

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XLVI.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1924

2401

EVICION OF NUNS TO BE RESISTED

LEAGUE OF WAR MONKS TO UNDERTAKE DEFENCE

By M. Massiani
(Paris Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)
Paris, France.—As the N. C. W. C. News Service had already announced, the Sisters of Saint Claire of the Carmel in Alencon, in Normandy suddenly dispersed a few weeks ago owing to a threat of persecution. Another menace has now appeared, this time directed at the Poor Clares of Evian in Savoy. But, differing from their sisters in Alencon, the nuns of Evian in accordance with religious authority, have decided not to leave their convent and to resist any measures which eventually may be taken against them.

THE LEGAL SITUATION OF THE ORDERS

It is unnecessary to give here more than a brief summary of the respective situations of these two communities. At the time of the Combat persecution twenty years ago, most of the Poor Clares of Alencon and Evian went abroad and their orders were declared dissolved. Only a few old and infirm nuns remained. The war breaking out and the application of the law to their orders having been suspended, the exiles returned to France and reinstated themselves with the nuns who had not gone away. After the Armistice, no one spoke of disturbing them. There was a tolerant majority in the Chamber of Deputies, and even if the letter of the law with regard to the orders were not respected, it was understood that it would be overlooked. M. Millerand himself said: "The nuns returned in swarms to defend their country when it was attacked. Who would now dare to force them to return across the borders?"

But after the general elections last May, everyone felt that this situation had changed. The victory of the parties of the Left spelled anxiety and insecurity for the orders. M. Herriot's declaration when he came into office increased the menace. Although denying the idea of persecution, he announced his intention to "apply the law."

THE DEFENSE LEAGUE FOR RELIGIOUS ORDERS

Immediately, in order to combat this menace, the League of Monks who fought in the War (at the same time as the League of Former Priests who fought in the War) was formed. Founded by Abbé Bergery, the new Catholic deputy of the Gironde, with the consent of the diocesan authorities, this league includes persons of all religious orders who were mobilized during the War, who, having fulfilled all their duties, intend to exercise all their rights. It has taken as partner a committee of well known lawyers to defend the interests of its members before the various courts of law. It has created a reserve fund to provide for the expenses of any law suits and of any campaigns.

What happened at Alencon? A note addressed to the press by the secretary of the League of Monks states that the Poor Clares who returned to France, having heard of the possibility of being sued for infraction of the law, immediately decided to disperse in order not to expose the aged nuns, whose presence in Alencon was authorized, to annoyance. Their decision was made without consulting the league. Thus, says the note, had the League been asked for its advice, it would have urged the nuns to resist to the limit and it would have undertaken their defense.

This note had hardly been published when a telegram from Evian announced that twelve Poor Clares who had been reinstated in that city since the War, had been told by the civil authorities to evacuate their convent in order not to be sued for having re-organized a dissolved order. They were nuns who, in 1901, had voluntarily abandoned their home in order to escape the Combat persecution, and had gone to live in Switzerland. Returning to France they had rented their house in Evian. The Minister of the Interior requested them to disperse of themselves, pointing out to them that as the reward for their submission, it might be possible for three of them who were ill and unable to move, to stay in their convent.

THE NUNS RESIST

But the Poor Clares of Evian refused to disperse. Injunction. We learn this from a note from the bishop of the diocese, Mgr. de la Villerabel: "They will not submit. Legal proceedings will be taken against them? This threat will not prevent them from defending their rights. Supported by the very large majority of their co-citizens, who approve their attitude, they will carry out their resolution to the bitter end."

That is where the conflict now stands. While Catholics from all parts multiply their protests, the Government remains silent on the

subject of the conflict. At the present time it escapes all questions, as Parliament will not open for several weeks.

In the meantime, certain departmental assemblies which are in their summer session, have discussed this affair in their meetings. The general council of Aveyron voted 24 to 14 for a request for the suspension of the law against the orders, until the law be amended, in spite of the objection of M. Raynaldy, Minister of Commerce, deputy of that department. And at the general council of the Loire-Inférieure, M. de Clerivière, who was re-elected president, said upon taking office:

"The Government has started upon a fatal path. If it continues, it will be necessary for us to protest as well as to resist. We have adhered to the various Governments which have succeeded each other since the conclusion of peace. We rendered them assistance to our utmost ability without bargaining, but we would be irreconcilable if our beliefs were attacked."

In Alsace, where the law respecting the religious orders is not at present applicable, a Catholic committee has been formed to arrange for the reception, the housing, and the protection of nuns who may be alarmed in the rest of France on account of the sectarian law of 1901.

OUR OPENING DAY

From China
The Opening Day of St. Francis Xavier Mission Seminary, Scarborough Bluffs, Ont., has come and gone, but its memory will linger long with those who witnessed the imposing ceremonial.

Long before the appointed hour, and in spite of the lowering clouds that hung so threateningly overhead, the crowd began to gather. Automobiles in a long, steady line entered our gateways, and the street cars deposited their crowds of passengers at our door. The Seminary grounds were soon densely packed, and at three o'clock the long line of St. Augustine's students, in surplice and cassock, wound picturesquely towards us, and formed a fitting guard of honor before the new Seminary. Upon the platform were seated many Prelates, Priests, and prominent citizens. We shall not attempt to name them. They were there for God's glory, and do not look for further recognition. The vivid purple of the Bishops' robes, and the gay colors of the various flags that floated overhead were a bright relief to the gray and sombre sky that all day overshadowed us. It proved to be a very friendly sky, however, for no raindrops fell to mar our pleasure.

Under the leadership of Professor Leon, was the splendid choir of St. Michael's Cathedral, and close by was stationed the famous Mississauga Horse Band, directed by Professor Michael Angelo.

When all was in readiness the Band, in beautiful and appropriate melody, announced to the waiting thousands that the opening ceremonial was about to begin. Father Fraser then outlined the programme, and read various telegrams and communications from absent prelates and other clergy—His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate in Canada—all of whom sent sincere regrets for their unavoidable absence, and their most cordial good wishes for the success of our work.

Then followed the sermon by His Lordship, Bishop Fallon of London—a masterpiece of compelling power and scholarly eloquence. For one hour the Bishop held the vast audience spellbound, his tall commanding figure, made more conspicuous by his purple robes, was easily seen by all, and his ringing voice carried clearly to the utmost extremity of the great crowd, in lofty diction and faultless enunciation the message he had come to deliver.

Mr. Jas. E. McGlade then followed with a brilliant and masterly discourse, that was indeed worthy of the great Cause he advocated, the vast standing audience giving the best testimony to its worth by the close and earnest attention they gave to the words of the able speaker.

After a beautiful rendering of the "Veni Creator" by the Seminarians and the Choir, His Grace Archbishop McNeil solemnly blessed the new building, and while the sacred procession filed through the edifice the Band entertained the patient and reverent crowd which quietly awaited the closing act of this impressive ceremonial—Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament from an improvised altar at the main door.

At last the beautiful strains of the "Veni, Jesu," announced the coming of the Lord of the Harvest. At the conclusion of the customary hymns, Bishop Forbes of Joliette, who officiated at the Benediction service, advanced into the open, bearing our Sacramental Lord. Holding the gleaming monstrance high aloft, amid a hush, broken only by the silvery tinkle of the bell, he bestowed a triple Benediction—a

fitting close to a holy and eventful Day. Then arose in full, rich chorus, "Holy God, we praise Thy Name," and the crowds of spectators, after filing in slow procession through the new Seminary, gradually and quietly dispersed. Our "Opening Day" was over.

EXTRACT FROM BISHOP FALLON'S SERMON

When Peter speaks from the Vatican we are the humble, obedient sheep of the One Divine Shepherd, and so our Holy Father made Rome the source of inspiration—made Rome the guiding influence—made Rome the voice of the efforts of Catholics throughout the world, to put into effect the divine injunction to go out and succour those who are indeed in darkness and the shadows of death. Wonderful has been the response, marvelous has been the reply from every section of the earth and from every branch of the Catholic people; from every clime and language and nation. One of the first to jump into the breach to aid the foreign missions who were going forth from France and other parts of Europe was Ireland. Aid was also sent out from the United States. Is it to be wondered at then, that this country of ours, so catholic in its history should also have attempted to take its place in this marvelous movement? We find ourselves in Canada with a Foreign Mission Seminary established for the Province of Quebec in Montreal looking forward to a bright future, ready and only too happy to join hands with its sister institute St. Francis Xavier Seminary for the Chinese here in Scarborough, praying one for the other and for their undivided success. Thus, our country has taken its place with the older nations of the world to carry the light of faith to the Chinese people—to those 400,000,000, most of whom have never heard the saving name of Christ; many of whom have never seen the symbol of salvation. This is a wonderful mission—this mission which should throb with the heart of every young Catholic student.

It is perfect nonsense to think that the welter of blood through which the world went during five years has produced any of the results expected by even the least enthusiastic—there is no peace in the world—there is no harmony in the world—there is no recognition of justice in the world. Only God alone knows what is going to come out of what is called "Western Civilization." This may be just romancing. I do not profess to be a prophet, but it seems to me that up from that welter springs the figure of Christ again, and He points to a road that leads, not to self-seeking, commercial interests and financial bargains, but He points to the road that leads where none of us ever imagined we would be asked to go—out there beyond the western boundaries that are separated from us by thousands of miles; out there beyond the Pacific Ocean lies a land of mystery. It has a history of almost 5,000 years of civilization; it has a population of over 400,000,000 of souls, every one of which is as dear to God and every one of which was redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus Christ, just equally as yours and mine. It stands absolutely alone amongst all the nations of antiquity: Babylon, Syria, Egypt, Greece and Rome waned and were destroyed, and they were great empires of antiquity; but this wonderful nation, this mysterious nation, this nation of which we know nothing but which our ancestors were apt to condemn, this nation goes beyond the history of Babylon and comes down to the present day. It is called China. It has a civilization which in many respects puts to shame our boasted Western civilization, and ought to bring the blush of shame to any man who would compare it with what we consider the high developments of the age in which we live. A civilization that has an obedience for law and has had it for centuries, that we have never known and certainly do not know today. A nation that has an artistic people, with their own standards of art it is true, but nevertheless an artistic people. A civilization which is not surpassed in the world. A nation which has made a quiet, kindly people that wish to be left alone so far as the disturbing elements of our civilization are concerned, and a civilization that is extravagant if you will; yes, over-developed if you wish, but which has a reverence for parents and ancestors which compels our admiration.

This work began in such a humble manner a few years ago that it is hard for us to realize that it has, in such a short time, assumed such magnificent proportions. There is only one explanation which can be offered—there is only one thing which can possibly explain the manner in which this work has already prospered, and which we have reason to hope will continue to prosper. This College has had the blessing of God upon it from the moment the work was undertaken.

It has the encouragement of the Archbishops and Bishops of this province. It, too, has had some support from the faithful Catholic people of the various dioceses of Canada. It is calculated now, I believe, to take care of perhaps twenty-five or thirty students. The ordinary commercial institutions that start at the bottom, we look to see extend. We look to see them grow bigger and bigger every day. Ah, ladies and gentlemen, for a far greater reason should we hope and pray and look to it that an institution that sends forth men to carry the message of Christ to the poor pagans of the far-off shores of the Pacific and the far-off shores of Asia should extend. It is up to us to see to it that not only should this institution be calculated to send out 25 or 30 students, but in the few brief years that are to come, we must see to it, we Catholic people, that it will grow and grow and grow as a result of the faith that is ours, until it will not be 25 or 30, but 400 or even 1,000 students, who from time to time go off to make the conquests that are waiting for them in the name of God.

ITALIAN NATIONAL LOURDES PILGRIMAGE

By Monsignor Enrico Pucci
(Home Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

The great Italian National Pilgrimage to Lourdes has been completed and the party returned to Italy. Three cures were officially registered and many others reported. The latter are still under observation by physicians for verification.

Altogether 3,300 pilgrims made the journey. The "White Train" in which the invalids were carried, consisted of 13 cars from Turin. The spiritual directors; Monsignor Scavizzi, Father Mangagnotti, Monsignor Ciccone, and Monsignor Mancini, also traveled on this train. For the first time in the history of the pilgrimages, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed on the train en route. Two Masses were celebrated at two o'clock in the morning during the stop at Cotic and the Eucharist was conserved until later in the morning so that the sick might receive Communion. It is planned to make this a regular feature of the annual pilgrimages. At the Masses all the nurses, both men and women, received Communion.

Cardinals, Archbishops and many illustrious laymen took part in the pilgrimage. The ecclesiastics included: Cardinal La Fontaine, Patriarch of Venice; the Cardinal Vicar Pompili, and the Archbishop of Vercelli. The pilgrimage ended with a nocturnal Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament and a sermon preached by Cardinal La Fontaine. The invalids were assisted back to their homes by the representatives of the Green Cross at Turin and Genoa.

BLIND PRIEST ACTIVE UNTIL DEATH

London, Eng., Oct. 4.—Blind for twenty-two years, Father William Greene died suddenly at Nazareth House, Hammersmith, where despite his affliction he carried on the work of a normally-gifted priest. He was seventy-two years of age.

Father Greene said Mass daily at the house of the Sisters of Nazareth. He gave regular instructions to the children, heard the confessions of the old inmates, and gave catechetical instruction to converts, of whom he nearly always had six or seven on hand. He gave a weekly homily to the Sisters and spent long hours in silent adoration before the tabernacle.

He did missionary work in Dublin before he came to live in active retirement here. A man of remarkable physique, he hardly knew a day's illness.

Father Greene was found in his chair unconscious, just before his Mass time. Among the Sisters of Nazareth around him next day when he died were his own sister and a niece. Another sister, who was for twelve years Mother-General of the Order was away in Australia.

A hundred little children, clad in black and white, formed a guard of honor as his coffin passed for burial to the convent cemetery.

RUHR PAPAL DELEGATE PRAISED

By Rev. Dr. Wilhelm Baron von Caritane
(Cologne Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

Monsignor Testa, Papal Delegate to the Ruhr district for eighteen months, is about to return to Italy, his mission finished and his accomplishments and the manner in which he performed his task highly praised.

Dr. Fuchs, Oberpresident of the Rhineland, who as a result of the London Conference has just returned to Coblenz after his exile, has received a visit from Monsignor Testa in the course of which the Papal Delegate felicitated him on his return to his home and office. In the name of the province, the

Oberpresident thanked Monsignor Testa for the great interest the Pope has taken in the welfare of the Rhineland and praised highly the impartiality, prudence and energy with which the delegate had accomplished his mission. He recalled that Monsignor Testa's activities have ever been scrupulously non-political and that many difficulties have been removed by his efforts, and declared that not only the Rhineland Catholics, but the entire province and the State are indebted to the Pope and his delegate.

The Red Cross recently conferred on Monsignor Testa a high decoration in acknowledgment of his impartiality and whole-hearted help without regard to religious faith.

AN ATROCIOUS CRIME

BISHOP ORDERS PUBLIC ACT OF FAITH AND ADORATION IN REPARATION

Michael Francis Fallon, by the Grace of God and the favour of the Apostolic See, Bishop of the Holy Church of London.

To the Clergy, secular and regular, the religious communities and the faithful laity of the Diocese of London, health and Benediction.

Dear! Beloved in the Lord:

The persecution which the Church has never ceased to suffer in one form or another during Her long history makes Her like Her Divine Master, and is a proof of Her divine foundation. The public life of our Blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ, was one long series of misrepresentation, insult and calumny, finally culminating in His crucifixion on the cross. The mob chose Barabbas, a robber, in preference to Jesus. To Pilate's question, "What shall I do then with Jesus that is called Christ?" they replied "Let Him be crucified." Then they spat in His face and buffeted Him; others struck His face with the palms of their hands. They pressed a crown of thorns on His head and placed a reed in His hand; they made Him a mock king. Then they crucified Him who did no sin, and in whose mouth guile was not found; who, when he was reviled, did not revile; who, when He suffered unjustly, threatened not; whose last words were, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

This Divine Master warned His disciples that a similar fate should be theirs. "If in the greenwood they do these things, what shall be done in the dry?" "The servant is not greater than his master." "If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you." "You shall be hated by all men for my name's sake." "Yea, the hour cometh that whosoever killeth you will think that he doth a service to God."

Persecution unto death is no longer much in vogue; it has gone out of fashion. But enmity and hatred and evil-doing towards the Church of Christ have by no means disappeared.

Within recent weeks in the city of Sarnia in our Diocese undiscovered miscreants have committed an atrocious crime against the laws of both God and man. Why their blind bigotry should have been directed against the Catholic Church, why their guilty hands should have been laid upon the body of Christ are questions that need not here delay us. A noble-minded Christian judge, seated on the bench of justice, has characterized the deed as an indignity, a horrid act of sacrilege, the recital of which had made him shudder. While the matter was before the civil courts, action or comment by us might have seemed improper and have been considered an attempt to influence public opinion. But now, since the legal evidence has been declared insufficient to convict the accused, a solemn duty rests upon us.

Jesus Christ has been insulted and profaned in the Sacrament of His love. Our faith has been attacked in its most vital point. The divine dogma which is the heart and soul of catholicity has been flouted. That blessed Sacrament, which is reserved in our Churches for the adoration of the living and the strength and consolation of the dying has been desecrated. And our every religious instinct cries out for public atonement and reparation. True, indeed, the doctrine of the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Eucharist under the appearances of bread and wine has long been subjected to abuse and denial. When our Lord Himself first promised this incomparable gift, "The bread that I will give is my flesh," His words occasioned the appearance of the miserable forerunners of all subsequent scoffers and unbelievers. "How can this man give us His flesh to eat?" cried out some of them to His very face, recognizing His meaning but denying His power. "This saying is hard, and who can bear it?" exclaimed others, making their human reason the measure of divine truth. The

majestic insistence of Jesus Christ thrills us. "Amen, amen I say unto you; Except you eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you. He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath everlasting life; and I will raise him up in the last day. For my flesh is meat indeed; and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, abideth in me, and I in him. As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father; so he that eateth me, the same also shall live by me." Five separate times our Saviour repeats the objectionable expression; five separate times He insists on the acceptance of His words under the penalty of the loss of eternal life. In the presence of His solemn declaration and before the knowledge of His infinite power there was, and there is, no reasonable attitude save that adopted by Blessed Peter. "Will you also go away?" This incisive question of Christ met with an immediate answer from the Prince of the Apostles, "Lord to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life. And we have believed and have known, that you art the Christ, the Son of God."

Upon us all, dearly beloved in the Lord, rests the necessity of a public act of faith and adoration. We, therefore, direct and ordain that Sunday, October 19th, next, shall be devoted throughout the Diocese of London to the fulfilment of this duty the Blessed Sacrament shall be exposed in every Church and chapel of this Diocese from the first Mass until after Benediction in the evening. The faithful shall everywhere be exhorted to receive Holy Communion in loving reparation of the outrage committed against their Divine Lord. They shall be invited to visit him frequently during the day and to pray fervently for the extension of His reign in the hearts of men. The sermons and instructions shall turn upon the dogma of adoration and devotion to the Holy Eucharist. In the city of Sarnia particularly a special effort shall be made to wipe out the memory of the vile offense committed against the Saviour of mankind. There, upon that day, we shall ourselves celebrate in the Church of Our Lady of Mercy the Solemn Pontifical Mass for the first time, perhaps, in the history of that parish. In the afternoon we shall give Benediction in St. Joseph's Church, the scene of the awful sacrilege. In the evening we shall preach on the Real Presence in the mother church at Sarnia. And we have, furthermore, instructed the Diocesan Director of the Priests' Eucharistic League that the next Diocesan Eucharistic Congress will take place in Sarnia. Thus do we hope, dearly beloved in the Lord, to repair in some measure the frightful insult directed against our Eucharistic King. We beg of you everywhere to unite with us for this purpose in private and public prayer and adoration. Thus may an evil act bring forth good fruit; thus from insult and outrage may result deeper faith, more intense love and more keen devotion towards Christ the Saviour of mankind.

This letter shall be read at all the Masses in every Church and chapel of this Diocese on Sunday, October 12th, an every effort must be made to give complete effect to its directions.

Given at London on this Feast of the Rosary of the Most Blessed Virgin, October 7th, 1924.

✠ MICHAEL FRANCIS FALLON,
Bishop of London.

MEDICAL STUDENT CURED

Among several cures attested in the Medical Bulletin of Lourdes of the sick who took part in the great national pilgrimage recently, there is one which is particularly worthy of notice, for the young girl who benefited by it is a student of medicine who has been able to supply the practitioners with the most complete and definite information about the origin and the development of the ailment of which she was cured.

She is Mlle. Pariot of Pavillons-Bois near Paris, twenty-four years old. At the age of nine, she had appendicitis. Since that time she has been constantly ill. She has been operated upon four times since May, 1921. She has taken every imaginable treatment, her condition becoming steadily worse, and she arrived in Lourdes with a severe case of peritonitis, supposed to be of bacillary origin.

Having been plunged into the pool of the grotto shortly after her arrival in Lourdes, Mlle. Pariot almost immediately noticed a great improvement in her condition, then all pain ceased. The improvement continuing, the young girl was taken to the bureau of medical reports, where she was examined and questioned for an hour and a quarter before forty physicians present unanimously answered that Mlle. Pariot had really been ill and that she had been cured under conditions which human science is unable to explain.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Pope has sent Mgr. Constantini, Apostolic Delegate in China, the sum of 100,000 lire as first aid for the victims of the floods in the province of Hien-Tsin.

London, Eng.—A torchlight procession, reminiscent of the great spectacles at Lourdes, inaugurated a new shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes at St. Helena, Lancashire. Hundreds of men and women, carrying lighted torches, walked in line around the shrine, and then grouped themselves in front of it whilst the statue was blessed by Father Riley, S. J.

London, Eng.—The huge organ which was formerly in the Palace of Music at the White City Exhibition, London, has been acquired by Holy Cross Church, Catford, a London suburb. It weighs nine tons and has 1,367 pipes. The organ was blessed the week prior to its being used for the first time in the service of the Church.

Chicago, Oct. 3.—Brother Ambrose Nusbaum, who came to Chicago in 1881 and took charge of a new shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes at that institution during the week, aged seventy-two. It is said at the hospital that in the forty-three years he has been there Brother Ambrose never missed his daily rounds until he suffered a breakdown in July.

Statistics just compiled show that the number of Catholics, Jews, disidents and members of sects have increased both in Berlin and the surrounding Mark of Brandenburg. Of the Berlin population, Catholics formerly numbered 8.7%, and they now number 12%. In the Mark, where they constituted 1%, they now number 7.6%.

Vienna, Sept. 20.—The various newspaper rumors of the conversion of the son of the famous Zionist leader Theodore Herzl, Hans Herzl, are confirmed by a notice from the Jewish newspaper center of Vienna. On July 20, Hans Herzl was converted to the Catholic faith in the Dominican monastery, Kaltenleutgeben near Vienna, and was baptized by the Dominican Father Schlesinger, himself a converted Jew.

Milwaukee, Oct. 2.—While two workmen were trapped in the cave-in of a sewer in this city, Rev. Leo Wedl, of St. Peter and Paul's church, walked two blocks through the tunnel to where the men were imprisoned and dying, administered the last sacraments, and remained with them until death came. He returned to the surface nearly exhausted from the gasses in the tunnel.

London, Eng.—A thousand persons are expected to join the national Holy Year pilgrimage to Rome which Cardinal Bourne will lead next May, the Catholic Association states. Other members of the Hierarchy who have already expressed their intention of taking part are the Archbishops of Liverpool and Birmingham, and the Bishops of Brentwood, Leeds, Northampton, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Miletopolis, Felix, Cynopolis and Sebastopolis.

London, Sept. 28.—Ramsay MacDonald, Labor Prime Minister, had a great uncle a priest, it has just transpired. The premier announced recently that he had a great uncle who had been rector of a church in Seel street, Liverpool. Inquiries in Liverpool brought to light the fact that in the dining room of St. Peter's Benedictine Priory, in Seel street, there hangs a portrait in oils of the late Rev. Archibald Bennett MacDonald, O. S. B., who was the founder and first rector of the church.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 3.—Mrs. James W. Dunphy, of Boston, has presented to the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, in memory of her husband, a magnificent chalice of solid gold, ornamented with diamonds and a large opal of perfect fire. It stands twelve inches high, and is a copy of the exquisite Gothic chalice discovered at Nuttelcombe, in England, fifty years ago. It was especially made for the Shrine, and is regarded as one of the finest examples of the goldsmith's art in recent times. From the estate of another benefactor, the Shrine also has received a fine chalice of solid silver, enriched with eighteen amethysts of great size and purity.

The Semaine Religieuse of Rennes contains the following notice which has been sent by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Rennes to all the pastors and rectors of parishes in which large numbers of Poles and other foreigners of both sexes are employed in agricultural work: "The farmers must show themselves just and humane, both in the amount of work demanded and in the general treatment, in every way of their foreign employes. This is the rule, strictly binding in conscience, of Christian justice and charity. It is also a measure of prudence to retain in France the hands she lacks and which the foreigner furnishes us."

GERTRUDE MANNERING

A TALE OF SACRIFICE BY FRANCIS NOBLE CHAPTER XXVI.

On a bright August afternoon, two days after Lady Hunter had written her letter, the sun was streaming into an apartment in the Hotel—

My God! he said at last, almost aloud, as the table on which his head rested shook under his strong agony, "was this needed to make me yield? without this should I have gone on still resisting, still fighting against Thy grace granted to her prayer? Grace and prayer—empty words to me so long; but seen now to be true as any physical science—nay, truer; perhaps alone true! Why until now have I resisted these strange impulses which at all times and in all places have seemed to move me, in the little village chapel as in stately duomo, in busy cities as in the wild solitudes of the mountains, calling on me sometimes, as with Thy very voice, my God, bidding me believe and worship—telling me, in my pride, that the kneeling contadina, whom I have pitied and despised so often for her simple faith, was yet nearer to truth than I? Were not these all Thy grace calling on me, the grace given in answer to her prayers—her whose heart I have broken? Why only now I am able to say, 'I will arise and go to my Father, and say to Him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee, and am no longer worthy to be called Thy son'?"

Must the blow that lays me prostrate at last before Thee be the one that robs me of the one creature dearer to me than life, the one of the sternness and pride which have made me her murderer? My God! must she die, gaining for me by her very death what her sweet living example was unable to accomplish? Proud, blind sinner that I have been, resisting all these months, trying not to hear the voice which has been calling me ever since that night I saw her leave me, carrying with her the cold words that have done their work on the tender heart I trampled on in my jealous hatred of the religion she could not forswear for my sake—the religion that I must love and yield to from this hour, whether she lives or dies? Am I not punished too heavily, that the pride which would not yield to her gentle example and the force of her earnest prayers must bow down in the very dust to kiss the rod which has struck me at last, bringing with the force of its blow the light and grace which I dare not resist, which I see now as never seen before, which I must embrace with a strength equal to that of my long rejection? And it is through her prayers, sweet saint, whom I have murdered, that God forces me to accept his grace, haughty scoffer that I have been! I, who all this time, in my wretched presumption, have told myself that she should yet be mine on my own terms; that she—not I—should yield; that if she really loved me I should win her whenever I chose to return with my cruel temptation to the heart that would be weakened with its yearnings for the love it so bravely renounced before!

Then with one last, powerful effort the evil spirit strove still for the mastery—the demon of pride, which would not be driven out without a further and a terrible struggle. "It is impossible!" whispered the tempter; "how can you do it—you, Stanley Gramam, how can you bow your intellect to the dictates of a religion you have so long despised? How can you bear the jeers of a world which until now has courted and flattered you, to be treated by you in turn often with lofty disdain? How can you, who are so haughty, so impatient of contradiction, how can you kneel at the feet of a man like yourself, to own your sins and receive admonition and advice in the confessional you have so abhorred and scoffed at? How can you ever bring yourself to obey and submit to others—who have so loved to rule always, who wished to tyrannize even over her who was loved as you have never loved another creature; who you would have had her think only as you directed, and because she could not yield, broke her tender heart! And for what would you do it? what would it gain for you? Would it give her back to you? would it restore her fading life and win her again for yourself? would it make her your wife? Is she not dying? could you not seek her equally well, and implore her forgiveness without embracing her religion? If you kneel by her death-bed to pray for forgiveness, and permission to stay by her to the last, would she refuse her pardon because you had not yet become of the same faith as herself? Would even her father, bitter as he may feel against you, refuse to receive you, if you could bring a minute's greater peace and joy to his dying child? How, without her sweet presence, will you bear scorn and contempt, and even

slander, through long future years, from those who now court you very name, many of them not only your inferiors in intellect, but in everything?"

But with a terrible effort Stanley strove to drive away the tempter, as he rose from his bowed position and paced the room, at intervals throwing back his dark, disordered locks with a quick gesture. "It is God or hell; I must choose between them!" and he paused a minute in his agitated walk; "there is no medium. Against my will or not, due perhaps to her prayers, the full light has come to me today; and if I reject it, it will be with my eyes open—blind no longer, as I have let myself be so long! The struggle I once occasioned to that tender heart has come to me now in turn; but while with her it was earthy love that strove to tempt her from God, with me it is pride—deadly pride! What she was strong enough to do and die for shall I weakly turn from, when God is calling me so strangely, showing me by one clear vision, and the force of her example, what years of instruction and persuasion might have failed to do? If I resist today, may not God abandon me, proud sinner who have earned this grace, not of my own merit, but by his pure mercy and her sweet prayers?"

Then, as if to another Xavier, the words seemed to whisper, as the pale image of death seemed to rise before him—Death, which must come so surely to him in his pride as to the meapest creature: "What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?"

And kneeling down by the table, he buried his face again upon it. "O my God! how have I deserved Thy grace—I, who would have lost, not my own soul merely, but would have tempted Thy young, tender creature to her eternal ruin with me!"

Then he knelt, his soul too, as it were, lay prostrate before his God, accepting the life, devoid of human joy, which must be its portion on earth—earth from which she was going who would have made it all bright, she whom his pride had slowly murdered! And ambition too must go now, at least such ambition as he had often dreamed of—that of winning, after his restless, useless life, a great name in his country's service as statesman and author, the powers of both being felt within himself, and the wealth at his command which makes such ambition easier to fulfill and satisfy. This too must be sacrificed—this hope, which might have made his loveless existence less dreary in the future; for as a member of God's One Church must his ambition be a lowly, despised one in this world's eyes—that of repairing for his past hatred and injuries by devoting his time and intellect to defence of the religion vouchsafed to him today as if by miracle?

He rose at last, his face pale and fixed, and left the room as with some sudden resolve; and a minute later he had taken his hat and was in the street, walking quickly among the gay throng, hearing nothing, scarcely seeing or hearing anything, utterly absorbed in his own thoughts. On he went, until he came to the street in which is situated the celebrated church of Notre Dame des Victories—the church which had often and particularly been a mark for his scorn and contempt on account of the especial faith which he had heard in the prayers offered up therein, and to which he now directed his steps, as the first beginning of his reparation, to offer up to God at this shrine of His Mother the victory just granted him over himself and the devil, and to pray for strength to persevere even amid the pain and bereavement which were rending his heart. He entered the church, and taking a chair in a quiet corner, knelt bowed down in motionless for some minutes, feeling at first only an overwhelming sense of the difference between this evening and the last time on which he had entered this holy place, when he had come to scoff politely with an acquaintance at the prayers which were being offered up, to tell himself in his bitterness that Gertrude Manning was a quiet, unassuming creature, who preferred all this to the pure intellectual religion he would have taught her as his wife. And now, yielding to the grace which had so long been whispering to his heart, he knelt here with the rest, with a faith as lively and perhaps more humble, acknowledging himself a sinner, rebelling not against the faith which was robbing him of the sweet treasure of which he had been unworthy.

TO BE CONTINUED

It is no use of us to be afraid of anything except error and cowardice.—Lacordaire.

Read your religious paper for the good you may find in it, for the help it may give you, for the strength it may impart, for the faith it may inspire, the hope it may breathe, the charity it may spread, and for the benefit of your growing and susceptible children.

It is a great truth, wonderful as it is undeniable, that all our happiness—temporal, spiritual and eternal—consists in one thing; namely, in resigning ourselves to God, and in leaving ourselves with Him to do with us and in us just as He pleases.—Madame Guyon.

"RECOMPENSED"

Miss Rita Harrick mounted the stairs slowly, crossed the carpeted hall, and entered her room. She closed the door softly, then drew a comfortable chair to the wide west window. After drawing the curtains back, she sat down wearily. Instinctively her eyes sought the beautiful picture of her mother on the opposite wall. She beheld it only momentarily, however, for her vision was soon blurred by tears. Only a few hours before, her dear mother, the very center of her life, had been laid to rest, by the side of her husband, who had preceded her to the grave twenty-five years before. Rita dried her eyes and turned her gaze to the beautiful park-like lawn. Everything bespoke mirth and gladness on this lovely April afternoon. Happy little birds chirped and fluttered from tree to tree; early spring flowers, in their gay-colored dresses, delightfully nodded their pretty heads to each other, as the gentle April breeze swept over them.

But Rita's mood did not blend with the gay atmosphere about her. Reminiscences of the past came trailing up in her mind; she thought of her childhood days and of the times when she played with her sister, Genevieve, on that spacious lawn before her. Then came memories of their happy girlhood days, spent at the Convent Our Lady of the Snow, which Rita saw nestled among the trees in the distance. It was there that both had received their education. How well Rita remembered their graduation days; as she thought of them now a faint smile spread over her sweet face. It faded almost instantly, and in its stead a shadow of anxiety and worry settled on her gentle features, when she thought of the eventful vacation that followed Genevieve's graduation. She had gone with a classmate to spend the summer at the seashore. Alas! how fatal that summer had been to Genevieve, for it was there she met Warren Hilton.

That season was an exceptionally brilliant one, with a continual whirl of dances, parties, and other social events. Genevieve was so pretty and had such charming ways that she was one of the principal figures. Gradually she grew indifferent in the matter of religion, and little by little her fervor was frozen by the icy currents of inordinate worldly pleasures.

When Genevieve returned home, Mrs. Harrick was sadly shocked to find her so changed. Many were the kind, motherly remonstrances Mrs. Harrick made when she saw the intimacy that was rapidly growing up between her daughter and young Hilton; but Genevieve only tossed her pretty head and said, "Why, mother, you just don't know what a fine fellow he is."

"But Genny dear, you know he's not a Catholic, and it would break my heart for you to marry one who is not of our faith. There are many fine Catholic boys—"

"Yes, and there are many splendid young men who are not Catholics," Genevieve interrupted. "You have said this yourself, mother," she added with a triumphant air.

"You misunderstood me, Genny. Of course there are good non-Catholic gentlemen, but they are not for our Catholic girls to marry."

Warren continued to call frequently to escort Genevieve to a ball, the opera, or dinner. Indeed, he did seem to be a perfect gentleman, was extremely courteous to Mrs. Harrick and Rita. But the mother's quick, experienced eye soon perceived that Warren's smooth manners were only a veil which concealed his mercenary character from Genevieve. She doubted her prayers and visits to the Blessed Sacrament, for she had well-founded fears of the ultimate culmination of Genevieve's familiar associations with Warren.

How soon these fears were realized! When Warren announced that urgent business affairs necessitated his immediate leave from the city, and offered Genevieve a share in his heart, home, and fortune, she readily and eagerly accepted, in spite of her mother's and sister's tearful entreaties.

"Oh, hush, Rita," she said with annoyance in her tone, "I'm tired of Lady of the Snow with all its precepts—simply tired of it," she added with emphasis. "Just because you're such a little goody-goody-at-home-mamma-girl, that's no reason why I should be."

Rita was shocked into silence. She gave Genevieve a reproachful look and left the room to comfort her mother, whose heart was wrung with grief by the headstrong determination of her daughter to follow such a fatal course.

Genevieve was heedless of every endearing comment and gentle persuasion her mother could offer, and in a fit of anger left the house, went away with Warren, and was not heard from again.

Mrs. Harrick was heartbroken; Rita was her only material comfort; and for her sake she tried to be as cheerful as she could. Rita received several excellent offers of marriage, and although it pained her greatly to refuse Bernard Whiting, for she really cared for him, she did so, feeling her first duty was towards her mother.

Eight years had passed when Mrs. Harrick became aware of the fact that she was the victim of an incurable heart disease. True, she had often felt sharp pain near the heart, but fearing she would alarm Rita, had said nothing until necessity demanded the attention of a physician.

Rita hurriedly called the best specialist in the city. "You may as well know the truth now as later," he said, "the case is hopeless. You may live a few weeks, a few months, or possibly a few years; I can't say exactly. But you'll never be strong again. All I can do is give you something that will ease the pain and possibly prolong your life."

The doctor's words were true—Mrs. Harrick lingered only two months, when one lovely evening, just as the priest finished the last prayers for the dying, her much tried soul entered eternal glory.

Rita had lived for her mother, and now that she was done, she was all alone. The sound of the Angelus ringing from the convent in the distance, broke in on her thoughts, and she sat up with a start. She wiped away the tears that were trickling down her cheeks, and kneeling, she recited the Angelus.

She had barely finished, when a soft knock was heard at the door. In answer to Rita's "Come in," Margaret, the cook, entered.

"I just thought I'd be comin' up to see what I could fix for your supper, dearie," coming over to Rita and placing her arm round her chair, affectionately. Margaret was on very familiar terms with both Rita and her mother, having been in the family since Rita was a small child. She seemed like a second mother to her, and was loved as such.

"I don't care for anything, Margie. You need not make anything. Thank you for your thoughtfulness."

"Come now, darlin', you know you'll take a bite of somethin'—maybe coffee and sandwiches—or cookies, I have some nice hot tea—just made—you might like tea—or—" She paused, trying to get a hint from Rita as to what she would prefer.

"You may bring tea, Margie, please, and the cookies, I know they're good, since you made them," Rita said at last, knowing Margaret would be displeased if she refused to take something.

"Here, now, dearie, see what I've brought," placing a tiny table at Rita's elbow and setting the tray on it. "And I'm going to eat up here with you, if I may, Miss Rita."

"You certainly may, Margaret. I'll be glad to have your company. I feel rather lonely this evening."

The late evening had settled into twilight when Margaret rose. After rearranging the table, she left the room.

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drooped pathetically. "But, Harry dear, you could just this one time," she coaxed. "Go to the store and buy—"

"No, I mustn't do that. 'Twouldn't be right.' Cause you know when Mrs. Sandlin comes for the rent, if mamma can't pay him, maybe he'd turn us out. Mamma said so."

Both sat quite still for a while, each trying to devise a way out of their present difficulty.

"You go in and stay with mother," Harold finally said. "I'm going to go down and walk around for a while. If I can find someone that looks good and kind, and tell them about mamma being sick, maybe they will buy something for her."

Maureen listened attentively, and came to the conclusion that it was a grand plan.

"All right, Harry," she said, starting for the door. "Don't stay long."

At the bottom of the old stairs Harold paused a moment to decide which way to go. His attention was suddenly arrested by the appearance of a tall, dark figure in the doorway. It was still light enough for Harold to see the kind face and benevolent blue eyes of the person before him. "Here's a chance," he thought, so taking a step forward he said:

"If you please, sir, my mamma's very sick. I want to buy something nice for her to eat, but we're poor; would you please get something for her?"

"Who is your mother, my lad?" the tall figure asked, as he bent face down near him.

"Why, she's my mam—just my mother."

"What is your name?"

"Harold."

"But your other name?"

"Oh—Harry."

The stranger smiled.

"Where do you live?"

"Just right up here," Harold replied, pointing upstairs. "I'll show you," he added as he turned to start upstairs.

"I can't go with you just now, my boy. But wait here, I'll be back in a few minutes, then I'll go to see your mother."

"Yes, sir, I will," the boy answered, as he sat down on the bottom step to wait, feeling quite elated over his quick success.

In about fifteen minutes Father Curtis, for he was the stranger, re-appeared, and directed by Harold, he soon found himself in the room which constituted their humble abode.

Mrs. Hilton was lying on an old couch in one corner of the room. She stirred slightly when the door opened. Upon seeing that it was a priest who accompanied her boy, a faint tint of color rose to her face in spite of its deathly pallor.

"Your son asked me to come and see you," the priest said as he approached. "Can I help you in any way?"

As he received no reply save a low sob, he asked again:

"Are you a Catholic?"

"Oh, Father, I was—in those happy days," she replied brokenly.

"Then all you have to do, is make your peace with God and you're one again. You seem to be very sick; there may not be much time to wait. I'll take the children to an old lady who lives in an apartment downstairs, so you won't be disturbed by them. She is an invalid and will take care of them for a while."

When he returned, after the lapse of a few minutes, he placed a chair near the couch and sat down.

"Now, my child, tell me your story, then I'm sure I can help you to become reconciled with God. Is your husband living?" he asked, urging her to begin.

"Yes, Father—at least I suppose he is. He left me two years ago. I've never seen him since. I once had a happy home with mother and Rita, but—"

"Is your mother living?" Father Curtis asked when Mrs. Hilton grew calmer.

"I don't know, Father. I left home eight years ago to marry a man that has proved to be most false to me. We were married by a judge, and he took me to his beautiful home, where I was—rather, thought I was—very happy. I had everything my worldly heart could desire. Neither of my babies were baptized. When Maureen came I had a long illness. During the long days and sleepless nights I thought of the past a great deal. I resolved, in a somewhat vague sort of way, to do better when I recovered. After two months I was able to be up. I spoke to my husband of being re-married and having the children baptized. His only reply was: 'You left your church once for me and you'll have to do it again—or leave me.' When I insisted he grew angry and we quarreled. He was never the same after that. He grew sullen and the slightest annoying occurrence provoked him to anger. His way of acting worried me so much that I also grew very irritable. Thus the estrangement between us grew wider. Warren had some big business failures; and on a whole, things went from bad to worse. Then one evening Warren didn't return home from his office. He never returned."

Her voice sank till it was barely above a whisper and there was a far-away look in her eyes. Father Curtis had been listening attentively and was about to speak when Mrs. Hilton continued:

"There isn't very much more, so I'll try to finish. The morning following Warren's sudden departure I was informed that all our property, including our home was mortgaged. The mortgage holders told me that Warren made a brave fight to avert the catastrophe, but seeing at the last moment that his efforts availed nothing, had fled from the scene of his failures. I didn't know what to do, since I was homeless with my two babies. What I suffered during the days that followed, I cannot express. Worst of all was the humiliating thought that Warren didn't care for me and left me homeless and alone. I was compelled to dispose of my costly wardrobe, as that was the only thing I had left. I spent the days moping and battling with my bitter thoughts, and it was not until I felt—for the first time in my life—the pangs of hunger that I could arouse myself to seek for work. I had to accept hard work in a factory. As I had never worked before, the circumstances were doubly trying. I grew more and more bitter against God and man. Then one evening as I was returning from work I took the wrong direction, not noticing where I was going. Suddenly I heard soft, sweet music, and looking up I noticed that church of 'Assumption' was before me. An impulse to enter seized me, and I was about to do so, when someone clutched my arm. Looking around, I beheld a woman eyeing me.

"Are you Mrs. Warren Hilton?"

"I could only nod assent."

"Well I am, too," she declared.

"You—I words failed me."

"Oh, I see Warren fooled you, too," she cried when she saw my astonishment. "I was married to him ten years ago, but before a year was out I was free again. How did you stand it, my lady?" she asked, raising her haughty head higher than ever.

"For a moment the suddenness of the revelation overwhelmed me. Gaining my composure, I walked away as rapidly as I could, leaving the haughty woman staring after me.

"That night was a restless one. To think that Warren, whom I loved so dearly and trusted so implicitly, was only fooling me, deceiving me. It was unbearable! I thought of coming home and asking mother's forgiveness, but my pride forbade that. Well, I could at least come to the city, perhaps mother would hear of my whereabouts and come to me. I came here, but mother never came across me, and my wretched pride would not allow me to go to her. I have been fighting with divine grace since the day I started to enter the church to attend Benediction. But the moment you entered the room, Father, grace conquered."

She lay quite still, her features relaxed, as if resting from her exertions. And before a great many minutes had passed she was once again "God's child."

When Father Curtis re-appeared at old Mrs. McClory's door, he saw a young lady dressed in deep mourning sitting near the bed with a book in her lap.

"Ah, Father Curtis, come in; let me introduce you to this dear angel here; come Rita, sure you know Father Curtis!"

The young lady who had risen from her seat as the priest entered came forward.

"Indeed, I have heard of Father Curtis, although I've never had the pleasure of meeting you."

"So your name is Rita; I happen to be looking for a Rita, perhaps you can help me in finding her. What brings you here?"

"I just came in, on my way home from the 'Holy Hour,' to read to Mrs. McClory. But since the children were here I've been entertaining them with a story, since Mrs. McClory requested me to."

"I see—well, I must take the children back to their mother. Do you happen to know of a Miss Rita Harrick, who lives in Southland Suburb?"

"Why, Father, that's my name," exclaimed Rita.

Father Curtis turned questionably to Mrs. McClory.

"Shure and 'tis just like me to forget to tell you the lady's name. Pardon me, Father; shure this is Miss Rita Harrick."

"Then you are wanted upstairs immediately, Miss Harrick."

Comprehending the wondering look in Rita's eyes, he added, gently:

"It's your sister, Miss Harrick, and she's very ill."

"It's the first room to your left at the top of the stairs. Mrs. Hilton wishes to receive Holy Viaticum as soon as I can return. Have things ready, there is no time to lose."

Rita sent Harold in the room to tell his mother that "Auntie" was there, for she was afraid that too sudden a shock might be fatal and Genevieve would die without the Last Sacraments.

A few moments later Rita clasped her dying sister in her arms.

"Rita," "Genny, dear," they cried simultaneously.

"But—Rita, where's mother?" Genevieve faltered, noticing the black dress Rita was wearing.

"She went to heaven three months ago, Genevieve." Then perceiving the look of pain on her sister's face she added gently:

"Don't you worry about that, Genny. Mother can see and understand in heaven better than she could if she were here."

"A silence of a few minutes followed.

"Rita, dear," came the low, weak voice from the bed, "before I

die I want to humbly ask your forgiveness for all the sorrow I have caused you. Forgive me, dear—let me hear you say it."

"Genny, don't think of the past any more. Of course, you were forgiven long ago—but, oh," she exclaimed, as if she had suddenly remembered something. "Father Curtis said to have things ready when he returned with the Blessed Sacrament."

She rose hastily, and arranging the small table near the bed, managed to have things in readiness when Father Curtis entered.

Genevieve received her Eucharistic God with all the fervor and devotion she could muster. And before another day had dawned the pale, wasted form on the bed had ceased to breathe.

As Rita knelt beside her, between Harold and Maureen, and gazed upon her face, so beautiful even in death, she felt fully recompensed for all the sacrifices she had ever made for the salvation of her sister's soul.—Lucy Hermes.

THE STORY OF CHRIST

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ACHILLES AND PRIAM

It is possible that in Greece, that well-spring from whence all have drunk, there was no love for enemies? Would-be modern pagans, enemies of the "Palestine superstition," claim that Greek thought has everything in it. In the spiritual life of the Occident, Greece is like China to the East, mother of all invention.

In the Ajax of Sophocles, famous Odysseus is moved to pity at the sight of a fallen enemy reduced to misery. In vain Athena herself, Hellenic wisdom personified in the sacred owl, reminds him that "the most delightful mirth is to laugh at one's enemies." Ulysses is not convinced. "I pity him, although he is my enemy, because I see him so unfortunate, bound to an evil destiny, and looking at him, I think of myself. Because I see we are not other than ghosts, and unsubstantial shadows, all who we live. . . . It is not right to do evil to a dying man even if you hate him." It seems to me that we are here still very far away from love.

Wily Ulysses is not wily enough to conceal the motive of his unnatural softening. He pities his enemy because he thinks of himself, remembers that evil could happen also to him, and he pardons his enemy only because he sees him dying and unfortunate.

A wiser man than Ulysses, the son of Sophroniscus, the stone cutter, asked himself, among many other questions, how the righteous man ought to treat his enemies. But reading the texts, we discover with astonishment two Socrates, of different opinions. The Socrates of the Memorabilia frankly accepts the common feeling. Friends are to be treated well and enemies ill, and thus it is better to anticipate one's enemies in doing ill: "The man most greatly to be praised," he says to Cicerone, "is he who anticipates his enemies in hurtfulness and his friends in helpfulness."

But Plato's Socrates does not accept the common opinion. He says to Crito: "In justice should be rendered to no one in return for injustice; nor evil for evil whatever has been the injury that thou hast received." And he affirms the same principle in the Republic, adding in support that the bad are not bettered by revenge. But the ruling idea in Socrates' head is the thought of justice, not the feeling of love. In no case should the righteous man do evil, out of self-respect (notice this), not out of affection towards his enemy. The bad man must punish himself, otherwise the judges in the lower world will punish him after death. Aristotle, the disciple of Plato, turns tranquilly back to the old idea: "Not to resent offenses," he says in the Ethics to Nicomachus, "is the mark of a base and slavish man."

In Greece, therefore, there is little to the purpose for those who are looking for precedents for Christianity. But in order to make us believe that Christianity existed before Christ, those who deny Jesus, have found a rival to Jesus even in Rome, in the very palace of the Cæsars. Seneca, the director of "conscience" to young gentlemen, leader of the fashionable cult of reformed stoicism; the abstract aristocrat never moved by the troubles of the poor; the proprietor who despises riches and clutches them tightly, who affirms the equality between free and slave, and owns slaves; the talented anatomist of scruples, of evils, of active vices, and complacent virtues; he who canalized the old doctrine of Epicurus, dull but clear, towards the estuary of preciosity; moral Seneca they claim was a Christian without knowing it, during Christ's very lifetime. Thumbing over his works (many were written after the death of Christ, for Seneca waited till he was sixty-five years old before committing suicide), they have found that "the wise man does not avenge but forgets affronts," and that to imitate the Gods we should do good also to the ungrateful because the sun shines equally on the wicked and the seas bear up the pirate ship," and finally that "We must succor our enemies with a friendly hand." But the "forgetting of

the philosopher is not "forgiveness"; and "succor" can be philanthropy but is not love. The imperious, the stoic, the Pharisee; the philosopher proud of his philosophy, the righteous man complacent over his righteousness, can despise the affronts of the small, the piques of enemies, and through pride of magnanimity and to win admiration can deign to give a loaf to a hungry enemy in order to humiliate him more harshly from the heights of perfection. But that bread was prepared with the leaven of vanity and that would-be friendly hand could never have dried a tear or dressed a wound.

The world of antiquity did not know love. It knew passion for a woman, friendship for a friend, justice for the citizen, hospitality for the foreigner; but it did not know love. Zeus protected pilgrims and strangers; he who knocked at the Grecian door was not denied meat, a cup of wine, and a bed. The poor were to be covered, the weak helped, the mourning consoled with fair words; but the men of antiquity did not know love, love that suffers, that shares another's sorrow, love for all who suffer and are neglected, love for the poor, the lowly, the outlawed, the maligned, the downtrodden, the abandoned; love for all, love which knows no difference between fellow-citizens and strangers, between fair and foul, between criminal and philosopher, between brother and enemy.

In the last canto of the Iliad we see an old man, a mourner, a father who kisses the hand of his most terrible enemy, of the man who has killed his sons, who has just killed his most loved son. Priam, the old king, head of the rich, ruined city, father of fifty sons, kneels at the feet of Achilles, the greatest hero, and the most unhappy among the Greeks, son of the Sea-Goddess, avenger of Patroclus, slayer of Hector. The white head of the kneeling old man is bowed before the proud youth of the victor, and Priam mourns for the slain, strongest, fairest, most loved of all his fifty sons, and kisses the hand of the slayer! "Thou also, he says, "hast a grey-haired, falling, defenseless, far-distant father. In the name of thy father's love, give me back at least the dead body of my son."

Achilles, the fierce, the wild, the slaughterer, puts the suppliant gently on one side and begins to weep; and both of them, the two enemies, the conqueror and the conquered, the father bereft of his son and the son who will never see his father again, the white-haired old man and the golden-haired youth both weep, drawn together for the first time by sorrow. The others round about gaze at them silent and astounded; we ourselves after thirty centuries are shaken by their grief.

But in the kiss of Priam there is no pardon, there is no love. This king humbles himself to obtain a difficult and unusual favor. If a God had not inspired him he would not have stirred from Ilium; and Achilles does not weep for dead Hector, for weeping Priam, for the powerful man who is brought to humble himself, for the enemy who is brought to kiss the hand of the slayer. He weeps over his lost friend; over Patroclus, dearer to him than all other men; over Peleus, left at Phthia; over his father, whom he will never more embrace, for he knows that his young days are numbered. And he gives back to the father the dead body of his son—that body which he has dragged for so many days in the dust—because it is the will of Zeus, not because his hunger of vengeance is stilled. Both of them weep for themselves; the kiss of Priam is a harsh necessity, the restitution of Achilles is obedience to the Gods. In the noblest heroic world of antiquity there is no place for that love which destroys hate, and takes the place of hate, for love stronger than the strength of hate, more ardent, more implacable, more faithful, for love which is not forgetfulness of wrong, but love of wrong, because wrong is a misfortune for him who commits it rather for him who suffers. There is no place for love for enemies in the world of antiquity.

Jesus was the first to speak of such love, to conceive of such love. This love was not known till the Sermon on the Mount. This is the greatest and most original of Jesus' conceptions. Of all His teachings this was the newest to men, this is still His greatest innovation. It is new to us, new because it is not understood, not imitated, not obeyed; infinitely eternal like truth.

TO BE CONTINUED



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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 18, 1924

SECONDARY EDUCATION AND CATHOLICS

We publish in another column a letter to The Globe on this subject by A. D. L. Robinson of Walkerville, Ontario. What Mr. Robinson notes will be no news to our Catholic readers; but his letter is not the less interesting for that. In the first place the Protestant opinion on this matter that usually finds expression in the newspapers is almost invariably hostile, ignores altogether the arguments in favor of the Catholic position, and takes on a tone of truculence and threatening which is far from conducive to a sensible settlement of a public question that concerns fellow-citizens, Catholic and Protestant alike.

The Catholic claim, in a nutshell, is this: In 1868 when the Separate Schools Act was passed, and in 1887 when it was unanimously agreed to as one of the basic conditions of Confederation, the Common School system of Ontario covered the whole educational ground from kindergarten to University. There is abundant, overwhelming evidence that this was the actual scope of what were then known as Common Schools; and the Separate Common Schools—as Dr. Ryerson called them—had identically the same scope. This was the intent of both the Common Schools Act and the later Separate Schools Act. Not only was it the intent and purpose of both of these Acts, but it was the actual practice under them. Common School Boards were expressly empowered to establish intermediate schools, high schools, and classical schools. The Act of 1868 gave the same rights and conferred the same powers on Separate School Boards. Such schools were actually established. And official documents are extant which expressly state that this work—which is now done in Secondary schools—was done more efficiently and more satisfactorily in certain Common Schools than it was in the Grammar Schools. Dr. Ryerson had little use for the Grammar Schools, which in many cases degenerated into "select schools" where all the elementary work was taken up for the children of "the more respectable" people. By the Act of 1870-71 the Common School system was divided into two parts, and the Grammar Schools were abolished by being absorbed into the Common School system. Those, therefore, who say that the Public schools of today are the successors of the Common Schools and that the High Schools are the successors of the Grammar Schools have not taken the trouble to inform themselves on the elementary facts of the educational history of Ontario.

But, for the sake of argument, let us grant that the High School Act did take all that is now known as secondary work away from the Common Schools and give it exclusively to the High Schools which—supposedly—succeeded to the Grammar Schools; such legislation would be absolutely ultra vires inasmuch as it affected prejudicially Catholic educational rights enjoyed by law in 1867. It would affect them prejudicially by curtailing the curriculum, by materially narrowing the scope of Separate school work. If that right were conceded, next year the work of Separate schools could be limited to the third form; or to the second; or reduced to any point short of the vanishing point; which is quite as absurd as anything the geometricalians ever worked out.

The only measure of the work Separate schools are entitled by law to undertake is that which was carried on in the Common schools of Upper Canada in 1868.

And that most certainly included all that is now called the work of Secondary schools.

The Separate Schools Act of 1868 expressly exempts Separate school

supporters from taxation in support of any other school whatsoever; no exception is mentioned, implied or suggested. And this exemption from taxation for other schools is "one essential right or advantage conferred by the Separate Schools Act. That right is invaded by the present High School legislation.

The unjust discrimination in the matter of teachers that Mr. Robinson notes with indignation has passed the indignation stage with Catholics. The practice is so constant, so shameless, so invariable, that we now take it as a matter of course. This, however, is one of the impelling motives with many Catholics for asserting their full educational rights under the Separate Schools Act of 1868; rights which no provincial legislature can affect prejudicially, much less take away.

We welcome Mr. Robinson's public expression of Protestant opinion. He makes no pretence of speaking for anyone but himself. Therein he differs from the noisy few with whom he stands out in such pleasing contrast. Nevertheless we believe he represents a much larger section of our Protestant fellow-citizens than do the truculent ones.

SLAV CHILDREN OF MARY

Fifty years ago, and even later, many of our older readers will remember the delusion—quite a firm and unshakable conviction nonetheless—of their Protestant friends that Catholics worshipped the Virgin Mary as God; that we placed her higher than Christ and gave her more honor; that in short we were idolaters or Mariolaters, not Christian at all. Educated Protestants have pretty well got rid of this traditional delusion. Yet we are reminded of it occasionally. Not long ago on a train we entered into casual conversation which became somewhat interesting. It was not about religion; but our chance acquaintance, before we parted, asked permission to put a question to us in which he was very much interested but feared to give offence. On our assurance that no honest inquiry would give the slightest offence, he said: "Tell me this; Which is deserving of the most honor, Christ the Saviour or His Mother?" "Our Lord and Saviour certainly," we replied. Honor is given the mother only because of the Son. His surprise was evidently genuine. "Then we believe just the same" he said with an obvious effort to overcome his incredulity. "On that matter I think so." "And yet," he said, "you are a Catholic priest and I am a Protestant." "We do, perhaps, love and honor the Blessed Mother of Jesus more openly than you do; but what honor that we give her can compare with the unique honor paid her by God Himself in choosing her of all women to be the Mother of His Son our Saviour? Or what could surpass the love and honor Jesus Himself paid to His beloved Mother?" It was a little amusing, but also more than a little pathetic to find this vigorous survival of an old and stupid calumny. Our casual friend was interested to try to make an appointment to meet in the city which we were nearing; but I was going further.

Many similar experiences doubtless have come to our readers. But the stupid old calumny is dying out.

These reflections were suggested by an account we have just read of a Marian Congress held last month by the people of Slovenia. The Slovaks and the Slovenes, now included in Yugoslavia, are devout Catholics; while most of their fellow-countrymen, the Serbs, are Orthodox. Here our newspapers often refer to the Orthodox Christians as Greek Catholics. They never do so themselves. They call themselves Orthodox; and Catholic always means the religion which the law in English speaking countries insists on describing as "Roman" Catholic. The Orthodox priests and bishops are real priests and bishops. There is no question as to the validity of their Orders. When they celebrate Mass they really offer the Holy Sacrifice; but they are Schismatics, that is, they are cut off from the Unity of God's Church by the denial of the supremacy of the successor of St. Peter.

At the Slavonian Marian Congress Cardinal Cagliero sang the inaugural Mass, and the manifestation of devotion to Our Blessed Lady was most striking. Telegrams of good wishes came from all over Yugoslavia; notable amongst them was

a message from the Serbian Catholic University and School Federation:

"We of Serbia beg all those who honor Mary to pray and to labor for the reunion of our Orthodox kin to the Catholic Church. Mother of the Russians and Mother of the Serbs, obtain for us religious unity."

Throughout the whole Congress the question of reunion was given a prominent place. And the fact that the Orthodox Slavs have a great and tender devotion to the Mother of God was emphasized as "the loving link," in the words of Leo XIII., "which united East and West, and which filled Catholics with the hope of Orthodox reunion."

Perhaps the most palpable evidence of the reality of this link which may become the bond of union was the fact that at this Catholic Congress an Orthodox priest from Belgrade read a paper on "The Mother of God in the Orthodox Church."

Here is a summary of this remarkable and informative paper: Dr. Jankovitch pointed out that Christianity was inconceivable to the Orthodox mind without the tender and constant invocation of her whom the East calls the "Source of all Grace," the "Gate of Salvation," the "Hope of the Desperate."

"The Sovereign Empress of Heaven and Earth" is invoked in night and morning prayer, and dominates the whole life of the Orthodox Christian (continued Dr. Jankovitch), and he understands that she owes her everything. Thus, after receiving Holy Communion, he turns to her with gratitude in the following prayer: "Mother of God and Holy Queen, Light of my soul, Hope, Refuge, Consolation, and Joy! I thank thee because thou hast obtained for me, unworthy sinner that I am, to receive the Most Sacred Body and Blood of thy Son. Thou, who hast given birth to the Truth, give sight to the eyes of my soul; thou, who hast given birth to the Eternal One, raise me up from the deadliness of sin; Blessed Mother of a Merciful God, have pity on me! Cleanse and pacify my heart, and obtain for me that until I draw my last breath I may ever grow more worthy of receiving the Sacred Mysteries, and that I may sing thy praises all the days of my life, thou Blessed and Exalted one in Eternity throughout the ages. Amen!"

"Our Lord came to us through her, and through her we reach Him. Since God became Man through Mary, can we doubt that all that is Divine, all that is Heavenly, all that is Eternal will come to us through her? Therefore, the Orthodox Church exclaims: 'Exult ye, men and angels, in singing the triumph of the All Holy, All Blessed Mother of God, ever Virgin!'"

Is there not good ground to hope that Orthodox and Catholic, united in the most intimate way in this Catholic doctrine and devotion, may come into full communion in the household of the faith?

"ULSTER" PUTS ON THE WAR PAINT

The following despatch was carried by our newspapers last week:

Belfast, Oct. 7.—Sir James Craig, Premier of Ulster, at the opening of Parliament today, said that if the British Parliament passed the Irish Bill and the boundary was finally fixed so that it would be acceptable to Ulster, "it would be good."

On the other hand, he declared, no matter who was named as the third member of the boundary commission, if the decision was not acceptable to Ulster he would not hesitate a moment, if there was no other honorable way out, to resign and place himself at the disposal of the people, no longer as Premier but as the chosen leader to defend any territory which they might consider had been unfairly transferred from Ulster, Great Britain, and the flag of the Empire.

Back in 1868 and 1869 "Ulster," in full war-paint, declared that it would "kick the Queen's crown into the Boyne" if Her Majesty assented to the Bill for the disestablishment of the Protestant Church in Ireland. But the Church of Ireland was disestablished and a shameful and outrageous scandal came to an end. "Ulster" again became vociferously "loyal." When Home Rule seemed imminent "Ulster" would fight and "Ulster" would be right." When the suggestion was made that Ireland be divided into

North and South Carson for "Ulster" declared that the powerful Protestant North would never, never, desert their helpless brethren in the South. Yet these things came to pass and "Ulster" did not set the Boyne on fire.

Just before the Great War Carson's followers bound themselves by a solemn league and covenant to resist to the death all forms or any form of Home Rule. Yet Home Rule came to pass and Ulster did not fight. It was afterwards admitted that the drilling and threats of armed resistance were all intended "to make an impression." Presumably the threat to join the great Protestant Empire of Germany was likewise "to make an impression," or perhaps it was a new manifestation of loyalty.

Now we have an awful threat contained in the despatch which heads this article. The campaign is always staged with the same old properties; but we are expected to take it seriously enough to excuse the British Government if it finds it expedient to break faith with Ireland, and treat the troublesome Treaty as a scrap of paper. It is getting to be almost funny.

It doesn't make a cent's worth of difference to Ireland. The Free State may go under as did the old Redmond party; that will be the beginning of a new phase in Ireland's march to national freedom.

A HAPPY ALTERNATIVE
 BY THE OBSERVER

There is a story told of a good natured old jailer in a Canadian town who had in his jail one night a particularly noisy and bothersome lot of prisoners. Several times during the night he was awakened from his sound sleep by their yells, and songs, and general obstreperousness; and at length he could stand it no longer. Down he went to the cell corridor and succeeded in attracting the attention of his noisy charges. "See here now," said he, "if ye don't stop this sort of thing, I'll turn every mother's son of ye out on the street."

A paper called the Populaire and published in Nantes, France, holds a similar threat over the people of Alsace. The people of Alsace are very angry at the proposal of the new French Government to put in force there the laws against religion and religious education which have for some years past disgraced the statute books of France. They were promised that these laws would not be enforced in their territory; but that was when their friendship was specially desirable during the War; and the intention of the new Cabinet is to treat that promise as a "scrap of paper." Naturally the people of Alsace are asking themselves what they have gained by being transferred to France from a government which, with all its faults, had never tried upon them such peculiarly hateful tyranny as this. They are asking themselves, and asking the world which is looking on with a cynical smile, what worse thing the Prussians ever did to them, or were likely ever to do to them than to deprive them of that liberty without which all other liberty becomes a hollow farce.

This paper threatens that if they do not submit they will be handed back to Germany. Like the prisoners who were threatened that if they were not good they would be turned out of doors, the threat will not, under the circumstances, be considered a terrifying one. What worse can befall a freedom-loving man than to be circumscribed in his liberty to teach his children the religion of their ancestors for a thousand years in the past? Germany never tried to prevent the exercise of that essential form of liberty. It remains for France, the much-lauded champion of liberty, to make war against a few groups of women for the heinous crime of teaching the religion which strengthened millions of Frenchmen and soothed their last hours as they died for France.

They are supposed to have died for the preservation of freedom; and they unquestionably thought they were dying for that purpose. It looked to the soldiers of the Great War as though the miserable shibboleths of the past twenty or thirty years had been abandoned in face of the realities of the danger to the nation, in face of the threatened disaster to the fatherland. But they were cruelly deceived. The tyrants of the anti-Catholic sects had never any intention of abandoning the persecution.

They were glad enough to talk of a sacred union; but they never meant that it should be more than a temporary truce, and they never had any idea of attaching any sanctity to it. They meant perfidy while they talked solemn truth; they meant treachery while they talked of the sanctity of union and of the depths of patriotism and the heights of honor.

On the understanding that they should be received into that sacred union, the people of Alsace joyfully entered into the political union. They might have been forced in anyhow; but that was not the light in which the transaction was put before the world. The Alsatians were pictured to a delighted world as coming home from exile. Unfortunately for the sentimental value of the picture, they have found that the old home has suffered a transfer of management to hands that are more ready to give them a box on the ear than a caress. "There are strangers in the old home now," and the astonished homecomers find that their first care must be to stand out for the rights of their place in the family.

The world looks on; and looks on with cynical amusement. Is this the France we had put before us as the chivalrous champion of liberty?

NOTES AND COMMENTS

MR. FREYBERGER, the Labor Leader of Victoria, Australia, who has just formed a ministry, is the latest addition to the list of Catholic premiers in the British Empire.

THE CATHOLIC University at Washington, whose foundations are being laid broad and deep (for it takes more than one generation to build up a university) is now constructing a library that will house over a million volumes. A million books, of the wisest and best, when that number is attained, will place the Library near the forefront of the world's institutions even in this century of big things.

AN INGENUOUS Anglican Vicar in England affirms that the Book of Common Prayer contains a prayer for the Pope, and one for cheaper groceries. Also, that it contains an affirmation to the effect that no man shall be ordained who is not capable of saying Mass in Latin. He puts it this way: "Do you know where to find the prayer for the Pope in your Prayer Book? Do you know where it says that no man shall be ordained priest who is not capable of saying Mass intelligibly in Latin? Can you find the prayer for cheaper groceries?" All these things, he adds, "are honestly found in every copy of the Book of Common Prayer either in big print or in small." Here is chance for the curious or the ingenious among our Anglican friends.

WRITING in the International Book Review, Mr. Brauder Matthews (himself one of the few real essayists of his generation) says of Miss Agnes Repplier: "As an essayist she stands not with Charles Lamb, but with Andrew Lang; and I happen to know that Lang keenly relished her work. She has not a little of Lang's sanity and common sense, of his wit and humor and irony. Like Lang she has a retentive memory to retain the results of her wide reading. Like him, again, she has a well-nourished mind; and like him she does her own thinking, sharing his hearty distaste for sham and humbug and affectation in its myriad marks. She is apt and abundant in quotation; and she is quite as clever herself as are most of those whose neatly turned phrases she cites."

THIS is high praise, but to those who have followed Miss Repplier's literary career, not a bit higher than she deserves. Who with refined taste in literature but can bear testimony to the piquant charm of "Essays in Idleness," "Essays in Miniature," and "Books and Men," to mention only three of the products of her industrious pen. Miss Repplier "has outgrown the colonialism" which, as Mr. Matthews affirms, led him "to look upon some of her earlier essays with an unfriendly eye." Now he has nothing but appreciation, as the foregoing extract testifies. Miss Repplier, it may be added, is one of that growing list of Catholic writers whose work has gone far to counteract the reviving paganism of our time. Intellectually she is

the product of a Sacred Heart Academy.

VERY FEW Catholic prelates are better known than Mgr. Heylen, President of the Permanent Committee of International Eucharistic Congresses, and although he this month celebrates his golden jubilee as a member of the Norbertian (or Premonstratensian) Order, he is as active as ever, and as enthusiastic in this work of furthering devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. He is described as a man of great simplicity, frugality and incessant labor. As chairman it is his privilege to open the proceedings at each successive Congress, and he has missed none of them. In the same capacity he plans to be present at Chicago for the Congress of 1926.

To his other accomplishments, Mgr. Heylen adds that of being a noted linguist—an almost necessary one in the office he occupies. It is said that he has never yet met a situation in which he could not deliver his inaugural address in the language of the country where the Congress is held. He spoke in English at Albert Hall in 1908, and this year in Amsterdam in Dutch. When a Congress was arranged for Spain one of his friends asked him how he was going to preserve his record, for it was known then that he did not know Spanish. "I have a year," was the reply, and when the Congress was opened there were some who, after hearing his address, adjudged him a native. This recalls the memory of Cardinal Mezzofanti, greatest of all linguists, who is said to have mastered Chinese within a few months.

THE CATHOLIC Herald of India, one of the best of our exchanges, comes out in a new typographical garb and in making its bow in this fiery indulges in some reflections which might apply to Catholic journalism on this continent. For this new equipment it has "sacrificed the savings it has accumulated for the last seven years,—the only savings it ever made in an existence of eighty-five years—and sunk them into a lino type. At this rate, the next improvement will take five more years to accomplish, whereas it would not take five weeks, if every one of our subscribers could enlist another and double our constituency. But such is the tragedy of English Catholic journalism in India. We should and could have fifty thousand subscribers in India, but of those fifty thousand, fifteen thousand do not want to read, fifteen thousand do not want to pay, ten thousand read the Herald without paying for it, five thousand find the Herald not Imperial enough, one thousand not French enough, one thousand not Italian enough, one thousand not something else enough, and we carry on with the glorious and gallant balance, who find the Herald Catholic enough."

BIRTH OF SAVIOUR IS VILELY SLANDERED

By M. Maslani
 (Paris Correspondent, N. C. W. C. News Service)

Canon Bertoye, director of La Croix, who is at present accompanying a French pilgrimage in Palestine, relates in his paper an incident which created a great stir in Jerusalem, and for which the Latin patriarch, Mgr. Barlassina, expressed his regret to the pilgrims.

Referring to the conversion to Catholicism of the son of Herzl, the founder of Zionism, the Doar Ayoun, the Zionist paper of Jerusalem, published a violent article, containing the vilest statements with regard to the birth of Christ.

The Rakib Sahnon, the Catholic paper of Palestine, commenting on the article said:

"If we listened to our legitimate indignation and to our hearts, hurt by such a fearful insult to the adorable person of Our Saviour Jesus Christ, we also would call down heavenly fire on the heads of these vile blasphemers, but we recall that we are the disciples of Him Who, from His cross, answered the ancestors of these Jews: 'Father, forgive them for they know not what they do.'"

Nevertheless, we are obliged to notice really painful occurrences: in the moving pictures and in the theatre, representations are given which are insults to the name of Christianity; last May on the Jewish holiday of Simon the Just, in a Jewish quarter, a manikin was crucified, stoned and burned amid shameful laughter and shrieks. Add to that the brazenness of this infamous sheet which fills the measure, since, hitherto, such abominations were unheard of.

"We greatly hope that the civil authorities will take the proper measures to prevent the recurrence of such religious provocations which are an atrocious offence to Christian conscience."

THE APOSTOLATE OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS

Paper Head by Rev. M. Cline, Toronto, at C. T. R. Convention

My theme this afternoon is the Apostolate of the Catholic Press. But as the subject is too comprehensive for a short paper I shall limit my discussion to the Catholic newspaper press, which deals with current events more loosely and with less restrictions than book or pamphlet.

Before a sculptor erects a statue, he generally makes a survey of the place where it will stand, in the hope of regulating its dimensions and pose according to the surroundings. Prompted by a like sense of proportion I wish to give a momentary consideration to the newspaper press in general that by the power of contrast I may the better emphasize the mission and the responsibility of the Catholic press in the journalistic world.

In matters social, political and religious the press is the most powerful of all human agencies: it can do incalculable good or infinite harm according as it uses or abuses its mission. As the sounding-board of the nation it has a resonance more far-reaching than any known medium of information. In length of reach and power of appeal it exceeds Parliament or any other forum of public opinion.

The press, as the guardian of the people's rights and the defender of the fundamental principles of social morality and moral progress, should give exact information by presenting news as honestly as it knows, and by narrating the incidents of everyday life as they are known to occur. But, being a human institution without any special endowment of divine wisdom, it should never usurp the functions of absolute censor or infallible dictator. Yet, in the face of this, it makes excursions into every department of life. It invades the sanctuary by calling the subject and preaching the sermon and it protrudes itself into the laboratory by pretending to give expert views on the life and habits of microscopic organisms. In addition, it traverses in ample flight the realms of history and theology and settles all the controversies of warring chroniclers and disputatious schoolmen with a finality of judgment that precludes an appeal. It makes no modifications, no reservations and no qualifications. It deals with questions from the standpoint of tendency and convention and accordingly relieves itself of the difficulties that arise from fixed principles; it ignores distinctions, and dashes everything down in black and white. After the manner of Lord Macaulay it decides that every school boy knows it or nobody knows it. It has no established rule of conduct and no self-determined conscience. It merely follows the canons of good taste which are as variable and fluctuating as sky and sea.

As outsiders let us test its assumptions. For authority, it has but self-assurance, and for learning, a smattering of letters. It makes freedom the label of its greatness while it is a bondsman within its own four walls. Because of the close affinity between policy and ownership its private affairs dominate the public interests and private gain takes precedence over public service. Influenced in large measure by the spirit of commercial enterprise the press devotes more of its attention to party politics than to the great movements which it should stem and direct towards the common good. It boasts of its leadership at the moment when it coddles and cajoles the masses along the ways of their own choice instead of educating and persuading them to pursue the ordered ways of good citizenship.

If I have lingered too long on this topic, which after all is only beside the subject of my paper, it is to accentuate the fact that the secular press has misused a fiduciary position by failing to give guidance and counsel in public matters and by confounding financial acquittance with the satisfaction of moral obligations. The transaction between the press and its clientele is not completed with the delivery of the paper on the one hand and the receipt of the remittance on the other. There is the further consideration of guarding and maintaining the truth, civic direction, community of thought, affinity of relationship and intimacy of mental contact which mean more to patrons than their annual subscriptions. A good illustration of the dual character of the press may be seen in the attitude of travellers towards the newspapers of another country, similar to their own in language and general information. Owing to a lack of acquaintance, lack of confidence and lack of interest there is little disposition on their part to read those unfamiliar journals even if brighter and better edited than their home press.

Journalism is a business like any other business which has to pay if it is to live. It needs ample support for the maintenance of brains and machinery. And as in human life the best results are obtained when

a sound mind is combined with a sound body, so also in journalism we can only hope for the Catholic press to be equal to its opportunities and demands when its mind is yoked to an adequate equipment freed from the worries and hardships of poverty.

But is the Catholic press thus happily harnessed? We know that the status of Catholics both intellectually and socially has changed for the better, but we also know that the Catholic press has not kept pace with the new needs and new responsibilities of the Catholic people. Quite a few Catholics have acquired wealth in our day and still more have arisen to easy circumstances but comparatively few take any active part in public affairs and least of all in the advancement of the press.

We have schools, colleges, colleges, seminaries and hospitals fitted with modern equipment, while we allow the press to struggle on in the whitening harvest-field with tools obsolete as Ruth's sickle or the pioneers grain-cradle.

Catholic newspaper men live in an atmosphere where, on the one hand, prejudice dominates reason and public opinion is personified by dishonest propaganda, and where, on the other, lack of sympathy and lack of support are withheld by Catholics themselves. Contemptuous disregard and utter indifference cannot but depress the strongest hearts. I know of no body of professional men called to the higher places of life who labor under so many difficulties and discouragements. Though foremost in the first line of the Church's defence they have never received recognition commensurate with the service they have rendered the cause of truth, religious liberty and social welfare. They have been abandoned in their life-breaking toil and criticized when they presented but a half-gathered harvest. The marvel is that in the circumstances they have at all maintained the ordinary technique of modern journalism. Well-nigh everything that inspires and enthralls is absent. Apart from appreciation and encouragement there is inadequacy of salary, inadequacy of man-power and inadequacy of physical equipment.

Editors are overburdened and overdone. No writer can turn out a paper each week and retain his gift of freshness, no matter what may be his learning and natural ability. After addressing his readers for, say a year, his style necessarily becomes undistinguished and old in kind. His literary venture grows threadbare and commonplace and loses its power to woo and win. His editorials eventually show staleness and flatness because the performer has tired and lost his top note. It requires time, leisure and constant reading to invest the old truths with the shine of gold fresh from the mint and principles of long standing as if they had been discovered yesterday.

I especially allude to the charm of a style because I regard the cooking and serving of meals as important as the quality of food itself. An unreadable paper is a lost venture. With Catholic journalism, undermanned and underpaid as it is, and receiving such feeble support from the laity, we can hardly hope for a high-voltage press capable of adequately supplying the ministry of the spoken word by the ministry of the written word. We have too many papers languishing to the point of exhaustion. They are practically written out; look at their front page: it contains nearly all the same contributions. At first sight one should be inclined to think that the owners or managers made their living by the sale of one another's washing. But in the circumstances nothing else seems possible.

In my humble opinion there should be but one newspaper in the province and that should be Catholic rather than diocesan, provincial or national. In addition to an editor-in-chief who should be possessed of large brains, large views, and generous culture, and a Canadian, I would suggest two of the best trained Catholic writers from the English school of journalism. If I have struck a note of dissatisfaction anent the Catholic press I do not intend it as a reflection upon those who have labored so valiantly in the cause of truth against great odds. Only a superman can be expected to do the work of three men. Differences frankly expressed need not interrupt friendly relations that mean so much to us all. In matters of opinion I claim the same right to differ from others that others have to differ from me. It would be mere affectation on my part to pretend that all are satisfied with a press so poorly patronized by the Catholic laity in general.

At the back of all I have said in this paper, either by way of praise or dispraise, is the thought and wish for a great Catholic tribune which will interest, attract and stimulate a somewhat indifferent reading public, and by its disciplined thought, varied scholarship and arresting realism raise Catholic journalism to an eminence beyond the level of the secular press.

I yearn for a press that will deepen and speed the current of Catholic thought; that will command notice whenever it breaks silence and that will utter the great truths of holy faith with the decisive ring of anvils. We want

great editors whose hissing flaming words will set brain on fire and heart aflame. The cause of Church can no longer be maintained by dumb prophets or Baptists in the wilderness. Our apologetics is too old and fatigued; a constant defence tires the echoes. We want less primness and more robustness, less reticence and more outspokenness, less negativeness and more assertiveness. In a word we want fire-touched pens as well as fire-touched lips whose red-hot words will kindle the mind and move the heart with noble thoughts and generous impulses.

THE LATE VERY REV. DEAN CONNELLY

The Quinte Sun, Trenton, Ont., Oct. 4

In the tranquillity that enveloped the dawn of the beautiful morn of September 25th and in the sweet peace that pervades life's closing scene for the chosen ones of Christ, Very Reverend Dean Connelly has gone to lay at the Master's Feet the burden of his life and its infirmities, together with the sheaves of forty-two years of consecrated service. Those who were dearest to him in life were with him at the end to witness the close of that truly apostolic career. The last blessing was given by his own devoted nephew, Reverend Father Creamer.

His physical condition during the past year caused grave apprehension to his loved ones, yet they hoped that a sojourn at Mount Clemens would restore his strength. Unfortunately the treatment had a contrary effect and rather precipitated the fatal development of an old organic disease.

The plaintive tolling of the church bell at five o'clock on Thursday morning cast a gloom over the entire town for it announced the sad news that a great citizen had passed away. To his parishioners there was a more personal grief, for they lost an affectionate Father whose solicitude extended from the youngest to the oldest of his flock, a prudent counsellor, whose advice was frequently sought and an ever faithful friend, always ready to assist them in their troubles. His humility tactfully concealed innumerable acts of charity which will now receive the golden crown of recompense.

Dean Connelly was beloved by all classes and creeds because of an innate kindly temperament, which attracted all types of persons. Serenity, buoyancy, and admirable urbanity rendered him easy of approach. The large attendance at the funeral service of the most representative persons of other churches is the best testimony of public appreciation of Dean Connelly's sterling worth.

His hallowed memory needs no eloquent panegyric because his work is an imperishable monument which lives after him and will continue to bear fruit until Time shall be no more. Dean Connelly's life history and pastoral ministrations are inseparably interwoven and the thousands of souls, here and in the world beyond, who owe to him their salvation, constitute a magnificent spiritual edifice built during a long sacerdotal career.

Despite the arduous duties, the weighty responsibilities and the many heroic sacrifices, particularly in his earlier years, there still clung to the revered Priest, the aroma of holiness and fervor, characteristic of the young Levite of forty-four years ago. This sacred influence exhaled as a fragrance and is the secret of the remarkable spiritual attainments of those whose privilege it is to call him their pastor.

Dean Connelly was born in Perth on July 19th, sixty-eight years ago and there received his elementary and secondary education. His classical course was made at St. Michael's College, Toronto, and after the usual term in philosophy and theology at the College of St. Anne de la Poutiere, Quebec, he was ordained to the Holy Priesthood August 15th, 1880. His priestly functions were exercised with great zeal in ten different parishes before coming to Trenton sixteen years ago.

To his grief-stricken relatives and friends, there is a consolation in the thought, "There is no Death what seems so is transition." The soul of their beloved one has thrown off the frail tenement of clay and gone, bearing the Victor's palm, to enjoy eternal felicity. His genial presence will be sadly missed but his memory will be ever held in loving benediction.

On Monday at 8.30 p. m. the remains were conveyed to the Church of St. Peter-in-Chains to lie in state until the hour of the final obsequies. The sacred edifice presented a sombre appearance with its heavy drapings of black and purple. The members of the Holy Name Society and the Knights of Columbus formed a Guard of Honor in relays throughout the entire night, during which they kept prayerful vigil with their dearly beloved Pastor. At 7.30 the priest chanted the Solemn Office of the Dead.

Solemn Pontifical Mass was sung at 9 o'clock on Tuesday morning by His Grace, Most Reverend M. J. Spratt, D. D., Archbishop of Kingston, assisted by Very Reverend Dean Hogan of Perth as Deacon and Very Reverend Dean McDonald, Portsmouth, as Sub-deacon. Right Reverend Monsignor Hartigan was High Priest and Reverend E. J. Lacey, Master of Ceremonies.

Reverend A. J. Hanley, Gananogue, delivered an eloquent funeral oration in which he paid beautiful tribute to the life and labors of the deceased Priest.

The last solemn dirges concluded, the funeral cortege headed by the Holy Name Society and the Knights of Columbus proceeded to the C. P. R. Station to take the train for Perth. At the latter place, citizens were out en masse to pay a final tribute of respect to one whom all knew and loved. At St. John's Church, the Libera was sung and the sacred remains were then borne to the cemetery where all that was mortal of a great Priest was reverently placed beside his brothers, Reverend M. Connelly and Mr. Edward Connelly, who predeceased him.

As a tribute of respect, the stores were closed during the hours of the funeral service. The Collegiate Institute also suspended their classes for the morning.

CATHOLICS AND SECONDARY SCHOOLS

To the Editor of The Globe: I have read with considerable interest the address of Mr. James McGlade, LL. B., of Brockville, at the annual conference of the Catholic Truth Society of Canada in Columbus Hall, Toronto, as reported in The Globe of Friday, Sept. 19. Though not a Catholic myself (indeed of very pronounced Presbyterian and Anglican descent), as a believer in fair play I heartily endorse Mr. McGlade's statements re the injustice under which Catholics labor in regard to educational matters. In addition to the injustices mentioned by Mr. McGlade there is one which has come more directly under my personal observation, and has, therefore, particularly aroused my indignation. I refer to the fact that, although our Secondary schools in Ontario claim to be distinctly non-sectarian and are supported by the taxes of the Roman Catholics equally with those of the Protestants and are largely attended by Roman Catholic pupils, a very unjust discrimination is made against the employing of Catholic teachers in these schools. If any verification of this statement is needed, all that is necessary to do is to peruse the annual report of the Department of Education re the teachers in Ontario Secondary schools, and note the very small percentage of Catholic teachers even in centres where the Catholics are fairly numerous. Might I ask how many Catholic teachers there are on the staffs of the Secondary schools in the City of Toronto compared with the number of Catholic pupils in attendance at these schools and the amount of taxation paid by Roman Catholics for the support of these institutions?

A. D. L. ROBINSON, Walkerville, Ont.

WEEKLY CALENDAR

Sunday, October 19.—St. Peter of Alcantara, while still a youth left his home and entered a convent of the Discalced Carmelites. He founded the first convent of the "strict Observance" in which the cells of the Friars resembled graves rather than dwelling places. The cell of St. Peter himself was four feet and a half in length so that he could never lie down. He ate but once in three days; his sackcloth habit and cloak were his only garments and he never covered his head or feet. St. Peter died with great joy, kneeling in prayer, in October, 1562.

Monday, October 20.—St. John Cantius, was born at Kenty in Poland, A. D. 1403. He studied at Cracow. For a short time he was in charge of a parish but shrank from the burdens of responsibility and returned to his life as a professor at Cracow. For many years he lived a life of unobtrusive virtue, self-denial, and charity. He made frequent pilgrimages to Rome. He died in 1473.

Tuesday, October 21.—St. Ursula, virgin and martyr, who when the Saxons were harassing England, gathered a number of children entrusted to her care, and with certain adults who followed her direction, took refuge in Gaul. Here she was exposed to the most shameful outrages at the hands of the Huns, but without wavering the members of her entire party preferred death to shame. St. Ursula, who herself set the example gained the martyr's crown in 453. She has been regarded as the patroness of young persons and the model of teachers.

Wednesday, October 22.—St. Mello, Bishop, is said to have been a native of Great Britain. God having blessed his labors with wonderful success, he was consecrated first Bishop of Rouen in Normandy, which See he is said to have held for forty years. He died about the beginning of the fourth century.

Thursday, October 23.—St. Theodoret, martyr, was inhumanly tortured before being slain, because he had assembled the Christians at Antioch after the churches had been closed by Julian, an uncle of the Emperor of that name and like him, an apostate.

Friday, October 24.—St. Magliore, Bishop. When the father of his cousin, St. Sampson, was cured by prayer, Magliore and his father and mother and two brothers, gave all their goods to the poor, and together entered a monastery and

succeeded Sampson as Abbot of Dole and Bishop. He died in 575. Saturday, October 25.—Sts. Crispin and Crispinian, martyrs, went from Rome to Gaul in the third century and here preached the faith with marvelous results. They were cruelly put to death after a complaint had been lodged against them.

A NATIONAL ASSET

As the greatest transportation company in the world, the Canadian Pacific Railway has maintained a national service in the Trans-Canada Limited which is second to none and on the conclusion of the summer schedule of this crack train has transferred the equipment to the Vancouver Express which leaves Toronto every night 10:10 p. m. on its trip across the continent, via Winnipeg, Calgary, Banff, Lake Louise, the spiral tunnel, Sicomos and parts of the Canadian Pacific Rockies famous throughout the world. Its way to Vancouver, where the travellers are unanimous in their praise of the service of the Vancouver Hotel. The Canadian Pacific also operates a steamship service to Victoria, the Mecca for winter tourists.

Not only does the Vancouver Express carry tourists and standard sleepers, but it also carries a complete observation car complete in itself, while a parlor car is added from Revelstoke to Vancouver.

Added to this national service is a feature service from Toronto to Montreal via the Lake Shore Line, which has been entirely rebalanced with crushed rock and relaid with 100 pound rails, insuring a maximum of comfort for travellers at night as well as an absence of dust in daytime. Trains leave Toronto Union Station at 9:00 a. m. daily, 10:00 p. m. daily except Saturday, and 11:00 p. m. daily. Arriving at Windsor Station, the traveller has the benefit of immediate facilities in the women's rest room, lunch room and barber shop, which cannot be duplicated in any other station in Montreal. An added convenience is offered those who wish to travel to Montreal from North Toronto, in the 9:45 p. m. train, daily except Saturdays, from Yonge Street Station.

Canadian Pacific agents will gladly make your reservations and supply you with any information you require. They are fully qualified to offer a "second to none" service to the public.

LAX HOME TRAINING

Washington, Oct. 8.—Lax home training of children is the outstanding curse of the nation today according to the Most Rev. Michael J. Curley, Archbishop of Baltimore. Speaking at the laying of the cornerstone for the new Holy Name parochial school here, Archbishop Curley outlined the Catholic position with regard to education. Replying to critics who maintain that education in schools should be purely secular, leaving religious training to be administered in the home, the Archbishop said: "The fact remains that the children are not getting proper religious training in the home. I may say without fear of contradiction that the curse of the country today is the bringing up that is being given the children."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

THE RUTHENIAN PROBLEM
A circular letter on the Ukrainian question, issued by His Grace Archbishop McNeil, to the clergy of the Archdiocese of Toronto, was read in all the churches on Sunday last. The Ruthenian problem has reached a crisis and under the direction of His Excellency, Mgr. Petro di Maria, the Apostolic Delegate, the dioceses of Canada are lending a helping hand in the solution of this perplexing problem.

We must save the Church what is left of the Ruthenian people. If we have not hitherto done our duty by our Ukrainian fellow-Catholics, the hour is at hand when we can give, and give generously, to save the souls of thousands of these our Canadian brethren. The words of the Archbishop of Toronto should furnish much food for thought: Toronto, October 1, 1924.

A collection is taken this year in all the Dioceses of Canada to enable the Bishop of the Ruthenians in Canada to meet pressing financial obligations and save necessary institutions. Two of these institutions are the College at Yorkton and the Catholic weekly published in the Ukrainian language in Winnipeg. The call has come from the Archbishops of St. Boniface and Winnipeg, who were appointed a committee by the Apostolic Delegate to examine conditions and take remedial action. In their appeal, the Archbishops state that "the Ukrainian problem is the gravest and most perplexing that faces the Church in Canada at the present time." They add:

"It is no exaggeration to say, that the most zealous efforts on the part of the Ruthenian Bishop and clergy, coupled with the sympathetic interest and generous assistance of the Latin Catholics, will not avail to keep a large number of these people within the fold. The hostile forces arrayed against them are too powerful to make possible the pre-

vention of numerous defections. From the day of the arrival of the Ukrainian people in Canada, a determined effort was made by all the proselytizing agencies in the country to rob them of their Catholic faith, and the effort has been kept up to the present hour with a persistency worthy of a better cause. It is not wonderful that this effort met with some success, for everything was conducive to success. The people came in thousands without their clergy, the material prosperity and independence which rewarded their hard labor lulled them into indifference, religious acts made generous appeal to self-interest in the free establishment of hospitals, dispensaries and schools in the strongest national centres. Face to face with surroundings, to which all their previous experience furnished no key, it is not strange that the poor immigrants were disposed to listen to the siren voice of error, that played upon their prejudices, appealed to their pride and ministered to their needs. To warn, to advise, to explain, there was no one, or at best, here and there, only an occasional sentinel, whose voice never reached beyond the confines of parochial limits."

I have been in close touch with this problem for fourteen years, and I have no hesitation in saying that the Catholics of Canada could have saved the faith of the Ukrainian immigrants. That is, they could have given them those educational and hospital facilities which, coming from Protestant bodies, became the means of undermining their faith. Let us at least try to save what is left.

Sincerely yours,
N. McNEIL,
Archbishop of Toronto.
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Instant marketability of securities is frequently one of the most vital requirements of many holders of investments. In buying securities that may have to be sold promptly, it is well to make sure that they are properly suited to the purpose. Do they adequately measure up to the requirements? Have they a high cash value? Are they well known? Have they an instant marketability in practically every community from coast to coast? Are they subject only to narrow fluctuations, or can quotations be readily obtained?

There are some securities peculiarly suitable for those whose requirements are primarily instant marketability. Inquiry invited on this and all investment matters.

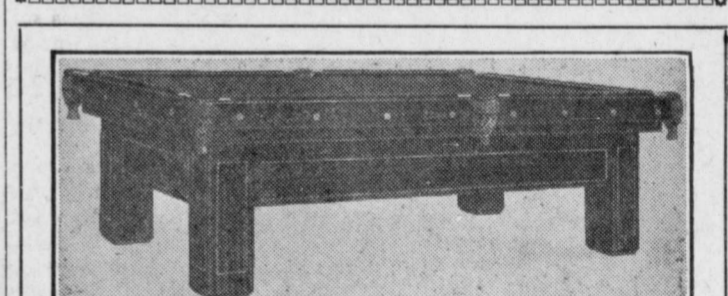
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Beautiful Cabinet, made of a dark finished oak, and which should be in the home of every Catholic family. Every consideration should be shown, in case of sickness, when the Holy Host enters the home. Everything is complete in case, including candle. Those sets formerly sold at \$15.00, but we are offering them at \$8.00, and when remittance accompanies order, will pay all transportation charges; and in cases of families clubbing six in one order, for \$45.00 prepaid.
Canadian Importers, P. O. Box 49, Amherst, N. S.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

RENEWAL OF SPIRIT

"Brethren: Be renewed in the spirit of your mind, and put on the new man, who according to God is created in justice and holiness of truth." (Eph. iv. 23.)

From the fact that we are all sinners it follows that we must, at least periodically, endeavor to effect a reform within ourselves. Sin disposes us more and more to sin, and unless we renew ourselves, we are liable to come under the influence of our enemy, or become a slave to habit.

The victims of habit are hard to recall to the path of duty. Sin has made such inroads into their nature that they effectively feel inclined to nothing else. A strong will—a will that has been trained by stern discipline—and an abundance of God's grace, are the only medicines to apply to these sad cases.

Well, Dr. Jackson's Roman Meal is precisely such a real food. Science proves that it is the darker, rougher parts of the grains that nourish and build sound and vital health. Roman Meal has the dark parts of three whole grains with bran, used in proportions to make a balanced human food.

But a terrible awakening followed. The blazing idol that had been erected in Russia is now devouring the children of those who helped set it up. Zionist papers publish a report from the pen of the public writer de Vries, the editor of a German paper appearing at Reval, on his impressions and experiences in Russia.

Christians, young and old, occasionally at least, should rouse themselves and see whether they are progressing. If not, though they think they are standing still and can save their souls while doing so, nevertheless they must renew themselves and advance. Salvation is

worked out only by advances, never by the so-called holding of one's ground. In virtue we must advance. As from a physical standpoint, an increase in age is inevitable; so, from a moral standpoint should growth in virtue necessarily come. Too many have gone backward simply because they were satisfied to arrive at a certain degree of sanctity. They thought further advance to be impossible, or else to be attained only by saints.

From babyhood to adolescence is the time of growth—the time when the body is being built. The food must be such as will build muscle, nerve tissue and bone. Virol is a food specially designed by Medical and Food Experts to meet the needs of growth. It is used regularly in 3,000 Infant Clinics, and prescribed by many thousands of Medical Men, because it builds the tissues and increases the defensive powers of the body against disease.

FEED YOUR CHILDREN UPON GHOST CEREALS

—if you will, but a farmer would laugh at you if you told him to feed them to his live stock, for he would know that live stock will soon die if fed upon them exclusively. Yet your children have not half the resistance of horses and cows. Then why feed them foods that will kill horses and cows?

Ghost cereals is the name science applies to certain unsubstantial cereal foods whose chief claim for your attention is flavor and ease of serving. Now would you not rather buy real foods, especially for your children, than to buy these fancy packages which, without milk, are hardly foods at all? Certainly you would.

JEWIS ALSO PERSECUTED BY SOVIET REGIME

When the Empire of the Czars had been broken to pieces by Bolshevism and more and more Jews made their appearance as leaders of the new régime in Russia, there were not a few Jews in Europe who were exultant and thought that the beginning of a new dominion of Judaism had come. Secretly many Jews were in sympathy with Bolshevistic ideas. In Bavaria, in Hungary and Poland Jews became the imitators of the example set by Russia. Even in the Zionist movement the Communistic tendency of the laborers' union "Paole Zion" gained wide ground.

But a terrible awakening followed. The blazing idol that had been erected in Russia is now devouring the children of those who helped set it up. Zionist papers publish a report from the pen of the public writer de Vries, the editor of a German paper appearing at Reval, on his impressions and experiences in Russia. When speaking of the Bolshevist rulers de Vries always uses the expression "Communistic Order."

This order," de Vries writes, "has fought the struggle against the Jewish bourgeois with the same consequences as it did in the case of the Christian bourgeois. It is a fact that in the large towns the Jewish race—as soon as its members have fallen away from their old faith—is subject to even more rapid decay and disintegration than other races. In consequence of the policy followed by the Soviet Government and chiefly through the suppression of the so-called zones for Jewish settlers the large Jewish settlements have been put into great motion. Just now a great influx of the Jewish population of Russia into the large towns is to be noticed. As soon as the members of the Jewish race come into the large towns they are exposed to a



The Critical Age of Growth

From babyhood to adolescence is the time of growth—the time when the body is being built. The food must be such as will build muscle, nerve tissue and bone.

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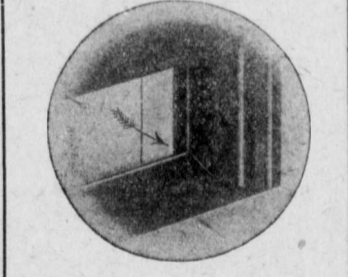
relentless and unsparring propaganda on the part of the Communist party, a propaganda which is directed against religion in general, but mainly against the Jewish religion. In particular it is the struggle against the Jewish faith which is now fought by the Communist Order, and this by means which are beyond all belief and with a cynicism that makes every man shudder who is still susceptible of reverence and awe."

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Keep cold drafts from stealing through your house. Keep destructive street dust and grime from embedding in your furniture and rugs. Keep your coal bills down.

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Around your Windows and Doors. The cost of installation is comparatively small and will soon pay for itself in satisfaction, comfort and the saving on your furniture and fuel costs.



Showing how side and sill strips are mitered together to make a perfect joint at a very vulnerable point. Without this mitered joint it is impossible to make an effective installation. We will gladly have one of our district representatives, who make all installations, give you an estimate on equipping your home or building.

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Devotion is the exercise of love, by which it grows.—Stevenson. True joy is a sincere and sober emotion.—Seneca.

Easy as A-B-C! You Can Play Any Instrument In a Few Months This Delightful New Easy Way!

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No Tricks or Stunts.—You Learn from "Regular" Music. You don't have to know the first thing about music in order to begin. You learn to play from actual notes, just like the best musicians do. And almost before you realize your progress, you begin playing real tunes and melodies instead of just scales.

Free Book Explains All Get This Special Offer. The most interesting story about the U. S. School course can not be told on this page. So a booklet has been printed—"Music Lessons in Your Own Home." You can have a copy absolutely free by mailing the coupon below. In the booklet you will find a special offer that makes the U. S. course available to you at a very low price—if you act promptly. With it will be sent an Illustrated Folder which explains better than words how delightfully quick and easy the Print & Picture Method is. If you are really anxious to become a good player on your favorite instrument, mail the coupon now—today.

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Booze Must Not Come Back! Only By Voting Can Ontario Citizens Defeat the Desperate Liquor Interests

THE lawless liquor traffic dies hard. But good citizenship is a patient executioner in Ontario. Again and again Ontario citizens have registered their determination that the moral and economic waste caused by booze must cease. On October 23rd the men and women of this Province must tell the self-seeking liquor interests still more emphatically that booze shall not come back. A half-million majority for continuance of The Ontario Temperance Act is language that brewer, distiller and bootlegger will understand.

O.T.A. is Hated for Its Good Work

Desperate because the O.T.A. has cut down drinking by 90%, the liquor trade seeks the death of the finest temperance measure Ontario has ever had. Distiller, brewer and bootlegger are arrayed against the forces of reform. The issue itself is sharply drawn, but John Barleycorn is using a new disguise. Only his desperation can explain his reckless effrontery and his astonishingly low estimate of the common sense of the people.

Rally to Its Defence!

The same sordid story comes from every province where so-called government "control" has been blindly adopted. More drinking, more drunkenness, more crime, more accidents, more misery, more waste—and, above all, infinitely more of the curse of bootlegging. This prospect should send every earnest man and woman in Ontario to the polls on October 23rd to vote for the continuance, strengthening and vigorous enforcement of The Ontario Temperance Act.

To legalize the sale of booze for beverage purposes, though in sealed packages, is to re-establish the liquor shop

The Ontario Plebiscite Committee 2 Toronto Street, Toronto G. B. Nicholson, Chairman

INC. 1892 The Peoples Loan and Savings Corporation HEAD OFFICE: 428 Richmond St., London, Ont. BRANCH OFFICE: 14 Sandwich St. W., Windsor, Ont. Savings Department Investment Department

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Your Ballot is Your Weapon You know that, but you must VOTE. Your weapon, the ballot, must be used. Vote yourself, and use your influence to have every qualified elector within your home and your place of work do likewise. The only votes counted will be those placed in the ballot box on October 23rd, 1924. Apathy and over-confidence have lost many a good fight. The liquor trinity—bootlegger, brewer and distiller—are at work, night and day. Foil their efforts by polling an overwhelming majority for The Ontario Temperance Act. Mark your ballot thus:

1 Are you in favour of the continuance of the Ontario Temperance Act? X 2 Are you in favour of the sale as a beverage of beer and spirituous liquor in sealed packages under Government control?

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

BE HAPPY

If you and I—just you and I—Should laugh instead of worry; If we should grow—just you and I Kinder and sweeter hearted, Perhaps in some near by and by A good time might get started; Then what a happy world 'twould be

For you and me—for you and me!

THE MEANEST MAN

We have all met him somewhere, so we believe, and we have felt nothing but commiseration for him. His position is not an enviable one. He hoards his goods, not merely material, but mental and spiritual—for certainly there is a spiritual side to even the meanest man on earth.

A short while ago one of the daily papers conducted a column for the purpose of bringing to light the appalling littleness of human nature when it refuses to recognize the rights and amenities due to others. The thing turned out to be decidedly humorous. It furnished a good hearty laugh for many who read these amazing little anecdotes of their next door neighbor or their fellow-traveler or worker in every-day life.

But there was another side to the situation. This side was not humorous, but pitiful. For it revealed the fact that there are men who are letting the bigger, finer things of life go past them while they are selfishly centered upon their own insignificant affairs and troubles, real or fancied.

We have all experienced a few of the disfiguring traits of character of the meanest man. We have sat beside him in the train, daily, and noted how assiduously he has read our newspaper. Of course we should not object if this happened once in awhile. But when we realize that, rather than spend an occasional tab, cents or so, he prefers to inoculate himself with information which we have purchased for our own edification, it is almost too tragic to be amusing. We know the man who, rather than buy a paper, occasionally, at least, will always wait to pick up as the crowd files through the car to the exit. Always we have never known it to fail in connection with a certain fellow passenger.

It is astonishing, sometimes, how such slight weaknesses of human character have power to irritate and annoy us. Of course we should be big enough to rise above them. But if we happened to have got up with a slight headache that morning, or something disturbed us at the breakfast table, or we received a disappointing letter just as we were making for the train, these things loom up huge on our mental horizon that at other times would only elicit a smile.

We are sorry, however, deep down in our souls for the meanest man. We have seen him rudely jostle a frail woman who was about to board an elevated train at the rush hour. If he did not hurt her physically, he must have injured her feelings considerably. He is not chivalrous in any sense of the word.

We have seen him waiting for the excursion boat, leaning over the magazine stall and pouring over the pages of Life or one of the more sedate publications. Doubtless he should be well informed by the time the boat is due. We think that the man who operates the newsstand is endowed with the virtue of patience to more than ordinary degree.

He is the man who apologizes for borrowing our lawn mower, albeit it is on the verge of collapse. We are relieved that he has the grace to preface his request with an apology.

When the collection plate comes around in church or at the town forum, both of which institutions are conducted solely for his benefit and that of others presumably like him, he fumbles in his pocket, and manages to resurrect something by the time the usher has gone a couple of seats past. How relieved he must be to have saved that extra penny! One more such stroke of economy and he will have completely saved to purchase a paper in the railroad station when he is waiting for his train. We have hopes of him. Or perchance he is saving toward the investing in a postage stamp.

We might indulge in many more reminiscences about the meanest man. But we refrain lest, chancing to read these lines, he might be too bitterly wounded. But we do express the hope that in future he will desist from looking over our shoulder when we are reading the latest sporting news . . . at least occasionally. Otherwise we shall be mean enough to bring a spelling book some morning and disappoint him cruelly.

The accumulation of little meannesses in life gathers slowly. Sometimes imperceptibly. But gradually, surely, it creates a barrier between a man and those who would otherwise respect and esteem him. It weaves an insidious web about him, from which it will be difficult to extricate himself later on.

Sometimes such men are like that well-remembered member of the famous Club of Pickwickians, Mr. Tracy Tupman. Time and feeding, Dickens tells us, had expanded that once romantic form; the black silk waistcoat had become more and

more developed; inch by inch had the gold watch chain beneath it disappeared from within the range of Tupman's vision. And, oh the horror of it—"gradually had the capacious chin encroached upon the borders of the white cravat." Mr. Tupman, alas, could no longer see himself over that awesome cravat. He completely overlooked himself, but without seeing anything at all that once was himself.

O, would that we could see ourselves as others see us! This axiom is not only inculcated by spiritual writers, but by poets and novelists and even more nondescript persons. At least, would that we might see our more glaring defects, for then, doubtless, we would be on the defensive against them.

Generosity is a lovely trait, becoming to every man, whether he be a slender figure as the once romantic Tupman, or whether, like that delightful man, in later years, he finds it difficult to stoop over as far as his shoe laces. Everyone is attracted to the generous man, the man who will gladly offer you his last match, who, if he chances to borrow your sickle, brings it back properly sharpened. The man who at least occasionally waits at the side of some country lane when he knows that otherwise you must pull up your car and wait for him.

Generosity creates a kindly feeling among men. It brings sunshine on rainy days, almost like magic. It makes a man want to go a little further in being kind, in giving. And so it is a decided medium of our social progress.—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

IN A CONVENT CHAPEL

I love this place of rest, God's silent room,
Where consecrated souls and high hearts dream
A place where God is there can be no gloom,
With Love's unflinching Light and mystic gleam.

When'er I will I may find solace here
Before my Lord within His holy place—
And enter in, bereft of human fear,
His wonder-world of sanctifying grace.

In this still room, God's love, like moonlit cloud
Enfolds me in its mellow golden flame;
And in its light I learn to loathe the loud,
The empty, the deceptive joys of fame.

Herein my heart gives up each stubborn sin;
I yield earth's idols once so dear to me;
And on these everlasting hills begin
The glory of my soul's eternity!

GOD'S STRANGE SCHOOLS

No books, no universities can teach us the divine art of sympathy. We must be sorely tempted ourselves before we can understand what others suffer in their temptations. We must have sorrow ourselves in some form before we can be real and true comforters of others in their times of sorrow. We must walk through the deep valleys ourselves before we can be guides to others in the same shadowy vales. We must feel the strain and carry the burden and endure the struggle ourselves, and then we can be touched with the feelings of sympathy, or give a help to others in life's sore stress and poignant need. So we see one component of suffering; it fits us for being in a larger sense helpers of others.—The Pilot.

WHY BOYS FAIL

There is a cause for everything! Nothing ever "just happens." If a boy is promoted to a better job there is a cause. If a boy loses his job there is also a cause.

There are many causes that lead to failure. Here is a list of the most common causes:

1. Finding fault with another but never seeing your own faults.
 2. Doing as little as possible and trying to get as much as possible for it.
 3. Spending too much time showing up another's weak points and too little time correcting your own.
 4. Slandering those we do not like.
 5. Procrastination—putting off until tomorrow something that we should have done day before yesterday.
 6. Deceit—talking in a friendly manner to another's face and stabbing him in the back as soon as he turns around.
 7. False belief that we are smart enough to reap a harvest of pay before sowing a crop of honest service.
 8. Disloyalty to those who have trusted us.
 9. Egotism—the belief that we know it all and no one can teach us anything.
 10. Last, but not least, lack of necessary training and education to enable us to stand at the head in our line of work.
- Look this over and check yourself up by it. If none of these causes for failure apply to you, then you are to be congratulated, because you are a success.—The Catholic Observer, Pittsburgh, Penn.

CINDERS IN SPIRITUALITY

I was standing at the ticket-window of a railroad station in a small town when, with a thundering

roar a long line of steel coaches suddenly came to a stop.
"It is the express," some one remarked. "Why is it stopping here?"
The door suddenly opened and the fireman of the stalled train came hurrying into the little station.

"Have you a mirror? I have a cinder in my eye."
The ticket-agent handed him a mirror. A minute or two passed; then the fireman hurried from the station.

"Did you get it out?" the ticket-agent called after him.
"Yes, thanks," came back the answer.
"The fastest express on the line held up by a cinder," remarked the ticket-agent to me. "How often, Father, what appears to be a trifle causes trouble? I suppose that many a man may be stopped on the road to Heaven because of some cinder in his spiritual eye. How many people, otherwise seemingly perfect, will stop the spiritual progress of their lives by what appears to them to be only a cinder, when their uncharitableness and backbiting are serious enough to impede their journey to Heaven!"

The ticket-agent was right. Who would have thought that a cinder could stop the fastest train? How few think that the cinders of uncharitableness may be serious and may impede their journey to Heaven!—The Messenger.

NO TED PROTESTANT IRISHMAN A CONVERT

Captain A. J. C. Donelan who has become a convert to Catholicity is one of the most popular public men in Ireland. Between 1892 and 1918 he represented the constituency of East Cork in the British House of Commons as a member of the Irish Parliamentary party. A Protestant landowner, his sympathies were always with those who were battling for self-government. He was unanimously chosen as representative by the most Catholic constituency in Cork County. He was one of the most active and useful members ever sent to Parliament by any constituency. So esteemed was he by the Irish Parliamentary party that they appointed him one of their Whips. Among the Bishops and priests he had numerous friends and from time to time he made it clear that he did not consider there was any real religion outside the Catholic Church. His reception into the Church has been a source of great satisfaction to Catholics throughout Ireland.

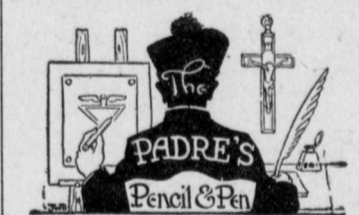
14TH CENTURY CHAPEL SAVED

London, Eng.—A fourteenth century chapel of the Knights of Malta, at Godshill, Hampshire, has been saved from destruction by the action of the Office of Works.

The owner of the land on which the chapel stands had proposed to pull down the historical building, partly, it is stated, because of an objection that it was haunted.

The Chief Inspector of Ancient Monuments called the attention of the Office of Works to the proposed destruction of the building, and it was at once "scheduled." The effect of scheduling is that the owner is under a statutory obligation to inform the Commissioners of the Office of Works before he does anything to alter the building.

In this way ancient monuments which come into the possession of people who do not understand their



Answers for last week: 1 & 6: Nativity, 2 & 9: Crucifixion, 4 & 10: Agony in Garden, 7 & 8: Visitation, 3 & 5: Carthusian (Charterhouse) Monks, St. Bruno (Oct. 6) founder.



How are you going to pair these six? And how can the following sentence be lined up to give the name of a great Evangelist of this week?
YOU ARE ALL INK

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The exquisite flavor indicates the perfect blending of choice teas. Ask for a package today.

FREE SAMPLE OF GREEN TEA UPON REQUEST. "SALADA," TORONTO

historical value are saved for posterity. The old chapel, which has a priest's residence attached, has been used for many years as a barn and storehouse.

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

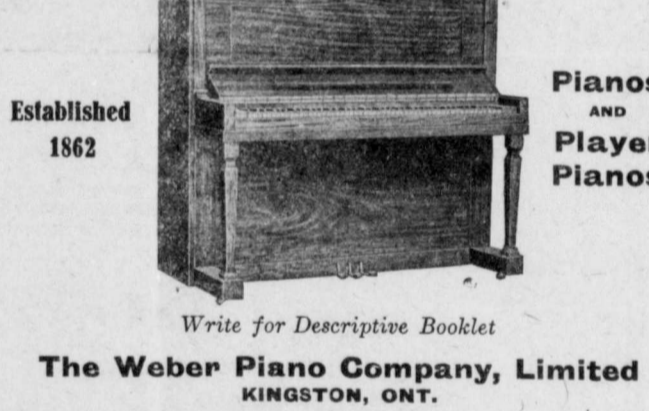
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WEBER

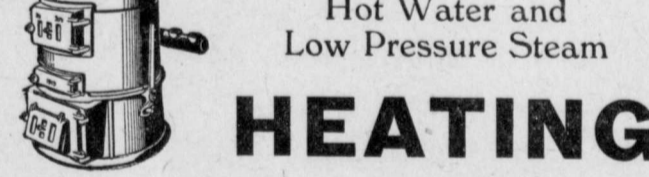


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"I must say I am highly pleased with the Pease Furnace. I started it last fall and have not had the least trouble with it since. This furnace burns very little more coal than our kitchen range."

Pease Furnaces are built to last a lifetime. Many last over forty years ago are still giving entire satisfaction. If you have a heating problem, write us. We will be pleased to show you how the Pease Air Blast, Long Fire Travel and other features can save you money.

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Ladies, Boys and Girls

You may have a Beautiful Imported Self Filling Fountain Pen as a Premium for selling our Beautiful Scapular Medals

We are placing on the market for the first time at this low price, the Beautiful Rolled Gold No. 570 Scapular Medal, which sells at 15c. each.

This beautiful Medal is about the same size as illustrated, being in rolled Gold Rim which is covered with a thin pane of Gelaatine Mica, having a Portrait of the Sacred Heart of Jesus on one side and Our Lady of Mount Carmel on the other side. This Medal can be worn around the neck attached to a chain, or is applicable for both uses.

If you can sell 25 of these Medals at 15c. each, we can give you as a premium, one handsome imported Self-Filling Fountain Pen, which is serviceable and of excellent value.

If you can sell 36 of these Medals, we can give you a beautiful Rolled Gold Mounted "Star-Writer" Self Sharpening Pencil.

Send in your order quickly, as there is bound to be a big demand for these beautiful Medals.

Address all communications to:
Catholic Supply Co., 46 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Canada

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OBITUARY

MR. L. N. RHEAUME
Ottawa Citizen, Oct. 4

A life spent almost entirely in the service of his country was brought to a close this morning with the death of Mr. Louis Napoleon Rheaume, former consulting engineer for the Dominion Government with the Department of Railways and Canals, to whose genius there stand as monuments locks and waterways on the St. Lawrence river, at Coulanges, the Long Sault and Prescott.

The late Mr. Rheaume, whose life for over half a century was practically spent in the great outdoors which he loved, is the only survivor of the original party of geological surveyors who set out in 1873 to map out the first route which it was proposed the C. P. R. should follow through the Rockies. Under his direction many of the important waterway controls were constructed on the St. Lawrence.

The late Mr. Rheaume who was superannuated from the government service four years ago, had been in ill health for some time past and the end was not unexpected by his son, Rev. Father Rheaume, who had come from Winnipeg to be at his bedside, and his only daughter, Miss Eugenie.

The late Mr. Louis Napoleon Rheaume was born in the year 1847 in Quebec city, the son of the late Mr. J. P. Rheaume, who was a member of the Lower Canada Legislative Assembly for Quebec, and Miss E. Turcotte. He received his early education at the Quebec Seminary, and later entered McGill University from which he graduated in 1870, and chose as his profession that of a civil engineer. He entered the government service with the accession to power of the Right Honorable Alexander Mackenzie.

In 1872 he was a member of the Geological Survey party which set out to map out the proposed route of the Canadian Pacific Railway through the Rocky Mountains, with which he spent three years, and of which he was the sole remaining survivor.

Returning from the west in 1873, Mr. Rheaume took as his wife Miss Cordelia Dorion, daughter of Dr. E. Dorion, at that time a well known physician in the city. The marriage took place in old St. Joseph's Church here, where his son, Rev. Father A. D. Rheaume, parish priest of St. Edward's Church, Winnipeg, was later ordained to the priesthood by the late Archbishop Gauthier in 1909.

Returning to the West in 1880 Mr. Rheaume decided to divert his engineering talent from railways to the construction and control of waterways and was for two years engaged in making surveys and enlargements to the canal locks on the Lachine Canal and along the St. Lawrence.

In 1882 he removed to the town of Morrisburgh and under the direction of the late Mr. Roubidge who was engineer in charge of the works, he took part in the enlargement of the Long Sault canal, which was extended by three miles.

On the death of Mr. Roubidge, Mr. Rheaume was placed in charge of this important government work, upon which he was engaged for over fourteen years. He was then given the division to superintend from St. Soulanges to Prescott, where under his direction all the locks were built, and the escarpments of the canal, also the Cardinal Locks.

Upon the completion of his work in the Soulanges division, Mr. Rheaume with his family moved to Cornwall, where he resided from 1896 until 1904, when he came to Ottawa, and until the time he was superannuated four years ago was

consulting engineer for the Dominion Department of Railways and Canals, in connection with the development work which had been constructed under his direction on the St. Lawrence river. In all, the late Mr. Rheaume spent fifty years of his life in the service of his country during which he qualified as an engineering expert on waterways control, whose extensive knowledge was welcomed by the Government.

The death of his wife five years ago proved a severe blow to Mr. Rheaume, and also to the city of Ottawa where he played a prominent part in the formation of the Canadian Historical Society, before which she read many important papers; was president of St. Joseph's Orphanage and vice-president of the Children's Aid Society.

Mr. Rheaume was a prominent and highly esteemed member of the Engineering Institute of Canada, also of the Ottawa Council Knights of Columbus and the C. M. B. A., which he joined while in Cornwall and was transferred here.

He is survived by one daughter, Miss Eugenie, at home; a son, Rev. Father A. D. Rheaume, parish priest of St. Edward's, Winnipeg, formerly of Ottawa; two brothers, Messrs. August A. Rheaume, Court House Librarian, Quebec City, and Eugene at Lorette, Que.; a sister, Mrs. W. Daly at Montreal, and he was a distant cousin of His Lordship Bishop Louis Rheaume of the diocese of Haileybury, Ont.

Representatives of the various scientific bodies of the city and of the department in which he labored for over half a century, together with many prominent citizens, paid a last tribute of respect on Monday, Oct. 6, to the late Louis Napoleon Rheaume, whose funeral took place from the family residence, 81 Daly avenue, to St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church. Solemn Requiem Mass was chanted by Rev. Father A. D. Rheaume, parish priest of St. Edward's, Winnipeg, son of the deceased, who was assisted by Rev. Father J. H. McDonald, of Toledo, Ont., as deacon, and by Rev. Father A. Armstrong, of Fitzroy Harbor, as sub-deacon.

The chief mourners were Rev. Father A. D. Rheaume, of Winnipeg, a son; Miss Eugenie Rheaume, a daughter; Miss G. Dorion, and Messrs. Napoleon and Charles Mathe, grand nephews.

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MARRIAGE

REDDIN-BRENNAN.—On September 9, 1924, in Our Lady of Lourdes Church, Toronto, by Rev. Father J. M. J. Reddin, brother of the bridegroom, Mary Anastasia (May) Brennan, daughter of Mrs. Margaret Baker of Toronto and the late Richard Brennan, to Daniel Vincent Reddin, Winnipeg, son of Mrs. Mary Reddin of Toronto and the late Daniel Reddin.

DIED

CARRIGAN.—At Spring Hill, N. S., on September 14, 1924, Mrs. Mary Jane Carrigan, aged fifty-five years. May her soul rest in peace.

LAPPE.—At his late residence 605 King Edward Avenue, Ottawa, on September 24, 1924, Mr. F. B. Lappe, aged eighty-six years. May his soul rest in peace.

LAYDEN.—At Dundas, Ont., on Thursday, September 25, 1924, Elizabeth Layden, widow of Michael Layden, aged eighty-six years. May her soul rest in peace.

McEvoy.—Suddenly, on September 29, 1924, John M. McEvoy, aged eighty-three years. Funeral from his sister's residence, Mrs. P. O'Connor, 401 Lisgar St., Ottawa, Interment at West Osgoode, Ont. May his soul rest in peace.

To make one step in the propagation of the faith, or to give one ray of light to heretics, I would forfeit a hundred kingdoms.—St. Teresa.

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