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HONOUR WITHOUT RENOWN

BY MRS. INNES-BROWN

Author of "Three Daughters of the United Kingdom"

CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED

Father Lawrence lowered his own, for the look out him to the heart; he longed to evade it, but it haunted him long afterwards to the destruction of his peace of mind.

"Not to die, Father! It is not that I may be overworked and die that I ask more time. Believe me, there is no one in all this wretched abode who courts death less than I, or who fears it more. No! But though men may fetter the limbs, and bow the body down, yet no earthly power can fetter or cripple the spirit of man when in unison with the will of his Creator.

Father Lawrence felt himself once more baffled. He knew well that hope and faith in God alone had sustained the strong spirit before him, and yet he was aware that the poor prisoner's frame was so weak that any undue bodily exertion might easily prove fatal; therefore he paused ere he answered as cheerfully as he could:

"At least you will allow me to ask a day off for you tomorrow. I hear that water has burst into the cell of the quarry, and the work will be both heavy and dangerous. You cannot object to one day's rest, when you know it to be so essential for your health."

The prisoner bowed his head still lower; he did not wish to meet the kind eyes of his friend; and answered with slow, indomitable persistency: "After tomorrow, dear Father—after tomorrow; then I promise to listen to and comply with your every request. Ah, you do not realize how sweet it is to me to feel the free air of Heaven upon my brow. You have not felt what joy it is to gaze upon the faces of your fellow creatures, to mark the pure innocent look of the children, and to note the pitiful eyes of the women as they fall upon you, and to be able to bless God that they at least, are still free and unfettered. And Father," continued the man, burying his face in his hands, "since you will have my reason (which, however, remember, is sacred between us), there is just a chance that on the way to, or from the mines tomorrow I may catch a passing glimpse of features that are dearer to me than sight or sound."

"How strange!" exclaimed the prisoner, looking up suddenly. "How strange that you should have hit upon the very keynote to the whole mystery! And yet, what is stranger still, is the fact that at my receding trial all remembrance of the circumstances had left me. Indeed, the terrible weakness of the whole tragedy spent my health so severely that for the time being my mind became a complete blank; so that in my endeavour to aid my

defence I did but involve myself the deeper."

"Yes, I remember well that for a long time after your entrance here you were too ill to leave this infirmary; but now can you wait for a moment and endeavour to recall to your mind who it was that visited your apartments, and at what hour of the day or night this visit took place?"

The prisoner crossed his legs, clasped his thin hands around his knees, and looking steadily in front of him, answered calmly:

"One evening, the second after my marriage, I took my wife to see a play of Shakespeare's, and on my return my old landlady informed me that during our absence a young man had called, wishing to see me on urgent business regarding my half brother. At the same time he pleaded fatigue, and begged to be allowed to rest a little and wait for us. Good-naturedly enough she consented, and begged him to take a seat in my sitting-room, which opened into the bedroom. In about twenty minutes he came out, and after thanking her for her kindness, said he really could not wait any longer, but, if possible, would call again the next day to see me."

"And who do you conclude it to have been?"

"My one enemy, and my poor brother's evil genius; no other than young Thomas, the lawyer's son."

"But why was not the fact of this visit brought forward at the time of the trial? Your defence ought to have made much of it. Where was the landlady?"

"Ah, you see, Father, everything went dead against me, as you know by reading over a copy of the trial. The very day after this mysterious visit my landlady fell in the street and received a concussion of the brain; this was followed by a long illness. In fact, I have often wondered whether she ever recovered. She was a kind, motherly old soul, but very simple."

"I suppose you have forgotten her name and address?" inquired the priest carefully.

"No, it was Mrs. Lawson, King's Street, W. The number I am not positive about, but think it was 17." Father Lawrence drew from his pocket an old envelope, and after jotting down the address replaced it carefully. At this juncture the jailer slid back the panel and peered in, reminding the priest in a gruff voice that it was getting late.

CHAPTER XV

It was late before Father Lawrence reached his humble abode. After parting hastily from the poor prisoner, he left the prison and walked he scarcely knew whither, not noticing even the friendly salutes of the passers-by as they recognized his familiar figure. With head bent forward, eyes lowered upon the ground, and hands buried in the sleeves of his habit, he strode on, his mind perplexed by anxious thoughts. He had walked several miles as he realised the lateness of the hour and the distance he had traversed. Arriving at last at his house, he mechanically drew forth his lock-key, opened the door, and passed at once to his small sitting-room.

pale light of the moon. Not even noticing the cold supper which lay upon the table, Father Lawrence threw himself wearily into an armchair which stood facing the open, uncurtained window; then crossing his legs and throwing his arms behind his head continued his painful reverie. Before him, clearly defined in the moonlight, he could see the well-kept paddocks fenced round by low, thick hedges in their first spring beauty; the giant trees like solemn sentinels moved stiffly in salutation as it were to the night breeze, as it swept amid their branches, rustling playfully their fresh green leaves. The birds had long since ceased their noisy twitter; the cattle and sheep were lying half buried in the soft green meadows, so full now of closed daisies and buttercups. The voices of the children were hushed; all nature seemed at rest, save the heart of the silent watcher. In the blue vault above the stars shone like myriads of twinkling diamonds, whilst the moon—her pale light unobscured—looked peacefully down upon this world of ours, where virtue and vice are so strangely blended.

He knew that soon her gentle beams would pass through the window of that prison cell, and would linger over the features of that innocent man: where would she shine at the same hour upon the guilty brother, he wondered? Where was he hiding? How could he be found?

How often, whilst sitting thus in solitude thinking of our absent ones, the longing seizes our hearts, that power were given us to pierce the distance which separates us from our loved ones, and feast our eyes— if only for an instant—upon their dear faces, and see how they fare. We feel that our rest and sleep would be more secure and perfect could we but know that they are well. Yet it is surely better for us that a kind Providence has blinded our eyes and bid us trust ourselves and them to Him. It is a thousand mercies we cannot see our heroes fall on the field of battle, or gaze upon brave men struggling vainly with the cruel elements; for, realising our own inability to help them, how could we endure the sight and exact hiding places of the guilty brother. And yet, had he not as God has planned them. And yet, as we watch the sun or the moon, as they pursue their steady course through the heavens, or listen to the gay, boisterous wind, as it hurries and scurries along, we catch ourselves vainly longing that, like those great orbs, power might be given us, just to have one we peep at our dear ones—whose faces we have not seen for years—or that the fabled wind would pick up and bear to us, as it passes, the sweet sound of voices which for ages we have listened for in vain.

Some such wish as this was paramount in Father Lawrence's heart. He longed that a ray of this pale moonlight would reveal to him the exact hiding place of the guilty brother. And yet, had it done so, what would have been his feelings? What would he have thought, could he have peered, as a moonbeam was then struggling to do, into that small latticed window outside the walls of the city of Paris, and discovered— stretched on a bed of pain and suffering—the very man whom his heart was at that moment condemning. Surely, also, he would have turned away more bewildered than ever, had power been given to him to see the yet agitated moon did—through a small oval window in a convent, and there, amidst all the noise and confusion reigning around, have caught the fervent words of prayer as they fell from the lips of a little Sister of Charity, and have detected in almost every sentence the name the very prisoner for whom his own heart was then aching so sorely. Mercifully, again all this was hidden from his eyes; for, had he seen all that was to occur on that fatal night, and felt powerless to aid, hope might well-nigh have been extinguished within him.

So, unconscious of the flight of time and of the chilly night air, Father Lawrence sat busied with troubled cogitations. Sometimes he clasped his hands tightly together and looked sternly out into the night; then, leaning his elbows upon a small table near, he would rest his chin upon his hands, still thinking—thinking.

"It is impossible that the man can stand two years more of hard prison life," he pondered. "My God," he cried, "he cannot do it, and he will die and be buried in a felon's grave!—the sainted prisoner whom I have learned to love almost as a dear brother. The cool night air blew gratefully on the priest's heated brow as he ran his fingers hastily through his thin brown hair. Was it impossible that any honest man could be found to come forward in the name of justice and lend a helping hand in this good cause. He could think of no one to whom he could turn for aid or advice. Would they not all smile and tell him that they had listened to many such tales before; that men of his stamp and calling were too susceptible, too easily gulled; that a jury did not often err when they condemned a man; and so on? Then his thoughts flew to the little beside wife as the words of the prisoner recurred to his mind: "Tomorrow is the anniversary of our wedding day, and I am certain my wife will be somewhere near on that day." "Where would she be? how contrived to see her husband?" he wondered. "Ah, I will watch the prisoners on their walk to and from the quarry, and see if I can detect anything out of

the common. Evidently it is not the first time that they have thus met. Poor, faithful little wife! No one shall deprive me from comforting her at least."

Thus planning, brooding, hoping, and fearing, he still sat until the clear sweet tones of a nightingale suddenly filled the night air with melody. As a harbinger of hope the thrilling notes struck upon the ear of the watcher and roused him from his reverie. Rising hastily, he pushed back his chair and stood listening; then with a feeling akin to hope and gratitude in his heart he reluctantly drew down the window, and discovered that he was both faint and hungry. The little room was flooded with moonlight, and taking out his watch Father Lawrence found that it still wanted sixteen minutes to twelve.

A very few moments sufficed in which to appease the inner man; then, feeling it useless to seek his couch, he opened the door and groped his way to the silent church. And all the while the object of so much care and solicitude was resting upon his hard prison couch, sleeping the calm sleep of the innocent, and surely Heaven's angels hovered near, and with protecting love fanned his weary cheek and soothed his brow, building up in his heart bright hopes for the morrow. For he smiled as the gentle moonbeams kissed his brow, the hard deep lines formed by toil and care seemed smoothed away, and in their place a look of almost youthful grace played around his mouth.

Thus the two brothers lay on their separate couches that memorable night. Near the side of one, though he had given his heart's blood to win her, still reluctant and unwilling, stood "Renown." Ever and anon the advanced, then mournfully withdrew. How could she crown the brow with valour, and leave exposed a coward's heart? But hanging over the bed of the other—whom men had condemned as worthless and unworthy—hung her sister, "Honour." Fondly she bent over the patient prisoner, and proudly she kissed his forehead, now pouring into his heart the while the sweetest balm of hope. He forgot that he rested on a hard prison couch, that he was girded round by walls so thick, no friend could hear his call. For in his dreams he saw his uncle's face beaming upon him with deep and pitying love, and his heart leapt within him as a gentle voice whispered: "Fear not, there is One who counts your every sigh. Patience yet a little longer; not always shall you linger thus!"

TO BE CONTINUED

GUARDING THE HEADGATE

By Hope Daring in Rosary Magazine

Miss Esther Whitney, owner of The Cottonwoods, was sitting at a leisurely breakfast, when Andre, her hired man, came slowly along the path that led from his abode back to herself she said: "If once, just once, he would hurry."

"Good morning, sonorita! The day it is to be a beautiful one," Andre called as he approached the open window.

"Yes, but hot. I'll bring you the key."

Andre waited outside the screen door until she handed him a big key. Then he asked, hesitatingly: "What if the Sonorita makes trouble?"

"Why there is no danger of that. It is my turn to use the water from the reservoir, and I notified Mr. Smith that I would have it turned into my ditches today."

"You did not leave him in possession? Surely you opened my sluice and closed Smith's?"

"No sonorita. He sat on the headgate, and ordered me off. I come away."

A wave of fierce anger swept over Esther Whitney. This was the Western man's sense of justice and fair play! She did not speak until she had control of her voice: "You may weed the beets, Andre. Be sure you do not uproot the young plants. I shall see Smith myself."

"It took some time to get Andre started on the new task. Then Esther took from a neat sashonnet, not the burrified and bowitched thing of which poets sing, but a practical article made of brown gingham.

"This will hide my face. I wish I looked older," she thought, gazing critically at the reflection of her pink cheeks and long-lashed brown eyes. "I'll not give up! Indeed I'll not!"

The headgate that controlled the water supply for the two ranches was not far away. As Esther hastened through the gate she saw across her neighbor's fields where the distant low mountains shut in the valley. Their bases were heavily wooded, while their heads were crowned with gold-flecked lavender mist.

"It is so quiet, so peaceful. Well, I'll have peace, if I have to fight for it," she said to herself, smiling whimsically.

The system of irrigation was one of the old-fashioned, makeshift affairs that had been adopted years before. From a little mountain stream that loitered along through the valley the water was collected into a reservoir, one hollowed out from the rocks and cemented. It was necessary to collect the water, as even through the rainy season the flow was not great. The reservoir was nearly full, and the water continued to come in. There was enough to fill the ditches on one side or the other, and by the time that was gone the headgate would be shut for a few days, to allow more water to accumulate.

Esther eyed her own ditches. She had had them cleaned out, but the years they had remained unused had killed the plants that once had bordered them. On the other ranch, known as "Smith's Place," the ditches were bordered by a rank growth of willows and flowering plants.

from the well to the garden. The well was equipped with a windmill, and the supply of water was a bountiful one. Jacobs was more energetic than her husband, and she was devoted to Esther.

"Tomorrow my brother shall come and help, sonorita. Then you can go to Dunstan and set the law on that pig, Smith. If he will not heed that, there is always an appeal to Father Vincent. He will help."

The next day Esther rode on horseback over to Dunstan. Her complaint was listened to with politeness. The smiling official said: "Oh, Smith's all right, I assure you he is, Miss Whitney. I know it seems a little high-handed, but it is a critical time with his alfalfa."

Esther stiffened. "Is the law apologizing for the offender? Am I to understand that you intend to wait for Smith's alfalfa to mature, at the expense of my crop, before you take action in the matter?"

"Oh, no, Miss Whitney. I assure you that your interests shall be protected. I'll call Smith on the telephone a little later."

Discouraged, Esther rode to the home of the kindly priest. She learned that Father Vincent was away, and that his housekeeper did not know when he would return.

She rode home. On coming in sight of her garden she saw four persons at work, carrying water. One is Jacobs's brother, but who is the other? Raining her horse close up to the dry ditch she separated her garden from the highway, she called: "Jacobs! Come here, please."

"The Mexican woman came, smiling. 'Such a help as he is, sonorita! It is Tom Sparks, and the Sonorita sent him to help us water the garden.'"

"What do you mean, Jacobs?"

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sixth of the school population of Ontario. Education is rightly regarded as a public utility. No one who has given any attention to the matter at all will pretend that the Separate schools have been given equal facilities with the Public schools for carrying on their share of the great work of education.

Apart from the question of cost, and far and away above it, was the question of which plan would best serve the interests of Secondary education in London. On the decision of this great issue not a single Catholic vote was cast.

permitted to clean off the mud, and the losses fall on individuals. "There is no known means of obtaining compensation for a farmstead burned out by the forces of 'law and order' upon the unprovoked suspicion of undue sympathy among the inhabitants for an Irish Republic.

of the same class because they were under the canonical age and then gave a brief resume of the work of the diocesan Seminary. In the Council of Trent the Supreme Authority of the Church directed the Episcopate of the world to establish, wherever possible, diocesan seminaries for the fostering of vocations to the priesthood.

Parliament surround her on all sides. Her clergy have been forced to violate her canons by action in the courts of law. Courts composed of lay judges defied her doctrine on Baptism in the Gorham case; and incidentally drove Henry Edward Manning into the Catholic Church.

government, the Dominion of Canada and the Province of Ontario have names which harmonize with their own. IT WOULD lead us too far afield to pursue the idea further. Suffice it here to say that our own city of London is one of the worst transgressors in this respect.

CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL RIGHTS

Last week the Catholic Education Committee interviewed the Ontario Government with the object of presenting their reasons for such amendments to the school laws as will carry out the intent and purpose of the Fathers of Confederation with regard to Separate schools.

As the term itself indicates, Confederation or Federation implies a treaty (foedus, foederis—a treaty). The Dominion of Canada was made possible only by agreeing to certain treaty rights as part of the fundamental law, as articles of the Constitution.

During the years of negotiation and discussion no subject was more seriously considered, none more fully debated than that of the safeguarding of the educational rights and privileges of the minorities in Ontario and Quebec. It is important to note that with many the desire, indeed the determination, to protect the Protestant minority in Quebec was the primary consideration which led inevitably to the concession of similar safeguards to the Catholic minority in Ontario.

Such is emphatically not the case. Protestants are the privileged controllers of the Secondary education in Ontario; Catholics are branded as inferior, fit only to bear their full share of the burdens, but unworthy of equal vote and influence in the management of those schools which they are obliged by law to support.

These are considerations which must be taken into account when dealing with Separate school problems; the nature and spirit of the Confederation pact must be borne in mind if discussion of these problems is to be fair, reasonable and dispassionate. This clause in the British North America Act which confers on the Legislature the exclusive power to legislate for the educational needs of the province, withholds the power to affect prejudicially rights and privileges of denominational schools.

Any other interpretation of the law ignores the basic fact that it was designed to protect two minorities, one Protestant, the other Catholic. An interpretation of the law, looking on Separate schools as a necessary evil to be hampered and restricted in their development, is not only narrow and intolerant but conceived in a spirit foreign to the founders of Canada, and calculated to frustrate the object of the Constitutional guarantees, to make a scrap of paper of treaty rights.

It is impossible not to sympathize with this point of view. We shall give it further consideration at another time. But if this is an honest conviction those holding it will concede that an absolutely essential condition for attaining the object they profess to desire is that Catholics and Protestants must meet in the Secondary schools as equals, enjoying the same rights as well as bearing the same burdens.

The situation in London illustrates clearly this anomalous condition to which Catholics are condemned. We referred to this in these columns before; but its apportionment as a concrete illustration of the inferior status of Catholics makes repetition highly useful. Last year the London Collegiate was burned down.

The question then arose as to whether it should be replaced by one large central school, or whether three smaller buildings, each with its own staff and equipment, should be erected in different quarters of the city. The local papers told all and singular that "Three Collegiates will be the issue in a Hot Campaign in the Board of Education Election."

And a hot campaign there was. The question of increased taxation supposed to be involved in the three unit schools was the dominant consideration with some; others held that the increased cost, if any, would be fully justified by the greater efficiency of the smaller schools. The whole city was deeply stirred; arguments for and against each proposal were heard on all sides; at length the final court of appeal, the voice of the people speaking through the ballot box decided the issue.

A High School Board should be elected by all the people if all the people are to be taxed to maintain High schools. Then and then only, would the Board be representative of all the rate-payers. Even if there was not a single Catholic elected, each and every member of the Board would have to secure Catholic votes or be elected in spite of them.

In that case, and in that case only, can Catholics exercise their full rights of citizenship and have their rights of citizenship and have their full measure of influence in the control of Secondary education. As it is at present it is a clear case of taxation, without representation, without representation in the slightest degree effective. The present arrangement so far from lending itself to the promotion of good-will and the training of co-operation in citizenship, brands Catholics as inferior, subjects them to humiliation, and deprives them of their elementary rights as citizens and rate-payers to voice their approbation or disapprobation of the course pursued by the members of the Board who spend their taxes, control their schools, but who render an account of their stewardship only to a section of the rate-payers, and can snap their fingers at the Catholics who must pay but may not vote.

THE IRISH RELIEF FUND

Though Catholics have been the greatest sufferers it is a malicious falsehood to represent or to insinuate that the deplorable conditions in Ireland are due to the division of Irishmen along religious lines. A few quotations from eminent Protestant Irishmen will go far to clear the situation from the befogging influence of bias and unworthy prejudice.

Francis Joseph Bigger, Protestant resident of Belfast, member of the Royal Irish Academy, well-known antiquarian and author, says: "I am perfectly satisfied that there is urgent need of relief in Ireland, especially where creameries and other industrial works have been wantonly destroyed, and in places like Belfast, Lisburn, Cork, Balbrigan and many others where havoc has been wrought, and also in cases of families where the bread-winners have been interned without charge or trial."

Mr. Alec Wilson, son of the former owner of the Queen's Island shipyard, Belfast, Belfast capitalist, Justice of the Peace for County Down, says: "When a big man knocks down a small man and rolls him in the gutter it is a neighborly act to help set that small man up on his feet again, wash and bandage the cuts, wipe the mud off his clothes, and get him a new hat. If the neighbor does not do it, the small man will have to try and make the best of the job himself, for he will be in no mood to go begging of the man that hit him. So Ireland."

Understanding that statements have been cable to America that there is no distress in Ireland such as would call for relief by your Committee, I desire to say that those statements are not only unfounded but, considering the facts, are cruel. In the conflict between the forces of the Crown and those of the Irish Republican Army there has been widespread damage which has dislocated the economic life of the country.

"I accept as reasonable the estimate of this damage cable to you by Mr. France and I regard it as of the greatest importance that speedy measures of reconstruction should be taken. Otherwise the present grievous distress will be greatly aggravated in the near future."

It is with peculiar pleasure and with a sense that we are but doing justice to Irish Protestants whose good name has been besmirched by the poor Orange dupes of interested factionists, that we call these few from the many messages sent by scores of eminent Protestant Irishmen to the American Committee for Relief in Ireland.

Those of us who are proud that generous Irish blood courses in our veins will not harden our hearts to the cry of distress from our kith and kin in the motherland.

ST. PETER'S SEMINARY

On May the twenty-first the annual ordinations of the diocese took place in St. Peter's Cathedral when His Lordship, Rt. Rev. M. F. Fallon, D.D., ordained twelve Deacons to the Priesthood and conferred Subdeaconship, Minor Orders and Tonsure upon three Seminarians. The remarks of His Lordship on that occasion cannot but be the source of great joy and consolation to the priests and people of his diocese who so nobly responded to his appeal for their cooperation in establishing and maintaining St. Peter's Seminary.

Refering to the ceremony which had just been concluded, the Bishop called attention to the fact that never before in the history of the Church in Canada, outside of the Archdioceses of Quebec and Montreal, had so large a number of candidates been raised to the priesthood at the same time for one diocese. He added that it was necessary to defer the ordination of three other deacons

of the same class because they were under the canonical age and then gave a brief resume of the work of the diocesan Seminary. In the Council of Trent the Supreme Authority of the Church directed the Episcopate of the world to establish, wherever possible, diocesan seminaries for the fostering of vocations to the priesthood.

ANGELIC CONCERN FOR THE SANCTITY OF MARRIAGE BY THE OBSERVER Following Bishop Richardson, of Fredericton, and others, Archbishop Worrell, of Nova Scotia, took a fling at the Church of Rome last week on the subject of marriage. Taking his text from the decision of the Privy Council in the Tremblay marriage case, he denounced in great wrath and in strong terms the supposed arrogance and lack of respect for law, of the Catholic clergy in respect of marriages which are legal.

Henry VIII. was the first Head of that Church; and he had views on the marriage question. His Vicar was Thomas Cromwell; and after a time Henry cut his head off; which was a curious way for the Head of the Church to deal with his Vicar. Elizabeth said to a bishop who displeased her: "Proud prelate, I made you; and I can unmake you."

How could she have got over it? It is true, kings are not what kings once were. George V. cannot send for members of parliament who differ with him, and tell them he will have their heads as "seven-wired Harry" could do; but the Church of England is still the creature of the law, as she has always been. The Premier of England appoints her bishops in that country. Acts of

Archbishop Worrell wants us to accept the law as the gage and test of membership in the Catholic Church. He rails at us because we tell a Catholic it is not enough for him to comply with the statute law but that he must meet the requirements of the Church; or else we will not treat him as a married man morally, though he may be a married man legally.

Does he hope to see us coerced into doing, under free democratic government, what the founder of the Church of England, Henry VIII., with all the power of a Tudor Sovereign, could not make the Catholic Church do in his day?

NOTES AND COMMENTS THE 250th anniversary of the founding of Kingston, which will occur in 1923, is to be celebrated by the holding of an historical pageant under the auspices of the Kingston Historical Society, in which other similar societies in Ontario and Quebec are to be invited to participate. It is felt that as the oldest organized community in the Province, with a history touching every event of importance bearing upon our development as a self governing people, the occurrence of such an anniversary concerns not Kingston alone, but every municipality and every section of Ontario.

OF THE THREE oldest settled communities in the Province—Kingston, Niagara and Windsor,—Niagara alone enjoys the distinction of bearing a name redolent of a romantic and not inglorious past. There are dozens of Kingstons and Windsors throughout the British dominions, and it is matter for legitimate regret that the Ontario cities so named, and others following their example, should have so easily succumbed to the syzygophany of early governors and magistrates sent out by the Colonial Office, whose chief efforts in this country were apparently directed to the currying of favor with Court circles at home. Hence we have the map of the Province dotted over with old country names which to outsiders give no indication whatever of racial or national affinity, the expressive and euphonious nomenclature of their Indian progenitors being at the same time practically ignored.

THE CAPITALS of the Dominion and of the Province are happily exceptions to this rule, the names Ottawa and Toronto being therefore instinctively recognizable abroad as of Canada. Toronto early in her history put aside the name, York, given to her by the first Governor of Upper Canada, and returned to the earlier, more distinctive and, certainly much more musical name which she has since borne. Ottawa, on being selected as the Dominion capital, wisely followed this example. Hence in their respective seats of

government, the Dominion of Canada and the Province of Ontario have names which harmonize with their own. IT WOULD lead us too far afield to pursue the idea further. Suffice it here to say that our own city of London is one of the worst transgressors in this respect. What must be the impression of a new arrival from England to find himself in London on the Thames, in the County of Middlesex, with names of streets and places all about him slavishly imitative of the great city at home! Happy would it have been, to our thinking, if at an earlier period reversion had been had to the great Shawnee chief, Tecumseh, or to some other person or place whose name had direct association with the foundation or early history of this now thriving community.

THERE is no place in Canada, however, where the change of name backwards is more to be regretted than the beautifully-situated and historically-interesting city of Kingston. Students of Canadian history know that Kingston was originally Cataragi, a name that, had it but been retained, would have given a distinctiveness and individuality to the city which its modern name decidedly does not. There are, as already said, at least a score of Kingstons in the British dominions, and the old capital of Ontario is but one of them—abroad easily confused with the others and to that extent lost sight of. Why, then, should not the occasion of the 250th anniversary of her founding as a civilized community be signalized by reversion to either the sweet-sounding aboriginal name of Cataragi, or to Frontena, the name of its founder, the heroic Governor of New France, which as a fortified post it bore all through the wars for supremacy on this continent? To those who believe that Kingston, sometimes called a "sleepy" city, has a future, and that its past glories will find an echo in the affairs of the nation to be, the change at this time would be propitious and significant of the determination of Canadians to rear a commonwealth in all things, even in the matter of nomenclature, consistent with the character of a sovereign people: "Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten fame, The power of grace, the magic of a name."

NEWMAN CLUBS

Washington, D. C.—To meet many requests for information regarding Catholic clubs in non-Catholic universities, the Bureau of Education, National Catholic Welfare Council, has just issued, in mimeographed form, a paper by Professor A. I. duPont Coleman, president of the Federation of College Catholic Clubs, on the aims and purposes of such organizations in non-Catholic institutions.

There are nearly 100 Catholic clubs in the universities, colleges and normal schools of the country. Many of them are from fifteen to twenty years old. The most flourishing are in large universities like Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Cornell, Columbia, University of California, University of Iowa, etc.

Many of these organizations are known simply as "The Catholic Club"; some bear names of such men as Brownson, Pastur and other Catholic leaders of thought, but the great majority show a disposition to adopt the uniform name which, it is felt, ought soon to be known all over the United States as representing a firm and definite type of character—the name of John Henry Cardinal Newman, or as "Newman Clubs." At first the organization of these clubs was a defensive movement. The purpose was to protect the faith of Catholic students amid un-Christian pathos and surroundings. It is now of a more important nature. It is an enrollment of loyal Catholic men and women working shoulder to shoulder in promoting the interests of religion and morals as well as culture. Describing the objects and benefits of the movement, the Bureau of Education says: "It means the enlistment in a well-organized body for active Catholic work. It will help to make the Church known among the students in the non-Catholic majority. It will include every Catholic student and instructor. It will get in touch with every new Catholic student, and be a big brother or a big sister to him or her. It will stand there ready to take interest in their welfare, in every phase of it, and to make them feel that they are not away from home because the Church is there. It will see that means are provided for religious instruction to the members supplementing that coming from regular attendance at Church, to deal with philosophical, historical, and sociological questions in a way specially suited to Catholic college men and women. It will be a social, recreational, and



FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

THE CALLING OF THE LABORERS

"And Jesus saith to Simon: Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men. And having brought them ashore, he said, leaving all things, they followed Him." (Luke v. 10, 11.)

Of all the dignities of earth, that of the chosen one of God is the most sublime. A vocation is above an avocation; it is greater than a profession. This calling is something that cannot be said to be innate in man, but comes to him when God, who is its Author, chooses. It is a privilege, for it is not given to all—nay, it is given to but a few—and it elevates man to the highest point obtainable in life, when he lives up to it faithfully. It places man in the closest connection possible with his Maker, and records the will of God to be made known to other men. God works, in other words through His chosen ones for the salvation of man's soul. To co-operate with God in this, the greatest of all works, can not fail to be most meritorious.

It is well that God chooses those whom He desires to be laborers in His vineyard. Did man make the choice himself, his works to that end would be in vain, for a power from God and an adaptability from the same source are absolutely necessary for success in this work. Man is saved through grace. He can not be urged on effectively to salvation by any other means. He is incited to this pursuit by him who has an abundance of God's grace and a certain likeness to his Master abiding in him, and manifested by his words and works. God will not give the power to work in men's souls except to him whom He Himself calls. It is for this reason that the preparators and deceivers who work themselves into God's ministry attain no lasting success and, sooner or later, show their true colors. Sometimes, because of people's good faith, God may use them as a means through which to exercise His beneficence toward man, but this does not help them personally. They are instruments, perhaps; but, being rational beings, it depends upon themselves what kind of instruments they become. We must never overlook the fact that man has a free will, and though God may for a while work through him, he is not thereby necessarily in God's favor. Living in the state of grace, since God calls His own, then alone does He adorn with His special graces, and to them only does He give the power to bring souls to Him. He sometimes may lead souls to Himself through others; but whether the souls of these others also will be brought to Him, depends upon themselves.

The beauty of the life of those called by God and actively and meritoriously engaged in His work, can not be surpassed. Why should this be so? Because it is an adornment coming from God Himself, from whom all beauty proceeds. In that soul in which God acts in a special way, there is but loveliness. He makes it His own, and only the purest and brightest are God's possession. Where stains exist, God is absent, or is not present in any intimate degree. The dwelling places of God are those of His chosen souls. In body they must live on earth, work, toil, and suffer; but in spirit and in their higher and nobler life, they live in constant communication with God. They delight that words can not speak in their abundance, and a sad heart never beats in their breasts, except such as was Christ's when He considered the hardened sinner. The divine in Christ, which ever gave Him happiness and made Him dwell in bliss, may be said to exist, in a certain sense, in God's chosen ministers who are faithfully doing His will and laboring for Him, even amidst sufferings. In them this is not a nature, as in Christ, but it is a sort of presence of the Trinity, and is a reward even in life for their labors.

God would choose greater numbers of ministers, no doubt, were the necessary dispositions found in parents and in the subjects. We must never forget that God does not, as a rule, act against nature. He rather acts in accord with it. It is nature that He finds worthy or unworthy of His love. This does not mean nature itself, but nature as we have made it, or as we make it. Where human nature is made an object worthy of God's love, the highest spiritual blessings will be given it, and among the principal, nay, the chief of these, is a call to work in His cause. Of course, God does not expect to find us as worthy of His love and esteem as He will make us. This would not be possible for us. However, He wishes to find fit subjects for what He is desirous of making of us. There always has been a certain disposition toward an end which God called one to attain. Sometimes it was hidden, not through one's own fault, but because of wrong rearing, faulty education, and false teaching. Some have thought, as no doubt did St. Paul before his conversion, the acts they were engaged in, to be lawful and even meritorious. But God lifted the veil from their eyes, and they then applied all their faculties and powers to a noble cause. So it is yet that many, once in good faith enemies of God's one religion, are called to His service and become indefatigable laborers in His vineyard. But we do not intend to speak of these exceptions. It is among God's

own that He should find the greatest number of subjects properly disposed to hear His call. He has acted thus since the foundation of His Church. He always has selected His workers from among those who were the most faithful in the practice of their religion. His call has been, too, as a reward to those who nobly have kept the faith and courageously fought His cause. To perfect what has been shaped by chisel and hammer, God has applied the finishing touch, by a gentle process of calling. It is rare that He will do more.

It is in the Christian home that the future priest of the Church becomes a co-operator with Him in the salvation of souls. Prayer brings much in this direction. To no one more directly than to parents is it said, "Pray ye therefore the Lord that He send laborers into His vineyard." Encouragement to children, an effort to have them love the things of God, often sow the seeds of a vocation. It will not generally come in the home where religion holds a secondary place, where bishop and priest are criticized, or spoken of irreverently. Children should be told repeatedly, also, the true story of life. To how many the brightest and the most worldly hopes are pictured without sufficient foundation, and which, if realized, would make them rich in money, worldly goods, and influence, but poor in grace and virtue. Parents should put before their sons and daughters the pictures of two careers—one worldly, the other spiritual, but both impartially portrayed. If this were done, the number that would adopt the spiritual career, would be much larger than it is today. May the day come when this will be so, for the harvest is great and the laborers few.

THE MENACE OF DIVORCE

Anthony M. Benedik, D.D., in America

The menace that divorce is rapidly becoming to the stability of family and national life throughout the world is well evidenced by figures taken from the New York World Almanac for the current year. In 1890 there were in the United States 542,587 marriages and 88,461 divorces or one divorce for 16.5 marriages; in 1890 there were 618,873 marriages and 42,997 divorces, or one divorce for 14.5 marriages; in 1900 there were 853,290 marriages and 72,602 divorces, or one divorce for 12 marriages; in 1916 there were 1,040,778 marriages and 112,036 divorces or one divorce for 9.3 marriages. Thus, within a quarter of a century, while the number of marriages has not even doubled, the number of divorces has increased almost fourfold. It does not take a specialist in mathematics to make plain that, at the present rate of increase, the annual divorces will soon equal the marriages in number, thus practically bringing about the free love which is the extremist's dream.

This condition, however, is not confined to our land of traditional freedom. In staid old England and Wales the number of divorces has leaped from 1,075 in 1914 to a total of 2,323 in 1918, thus more than doubling itself in four years.

Then we have the case of Canada. In some provinces of Canada, notably Ontario, Quebec and Prince Edward Island, there have been up to the present no divorce courts. Those who desire to be divorced must apply for a special act of Parliament and present their evidence to a committee of the Senate, which practically accepts only one ground, that of adultery, as sufficient for granting divorce. But if adultery is proved and the necessary fees are paid, a special act allowing divorce gets through both houses of Parliament and becomes law.

Claiming that this procedure works unnecessary hardship on poor folk, especially in the case of returned soldiers whose wives have been guilty of infidelity during their absence, and that it is the cause of much misery and immorality, a party has started active agitation for divorce courts. This party is opposed, of course, by the Catholics, aided by many of other denominations.

These latter reply that one of the results of divorce is to reward adulterers by allowing them to remarry, and therefore they would rather remedy the evil by making adultery a penal offense. The crop of post-war applications due to returning soldiers, they say, will prove only transitory and it would be unfortunate if, because of this temporary plague, the country should be saddled permanently with the evil of divorce courts. In addition, during fourteen years there was only one divorce for every 23,992 persons in provinces which had no divorce courts, while there was a divorce for every 3,282 persons in the provinces which had courts, and therefore the courts would increase divorces about sevenfold. What harm this would cause to the family life of Canada is easily seen. The evils, they claim, arising through infidelity or cruelty or marital troubles of any kind are less serious than those, which in the permanent breaking up of a home and the neglect of children result from divorce.

One thing to be deplored is that so much publicity is given to the divorce questions that through our courts, and that has an appeal to seekers after cheap notoriety. For the past few weeks we have been regaled with front page stories of a prominent man who accused his wife of sin, and the boomerang, returning, has thus far endowed him with two

mistresses. The one New York paper which tried to keep this case quiet was compelled by the pressure of competition to bring it back to the first page. In another case before the public eye there are five co-respondents—five! This reminds us of the woman in the Gospel with seven husbands. And the newspapers, in detail, describe these gay Lotharios. Co-respondent No. 1, a cousin of the woman under fire, is "a sleek head youth, blond hair slicked down in the middle, well dressed, square-shouldered." No. II—"tall, graceful, gray-haired, expressive features, the most interesting of his colleagues." No. III—"tall, bald-headed, angular," boyhood friend of the dame. No. IV—"a dark-haired, sturdy, with a square jaw." No. V—"a dark young man"—only this description and nothing more, an unknown. Truly, *varietas delectat!* All classes, types, sizes, and styles, save a lawfully wedded husband!

That the divorce evil is desperate is apparent from the disastrous consequences that it entails. It is destructive of individual and social morality. Supreme Court Justice Ford of New York says, in this connection, "There is no gainsaying that divorce, especially if it keeps on increasing, is a menace to the nation. The home is the foundation of the State, and the home is disrupted whenever a divorce action is brought." Divorce, demonstrates the Rev. John J. O'Gorman, D.C.L., in his booklet entitled "Divorce in Canada," is unjust, immoral, anti-national, and immoral; it is unjust, because the right of the child is ignored; it is unnatural because it breaks the bond between parent and child; it is anti-national, because the race as well as the child, suffers from the dissolution of marriage by divorce; and it is immoral, because it encourages the commission of those crimes on account of which divorce is given.

But how are we going to stop the onrush of the evil? In the first place, note the statement of County Detective John Butler of Long Island City, that in every case of husband desertion he has had in twenty-two years, the wife had blue eyes. That seems to argue the faithfulness of the blue-eyed lassies.

In all seriousness, however, there cannot be much doubt where lies the blame. The laxity in regard to the marriage bond nowadays is directly ascribable to the waning of religious spirit, to the loss of faith throughout the world. Men have lost the old, simple faith that once made the world a place fit to live in. The Rev. Charles Tyndell of Christ Church, Williamsport, Pa., speaking in the Trinity Episcopal Church of Pittsburgh on "The Christian Home," clearly described the need of religion, when he said:

"The solution of every problem today facing the American people is contained in one word—Christ! Christ at the marriage altar, Christ on the bridal journey, Christ when the new home is set up, Christ in the plucking times, Christ when the baby comes, Christ when the baby dies, Christ in the days of plenty, Christ when the wadded pair walk toward the sunset gates, Christ when one is taken and the other left, Christ for time—Christ for eternity!"

The meaning of which is simply that religion, and religion only, is the salvation of our nation. God must enter into every duty, every phase of life, if we would keep life right and holy. For when we throw off the governing hand of God that keeps the universe in order, nothing but chaos and confusion can result. Divorce means the ruin of the family; the downfall of the family means the end of the State. Shall we be so blind to our own interests as to allow this canker to spread unchecked? Our Divine Lord's words are clear: "Every one that putteth away his wife and marieth another committeth adultery."

THE ANGELUS BELL

Softly the sound of the Angelus Bell Falls from the tower, o'er village and dell, Gently it touches a something within, And offers a refuge from sorrow and sin.

Appealing to hearts that are tepid or cold, Calling the stray ones again to the fold, Telling to all that an hour is here Pleading with sinners in tones sweet and clear.

Prompting the heart in the hour of prayer, Soothing the life that is weary with care, Sounds floating over me seem to instill Bow in submission to God's holy will.

Ring to all, to the lonely, the sad, Ring to all, to the happy, the glad, Soundings of sorrow and soundings of joy Telling that much of the world is alloy.

As softly the sound of the Angelus Bell Falls from the tower o'er village and dell, Hushed in its music, divine, A soul going home at the Angelus time. Ringing o'er mountains, o'er valley and sea, Ringing to weary and fettered and free, Softest of music, awakes me to tell, Of life everlasting, Sweet Angelus Bell.

A SONG FOR JUNE

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, I fain would near Thee be, To have Thy warm and precious Blood Renew the life in me.

Could I but lean upon Thy Breast As John did long ago, What bursts of all embracing love From me would surely flow.

But do I not, O Sacred Heart, Thyself within me hold Each morning in the Eucharist? And yet, alas, how cold!

Pray give me courage, Loving Lord: With time, Love's fire will melt The coldest soul or hardest heart And make Thy Presence felt.

—LOUIS A. GALE

A PROTESTANT IN A CATHOLIC CHURCH

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, said a man to his friend, I had half an hour to get through, and I could think of absolutely nothing I wanted to do. The sidewalks were red-hot, and the atmosphere was stifling. I turned down Barclay street in idleness. As I passed St. Peter's Church, I noticed the doors were open, and, do you know, it looked so cool and quiet that I just went up the steps and went in.

The light was so subdued that at first I could hardly see anything. I sat down in one of the back pews and at first I just gave way to the restlessness of the place. Then my eyes began to get accustomed to the gloom, and I began to take in the surroundings. A couple of priests were hearing confessions and there were little gatherings of twenty people or so near their confessionals, and every once in a while some one would come out of the box and another would noiselessly glide in. But these groups did not interest me anything like as much as the isolated figures dotted here and there over the Church.

Standing by the holy water font, just inside the door as I went in, was a tall, middle-aged man. As I made out the details of his figure, I saw that he had all the appearance of a prosperous business man. He stood with his face bent on the floor. His lips moved constantly and at intervals of a minute or so he dipped his fingers in the font and crossed himself.

After about five minutes, his devotions ended, and he seemed to come back to the world. He mechanically adjusted his collar, flicked a particle of dust from his coat, threw a glance of abraded interest over the church and its occupants, bent his knee in the customary way, and stepped out with the confident step of a man sure of himself.

Then, next, I noticed a couple of nuns, sisters, who knelt in front of the great cross on the right hand side of the altar and kissed it before passing into a pew to pray. A young woman across the aisle from me was praying fervently, the tears streaming down her face at first without her even taking the trouble to stop them from dropping on her dress.

When I watched her, two priests came in. They wore beards and looked like Germans. First they went direct to the altar rail and knelt there a minute or two. Then they passed around to the far side of the church from me and sat down in a pew.

One of them produced two little books from a bag he carried. They seemed to find a place and began some office together. I noticed they knelt and crossed themselves simultaneously. They concluded their devotions together. The one who had the bag swung it over his shoulder and they went out, exchanging a word and a smile.

When my attention came back to the young woman, she was drying her tears and composing her hair. She stopped praying and sat back in her pew for a short time. When she got up to go out there was no trace of trouble in her face. As she went out a rough elderly man came in. He might have been a truck driver. He knelt in the girl's place and prayed long and earnestly, so long indeed that I left him behind me.

Perhaps the figure that excited my interest most of all was a young man who sat in front of me. His attitude caught my attention to such a degree that I stood up and moved over to the other side of the aisle to watch him.

He was a neatly dressed, attractive looking young fellow, of say twenty-three or twenty-four years, a clerk or salesman I would say on a guess. But I never in my life saw anything like the dejection of his face and pose. He was not praying. He was sitting with his head resting on his hand and a questioning look in his eyes.

Well, sir, he sat that way for twenty minutes, varying his pose just a little now and again and then, all of a sudden, down went his elbow on the end of the pew. His pose did not express to me so much hopelessness as uncertainty of decision. With all the troubles there was an eager expression in his face. He went on his knees, clasped his hands on the back of the pew in front of him and lowered his head till his forehead touched them.

After a few minutes in that attitude he straightened up and lifted his face as if he were looking through the roof. His face had a sort of rapt look on it and his lips moved feverishly—I noticed that all the worshippers moved their lips as they prayed, actually uttered the words under their breath. At last my young fellow made the sign of the cross

THE TORTURES OF RHEUMATISM

Happily Stopped When He Began To Take "Fruit-a-tives"

3 OTTAWA ST., HULL, P. Q. "For a year, I suffered with Rheumatism, being forced to stay in bed for five months. I tried all kinds of medicine without relief and thought I would never be able to walk again. One day while lying in bed, I read about "Fruit-a-tives" the great fruit medicine; and it seemed just what I needed, so I decided to try it. The first box helped me, and I took the tablets regularly until every trace of the Rheumatism left me." LORENZO LEDUC. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.



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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE SACRED HEART

A Heart that hath a Mother, and a treasure of red blood, A Heart that man can pray to, and feed upon for food...

That to judge anybody by his personal appearance stamps you as not only ignorant, but vulgar? That to talk, and talk, and talk, about yourself and your belongings is very tiresome for the people who listen?

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

TO THE SACRED HEART

I offer Thee, O Sacred Heart of Jesus! Each thought of mine today; I offer Thee the deeds of all the hours...

DO NOT LOSE FAITH

The disposition to see the worst instead of the best, to grow in one very rapidly, until it ultimately strangles all the beautiful and crushes out all that is good in oneself...

FRIENDLINESS

Blessed is the one who goes through life with only the glad hand to offer every one whom he meets. He is a sort of public benefactor, a distributor of good feeling and a man or woman who will never lack friends...

POLITENESS A NECESSITY

Know then, that as learning, honor and virtue are absolutely necessary to gain you the esteem and admiration of mankind, politeness and good breeding are equally necessary...

FRETTING

There is one sin which is everywhere and by everybody underestimated, and quite too much overlooked in valuation of character. It is the sin of fretting. It is common as air, as speech—as usual that unless it rises above its common tone we do not even observe it.

DID YOU EVER THINK?

That a kind word put out at interest brings back an enormous percentage of love and appreciation? That though a loving thought may not seem to be appreciated, it has yet made you better and braver because of it?

WHERE THE BIRDS GO

Everybody knows that most birds come north to their nesting grounds in the spring and go south in the fall. Many observers have kept records of the migration of birds...

and a great many other things that have until now been only hastily understood. Although most of his work is still unpublished, he has printed some of his most remarkable discoveries...

SOME OF THE longest journeys are made by the tiniest birds. The hummingbird goes from the middle States to Mexico and even South America and back every year.

Some birds, for reasons hard to learn, take a different course coming north from that going south. The Connecticut warbler fairly common in September and October in the Atlantic States, is never seen there in spring...

Generally the northward flight is rapid, condensed and soon over, but the return movement begins for some birds as early as the Fourth of July and it is in progress until nearly Christmas.

A few species leave the far north in August and September, making enormous flights over the ocean to winter homes in the southern hemisphere. Thus the golden plover leaves Nevada and flies without a stop straight to South America...

THE UNSEEN GUEST

In many homes there hangs a card on the living room wall bearing the words, "Christ is the head of this house; the unseen Guest at every table; the silent Listener to every conversation."

JUNE

This is, above all other months, the Month of Love, the Month of Reparation—the Month of fervent Visits to the Most Blessed Sacrament—of frequent Sacramental and Spiritual Communions—of familiar intercourse with Jesus—of rich harvests of grace.

Have you never said to yourself? I should indeed have been happy had I lived at the time when Jesus was really upon earth. Oh to have sat at His feet on the mountain, or by the sea-side, or away in the loneliness of the desert...

Everybody Enjoys a fine cup of Tea.

"SALADA" TEA

IF YOU DRINK JAPANESE TRY "SALADA" GREEN TEA Infinitely Superior to the Best of Japans.

What you would then have done you can do this very hour. Jesus is near you still, in the solitude of the lonely church, in the quiet chapel, where the lamplight softly and all is still around, is the same Jesus Who was on the mountain...

Christ is received and the memory of His Passion renewed, in which the soul is filled with grace and the pledge of Eternal Life is given to us.

You, within the Tabernacle dwells Jesus. Jesus in the Most Blessed Sacrament! Millions of angels surround His throne, and yet He longs to mark well—He longs for your coming.

When Jesus was preaching in Judea, do you think, that it would have been easy to gain access to Him and speak with Him? Not so; many of the crowd that followed Him beheld Him only from a distance...

Accustom yourself to go often to Jesus, to see in Him the Father who forgives your sins, the Physician who cures your wounds, the Friend who loves you faithfully. These thoughts may impress you lightly now; but when you will have suffered and learned the struggle of life, you will appreciate the priceless blessing of this great, boundless source of consolation.

CORPUS CHRISTI

On Holy Thursday our Lord instituted the Holy Eucharist. But Holy Thursday in the liturgy of the Church is the day before Good Friday. Notwithstanding the white vestments, the flowers, the bells, and the pealing organ, the Church could not take her eyes off the Cross on which Her Lord was so soon to be offered.

Corpus Christi is the Feast of Our Lord present on the Altar, present not for a moment or for a day or in one spot, but through all ages always and everywhere in thousands of tabernacles from the frozen north to the burning tropics, wherever there is a priest to repeat the "Divine Words."

The light of the sanctuary lamp tells us that He dwells as a familiar friend a few doors from us. Wonder follows wonder as we try to exhaust the infinity of condescension that He pours out upon us from behind the tiny tabernacle.

I have not called you servants but friends," He declares. He desires to inspire us with the love of friendship and not the craven fear of slavery. This is why the dominant idea of the feast of Corpus Christi is that of a banquet, and why St. Thomas in composing the Mass and Office of the day had made everything converge on this central thought.

Why Not Make Your Will?

It is a business arrangement which we should not neglect, and it is a simple matter. If you should accidentally be killed without making your will, your estate might be distributed contrary to your wishes.

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SAINTS ALLURE US Mothers notice their children to learn to walk by standing a little distance away, and holding in slight something attractive; but the mother would not succeed so well if she stood a long way off at first; so our holy Mother the Church gives us a saint, sweet as interior and external beauty can make him, shows him to be within our reach, and so sweetly allures us to desire and to imitate his loveliness.

Course of Nursing Reduced to 2 Years Saint Mary's Hospital Registered School of Nursing Saint Marks and Buffalo Avenues, Brooklyn, New York

Ideal Strikers They strike somewhere every day. They strike readily. And they make no splutter or fuss about it.

LEAVES ON THE WIND New Volume of Verse by Rev. D. A. Casey "At the Gate of the Temple" Editor of "The Canadian Freeman" \$1.25 Postpaid Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

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for lameness Lameness neglected often becomes serious and permanent and the longer you delay the more difficult the recovery.

WEEKLY CALENDAR

Sunday, June 5.—St. Boniface, Bishop, martyr, was born at Crediton in Devonshire, A. D. 680. After receiving training for his apostolic work in the monastery at Exminster, he received authority from the Pope to preach to the German tribes and passed through Bavaria, Thuringia, Friesland, Hesse, and Saxony, spreading the word of God. He was consecrated Bishop and commissioned to organize the German church. He and a few two assistants were slain by a troop of barbarians after the venerable Bishop had ordered his followers not to offer resistance.

Monday, June 6.—St. Norbert, bishop, after a most pious youth, entered the ecclesiastical state and was attached to the court of the Emperor Henry IV. Here in common with many other clerics, his conduct became a scandal to his sacred calling. One day he was thrown from his horse and severely injured and on recovering his senses resolved to reform his life. He was ordained and began to expose the abuses of his order, in which work he obtained the sanction of the Pope. In 1126 he was appointed Bishop of Magdeburg and there, at the risk of his life, he zealously carried on his work of reform and died, worn out with toil at the age of fifty-three.

Tuesday, June 7.—St. Robert of Newminster was a monk at Whitley, England, when the news arrived that thirteen religions had been expelled from the Abbey of St. Mary, in York, for having proposed to restore the strict Benedictine rule. He joined the expelled religious and later when a monastery was built for them at Newminster he became abbot. He died in 1159.

Wednesday, June 8.—St. Madard, Bishop, was born of a pious and noble family at Salency about the year 457. He was ordained to the priesthood in his thirty-third year and was later chosen Bishop of the Church of France to which dignity he was consecrated by St. Remigius, who had baptized King Clovis. He died at Noyon in 545.

Thursday, June 9.—St. Columba, abbot, the apostle of the Picts, was born of a noble family at Gartan, Ireland, A. D. 521. In 565 he went to Scotland where he founded a number of religious hospitals and converted the Picts, who in gratitude gave him the island of Iona. On this island, he founded his celebrated monastery. He died June 9, 597.

Friday, June 10.—St. Margaret of Scotland, was the granddaughter of an English King and in 1070 became the bride of Malcolm and reigned as Queen of Scotland until 1093. She built many churches and monasteries and was constantly busy making vestments. She would not rest until she saw the laws of God and His Church observed throughout her realm. When, on her deathbed, she received the news that her husband and eldest son had been killed in battle, she thanked God who had sent this last affliction as a penance for her sins.

Saturday, June 11.—St. Barnabas, apostle, was chosen for an important mission to the rapidly growing Church of Antioch. When he perceived the greatness of the work to be done among the Greeks he enlisted the aid of St. Paul. From Antioch, the two saints set out together to Cyprus and the cities of Asia Minor where their preaching struck men with amazement. Later, Barnabas and John, straggled Mark, went again to Cyprus where the former gained his martyr's crown.

This Bureau will deem it their duty to spread the love of the Sacred Heart among their converts in China.

QUEENS OF APOSTLES BUREAU Previously acknowledged \$2,018 80

ST. ANTHONY'S BUREAU Previously acknowledged... \$1,174 70 Frank Kacur, St. Lawrence... 2 50 Friend, Inverness... 2 00

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MINISTER SHOWS PROTESTANTS BEEHIVE IN HOSPITAL WORK

(By the N. C. W. C. News Service) Boston, May 30.—Catholic charities, and especially provision for the sick, are conceded by Rev. J. Edwin Laouton, a Protestant minister, to be superior in number, excellence and spirit to those of the Protestant sects. Dr. Laouton is field secretary of the New England Deaconess Hospital, and has just completed a survey of the different charitable institutions of Massachusetts.

"I am profoundly convinced of the poor record of Protestantism in point of good Samaritan ministry as compared with Roman Catholicism," said Dr. Laouton. "For instance, in this country the Roman Catholic Church has 55,000 hospital beds, and all Protestantism combined has only 26,000— that is, the Roman Catholic Church has enough beds to care for its own people and an excess of 12,000 beds to care for non-Catholics, while Protestantism lacks 40,000 beds, or 40% to care for the normal requirements of its own membership alone."

"There are five and one-half beds under Roman Catholic management to two and three-fifths beds under the management of all Protestantism combined. "As people are most grateful for kindly help when serious illness comes, it is plain that Protestantism has been and is lamentably weak in a service of goodwill that people always gratefully understand. "This type of service makes friends for all time, and the Roman Catholic Church has been developing such service purposefully, rapidly and with conspicuous success for many years until as a church it far surpasses us in this branch of Christian service."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

A DONATION OF \$1,800.00

We have frequently appealed to the friends of Extension to send us gifts in the form of memorial chapels. Catholics have very generally appreciated the genuine value of such an appeal. We have had many favorable replies. Doubtless our friends will be glad to learn the story of how Extension money are spent.

With a donation of \$500.00 for a chapel other amounts were sent Archbishop O'Leary for the benefit of his missionary centres, and this is how the money was distributed.

CHAPELS DONATED Edmonton, Alta., May 21, 1921. Very Rev. Thos. O'Donnell, President of Catholic Church Extension Society, Toronto.

Very Rev. and Dear Father: I received your kind letter dated May 13th, enclosing your cheque for \$500.00 for a chapel to be called "St. Joseph's." I am allotting this donation to the little town of Hardisty where there are twelve Catholic families. The people are raising \$500.00 more and plans have already been made as a beginning of the work.

Of the previous amounts which you sent me, I have allotted \$600.00 for a chapel of Our Lady of the Rosary to a small settlement known as Northern Valley, where there are twenty-two families scattered over a large district. They have agreed to do the work of building free of cost and to raise as much as they can to buy the balance of the material. They hope to commence work shortly. They are only awaiting the tithe of the land from the Dominion Government.

The \$200.00 for a chapel in honor of St. Ann was given to Thorhill where there are ten families, anxious to have a religious centre in their midst. I expect to go there shortly to choose the site.

The other donation of \$500.00, if there is no objection, I will divide between two other missions, giving \$250.00 to a settlement known as Wapetite, where forty families are erecting a chapel in honor of St.

Anthony, the other half to Holden or Alliance. I have still seven or eight other small places, clamouring for aid.

From my heart, I express my sincere gratitude to The Catholic Church Extension Society and the generous donors who, through their charity, make it possible for the blessings of Holy Mass and the comforts of religion to be brought within reach of the scattered portion of my beloved flock. May God who is never unkind in generosity shower his choicest blessings upon your society and its kind benefactors. With sentiments of esteem and best wishes, I am yours faithfully in J. C.

HENRY J. O'LEARY Archbishop of Edmonton. We can easily appreciate the value of such gifts as these. One of the most cheering results from these chapel centres is the redemption of many careless and fallen away Catholics. What a great blessing! Could our readers send us more of these chapel? \$500.00 or more is the sum to send.

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.

"CATHOLIC SCHOOLS"—AND SNOBBERY

I came across a very eloquent tribute to Catholic schools in a recent and beautiful publication of the Southern Cross. A well-known English author and journalist, speaking of the influence of Catholic elementary schools, says:

"From morning till evening the children are surrounded by the plain and beautiful symbolism of protecting and merciful powers. The crucifix hangs upon the walls. The Virgin, with flowers round her feet, watches them like a mother, more beautiful and considerate than their own. Three times a day their prayers go up, and three times a day they are instructed in the definite teachings of the Church, so reasonable and satisfying that I think everyone would wish to be true. When you see the children beat their breasts at the words, 'Through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault; when you hear them repeat the Hail Mary; and remember that the first part of it was made by the Angel Gabriel, and the second by the Church so long ago; when you hear them instructed that the oppression of the poor is one of the four sins that cry to Heaven for vengeance,—it is not difficult to understand why the ancient Church has maintained its hold upon humanity."

He alludes in another place to the "peculiar peace, the confident serenity and the almost womanly consideration for the wants and the weakness of mankind," which are the distinguishing effects of the Catholic religion, and especially as typified in the teaching of our Catholic schools. And yet there are to be found Catholic parents who so little appreciate or value the blessed influence of Catholic schools that they elect to send their children to schools where, during the most valuable impressionable years of their lives, they are alienated from the ennobling spirit and influence of the Holy Mother, the Catholic Church has provided in her infinite wisdom and understanding for them. And when the reasons are asked for, they are such pitiful, puny and insufficient ones. Snobbery is at the root of most of them—a miserable setting up of a pitiful ideal of social position or worldly gain before religion.

The sending of a Catholic child to a non-Catholic school may seem a small thing. It may mean a gain of social or educational prestige, but it means an irremediable loss to the child which may leave a mark on its whole life. It is the introduction of the vital essence and atmosphere of religion into the everyday lives of the children which is of such tremendous importance, and which nothing in after life can ever replace.

It is foolish to pretend that in the stress and strain and with the multifarious duties of modern life the average mother, however well intentioned, can ever hope to reproduce in her home the spiritual atmosphere which clings round a convent. There is no mother so blind to the interests of the child as not to admit, being a Catholic, the stupendous advantages to be gained for a girl-child, from a religious point of view, by a convent education. It is so obvious that it needs no argument.

And while admitting that, among the tangled maze of life's complexity, there is only one ideal for our girls—the ideal of womanhood raised for us by the Catholic Church, we willingly send with open eyes, turn from that ideal, and let our children's eyes be blinded by the glamour of material and social advantages to the exclusion of the vital and the dominating claims of religion as the first and vital principles of their lives.

There may be many Catholic mothers new to the glory in the added advantages, social and educational, gained by their children in a non-Catholic school. But there may come a day when these perishable, evanescent glories will stand them in poor stead, and all that they fix their eyes upon will be the cross of Christ from which they turned in their blindness.—Catholic Bulletin.

PILGRIMAGE TO STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE

Mr. J. J. Callaghan announces his ninth tour to Ste. Anne de Beaupre, Thousand Islands, Montreal, Quebec, Murray Bay, Tadoussac and Saguenay. Steamer "Toronto" leaves Toronto on Monday, July 4th, commencing an eight day all water tour that provides the only comfortable way to travel. At Montreal the party takes the Steamer "Montreal" and at Quebec the Steamer "Saguenay," the best boats of the Canada Steamship fleet, guaranteeing every safety and comfort, as all outside staterooms are provided to the patrons of this pilgrimage. In addition to the boat trip there is included a visit to Montserrat Falls, situated at the "Chateau Frontenac," Quebec, Canada's finest hotel, a sight seeing trip, visiting all the churches, and all the points of interest in the city of Quebec, including the upper and lower town, the old fortress and a tour of the entire city, showing its ancient buildings, the Plains of Abraham, the spots where Generals Wolfe and Montcalm met their fate. At Montreal carriages are provided to take the party to the many points of interest in the city including the Church of Notre Dame, the largest church in America, St. James Cathedral, an exact duplicate of St. Peter's in Rome, a trip to the Summit of Mt. Royal and Brother Andrew's Shrine. Mr. Callaghan's tours are growing in favor, all who have made the trip with him have become genuine "Boasters;" his motto has always been "not how cheap but how good."

Come to Ste. Anne's of the countless miracle cures. Its Basilica a splendid church, its small chapels no less beautiful. Ste. Anne de Beaupre is each year the Mecca for increasing numbers of Catholic Pilgrims. Read our ad. on page 8 of this issue. For further information and booklet address J. J. Callaghan, 613 Wellington St., London, Ont.

COOK WANTED

HANLEY.—In London, Ont., May 29, 1921, Mary Agnes Hanley, My Lax soul rest in peace.

TEACHERS WANTED

WANTED: Heirs wanted of John and Rachel Finley. Had sons, one of them William, born in Canada about 1850. Address Nelson H. Tunnicliffe, 4 Chambers Street, New York, N. Y. R. R. No. 1, Colgan, Ont. 2226-3

OBITUARY

MOTHER M. ANNUNCIATION MAHONY Laden with the sheaves of that fifty golden years' gleanings—adorned with the virtues acquired during more long and faithful service in the "Workshop of St. Joseph" the gentle kind soul of Mother M. Annunciation peacefully took its flight heavenward on the Feast of the Blessed Trinity, May 22nd, 1921.

On His Sacred Heart she rested, Happy virgin, happy bride. The dear departed was one of the little band of twenty Sisters who, in 1890, founded the diocesan Community of St. Joseph in Ferrisburgh, and who, until one year ago, when she relinquished her post in that service, was one of the most devoted and progressive members of her Community.

A lover of music, the instruction and formation of teachers in that art was her special care. Ever ready to learn, she was also anxious to see others progress. But she was no specialist—her interest was general, and she filled ably the highest offices in her Community. Superior successively of the Convents at Fort William, Fort Arthur, Lindsay and Ferrisburgh, she was General of the Congregation.

The funeral ceremonies were held in the Chapel of Mount St. Joseph. Solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated by His Lordship Bishop O'Brien, assisted by Rev. J. J. O'Brien, Rev. P. J. McGuire, Rev. J. Garvey and Rev. C. C. Cantillon, Right Rev. Monsignor McCall, Rev. J. McAuley and Rev. P. Costello were present in the sanctuary. After the Libera and De profundis, His Lordship in a few well chosen words expressed his appreciation of a life spent in the service of God, and reminded the Sisters and relatives present that good Mother Annunciation had but acquitted earth to join other Members of her Community in heaven. May her gentle soul find eternal rest.

Rev. O. J. Phelan officiated at the grave in St. Peter's Cemetery.

MRS. CATHERINE SCOLLARD

After an illness of a few weeks duration, Catherine O'Connor, relict of the late John Scollard, of Ennismore, died in North Bay in the home of her son, Bishop Scollard, on May 23rd. The deceased lady was born near Tralee, Ireland, in 1840 and emigrated to Canada with so many other famine and fever stricken fellow countrymen in the eventful year of 1848. She settled with the rest of the family in the Township of Ennismore, near Peterboro. There she married John Scollard in 1862, and a family of seven children were born to them of whom six are living, viz., Bishop Scollard of North Bay, William, of Ennismore; Patrick J. of Peterboro; Mrs. Dr. Moloney of Ottawa; Elizabeth, of North Bay and Catherine of the House of Providence, Toronto. On the evening of May 24th a Solemn Libera was celebrated in St. Mary's Church, North Bay, after which the remains were escorted to the train by 400 Knights of Columbus who were assembled in North Bay on that date for the ceremony of initiation. On May 26th the remains of Mrs. Scollard were followed to St. Martin's Church, Ennismore, by a long procession of automobiles and vehicles containing the parishioners of Ennismore, and

many from the neighboring parishes. Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by His Lordship, Bishop Scollard, assisted by Rev. C. J. Phelan, and Revs. J. J. O'Brien and M. J. McGuire as deacons of honor; the deacon of the Mass was Rev. P. J. Galvin, Downeyville, and the sub-deacon, Rev. P. Costello, Peterboro.

His Lordship Bishop O'Brien, Father Whittles, Campbellford; Father Meagher, Lakfield, and the parish priest of Ennismore, Father McAuley, were also present.

Monsignor McCall, formerly parish priest of Ennismore, preached a sermon, in which he pointed out that the saintly lady whose remains lay before them had during her long life of eighty-one years lived for God and died in God. The pall bearers were Messrs. Pat. McCool, North Bay; P. J. Moloney, medical health officer, Ottawa; Wm. J. Scollard, P. J. Scollard, P. J. Scollard, J. David Scollard, John Scollard and James O'Connor, Ottawa. May the soul of this model Christian woman rest in peace.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS

WANTED: Heirs wanted of John and Rachel Finley. Had sons, one of them William, born in Canada about 1850. Address Nelson H. Tunnicliffe, 4 Chambers Street, New York, N. Y. R. R. No. 1, Colgan, Ont. 2226-3

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W. E. Blake & Son, Ltd.

Catholic Boys' Camp

The De La Salle Summer Camp, for Catholic Boys, under the direction of the Christian Brothers, WILL OPEN AT Jackson's Point, Lake Simcoe Beach, July 1

COME WITH US TO Ste. Anne de Beaupre

Under the Personal Direction of J. J. Callaghan

Boat Leaves Toronto Monday, July 4th

4.00 p. m. (Daylight Saving Time)

Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre

known the world over for its beauty, miraculous cures and wonders performed. Applications for reservations accompanied by Express Order, Bank Draft or Certified Cheque, payable at par to J. J. Callaghan, should be addressed to 613 Wellington St., London, Ont., up to and including June 28th. Give full name in order to secure proper reservations on steamers.

Murray Bay, Tadoussac and Saguenay

Any person desiring to make this additional trip can make reservations with and secure tickets from Conductor of Pilgrimage. Extra fare for return trip, Quebec to Saguenay, meals and berth included, \$23.25. This is the most interesting and delightful trip from Niagara to the Sea.