are coming back," said B. C. McCann, who was chairman of the evening. In introducing Brig. Gen. L. W. Shannon, the chairman remarked that of the general, there was less friction between the civil populace and the military authorities in this military district than in any other.

"I am sure that anything you can do for the soldiers who have returned and those who have not been fortunate enough to get overseas will be appreciated by me and the staff," said Gen. Shannon. In speaking of the work of the Knights of Columbus in the turning of the parish hall into a K. of C. hut, he said: "I wish to congratulate them on their efforts."

"It is His Lordship that the returned soldiers are indebted to for this army hut," declared Major T. J. Murphy. He said that there was not an equivalent to the hut in Canada. He was sure that if the need had arisen Bishop Fallon would have turned over St. Peter's Cathedral to the returned men.

Col. A. A. Campbell, in speaking on behalf of the soldiers' aid commission, declared that he was glad that the money raised by the Knights of Columbus did not have to be expended where it was originally intended, namely, on the army huts in France. "I was glad," he said, "to know that the Knights of Columbus were doing this work. I was glad to know that the hand of His Lordship, the Bishop, was behind the move."

"I am glad to bring greetings from the Westland University to this auspicious gathering," declared Dr. E. E. Braithwaite. Speaking to the returned men present he said: "We are often apt to forget the splendid service you have rendered, and it is for you to remind us from time to time."

**DOMINATED HIS WHOLE LIFE**

"One such original idea dominated Laurier's whole life and determined its noblest achievement. That idea was not strictly original in the sense of being absolutely new and utterly unheard of before. No great moral thoughts are brand new. The ancients have stolen them from us. The only field of novelty left to us is that of scientific discovery and invention, which has not the slightest bearing on moral conduct. This favorite idea of Laurier's was preached for the first time by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, when he told us to love our neighbors as ourselves, to do unto others as we would be done by. It was echoed so persistently by the beloved disciple John that his hearers complained of his repeating too often, "Love one another" and his gentle answer always was, "It is the Lord's command." But this duty of brotherly love had been so obscured by centuries of verbal conflicts and cruel wars between rival nations and races that the urging of it in this late day seemed Utopian. Nevertheless, Laurier kept on his course of sweet reasonableness, trying to make every body understand that we are not born for strife but for mutual love, not for hatred but for kindness, that even to those who dislike and antagonize us we should not attribute deliberate perversity, but rather mistakenly honest zeal and the very worst people have their redeeming virtues. He was convinced and strove to convince all Canadians that they should have but one mind and one heart for the best interests of their beloved country and the fact that the whole country acknowledged directly after his death the sincerity of this lifelong aim proves that he has not failed in his achievement. We may have had to mourn statesmen as brilliant as he was; but we have never yet grieved over any other popular hero who combined as he did blamelessness of life and sincerity of

Fallon declared that no Canadian civilian saw so much of the Canadians as he did. He had seen the army from top to bottom and inside out. Gen. Lipsett was the subject of his particular praise. Lipsett always went where his men had to go. One day, the bishop was going down what is known to Canadian soldiers as "the sunken road," when he espied a general and members of his staff coming slowly down the road, marks kept up all day, assisted by bear, but here was some killing done in the afternoon and that quieted things down. I went down to our C. A. H. Recreation Hut and found two or three windows broken, and a huge clunker on the writing table. The skirmish was somewhere in that direction. No harm at all was done here though it was a centre of riot. The wreckage, waste and disorder is terrible in spite of all 71 Communions, the most we have had in one day yet. The Hut materials are promised for Saturday. I am tired but alive.

Kind regards, ever yours, (sgd.) IVOR DANIEL, S. C. F. (R. C.) Catholic Chapel, O. M. F. C., Camp Seven, Kimmel Park, Rhyl, March 7th, 1919.

**THE KIMMEL CAMP OUTBREAK**

From the Times, March 10th, 1919

"We are requested by Major C. Stevenson, commanding No. 4, Military District Concentration Wing, Camp 16 (Montreal), Kimmel Park, Rhyl, who writes on behalf of the officers, N. C. O.'s, and men of Montreal, to contradict the statement which was made in The Times of Friday, that the recent outbreak at Kimmel began in the Montreal Camp. No disturbance took place in the Montreal District Camp; and the Montreal officers, N. C. O.'s and men, in fact, gave all their efforts to, and were largely responsible for, the quieting of the rioters."

"We are glad to publish this authoritative denial, which was written before the issue of the official account of the outbreak and the more reassuring version which we published from our Special Correspondent on Saturday. It is to be regretted that the authorities were unable to issue their official statement a day earlier."

"I have read with amazement and disgust some of the recent statements made concerning the commandant of the Canadian corps," said Right Rev. Bishop M. F. Fallon, in defense of Sir Arthur Currie, in the course of the address in which he formally opened the new Knights of Columbus Army Hut in St. Peter's Parish last night. "I believe in hero worship," said Bishop Fallon, introducing his tribute to General Currie. "Every man in the Canadian army is a hero to me. And General Currie is a hero."

After strongly criticizing Currie's detractors, Bishop Fallon told of spending an hour and a half on June 2 of last year with Sir Arthur Currie, walking up and down outside of the General's headquarters, when Currie said to him: "There are hard days coming. Three of our Canadian divisions are out of the line. They are training us for something out of the ordinary. We are to be shock troops for the coming advance. It makes me glad and it makes me sad. I'm glad to be commander of a corps that will get what it goes after or stay there. I'm sad because I have every boy in our command. And I don't know how to do without asking God about this responsibility."

SAW MUCH OF CORPS  
Bishop Fallon said that no civilian went to France and saw as much of the Canadian corps as he did. All the Canadian division commanders were heroes—Macdonald, Lipsett and McPherson, too. General Lipsett never got to the front with his own line in order that he might have closer regard for the safety of his soldiers, and he lost his life as a result.

There ought to be a hero worship in this country; there ought to be a reverence for successful effort of the men who had offered their lives for Canada, said the bishop. And there ought to be a great sentiment of patience with the returned soldier.

**MONTREAL MEN NOT TO BLAME**

"F. C. ELEMENT PARTICULARLY GOOD"

Editor THE CATHOLIC RECORD:  
Am sending for publication the undermentioned letter which I received from Father Daniel, Sr. Catholic Chaplain of our Camp at Rhyl. I think it will reassure our people on the conduct of our men during this trying time. I would like to bring out about the part played by the French Canadian portion of the camp, especially in view of the fact that The Times Correspondent attached the blame for the origin of the trouble upon the Montreal Camp. Am enclosing herewith a copy of the Retraction article published by The Times this morning on that item.

Yours faithfully,  
W. T. WORKMAN,  
Lt.-Col. A. D. C. S.  
President Catholic Army Huts,  
London, Eng., March 10th, 1919.

**FATHER DANIEL'S LETTER**

My Dear Father Workman:  
I expect you will have had news of our lively time. It began on Shrove Tuesday night while I was hearing confessions. The main Canteen Store is opposite the Chapel, and the

cigarette stores next door, so you can imagine what kind of a night it was. I am glad to say that many of our boys kept out of it, and the French Canadian element was exceptionally good.

Ash Wednesday morning we had Low Mass at 7, High Mass and Ceremony at 10 amid an indescribable hubbub which made one think of the French Revolution. The disorder kept up all day, assisted by bear, but here was some killing done in the afternoon and that quieted things down. I went down to our C. A. H. Recreation Hut and found two or three windows broken, and a huge clunker on the writing table. The skirmish was somewhere in that direction. No harm at all was done here though it was a centre of riot. The wreckage, waste and disorder is terrible in spite of all 71 Communions, the most we have had in one day yet. The Hut materials are promised for Saturday. I am tired but alive.

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**THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA**

**A MAGNIFICENT REPORT**

**WOMEN'S AUXILIARY, CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION**

The annual meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of the Catholic Church Extension Society was held in St. Michael's Hall at 67 Bond St. on April 2nd. The President, Miss Hoskin was in the chair and on the platform with her were Archbishop McNeil, a number of clergy of the city, Dr. Dwyer and the President of the Extension, Rev. Thos. O'Donnell.

The Secretary was able to announce that the active membership had increased by one hundred during the year and one life membership had been added from St. Ann's Parish. There is a Supreme Council and seven councils aiding in the work. The Weston Sanatorium is visited by Mrs. Doherty and Miss Breen gives catechetical instruction at the Mercer Reformatory for women.

The Treasurer, Miss Florence McCarthy, reported balance from last year, \$810.69; collected from fees and various other sources, \$9,007.15; donated for chapel of St. Vincent de Paul, \$508.75; donated by Council of St. Vincent de Paul for an altar, \$69.00; grand total, \$9,886.59. Total disbursements for materials for work, altar furnishings, mission chapels and altars, \$8,801.00; total balance, \$585.50. From Montreal where there is a very energetic Council the secretary Miss McKenna wrote, "During the last twelve months only six monthly meetings were held, and three executive meetings. We had our general election in January. Mrs. Mason was elected President; Mrs. Tom Butler, Vice-President; Miss McKenna, Secretary; Miss Egan, Treasurer. We sent 5 complete boxes, 1 to Manitoba, 1 to Alberta, 2 to Newfoundland, and 1 to Chesterfield Inlet, Hudson Bay. Two boxes of toys were sent away; \$500.00 for the St. Patrick's Chapel were also donated during the year, and \$100 from the "mite boxes." We lost 5 members through death. Our membership, up to date, is 170. We also sent a box to British Columbia. We have on hand a present sufficient to complete a box, or nearly two."

In Toronto six Parish Councils are constantly working and the results show how much generous energy is given. A committee was formed for the various needs of the missions and each report showed the magnificent work done. One group has charge of vestments, another altar cloths, another alms and surplices, another tabernacle and other relics, another looked after toys for the children and still another got or made flowers for the altars and last but by no means least the committee doing the work of repairing the goods in need of care.

**ADOPTION OF REPORTS**

After the reading of the reports the Very Rev. Father O'Donnell moved the adoption. Before doing so he gave a splendid address on missionary work, showing what had been done during the past year by the Extension Society, and commending the assistance rendered by the Women's Auxiliary.

**PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS**

Your Grace, Rev. Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen:  
During the past nine years our little Society, which had such humble beginnings, has grown and spread until it has become of real importance in the missionary work of Canada. At our first Annual Meeting the Treasurer reported the amount received \$344.70; expended, \$341.25; balance, \$3.45. You have heard the report for this, our Ninth Annual Meeting.

The hardest part of our work is that connected with raising the money necessary to purchase the materials we require. The calls for altar furnishings seem to increase and we like to hold ourselves in readiness to respond to every call that passes the approval of the Very Rev. President of the Extension Society; so far we have refused none. Materials have increased in cost and our burden has increased correspondingly.

The various local Councils, which together form the Supreme Council, have, with unflinching courage and energy, applied themselves to the task of earning the money required to support the Society. Each Council has supplied its share.

We have placed before you the reports of our committees in order that those who have so generously contributed to our work, may see that their charity has been properly expended and may feel encouraged to help us again when called upon.

I should like to arouse a greater interest in the missionary work of Canada; it is not sufficiently understood that every Catholic who enjoys luxury of religion, in our settled parts, has a responsibility towards the newer parts in the West and North.

The Women's Auxiliary might be accused of being absorbed in a square of mosaic if it were not that its interests are so varied as to keep its members continually on the alert. Vestments and altar linens and all the articles used about an altar which may be made by a woman's needle, must be provided first. Missionaries require toys and other gifts to make their children happy at Christmas. The Auxiliary provides each year money with which to build a mission chapel, for which one of the Councils gives an altar. Each year for a few past the Auxiliary has furnished articles to help the Ruthenian Sisters at Yorkton with their bazars; and quite lately we have organized a fund to create a Bursar for the education of a missionary priest which we have named after the patron of the Extension Society, "The St. Philip Neri Bursar." Our Bursar languishes, but we hope in time to see it grow. Each time there is enough for the purpose the Treasurer purchases a Victory Bond.

I desire to thank the officers and conveners for their generous cooperation during the past year; they have made the work very pleasant to me. I also thank all the members for the splendid way in which they put their shoulder to the wheel in the endeavor to earn the money required to carry on the work of the Women's Auxiliary.

It is my pleasing duty to present to the Very Rev. Father O'Donnell the Society's cheque for \$500 for the Auxiliary Mission Chapel to be named St. Vincent de Paul, and the cheque of our Council of St. Vincent de Paul for \$60 for an altar for the same chapel.

**GENERAL RESULT**

Expended for Materials..... \$1,328 51  
Value of Work ..... 5,277 50  
Value of Goods Sent to Missions ..... 6,480 00  
Total ..... 13,086 01  
Donations may be addressed to:  
REV. T. O'DONNELL, President,  
Catholic Church Extension Society,  
67 Bond St., Toronto.

**CONTRIBUTIONS THROUGH THIS OFFICE SHOULD BE ADDRESSED:**

EXTENSION,  
CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE,  
London, Ont.  
DONATIONS  
Previously acknowledged.....\$1,841 00  
M. J. O'Neill, Bay de Verde..... 10 00  
From a Friend..... 1 00  
In honor of St. Rita, Elora..... 1 00  
S. J. Kempville..... 5 00  
C. J. Bailey, Montreal..... 5 00

**MASS INTENTIONS**

Anonymous, Prescott..... 2 00  
Reader, Ottawa..... 2 00  
Correction.—In our issue of March 22, Agatha Melanson, Bathurst, N. B., was credited with \$25.00 for Mass Intentions. This should have read:  
Mrs. S. M., Bathurst..... 15 00  
Mrs. C. M., Bathurst..... 10 00

**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 you for the education of these and other who desire to become missionaries in China. Five thousand dollars will found a bursar. The interest on this amount will support a student. What 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

**ST. ANTHONY'S BURSE**

Previously acknowledged..... \$2,059 42  
Subscriber to RECORD, Washington, N. Y..... 5 00  
St. Patrick's Church, Toronto..... 288 67  
Mrs. M. J. O'Neill, Bay de Verde..... 10 00  
Georgetown, P. E. I..... 5 00  
From a Friend..... 1 00  
Friend, London, Ont..... 2 10  
S. F. M., Halifax..... 1 00  
A Friend, Queensville..... 5 00  
S. J., Kempville..... 1 00  
K. of C., Riverhead, Harbor Grace..... 5 00  
In honor of the Sacred Heart..... 5 00

**QUEEN OF APOSTLES BURSE**

Previously acknowledged..... \$1,422 28  
ST. ANTHONY'S BURSE  
Previously acknowledged..... \$167 70  
Mr. & Mrs. G. H. Devine, Antwerp, N. Y..... 5 00  
Margaret Purcell, Kenilworth 1 00  
IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BURSE  
Previously acknowledged..... \$248 00  
COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED BURSE  
Previously acknowledged..... \$67 00  
ST. JOSEPH, PATRON OF CHINA, BURSE  
Previously acknowledged..... \$867 07  
The L. A. L. O. C. of St. Joseph's Parish, Reserve Mines..... 10 00  
Boy's Catechism Class, St. Paul's, Summerside..... 10 00  
John J. McNally, Summerside..... 1 00  
J. C. McLean, Summerside..... 10 00  
Reader, Ottawa..... 2 00

**BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSE**

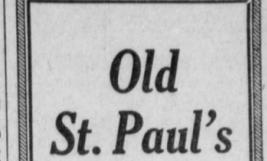
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**LITTLE FLOWER BURSE**

Previously acknowledged..... \$128 15  
Mrs. E. J. H., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont..... 5 00  
For Favor Received, Toronto 6 00



**Old St. Paul's**

England for generations past has been proud to honor her heroes.

In the nave of old St. Paul's, on Ludgate Hill, you find the tomb of Wellington, whilst Nelson's is found in the crypt beneath its mighty dome.

Memorial Tablets to the heroes of the Napoleonic, Crimean, Indian, Egyptian and South African Wars enrich the walls of hundreds and hundreds of churches throughout rural England.

In thus honoring them, they most honor themselves and place high ideals of duty before the rising generations.

Believing strongly as we do in this custom, we are now producing appropriate individual and honor-roll Memorial Tablets in Bronze and other indestructible materials.

We will be glad to submit designs and estimates to Churches, Colleges, Lodges, Clubs, Corporations and Individuals who may thus wish to honor their fallen brave.

**Ryrie Bros. Limited**  
134-136-138 Yonge St.  
TORONTO.

**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 burses for subscription.**

**SACRED HEART BURSE**

Previously acknowledged..... \$2,059 42  
Subscriber to RECORD, Washington, N. Y..... 5 00  
St. Patrick's Church, Toronto..... 288 67  
Mrs. M. J. O'Neill, Bay de Verde..... 10 00  
Georgetown, P. E. I..... 5 00  
From a Friend..... 1 00  
Friend, London, Ont..... 2 10  
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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

PASSION SUNDAY

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

"How much more shall the Blood of Christ..."

We are nearing the time, my dear brethren, when the Precious Blood of Christ was shed for the remission of sin...

But for our sakes our dear Lord was not content with such a redemption. Should we have realized the malice and heinousness of sin if it had been so easily forgiven?

But this Redemption to be efficacious has to be applied to individual souls. The Redemption, then, had to be continued, to be renewed as long as sinners might seek its saving powers.

Moreover, the Precious Blood is the source of the graces we receive through the Sacraments. The water of Baptism has its efficacy from the Blood of the Saviour.

Lastly, the Precious Blood is the source of all merit. Not only does it "cleanse our conscience from dead works," but it enables us "to serve the living God."

My dear brethren, is there nothing that we can do in return for all the Precious Blood does for us? Is it to be all receiving on our part, and no giving, no making a sacrifice to Him who has done so much for us?

THOUGHTS FOR HOLY WEEK

In Holy Week let us try to put our hearts more into the message of Jesus in His bitter Passion. Instead of reading the daily papers, or a novel, however harmless, or wasting time in needless conversation...

Begin then, by joining in spirit the band of disciples, following Jesus over the road from Bethany to Jerusalem. Let us rejoice with them at His triumphant entry through the Golden Gate...

What excitement was felt in the city, and what interest the people displayed, asking: "Who is this?" And the answer was: "This is Jesus the Prophet, from Nazareth of Galilee."

What lessons are taught to us by our divine Redeemer as we follow Him on the way of the Cross! What gentleness and patience He showed, what zeal for the glory of His Father...

It is well for us to read again of the scenes in the Upper Room on Holy Thursday when Jesus instituted the Blessed Eucharist, giving us Himself in the Sacrament of His love.

If we have gratitude in our hearts we shall observe Good Friday with recollection, uniting our thoughts with those of Mary, His Mother, who stood beneath the Cross through the long hours of her Son's agony...

If we strive to keep with Jesus during these days of Holy Week to the consummation of His sacrifice for us, we shall share the joy of Mother Mary, of Magdalen, and John the Beloved, in the Resurrection on Easter morn.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE VISION REALIZED

A few months ago a narrow line of blood and fire, that stretched across the continent of Europe, defined the battle area. Today the world itself has become the battlefield. What had been foretold by men of vision has happened.

What had been so clearly foreseen has come to pass. The supreme significance of the labor unrest is not to be found in the Bolshevik reign of terror, the Spartan uprisings and the outbreaks of violence in all parts of the world...

of ultra-radicals and extremists of every kind, who are the scum that must rise to the surface in times like these. Yet it is natural for men to turn their attention to these startling outbreaks rather than to the true causes of the unrest.

The latter were clearly pointed out in the Cardinal's message to which we have alluded. It is for the recognition of the dignity of human nature itself that the workers are contending. They refuse to be mere cogs in an industrial machine...

It is unfortunate that at this crisis Socialism should have attained to such a preponderance over the minds of the working classes. Its perverted ideas of a virtually universal State ownership, in place of that wider private distribution of property, agricultural and industrial, which alone can avert the danger of a servile State...

HATRED TURNED TO LOVE

A PROTESTANT MINISTER WHO BELIEVED CATHOLIC CHURCH WAS INVENTION OF HELL COMES INTO FOLD

The Catholic Church is constantly receiving a steady stream of Protestant ministers into her fold—men who often are married and who have been trained for nothing else but the ministry, yet who must give up the idea of continuing in it because our clergy are celibates.

While born of the Lutherans, he was reared in the Methodist church as there was no Lutheran church around. He was ordained a Methodist preacher, but his belief became too "liberal" for this fold, so he joined the Congregationalists.

SUPERSTITION IN THE WAR

One of the curious things about the war is the impetus it has given to the practice of superstition. Only the ignorant, it was to have been expected, would be so weak minded as to have recourse to such absurdity; this however has not been the case, and is not inconsiderable literature has grown up since the outbreak of hostilities...

At first sight it would appear incredible that men of the twentieth century should attribute to mere pieces of wood and metal and to set forms of words the power to insure them protection in battle and immunity from disease...

This book, while not converting the minister, allayed all his prejudice. He ceased to refer to himself as a "Protestant." He preferred the more generous name of non-Catholic. But he got into dangerous religious mires. He read great quantities of Unitarian literature and delved into higher criticism, so that he was on the verge of paganism.

NO MORE KIDNEY TROUBLE

Since He Commenced to Take "Fruit-a-lives"

78 LEES AVENUE, OTTAWA, ONT. "Three years ago, I began to feel run-down and tired, and suffered very much from Liver and Kidney Trouble. Having read of 'Fruit-a-lives', I thought I would try them. The result was surprising. I have not had an hour's sickness since I commenced using 'Fruit-a-lives', and I know now what I have not known for a good many years—that is, the blessing of a healthy body and clear thinking brain."

WALTER J. MARRIOTT, 500, a box, 8 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

About this time, the great anti-Catholic wave of the few years ago started. The minister determined to investigate the anti-Catholic charges thoroughly. He heard "Ex-Catholic" Crowley lecture and discovered him to be a profuse dispenser of gross, unproved assertions about Catholicity.

CARD. BOURNE'S VISIT THROUGH EAST

London, Jan. 23.—The visit of Cardinal Bourne to the Orient has a special significance as we foresaw. He is now in the Holy Land. He left Cairo on January 7th for Jerusalem, whence he will pass on to Constantinople and the Black Sea fleet. During his sojourn in Cairo and Alexandria he visited all the British troops quartered there, and also received all the leaders of the Catholic community.

And so the minister goes on in this memorable little pamphlet, proving how, step by step, he found that the Catholic Church was the exact opposite of the vile thing his good, but mistaken parents had believed her to be, and was the very Church of Jesus Christ, True God and True Man.—Denver Register.

in attributing to the use of charms and to the repetition of set formulas of prayer an infallible efficacy to ward off wounds and to prevent sickness and death. The Church would be the last to discountenance the saying of prayers with the view of evoking Divine protection, provided they were said with reliance on God's providence, with abandonment to His will, and with the realization that no set form of words has an unfailing power to obtain temporal favors.

True, the Church approves the wearing of images and medals, blessed for a set purpose, provided they be recognized to have in themselves no supernatural efficacy. If they be used as a mark of devotion to the Saints or Our Lady or Christ Himself, as an indication of interior love or an outward mark of loyalty, as reminders to live the life commensurate with the wearing of such things, as a sort of silent invocation for the intercession of those dear to God, and as freighted with the imperator power of the Church; their use is not blameworthy but laudable.

WARREN'S VISIT THROUGH EAST

London, Jan. 23.—The visit of Cardinal Bourne to the Orient has a special significance as we foresaw. He is now in the Holy Land. He left Cairo on January 7th for Jerusalem, whence he will pass on to Constantinople and the Black Sea fleet. During his sojourn in Cairo and Alexandria he visited all the British troops quartered there, and also received all the leaders of the Catholic community.

Splendid Record Achieved during 1918

The year 1918 was for the business of life assurance a year of supreme achievement. Owing to the combined effect of the war and the influenza epidemic, death claims were unusually high. The payment of these claims enabled the Companies to render an unprecedented measure of public service, and to fulfill to a more noteworthy degree than ever previously the beneficent purpose for which they were founded.

Table with columns: ASSETS, INCOME, PROFITS PAID OR ALLOTTED, SURPLUS, TOTAL PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS, ASSURANCES ISSUED DURING 1918, BUSINESS IN FORCE, THE COMPANY'S GROWTH.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA. 1871 HEAD OFFICE MONTREAL T. B. MACAULAY, President 1919

FRENCH PROTECTORATE

The Cardinal, who has, no doubt, been confirmed in this view by the government itself, proposes to place before those French communities in the East, where hitherto France has been the only Christian power of any force against the infidel. There is no doubt, however, that France will resent any interference with her thousand year old protectorate of the Christians in the East, for that protectorate and privilege has endured till now, despite the changes in her rulers and governments.

Another matter which may engage the Cardinal when he arrives on the Bosphorus is the return of the great Church of Santa Sofia to the Christian faith for which it was built. Already an Anglican Committee is demanding this of the government, and urging all Christians to unite with them in their demand. The question will be to what religion will the church be surrendered. It should be to that faith for which it was built and which still endures. Before the war the face of the great mosaic Christ above the entrance was commencing to appear once more from beneath all the Mohammedan decorative work, wherewith it was covered; and it was said that this portended the return of the Christians. Now, that this is realized, Santa Sofia should become the Basilica of the Eastern Rite of the Catholic Church, the St. Peter's of the Orient, always.

WARNING

That pain in the back is a danger signal. Pain in the back is one of the commonest symptoms of kidney trouble. It is Nature's way of telling you that your kidneys are tired, congested and need immediate assistance, or they cannot keep the blood stream purified. You know the rest. Once the blood stream is poisoned, a chain of diseases follow, and you probably become an invalid. Be warned,—use

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of course, inferior to the Roman Basilica, but receiving from it a mission to the East.—New World.

This is a fast age, but our ancestors managed to get ahead of us. It is a little further around the corners of a square deal, but the road is better.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE CHANCE TO SERVE

The chance to serve; let it not pass for youth or age in any mood; We see ourselves in a glass In those whom we give shelter, food.

The chance to serve, though sad or gay.

Whatever be its final cost, Of all the chances on life's way Is far too precious to be lost.

The chance to serve; who does not know That heroes to this task were born? And, be they calling high or low, They help the needy and forlorn.

The chance to serve, though not to choose, But do the work that comes to hand; Our part is never to refuse, But eager, ready, always stand.

REAL APPRECIATION.

He was standing at the end of the bridge looking out across the water in the waning afternoon, a large, unkempt man with cowhide boots, smoking a disreputable pipe. I had never seen him before. I have never seen him since. Had it entered my mind that he would accost me, I would not in months have guessed what he did say, which was: "Ain't that a corking sunset?"

At first there seemed something curious about a man clad as he was, making comments on sunsets, and so filled with enthusiasm of what he saw, taking the first chance come into confidence over the matter. Since then, however, I have pondered the incident and come to the conclusion that it is much wiser to take men as you find them, not as you imagine them.

To return to the man on the bridge. As I reflected on the incident I found myself envying the unknown. Fortune had evidently not poured gold into his lap. He had all the hallmarks of the man who had failed. Yet can any man be said to have failed if he can stand on a bridge in a deserted village and grow so enthusiastic over a sunset that he must share his joy with the first man who comes along?

The idea is old; the legend of Eyes and No Eyes, yet it is endowed with unconquerable youth. It makes all the difference in the world whether one sees or merely looks at things.

A very hard specimen of a Roman coachman was driving two tourists about the City. As they passed the new Palace of Justice, he turned around and examined the multitudinous details of that elaborate structure and on its cost. He finished his remarks by saying: "Ah! a beautiful building, but it is too ornate. Give me the Cancelleria. There is a palace." If you take the trouble to read up Roman architecture you will find that the best authorities agree with the coachman.

Some years ago a new hotel was built in the Ludovisi quarter in Rome. On holiday afternoons I always saw a crowd of country people looking at it. At first I thought there was a fire, a murder or a robbery. But on mingling with the people I ascertained that they were discussing the architecture of the building. Not a thing escaped them; a group of small pillars, the carving over a window, the design of the roof, came in for their share of comment. These critics were peasants from the hills, about home and from the Campagna!

The tourist who takes a late afternoon walk in Tokio will always find a number of Japanese in the gardens of that delightful city; see poor people, coolies, rickshaw men, laborers who have finished work in the outskirts and are going home to supper. With them are people of the leisure class, but all are alike in this; they are absorbed in the flowers. A group before a blossom are in animated discussion over the hue of a flower, as interested as a crowd of Americans discussing the tariff. But for the most part, these hundreds of people are silent, satisfied to feast their eyes on the flowers. It is a strange thing that of all who have written of Japan and its characteristics, few have discerned that the one passion of the inhabitants is not war, aggrandizement, business or commerce. It is flowers. A primrose by the river's brim or elsewhere is not merely a primrose to the Japanese; it is a tiny cosmos, and honored accordingly.

As I watched the holiday crowds on Washington Street, surging along like some gigantic centipede, aimless, sightless, absorbed in what "he said" or "she said," I wonder if we have gained so much after all. We have parks and gardens for the people and they are given over to the machines playing ball and nurses pushing perambulators. Those who use the walks are apparently anxious to get through them as so as possible. The trees, the flower beds, the landscape gardening mean nothing to anyone. Of course these open spaces do give fresh air and a breathing space to those who live in close tenements, but how much more they could give if the people opened their eyes. "Pagliacci" or "Aida" is given in the opera house. The conventional seat holders listen conventionally. The Italians in the gallery go into an ecstasy over a certain measure or a high note. The people in the boxes murmur. Poor conventionals. They, who applaud love real music and greet it naturally, and you may be certain the singers on the stage look for the cry from the galleries, longingly. They know.

The more I see of the blindness of nine out of ten around us, the

amount of joy and beauty and life interest that goes for naught for them, the more I think of that unkempt man with the disreputable pipe, who stood at the end of the bridge and asked me with exultation in his eyes: "Ain't that a corking sunset?"—A Looker On in Boston Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

WILLIE'S DIRTY FACE

When I rise in the cold morning, Ere my shoes I start to lace, Mother calls: "Now, Willie, darling, Don't forget to wash your face!" And I trudge out to the bath-room, Wondering how it can be That so early in the morning Folks start in to worry me.

And as true as supper's ready, Papa says I'm a disgrace, And he sends me from the table Out to wash that same old face. I am washing, washing, washing, Every minute of the day! Funny folks don't never worry That I'll wash my face away!

But there comes a rest at night time, When I slowly climb the stairs, And I kneel down at my bedside To receive my evening prayers, For if I've been good since morning, God, who keeps the stars in place, Seems to smile and doesn't bother If I have a dirty face.

THE WELL OF ST. BRIGID

On the southern side of Loch Lomond is the Well of St. Brigid, renowned all over Ireland for its health-giving waters.

To get to the well it was necessary to pass over ground belonging to the estate of a country landowner. One year when the pilgrims to the holy well were very numerous, the owner of the ground suddenly closed up the path that led to it, declaring no one should pass over his land without his permission.

This churlish act caused much excitement and indignation. He was importuned, threatened, coaxed, petitioned in vain. He would not relent.

So the well was unvisited for three months, and loud were the lamentations heard on every hand.

Though the owner of the estate told no one why he had barred the way to the well, yet he thought he had good cause to do so.

One morning he had found some of his fences torn down and thrown into the lake, his corn trampled under foot and destroyed, and so much damage done to his crops that naturally he blamed the pilgrims.

He was very angry and at last made up his mind that he would drain the well into the lake.

So one clear moonlight night, armed with a spade and a gun he started for the well.

Imagine his amazement to find the lake and well and surrounding ground brilliantly illuminated, as if myriads of candles and lamps were alight.

Then as he stood wondering what this night light could mean, he was further surprised to see a most beautiful maiden slowly rising from the lake.

The maiden was clothed in a long flowing white robe, around which was knotted a blue girdle, and sparkling jewels shone over her garments.

Rising above the lake she seemed to float to the well and hover over it. It is St. Brigid herself! exclaimed the landowner. "I must open the way to her well and never shall it be closed again!"

He kept his word. The next morning a great sign was put up bearing the words "Free Access to St. Brigid's Well," and never since has the way been closed.—Catholic Bulletin.

THE LITTLE PETITIONER

Half hidden among fig and pomegranate trees near the great and well fortified city of Trent, lies the sunny village of M—. In the fall of 1915, the pastor of the village was giving instructions to a group of small boys in preparation for their first Holy Communion at Christmas. The youngest boy, a child of five years, often surprised the priest by his bright and intelligent answers, and by his devout and modest behavior in the church. Vigilio was the child of poor but pious parents. His father had been on the battlefield since the beginning of the war. Nearly every evening after sunset, the little boy would steal away to the village church. The pastor had noticed this late visitor from his window, and he made up his mind to find out what he was doing in the church.

One evening, therefore, he concealed himself behind the curtain which separates the sacristy from the sanctuary, that he might observe unseen what little Vigilio was doing.

Softly, on tiptoes, he came tripping along, knelt down beneath the sanctuary lamp and prayed in a whisper, "Padre nostro che siete in cielo—" then he stretched out his arms and prayed louder and more fervently, "Dear Lord, protect my father on the battlefield, and send him home soon, O dear Jesus, make the war stop soon."

Then the boy arose, and dragging one of the vesper stools up the altar steps, climbed upon it, placed his

little hands on the altar and bending towards the tabernacle said, "Come, my dear Jesus, I must speak to you. Come out, I have some very important matter to settle with you; come—O come!" He listened and looked wistfully towards the tabernacle.

In wonderment the priest watched the innocent child, as the reflection of the sanctuary lamp cast a golden radiance upon the infant's curly head, and reflected in the big bright eyes that were gazing in expectation at the tabernacle doors.

When Vigilio was climbing down from the chair, the priest pushed the curtain aside and stepped into the sanctuary.

"What are you doing here my child?"

"Father, I was calling Jesus; I wanted Him to come out from the tabernacle to ask Him to let my father come back soon from the war, and to stop the war;—but Jesus did not come out;" and the child burst into tears.

The priest stroked the child's head and tenderly wiped away the little one's tears, saying, "Never mind, my boy, even though Jesus did not come out from the tabernacle now, He will come into your heart very soon, then you may tell Him and ask Him everything you wish."—True Voice.

GOOD EXAMPLE

It would seem to be an implicit acknowledgment of the divinity of the Catholic faith that non Catholics are quick to detect and condemn the misconduct of Catholics. On the other hand many a Protestant has been won to the faith by the edifying example of some good Catholic. It frequently happens that a non-Catholic out of mere curiosity, enters the Catholic Church during the celebration of holy Mass and is edified by the piety of our fervent Catholics.

He may even come to sneer, but remain to pray. The following anecdote going back to the days of discovery and exploration of this continent beautifully illustrates the power of good example:

It is told, in the history of Columbus, that the respectful behavior of the Castilians during holy Mass made a profound impression upon the natives of Hayti. An old cacique afterwards approached Columbus and addressed to him the following words in his own tongue: "You have come to these lands a stranger, and you have caused all our tribes and people to fear and tremble. But know you that we believe there are two places to which the souls go when they have left their bodies: one in thick darkness, prepared for those who disturb and maltreat other men; besides this, there is a good and delightful place, where they shall dwell, who, during their life on earth, loved the peace and quiet of the tribes. Therefore, if you think you have to die, and that every one must expect retribution according to what he has done here, you will not do harm to those who have not harmed you. What you have done just now is good; for, as it seems to me, it is giving thanks to the Great Spirit." It is needless to say that the admiral was astonished at the wisdom of the old Indian.—Buffalo Union and Times.

THE RIGHTEOUS POLITICIAN

There was a delicious bit of humor in the reply of Clemenceau to the women of France who demanded a voice in the affairs of their country. Every French soldier who spoke in this country said, without reservation, that it was the women of France who won the war. More than the war-scarred heroes of that brave country they won the admiration of the world. The whole burden of civil France was theirs. Patient and uncomplaining they staggered on to Victory. They worked and they prayed. The politician alone did neither. Now that victory has come they ask a hearing for their claims. Clemenceau says they will not get it. As the Chicago Tribune puts it, "Clemenceau thinks them too emotional." Of course he did not say that. He had the honesty to state bluntly that he feared the influence of the Church over them. And here come the humor. The Church, indeed, must have sinister designs on the nation, which the politician could never entertain. Influenced by the politician the motives of the women go unquestioned. Politicians set the standards for service and patriotism. They alone are actuated by the sublimest impulses. They are never self-seeking. Proverbially, they are pure altruists. As the French themselves say: "It is to laugh." To be sure it was not from the politicians that Bolo, and Calliaux, and Serrail came. Some way should be found to tie these to the apron strings of the Church.

But at least it must be said for politicians that they did not object when they asked twenty-seven thousand priests shoulder their guns to go and die for France. They did not take it vastly amiss when they saw priests come back from distant lands to do battle for the country that had sent them into exile. But now that peace has come, the Church shall have no share in it. The politicians having won it, to them, as victors, belong the rewards. Possibly in France they may not get by so easily as they did in Britain. Our own fervent wish is that they are last in the line. When the battles were raging that is exactly where they were.—Chicago New World.

THOSE IRISH LADS! OH, SUCH FAITH!

After the armistice was signed, the "Wild West" 91st Division—in which I am serving—passed through several Belgian towns and over the frightful battlefield of Ypres to Rousbrugge, Belgium. We were there beyond the battle zone and quartered in a town that had suffered little material damage from the war; only a few hostile aeroplanes had flown over the town and dropped a few "eggs" on the buildings of Rousbrugge.

Our billets were an index to the good fortune of this little Belgian town; instead of spreading our blankets on a floor that was neither warm nor soft, we enjoyed the luxury of sleeping in real, soft, warm beds.

I was billeted with the pastor of Rousbrugge, a priest who, before the war, occupied a position as director of studies in a flourishing city of Belgium. (At his own request I shall not mention his name.) He had frequently visited England in the past and spoke English very fluently.

In the evening, we often sat before an old-fashioned fireplace and talked on questions of theology and the war. Comparisons, I know, are odious; but of his own accord, he compared army with army, officers with officers and soldiers with soldiers. Without detracting from the armies of our associates, I can say that the American army occupied a very flattering position in his estimation. This, is indeed, a great compliment for our American troops; for, during the four years of the war, he had been associated with men who had hailed from every corner of the globe—Irish, Canadians, Australians, Africans, Scotch, Hindus, English, French, Portuguese and his own Belgian compatriots.

But, after he had found some point in the character of each army that was worthy of commendation, he invariably ended by saying: "Oh, Father, those Irish lads! Such faith! Oh, they were such good boys! As innocent and as pure little children!" And noticed that his eyes were brimming with tears!

One night during my stay with him, he told me a story that would warm the heart of any priest and delight all those who are devoted to the Sacred Heart. It is a palpable proof of the providence of God and of the rewards that accrue to those who are sincerely loyal in the practice of their holy religion.

"At the time this incident occurred, I was stationed at Waton, Belgium. I had learned to speak English fairly well—I have often thanked God for the opportunities of doing good that the knowledge of English has afforded me. At that time a great number of English speaking troops were in and behind the lines of Ypres and the Paschendale and Messine ridges. Luckily, many of the inhabitants of the village within a short distance of the lines, had moved far back into Belgium or even into France, and this condition gave me ample time to go from place to place and administer to the spiritual needs of thousands of Catholic soldiers.

"Early one morning, I entered Poperinghe and, after celebrating holy Mass, I paid a short visit to the pastor of the village. While we were at breakfast, we could hear the blasts of high-explosive shells as they burst in and around the town; the rumbling of the trucks and ambulances as they dashed to and fro through the streets, and the crunch, crunch, crunch of the infantry, marching into battle.

"I intended to visit a hospital in the town—one that had been located in Poperinghe since the beginning of the war. But, when I left the rectory, I found that the road to the hospital was blocked; soldiers, artillery, trucks; the ambulances were moving en masse along the street I wished to cross. Fearing that there might be some poor soul in the hospital who was in urgent need of my assistance, and not wishing to wait until a column, I knew not how long, had passed, I decided to make a detour around the town and reach the hospital from a different direction. Oh, Father, it was the providence of God that blocked the short road to the hospital.

"I slowly circled the town, walking as closely as possible to the house in order to protect myself from the shrapnel and high explosive shells that were bursting overhead. I had almost arrived at my destination when, on turning a corner, I caught sight of a Red Cross flag. What's this, I thought. Have they moved the hospital? I entered the building and inquired whether the location of the hospital had been changed. 'No, Father, a soldier told me. This is another hospital that was established only a few days ago. And say, Father, a wounded Tommy is in the operating room now. I think he is a Catholic. Perhaps you can help him.'

"I hurried into the operating room and found that the patient was already under the influence of an anesthetic. Something urged me to go through the wards. As I entered one of the wards an attendant pointed out three men who were Catholics. But it is of no use to bother about that Irishman, Father, he said. 'He is dying now. We have tried to rouse him a number of times. It's too late! I went immediately to the dying soldier and saw that he had only a few moments to live. I took his hand in mine, pressed it gently, and said: 'Tommy! Tommy! I am a Catholic priest!' And, Father, he slowly moved his head and opened his eyes. He looked at me, recognized me as a

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WASHINGTON'S CATHOLIC RELATIVES

On Washington's Birthday, it is interesting to call the roll of the living members of his family who profess the Catholic Faith. These are:

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Cecil CHESTERTON AND CATHOLICISM

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"It was about the same time that, having for some time held an Anglo-Catholic position, he joined the

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Coca-Cola Why Coca-Cola is so refreshing. The refreshing quality of Coca-Cola, which has made it a favorite with the millions, is the result of three factors which are entirely natural and wholesome. First—Coca-Cola is prepared with cold, carbonated water, which alone is quite refreshing. Second—Coca-Cola contains natural fruit flavorings, which, with pure sugar, are very refreshing. Third—Coca-Cola contains a purified extract from tea, called caffeine, which is both wholesome and refreshing. Coca-Cola may therefore be described as "a cold, carbonated, fruit-flavored improvement upon tea, of approximately one-fourth the stimulating strength of the average cup of tea." Coca-Cola is entirely wholesome, delicious and refreshing. THE COCA-COLA COMPANY ATLANTA, GA.

SISTERS OF ST. MARTHA

In asking the people of the Diocese for support to help build a Motherhouse, the Sisters of St. Martha have a just claim. Their whole history since their establishment has been a record of the noblest kind of service for their people.

The erection of this new Motherhouse marks an important phase in the growth and development of the Community of the Sisters of St. Martha.

The Sisters of Charity having generously consented to undertake the training of recruits for this much needed work for the Diocese of Antigonish, several young women volunteered their services.

Since the Armistice the Catholic Army Huts have been busily engaged in its work with the troops. A Recreation Room and Canteen was organized at the 8th Canadian General Hospital, St. Cloud, Christmas presents were distributed in this and the other French Canadian Hospital, No. 6 Canadian General Hospital, No. 6 Canadian General Hospital, No. 6 Canadian General Hospital.

The action taken by the Clergy of the Diocese of Antigonish at their Annual Retreat, held last July, is sufficient proof of the necessity of this new building for the Sisters, and at the same time a good omen that they are going to get what they are asking for.

The Acta Apostolicae Sedis contains an official Motu Proprio asking the hierarchy of the world to arouse the charity of the faithful, and the end that these establishments may be retained to the Church.

CATHOLIC ARMY HUTS

At the great Irish race convention, held in Philadelphia a short time ago, one of the speakers was Rev. J. Gratton Mitre, an Episcopal clergyman. His brief address was as follows:

PROTESTANT MINISTER PREFERS ROME RULE TO BRITISH RULE

At the great Irish race convention, held in Philadelphia a short time ago, one of the speakers was Rev. J. Gratton Mitre, an Episcopal clergyman. His brief address was as follows:

CONSISTORIAL ALLOCATION DEALS WITH THE ORIENT

Rome, March 20.—The Consistorial Allocation of the Holy Father dealt entirely with matters pertaining to the Orient. It recounted, firstly: The ancient glories of the Church there; secondly: the great interests which the Sovereign Pontiffs have always taken in the East.

ROME SATISFIES THE REASON

In a preface to a posthumous volume of his late brother, Cecil Chesterton, Gilbert K. makes a brief but illuminating allusion to the former's conversion to the Catholic Church. He was, he tells us, "characteristically amused and annoyed with the sentimentalists, sympathetic or hostile, who supposed he was attracted by ritual, music and emotional mysticism. He told such people, somewhat to their bewilderment, that he had been converted because Rome alone could satisfy the reason. In his case of course, as in Newman's and numberless others, well-meaning people conceived a thousand crooked or complicated explanations, rather than suppose that an obviously honest man believed a thing because it was true."

STRONG WORDS

FOR IRELAND BY U. S. SENATOR FALL OF NEW MEXICO

Speaking before the Legislature of New Mexico U. S. Senator Albert B. Fall, of that State, declared that he would not vote for a League of Nations, which would give England five votes to one for the United States.

CRITICAL TIME FOR WORLD SAYS APOSTOLIC DELEGATE

His Excellency Archbishop Bonzano, speaking at the enthronization of Archbishop Hayes as Metropolitan of New York on Wednesday, declared that "Archbishop Hayes begins his administration at a moment that is critical for America and for all mankind."

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Magic of the Sea, The; or, Commodore John Barry in the Making, by Captain James Connally. A historical novel, and well fit to take its place beside "Richard Carvel."

Merry Hearts and True, by Mary C. Crowley. "A Collection of Stories for Catholic Children, including "Little Beginnings," "Blind Apple Woman," "The Five Dollars," "Merry Hearts and True," and "A Family's Problem."

Round Table of American Catholic Novelists. A delightful symposium of short stories by representative American Catholic novelists.

Round Table of Irish and English Catholic Novelists. A pleasing collection of adventures by eminent Catholic authors of English and Irish nationality.

Strayed from the Fold, by Minnie Mary Lee. A splendid Catholic story with a very strong moral.

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SUN LIFE HAS RECORD YEAR

OVER FIFTY MILLIONS OF NEW BUSINESS IN 1918. The Sun Life Assurance Company's 48th Annual Report, just issued, not only announces last year's wonderful record, but makes it more than any ever issued by the company.

The past year was easily the best in the history of the company and an examination of the report shows that the big Montreal company made gains in every department of its activities. Its insurances in force now exceed \$340,800,000, a gain of nearly \$29,000,000 during the year.

It is evident that the Sun Life exercises the utmost care in the selection of its risks, while the excellent methods employed enables it to retain on its books an unusually large part of the new business secured.

Another new record was made in regard to income with \$21,651,000 received, a gain of over \$2,300,000 during the year. The company is now comfortably installed in its new office building on Dominion Square, Montreal, where unequalled facilities enable them to carry on their large and growing business in the best possible manner.

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