

The Catholic Record

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

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2358

LORD SHAUGHNESSY DEAD

HIS GENIUS IS RECOGNIZED THROUGHOUT WORLD

Montreal, Dec. 10.—Terminating an illness of scarcely twenty-four hours' duration, the death occurred here at 7.30 this evening of the Right Hon. Baron Shaughnessy of Montreal and of Ashford, County Limerick, Ireland, and Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Lord Shaughnessy died at his residence, 905 Dorchester street west, this city, in the presence of Lady Shaughnessy and of his heir, Hon. William J. Shaughnessy, and all the immediate members of his family. His spiritual adviser, Rev. Gerald J. McShane, pastor of St. Patrick's Church was also present.

During his brief illness from the moment of the seizure on Sunday night, Lord Shaughnessy retained his usual clarity of mind and purpose, recognizing all who spoke to him, and particularly His Grace Archbishop Georges Gauthier, Apostolic Administrator of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Montreal, who was at the bedside at 7 o'clock, a half-hour before death ended the career of the great railway man.

HIS LAST PUBLIC APPEARANCE

The last public appearances of Lord Shaughnessy were on Sunday. In the morning, accompanied by Lady Shaughnessy, he attended High Mass at St. Patrick's Church. In the afternoon he was present at the dedication of the new building of the Montreal Council, Knights of Columbus, on Mountain street, and there delivered an impromptu address, being visibly touched by the warmth of the reception accorded him by the large body of men present at the function.

From this function Lord Shaughnessy returned to his home, and there was taken by a seizure after dinner.

This afternoon at 3.30 Father McShane of St. Patrick's, and Father Groves, also of St. Patrick's were summoned and administered the last rites of the Church, his Lordship preserving throughout the ceremonies complete consciousness. In the evening at 7 o'clock Archbishop Gauthier entered the chamber and gave to the patient a last blessing.

C. P. R. PRESIDENT PAYS TRIBUTE

Montreal, Dec. 10.—"The untimely death of Lord Shaughnessy," said Mr. E. W. Beatty, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, tonight, "has removed from Canadian life its most outstanding figure. Public men have come and gone, and their respective merits, as I think, have been duly appreciated by the people of this country. But in no single instance, so far as my observation goes, has one man combined the achievement, the mentality, the force of character and the human qualities of generosity, charity, and consideration for his fellow-men in the same degree as the late Chairman of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

"Always he was a strict disciplinarian, but his discipline was impersonal, and his warm Irish disposition reflected itself in numerous acts of kindness, which increased the loyalty he always inspired in those who were associated with him.

"He possessed in a remarkable degree an acuteness of mental reasoning which few men enjoy. Nothing was overlooked by him and no act that was meritorious escaped his commendation. Thoroughly schooled as he was in the advantages of good reading, he became a great student of literature, and a sagacious critic of public affairs. To those who knew him intimately his qualities of sympathy and charity were perhaps the most impressive.

"He had a unique career, filled with initiative, enterprise and courage. Having run the threescore and ten, he has departed with a record that few Canadians have ever made, and all his accomplishments and successes were clean. Never in his official or his personal life has a suggestion been made against the complete integrity that characterized all his actions.

"In Lord Shaughnessy Canada loses its most distinguished, most loyal and most efficient citizen."

TRIBUTE FROM PRIME MINISTER

Ottawa, Dec. 10.—Announcement of Lord Shaughnessy's death was received in the Capital with surprise and sorrow. Commenting upon it, Premier King said: "The British Empire has lost one of its great citizens in the passing of Lord Shaughnessy. His life and work were in the main identified with Canada; few, if any, have enjoyed a more intimate association with the country's commercial and industrial development, but in more ways than one he was a world figure. To him more than to any other is due the encircling of the globe by the great transportation system with which his name was identified.

WAS BORN IN WISCONSIN

Thomas George Shaughnessy, first Baron Shaughnessy of Montreal and Ashford, County Limerick, Ireland, was born in Milwaukee, Wis., October 6, 1853, the son of Thomas Shaughnessy. He was educated at the Public schools of his native city and entered railway work in the purchasing department of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway in 1869. He rose rapidly in the ranks of railway officials and was general storekeeper of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway in 1882, when he was approached by William Van Horne, then collecting a staff for the infant Canadian Pacific Railway, and engaged as general purchasing agent.

Mr. Shaughnessy was made Assistant to the President of the C. P. R., in 1889, a Vice-President and director in 1891, and became President of the company in 1899, retiring to become Chairman of the Board of Directors in 1918. He was knighted in 1901, made a Knight Commander of the Victorian Order in 1907, and raised to the Peerage in 1916. Lord Shaughnessy was associated through directorship with a wide range of enterprises. He was on the directorates of all the subsidiaries of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Bank of Montreal, the Royal Trust Company, and Trans-Canada Theatres, Limited, and owned much real estate and office-building property in Montreal. He was a Fellow of the Royal Colonial Institute, a Governor of Laval University, a Governor of the Western Hospital, Montreal, and a member of the Montreal Jockey Club. He married, in 1880, Maud Elizabeth Nagle of Milwaukee. His heir is Hon. W. J. Shaughnessy. The Baron and Baroness Shaughnessy had three daughters, the Hon. Mrs. H. W. Beauclerk, the Hon. Mrs. Rene Redmond, and the Hon. Marguerite Shaughnessy.

PRESIDED OVER C. P. R. EXPANSION

During the regime of Lord Shaughnessy as President of the C. P. R., it grew to be the greatest single transportation system by land and water in the world. It poured out millions—\$600,000,000, to be exact—on the development of the Canadian West and its shipping feeders to the railway. In 1901 its capital stock stood at \$65,000,000, when he left the Presidency its stock was figured at \$200,000,000. Between 1905 and 1912 the value of the stock advanced to 282.7-8, and the dividend rose from 6% to 10% per annum.

Lord Shaughnessy's characteristic qualities were: Alertness, quick decision, foresight and unflinching courage and optimism. All his large decisions, whether for the C. P. R., or in his own private ventures, were based almost exclusively on his own judgment. This was in most cases a matter of necessity, because he had no precedents to follow. His methods were frequently spectacular and startling in their daring. For instance, in the course of a conversation with Van Horne in the early part of the century the fact that the C. P. R., was a completed transcontinental system with terminals that made it possible to do business with and link up the Old World and the New World was under discussion. Van Horne said, referring more particularly to the Canadian West: "We have built the hopper, but we want the spout." Shaughnessy decided there would be two spouts to the C. P. R. Almost overnight he arranged for the purchase of the Atlantic ships of the Old Beaver Lines, amounting to 15 in all, and set up the system whereby huge numbers of immigrants were secured and transported from England and Europe on them and over the C. P. R. rails to the Canadian West. Later he acquired vessels for the Pacific trade the company developed.

In his day the purchasing department of the C. P. R., was a synonym for efficiency and economy, and he was regarded as the greatest railway purchasing agent on the continent at that time. It was as a financier, however, that the Shaughnessy foresight and daring were perhaps to get their fullest play. In 1912 the world was on the crest of a wave of prosperity. War clouds, however, were collecting on the horizon. Shaughnessy knew that in a few years his company would be called upon to retire one of its great bond issues. He had the money to do it in the treasury, but he saw that if this was done the development of the railway would be retarded. He recalled that in the company's charter was a clause permitting it to retire maturing bonds by an issue of new stock. With dazzling rapidity he decided to tap the money markets of the world—chiefly the European markets, where funds could be borrowed cheaply—and sold 600,000 shares at \$175 each. When the War broke out the great company was in a position to ride safely through the financial panic that ensued and to meet all claims against it at its leisure.

HIS WAR SERVICES

Lord Shaughnessy was one of the outstanding figures in the World War. His advice was frequently asked and followed by the Canadian and Imperial Governments. Upon the outbreak of hostilities he placed the whole resources of the C. P. R.—railroad, ships and shops—at the disposal of the Allies, while he threw himself wholeheartedly into the work of recruiting in Montreal. His two sons, his heir and his second boy, A. T. Shaughnessy, went to the front, and the latter was killed in France. His Lordship rendered invaluable assistance in connection with the campaigns to secure money for the Victory loans. He was spoken at all times during the conflict, and characteristically precipitated several sensations by his fearlessness in facing and telling the truth about situations as he saw them.

Lord Shaughnessy warmly supported conscription, and in this connection he issued a highly significant statement to the press, addressed specially to French-Canadians. The British Government, impressed with the efficiency of the purchasing system in the C. P. R., instituted by Lord Shaughnessy, engaged it to do much of its buying on this side, while the C. P. R. shops were rapidly placed by him in a position to handle the manufacture of munitions of War. When the British Government was trying to keep tottering and groggy Russia on its feet it called on Lord Shaughnessy for suggestions as to the improvement of the railroad service in that country, and Shaughnessy sent two of his ablest men to straighten out the tangle there. To Lord Shaughnessy's initiative was due quite largely the decision of the Allies to transport through Canada hundreds of thousands of Chinese coolies for work behind the battle zones.

Though of necessity a keen student of politics, Lord Shaughnessy could never be persuaded to enter public life. He was offered any number of offices, but always said that he was a railway man, and when he became President of the C. P. R., the height of his ambition was reached.

THE NATIONAL RAILWAYS

In 1920-21, during the discussion on the future of the Canadian National Railways, and while the question of absorbing the Grand Trunk was being considered by the Government, at the request of Sir Robert Borden, the Canadian Prime Minister, Lord Shaughnessy prepared a memorandum, giving his own personal ideas on the best method to follow to make the Government roads a paying concern. His scheme entailed the acquisition by the Government of the C. P. R., and the guarantee of a certain fixed interest in perpetuity to holders of its bonds and stock. His Lordship suggested that all the Government roads could then be merged under the management of the C. P. R. officials, and he expressed the opinion that, with the profitable C. P. R. lines, plus the efficiency of their management, the deficits being earned by the other sections of the Government system would be counterbalanced. Lord Shaughnessy submitted the same ideas to Premier Meighen.

Lord Shaughnessy, if he knew how to achieve great results, also knew how to secure the necessary assistance required from those under him. He was warmly revered, not only by those in personal contact with him, but by the rank and file of the C. P. R. employees. He could boast that during his regime as President no serious strike occurred among the company's employees. His attitude toward Labor was very forcibly expressed by him on two occasions. Once, when opening the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto in 1918, he advised both Labor and Capital to approach one another on the wage question prepared to grant the maximum demanded, and not the minimum. Again, in the course of a speech to C. P. R. officials in Montreal in 1919, he issued a warning that no one must expect Labor to go back to pre-war conditions, as the workman had tasted of the good things of life and meant to retain them.

THROUGHS ATTEND FUNERAL OF THE LATE LORD SHAUGHNESSY

Montreal, Dec. 13.—The extraordinary range of friendship enjoyed by the late Lord Shaughnessy in his lifetime was apparent this morning when representatives of the State, the Church, the bench, the professions, executives of great business organizations and many from the humbler walks of life attended the funeral of the late baron, while the route of the funeral procession was lined with throngs of people. The body of the master railroader was removed from his late residence to St. Patrick's Church, where it was received by Right Rev. Monsignor Jno. E. Donnelly, pastor of St. Anthony's parish in which Lord Shaughnessy resided.

The solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated by Rev. Gerald

McShane, rector of St. Patrick's and spiritual adviser of Lord Shaughnessy. Rev. Thos. F. Heffernan served as Gaccon of the Mass, and Rev. John L. O'Rourke, chancellor of the archdiocese, served as sub-deacon. His Grace Archbishop Gauthier was present in the sanctuary and after the Mass he officiated at the solemn "Libera."

SERVICE IN LATIN

A funeral oration was not made, as such tributes are not permitted by the Church authorities in this province. As usual the service was in Latin, but in order that those who attended the Mass could follow, small books were supplied containing both the Latin text and the English translation.

The burial service at Cote Des Neiges Cemetery was conducted by Rev. H. W. Hingston, S. J., rector of Loyola College, Montreal.

The Prime Minister, Right Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King; Sir Lomer Gouin, Minister of Justice; Hon. James A. Robb, Minister of Immigration and Acting Minister of Finance, and Senator Raoul Dandurand, Government Senate Leader, attended as representative of the Government. The Governor-General, Baron Byng of Vimy, who is on a tour of the Eastern townships, was represented by his aide de camp, Major Willis O'Connor, of Ottawa. The Duke of Connaught, former Governor-General of Canada, was represented by Arthur P. Sladen, Ottawa, and Secretary to the Governor-General. The Liberal-Conservative Association attended the funeral in a body.

C. P. R. PAYS TRIBUTE

President E. W. Beatty, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, together with a number of leading officials and executive officers, represented the system of which Lord Shaughnessy was so long the chief.

The Canadian National Railways was represented by Gerald Ruel, Vice-President in charge of legal affairs for the C. N. R., and the only vice-president in Montreal this week; D. E. Galloway, assistant to the president, represented Sir Henry Thornton.

Others in attendance were Major-General Sir Alexander Bertram, Col. W. I. Gear, Hon. Rodolph Lemieux, Col. Walter Molson, Col. Papineau, representing Lieutenant-Governor Brodeur; Hon. James Murdoch, Hon. Charles Murphy, Senator Sir George E. Foster, Sir Robert Borden, Walter Mitchell, M.P.; Charles Gordon, Albert Halstead, Consul-General of the United States; Judge Leboeuf, Gen. E. Panet, Sir Andrew McPhail, Col. H. S. Birckett, Senator Robertson, Senator Lorne C. Webb, Hon. J. Williams, Toronto; Otto K. Nobel, Norwegian Consul; D. A. Smith, Toronto; Hon. James Leboeuf, J. W. Ross, president Board of Trade.

At the funeral hour, 10 o'clock, trains over the entire Canadian Pacific system, the engines of steamships at sea and all activities of the system which Baron Shaughnessy had headed, ceased for two minutes.

MGR. SEIPEL GAINS SOCIALIST RESPECT

By Dr. Frederick Funder

Vienna, November 5.—There has been a notable diminution in anti-Catholic feeling inspired by Socialistic propaganda, as a result of the extensive speaking tours made by Monsignor Seipel, the Federal Chancellor during the campaign preceding the recent elections. The change, in a large measure, is due to the personality of the Chancellor.

During the past few months, it is estimated, Monsignor Seipel addressed audiences whose total membership exceeded 1,000,000 persons and this in a country, the entire population of which is only 6,500,000. And throughout the campaign, in the midst of the bitterest political controversies, he retained his dignity as a Catholic priest and scholar.

Many thousands Socialistic workmen listened respectfully to him and, even if they finally decided to cast their vote for the Socialist candidates, many of them gave evidence of the high esteem in which they hold the Chancellor. Much of the prejudice, with which Socialistic propaganda had filled them, against the Catholic Church and Catholic ecclesiastics melted away when they were given the opportunity of personally hearing Monsignor Seipel speak. At one time during the campaign, when the Socialists attempted to ridicule the Chancellor, an audience composed of members of the Social-Democratic party protested vehemently.

The Vienna Reichspost, a strong supporter of the Chancellor commented as follows upon the changed attitude of the people who thronged to hear Monsignor Seipel speak:

"The respectful comments which the attentive listener could often hear in such meetings, frequented by Socialists, showed how much

many an auditor had corrected his personal judgment, how passion shrank back from his calm knowledge of the exigencies of the common welfare; how, over and above all political considerations, a spiritual bridge is being built from one man to another, from one citizen to another."

CARDINAL FAULHABER ATTACKED

INSULTED AND THREATENED WITH DEATH BY FOLLOWERS OF LUDENDORFF AND HITLER

By Dr. Frederick Funder

Vienna, Nov. 30.—Cardinal Faulhaber, who in his travels through America several months ago was honored by so many citizens of the United States because he endeavored with his lofty eloquence to obtain understanding and sympathy for his oppressed native land of Germany and the suffering German people, is now insulted, persecuted and even threatened with death in his own country. Nothing demonstrates so well the unhappy confusion in Germany as this unexpected sad state of affairs in Munich.

CARDINAL VICIOUSLY ACCUSED

His Eminence is now the object of furious and spiteful suspicions, charges and threats against his safety. Your correspondent in his last letter reported that Cardinal Faulhaber had been vehemently attacked before the riot which took place in Munich November 8 under the leadership of General Ludendorff and the national-socialist agitator Hitler, because he had protested publicly in a communication to the Chancellor against the excesses of the National Socialists, particularly against their engaging in pogroms.

Since the failure of this riot, this campaign of abuse has become most intense. The Cardinal is accused in newspapers and in public demonstrations, of having caused the Bavarian Commissioner of State, Dr. von Kahr, to forsake the leaders of the uprising, Ludendorff and Hitler, and to frustrate their plan of marching with armed forces toward Berlin. With the same fanaticism with which this plan is acclaimed as having been a manifestation of the highest national heroism, the supposed treason and the presumed complicity of the Cardinal with those opposed to it are condemned.

His Eminence is accused of having sent a circular letter to the clergy in which he exhorted them to influence the people in favor of Dr. von Kahr. Also, he is accused of having got money from the Jews to restore the Cathedral of Our Holy Virgin in Munich, and, therefore, he is declared to have taken the part of the Jews and to have induced von Kahr to remain aloof from the attempt of Hitler to overthrow the power of the Jews in Germany.

These rumors have been denounced publicly as calumnies; nevertheless, they are spread abroad by the National Socialistic propaganda. There occurred some scenes in Munich during the disturbance which reminded one of the saddest hours of the time of Bismarck and the struggle between State and Church in 1871. Members of the clergy, when seen in the street, were publicly insulted; the Catholic students were attacked impetuously on their appearance at the University as "Faulhaber-slaves" and "Jesuitists," and, repeatedly, there took place tin-kettle serenades in front of the Archbishop's palace. The mischief makers are to be found in the National Socialistic camp, comprising almost exclusively Protestants from northern Germany. They represent the adherents of General Ludendorff and are supported by an unscrupulous press which has egged on the youth with catchwords designed to stimulate rebellion.

GRAVE APPREHENSION

The attacks were so very wicked that in Catholic circles plots were feared against the life of Cardinal Faulhaber. Since the assassination of the former minister and leader of the Center party, Matthias Erzberger, and Minister Rathenau, one knows that before this morbid chauvinism one must be prepared for anything. Every prominent statesman in Germany, who works with all his might for a moderate and peaceful understanding with the enemies of Germany, and who seeks to lessen hatred and intolerance, has had threats made against his person.

As long as Dr. Wirth, one of the leaders of the Center party, was Chancellor and represented the politics of the reparations, he was repeatedly the object of murderous plots. Now the Munich organ of the National Socialists has issued the slogan: "Still more dangerous than the red internationalism (socialism) is the black one," thus directing by insinuation unscrupulous persons against the Catholic Church.

"What occurs now," writes the Catholic Augsburg Postzeitung,

"is a tearing down of all that must be the foundation of the national State, a staining of State's power, which has to preserve law and right, and insults offered to the holders of the religious-moral idea, constituting the moral foundation of the national State."

In the circles of the Bavarian Catholics one does not abandon oneself to a deception about the gravity of the situation. National-socialism has become a sect which threatens the religious peace of Germany.

AMERICAN EDUCATOR HONORED

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER MEMBER OF INSTITUTE OF FRANCE

Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, (whose sound views on education have been often quoted in the RECORD), has been elected by unanimous vote a member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences of the Institute of France. Dr. Butler is thus honored as one of the recognized leaders of the intellectual life and activities in the United States, and because of his championship of France during the World War and his activities in forming intellectual and educational bonds between the two countries.

The Academy of Moral and Political Sciences is one of the five constituting the Institute, which, founded by Richelieu in 1635 and abolished by the Revolution, was revived by the first Napoleon. Another is the famous French Academy, the "Forty Immortals," which is supposed to keep the French language pure while working on a monumental dictionary of the language.

President Butler has been elected to fill the seat left vacant by the late Lord Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth," who crowned his career by being British Ambassador at Washington. The only other American member of the Academy is Woodrow Wilson. The late Theodore Roosevelt was also a member.

Living foreigners who are members are Eleutherios Venizelos, former Premier of Greece; the Earl of Balfour, K. G.; Cardinal Mercier of Belgium, M. Ador, former President of the Swiss Republic; former Premier Luzzatti of Italy, who succeeded to the chair left vacant by the death of Gladstone; former Premier Sanadra of Italy, Baron Descaemps of Belgium and Professor Mazaryk, President of the Republic of Czechoslovakia.

Their French associates, from many of whom cablegrams of warm congratulation have been received by President Butler, include Alexander Millerand, President of the French Republic, M. Jonnart, former Minister of Foreign Affairs, Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, and Marshall Pétain.—N. Y. Times, Dec. 12.

FENWICK CLUB'S FAME

Cincinnati, Dec. 7.—"The fame of the Fenwick club has reached our ears," writes Cardinal Cagliero, of Rome, in a letter received by Mgr. Charles E. Baden, founder and manager of the club, last Monday. His Eminence requests information which may enable him "to do something similar in Rome."

While on a visit to the eternal city last summer, Mgr. Baden had an audience with Pope Pius who is interested in social welfare work among boys and young men. He was also accorded an audience with Cardinal Fruhwirth, during which the organization and management of the club was discussed in detail.

Cardinal Cagliero, who is a Cardinal Bishop, says in his letter to Mgr. Baden, that he has "a very vague idea of what the Y. M. C. A. is in the United States or of what Catholics are doing to provide our young men with similar advantages; and his inquiry, in all probability, is made with a view of adopting Fenwick Club methods in the hope of countering the influence of proselytizers among the young men of Rome.

HONORED BY FRANCE

Toulouse, Nov. 29.—Mgr. Germain, Archbishop of Toulouse, was commissioned by the Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor to present the cross of the legion to Canon Senderens, the scholarly physicist and chemist who has invented a method of discovering deposits of oil and mineral. The presentation was made at the opening session of the Catholic Institute of Toulouse.

Modifying the traditional formula which is "In the name of the President of the Republic . . ." Mgr. Germain, when pinning the cross on the Cassock of Canon Senderens, said: "In the name of God first, in the name of the President of the Republic and of the Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor, I proclaim M. Senderens Knight of the Order."

CATHOLIC NOTES

Toronto, Dec. 11.—Justice Francis Robert Latchford was today sworn in as chief justice of the second divisional court of the Supreme Court of Ontario, the seat which was made vacant by the recent elevation of Sir William Mulock, following the death of Sir William Meredith. The new Chief Justice is an earnest and active Catholic.

Chicago, Dec. 8.—The Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S. J., of St. Louis University, has been directed to write the pageant for the twenty-eighth International Eucharistic Congress which will be held in Chicago in 1926. Catholic playwrights throughout the world contended for the distinction.

Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 29.—A campaign for \$650,000 to provide for the erection of a new Catholic high school in this city to accommodate 1,000 boys resulted in an over-subscription of over forty per cent. of the amount asked, or nearly \$920,000.

The approximate valuation of Boston diocesan charitable institutions in 1907 was \$8,500,000, as against a valuation of \$7,500,000 at the present time. In personnel, these institutions have, in the last decade, increased more than two hundred per cent.

Boston, Dec. 7.—The nineteenth anniversary of the establishment of a night-workers Mass was celebrated at St. James Church, Harrison Ave. and Kneeland St., with a High Mass at 8.30 a. m. Monday. The night-workers are mostly newspaper men and women.

Bishop Schrembs has recently established the Catholic Missionary Union in the diocese of Cleveland and named Rev. James A. McFadden as director. The purpose of the union is to break down the spirit of parochialism and to enlist every available person in the diocese in home and Foreign mission work of the Church.

Paris, Nov. 28.—The King of Norway has sent to Abbe Rousselot the cross of Knight, first class, of the Order of Saint Olaf. Abbe Rousselot, who is a professor at the Catholic Institute of Paris and at the College France, is the inventor of word photography. He has also discovered methods of treatment for vocal infirmities and processes for the location of sound. He is a member of the Academy of Prague.

Dublin, Oct. 23.—The report presented to the first General Council of the Catholic Truth Society disclosed an excellent record. The turnover for the year amounted to \$57,000. The Archbishop of Cashel suggested that the Society should be extended to every part of Ireland. Acting upon this suggestion the Council decided to appoint Rev. G. Turley to organize every diocese in the country.

Paris, Nov. 23.—In the Bulletin of the Society of Saint Peter the Apostle, the Chinese Jesuit Father Francois-Xavier Tchao, writes that there are now 1,002 native Chinese priests. In twenty years the number of native priests has more than doubled, almost tripled, he says, in spite of the fact that the study of Latin is extremely difficult for them, Chinese differing so greatly from all European languages.

Discussing experiences in Korea, Father Larriban related how during his seventeen years in the Orient he had seen the number of Catholics in Korea increase from 50,000 to 90,000. At the present time, he said, there are fifty-nine European missionaries and 42 native priests laboring for the Faith in Korea and making steady progress in spite of financial handicaps in the matter of equipping and maintaining schools. The number of conversions each year, he said, has declined to almost one half of the former figure since the Japanese occupation.

Paris, Sept. 28.—The French Government has decorated with the Legion of Honor Cross Madame Jeanne de Rais, in religion Mother Martha, Superior of the National Providence Home. Mother Martha, is eighty years old. The National Providence Home was founded one hundred years ago; this year and cares for a hundred and fifteen old men all over seventy years of age. Mother Martha is assisted by eleven nuns of the Order of Providence of Nevers. On June 9, last the Minister of Health presided at the centennial of the founder of the home.

Chicago, Dec. 8.—The memory of Father Marquette was commemorated today on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his landing in Chicago, by thousands of children, in ceremonies at the intersection of Michigan Boulevard and the Chicago river, the site of Father Marquette's landing place in the fall of 1673, the site of his residence, established the following year, and the scene of the first Mass celebrated by the great missionary in Chicago, now the home of more than 1,250,000 Catholics, and the see of one of the greatest archbishops in the world.

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FARMER
Author of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc.
CHAPTER LII.—CONTINUED

"So things are progressing, Thade," said he who had been addressed as Jack, "between yourself and Carter?"
"Faith, they couldn't be fairer—I have nothing to trouble me mind but watchin' Rick o' the Hills an' his young lady daughter, an' jist reportin' all their movements to ould Carter, an' he grases me fist for it every toime. First, when the pair lived at Mrs. Murphy's, it seems he didn't have any watch on them, but jist as they were leavin' there he zey me the job. Well, I thracked them closely. They went from Mrs. Murphy's to a poor place intirely, an' I used to see the young lady—it'd be a sin to call her anything else, even if she is Rick's daughter, be rayson o' her beauty,—going out as if it might be on business, an' goin' out o' her way to pass the jail; well, I tould ould Carter the whole o' it, an' I don't know what happened, or what was betune them, but that's do you think o' this, Jack?—Thade's voice descended to a very low whisper, and his head leaned forward till it almost touched that of his listener—"the ould sinner planned to carry her off; to take her be stealth away from her father. He had mesel', an' Shaun Hurley, an' Jimmy Carberry, all ingressed, an' it was to be the most perfect abduction at all. He'd have no difficulty in the world in gettin' into the house, for he was already purvised wid a skeleton key to open the hall dore, an' we were to folly him up to Rick's apartments, an' he was to rap for admision, an' invit some story that'd make Rick open some door we were to fall on Rick an' overpower him, an' thin secure the young lady. A carriage was to be in waitin', an' we were all to drive off to a distant part intirely. Well, that was all fixed, Jack, for the night after Mr. O'Donoghue's sintine was passed, an' we were in redness, when, what did I see that vry mornin' but Rick, an' his daughter, an' Mrs. Murphy, all goin' to Mrs. Murphy's house, an' I found out that they had left where they lived intirely. When I tould that to ould Carter he was loike a ragin' madman; you see he was afeered to folly up his scheme in Mrs. Murphy's house, bein' a different piece intirely, an' moreover, Mrs. Murphy havin' a husband, an' a young man o' some thin that it mightn't be well to encounter. So he jist had to let the matter drop until he could invit another plan. He tould me, howiver, to continue the watch, an' I did, an' when I reported how the young lady began to go out agin alone, he was hopin' that she'd go out some evenin' alone, an' I had me orders, an' Shaun Hurley, who was to be always ready wid carriage widin hearin' o' me whistle. Me orders were to rush up to her, an' hold her in such a way that she couldn't scream while I whistled for Shaun, an' the pair o' us were to hustle her into the carriage. But that too didn't happen, Jack, for the reason that she never went out after dark, an' there was no chance o' invitin' her in the middle o' the open strate in daylight. Well, now she's off today wid some o' her friends for Dhrummacol, an' how ould Carter whist take that I'm powerless to say."

he'd be able to make o' it would be that Tighe had hired the parties to rob him; an' even that same he wouldn't be able to prove—so he had to drop it. An' it was said in McGinnis's the other noight—"again the voice dropped to a very low whisper—"but Carter wouldn't have gone on the witness stand himself only for the loss o' the paper he was robbed av,—he was afeered if that testimony was wantin' he'd lose the money that he gets for his informin'."
Jack nodded his head in knowing corroboration of the statement, and both worthies, having exhausted their budget of contraband news, and drained the last of their mullid porter, rose to depart. He who had been addressed as Thade wended his way to Carter's lodgings.
That gentleman was only then breakfasting; a late debauch—the state of his conscience, and the failure of his plans goaded him to deep potations—keeping him in bed till late past noon. He ordered Thade to be admitted, and without relinquishin' his efforts to masticate the grilled beef before him, he said with his mouth full:
"Well, Thade, what's the news now?"
"The devil a liss than Miss Sullivan is off to Dhrummacol wid Miss O'Donoghue, an' that Englishman that goes to Mrs. Murphy's so much lately, an' a young praste, an' Tighe a Vohr."
Carter dropped his bone, and ceased to masticate. "When?" he asked.
"They went in the last mail-car that lift."
"An' Rick of the Hills—where was he?" Carter's voice had become agitated.
"The devil a know I know—sure there's nayther hide nor hair o' him to be had in Tralee."
Carter rose—his agitation would find its old vent—he must pace the room, and he did so, stopping after intervals to rub his face, as if that action might help to clear his intricate thoughts. His visitor watched with a look expressive of his own shrewd conclusions. Carter paused at length. "Will you run down to Dhrummacol, Thade, and keep the same watch there that you did here? you know the place well, and it will not be difficult for you to act the spy on Miss Sullivan's movements, and report to me by letter; you are able to write, I believe?"
"Och, I can write, Mr. Carter; aisy enough—it's only the spellin' that bother's me; but it'd be unconvant for me to lave Tralee now, unless you'd make it worth my while."
"Certainly, Thade, I'll do that and welcome; you shall have no cause to complain—only serve me well."
"Never fear, Mr. Carter—I'll serve ye to the dist o' me powers!" and having received from Carter the stipend which was always the reward of his report, and promising to depart that very evening for Dhrummacol, Thade took his leave.
Once more the traitor began his agitated stride of the room, and this time all his fiendish emotions were suffered to appear in his bloated countenance—rage, hate, jealousy struggled together in his breast, and swept by turns over a landscape in which the stamp of a guilty soul had long been set. "Rick has at last discovered upon me!" he said, as he walked; "it must be so, or he would be seen somewhere, and that is why Nora has returned to Dhrummacol. They all know the story now, and what will become of me—what, oh what, if any of them should take steps to acquaint Lord Heathcote? Pshaw! what a fool I am! there is no proof to fasten the guilt upon me, but there is every proof to place it on Rick; I shall not fear." He straightened himself and walked with a firmer step. "I have wealth, and when I receive the amount which I expect for having turned witness against Carroll O'Donoghue, I shall have enough to purchase the O'Donoghue estate, and when Carroll is hung I may find means to obtain possession of Nora. If I do not, I shall at least gill them all by my ownership of the O'Donoghue property, even though I cannot make of it a home. It was a desperate stroke," he continued, folding his arms and walking with slower gait, "to turn open informer in the court, but the loss of the paper I had obtained from Carroll left me no other alternative—the case was to be closed that day, and the testimony did not seem to be sufficient to fully convict him; did I not go on the stand I should have been depouled, not alone of the O'Donoghue homestead, but of my revenge—the execution of Carroll. Beside, there was nothing more to be gained by pretending to be true to the prisoner, and by informing thus openly I could crush both him and his affianced,—speaking with bitter mockery—"Nora Sullivan, or Marie Berkeley."
He strode to the closet and helped himself bountifully to the contents of one of the bottles on the shelf; then, apparently calmed and fortified, he returned to the table, and prepared to resume operations on his grilled bone.
"No," he said, suspending his knife and fork in the air for a moment, "I am safe—and I shall remain quietly waiting Carroll's hanging, and Thade's reports from Dhrummacol, and then, when I have purchased the O'Donoghue estate, I shall plan for other success."
He bent to his breakfast with renewed ardor, compensating by his

animal gratification for all his recent discomfiture and anxiety.

THE CHRISTMAS CANDLE

By Christian Field.

The dusk of Christmas Eve was falling when, among the people passing out of the suburban church, where many were kneeling around the confessionals in preparation for the great feast near at hand, four persons met unexpectedly in the swinging door that led from the church into the vestibule. An elderly woman, with a typical Irish face and a girl with dark blue Irish eyes were in the act of going out just as a slender young woman in deep mourning, accompanied by a small child, was entering; and collision was averted only by the quick drawing back of the latter. There was a murmured word of apology on one side, and of thanks on the other, as she held the door open while the two passed out; and the girl's gaze was attracted for an instant by the child, who looked up at her with a smile. He was a handsome little fellow, of not more than four or five years, with a singularly winning expression; and she noticed that he was carrying a small bundle with great care beneath the cape of his coat.
A few minutes later, as her mother and herself were walking along the streets where electric lamps were gleaming through the frosty dusk, Mrs. Gilroy said abruptly:
"You'll likely be surprised, Alanna, at the thought that came to me a little while ago in the church—that we haven't our Christmas candle; and it's the first Christmas I've ever been without one in my life."
"But, mother dear," the daughter remonstrated, "what would you do with a Christmas candle here? This isn't Ireland."
"I know well that it isn't," the other answered, with a sigh that seemed drawn from the depths of her heart; "but it's Christmas here as well as there, and it's sorry I am to think of lacking a Christmas candle."
"But you haven't said anything about it before, and you always prepare the Christmas candle in time for Christmas Eve."
"I haven't thought of it," Mrs. Gilroy confessed, "everything being so strange here, and my mind so full of trouble about Dennis. It was only when I was saying my beads in the church before the altar of Our Lady that the remembrance came to me; and it seemed that I heard her whisper, reproachfully: 'Where is your Christmas candle?' Then it flashed on me that I hadn't any, and I made up my mind that I'd try to get one, late as it is. But you must help me, Alleen; for I've hardly my wits about me at all in this strange place."
Alleen knew very well that this was true. Her mother, so capable and energetic in their Irish home, had, in a strange environment and amid unfamiliar conditions, developed a weakness of mind and body which was saddening. It seemed fresh proof of this weakness now, that she should insist on the observance of a custom which Alleen felt had no place or meaning in their present surroundings. But, with the instinct of humoring her, and giving any comfort possible to one in sore trouble, the girl said quickly:
"Why, to be sure I'll help you, mother, if you really want the candle. It's late to be getting one now, but I've a blessed candle still untouched from last Christmas, and I'll make it ready for lighting as soon as we get home."
It's the good girl you are, and always have been, Alleen, her mother said gratefully. I know you think it's foolish to do anything of the kind here; but the thought came to me so clear, back there in the church, that I couldn't feel easy to disregard it. For, you see, I'd just ended my novena, and begged the Blessed Mother, by the memory of the Son she laid in the manger of Bethlehem, to bring my soul back to me; and how could I expect such a blessing if I hadn't my candle lighted, as an invitation to my poor soul needing shelter, as Herself needed it on that night?"
It would have to be a poor soul from Ireland to understand what the candle means," Alleen said.
"An' isn't that what I should like best—that she should be from Ireland?" the mother answered.
They hurried on, as they talked, along the streets of what had lately been a pleasant suburban town, but which the constantly encroaching strides of the great city near by had now overtaken; and where tall buildings were rising on the erstwhile green fields. The general aspect of a country town still remained, however, especially in the streets lined by detached residences of moderate size and modest pretensions. It was before one of a row of these cottages that the mother and daughter presently paused, went up the short walk leading to the front door, and found themselves in; for Alleen had learned that nothing would satisfy her mother but to live in her own house—detached houses and tenements of the city were alike dreadful to her—and, therefore, they had come to the suburbs, where it was still

possible to possess and to live under their own roof-tree, even if it were a lowly one. The rent was no more than that of a flat in the city; the furnishings needed were few and simple. And here they settled, in the hope that time might bring them tidings of the son and brother whom they had crossed the ocean to seek.

For Dennis Gilroy was one of the many young Irishmen who see the lure of wider opportunities beckoning from the New World—the promise of greater things than their Green Isle can offer, and who sail away in search of these things. When Dennis left home his father and an elder brother were living, but both were now dead—the last by accident; and when the bereaved mother and sister tried to communicate with the young man, they found that all trace of him had been lost. At the address where he had last been heard from, there was no information to be had other than the brief, "Gone away; present whereabouts unknown," and no amount of advertising or inquiry had brought further news of him. Against the advice of all her friends, including that of the parish priest, Mrs. Gilroy had finally insisted upon going to America herself to seek her missing son. But, as was naturally to be expected, her efforts were as unavailing as any that had gone before. It had now been nearly a year since they left Ireland; and Christmas was once more at hand, and no word or sign of Dennis had come to them.
Their sadness and homesickness accentuated by the season which was filling the air with the spirit of festivity and gladness, seemed more easily borne in the church than elsewhere; so they had lingered there long, and dusk had given place to night by the time they reached home. Then Mrs. Gilroy, with the thought of the Christmas candle firmly fixed in her mind, refused Alleen's help in preparing their supper, but urged her to bring the candle at once, that it might be decorated and lighted without delay.
So Alleen brought out the tall candle of Candelmas and proceeded to dress it with the green leaves and crimson berries of the tree which from time immemorial the Celts have held as holy. And as her quick, deft fingers twined the holly, her tears fell fast in thinking of the many Christmas Eves when she had decorated such a candle, which when evening fell was lighted and placed in the window; while all night the door of the house was left ajar, so that if any poor woman and her infant came by and wanted shelter, the woman would see the light and might come and welcome; "for was it not on that night that the Blessed Virgin herself could find no shelter save in a stable? And God forbid that in Ireland such a thing should ever happen while there was a candle that could be lighted or a door to open!"
But this was not holy Ireland; and Alleen felt as if it were absurd to place the candle of such meaning and such association in the window of a house in materialized America, where none would understand or appreciate its tender and poetic significance—unless, indeed, some poor soul, as her mother had said, exiled like themselves, and like themselves also pining for the old home across the sea, should see the candle shining like the faith of Ireland through the dark night, and be warmed and heartened thereby. And then a thought came that made her catch her breath. Why should such a passerby not be Dennis himself? And if Dennis, going along the street, caught sight of such a candle, would he not understand—would he not know that Irish hands had placed it there, and enter perhaps to ask who had done so? It did not seem impossible, in view of the novena just ended, and of the time and place where the remembrance of the candle had come to her mother. So, with a murmured prayer, Alleen put the last touch to her decoration, and called her mother for the lighting.
Mrs. Gilroy's eyes filled with a light of pleasure when she saw shining amid the green leaves and red berries, tinsel flowers, such as they had always used, to give a touch of brightness to the decoration; and she turned to her daughter eagerly.
"Sure 'tis you that have the fairy fingers, Alleen," she said. "How did you get the lowers?"
They were left over from last Christmas, mother," the girl answered gently. "I remembered that I had put them in one of my boxes, and I knew you would be glad to see them on the candle."
"Och, I'm glad—I'm glad indeed!" her mother cried. "It's like a bit of Ireland the candle is now, and we'll light it and say a 'Hail Mary' that herself may send me news of my boy."
Meanwhile, the other two of the four who met so unexpectedly in the door of the church had, after the momentary encounter, passed on into the warm and lighted buildings, filled with the fragrance of evergreens—cedar and holly and box—which were twined around the pillars, and hung in green wreaths about the sanctuary. The little boy drew in a deep breath.
"Smells like the woods, muvver," he whispered; and his mother answered softly:
" 'Tis the cedar, darling! See, they've brought trees of it, to put

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around the stable where the Infant Jesus will be laid tonight.

"Isn't He there yet, muvver?" in a tone of disappointment.

"Not yet, dearie! Don't you know I've told you that He won't be in the crib until midnight—the time when the angels brought the news of His birth to the shepherds?"

The little boy nodded, his eyes bright with interest.

"I member," he answered; "and you said I might go to the crib with the shepherds—that I might be the little shepherd."

"And so you shall when we come to the early Mass. Now go and tell Our Lord that you'll be here to welcome Him; and keep very quiet while mother goes to make her confession."

The little boy nodded again; and being well accustomed to going to church with his mother, and keeping quiet while she prayed or withdrew into the mysterious box where so many persons went in and out, he turned his step towards the chapel, which had been transformed into the stable of Bethlehem—a stable fascinating in its realism, as it stood, with boughs of cedar drooping over the roof, where the star had not yet appeared.

The little boy paused before it, and regarded eagerly the curtain which concealed the interior, behind which he knew that the manger was ready for the Infant that was to come, and the ox and the ass were waiting in their stalls. And there was anxiety as well as eagerness in his gaze; for he had on hand an enterprise, concerning which he had said nothing to his mother.

Having seen a picture in which the shepherds were represented as bringing lambs from their flocks to offer to the Divine Infant, "the little shepherd" felt that it would not do for him to approach the crib empty-handed. And so, concealed under the cape of his coat, he had brought a lamb—small, but covered with real wool—which was his favorite toy, and which he meant to offer as a plaything to the Infant Jesus.

wasn't asleep and I wasn't dreaming; I couldn't have been, for I was in the crib!"

"You were in the crib! O Dennis, I wouldn't have believed it! What made you do such a thing?"

"I went," Dennis explained with the same earnestness, "to put my lamb in the manger, so the infant Jesus would find it there when He came."

"Your lamb!" His mother regarded him as if she feared he were losing his mind.

"I'm talking about my lamb—my own lamb, with the white wool—that Mrs. Riordan gave me," Dennis answered patiently.

"I thought if I was to be the littlest shepherd, I ought to carry a lamb, like the other shepherds, to the Infant Jesus—only, of course mine wouldn't be a real lamb like theirs. But I knew He'd know I'm only a little boy, and it was all the lamb I had; and I liked it very much, so I thought He might like it, too. And He did, muvver! You ought to see how pleased He looked!"

"Dennis!" his mother exclaimed once more. And then she paused, her heart beating fast, and not knowing what to say; for she was quite sure now that the boy was not speaking falsely.

There is a convincing power in truth, and there was a convincing light also in the eyes of the child lifted to meet her. Clearly, he had seen something—it was most likely to have been fancy—in the dim light of the curtain-shrouded crib, and she decided that the best thing was to say nothing more about it.

"You must have fallen asleep while you were waiting for me, and dreamed it all," she said, as they turned to walk on; "and so we won't talk about it."

"God only knows," his mother answered, speaking as much to herself as to him.

"But it must have been a meaning. It couldn't be for nothing that it was shown to a little child, as a sign to be followed."

Dennis—the boy started at her tone—"if that light is put there for us, and it seems faithless to think anything else, the door will be open, and it's meant that we shall enter. Come, dear, let us try it in the name of the Infant Jesus!"

Her voice was so grave that Dennis felt as if she were summoning him to his prayers. But he slipped his hand into hers with a great sense of trust, and together they went up the short path which led to the door of the house.

The evening meal over, Mrs. Gilroy and her daughter were sitting together, their minds full of the thought of other and different Christmas Eves, and of those who were gone out of their lives—the dead and the missing—and they had fallen into a sad silence, which was presently broken by the mother saying with a deep sigh:

"It's clear to me at last, Aileen, that I would have done better to stay at home in Ireland, as Father Phelan told me, than to come to this breaking country in the hope of finding Dennis. Sure, I'm not a bit nearer to finding him now than I was there. So I've made up my mind to go back, and just wait God's good time for the news that may or may not come."

Aileen looked up from the needlework in her hands, with a flash of joy in her eyes.

"And it's myself that's glad to hear you say so, mother!" she exclaimed. "I'll be thankful indeed, when we're once more safe at home; for I feel as if my heart would break with the strangeness and loneliness here, and I'm thinking of you even more than of myself. You want to be back under your own roof and leave Dennis in the hands of God."

"It's where I must leave him," the mother said with sorrowful decision. "I've been feeling it for some time, but I couldn't make up my mind until I finished my novena that ends today. I begged the Blessed Mother, by all her joy of Bethlehem, to bring my boy to me, or, if that's not according to his holy will of God, to show me what to do—whether to stay here or go back home; and the answer has seemed to be, 'Go home.'"

"I believe it's what herself would bid you do," Aileen said confidently. "And I'm thankful—thankful!" she repeated fervently. "To hear you say that we are going back to Ireland is the best Christmas gift that you could give me."

"My poor girl!" her mother said, in a tone of mingled tenderness and self-reproach. "I know you've been homesick and heartick, and yet so patient and cheerful always that I haven't thought of you as I should. But you shall have your wish now; we'll take our passage on the first ship that's sailing after Christmas, so we'll be in Ireland for the New Year; and I'll just trust Dennis with God."

"He's safe with Him, mother." "Oh, yes, yes! But my poor old heart's aching and breaking for him allanna!"

It was a very bitter cry—the cry of an ancient as humanity, of the mother mourning for her children, and "refusing to be comforted because they are not"—and even as it trembled on the air, and brought tears to Aileen's eyes, there was a touch on the door, which stood slightly ajar, it was pushed gently open, and a soft voice uttered the familiar salutation:

"God save all here!" "As the two rose to answer instinctively, they fancied that some Irish neighbor pitying their loneliness, had come in. But the next moment their startled glance recognized that it was a stranger who stood before them—a pale young woman in mourning, to whose hand a little boy clung."

"I won't ask you to pardon me," she said, seeing the surprise in their faces; "for it was the candle brought me in. I haven't seen one of the kind since I was a little child in Ireland, but I haven't forgotten what it means. And though I'm not in need of shelter, I thought I'd look in and say 'God save and bless you!' on this Christmas Eve."

"God save and bless you!" mother and daughter answered simultaneously. "And it's welcome you are—many times welcome, whether needing shelter or not!" Mrs. Gilroy added. "But sometimes there's other shelter needed than that for the body. Sometimes it's a word with our own that we're longing for; and glad I am if the candle led you in for that. So sit down and tell us what part of Ireland you come from."

"Tell me first what made you think of putting the candle in the window—here where no one would be likely to know what it meant?" asked the stranger earnestly.

"We've always done it in Ireland," Aileen replied; "and my mother wasn't satisfied that Christmas Eve should pass without it even here. So when we came back from church a little while ago, nothing but the lighting—and now I remember, she broke off suddenly, "that we met you in the door of the church, you and your little boy. You were going in as we came out, and you held the door open for us. I was struck by the little boy; for he has a lovely face, and a look in it

like—like—

"Like my Dennis," the mother said, with her eyes upon the child and a quick clutch at her heart.

"Just such a little boy he was, God bless him!" "My name is Dennis, too," the child said suddenly.

"Is it?" She looked at him with a new interest. "And what is your other name, my little man? Dennis what?"

"Dennis Gilroy," the clear, childish tones answered. "Dennis Gilroy!" She echoed the name like one who cannot believe the testimony of her ears, while her eyes opened wide.

"Dennis Gilroy! And you come with my son's face, to my door on this Christmas Eve, when I begged the Holy Mother to send me news of him! In the name of God!" (she turned to the young woman, who was gazing at her in startled wonder.) "who is this child and who are you?"

"He is Dennis Gilroy's son," the other answered, "and I am his widow." "His widow! Then my Dennis is dead?"

"He has been dead for more than a year, and if you are his mother—"

"Oh, I am—I am his mother, who has come from Ireland to seek him!"

"Then when he was dying he bade me tell you that he was grieved to the heart to remember how he had neglected to let you hear from him; that he sent you his love and prayed your pardon. And I wrote, but I've never had any answer."

"You couldn't, for we have been in America nearly a year," Aileen interrupted breathlessly. "And we didn't even know that my brother had been married. But we could find no trace of him, and my mother had given up hope of him at last; and just before you came in she told me that she would go back to Ireland in a few days. And to think—to think that but for the Christmas candle which—God forgive me—I thought it was foolishness to light here, we should have gone away and never found you!"

"I told you," Mrs. Gilroy said in an awed whisper, "that I felt bidden to light the candle when I was in church. There's more in it than chance."

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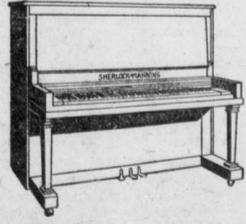
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LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 22, 1928

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

There is sometimes heard the plaint that Christmas is too merry; that the religious significance of the feast is lost in the merry-making. The religious feature is the all-important feature, the unique event that is commemorated is the reason for its existence.

There is perhaps something to be desired, something wanting in the universal observance of the Christmas feast. But there is no fear, no possibility of the stupendous event that it commemorates being lost sight of. Rather in a compelling, inescapable way, it brings home to everyone, young and old, Catholic and non-Catholic, fervent, tepid or indifferent, the great fact that this day brings good tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people; for this day is born to us a Saviour who is Christ the Lord.

The very name is eloquent, Cristes Maesse, it was called before the modern English language was formed, the Christ Mass, Christmas will proclaim as long as the English language lasts the birth of Christ and the Holy Sacrifice that He instituted.

And if we look beyond the vulgarized commercial Santa Claus, which after all is but an incident in the universal celebration, we see that the much-abused secular press indicates and emphasizes in ten thousand ways the great fundamental fact which lies beneath any and all Christmas celebrations.

And then we may not overlook that consoling fact that a great many people whose hearts are touched by the spirit of Christmas give hundreds of thousands of dollars to bring joy to poor homes and poor children at this festive season.

True the Protestant translation of the Christmas message is "Peace and good will toward men." It has not the deep significance of "Peace on earth to men of good will." It even offends common sense, and provokes the cynical. But, as our Scottish friends say, the root of the matter is there and Christmas becomes for them a season of peace and good will. But Catholics never forget the condition of the Peace, nor do they truncate the glorious message, "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good-will."

A last little friendly word to our puritanical Catholics who not only complain of the secular appearance of Christmas festivities but go so far as to substitute for the time honored Christmas greeting "A Merry Christmas" the smugly orthodox variant "A Happy Christmas."

Now Christmas is a feast day. And in all Catholic times and Catholic countries feast days, after Mass, were days of feasting and merry-making. That universal Catholic custom, we take it, faithfully interprets the mind and the heart of our holy mother, the Catholic Church.

So from the bottom of our hearts in the old time honored and Catholic

phrase we wish our friends and readers, one and all, A Merry Christmas!

REINSTATING THE POPE

In his "Pope Leo XIII." Justin McCarthy notes that "the wildest and most erroneous ideas prevail upon the subject of Papal infallibility sometimes among perfectly intelligent and impartial men, who are willing and eager to know the truth."

Then as a necessary preliminary he explains for the ordinary reader what Catholics mean by Papal infallibility:

"The faith of Rome is that when the Pope and his Council have to define some question of creed or morals, that inspiration will guide them right. It is furthermore the faith of Rome that if, on any occasion, at any crisis, the Pope should find it impossible to convene his Council, and because of some new-n risen doubt on a question of creed or morals a definition should be necessary, the Holy Spirit would then be with the Pope, and would metaphorically touch his lips with sacred fire. The Pope has no power to start new dogmas. He only interprets revelation. He defines and declares doctrines, extracting them, as one writer puts it, out of that deposit of faith originally entrusted to the Apostles, and proposing them to be received by all the faithful. The Pope is infallible only when he expounds a question of faith or morals ex-cathedra, and on behalf of the Church. His private opinion, even on a question of faith or morals, is but as the opinion of any other learned ecclesiastic. Outside the questions of faith and morals the Pope has no claim whatever to infallibility. The most unlettered Irish peasant understands the distinction perfectly well. . . . There is no man in the world more devoted to his Church than the Irish peasant; but he knows that divine inspiration was not given to the Church to teach politics. It would be as easy to make him believe that the opinion of the Pope was infallible as to the time and method of harvest operations."

There was a time when the Pope was generally recognized as supreme arbiter in those grave political disputes that threatened the peace and good order of Christian Europe. But that was not by virtue of his office as spiritual Head of the Church; but rather because the Christian Catholic people of Europe desired that he should assume that additional burden for the sake of their best interests. By common consent the Pope was the real head of a real league of nations. Whatever mistakes may have been made at any particular time it will not be denied that that league of nations functioned more effectively for peace and order than any we may hope to form today.

The time came when nations seceded from the unity of the Church and rejected the Pope's jurisdiction even in matters purely spiritual. That perforce precluded him from further exercise of the temporal power once delegated to him by the common consent of Catholic Europe. Not only did those nations which seceded from Catholic unity reject all Papal authority in matters temporal but they pursued with Bolshevik ruthlessness all those who acknowledged the spiritual jurisdiction of the successor of St. Peter. Only in the middle of the last century all England was aflame at the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy! To this day the rejection of all semblance of allegiance to the Pope is a proud Protestant boast. But the Pope and the Church are suspected, nay openly charged with political activity. From time to time this imagined political activity of the Pope looms up as a portentous danger; with whole classes it becomes an obsession.

With these prefatory considerations it will be interesting to note some recent strictures on the Pope for not interfering in matters political:

At the time of the Italo-Greek trouble Lord Hugh Cecil in the London Times violently attacked the Pope, "the first Bishop of Christendom," for not intervening in the dispute between Italy and Greece. He received some prompt and pungent Catholic answers. One writes:

"It would be interesting to know exactly what steps Lord Hugh Cecil would wish the Holy See to take with regard to the Græco-Italian

dispute. Does he wish for a political pronouncement dealing with the rights and wrongs of the whole question from the Albanian murders onwards? And has he any reason to suppose that the parties to the dispute would pay the slightest heed to an appeal for peace coming from that august quarter? I have not heard that the League has yet invited 'the first bishop of Christendom' to take any part in its deliberations; and it is furthermore noticeable that the appeal for Papal interference comes most prominently at present from those who, till quite recently, would have regarded such an act as going outside the powers of a mere 'Bishop.'

"In any case, the head of an international institution like the Catholic Church is not bound to pronounce at a moment's notice on a political quarrel on which his opinion has not been asked and in which one of the parties involved is not subject to his spiritual authority. In the words of Holy Scripture:—'Who made me a judge or a divider over you?'"

"It is the duty of the Church in these days to point out the way of peace, and it is the duty of States and individuals to walk in that way by observing the precepts of the Gospel. But it is emphatically not the duty of those who reject the Pope's spiritual authority to gird at him for not doing what only a general recognition of that authority can make possible."

After similarly replying Mr. Bernard Holland pertinently asked: "What would have been said in England if, in 1775, the Pope had issued an opinion that the Americans were in the right against the English, or if the Pope had said in 1801 that the English had done an immoral thing in bombarding Copenhagen in order to seize the Danish warships, or if, in 1900, the Pope had given voice to the then feeling of almost all Europe and had condemned our action in the Transvaal?"

The League of Nations which Lord Hugh is credited with fathering and of which his brother is a guiding spirit cut a sorry figure in the dispute between France and Italy. When this is borne in mind the point-blank sarcasm of Lord Cecil's attack will be appreciated: "I do not think that the Pope has received much encouragement towards intervention during the past seven years of war. By Article XV. of the Pact of London of April, 1916, Great Britain pledged herself to support Italy in preventing the Holy See from participating in the peace negotiations. Similarly, the Vatican was previously excluded from representation at The Hague, whether on ad hoc or on permanent bodies."

Let it go at that. Lord Birkenhead's recent Rectorial address at Glasgow University was widely commented upon. He condemned idealism and altruism in international affairs and declared that "politically, economically and philosophically the motive of self-interest not only is but ought to be the main spring of human conduct." And further he enunciates in plain unequivocal terms the Prussian doctrine that "Might is Right," justifying it rather by English self-interest than German kultur. "Rightly or wrongly," he said, "nations of stronger fibre confronted by indigent weaklings have asserted the right of forcible expropriation." This was the main thesis and this it was that drew forth the newspaper comments.

But he then attacked the Pope whom he called "the greatest priest in the world" for not fixing the responsibility for the outbreak of the War or protesting against the methods by which it was conducted. He intimated that the Pope was influenced by the fact that Catholics were on both sides. He must have known the right or he lacked "divine guidance." We wonder if Justin McCarthy ever met more grotesque ideas of Papal Infallibility?

The Bishop of Brentwood, referring to Lord Birkenhead's attack, notes that such people are asking for the leading and guidance of the Pope. What they really want, he continued, is that the Pope declare that we were in the right and other people in the wrong.

(We must re-read here Mr. Bernard Holland's query, quoted above, anent the American War, Copenhagen, and the Boer War.)

The Bishop of Brentwood continuing his address to the Inter-Guild Conference at Stratford said:

"For all that, it is an instance of the re-instatement of the Pope on his own terms."

"There has been this re-instatement of the Pope, and there is going to be more of it, and the Catholic young laymen are going forward with their work in order that the people of England may know the Pope and know what we teach about him. There has been a great deal of hatred of the Pope, but when people get to know what he is, we believe that they will be ready to submit themselves to his leadership."

And that we believe is the pertinent and sufficient comment on such querulous attacks on the Pope as those we have been considering. It is the silver lining of a black cloud. They can not ignore the Vicar of Christ; they attack him, they blame him, but they recognize through the mists of prejudice, in spite of generations of traditional bias, that the world's hope lies in "the first bishop of Christendom," "the greatest priest in the world." They are making the first step, "the step that costs" as the French say, in reinstating the Pope.

During the controversy going on over Church Union amongst our Protestant fellow-countrymen the Pope is referred to, one party accusing the other of usurping Papal functions. They are not complimentary to the Pope; but they do recognize, as through a glass, darkly, that the principle of Catholic unity is involved in the divinely constituted Head of the Church.

In the neighboring republic there is a terrific cleavage between the "modernists" who deny every distinctive Christian doctrine and the "fundamentalists" who cling desperately to the fundamental Christian truths and in spite of private judgment would impose them on others. The writer of a Sunday column in the New York Times thus humorously shows the reaction of the average man to their bitter quarrel:

"All credit to these earnest gentlemen; but it may be submitted that Baptists who go into the binding-and-loosing business are on strange ground, where they will have to compete with old-established institutions. A good many Protestants will feel that, if we must have a Pope, it is better to have one Pope trained for his calling and selected for his merits than a whole flock of bush-league Popes with no special qualifications except a desire to send their enemies to hell."

THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETIES

The Children's Protective Act is legislation that should interest every Catholic in Ontario; for under its provisions come Catholic as well as non-Catholic neglected or dependent children. Under this Act are constituted the Children's Aid Societies enjoying considerable statutory power. The scope, provisions and purpose of The Children's Protective Act and the Children's Aid Societies that function under it we shall discuss at another time. Just now we wish to bring before our readers a concrete case that will serve to illustrate the importance, the necessity, of interesting and informing themselves in the premises.

The case is this: The children of Adolph Bigras, a Catholic of Rockland, Ont., were, contrary to the express provision of the Act, placed out for adoption with Protestant families under the pretence that the father was not a Catholic. This contention was supported by a document to this effect signed by the father apparently in ignorance of the purport of its contents. The matter was brought to court and came before Mr. Justice Lennox in Ottawa. His decision is thus condensed and quoted by the Toronto Star of Dec. 7th instant:

"The mother was a Roman Catholic," says the judge, "and died about three years ago. On December 30th, 1922, the father of the children executed an instrument under seal, called a transfer of guardianship, committing the children to the care, guardianship, and control of the Children's Aid Society, of Prescott, and Russell counties, and purporting to release to the society all his control over them, and constituting the society their guardian during minority. The instrument recites that he does this voluntarily and of his own free will and accord. The transfer of guardianship is accepted, on behalf of

the Children's Aid Society, by Rev. P. A. MacEwan, local inspector of the society.

"I would be doing him an injustice if I interpreted literally his expression, 'I happen to be a Baptist.'"

"However, be this as it may, the religion of the father is the religion of his infant children. "On the evidence, I am convinced that the applicant is and has always been a Roman Catholic, and the contention to the contrary is wholly unfounded. "I do not know whether these men committed an innocent mistake or otherwise, and it is of no immediate consequence."

The judge directs that the three foster fathers of the three Bigras children, sent to Protestant homes, shall receive \$25 each in part payment of outlay.

"On payment of these sums," the judgment concludes, "the order will go, directing that the society remove the children from their present foster-homes, and place them in suitable Roman Catholic foster homes, as the Act provides."

Now we are very anxious not to mislead our readers. There is nothing in the Children's Protective Act to justify the outrage perpetrated whether by "innocent mistake or otherwise" by the Rev. Mr. MacEwan "who happens to be a Baptist." On the contrary, as we shall show at another time, the Act expressly prohibits such proselytizing zeal. The spirit of the Act is fair and just in the matter of religion. And we are happy to say that this is the first instance that has come to our notice in which both letter and spirit were sagaciously violated. Here in London the officials of the Children's Aid Society have been uniformly fair and just, observing the law both in the letter and in the spirit, always courteous, never open even to the suspicion of dealing unfairly with Catholics. So we are informed by those in a position to know whereof they speak. Though without the same detailed inquiry elsewhere we have reason to think that the same spirit obtains generally in the administration of this law. That is all the greater reason why this peculiar and exceptional case should be explained and otherwise adequately dealt with.

Our readers, we are sure, will want to know.

1. Why it is that a Baptist Minister is the Local Inspector of the Children's Aid Society in Prescott and Russell where the population is overwhelmingly Catholic? In any county in Ontario where the people are as predominantly Protestant as they are Catholic in Prescott and Russell would a Catholic priest be acceptable as Inspector of the Children's Aid Society?

2. What is the composition of the Children's Aid Society in Prescott and Russell? How many Catholic members has it?

3. Does this Society approve the action of its Local Inspector and take responsibility for it?

4. To whom is this officer responsible and from whom does he take his instructions?

5. There is a Provincial Minister responsible for the administration of this Children's Protective Act. In view of the judgment of Mr. Justice Lennox will he try to discover if it was all an "innocent mistake or otherwise?" Will he, in brief, investigate as fully and act as energetically as if the Rev. P. A. MacEwan happened to be a Catholic priest and the children Protestants in an overwhelmingly Protestant community?

That the people may have confidence in the administration of this and other public welfare Acts we believe that the responsible Minister will see the necessity of adequate action in this very unpleasant matter. It is not a case of vague charges founded on suspicion or of allegations due to prejudice. The matter has been sifted in the Court, the grave injustice to the children has been remedied. The contention on which the perpetration of this grave injustice was based is declared by the Judge to be "wholly unfounded." Whether it was "an innocent mistake or otherwise" was "a matter of no immediate consequence" to the Court which had been appealed to solely for the remedy that was granted. But to the Minister responsible for the administration of the Act what was of no immediate consequence to the Court is of the gravest possible importance. The Court did its part; we await with a good deal of confidence the action of the Minister.

CATHOLIC STUDENTS MISSION CRUSADE

We willingly give space to this fervent appeal of a Catholic student to his fellow-students.

To Our Catholic Fellow-Students:—Any and every movement which will draw Catholics together and hold them bound by the golden chains of Faith and Love is surely worthy of our whole-hearted and untiring support. Slowly but surely, overturning obstacles one by one, there is rising in our midst a mighty force for good. It is the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade.

Its general aim is to aid all missions at home and abroad by prayer and material offerings. But more than this; we can see in it a means for binding into a harmonious whole our Catholic young people. As the strength of a nation depends on the moral culture and physical fitness of its subjects, so also the future good and welfare of the Catholic Church in Canada depends on spiritual health of you who are her young members.

To-day on every side we see unions aiding every branch of industry. The Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade has the fundamental qualifications of an active Christian union. It will unite you, the rising Catholic generation, as no other power will. In union there is strength and the strength arising from such a source is invincible. Before you is placed an objective which no Catholic can refuse striving for. This end, which is the primary end, is the securing the world for Christ. Our motto is: "The Kingdom of the World for its King and Lord."

What possible objections can be raised against such an organization? What reason can an earnest Catholic student have for refusing or neglecting to join it? It is Catholic and Catholic means universal; in this movement everyone has the widest field possible to use one's talents.

Let us hope that every Catholic young man and woman will join with us. The only necessary qualifications are Charity and Good-will. Stop, reflect,—then write to the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, St. Augustine's Seminary, Kingston Rd., Toronto.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND OBSCENE LITERATURE

By THE OBSERVER

Advices from Geneva say that the League of Nations has decided to hold open till March 31st, 1924, its new international treaty for the suppression of obscene literature. On that date the treaty will be made effective in all the States that have adhered to it, and other States may afterwards sign and ratify it. It is expected that the United States will eventually sign it, and thus make it applicable to practically the whole world.

To date thirty-five States have adhered to it, the principal ones being Albania, Austria, Belgium, England, China, Columbia, Czechoslovakia, France, Greece, Hungary, India, Italy, Latvia, Lithuania, Holland, Persia, Poland, Serbia, Siam, Spain, Switzerland, Uruguay, Costa Rica, Cuba, Denmark, Haiti, Luxembourg, and New Zealand.

This is the first time that anything in the nature of an international effort has been made in this very important matter. The treaty covers the suppression in the traffic in obscene writings, drawings, prints, paintings, printed matter, pictures, emblems, posters, photographs, moving pictures, and obscene objects generally; and the penalties to be imposed will be on those who produce such matter and also on those who circulate them either publicly or privately, or who send out advertisements seeking to build up trade in such publications. Each country is to be free to decide for itself so far as its own territory is concerned what constitutes obscene matter, and a violation of the treaty; but doubtless international representations between one country and another will have some influence in arriving at some general definition of what is contrary to the spirit and intention of the treaty.

It is a step forward, and may do a great deal of good. It is to be hoped that the law will have teeth in it. A law without adequate penalties and without adequate and easily understood procedure for bringing the guilty to trial and punishment, might almost as well not be enacted at all. A law which

merely forbids something is good only as a declaration of intention on the part of the law-making power. Such a declaration ought to be enough to command obedience by all who wish to be considered good citizens. But unfortunately experience in all countries has shown that unless there are teeth in a law; unless it bites sharply all who venture to disobey it, so many people will disobey it that its effect becomes hardly perceptible. It is a reproach to our civilization that so many people have to be compelled to obey law; but that is the state of the case, and in all countries.

Of all the methods by which men make money out of the sins of their fellow-men, the worst, the most contemptible, and the rotteness, is the traffic in dirty publications. Perhaps we ought to except the traffic in prostitutes; but even that is hardly worse than the traffic in the means of corrupting young and innocent souls. God's judgment on those who scandalize others is, that it were better for them that a mill stone were hung about their neck and that they were drowned in the depths of the sea. That judgment stands forever, and it will be enforced before the whole world on the terrible day of the General Judgment.

The craze for money when it merely takes the form of cheating another man, is, by comparison with the traffic in dirty publications, almost respectable. But the world takes great precautions to protect property, and very few precautions to protect souls. Let people look out for their own souls say the "men of the world." If that is the correct principle, why not let people look out for their property? Let the public beware, say some wisecracks who preside in the seats of law-making power. Over in New York State not long ago, a legislator said that the reading of dirty books was a matter best dealt with by means of "mamma's slipper," and therefore he did not favor putting teeth in the law against the sale of such books. There is a strong tendency nowadays to interfere by legislative action with several different things which ought to be left to parents; and on the other hand when it is a clear case calling for the help of the State, there is a distinct tendency to leave the whole responsibility upon the parents.

The new treaty promoted by the League of Nations, will serve as a denial by thirty-five States of the false principle that the State has no duty in such matters. At least it will be difficult for those who have in the past opposed the principle of censorship, to find any ground to stand on, when thirty-five nations have solemnly recognized the soundness of that principle.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

It has become a habit with certain writers to speak of Newman as a "stylist." The term as generally understood, could not be more inaptly applied. For while Newman as a master of English speech was not excelled in his own or any preceding generation, his "style" was but the outward expression of a well-ordered mind, and the flowering of a beautiful and poetic soul.

NEWMAN'S ONE aim, as he has himself told us, was to make his meaning clear and if in the process English literature was enriched with some of its noblest passages it was simply because the regal soul of the man shone through his every word and deed. A mere "stylist," that is one whose chief aim is to formulate phrases, Newman certainly was not, and it is to misapprehend his whole life's purpose to classify him as such. And, by the way, there are few words in the English language more "overworked," or more loosely applied than that same word "stylist."

THE LEAFLET issued by the League of the Sacred Heart in the United States for the month of November so lucidly and concisely summed up the problem which confronts Christianity in the present state of the Islamic world that we feel we cannot do better than transcribe its substance here. The conversion of the Mohammedans, it is scarcely necessary to recall, formed the intention of the League for that month. And those who keep in touch with world affairs will not need to be reminded that in the judgment of those in a position to know there is no problem before

the world at the present time more full of import than that summed up in the word Islam.

CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES laboring in the East are unanimous in asserting that were even St. Francis Xavier himself to revisit the scenes of his earthly labors and triumphs he would acknowledge the difficulty, even the impossibility of converting the Mohammedans as conditions are today. This difficulty, says the Leaflet, springs from two sources—the carnal nature of their creed and the spirit of union which animates the followers of the "Prophet." Their creed is simple, and may be summed up in the old battle cry of Islam: "There is but one God and Mohammed is His Prophet." Divorce at pleasure, with carnal gratification, both in this world and in the next, appealing as they do to man's lower nature, make its adherents deaf to the spiritual appeal of Christianity.

THE DIFFICULTY is further complicated by the fact that Mohammedanism is not merely a religion. It is in essence no less than in outward expression, a civil polity, uniting all those who profess its tenets. Hence in dealing with Eastern problems Europe has always to reckon with the possibility of a "Holy War," embracing all countries where Islam predominates, independent of racial or national boundaries. The Moslem world of some two hundred and thirty millions is in this larger sense one and as such constitutes the backbone of opposition to European influence in the East. To give up his religion means to a Mohammedan an abandonment of this political tie, and this forms a second reason why it is so difficult to effect his conversion.

YET, AS the writer in question reminds us, the conversion of the Mohammedan to the Catholic Faith is certainly not impossible. Protestantism with its innumerable divisions and its crumbling faith stands helpless before this problem, but to the Everlasting Church, with its unbroken traditions and unchanging faith even Islam must in the long run succumb. It was to this end that the Sovereign Pontiff designated the Conversion of the Mohammedans as the League Intention for the month of November, and that simply means that Catholics everywhere must continue month by month in union with the Holy Father himself to pour forth their supplications for the subjugation of the Crescent to the Cross in the only way that counts namely, by recognition of Christ as the source and centre of life and the hope of eternity. The difficulties in the way, urges the League Director, "call for more earnest supplication that God may give more abundant grace, inspire more men and women to work among them and fill the missionariness with greater zeal." The task would fire the heart of a St. Francis Xavier were he still in the flesh and his spirit, we may be sure, still lives in his successors.

ATTITUDE TOWARDS RELIGION

MUSSOLINI'S INFLUENCE ON HIS COUNTRYMEN

Continuing the survey of conditions in Italy, the special correspondent of the Revue Catholique des Idées et des Faits has interviewed several prominent churchmen, including Cardinal Mistrangelo, Archbishop of Florence, with regard to the attitude of the Church toward Mussolini. The following is an account of the interview as published in the Belgian paper: "Eminence," M. Wallez asked the Cardinal, "is there cause to be satisfied concerning the attitude of Signor Mussolini and his government toward the Church?" "My dear sir," replied the Cardinal, "I shall tell you what our position was before October, 1922, and what it is now. A year ago we should not have dared to hold a procession in the city. Our priests were frequently insulted. Many Christians, in the face of this spectacle of triumphant impiety, wavered in their faith. They felt a sort of shame—or a sort of fear—of their faith. I do not believe I am mistaken when I assert that the religious services had lost a third of their customary attendance.

MUSSOLINI'S PLEDGE TO CHURCH Signor Mussolini promised us categorically, immediately after he came into power, that we should enjoy the greatest freedom in the practice of religion. He places large bodies of troops at our disposal to insure the order and prestige of ceremonies. He en-

deavors to take advantage of every opportunity to proclaim that Catholicism is a noble part of the Italian patrimony; that it has a right to the respect of everyone; that it is necessary, absolutely necessary, to the life of the nation. And in all the most striking manifestations of patriotism, Signor Mussolini desires that the Church be officially represented and solemnly active. Several times, by a personal decree, festivities have been opened by a Mass which he made a point of attending in person. Seeing the consideration and authority which the State now gives the clergy, the populace respects us. I do not think that a single priest has been insulted in Florence in twelve months. The majority of those who neglected to practice their religion have begun to visit the sanctuaries. Ask other bishops for information. Ask them if the situation is not the same in their dioceses. As for me, I declare quite frankly that I am glad of the changes which have occurred."

Acting upon the advice of Cardinal Mistrangelo, M. Wallez interviewed Rev. Father Piselli who was appointed by the Fascisti to be Alderman for Public Instruction of the City of Florence. Questioned as to his views on the school program of Mussolini, Father Piselli replied: "They are favorable to the President of the Council. You may judge whether they are in conformity with what a good Christian should think. The crucifix has been replaced in the class room by government order. The teaching of Catechism has been reestablished and it is encouraged in every way. The teachers themselves are urged to attend classes in theology and ethics given by eminent priests. And the impulse is so strong that they do not evade it. In a few years the Catholic atmosphere of Italy will be purified again.

CHURCH AND STATE COLLABORATE

"There is now a cordial collaboration between the Church and State. Thanks to this, our compatriots are going to find their general conditions of life favorable to the faith. I am convinced that it is necessary to begin by thorough reforms of the principal institutions and principal organizations of the government. Individual progress will then be easy. Let me use a comparison. People live in a swamp or on the edge of a swamp. What does common sense command? That hygienists endeavor to make each individual immune while the swamp continues to spread its miasma or that the swamp be drained? Fascism, which in its main inspiration, its methods and ambitions is filled with concern for the community rather than the individuals which compose it, has boldly declared itself in favor of the second method. In my opinion it is clear that by disbanding the customary processes of individualism it is rendering valuable services to the individual.

"But to return to the school question: As soon as they became masters of the municipality of Florence, the Fascisti requested me to take charge of the schools of the city. I attempted at first to withdraw. But they appealed so insistently to my love for children and the need for such a position to be filled by a man who could devote his entire time to it and whose previous training had fitted him for it that I allowed them to appoint me. The people quickly realized that a religious man better fitted for the position of Alderman of Public Instruction than an engineer, a merchant or a lawyer.

"Mussolini intends to bring about a magnificent and broad reform of education. He wants the educational program of Italy to be greatly improved. To this end he wants to establish a strict selective system so that only the most capable students will go on to the universities.

DECISION WILL BE APPEALED

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 8.—A fight through the highest courts of the land to prevent the establishment in Chicago of a "parent's clinic," which is held to be a birth control school, will be made by the city officials following a ruling in the lower court in favor of the proponents of the clinic.

The lower court, Judge Harry Fischer of the circuit court presiding, dismissed a writ of prohibition against a mandamus proceeding brought by Mrs. Helen G. Carpenter and other club women, to compel the city to issue a license for the clinic. Attorneys for the club women, even in the flush of victory, declared they would not move toward the opening of the clinic until the case had been passed on in the supreme court.

Assistant Corporation Counsel, Frank Padden, is preparing the appeal against Judge Fisher's ruling, and is backed up in his fight against the clinic by Mayor Dever and Dr. Herman Bundensen, health commissioner, both of whom hold that the proposed clinic is an offense against both the law of God and public policy.

Meanwhile, speaking before the Chicago Woman's Aid, a powerful Chicago woman's organization, Arthur Brisbane, nationally known editor and writer, made the following attack on birth control: "On the whole, I think, it would be a calamity to curtail families. Five children—I have five myself—

is a good family. Ten is a big family. Fifteen is a complete library on birth control.

"Caruso's mother had nineteen children. If she had stopped at eighteen there wouldn't have been any Caruso, because he was the nineteenth."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

THE COMMUNITY HOSPITAL

A few years ago the President of the Extension Society was honored by a letter from an Archbishop. The sum and substance of the epistle was pleasing and complimentary to all concerned. There was, however, a concluding paragraph pointing out a lacuna on the part of the Extension Society: "I hope to see before long the establishment of community hospitals in the rural sections of the great West and that Extension shall exert itself along this line."

An attempt, in which the Extension aided, was made shortly after this, to establish a Catholic rural hospital in the Diocese of Edmonton, Alberta, in a truly strategic centre—the very centre of a large foreign population of New Canadians. An appeal for aid was made to some hundreds of prominent Catholics. The importance of the work was pointed out and the necessity of the hospital as a Catholic agency for the preservation of the faith was emphasized, but without results adequate for the carrying out of the project. The \$10,000 required for the spiritual and temporal welfare of needy foreign Catholics could not be obtained, though the appeal for them was over the name of an Archbishop.

The Extension Society, with so many demands reaching it daily for immediate assistance, cannot in its present financial condition take up the erection and direction of Catholic rural community hospitals. Were it possible to do so, there is no work to which it would sooner lend a hand, for the necessity is great and the results would be tremendous for the Church.

The non-Catholic Mission Societies active in the West among the New Canadians, very early in their history realized the need of rural hospitals and set themselves to establish them among the foreigners. Today the poor foreigner, far from the cities, receives medical treatment and instruction from the Methodist community hospital. The poor foreign mother in her pains has the assistance and trained nursing of the hospital and highly appreciates the help given her by strangers. Is it any wonder if a mutual sympathy and an affection spring up in the hearts of the foreigners and the Methodists? It is hard to blame the foreigner for his attachment to those who render aid to him and his in the time of distress in a strange land, and the Methodist has a very popular argument to advance when he is accused of using the hospital, the doctor and the nurse to proselytize and wean away the foreigner from the Catholic Church. To the Catholic he can say, "We Methodists and Presbyterians are the only ones doing anything for these strangers within our gates. If they belong to you, why don't you Catholics do something for them to Canadianize them and to elevate them in the social scale?"

How can we argue with the uneducated foreigner who has given up the Church of his fathers when he can say to us in all truth, "I was hungry and you gave me not to eat. I was thirsty and you gave me not to drink. I was a stranger and you took me not in; naked and you covered me not, sick and in prison and you did not visit me."

Just today, Wednesday, Dec. 8th, we read the following item of news in the Toronto Globe:

COMMUNITY HOSPITAL OPENED AT VITA, MAN.

"Accessible to clergy and people of all churches, a community hospital was opened at Vita, Manitoba, yesterday by the Methodist Missionary Society as the fourth of its hospitals for new Canadians in the Prairie Provinces. The hospital is situated in an area where last year only four cases out of 177 births and 64 deaths had visits from a doctor. Dr. W. W. Read, a gold medalist of McGill University, who served overseas, is the Superintendent, Miss Nettie Jackson, formerly of Grace Hospital, Toronto, is head nurse, and Mrs. Read, a graduate of the University of Toronto, is matron. The building and equipment for 22 beds have cost \$34,500, defrayed entirely from missionary funds. Rev. J. D. Wildford is Methodist missionary in the district.

The new hospital, the third of its kind built since the War, serves a region where the population of 8,000 is largely Ukrainian, and living from fifteen to sixty miles from the nearest physician. Miss Jackson's home nursing for the past two years revealed the conditions which are now to be grappled with. Rev. John A. Doyle, Superintendent of Missions for Manitoba, was in charge of the inaugural arrangements and Rev. A. Lloyd Smith, M. A., Field Secretary for Home Missions, inspected the work two weeks ago.

Catholic women, Catholic Women's Leagues, Altar Societies, Sodalties of the Blessed Virgin, read the above from the Globe a second

time and meditate on these two facts. "The Hospital is situated in an area where last year only four cases out of 177 births and 64 deaths from a doctor." "The New Hospital, serves a region where the population of 8,000 is largely Ukrainian." The Ukrainians or Ruthenians are largely Catholic in belief.

Some one said recently that our great Catholic societies are suffering from foot and mouth disease, i. e., that they gave too much time and too much money to dances and feasting. If this be true, it is sad and it is a bad sign, for it indicates that the charity of God is going out from the hearts of our people and selfishness, the ugly offspring of paganism, is coming in and freezing the genial, charitable currents of their souls.

At this season of the year the Extension Society appeals to you for assistance. Give as God has given to you—a full measure, filled up, pressed down and running over. If you have little, give a little. If you have much of this world's goods, give much, "for much is expected from you." Give, and give cheerfully, and assure yourselves a Merry and Holy Christmas.

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'DONNELL, President Catholic Church Extension Society 67 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed to: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

DONATIONS

Table with 2 columns: Donor Name and Amount. Includes: Previously acknowledged \$6,955 97; Thos. Langan, Sarnia, 1 00; Mary McNeil, Gardiner, 10 00; Joe McNeil, Gardiner, 2 00; Antigonish, N. S., 5 00; Catholic, North Sydney, 3 00; Mrs. L. N. Tanney, Iroquois, 5 00.

GATES AND DOORS

There was a gentle hostler (And blessed be his name!) He opened up the stable And find their passage barred; Uplatch the door at midnight And let your lantern's glow Shine out to guide the traveler's feet To you across the snow.

There was a courteous hostler (He is in Heaven tonight) He held Our Lady's bridle And helped her to alight; He spread clean straw before her Wherein she might lie down, And Jesus Christ has given him An everlasting crown.

Unlock the door this evening And let your gate swing wide, Let all who ask for shelter Come speedily inside. What if your yard be narrow? What if your house be small? There is a guest whose coming Will glorify it all.

There was a joyous hostler Who knelt on Christmas morn Beside the radiant manger Wherein his Lord was born, His heart was full of laughter, His soul was full of bliss When Jesus, on His Mother's lap, Gave him His hand to kiss.

Unbar your heart this evening And keep no stranger out, Take from your soul's great portal The barrier of doubt. To humble folk and weary Give hearty welcoming, Your breast shall be tomorrow The cradle of a King.

—JOYCE KILMER

WEEKLY CALENDAR

Sunday, December 23.—St. Servulus was a beggar and had been so afflicted with the palsy from his infancy that he was never able to stand, sit upright, lift his hand to his mouth or turn from one side to another. He lived on alms contributed by those who passed the porch of St. Clement's Church in Rome and consecrated his time to God singing hymns of praise and thanksgiving. He died about 590.

Monday, December 24.—St. Delphinus, Bishop. Little is known of St. Delphinus before his elevation to the episcopate. He assisted at the Council of Saragossa in 380 in which the Priscillianists were condemned and also at the Council of Bordeaux which condemned the same schismatics. He baptized St. Paulerius in 888 and the latter in several letters speaks of him as his father and his master. St. Delphinus died in 403.

Tuesday, December 25.—The Nativity of Christ or Christmas. The world had subsisted about four thousand years when Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God, having taken human flesh in the womb of the Virgin Mary and being made man, was born of her, for the redemption of mankind, at Bethlehem in Judea. Joseph and Mary had come up to Bethlehem to be enrolled and, unable to find shelter

elsewhere, they took refuge in a stable and in this lowly place Jesus Christ was born.

Wednesday, December 26.—St. Stephen, the first martyr. There is good reason to believe that Stephen was one of the seventy-two disciples of the Saviour. After the Crucifixion he boldly upbraided the chief priests with their hard-hearted resistance to the Holy Ghost and with the murder of the "Just One." They were strung with anger and gnashed their teeth against him. But when "filled with the Holy Ghost and looking up to Heaven, he cried out: 'Behold I see the Heavens opened and the Son of man standing at the right hand of God,'" they rushed upon him and dragging him forth without the city, stoned him to death.

Thursday, December 27.—St. John, Evangelist, the youngest of the Apostles in age was called to follow Christ on the banks of the Jordan during the first days of Our Lord's ministry. He was one of the privileged few present at the Transfiguration and the Agony in the Garden. At the Last Supper his head rested on the bosom of Jesus and in the hours of the passion when others fled or denied their Master, St. John kept his place by the side of Jesus and at the last stood by the Cross with Mary. He died at Ephesus in the year 100.

Friday, December 28.—The Holy Innocents. When Herod found that the three Wise Men did not return with word of the Saviour whom they had gone to seek, he became enraged and, thinking to make sure of the death of the new born King, he ordered that every male child in Bethlehem and its vicinity of the age of two or under, should be slain. These innocent victims were the flowers and the first-fruits of His martyrs and triumphed over the world without having even known it, or experienced its dangers.

Saturday, December 29.—St. Thomas, son of Gilbert Becket, was Lord High Chancellor of England in 1163 when Archbishop Theobald died. The King insisted upon the consecration of Thomas as Archbishop of Canterbury but the Saint refused, warning the King that such an event would break their friendship. In the end, however, he yielded and was consecrated. In preserving the rights of the Church against encroachments of the royal power, he quarrelled with the King and finally in December 1170 was murdered in the Cathedral by four knights. Six months later Henry II submitted to public scourging at the Saint's shrine, and restored full rights to the Church.

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WHEN KLANSMEN FALL OUT

Portland, Ore., Dec. 7.—A contest for control of the Ku Klux Klan in Oregon has broken out between F. L. Gifford, grand dragon of the realm of Oregon and Major Luther I. Powell, who calls himself king klegale of the Pacific northwest domain. Powell, who came here

from Shreveport, La., three years ago and has been active in the organization of klans in the northwest, says he has heard a call from "klansmen who are klansmen" demanding the removal of Gifford who is referred to as "a pro-Catholic autocrat who rules his subjects with an iron hand."

The friends of Gifford reply that Powell is without standing in the Klan and has allied himself with Simmons faction at Atlanta, "the Simmons gang of proved grafters," Gifford's publicity agent calls them. Another aspect of the conflict is presented by a legal contest which has developed for the control of the Federation of Patriotic Societies which has been active in Oregon politics for some years past, issuing at election time a "yellow ticket" which had a good deal of influence and represented the Orange lodges of the city. Gifford is charged by one of the Orange factions with organizing "clandestine" Orange lodges in order to control the delegations to the federation meetings. In addition Gifford is accused of representing the interests of a number of public service corporations rather than the interests of the Klan.

CHRISTIAN TEACHERS' VICTORY IN VIENNA

By Dr. Frederick Funder

The elections in the cooperative associations of teachers of Vienna resulted in a great victory for the Christian-minded teachers. With 95% participating in the election, the number for the register of the Christian teachers was 4,061, while 2,345 votes were given to the socialists' list.

If the socialistic municipal administration had not expelled all Christian headmasters of schools under board supervision from their offices and put Socialists in their places, and if it had not put more than one thousand Christian teachers on the retired list, there would have been a strong two-thirds majority for the Christian teachers' register.

This victory in the election is so much more important because each Viennese teacher who proclaims his Christian belief is threatened nowadays with persecution and risks his livelihood. Far from being intimidated by the socialistic terror, the great majority of the teachers of Vienna are adhering to the principles of Christian education. The success in the election is a great

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consolation to Catholic parents who follow with increasing sorrow the efforts of the Viennese socialistic school boards to eliminate Christianity from elementary education.

One day the Lord caused me to hear these words at the foot of the tabernacle: "My son, he who embraces Me embraces thorns." Oh, what a grace! Oh, what a gift!—St. Paul of the Cross

A cross—that is anything that disturbs our peace—is the spur which stimulates, and, without which we should most likely remain stationary on the heavenward way, blighted, with empty vanities and sinking deeper into sin.

Do not forecast or alarm yourself. Not half the things you look for will ever come to pass, and the other half will be light to bear, and God will bear both you and your crosses together.—Cardinal Manning.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY THE REV. F. P. HICKEY, O. S. B.

FOURTH SUNDAY OF ADVENT

CHRISTMAS

"There was no room for them in the inn." (Luke II. 7.)

There is a word ever dear to our hearts, but dearer at this Christmas season than at any other time. Our hearts agree with the old saying: "There is no place like home." Home! what a charm, a fascination clings to that word. It does not matter whether it is a mansion or a cottage, so that it is our home. Childhood's affection nestles round our home, and it is the pride and comfort of venerable old age. And Christmas is the time of all others when our memory and thoughts gather round our home. We all go home in spirit or in glad reality at Christmas. And amidst all our pleasures and comforts we have a thought—a loving thought for those who are far away, whether distance or death separate us. We remember them all at Christmas. We miss their voices and their tender glances; we notice a vacant chair or a little token of the past. For the chance of coming to the Christmas Mass we may cast a wistful glance at the churchyard, where in their little home some dear one is at rest.

Just as it was nineteen hundred years ago, there will be gatherings of friends and happy hours spent in our homes this Christmas-time. Yes, it was a busy and a festive time at Bethlehem, the little city of David, so many centuries ago. All the friends and kinsfolk of the place were gathered together for the taking of the census. By order of the Roman Emperor the people had to be counted, each in his native place, the old home of the family. So that all the people, rich and poor, had come from all parts, far and near, each to be enrolled in his own city. Each house was full and the inn crowded with these family gatherings.

But there were two poor travellers—oh, you know them well—who had journeyed in the winter-time all the way from Nazareth. And they had no home. No welcome was waiting for them. Doors were pitilessly closed against them as they humbly sought a shelter. And the innkeeper said: "There was no room for them in the inn." When the bleak night came on, Mary and Joseph sought refuge in a cave, which was used as a stable. There our Lord was born. "And she brought forth her firstborn Son, and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn." (Luke II. 7.) The very One who provided all those homes for others had no home Himself. "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not" (John I. 11.)

As of old, so now, Christ Jesus our Lord is seeking a home. How many at this holy Christmas-time, taken up with the comforts and pleasures of the season, with their hearts full of friends will treat Him like the Bethlehemites of old! How many will fail to recognize the wanderers, and, closing the door against them, will soon forget the cold and cheerless night without! There are those standing without, who indeed deserve a home. Joseph and Mary would bring Jesus to us, if we would but let them. Oh, the bitter irony of this festive time! Why is it a festive time? Because of the birth of Christ. His blessed name and the name of holy Mass united—Christmas—is on every tongue. The world resounds with Christmas greetings, but to so many, so very many, there is not a thought of remembrance of Him.

So much for the world at large, but not, please God, as regards ourselves. Yet even amongst Catholics there are men who forget Christ at Christmas-time. We must redouble the fervor of our piety to make up for those who forget Him. Who is it that their hearts keep standing without, and refuse to bid Him enter, and give Him welcome? Is it a beggar? Yes, a beggar indeed! "He came into the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not!" Everything we have belongs to Him. He gave it to us. Where would be our home, if He had not given us our health and our livelihood, our happiness, our children, our very existence? And now He will not force us, but asks us, begs of us to give Him a home. And He that seeks a home is no stranger, but a kinsman and a brother. He made us His brethren. For the Son of God became man, that we poor men should become the sons of God. He came "to be in all things like His brethren" (Heb. II. 17.)

He deserves a welcome; and we can give Him one. He seeks a home, and we have one to offer Him—our heart. Do not let this holy time pass by without bidding Him enter and make it all His own. His coming was all for us. He came to stone for us; to give to our poor lives and daily actions an eternal reward. He came as an Infant to force us to love Him; to make it easy for us to remember Him; to take away all fear, and to give us full confidence in His devoted love for us. Our hearts are unworthy of Him, but if they are all for Him, He will gladly make His home there. And Mary and Joseph will teach us how to serve Him and be faithful. Our hearts, for a little while now, to be His home, where

His love will reign supreme; and then, so soon, our home will be with Him in the Kingdom of His glory.

THE GREAT CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL

By Rev. Peter Gulliday, D. D.

Alone of all the festivals in the Christian calendar to be called "Merry," the feast of the Nativity of Our Lord stands like an open portal at the end of one year and at the beginning of another, through which we pass leaving behind us all our cares and sorrows to become again the little children Christ loved so tenderly. There have been across the waters of our soul tides of worry and of trial, of temptations and of sins, of joy and of successes, that have ebbed and flowed like the current of a stream. At no other season of the year is there such genuine surcease for the soul. Easter we call "Happy," but it comes so quickly after the tragedy of Good Friday that there is not the same unfeigned joy in its celebration. It is significant that in the early Church the "Gloria in Excelsis" was sung only on Christmas Day, as if the jubilant note of joy and the heartfelt outburst of "Gloria to God in the Highest" could only be sung on the anniversary of the day the angels sang it to a world that was weary waiting for its Redeemer.

In its own mysterious way, Christmas makes children of us all. On that morning, as the Master looks out from the little Bethlehem of the Altar, He sees kneeling in adoration before Him not the old and the middle-aged, not the youths and the maidens, who are standing on the brink of a swifter river of life, but a host of children, who love as children, who worship as children, who look up into the Divine Infant's eyes with the unquestioning faith of children.

TURNING POINT OF YEAR

The celebration of Christmas as a cardinal point, on which the ecclesiastical year turns, stretches back like a silver river to the days of the Apostles. Certainly, Mary and Joseph kept the birthdays of our Lord just as our own parents kept our anniversaries in our childhood. There is extant a letter from St. Clement, the third Pope in the great dynasty of Roman Pontiffs, commanding that the Nativity of Our Lord be observed in the Church on November 25, each year. From that time down to the later Middle Ages, the celebration of the feast grew, until finally the Christmas tide extended from December 24 down to January 6, or twelfth night. These twelve days, bringing the old year and the new, were essentially a time of merriment and laughter, for in the houses of kings and nobles, in the monasteries and convents, and in private families, the youngest child ruled as king, abbot, superior, and parent. It is in these far off medieval days that nearly all the Christmas customs we have today take their origin.

The giving of presents on Christmas morning in memory of the Three Wise Men from the East; the returning home of sons and daughters to the family hearth, there to become little children again around their parents; the charity that ruled as Lady Charity reigned in the heart of Francis of Assisi; the special care of the poor in memory of Our Lord's poverty in the manger; the sight of old Father Christmas with his venerable brow and snowy beard winding all hearts like flax around the Infant Messiah; the hanging of the mistletoe branches with their mystic leaves and berries; the Yule log carried in from the forest to the old fireplace; the revellers with their cheery laughter and lilting songs; the Christmas carols with their childlike simplicity; and the Christmas tree with its green boughs and spangles and stars—all these and many more of our Christmas traditions are traceable all the way back to the dim and misty past, when the spirit of the angels' song, the Christmas hymn of glory to God and peace to men, and to make it resound from one end of our beloved land to the other, for this is the month and this the happy morn.

ITS INFLUENCE ON LIVES

In this respect the feast of Christmas is unique. Of all the days made sacred by the Church, Christmas exercises a wider and a more penetrating influence in our lives. The whole atmosphere about us is changed. In our houses, our offices and workshops, in our schools and churches, the sublime and mysterious power of Bethlehem penetrates everywhere. None can escape it; none wishes to escape it. No other hymn in our liturgy grips the heart like the "Adeste Fideles." No other day is sanctified with Mass at midnight, when the hearts that linger beneath the stars, the words, which link earth with Heaven and man's soul with God, are whispered, and Bethlehem with Mary and Joseph, the shepherd's and the angels, is renewed as truly and as really as on the first Christmas morn.

IN A CHASTENED WORLD

The world is chastened today by the struggle which but yesterday had fastened itself upon the men and women of all climes. We are beginning, faintly, it is sure, to rouse our affrighted hearts and to welcome the Christmas bells that call us to the House of God, where we shall hear again the sublimest message of Christianity—peace on earth to men of good will. Like circles that widen round and full

upon a clear and blue lake, the spirit of peace, of salvation from the misery of the past few years, of release from the sordid influences which brought such evils upon us, is spreading its welcome and its special message of hope to us of this latter day and hour. Striving for mastery in our souls is this spirit of hope, and we who are Christ's as Christ is God's to use St. Paul's striking expression, have it as our duty especially at this time when the hearts of men and women are under the spell of the Christmas tide, to spread the balm of hope all about us. Our supreme happiness during these sacred days is to renew the confidence in God in men's souls, to banish misgivings in God's all-pervading providence, to instill feelings of delight in hearts that are broken and sorrowed during this advent of the Redeemer's coming. We, who have the faith, can not be lacking in hope, as we should not be wanting in charity; and all three are the fruits of peace and understanding.

RISING ON WINGS OF HOPE

The spirit of Christmas teaches us that other ages and other peoples have seen the same doubts and misgivings and have experienced the same reluctance many of us today may feel against allowing our hearts to sing out like carefree children during these merry days of the Christmas tide, and that they surmounted their doubts on the wings of hope. One of the old English Christmas carols tells us:

God rest ye, little children; but nothing you affright;
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born this happy night;
Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the Child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas day.

"Little children"—therein lies the secret of all the happiness and merriment of this blessed season. What if later days with their crudeness have demanded illusions? What if we must give up, as the years go on, our belief in Santa Claus, the bestower of gifts upon boys and girls who have been good and faithful during the year. Is anyone of us the worse for having heard in childhood days the sound of the sleigh bells, as the reindeer stopped above the roof and St. Nicholas was heard trudging towards the chimney? Is anyone of us the less a lover of truth for having believed that in a mysterious manner St. Nicholas knew what we wished to find at our place near the hearth on Christmas morning? What if we once believed when we knelt as children before the Christmas Crib, that there really and truly were Jesus and Mary, Joseph and the Shepherds, the Magi and the angels, and that they were all remaining still and quiet so that we might gaze upon the scene of the Blessed Infant's birth?

REASONS FOR BEING MERRY

Well, then, may we be merry this joyous Christmas Day, merry with the thoughts that return to us from our own childhood; merry with the remembrance that those days, indeed, were our happiest ones; merry with the renewed love for our fellowmen the Christmas message arouses in our hearts. Well, then, may we be merry as we realize that to us is given the rare privilege of helping the Church to restore all things to the Infant Christ of Bethlehem. Our Holy Mother, the Church of Christ, is looking out from Bethlehem today upon the Dark Rosaleen of this world, with the same eyes that have watched its perilous progress through twenty long centuries, the very soul within her breast wasted for those who are suffering and are heavily burdened these days of joy and gladness. And, if necessary, she would plough the high hills, she kneels all night in prayer, to heal our many ills. To us, her children, hand-in-hand around the Crib of the Infant Christ, she looks to take up the angels' song, the Christmas hymn of glory to God and peace to men, and to make it resound from one end of our beloved land to the other, for this is the month and this the happy morn.

Wherein the Son of Heavens' eternal King

Of wedded maid, and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring,
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

FREE to wives and mothers of Drunkards a trial treatment of the Wonderful Egyptian cure, SAMARIA PRESCRIPTION for Drunkenness, which science has proved is a disease and not a habit—has to be treated as such. Prohibition Legislation can't cure the unfortunate. SAMARIA can be given in Tea, Coffee or any liquid food. Send stamp for trial treatment.

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Spend Christmas in Algonquin Park

AGAIN the Christmas season approaches with all its joys and problems. Why not have a real holiday this Christmas, have each member of the family bring out his snowshoes, skates and skis, pack up his warm sports togs and all his way to Algonquin Park for the festive season? This will eliminate the problem of the Christmas Party and everyone will have a rollicking good time.

The Park lies up in the Ontario Highlands at an altitude of 2,000 feet above sea level and in winter is a veritable fairyland. The very air is a tonic and the climate is ideal for all out-of-door sports. The chief attractions are snow-shoeing, skating, skiing, tobogganing and sleighing, while there are also picnics in the woods, fishing through the ice and other delights innumerable.

A special Christmas dinner is served at Highland Inn, there is a Christmas tree and festivities in keeping with the season. Any Agent of Canadian National Railways will supply you with descriptive booklet, "Winter in Ontario Highlands."

Why Men "Crack" When on the Highway to Success

What Do These Things Tell You?

"SLEEPLESSNESS," Doctor Kennedy tells us, "is one of the commonest signs of nervousness. Another is physical unrest. You are showing signs of nervousness when you cannot keep from twitching your eyebrows, shrugging your shoulders, swinging one foot when your legs are crossed; or when you cannot sit at a desk or table without continually tapping with the fingers."

"The nervous man very often finds that he cannot concentrate on one task, but continually goes from one thing to another. He is also very apt to lose interest in the work and recreations that formerly gave him pleasure. And he is easily fatigued. Nervous fatigue is most commonly indicated by a constant feeling of tightness around the head."

THE worry and strain of recent years has been too much for many business and professional men who have not been able to break away from the details and anxieties associated with their occupations.

In a moment you will recall many who have broken down suddenly just when they appeared to be in their prime.

Some have had their lives snuffed out while others have lingered as invalids, lacking the energy and nerve force necessary for the pursuit of their vocations.

The warning symptoms as outlined above by Dr. Kennedy in the American Magazine for October are well worth a careful study, because with this knowledge you can then detect the indications of failing nervous energy while yet there is time to prevent serious results.

A few days away from the scene of your worries, rest and moderate exercise in the open will help to get you started on the way to better health. Your recovery will be greatly hastened by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Your digestive system has failed to supply proper nourishment to the nervous system. And when thus exhausted the nerves fail to control the digestive fluids of the stomach. On this account outside help is necessary, such as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, before you can get back your strength and vigor.

You will not be using this restorative treatment long before you will find yourself sleeping—and resting better. And this is what you need above all else. The old energy and vigor will be felt throughout your system and you will be encouraged to keep up this reconstructive treatment until you feel entirely yourself again.

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Solve this puzzle and win a CASH PRIZE. There are 6 faces in the picture besides the two Campers. Can you find them? If so mark each one with an X, cut out the picture, and write on a separate piece of paper these words, "I have found the faces and marked them" and mail same to us with your name and address. In case of ties, handwriting and neatness will be considered factors. If correct we will advise you by return mail of a simple condition to fulfill. Don't send any money. You can be a prize winner without spending one cent of your money. Send your reply direct to: **GOOD HOPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY**, 215 CRAIG STREET WEST, MONTREAL, CANADA

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

GENTLE MEN

Come wealth or want, come good or ill. Let young and old accept their part...

THE DIVINE CHILD

The wonder of Bethlehem is renewed once more. Bedded on the manger's straw, by His Virgin Mother's hands...

Christmas gift better than Himself, and as He wanted to give His best He gave us Himself!

"For, this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the City of David."

"A WARNING"

The feast was set in heaven In dazzling gold and white. With comet-tails festooned about...

This year there promises to be the usual heavy Christmas and New Year travel north, south, east and west...

Ridicule is assumed superiority; criticism is expressed superiority. Anxiety which anticipates evil is not the faith which faces the difficulties...

One part of knowledge consists in being ignorant of such things as are not worthy to be known.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

At last Thou art come, little Saviour! And Thine Angels fill midnight with song...

THE BEST CHRISTMAS STORY

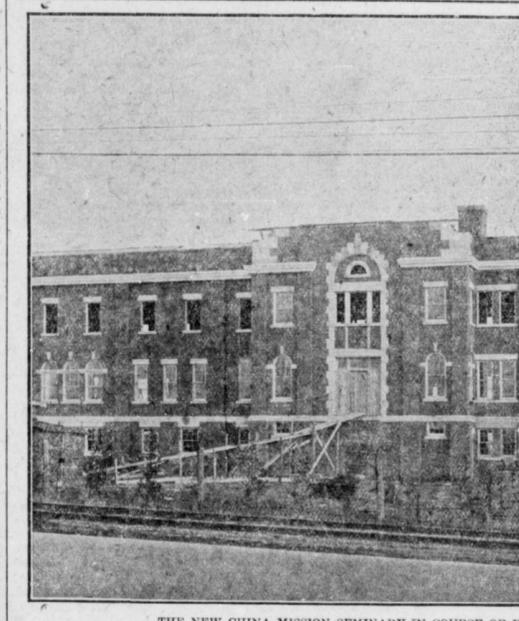
"I think, mother, this is the best Christmas story that ever was written."

A CHRISTMAS WISH

Wherever there is sickness, May Santa Claus bring health; Wherever there is poverty...

WHERE WILL YOU SPEND CHRISTMAS?

In all the cycle of the year there is no time that brings families together as does the Yuletide.



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The Time Has Come

When Canada is able and willing to play her part in the conversion of pagan China; When young men from all parts of the Dominion...

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS... I wonder how many of us reflect on the direct meaning of the word, Christmas?

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS... I wonder how many of us reflect on the direct meaning of the word, Christmas?

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MUTUAL LIFE... To all Mutualists and to all others likewise...

OBITUARY

SISTER M. ST. THOMAS

In the English-speaking portion of the archdiocese of Montreal it is known that St. Gabriel's possesses the richest parochial soil for the cultivation of vocations. No other parish has furnished so many priests to the local body of clergy and elsewhere; none has given more generously of its youth to the brotherhoods; none has even equalled its contribution to various communities of women in Canada and the United States.

For the Congregation of Holy Cross in particular, St. Gabriel's has been a fruitful nursery in which, under the fostering care of the Sisters who have been established there almost since the foundation of the parish, one tender young plant after another has budded, later to blossom and bloom in the novitiate of the community. Indeed the Sisters of Holy Cross have been so closely identified with the beginnings and the development of the parish, and so many families have offered a cherished member to the greater family of this prosperous teaching order, that the most affectionate ties, apart from the traditional reverence in which those who are consecrated to God are held by our people, bind the parishioners to the religious of St. Gabriel's. And if the modest reception room at the mother-house has been for the past forty years a gladly familiar spot to many men and women of St. Gabriel's, the little cemetery in the rear of the big building is no less sadly endeared to many others.

In this peaceful "Gods Acre" where so many gentle Sisters of Holy Cross are laid to rest, a number of relatives, friends and the entire Community gathered on Wednesday morning, October 31, to assist at the final obsequies of the late Elizabeth Young, in religion Sister Mary of St. Thomas of Canterbury, a "Gabrielite," who died on the preceding Monday after an illness of several months.

Since her profession nearly thirty years ago, the late Sister St. Thomas was stationed at various times at St. Gabriel's Academy, Montreal, at Alexandria, Renfrew, Springfield, Mass., and St. Alban's, Vermont. In all of these places her death occasioned expressions of genuine regret, for her devotion won her a host of friends wherever she was on mission.

As a teacher, especially of the junior pupils, it was said of her that her motherly way in the class room made her beloved of her little charges, from whom she received year after year the unlimited trust and affection that children give when they find for themselves that the recipient is worthy, according to their view, of the gift.

Though frail and suffering she remained at her post until within a few months of her death. The last rites were administered at the mother-house shortly before her demise by her cousin, Rev. M. P. Reid, Inspector of schools, Montreal, who was also celebrant at the solemn service of requiem.

Besides the two high Masses, offered by the teachers and pupils of St. Gabriel's Academy, a Month's Mind was sung for the repose of her soul in the parish church, on Friday, November 30th. R. I. P.

SAWING WOOD

EXPERIMENTAL FARMS NOTE

The buck saw, like the grain cradle, is practically an institution of the past. A necessary evil once, it should now be regarded as an antiquated invention for driving boys off the farm, and relegated to the museum for curiosities.

The one-man cross-cut is a little better, while the two-man cross-cut is a distinct step in the evolution of saw ability. It has its place in the bush, of course, and even the other instruments of torture aforementioned find occasional employment, just as the old grain cradle is resurrected now and then for some special purpose.

As a regular means of working up the winter wood pile, however, these are only to be advocated for one who absolutely has not and cannot get the cash to hire a buzz-saw outfit. Modern life is too busy and full of interest to spend unnecessarily in back-testing mechanical routine which machinery enables us to dispense with. Most of us can find enough manual-labor jobs after we have substituted as much gasoline for muscle as we have wit to use.

We have heard arguments that buzz-sawing wood is more expensive than buck-sawing. But these calculations are generally based on old-time conditions. As it works out in these times, most of us find that gasoline beats elbow grease by a substantial margin. There is this, too, that buzz-sawing is a more or less sociable job which goes with a vim and men quite properly prefer it to the tedium of hand-sawing.

Again, it will be noticed that the farmer who buzzes his supply gets the job over with and goes on to something else, while the buck-saw adherent is hardly ever out of a job. The wood pile stares him in the face until he hates to go past it.

What a comfort there is in looking at a big heap of sawed firewood in the yard when a cold snap comes on and the snow piles deep around

the buildings. W. D. Albright, Dominion Experimental Sub-Station, Beaverlodge, Alta.

AT THE MANGER

The stable-door is very low,
And mean and small—stoop down,
proud head!
Nor dare, with thought of self, to go
Into that humble, roadside shed.

No light save that of starlit skies,
And Joseph's lantern old and dim.
The Babe within the manger lies,
While Mary, kneeling, worships
Him.

The poor, dumb beasts, tho' void of
faith
And reason, stare at Him with awe,
Upon His face their soft, warm
breath
Is blown across the coarse, sweet
straw.

And Joseph near the manger
kneels,
And clasps his roughened hands in
prayer;
And looking on the Infant feels
That God Omnipotent is there.

Dear Mary! ere the shepherd
brings
His bleating lambskins through the
cold;
And ere they come, the Eastern
kings,
With frankincense and myrrh and
gold,—

Oh! may we, by Saint Joseph led,
Not formally, nor as a stranger,
But keeping close to Jesus spread
Our Christmas gifts before the
manger.

—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY

DIED

SWIFT.—At his late residence 287 Nile Street, Stratford, Ont., on Thursday, December 6, 1928, Mr. James Swift, aged seventy-four years. May his soul rest in peace.

WOODFORD.—At Harbor Main, Nfld., on November 20, 1928, Mary R. Woodford, daughter of John and Mary Woodford, aged twenty-one years. May her soul rest in peace.

TEACHERS WANTED

WANTED teacher with second class certificate for Fort William Separate school, duties commencing January 2nd. Salary \$90 per month. Apply to A. W. Lemay, Secretary, Fort William, Ont. 2338-3

WANTED qualified teacher for Separate school No. 2 Malton, Agricultural and kind class professional. Salary \$100 per annum. Duties to commence Jan. 3. Apply to James Quilman, Sec. R. H. No. 3, Essex. 2338-3

WANTED for Barry's Bay Separate school, in the village of Barry's Bay, two Normal trained teachers. One for the Primary room at a salary of \$70 and one for the Junior room at a salary of \$60. Duties to commence Jan. 3rd, 1929. Apply stating qualifications and experience to Martin Dooly, sec., Barry's Bay, Ont. 2338-2

WANTED a teacher holding a first class certificate as principal for N. S. S. No. 3 McKillop and Hibbert. Duties to commence Jan. 3rd, 1929. Apply to P. V. Mourath, Sec., St. Columban, Ont. 2337-3

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A good book, alppers perhaps a pipe and a jacket of the right kind, what more does a fellow want! Priced \$10.00 to \$18.00. Dressing Gowns.....\$8.50 to \$18.00

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Puma's, Turnbull's, Cottee, Mercury Mills, Tri-Knit, Standfield's and Tiger brand; in lightweight and heavy winter weight. Priced at per suit \$2.00 to \$10.00.

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WANTED—Men or women to earn considerable money between now and Christmas sell the BEST and most attractively packaged soap and toilet preparations ever offered through agents. You can make 100% profit on your sales. Every sale means a pleased permanent customer and you can soon derive a permanent and large income from this agency. Write for territory and full particulars. Bovel Manufacturing Co., Dept. 55, Toronto, Ont. 2337-47

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