

# 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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2197

## ALL SOULS' DAY

Oh, it is sweet to think  
Of those that are departed,  
While murmured Aves sink  
To silence tender-hearted.  
While tears that have no pain  
Are tranquilly distilling,  
And the dead live again  
In hearts that love is filling.  
Yet not as in the days  
Of earthly ties we love them:  
For they are touched with rays  
From light that is above them;  
Another sweetness shines  
Around their well known features;  
God with his glory signs  
His dearly ransomed creatures.  
Dear dead! they have become  
Like guardian angels to us;  
And distant heaven like home,  
Through them begins to woo us;  
Love, that was earthly, wings  
Its flight to holier places;  
The dead are sacred things  
That multiply our graces.  
They whom we love on earth  
Attract us now to heaven;  
Who shared our grief and mirth  
Back to us now are given.  
They move with noiseless foot  
Gravely and sweetly round us,  
And their soft touch hath cut  
Full many a chain that bound us.  
O dearest dead! to heaven  
With glowing sighs we gave you,  
To Him—be doubts forgiven!  
Who took you there to save you—  
Now get us grace to love  
Your memories yet more kindly,  
Pine for our homes above,  
And trust to God more b'ndly.  
—FATHER FABER

## WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

### IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

Copyright 1920 by Seumas MacManus  
EXTRACT FROM BISHOPS' PROTEST

For my review this week I shall simply give two extracts—one taken from the united protest of all the bishops and archbishops of Ireland, assembled at Maynooth, and the other from a sworn statement of one of the hundreds of men, who, in the past few months, have been fearfully tortured by the British military in Ireland. The first, from the bishops' protest is only a short sample of the alarming statements marshalled in an long document, arraigning the unparalleled savage rise of the British Army of Occupation in Ireland. The bishops say: "On a scale truly appalling have to be reckoned: "Countless indiscriminate raids and arrests in the darkness of the night; "Prolonged imprisonments without trial; "Savage sentences from tribunals that command and deserve no confidence; "The burning of houses, town halls, factories, creameries and crops; "The destruction of industries to pave the way for want and famine—by men maddened with plundered drink and bent on loot; "The flogging and massacre of civilians—all perpetrated by the forces of the Crown who have established a reign of frightfulness which, for murdering the innocent and destroying their property, has a parallel only in the horrors of Turkish atrocities or in the outrages of the Red army or Bolshevik Russia. "Needless to say we are opposed to crime from whatever side it comes. Nearly two months ago His Eminence Cardinal Logue, in condemning the murder of a policeman, wrote as follows: "I know that we are living under a harsh, oppressive, tyrannical regime of military and brute force; which invites, stimulates and nourishes crime. I know that lately at least, all pretence of strict discipline has been thrown to the winds, and those who profess to be the guardians of law and order have become the most ardent votaries of lawlessness and disorder; that they are running wild through the country making night hideous by raids; that reckless and indiscriminate shootings in crowded places have made many innocent victims; that towns are sacked as in the rude warfare of earlier ages; that those who run through fear are shot at sight; that in one case lately an inoffensive and industrious man, knowing nothing and caring less for politics, has been dragged from his family while they were reciting the Rosary, and shot on the public road. "Things have become much worse since this was written. Men have been tortured with barbarous cruelty. Nor are cases wanting of young women torn and undressed from their mothers' care in the darkness of night. "For all this, not the men but their masters are chiefly to blame. And it is not a question of hasty reprisals which, however unjustifiable, might be attributed to extreme provocation, not of quick retaliation on evil doers, nor of Lynch law for misdemeanors—much less of self-defense of any kind whatsoever.

"It is the indiscriminate vengeance of savages deliberately wreaked on a whole town or countryside without any proof of its complicity in crime by those who ostensibly are employed by the British Government to protect the lives and property of the people and restore order in Ireland."

### SWORN STATEMENT OF THOMAS HALE

The sworn statement of the tortured man Thomas Hales is copied from the latest number of the Freeman's Journal to hand. The Freeman is the leading paper in Ireland. In reading this document it is to be remembered that under the new special law in Ireland any paper which publishes a misstatement liable to instant suppression, and its proprietor and editor to heavy jail sentences. Also please note that they have had to suppress the name of the military captain and of the military lieutenant (according to the law) using the terms "X" and "Y" for their names.

The statement, which was made by Thomas Hales, of Knocknacra, Bandon, Co. Cork, follows:

"On the 27th July, 1920, at about 5 p. m., I was standing outside a farmhouse at Laragh, about two and three quarter miles from Randon—Mr. Harley is the proprietor of the house. Some police and soldiers came and surrounded the house and took me and Harley.

"I was brought inside the house and there saw Captain X with other military officers. I had no coat on at the time. They then took me into an outhouse and took all my other clothes off me and searched them for documents. They found some documents on me, and on searching my coat which was hanging up, they spilt out of it some cartridges. I had no cartridges in my possession, and I am of the opinion that these were placed there.

"Captain X said: 'You will be shot.' They tied my hands behind my back with leather straps and strapped my legs together also. They did the same thing with Harley. They made me stand up and they made Harley stand behind me. They discovered a slab of gun-cotton in the farm. I do not know whether it was brought in by the military or not. They placed the gun-cotton on Harley's back, strapped it there and Captain X said: 'Be prepared for the shock.' They looked round for a detonator, but could not find one. They then took the gun-cotton off Harley's back and while my hands were strapped behind my back, and Harley's hands were also strapped behind his back, Lieutenant Y hit me and Harley in the face several times. He hit me very hard, and he had in his hand, I believe, the butt end of a revolver.

"They then tied my right leg to Harley's left leg and marched us off to a lorry about 200 yards away. I was prodded by a bayonet and I was hit in the nose by the butt end of a gun. I was very weak and it was very difficult to walk in a three-legged fashion.

"I was nearly blind, as blood was running down my face from the injuries I had received. We were taken to Bandon into the military barracks yard, and were lined up to be shot. The soldiers were bowling for our death and were anxious to shoot us.

"We had our backs to the wall, and Harley was on my left-hand side.

"Lieutenant Y said: 'Do you want to be blind-folded?' We said: 'No.' I asked to see a chaplain. Lieutenant X said: 'Damn D, why do you want to see a chaplain?' I said: 'All right; so ahead.'

"We were still tied with our hands behind our backs and the soldiers hit us with their fists. My sight was getting very dim owing to the blood that I was losing, and I felt very weak.

"Captain X paced out 12 to 15 paces from me, and then put 5 or 6 men with rifles at the end of the 15 paces. Harley was then very weak and could hardly see. He stuck a flag into Harley's hand and made him hold it high up. I recognized that the flag Harley was holding up was the Union Jack, but Harley himself was too far gone to recognize it. A man came with a camera and took a snapshot. Captain X then said: 'We must get some information first before we shoot them.'

"We were then taken across the barracks yard into a room in the barracks. The soldiers were furious at not being allowed to shoot us and they punched us and pummelled us the whole way across the yard.

The statement then goes on to describe a midnight scene before six officers. Hales' hands were still pained and a strap fastened round his neck and mouth. An oath was administered but Hales refused to repeat the name of the Blessed Virgin. Two officers took their canes and beat him on the legs for five minutes. Hales admitted he had been Commander of a Brigade at one time, had refused to say who was next in command.

"The two officers then gave me about 40 cuts each on my bare legs. Captain X then said: 'Will you refuse to tell me was Professor Gerald O'Sullivan commander of the Camp? I told him I did not know such a man. He said: 'You are a damned liar.'"

### TWO MEN MURDERED AT THURLES

#### RELATIVES' ACCOUNT OF THE OUTRAGE

Special Correspondent of the Manchester Guardian

Limerick.—Tuesday's Irish papers reported the shooting of four civilians—two near Thurles in Tipperary, one in Galway, one in Clare. The circumstances in each case were much the same and bear a remarkable similarity to those in at least six other murders in the last month. Local opinion in each case charges the police on some branch of that force with the crime. I have particularly investigated the shooting of the two men near Thurles, and I think a bare recital of the evidence as it has come to hand from a perfectly independent inquiry will go far to justify the impression that murder has now been added to the other forms of terrorism, arson, flogging, intimidations, and arrest by which Ireland is being coerced in the hope of stamping out police murders by Sinn Fein.

In the early hours of Monday morning three or four men in a lorry or motor-car visited five farms in Tipperary hills, ten miles from Thurles. The statements of the people in the houses agree on several points—that one of the men was like an officer and wore a slouch hat, a trench coat and khaki woollen scarf, that two others wore long dark overcoats, while one at least of them had khaki trousers. One wore a white mask, another a black one. To fit the times together, the party seems first to have visited the farm house of the Ryans, Curraghfield, Upperchurch, which stands 300 yards off the road. There were in the house at the time Mrs. Ryan, her two daughters, and a son Michael, aged twenty-seven, who was in bed suffering from pneumonia. I give what happened in the words of Margaret Ryan, one of the daughters:

"We were all in bed when a knock came to the front door. I went to the door and opened it, and a man asked was Michael Ryan in. I said he was in bed with pneumonia. The man wore a black uniform and mask and had a revolver in his hand. He went back in the yard and spoke with some others. Another man with a white mask tied round his face and khaki trousers and a black coat and cap, with a revolver, then came in with a man with a trench coat and khaki scarf. They said: 'We are going to shoot him.'

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### SISTER SEES THE CRIME

One should explain that the house is undergoing considerable structural alterations and the place of the stairs is for the moment taken by a rough wooden ladder. Miss Ryan continued:

"I went up the ladder first and cried, 'Oh, Mick, they are going to shoot you.' He replied: 'They won't when I tell them they have no charge against me.' The two men came up the ladder and one pointed his revolver at me, and Mick began to shriek: 'You have no charge against me.' One of them said something to him that I did not hear. I screamed, and the officer pointed his revolver at me and said: 'If you don't go out I will shoot you.' I had a candle in my hand, and the officer stepped forward and snuffed it and pushed me out of the room on the landing. I ran back again and he turned on me, saying: 'Go down, you scoundrel, or I will shoot you dead.' My mother was calling out from the bottom of the ladder for them to spare her son, and they replied: 'Although you are an only son we will shoot you.'

### LOOTING A PUBLIC HOUSE

The raiders returned in the direction of Thurles, and four miles from Upperchurch called at the licensed grocery shop of Patrick Ryan at Drumbane, about four in the morning. There were in the house Mrs. Ryan, a girl assistant aged seventeen, and a grandchild under two years. Mrs. Ryan told me this morning that they drove up to the door, and when she came to open it put a revolver to her face and asked who was in the house. She told them, and they asked where her husband and sons were. She gave no answer. There was a consultation between the men, and then she was given five minutes to clear out. She said, 'I have a little grandchild in bed.' They replied, 'Bring it out quickly.' They wanted to know where the two women and the child were going, and set a man to watch them as they went across the fields to a neighbour's. The shop was then set on fire though not before the till and cashbox had been looted and £12 in gold, over £12 in notes, and some in silver, a dozen bottles of brandy, some rum and whisky, shaving soap, and tobacco had been taken. The fire did not, however, take full hold. The contents of one room were destroyed, but in the shop not a great deal of damage was done, although the fire was left for some time before neighbours came to put it out.

To turn the question of provocation, by which occasionally a reprisal might have been occasioned, there has been none since her attempt on the lives of several policemen in Upperchurch in August, when two were wounded. This attack led to a reprisal outbreak in which a creamery was destroyed, the cottage of a labourer named Whelan burned and attempts were made to burn the house of a man called Larkin,

### BROTHERS' DASH FOR LIFE

From Curraghfield the party seem to have gone through Upperchurch village for a mile or so to Stapleton's Farm at Finghly. Here they inquired for James Stapleton, but he was not at home, and they contented themselves with killing some geese. They next went to the farm of John Kiame, and threatened to burst in the door if it were not opened. It was opened, and two boys, James and Jeremiah Kiame, were taken out and told to prepare for death. They were made to kneel, with revolvers pressed to their heads. Suddenly they made a dash, knocked the revolvers out of the raiders' hands, and ran. They were fired at, but were missed. Jeremiah, however, ran into the motor that had brought the men, and fire was opened from it which wounded him in the side and leg. He dragged himself away to a turnip field, where he was found some hours later. Before they left the men fired shots into the house.

### THE DEATH OF GLEESON

Coming back towards Upperchurch they called at the house of William Gleeson at Mober. What happened there was told me by William Gleeson, the father, whom I caught in the churchyard in the midst of the mourners at the funeral this morning. He told his story with a fiery reticence, shouting, 'Swear me! I'll give it on oath,' while a daughter standing by became hysterical at the recital and screamed: 'They pressed a pistol here'—she put her hand on her heart,—'and I was ready to die for my darling brother. He died a martyr to Ireland.'

They came to the house (said the father) and asked for Jim Gleeson. My wife and daughter, who went to the door said: 'There is no Jim Gleeson.' They came into the room where my son Willie and I lay in bed. My wife held a candle. I spoke out: 'What in heaven's name do you want?' They urged a revolver on me. Willie sat up in bed like a man and cried: 'Take me will you. Don't shoot my father!' One of the men said: 'This is not the man.' But another replied: 'You will do. Come out here!' We all got up, but they threatened to shoot us all. They took him out. He was in his night attire. I went out looking for him, but I said to his mother: 'I can't meet him dead, I am not able; don't take me any further.' We went over to his first cousin's house, and his mother and my two girls went out with neighbours and found him lying dead on the road 200 yards away.

"What were the men like who came to the house? I asked. 'Devils,' the old man answered fiercely, 'devils! One of them had a black coat, and was very red in the face, and from his looks not decent. The fellow with the revolver was dressed in what they call a trench coat with a belt on, and wore a brownish scarf. They tortured my son.' Here the old man went off into pitiful declamation. 'You will do. Come out here!' They must have questioned him about Jim Gleeson, and I have not any son called Jim Gleeson."

### THE HOLY SEE AND MONACO RE-ESTABLISH RELATIONS

(By N. C. W. C. Special Cable)

Rome, Oct. 30.—The new minister of the Prince of Monaco on Monday presented his credential letters to the Holy Father. This means a reconciliation of the Prince with the Supreme Pontiff, Prince Albert of Monaco writing on the War published opinions concerning the action of the Holy Father. The Holy See request an explanation and received a letter which the Prince now publishes in the official paper of the Principality. The letter reads: "I regret that some expressions in my last work on history and social sciences inspired by the German war have been given a meaning quite contrary to the sentiments I have always professed toward the person and character of the Holy Father. These sentiments of the deepest regard I have never changed. I renew to Your Holiness the homage and unshakable attachment with which I have the honor to be, "Most humble, devoted Son, "ALBERT."

### THE RECONQUEST OF IRELAND

The Government had the choice of two courses in Ireland—reconciliation or reconquest. The weapons of the former way—generosity, trust, and courage above all—the Government had decided not to try. The weapons of the other way—fire and terror and murder—are now in the hands of the lawless among its servants, while the old terror of the secret assassin which that policy is intended to put down has not been abated. Half the population of young Ireland is on the run. The determination to "re-England" from end to end" extends to the houses of good Protestants and staunch Unionists. The murders of two civilians in Thurles—the story has been sifted and investigated by our special correspondent—is the latest horror in the abyss. The revolver of Thurles follows hard on the scourge of Galway. Meanwhile there is a terror for Great Britain, too, in the refusal of the Chief Secretary to come to the front in August, when two were wounded. This attack led to a reprisal outbreak in which a creamery was destroyed, the cottage of a labourer named Whelan burned and attempts were made to burn the house of a man called Larkin,

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The Trappist Monks, refugees from France, who established a home at the Monastery of Our Lady of Compassion near Kingsbridge, England, are planning to return to their old home, the Abbey of Mellere, near Nantes.

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A REPLY (From our Special Correspondent)

Limerick, Wednesday Night, Oct. 27. In his statement in the House of Commons last night, the Chief Secretary declares that the statements you published from me about the floggings at Corbally, Co. Galway, are "complete fabrications." One can only reply that the testimony of the eyes of three English correspondents, as honest in intention and open as the Chief Secretary, and the tested and corroborated statements of witnesses seen individually without any possibility of collusion uphold those statements absolutely. The Corbally case was particularly well authenticated. I saw the bruised heads and faces of the Feeney brothers, their broken bicycles, heard not only their story but that of their sisters and mother and the story of neighbors.

In regard to the Cummer case, the Chief Secretary rides off on a quibble which happens to be untrue. The police did not clear the public-house, for the landlord, seeing the police approach, made all his customers go outside, as he knew the gentle manners of the Galway force rather too well. I note that Sir Hamar Greenwood does not refer to the girl who was shot at her cottage door by this same party of police or to the man, Michael Welby, whom they seriously wounded by a shot in the back. The Chief Secretary is also silent on the long statements taken down from the six men now in hospital at Galway suffering from shots fired by his police.

No more need, perhaps, he said. It is, of course, obvious why the families do not "accuse the police." In a countryside where people live in a state of terror it is difficult to get them to admit even the ill treatment they receive for fear of a repetition of ill-treatment, and for fear even of death. It is the same in Galway as one has found it today in Tipperary and Limerick—no man who has any sympathy with the Sinn Fein movement feels his life quite secure.—Manchester Guardian.

### THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE RESTORATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LOUVAIN

The National Committee of the United States for the Restoration of the University of Louvain has announced that \$142,607.25 has been received and forwarded to the university faculty, for the purpose of erecting a new library to replace the historic structure destroyed during the War. The committee expected to raise \$50,000, but has thus far been unable to attain this amount. It is expected, however, that the funds available will be sufficient to erect an adequate library building. Cardinal Mercier has sent the committee a message expressing his gratitude for the generosity of the American people.

### PARIS, OCT. 25.—

In 1914, the town of Langres, located at a few kilometers' distance to the south of Chaumont, General Pershing's headquarters in France, made the vow to raise, after the War, a statue to Joan of Arc to testify its gratitude for being spared the German invasion. This vow materialized early this month when the whole town celebrated the dedication of the statue. The ceremonies were presided over by Cardinal Dubois, the newly appointed Archbishop of Paris. He was surrounded by the Bishops of Langres, Poitiers, Chalons, Verdun, Dijon and Le Mans. A procession went all over the town. The senator-mayor of Langres together with the municipality took part in the procession.

### BOGOTE, COLOMBIA, SEPT. 30.—

In the latest issue of the Diario Oficial, the official gazette of Colombia, is contained in full the sermon preached by the Right Rev. Monsignor Lopez y Lleras on the occasion of the solemn public consecration of the Republic to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, last month. This masterpiece of sacred oratory was pronounced in the presence of President Marco F. Suarez, members of his cabinet, the Right Rev. Monsignor Medina, Auxiliary Bishop of Bogota, the Right Rev. Apostolic Nuncio, and a host of other important ecclesiastical and civil personages. The ceremony took place in the National Temple Bogote, on August 1, and gave Colombia the distinction of being the first nation to consecrate itself, in pursuance of legal enactment, to the Sacred Heart.

### PARIS, OCT. 31.—

Cardinal Dubois, following his return from Rome, has expressed to Monsignor Roland Gosselin the wish that he remain near him as Auxiliary Bishop, just as he did for Cardinal Amette. Monsignor Gosselin has accepted the post and has been commissioned by Cardinal Dubois to organize in his name the public participation of Catholics in the Armistice Day celebration, November 11, and in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Republic. President Millerand yesterday signed the decree conferring the Legion of Honor on Monsignor Roland Gosselin, Monsignor Chollet, Archbishop of Cambrai, and Monsignor Lemenier, Bishop of Bayeux, who was president of the last social week at Caen. Monsignor Marbeau, Bishop of Meaux, and the archbishops of Noyon, Senlis, Laon and Bethune were also knighted.

whose son was taken out and fired at and wounded in the arm. When the claim for damages was heard at Nenagh Quarter Sessions evidence was given that a police lorry drew up at the crematory before it was seen to be on fire, and the judge gave a decree for £5,000.—Manchester Guardian, Oct. 29.

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Limerick, Wednesday Night, Oct. 27. In his statement in the House of Commons last night, the Chief Secretary declares that the statements you published from me about the floggings at Corbally, Co. Galway, are "complete fabrications." One can only reply that the testimony of the eyes of three English correspondents, as honest in intention and open as the Chief Secretary, and the tested and corroborated statements of witnesses seen individually without any possibility of collusion uphold those statements absolutely. The Corbally case was particularly well authenticated. I saw the bruised heads and faces of the Feeney brothers, their broken bicycles, heard not only their story but that of their sisters and mother and the story of neighbors.

In regard to the Cummer case, the Chief Secretary rides off on a quibble which happens to be untrue. The police did not clear the public-house, for the landlord, seeing the police approach, made all his customers go outside, as he knew the gentle manners of the Galway force rather too well. I note that Sir Hamar Greenwood does not refer to the girl who was shot at her cottage door by this same party of police or to the man, Michael Welby, whom they seriously wounded by a shot in the back. The Chief Secretary is also silent on the long statements taken down from the six men now in hospital at Galway suffering from shots fired by his police.

No more need, perhaps, he said. It is, of course, obvious why the families do not "accuse the police." In a countryside where people live in a state of terror it is difficult to get them to admit even the ill treatment they receive for fear of a repetition of ill-treatment, and for fear even of death. It is the same in Galway as one has found it today in Tipperary and Limerick—no man who has any sympathy with the Sinn Fein movement feels his life quite secure.—Manchester Guardian.

### THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE RESTORATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LOUVAIN

The National Committee of the United States for the Restoration of the University of Louvain has announced that \$142,607.25 has been received and forwarded to the university faculty, for the purpose of erecting a new library to replace the historic structure destroyed during the War. The committee expected to raise \$50,000, but has thus far been unable to attain this amount. It is expected, however, that the funds available will be sufficient to erect an adequate library building. Cardinal Mercier has sent the committee a message expressing his gratitude for the generosity of the American people.

### PARIS, OCT. 25.—

In 1914, the town of Langres, located at a few kilometers' distance to the south of Chaumont, General Pershing's headquarters in France, made the vow to raise, after the War, a statue to Joan of Arc to testify its gratitude for being spared the German invasion. This vow materialized early this month when the whole town celebrated the dedication of the statue. The ceremonies were presided over by Cardinal Dubois, the newly appointed Archbishop of Paris. He was surrounded by the Bishops of Langres, Poitiers, Chalons, Verdun, Dijon and Le Mans. A procession went all over the town. The senator-mayor of Langres together with the municipality took part in the procession.

### BOGOTE, COLOMBIA, SEPT. 30.—

In the latest issue of the Diario Oficial, the official gazette of Colombia, is contained in full the sermon preached by the Right Rev. Monsignor Lopez y Lleras on the occasion of the solemn public consecration of the Republic to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, last month. This masterpiece of sacred oratory was pronounced in the presence of President Marco F. Suarez, members of his cabinet, the Right Rev. Monsignor Medina, Auxiliary Bishop of Bogota, the Right Rev. Apostolic Nuncio, and a host of other important ecclesiastical and civil personages. The ceremony took place in the National Temple Bogote, on August 1, and gave Colombia the distinction of being the first nation to consecrate itself, in pursuance of legal enactment, to the Sacred Heart.

### PARIS, OCT. 31.—

Cardinal Dubois, following his return from Rome, has expressed to Monsignor Roland Gosselin the wish that he remain near him as Auxiliary Bishop, just as he did for Cardinal Amette. Monsignor Gosselin has accepted the post and has been commissioned by Cardinal Dubois to organize in his name the public participation of Catholics in the Armistice Day celebration, November 11, and in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Republic. President Millerand yesterday signed the decree conferring the Legion of Honor on Monsignor Roland Gosselin, Monsignor Chollet, Archbishop of Cambrai, and Monsignor Lemenier, Bishop of Bayeux, who was president of the last social week at Caen. Monsignor Marbeau, Bishop of Meaux, and the archbishops of Noyon, Senlis, Laon and Bethune were also knighted.



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THREE DAUGHTERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

BY MRS. INNES-BROWN

CHAPTER XII.

The snow lay long and deep that winter upon the hills and in the valleys surrounding Baron Court, whilst an almost deathlike stillness pervaded the grand old home itself. Curling yellow smoke issued slowly from but few chimneys, and those were chiefly connected with apartments at the back of the Court.

Now and again a few pigeons flew swiftly around the deserted pile of buildings, and sweeping down, alighted upon the massive roof; but they did not linger, and quickly darted away in search of warmth and shelter.

During the past few months she has grown a little in stature, and her figure is a trifle fuller and more perfect. The early but warm Italian sun had given to her face the faintest possible tinge of olive, which well became her rich, soft skin, and deepened the look of health upon her beautiful young face.

Another subject, far dearer to her than aught concerning herself, occupies and preys upon her mind, even against her will, and that is the ever failing health of her father. The more hopeless his case grows, the more determinately does she resist the sense of it.

About the middle of March a permanent and sudden change took place in the atmosphere and appearance of things in general. The wind abruptly swerved round to warmer quarters, and the bright spring sun, shining forth, rapidly dispersed every vestige of frost, and brought to light the early snow which had lain for so long in hidden and sheltered places from the piercing wind by the friendly snow.

The caw of the rooks sounded cheerful and happy as they once more selected their mates, and set to work vigorously to clear out and rebuild their old nests in the tall elm-trees.

Still May had almost elapsed before the family returned to the Court, and when they did, it was upon a lovely evening towards the end of the month. Word had been forwarded that John should meet them with the old coach and family coach, and as it drew up at the fine entrance the first to spring lightly out of it was Lady Beatrice.

She could not endure to witness the looks of sorrow and concern which she felt convinced would be depicted on the faces of the dependants when they saw how wasted and ill their master looked. "People of that class," mused the girl impatiently, whilst she crouched low over the head of her favorite as it nestled in her lap—"people of that class never seem to comprehend that, no matter how ill we may appear, it does not follow that we shall not recover!"

"After all home is the sweetest spot on earth, my Bartie," he said tenderly; "it will require a great deal to induce me to leave it again."

"You will soon recover here, dear old father. I shall be better able to nurse you at home than in a hotel, and before the summer is over you must be quite strong again."

He made no reply, but gently released himself from the clasp of her young arms, and shook his head somewhat sadly.

"God knows best; may His will be done," was his inward prayer, "and may He teach my darling resignation."

There was not much alteration in the appearance of the Countess; perhaps a trifle less of hauteur and pride in her carriage and bearing, and a degree or two more of gentleness in her voice, as she answered the kind and respectful inquiries of her domestics. Certain it was that in her handsome face there was a new expression of calmness and patience which gave hopes of more thought and consideration for others.

A quiet and holy calm seemed to fall upon the heart of Beatrice that night—such as she had not felt for months—as she and her father sat together in the cosy and comfortable library. His arm-chair was drawn up to the cheerful fire, and she, seated upon a lower one—her little feet upon the fender—reclined gracefully near him.

Another subject, far dearer to her than aught concerning herself, occupies and preys upon her mind, even against her will, and that is the ever failing health of her father. The more hopeless his case grows, the more determinately does she resist the sense of it.

"O God!" she inwardly moans, "Thou dost demand too much; I cannot yield him to Thee." She seemed to forget the almost numberless gifts and blessings otherwise bestowed upon her; to lose sight entirely of the warning words of Lady Abbess, "God has given you much, my child; He will ask much in return; than give generously."

Small wonder, then, that though she visited Rome and many of the principal towns in the south of Italy, each of which was teeming with sacred monuments and memories of God's saints; though she carefully traversed the labyrinth of the Catacombs with Percy, and stood on the very ground where so many of the glorious martyrs had shed their blood; though she visited the tombs of the apostles, and knelt with her parents at the feet of Christ's Vicar to receive his benediction—yet in spite of all this, and much more, as she nourished that feeling of rebellion in her heart, these things neither rejoiced nor gladdened her soul, as once they would have done.

"No, he'll not marry her," assented the gentleman gravely. "It will be difficult to suit him with a wife," said Webster. "I fancy," he continued, "that her ladyship frets a good deal on the quiet, and she's growing more pious, all which facts prove to me that she knows more about her husband's health than she pretends to do. She'd not relish resigning her reign here, I'll warrant. But as for your young lady, she won't hear that her father is ill."

"Well, then, we'll try and keep him alive as long as we can," said Mrs. Thomas earnestly. "Whilst there's life there's hope. Unless he gets a severe cold he may linger for some time yet. This I know for a fact; the doctor once told me as much. His lungs were injured by that bullet he received in his chest during the war; that was the original cause of the mischief, and he was predisposed to consumption, I believe."

than before. Still, like the generality of invalids suffering under a slow form of the same disease, he was buoyed up with hopes for himself, and often thought he might yet recover.

"Do you know, Bartie, I feel so well tonight; the journey has not over tired me, and the sight of home has made me almost a different being."

"I can do much towards it, at any rate," was the defiant reply, with a toss of the little head, "and I shall do so; you must get better."

Nevertheless a serious confab was taking place in the housekeeper's room that same evening. A select party consisting of Jane the head-housemaid, Webster the butler, and John Ryder, the coachman, met casually in Mrs. Thomas's private room, and were discussing a subject which lay very near to all their hearts.

"Oh, but he looks bad!" observed Jane, addressing Mrs. Thomas. "What's your opinion, ma'am?"

"God help him!" responded that worthy woman sadly, "for 'tis little the best of us can do to aid him now. He's going, slowly it may be, but surely."

"You are right," said Webster seriously. "I knew you would be shocked when you saw him again. It beats me to think what his family can be about not to see that he is dying upon his feet. Mr. Brooks the valet tells me that he coughs dreadfully at nights. I don't think all this travelling and knocking about has done him a bit of good, though I will say we saw a great deal and had no bad time of it for all that."

"Ah me!" sighed the old coachman, as he used his handkerchief freely, for tears were slowly coursing down either side of his ruddy cheeks. "Little did I think, when we buried our late Earl after that accident in the hunting-field, that I should live to see his son carried to his grave. He's been a good and a kind master. Lord Reginald is not quite his style."

"You shall have your own way upon one condition, and that is that you promise solemnly to leave the management of all details to me, and thus trouble yourself about nothing."

"I give you my word upon that, Florrie," he laughingly replied. "I can fully rely upon you to do all things well and wisely—never fear, my dear. What do you say, Percy?"

"I have one very important suggestion to make, and it is this—why cannot Marie Blake be invited to spend her long-promised visit? I always notice that Bartie seems more at her old self whenever she receives a letter from her little friend."

"Capitally thought of my boy. Of course she shall come. That is the very thing our girl most needs—companionship with some one of her own age and sex. How stupid of us not to think of it sooner. I will write at once and ask her aunt, in memory of days gone by, to allow her niece to come and make a long stay with us. But here comes Bartie herself, and she shall tell us how she approves of our plans."

"Poor little bird!" and it was John who spoke; "it will go hard with her if he dies. You see she was always his favourite; and no wonder, she's full of the prettiest ways, and words. It seems but yesterday since I carried her in my arms and taught her to ride her little pony, and now she's a grown-up beauty, ready to come out and be married herself. How time does fly, to be sure."

"Well, then, we'll try and keep him alive as long as we can," said Mrs. Thomas earnestly. "Whilst there's life there's hope. Unless he gets a severe cold he may linger for some time yet. This I know for a fact; the doctor once told me as much. His lungs were injured by that bullet he received in his chest during the war; that was the original cause of the mischief, and he was predisposed to consumption, I believe."

Earl's health, and his seeming desire for quiet and rest, there were no festivities whatever, and only the usual amount of callers, and they came and went quietly enough.

Father Gregory, however, was a constant caller. Like every one else who knew the Earl, he was greatly attached to him, and regretted deeply that the disease seemed now hopelessly established. But what really filled him with grief and dissatisfaction was the altered manner of Beatrice. "If God takes my father, then do I feel as if my heart would be steeled against him," were the words he had heard her utter, and Father Gregory was much concerned about her. She rarely visited the chapel now. Father Gregory said he had already made the sacrifice of his life into the hands of God, and on his part awaited the end with calmness and peace.

As the autumn advanced, and October with its usual winds and rain followed, the Earl cast about in his mind for some means of rousing or diverting his darling's heart. True, Reginald was expected about the end of November, and was to make a long stay at home; but that of itself would be insufficient to rouse the girl thoroughly. "She must have life, companionship, something to take her out of herself, and turn her thoughts to healthier subjects than an ailing and dozing old father," mused the invalid. Whereupon a consultation was held with the Countess and Percy, the result being that it was decided high festivities should be held at the Court that Christmas.

"You must allow me to have my own way this time at least," pleaded the Earl. "I long to see my child her old self again. She is now eighteen, and must come out this Christmas. We will give a famous ball in honor of the event, and the doors of the Court shall be thrown open to hospitality and rejoicings once more. Why should I not see my only daughter in her proper sphere just once before—before I leave you all?"

"Oh, do not speak of it, I entreat you!" cried the Countess, overcome by emotion, and covering her face with her hands, the elegant fingers of which were adorned with brilliantly flashing and costly rings. "God is good, my dear. How often have you not told me so yourself?"

"Yes, yes, dear!" he replied, as, touched by her grief, he rose feebly and kissed her forehead. "God is good, and we will not meet our troubles half way. So let us be joyful this festive season at least. No one can succeed so well in making the Court look gay and cheerful, no one can better organize or entertain than my wife," he said proudly; "and Reginald will be here too," he added, knowing he was touching a tender chord.

"I give you my word upon that, Florrie," he laughingly replied. "I can fully rely upon you to do all things well and wisely—never fear, my dear. What do you say, Percy?"

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This was just the programme she herself would have desired. For a few moments she forgot everything but the bright prospect of gaily unfurled before her; then quick as thought a feeling of shame sent the warm blood to her face, and with a look of tender pity, mingled with a motion of self-reproach, she turned to her father.

"But you, you poor suffering one, what will become of you? How can you ever stand all this excitement?" she inquired eagerly, the ready tears starting to her eyes.

"I, child? I feel as if it would do me good. We have been quiet and melancholy all too long. I yearn to see my little pet step into her proper sphere, and then let any one compare with her who dare."

He was silenced by a playful tap on the shoulder from the fan which her ladyship held in her hand, whilst she remarked with apparent carelessness, "I have no doubt but that little Marie Blake will quite outshine Beatrice in many things."

"No, no! a thousand times no!" said Beatrice, with all her old enthusiasm. "Why should not she have a chance of pleasure as well as any of us? I was her friend at school. I will stand by her now more than ever, when I feel certain all is not well with her."

"Bravo! my little sister—well spoken," cried Percy. "She's a nice girl, is Miss Madge, and I feel sorry for her."

"Certainly, ask her to come and make one of us," urged the Earl kindly. "A little change and excitement may be grateful to the child."

"She is no child!" argued her ladyship, with a sidelong glance at her son; "but much older, I believe, than Beatrice."

"Only by a few months, mother. She is between Marie and me. She looks older than either of you; and as to her connections, you know very little about them, I presume."

"She is well and nobly born. I know that much," retorted Beatrice, excitedly, "and Lady Abbess thought more of her than of any girl in the school. Her mother was Marie de Valois' greatest friend; but Madge was so humble, she never presumed upon Lady Abbess's favor, as she might have done. Every one liked Madge; she was so unselfish and good natured."

"Do not dwell too much upon the forthcoming gala. Marie will be so frightened at the bare thought of so much wicked worldliness, and refuse to trust her soul amongst us, if you do; she is such a holy little creature!"

"Fear not, sweet one. My letter shall be most prudent and judicious."

There is a reality in sorrow that is not in mirth.—Vaughan.

THE HEART OF THE ROSE

He was her brother. The thought gave her the same thrill this morning as it had given her on a morning seventeen years back, when the old family doctor had laid a tiny bundle in her arms and said: "You will have to be his sister and mother both, Elizabeth."

Her twelve years being heavily on her; her little face, stained with the marks of recent tears, took on a warmer glow as she touched the baby's hand. She had unfolded the baby blanket and slipped on his first little clothes. And as she dressed him, she felt a sense of loss; with every fresh garment he seemed to become less of an angel and more of a human being. The same feeling of loss was now in her heart as she folded his great Indian blankets, slipped his photographs into the case which filled the nooks and crevices of his trunk with its bitter longings for home. She lifted a tiny white wool sweater; it brought the memory of a little soft flannel shirt. She buried her face in its folds and murmured in a tearful voice, "why, he is my man brother and I am sending him from home to college."

His foot sounded on the stairway; his clear boyish voice called, "Beth, where are you?"

Where she could answer he entered the room, throwing several bundles onto the bed, he gave a sigh of relief. He tugged impatiently at the strings as he explained: "These are some things the girls made me. It's great to be going away, isn't it? Why I feel just like I was getting out of a cage; I feel like I was going to fly. Say, what is this, anyway?"

He held up a small book, shaped to resemble a bud of a flower. It was made of white color paper and every leaf was fastened to the other leaves by small white cords. On the front was the picture of a baby; on the back was a pair of black kid doll shoes.

"Where did you get it?" his sister asked. "Rose gave it to me; she told me a long time ago she was making me a book of memories; that I was to open just one page a week. That's my baby picture, all right, but why on earth has she put these doll slippers on the back? And why is it shaped in this funny way? What makes girls such queer creatures, anyway, Beth?"

"She laughed, I guess, Floyd, if this is a book of memories, that last is to picture that last great event of your life—your graduation night. Don't you remember how your new patent leathers pinched your feet, so that you limped across the platform after your diploma? It is shaped like a rose-bud, for it is like that. Every week you will open a new petal, and finally, when you come back home, you will have unfolded a few petals too."

"Well, I am going to unfold every one of these right now. I never could wait that long to see what is in the center. Of course I have a vague idea, but I want to be sure. So in two minutes we will know this mystery."

"No," she said firmly, taking the book from his hand. "What would the book mean to you then, Floyd? Every particle of the pleasure, the expectation, would be gone. It took Rose a long time to make this book and you surely would not destroy its value in a few minutes. She even formed every leaf like a petal so that it would give the pleasure of watching it unfold like a real rose. It is just a symbol of herself—a little bud of promise."

"She's great to think of all that; I like her. Oh, she and Dorothy are going to stop a minute tonight; do! has something for me and I want them to see my things. But I do want to open this book. I guess I will give it to you to keep until I am ready to shut this trunk, so it won't be such a temptation. But let's cut pretty soon; I'm simply starved."

At the supper table he talked incessantly of his departure. One moment he wished that she could go along; and the next he exulted over the idea of being in a house with a crowd of fellows. While he talked a boy came to the door and was dragged in by a ruthless hand. While they talked the quantities of hot walls they talked of the "falling out girls." For the most part they talked of the girls. The sister heard new phrases, a new language; he had always used a different one to her. They spoke of girls as "four flushers," as "snobs," as "stiffs," and "stand-patters." Occasionally Floyd stopped in the center of a remark and nodded his head warningly toward his sister, but the talkative John rambled on, speaking in a free and easy way of the girls he had grown up with.

During the last year Floyd had ceased to talk to his sister about his girl friends, and they seldom came to his home. In her presence his comrades talked continually of school, but if he was busy near his school he heard them laughing and chatting in tones different from the ones they used when she was there. She had tried in every way she could to attract them to her home, for fear they had come in great crowds. But Floyd did not seem to want them; he preferred going to their homes. At times she wondered if she had been in their way when they had come.

When the two girls came she greeted them warmly; they had belonged to the crowd which had come in the past often for cookies and for help in long, knotty problems. Then, thinking they might

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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOV. 20, 1920

DOGMAIC RELIGION

For some years it has been the foolish habit of Protestant clergymen who wish to be considered broad-minded to rant and rail at dogma in religion. Nevertheless these gentlemen are usually very dogmatic.

Undogmatic religious teaching is necessarily indefinite, and obscure. In the absence of definite and clear religious doctrine appeal may be made to sentiment and emotion; but it was not sentimental or emotional appeals that converted the pagan world.

At the recent Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec, held in Brantford, Ontario, the Rev. Dr. MacNeil points this moral very clearly. He is thus reported in the press:

"With shame we must confess that within our church membership," said Mr. MacNeil, "the ignorance of what constitutes the essence of Christianity is nothing less than appalling."

"Farther, he said: 'It is evident that the majority of our youth is growing up without any clearly defined and intelligent idea of what Christianity means, and I for one can see very clearly no chance for our progress and power as a Baptist people until we address ourselves to that which is fundamental to life—the instruction of our young people in the essential elements of their most holy faith.'

It will be noted that Dr. MacNeil refers to the "appalling ignorance within our church membership." A few days later at Belleville, at a meeting of the Ontario Religious Education Council, formerly the Ontario Sunday School Association, Prof. Fred Langford of Victoria College, Toronto, "noted the large percentage of young people who are not associated with any church, or who have left the Sunday school. Conditions in this respect, he thought, were not any better in Ontario than they were in the United States."

The same newspaper report under the subheading, "Place of Religion in Education," has this paragraph: "Prof. M. A. Honline of Dayton, Ohio, in an address on the place of religion in education, urged that parents should be as much interested in the pedigree of their prospective sons-in-law and daughters-

in-law as they are in that of the animals in the barnyard. The religious nature was inborn but required proper cultivation. The child's potential powers, which are for good or evil, should be properly guided."

Which may be a very meagre and inadequate report, but shows that the learned professor failed to impress the reporter, whether clerical or lay, with any very definite or inspiring message as to the place of religion in education.

At St. Catharines, where the annual convention of the western section of the Ontario Religious Education Council closed on Nov. 5th, the same note was struck according to the following newspaper report:

"Rev. W. J. Knox, of London, speaking on 'The Place of the Home in Christian Nurture,' said the Protestant church has failed lamentably in the early training of its young children, being far behind the Roman Catholics and the Jews in this particular. The Roman Catholics and Jews pay strict attention to the early education of their children, particularly as regards religion, and the children of these sects carry the beliefs and instruction to the end of their days, steadfastly believing in everything taught them.

"Protestants," said Mr. Knox, "believe in letting their children grow up any old way, hoping to get them back into the church in later years. But unless we Protestants reform our methods and get after the children in their early years we are going to fall all along the line."

Which recalls to mind and makes very appropriate here a clipping we found in the New York Times of Oct. 5th last:

"Presbyterian churches here took the first step yesterday, through their pastors, to prepare to give week day religious instruction to their young people if the Board of Education shall put through a proposition now pending to dismise the public schools an hour earlier one afternoon each week and send the children to such church as their parents shall decree for religious and moral instruction.

"The action was taken by the Presbytery of New York at its first Fall session in the First Church, Fifth Avenue and Eleventh Street, through a resolution offered by the Rev. Dr. David G. Wylie, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Church Extension. The resolution urged that the Rev. Dr. Harlan G. Mendenhall, the Moderator of the Presbytery, appoint a committee of four, of which he should be a member, to confer with committees from other religious communions and associations 'as to the expediency of supporting the movement for religious education before the Board of Education.'

"It was pointed out that both the Roman Catholics and the Jews were ready to take care of their children if the Board of Education takes the contemplated step, and that scores of Catholic churches and synagogues are already giving this week-day instruction."

The most precious heritage that Catholics can leave their children is the Catholic Faith. And the seat of faith is the intellect which must apprehend the definite and essential truths of revealed religion before religion can become the guiding influence which moulds or transforms our lives. Hence Catholics always and everywhere insist on clear and definite teaching of the eternal truths.

This teaching is dogmatic, must be dogmatic. That there is a God is a dogma. That man has an immortal soul is a dogma.

That man is accountable to God who will reward or punish in the next life according to our deserts in this, is a dogma. That Jesus Christ, the Eternal Son of the Eternal God, died to save us from sin and its consequences, is a dogma.

All these are dogmas, certain, definite, clear, incontrovertible. Unless there is dogmatic teaching of these dogmatic truths there is no teaching of them at all, there is no Christian teaching; and we need not be surprised at the "appalling ignorance of what constitutes the essence of Christianity" as the result of the senseless and un-Christian flouting of dogma.

The Catholic Church is wise with the wisdom of the accumulated human experience of nineteen hundred years as well as the wisdom that comes from the indwelling of the Holy Spirit of God who, accord-

ing to Christ's promise, abides with her forever. That wisdom of the Church reinforces by command what common sense and common prudence dictate; namely, the dogmatic teaching of dogmatic religion to every Catholic child. Where possible, even if difficult and entailing material sacrifice, the Church counsels, where easily possible she commands, that the whole educational life should be surrounded by a Catholic atmosphere, permeated by Catholic influence, illumined by Catholic truth.

Though Catholics may be tempted to tell Protestants to set their own house in order before tussling themselves so much about Quebec and South America, the real reason to be drawn from these confessions of Protestant failure and tributes to Catholic success in religious teaching is that Catholics should take more deeply to heart the counsels and commands of Holy Mother Church in the matter of religious education. Where Catholic schools are available use them; where secular schools must be used make it a bounden duty of conscience to supplement in every way possible on the religious side the education there received.

THE TERROR IN IRELAND

The colorless accounts given in the daily papers give but a faint idea of the reign of terror that obtains in Ireland. We give on page 1 the Manchester Guardian's account of two revolting murders in Thurles. Such murders are of daily occurrence; they are mere incidents in the policy of frightfulness which, when defended by Germans, was held by all the world to brand them as savages. Frightfulness is none the less savage and devilish when practised as a policy by the junkers of England.

In many English papers there are human touches in the accounts which help us to realize conditions in Ireland much more keenly than is possible from reading the bare recital of facts, though these are horrible enough. The policy is that which is now quite generally referred to as "the Re-conquest of Ireland."

The spirit in which it is carried out is pretty clearly revealed in the following letter from an English officer taken from the mails in one of the Sinn Fein seizures of the mail bags:

"Dear—, Got yours all right. Glad you are fit. Your budget of news is most welcome. You need not be bothered by what you read in the papers. For one thing, we are all in it, and nobody will suffer for what the rotter Asquith calls 'our hellish deeds.' Lloyd George has put Tudor on the job, and his praise of his compatriot as 'the bravest man he ever knew' is well understood here. We are going on and will give the Irish 'more of hell' till they chuck it. It is really a re-conquest of these savages, and it must be thorough.

"Cromwell knew how to deal with them, and we are repeating the dose. After all, they are but a foreign and inferior lot. Just like the Kafirs except the color. The Ulster lot are not a bit better, but they are on our side, and so we tolerate them as we do the Basutos in South Africa. You should see a Belfast gang of Orangemen in the main street of an evening, and if ever you saw a black, brutal and truculent mob of semi-savages, there you have it. They wave the Union Jack because behind it they are safe from attack by our fellows. But they are a low lot.

"The worst of it all is that we have sometimes to do with chaps that were with us in France and Belgium and elsewhere. They came back here and are just as rabid Sinn Feiners as the lot that stayed at home. So down they go when necessary. If Asquith and the Labour crowd could be shut up for a few weeks, we would make a flash of matters here. 'But while it lasts it is great fun.' Some of our chaps are a bit squeamish, especially about the women and children. But there is no use in playing at the blbig. It has to be put through. We all feel that it is down with them or it is up with old England. So we don't flinch."

It is true that this is a letter taken from the mails seized by Sinn Feiners and we have no other assurance that it is genuine than their word, unless indeed that it reflects exactly the spirit in which the policy of raiding, burning, torturing and murdering as told in the graphic accounts of the English correspondents of English newspapers. The desire to shut up Asquith and the Labour crowd is of a piece with the threat to shoot the correspondent of the Daily News at Tralee if he dared to transmit any despatches without first submitting them to the police.

And the Daily Telegraph of September 30th had a leading editorial from which the following is taken:

"Irregular reprisals are wrong, but there is much to be said for organized and properly controlled punitive measures exercised upon recalcitrant sections of the population. In some of our Asiatic and African Dependencies a murder will occasionally be committed in a village or by a tribe, in which all the inhabitants concur in shielding the criminal. The authorities will then impose a fine upon the community, billet extra police upon it, and render it in other ways so uncomfortable that it ends by giving up the wrongdoer and promising to abstain from offence in the future. Would not some adaptation of this system be feasible in rebel Ireland? The Sinn Feiners would be powerless without local and civilian help. Civilians, whether active sympathisers or terrified accomplices, should be taught that, on the whole, they will find it more inconvenient and burdensome to aid and abet the insurgents than to keep clear of them and assist the law. But let the lesson be taught by Government in pursuance of a systematic plan; not by sporadic outbreaks on the part of the military and the auxiliary police."

Here we have advocated openly in the editorial columns of a London newspaper precisely what is described in less guarded terms by the army officer in the private letter.

Following are some extracts from a private letter written from Lahirin, County Clare, which was sacked on September 22nd by the police:

"Well, you want a description of that terrible night, and as I am now getting an opportunity of sending it I'll give you as detailed an account as I can. On Wednesday night a great many people expected trouble and Joe came out to be with us if anything happened. We said the Rosary and went to bed, and I must have fallen asleep almost immediately. At about 2.30 a. m. I was awakened by a sound of shots and the most fiendish yelling imaginable. I slipped on my dressing-gown and shoes and went out to call Aunt Nora. She was terrified and wanted to get up, but I persuaded her that on account of the shots flying in all directions that she would be safer in bed for the present. You see, I was afraid that if she got up she would awaken Mary and that Mary's cries would attract the attention of the police. I never dreamt that they would burn a house where there were two defenceless women and a baby, but I assured her that if the worst came I would give her word in time. I went down then and called Mr. and Mrs. Pearson and Joe and told them the trouble had started. In the meantime they had broken into Tommy Flanagan's and drank all the whiskey they could find—raw—in pin glass—fulls. They then went down to Paddy Walsh's yelling for the men to come out now and bring their rifles. Here they shot a young man named Salmon from Feakle—a married man with two children—who was here on holidays and was at the time helping an old man of seventy-five years to escape. The next thing I saw was Tommy Flanagan's, Susan Flanagan's, Paddy Walsh's and Mat Reynolds's houses in a mass of flames, and above all the din could be heard the hellish laughter and shouts of revenge from the raiders. . . . When we tried to escape they fired a shot after us. They burned all the other houses with petrol only, but they bombed us first and sprayed the house with petrol. When they left our house they burned Halpin's and Howard's. Then they lit their cigarettes and ran up the hill shouting for the Lehas. They dragged poor old Dan Lehan out of his bed, brought him out on the hill and in the presence of his poor wife shot him in the head because he wouldn't tell where his sons were. At that time poor Pake was burned alive in Flanagan's house. R. I. P. But neither Dan nor the wife know of it yet. Poor Pake got no time to prepare for death, but he was present at a public Mass we had here for the Lord Mayor on the Tuesday previous. Nobody dared try to save any of the houses, because they kicked, shot and burned Mickey Linnane's son in Ennistymon for attempting to save his neighbor's house. R. I. P. Nora, we haven't a stitch of clothing, house linen, ware, anything except what kind neighbors are lending us, and they, poor creatures, can ill afford to lend to anybody because they have hardly enough for themselves, and all the well-to-do people are burned out. All I saved from the flames was a nightdress, dressing-gown, slippers and rosary beads. Everything else I

possessed is gone, every keepsake I held, my jewellery, clothes, autographs, antiques, books, music, teile medals and prizes, 'First Aid' outfit, home, everything, but I will be forever grateful to Almighty God for saving our lives and leaving us our senses. Since it was His adorable will and the Cause demanded that we should lose all, we willingly lay our humble sacrifices at the feet of God and Dark Rosaleen, and once again, more fervently than ever, we pledge our life's service to God and Ireland. You never saw anything so sad as the sights on the sandhills that morning, Nora, groups of men and women, some of them over seventy years, practically naked, cold, wet, worn-looking and terrified huddled in groups on the wet grass. I met two mothers with babies not yet three weeks old. . . .

"Mother is bearing up wonderfully. D. G. It is a greater blow to her than to anybody to see the fruits of her life's slaving deliberately burned to the ground. Poor mother! She never had any comfort or pleasure in this life. She worked early and late, slaved when other people were in their beds to make a comfortable home for us, and now it is all gone—£20,000 worth at the lowest calculation. Of course, I needn't mention that we wouldn't on any account accept compensation if it were levied on the county. As far as we are concerned we can 'carry on' for the present, but there are other unfortunate families who are absolutely destitute and homeless."

It is only through such intimate touches—multiplied indefinitely—that we can get anything like an adequate idea of the reign of terror, the restoration of law and order by looting, arson and murder.

How far, how infinitely far, the terrorists are from attaining their object is shown by the quietly heroic, almost unconscious patriotism of this young woman who in a sentence of this intimate letter voices, we may feel assured, the sentiment of Ireland's womanhood: "Since it was His adorable will and the Cause demanded that we should lose all, we willingly lay our humble sacrifice at the feet of God and Dark Rosaleen, and once again, more fervently than ever, we pledge our life's service to God and Ireland."

"It is not with those who can inflict most," as Terence MacSwiney said, "but with those who can suffer most that the victory will rest."

And on higher authority we have it: "The patient man is better than the valiant; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh cities."

And again: "Who shall find a valiant woman? far and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her."

A whole nation ruling its own spirit, the valiant patience of innumerable men and women and even children, is the marvellous spectacle that heroic, suffering Ireland presents to the world today.

IRELAND BARS THE WAY

The Manchester Guardian, in the issue of October 29th, refers to the anti-British sentiment which is always more or less in evidence during a presidential campaign and which disappears when the campaign is over, without affecting the good relations between Washington and London. But it asserts that "it would be a grave mistake to think in this way of the present embittered contest."

Commenting on the campaign it goes on to say very emphatically precisely what the RECORD, commenting on the election results, said last week:

"Never within living memory has the stream of hostility to Great Britain been so strong and so varied in the United States as it is today. There are, as most people know, many causes contributory to this: a widespread mystification and horror at the condition of post-war Europe; suspicion as to certain aspects of British Imperial policy; misunderstandings inseparable from the changed economic relations between Britain and America. These are all important, but over and around everything is the horrible canker of Ireland. It is true that large numbers of English people cling still

to the belief that Ireland is a purely domestic question for ourselves. They do not realize the overpowering significance of the fact that about one-fifth of the population of the United States is of Irish origin. If they did, they would understand how futile and ruinous it is to imagine that America can ever, under any circumstances, be indifferent to the settlement of Ireland or be convinced by anything except the clearing of the English name and the full redemption, so far as that is possible, of the mistakes and terrors of the historic record. This twofold fact must be faced. The peace and welfare of the world is impossible without an active and cordial understanding between Britain and the United States, and we cannot hope for even the beginnings of such an understanding until the first great obstacle has been removed by a radical change of policy and spirit on the part of Great Britain towards the Irish people."

WHAT IS LOYALTY IN CANADA?

By THE OBSERVER

Some one may wonder why I confine the query to Canada? It is because I do not understand the thing which passes by that name in Canada. I know what loyalty means in England: it means faithfulness to the King, the Constitution, the laws in general (reserving the right to object to bad laws), and obedience to law and to the Parliament which makes the laws.

I know also what loyalty means in North-east Ulster. It means faithfulness to the tradition of "No-Popery," and to the rule of the few over the many; and it means nothing else whatever.

But I don't quite know what loyalty means in Canada; at least I don't know what the rank and file of Protestant Canadians mean by the word. I know what loyalty means to me; it means loyal, faithful acceptance of the Canadian Constitution and laws; of the King's authority; and of the authority of Parliament and the Legislatures, including such parliamentary authority over Canada as still belongs to Great Britain.

But when I take up the Canadian papers, secular or Protestant, I find that loyalty, to them, means something else, something very different. I find that they regard a critic of Mr. Lloyd George as disloyal, or, at least, suspect of disloyalty. They do not hold themselves bound to admire, uphold and defend all the acts of every Canadian premier; but they regard the man who finds fault with the English premier much as they would regard him if he said: "Let's turn King George out and have a new King."

This, I suppose, is one of the phenomena of our tradition of colonialism. That tradition regards a Canadian premier as merely an agent or subordinate of the English Government; a Canadian Government as a sort of license of the authority of the English Government; and Canada, as a whole, as a mere colony or outpost of England.

There are a large number of Canadians who do really feel that there is something that smacks of disloyalty in finding fault with an English Government. The Canadian of the colonial tradition looks upon Mr. Lloyd George as somehow representing Canada when he passes a coercion bill for Ireland, or when he passes a make-believe Home Rule Bill for Ireland; when he says he'll hang the Kaiser and when he says he won't; when he says Germany shall pay the last penny, and when he releases her from half of the Treaty of Versailles.

In some mysterious way, the Government of England is supposed to be our Government; but with the remarkable difference from the Government that is really our own, that whilst we disagree with a full half of what our own Government does, half the Canadian population, if not more, hold themselves bound upon their loyalty to uphold and defend and approve all and whatsoever the Government of England may do.

No Government surely could wish for a happier fate than to find itself upheld by servility in the guise of loyalty. Never, since the days of Lord North, more than a century ago, has any English Government been able to command the entire servility of the people of that country in the name of loyalty, and under penalty of being suspect, if not convict, of treason. And English public men must be vastly amused when they see Canadians not only willing, but eager, to occupy a position of subservience and servility from which their own constituents emerged a century ago.

Such is the attitude of so many Canadians that their numbers make one ashamed for the reputation of Canada for political intelligence. But there is another matter to be noted: We have something else in Canada: We have a strong infusion of loyalty as it is understood in North-east Ulster; that is, absolute loyalty to nothing but "No-Popery" and the natural right of Protestants to rule over Catholics, irrespective of relative numbers, and disarding, for practical purposes, all theories of democracy and of majority rule. To those who have "the Ulster mind," whether in North-east Ulster or in Canada, loyalty to the King, Parliament, the Constitution and the law is merely "conditional loyalty;" and the condition is that there shall be no "truck or trade" with the Scarlet Woman, the "Pope of Rome."

And, if any observer or student of Canadian views, opinions, and mental processes, wants to understand the mental processes of those Canadians who take as a daily duty the task of justifying all that is done in Downing Street, or in Dublin Castle, he must take into account those two facts, the existence of colonial servility which puts on the guise of loyalty; and the existence of "No Popery" prejudices, which reduces this curious loyalty to the narrow limits of the condition mentioned, and makes it, for all its apparent scope, merely conditional loyalty.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

AMONG the events of the hour there is nothing more certain or emphatic than that Dr. Conan Doyle, once Catholic, (that is, so far as birth and early training could make him so), later noisily agnostic, has now, in his adoption of the spiritistic cult, gone to the very limits of superstition and credulity. His every successive utterance on the subject, given to the world in the periodical press, brings this out more and more clearly. He who formerly was the most pronounced of materialists, and had only sneers and jibes for the supernatural as manifested in Christian teaching, now, in advocacy of his new-found "truth" writes about the "dense stupidity and materialism of the scientific, religious, journalistic world," in regard thereto.

"Is it not a perfect insanity of incredulity," he asks in his latest deliverance, "to wave these things (spiritistic phenomena) aside because they will not fit into our present philosophies?" When one remembers that from the day that he abandoned the Church of his fathers until caught up in the meshes of spiritism, sheer materialism had no more ardent devotee than Arthur Conan Doyle, nor any agnostic writer of his generation been more impatient of the preaching of the supernatural, this, his latest utterance, becomes singularly instructive. In the light of his own career it is not difficult to appraise the value of his present advocacy.

In the current revival of interest in Church Extension and Foreign Missions it is interesting to be reminded of the existence of a congregation of nuns devoted exclusively to the conversion of the Jews. This congregation was founded in Paris in 1848 by the famous brothers Ratisbonne, themselves converts from Judaism. It was established under the patronage of Our Lady of Sion, was approved by Pops Pius IX. in 1847, and now boasts of over five hundred members, with houses in Paris, Rome, London, Trieste, Vienna, Constantinople and Jerusalem. With the great flow of Jews across the Atlantic in recent years the time would seem to be ripe for the extension of this order of Sion to this continent. The claim of Israel to Catholic missionary zeal has not yet been realized at anything like its tremendous importance.

REFERRING to the Jews and the familiar object which their synagogues have now become in the larger American and Canadian cities, an article in one of the current secular periodicals, recalls the fact that the ancient festival of the Passover is still celebrated just as described in the Old Testament Scriptures, not by the Jews, but by the people they once despised, and by them only—the Samaritans. The Jews themselves, in the older lands as in this, notwithstanding the boast of the "Orthodox" element of fidelity to ancient rites and customs, bear upon them the indubitable marks of time. The Samaritans, on the contrary, as we are told, still gather



annually on Mount Gerizim, and there, down to the last detail, go through all the ceremonies that distinguished the observance of the first Passover at the time of the Exodus. Which circumstance gives rise to the reflection that fidelity or tenacity of that kind, be it called what it may, might produce admirable results if turned into Christian channels.

ON THE subject of the Puritans and the celebration of the tercentary of their landing on Plymouth Rock, Mr. Gilbert Chesterton has a characteristic article in the Illustrated London News. "Whatever the great Puritan migration was," he writes, "it was emphatically not the foundation of America." And he proceeds to show in his usual vein of epigram and paradox, that it was the more characteristically English colony of Virginia that was not only the backbone of the Revolution, but that produced the great men of that period, and predominated in the Union down to the time of the Civil War.

"IN a general sense," he goes on to say, "it would not be wise to compliment even the Puritan States merely as the most English States of the Union. For, as matter of fact, they were not the most English States of the Union. Anybody will be much mistaken who translates New England merely as renovated England. Nobody, certainly, would describe New England as Merry England. The policy which the Pilgrim Fathers founded was in some ways very un-English, even in its virtues. Its fixed theology, its fantastical faith, and, above all, its rigid and ruthless logic, were not native to the mass of Englishmen which these exiles left behind."

IT IS in the cavaliers of Virginia and Maryland that Mr. Chesterton finds not only the true Englishmen, but the true progenitors of the modern American. From Virginia as he reminds his readers, came Washington, its hero, and Jefferson, its prophet. The State was known as the Mother of Presidents, and itself a sort of council chamber of the Fathers of the Republic. In Virginia, in the dark hour of the Civil War, arose the greatest of American generals, Robert E. Lee, who "was, perhaps, the noblest of Americans." "I really cannot imagine," he concludes, "why a history which begins with Raleigh and ends with Lee, and incidentally includes Washington, should be utterly swept aside and forgotten in favor of a far sadder, but limited non-conformist who happened to quarrel with Charles I." Mr. Chesterton might reasonably have added the terms "fanatical," and "intolerant" to his description of these Puritan worthies. His own criticisms which he admits are "heretical," are "heretical because they are historical,"—a profound truth clothed in the lightest of paradox.

RUTHLESSNESS AS A POLICY

GREENWOOD DENIES — BUT THE FACTS ARE GLARING, UNDENIABLE, DAMNING

The Lord Mayor of Cork is dead, and it is now possible to see more clearly why he has been allowed to die. Many people wished him not to die. The king, it became plain, did not wish it. Mr. Bottomley did not wish it, and a multitude of persons in between were of the same mind. The pressure on the Prime Minister was general. It might have been thought to be irresistible, for he is not usually adamant in face of a widespread popular opinion. But he resisted and the Lord Mayor is dead. Obviously it is part of policy, the policy of ruthlessness. Ireland is to be terrorized, opposition is to be crushed. To have shown clemency at this stage would have weakened the effect of that policy. It might even have suggested the application of another—that of redress. So the Lord Mayor had to die, and there are quite a number of other prisoners in like case who will all die in due course. One, indeed, has anticipated the Lord Mayor and is already dead. And so the path is cleared and the course made smooth for other applications of the same principle, such as those which formed the subject of a series of questions in the House of Commons by Mr. Davlin this week and of a debate on a motion of urgency by Mr. T. P. O'Connor. The death of the Lord Mayor of Cork did not make part of this discussion. His ordeal has entered into the soul of Ireland and of Lishman the world over, and it will not quickly or easily get out. But in truth his ordeal has to some extent been merged and lost in the general ordeal which since he began his passive protests has overtaken nearly every part of Ireland. The

facts are ignored or denied by the Government, and Sir Hamar Greenwood went through this father-aboard and threadbare pretence once more this week. But there they are glaring, undeniable, damning. They are in truth the very substance of the Government policy, for it has no other. It is a foolish policy. Force may be met by force and crime by crime, as the Government in Ireland are meeting it. But this way there is no solution, for either the previous state out of which the conflict arose is restored, with the addition of multiplied bitterness and a deeper resentment, or else there is sheer confusion. Either of these things may come out of the present struggle in Ireland, but what can hardly come out of it is peace, a stable order, and a contented people.

Is the Government really aiming at these things? Have they any reasoned conception of how they are to be attained? So far every step they have taken is calculated not to remedy the existing mischief but to make it worse. They are meeting the attacks of Sinn Fein banditti by letting loose their own banditti. They have treated them, armed them, and when they act according to their kind in horse burning, rick-burning, crop burning, general terrorism, including very disgusting and indiscriminate fogging, with not infrequent quite undeniable murders, the Government stands by and does nothing. Sir Hamar Greenwood professes disapproval in the House of Commons, and is met with angry shouts of "Why?" from his own side. But the disapproval is quite perfunctory, nobody is punished or even reprimanded. No steps are taken to keep the means of destruction out of the hands of troops or of the newly recruited auxiliary police. There is always an ample supply of petrol for setting the fires going, and incendiary bombs, which at least need not be left lying about, appear to be always handy when wanted. The whole thing, in fact, goes on so systematically and with so complete an absence of any real attempt at suppression by the authorities—though occasionally, as last Friday at Bandon, one body of guardians of the law seeks to prevent or to undo the work of another—that it is becoming quite impossible to doubt that the central authority, while nominally disapproving, actually allows complete indulgence to these proceedings, and even relies on them as the most effectual means of terrorism. That this is in fact the policy must have been apparent to anyone who read the Prime Minister's speech at Carnarvon with the slightest desire to understand the obvious implications. For the proceedings which he condemned—broadly speaking, retaliation in self-defence or hot blood—were not the proceedings we have just described and which alone are really in question. These he studiously ignored, and by thus ignoring them did in fact not merely condone but encourage them. When the same charges were repeated in the House of Commons a few days later he was silent. This, clearly, is not a party matter, and it would be equally true to say that the matter deeply affecting the honor and fair fame of this country in all the other countries of the world. It is also a matter which goes to the root of the credit and efficiency of government in Ireland, and puts in question the very possibility of the restoration of order and contentment. Along the path of illegality and crime committed by the agents of the Government with the virtual consent of the Government has only descended and fastened and the invocation of evils even far worse than any which Ireland or this country has yet been called on to suffer.

And what besides this do the Government offer us? There is the Government of Ireland Bill, which, we are told, no doubt with truth, is to be rapidly pushed through its remaining stages in both Houses. It is clearly now in itself a remedial measure; it is a measure of precaution. Its effect, if not its design (apart from the repeal of the Home Rule Act, which though now an inadequate is a quite incomparably better measure), is to divide Ireland into two hostile camps and to arm one of them against the other. Antagonism of Justice will be hand-somely supplied with funds to the tune of several millions, and will not fail to supply itself with arms. The rest of Ireland will be autonomous only in name and will be governed as a rebellious province by a nominated Irish Government supported by the British army of occupation and the military police. Where will be the gain there? Is it not plain that this is no remedy for disaffection? It is the very nucleus of desperate measures and desperate means. Meanwhile Ulster is not even to wait for autonomy in order to arm. Already the plans are published for converting the Orange lodges into military police, duly equipped and paid by the British Government. Mr. Bonar Law has pretended that this would be an entirely non-partisan body, and has said anybody might join it. But how many active followers of Mr. Davlin, let alone Sinn Feiners, would like to know, will be admitted to its ranks? Thus the same men who have been actively engaged in the most bitter party warfare in the streets of Belfast, at Lisburn, and elsewhere, and who have displayed their impartiality and respect for law by forcing out the many thousands of Catholic workers from employment in the shipyards and pursuing them even in their homes, will suddenly be converted into armed guardians of law and order.

It is perhaps a risky experiment, and might be thought even to verge on madness. There is indeed method in the madness, for after all Sir Edward Carson knows what he is about. It is the method of arming one part of Ireland against the rest. Thus, according to our statement, are peace and concord to be evolved. —Manchester Guardian.

IRELAND

AN ENGLISH PROTESTANT VIEWPOINT

[The writer of the following article, which was written specially for the Statesman, is at present on a visit to this country. He is a County Councillor, representing one of the Metropolitan districts of Greater London. He is also a magistrate and adjudicator both at Stratford Police Court, London, and at the Quarter Sessions, Chelmsford, Essex. That he is a pronounced Protestant is apparent from the fact that he is an ex-President of the Liverpool Free Church Council, the largest Council of Free Churches in England. He has occupied the distinguished position of District Moderator of the Lancashire and Cheshire Association of Baptist Churches and Vice-President of the World's Union of Peace Organizations, whose headquarters are at Berne, Switzerland; also a member of the International Law Association which comprises the leading Judges and Jurists of all nations. Rev. Herbert Dunning attended the World Brotherhood Congress, held recently at Washington, and is prolonging his visit in order to get a clearer understanding of American and Canadian life. He is the accepted Parliamentary candidate for an English constituency at the next general elections. During his stay in Canada he has reached a number of churches in Toronto in the past few weeks, including St. David's Presbyterian Church, Marlborough Methodist Church, Broadway Tabernacle, etc.; also leading Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian and Anglican churches in various parts of Canada and United States.]

HIS INTEREST IS IN WORLD FEDERATION

My concern with the Irish problem is not that of either a political or religious partisan, but that of a man whose life's work is that of evolving a world policy of mitigation and pacification. World Federation is the natural term of development in the history of nations, but the hope of World Federation enjoins, above all, the maintenance and natural growth of independent nationalities. So long as nations are held in bondage by other nations, and against the wishes of the people, no gradual evolution of internationalism is possible, and all efforts to realize it will be but a series of unsuccessful attempts at a chaotic and unstable cosmopolitanism.

CASTLE RULE BRUTAL, STUPID AND PROVOCATIVE

Ireland is suffering today from a malady which has many evil effects, but only one cause—the frustration of national aspirations. A feeling of bitter resentment against British rule has been transmitted from one generation to another, and nothing that British administration has done, or can do, in mitigating the conditions of life for the Irish people alters this feeling. Ireland claims what, in my opinion, she is legitimately entitled to claim, the right to control and manage her own affairs.

Yes, one must in all fairness admit that her hatred of British rule is well-founded. Much of the prevailing discontent in Ireland is unquestionably due to the methods of the present Administration, apart from the wider dislike of the Irish people to the control of their affairs. No self-respecting and spirited people could submit to the tyranny of Dublin Castle rule. It is as brutal as it is stupid, and as provocative as it is unintelligent.

WANTON, RECKLESS, INDISCRIMINATE MURDERS AND OUTRAGE

It is quite true that acts of violence are deplorably frequent, and no man can condone murder by whomsoever committed, but it must be stated that on the popular side there has been nothing done within measurable reach of the wanton, reckless, indiscriminate murders and outrages of innocent and unoffending people, as that charged against the forces which are supposed to be in Ireland in the interests of law and order. Moreover, the shooting of policemen did not precede, but was the outcome of the Government's policy of rigorous repression, and, unfortunately, political outrages are always produced by political repression, such as those which exist in Ireland.

PROLONGED VISIT TO IRELAND

During a prolonged visit to Ireland immediately prior to my leaving England, I took the opportunity of interviewing persons representing all phases of religious and political opinion. Several, who were strongly opposed to the Sinn Fein movement, thought that its leaders should publicly disassociate themselves from acts of murder, but no one even hinted that the Sinn Fein movement as such was either directly or indirectly responsible for the policy of assassination.

SPEAKS AS A PROTESTANT WHO KNOWS IRELAND WELL

There is not the slightest reason for believing, as many Protestants in Canada do, that the underlying issue

is a desire on the part of the Roman Catholics to dominate and control the Protestant minority. Outside Belfast there is no religious feud at all, and there it is fostered by political and vested interests for ulterior motives. It is the old policy of "divide and conquer." Many of the foremost leaders in the Sinn Fein and Nationalist movements are Protestants. In districts that are overwhelmingly Catholic I found Protestants holding positions of importance. I have not heard of a single case where Protestants have been maltreated in Catholic centres, but there are hundreds of cases on record where unoffending Catholics have been assaulted, their homes wrecked and their lives endangered by Protestant mobs incited by baseminded politicians. The very demand to treat Protestant Ulster as a separate entity reveals the hollow nature of the "Rome Rule" cry. Protestantism in Ulster is well able to look after itself, yet its demand for partition involves the hanging over of small Protestant minorities all over Ireland to Catholic rule. If Catholics are such tyrants as is alleged, this description of them indicates craven cowardice. The fact is "Rome Rule" is a bogey and nothing more. I speak as a Protestant who knows Ireland well.

No one can give any satisfactory reason for partition. Partition violates national idealism, which is the vital force in the demand for self-government. It makes no provision for minority interests outside the excluded area. Partition would leave a disconcerted minority in Ulster itself. In Belfast itself one-fourth of the population is Nationalist and Catholic.

MISTAKEN CANADIAN VIEW

The mistake made by many people in Canada is that they are apparently unable to see that the Irish problem is not one that can be solved by any scheme devised in Downing Street and conferred upon Ireland as a favor from Britain. Ireland is a rebellious nation, an unreconcilable to English rule as Poland was to Russian and German rule, or as Italy of Garibaldi's time was to Austrian. Ireland is a nation which nothing will ever appease short of her claims to freedom, especially at a time when the doctrine of the right of self-determination is on the lips of statesmen in all lands even though they deny it in their hearts.

ULTIMATE VICTORY CERTAIN

Will Ireland win through? Ultimately, yes. No power on earth can ever crush the aspirations of a brave people struggling for liberty. The end of the journey may not be in sight, but having marched through the wilderness for seven centuries, she is not likely to give up in despair because Lloyd George and Curzon block the path. It is true that the vast majority of the Irish people have grown weary of moderate men, who brought home neither victory, nor the promise of victory, and that some of her sons in their passion and despair are now in open revolt, but while I do not believe that force produces any real remedy for the present situation, I would prefer to be on the side of those who inflict upon Ireland a brutal tyranny.

Sinn Fein in its noblest aspects is founded upon the belief that such a nation has a sort of inner light, fidelity to which alone will save it. No man can mingle with the Irish people today without realizing this. The very atmosphere is electric. The light in the people's faces betokens a conviction to a great cause, and to kill the immortal is beyond the power of any politician.—Herbert Dunning in the Statesman.

FOR PEACE

"IRELAND MAY BE AN ASHHEAP BY EASTER"

Urgent as is the need of peace within the borders of Great Britain, far more urgent is the need of peace between Great Britain and Ireland. This may seem, in a time of social upheaval like the present, a strong thing to say. That to many Englishmen it seems a serious thing to say, is not surprising. For if only all Englishmen and Catholic Englishmen particularly—could really visualize the Irish trouble, could get it home to their minds, to their imaginations, to their hearts, it would be on the way towards being solved. There is one way in which we can all get some measure of realization. Let us imagine our own country dislocated by the moral effects of a few weeks' civil strife, and on top of that, our capital, our cities, our country in military occupation, with its soldiers, machine guns and tanks every where (rightly or wrongly, it matters not) our houses being forcibly entered and searched; guns going off, as guns will, on any occasion or none.

Such, to indicate only the surface of things, is the state of Ireland, and it needs no discussion of the merits of the case to arrive at the conclusion that it is intolerable, morally as well as politically. And with what special urgency the question presses on the Catholics of this country? Cardinal Bourne pointed out at Downside, when, in weighed words, uttered on a notably solemn occasion, His Eminence put forward the settling of the relations between England and Ireland as a supreme object of supplication today.

It is simply because we fear that this sense of supreme urgency is not sufficiently felt, that we write this article. Naturally, public opinion is roused, about the manifestations of the trouble—murders, which have been denounced by none more solemnly and more explicitly than by the Irish Hierarchy; retaliatory outrages, which have profoundly shocked the conscience of this country. But that is not sufficient. Not merely the manifestations of the trouble, but its causes must be faced, and it is our object today to press upon our readers that it is a really urgent matter for each and all of them to take the question up practically, each in his or her sphere of influence, and press it to an issue. Each may do this, in the first place, by setting seriously to work to form his own mind upon the question; and then by uniting to form a public opinion, with driving force, upon it. Adherents of the full claims on both sides know where they stand; what is wanted is that the indeterminate mass, which, after all, counts for so much in our politics when it can be brought to assert itself, should become determined. As present, that mass is just drifting, and as long as it does so drift, the position will go from bad to worse.

Yet there are not wanting feet for public opinion. It is common ground—and Government ground—that there is going to be "Home Rule." Public men in both England and Ireland, of all political allegiances, have put forward considered proposals. Some men on the Irish side, who are looked on by many as the most uncompromising and provocative exponents of their cause, have used language which, when carefully scrutinized, invites response from the other side. The Prime Minister's genius for political accommodations has a unique fluid quality, if only he can be encouraged to feel that his exercise is called for by the consensus of the nation, and that he will be supported in beating down any objections.

In a remarkable article in the Westminster Gazette of the 15th, Mr. Shane Leslie says that "one of his secret is revealed to the Angels is that really any scheme would probably work," as it certainly would if the mass of plain people on both sides determined that it should. Yes, Mr. Leslie proceeds, "Ireland may be an ash-heap by Easter. Can we not place ourselves in prospect on that ash-heap before it is too late, and agree, as we shall agree in a twelve-month, that it was not worth while?"

Meanwhile, the Irish need peace as sorely as the British. "All through Ireland today are Protestants and Catholics who, in a hundred ways are ensuring each other's safety and increasing Christianity to each other. Priests are busy saving lives through the Conventual, and Protestants are sheltering or rescuing Catholic refugees, unbeknown to the fanatics on both sides. Meantime, in the struggle for life, whether the life of a small nationality or the life of a British bureaucracy, the very causes and ends of life are being destroyed." And the eminent Irishman who writes under the name of "P.X." has just made a further touching appeal to the hearts and consciences of both countries. "A permanent peace and settlement is longed for and being prayed for in every home in Ireland. Those only who can move away to the United States when the destruction is complete are reckless of what may happen. Is there no one to save us from this body of war; is there none to come forward and lead the nation from destruction to a permanent settlement?"

Such is the state of the case, and it places a very special onus on the Catholics of both countries, united as they are in the bond of the Faith, to seek cessation of this horrible strife and a holy peace. By the nature of the case it is a work they can only do in their capacity as citizens. The Church cannot intervene in the province of political settlement, unless freely invited in circumstances in which the prospect of success are greater than the dangers of departing from her attitude of non-interference in politics. But she makes the need for action on the part of the individual Catholic citizen only the more urgent.

Noting, we would suggest, could better help to make such action fruitful, than that individual Catholics of both nationalities throughout this country should make a real effort to get into touch, and find points of contact rather than of recrimination. It is difficult, we know, with feeling wrought to the pitch which it stands today. No doubt there are thousands of people on both sides—people who, in the face of the Irish Hierarchy, will defend the assassination of policemen, and people who will excuse conduct on the part of the military for which, in the late War, any soldier would have been court-martialed and shot. No doubt, too, there are some on both sides who have no desire for peace, unless it be a peace of victory and desolation. But, at least, though they make the most noise, do not best represent the real sense of any community. Moreover, so long as people are fighting, each against the extreme of his theoretical claims; but once get the fighting temper out, and responsible persons meeting round a table, then practical business is soon done. Last week the Bishop of Achonry made a statement which should be well pondered by all on both sides. "Reprieved and crimes of all kinds should cease as the first condition for the coming of a sane political outlook that will ensure statesmanship to look straight in the face at the facts of the whole

Irish situation, and, putting aside the impossible and unattainable, work for ends that it is possible to realize."

The Irish Hierarchy, in a situation of tragic difficulty, has done and is doing its utmost to reduce the evil manifestations that arise from such a situation as the present. Not a week passes without record of some action on their part in this sense. The conscience of British Catholics is equally outraged by the spectacle Ireland presents to the world today. Let their common influence be used and a "sane political outlook" may even yet become possible. But this can only happen if Catholics on both sides firmly put aside their political predilections whenever a clear moral principle comes in sight. Sophistry can excuse anything. But to follow the plain categorical imperative, even when it is against one, will often afford the only means to difficulties apparently insoluble.—The Universe.

RIGHT REV. WILLIAM A. MACDONELL

The Glengarry News, Nov. 12

In the death of the Right Rev. William Andrew Macdonell, second Bishop of Alexandria, which occurred at the Hotel Dior, Cornwall, on Wednesday morning, Nov. 10, 1920, the community at large and the faithful of his own Diocese in particular, are profoundly conscious of a feeling of personal loss and heart-felt sorrow. A man of singularly brilliant attainments, which under God, by their very force and strength ultimately placed him in the exalted office that he occupied,—now that he has passed from the scene of life's activities, a fuller and a more vivid realization is outstanding of what was perhaps, the outstanding feature of his character and temperament, namely his unostentatious modesty and his unalterable purpose to escape all the flattering notices and the seductive plaudits of the world about him.

For upwards of fourteen years, he governed the See of Alexandria, as its Chief Pastor and whilst his reign was marked by unmistakable evidence on every hand, of a new and vitalizing infusion of religious fervor and enthusiasm; whilst material growth kept steady pace with the expansion of faith and practice, as is abundantly shown in the formation of new Churches, Schools and Convents, and in the restoration at enormous cost, and in highly creditable form, of most of the older churches of the Diocese; whilst the cause of education, the cause of temperance, the cause of patriotism in his country's hour of sorest trial; in a word, whilst any and every cause for social betterment, that could worthily appeal to him, was sure to enlist his sympathy and did in fact engage his interest, his generous support and powerful influence; yet it is nevertheless the simple truth to say, that in all these years, and in the faithful and dignified and invariably successful performance of his Episcopal duties, the strong personality of Bishop Macdonell remained largely screened from view and it was the privilege, only of the few, to know him and to appreciate him in his just and true proportions.

One might well wish that he had been better known and that greater numbers had come under the spell of his influence, but, perhaps he did a greater work for his day and generation, precisely because he was so truly a hidden servant of God.

Ever courteous in manner, kindly considerate in speech, tenacious in his opinions, yet, because of his usually unerring judgment, happily free from any narrow intensity of view; endowed with a keen, vigorous and penetrating intellect, Bishop Macdonell was a man of lofty ideals and of a broad and sympathetic outlook upon life. It is not at all surprising that such an attitude of mind and such a bent of character, should have manifested itself, in his contact with his fellow-men, in an unselfish charity in every form and in a culture varied, rich and fascinating to a degree rarely attained. With much truth, we think, the words of the great dramatist, ever so ready on his own lips about others, may now be repeated of himself.

"His life was gentle; and the elements So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up And say to all the world—This was a man."

Reference has been made to his intellectual attainments. He was a scriptural scholar of exceptional ability, but it was in the devotional sense and not in a controversial or critical spirit. Herein, it may well be, we have the key to his life for he was intensely religious and he was ruled in all his activities by an abiding trust in Providence and a dominating consciousness of his utter and complete dependence upon Almighty God. His native born diffidence and reticence of disposition, we can well understand, precluded his ever becoming a popular, pulpit orator; yet his discourses came well within Fenelon's definition of a good sermon, in as much as they were ever, "the strong and persuasive utterance of a soul nobly inspired." Profusely embellished with scriptural language, of which he had a marvelously easy command, his preaching was the outpouring of a heart aflame, and it went home to the heart of each of his hearers, in such a way, that what was addressed to all was received as if spoken to each in particular.

His love of study was ever a ruling passion and it would be difficult to say in what field he was most proficient. Of course, as a theologian he ranked high, which might be expected, but for one whose official duties were onerous and absorbing at all times, it is quite as astonishing as it was creditable to himself that, to the last, he maintained such a lively interest in other branches of culture. With modern fiction and the popular literature of the day, he had but slight acquaintance, and, perhaps, still less concern, deeming them chiefly ephemeral in character and devoid, in the main, of any serious or substantial message. But with the classic masters, whether of fiction, or of poetry, or of the drama, an intimacy awakened in his earliest student days, coupled with an extraordinary power for keen critical analysis, was fostered and intensified with the passing of the years, and the literary purity of his diction was not the least of the charms of his rare conversational power.

From the study of history he derived many of his rarest pleasures and it was especially significant of the lofty mental stature of the man, that in this study he sought, not so much the mere gathering of the facts of history—although even in this, his retentive memory enabled him easily to excel—but rather, his search was for the meaning of the facts, for the inferences and the findings to be drawn from them and the lessons they teach in their application to subsequent events and movements, and thus it came about that though he travelled but little, and mixed not at all with the world, few men were better informed on world issues or more familiar, in a way, with world leaders, than the illustrious subject of our sketch.

Mention must be made of a trait of his character, as amiable as it was noteworthy. We refer to his undigested tenderness for children. It was beautiful to look upon. The joys and trustful ease of the children in the Bishop's presence seemed to indicate a near kinship between his spirit and theirs, and his open admiration for the innocent child was but the unconscious showing forth of the guileless simplicity of his own soul.

There was one place where Bishop Macdonell was entirely at his ease, and where perhaps, he appeared at his best, and that was within the circle of his official family, in the company of his own priests. His learning, marvelously accurate as it was, and always maturely pondered, was within this inner circle, dispensed with the kindness and the freedom of the devoted father. At all times a master in the use of the apt and well turned phrase, it was there in the congenial atmosphere of Palace or Presbytery, that his vivacious humor, the alert mind, the bright eye and the forceful voice, were ever an inspiration to greater, and nobler efforts, a tower of strength and a kindly light to all, even unto the very end, when at last, there dawned upon his own soul, that Eternal Light, whose rays had so beautifully guided him in his journey through life.

Alexandria will ever gratefully appreciate his enduring example of exalted Christian citizenship, just as it will, no doubt, cherish the privileges of being the custodian of the noble remains that enshrined so mortal and so saintly a soul. To the Right Reverend William Andrew Macdonell, second Bishop of Alexandria—eternal rest and a long last farewell.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

Table listing donors and amounts for Father Fraser's China Mission Fund. Includes entries like 'QUEEN OF SCOTLANDS BURSE', 'ST. ANTHONY'S BURSE', 'ST. JOSEPH, PATRON OF CHINA BURSE', etc.



FIVE MINUTE SERMON

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

OUR GUARDIAN ANGELS

ST. CECILIA—NOVEMBER 22, 177 OR 230

"He hath given His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways." (Ps. xci. 1)

Every child is taught that he has a Guardian Angel; all Catholics believe it, and no doubt most ordinary Catholics sometimes, if not daily, address a prayer to him. But is not this a very paltry recognition of the favor that God has bestowed on us, in appointing one of His blessed spirits to guide us and protect us? It requires faith for us to realize that though unseen, we each have an Angel, whom we should revere, and in whom we should trust. And according to the faith we have in his power manifested, the Angel is always ready and willing to assist us, but his aid should be invoked, and we should be ready on our part to obey his inspirations. When we remember that perhaps we have dallied with temptation, committed mortal sin, or even lived in sin, utterly regardless of the presence of our Angel, we see how dreadfully we have neglected the aids and safeguards given to our souls by God.

If the devotion of St. Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr, towards her Guardian Angel had been no more fervent than our own, she would not be the great Saint that she is, no church, no festival would keep her memory alive, no mention of blessed Cecilia in the Sacred Canon of every Mass that is offered up to God. Her Guardian was no more sympathetic nor powerful than our own, but his help was implored and his intervention confided in, and his love was shown in response to the love offered to him by his charge.

We rejoice to find such a proof of this devotion amongst the early Christians, and we reverently recognize the presence of their Angels as a source of so many martyrs' courage and constancy. Cecilia, a rich and noble lady in Rome, was forced to marry, although she had vowed her virginity to God, and Valerian, to whom she was given was a pagan. Not for one moment did she mean to violate her vow. She disclosed to Valerian the secret that her virginity was consecrated to God, and that she had an Angel to protect both her body and soul. With what unctious must she have addressed him, that heathen though he was, he was awed and humbly asked that he might see this Angel. Cecilia answered that his must first be faith and baptism become a child of God, and then the vision of the Angel would be vouchsafed to him. Her prayers had obtained for him the good disposition to believe, and she instructed him how to find Bishop Urban hiding in the Catacombs, who would teach him and baptize him. On returning after his baptism to seek Cecilia, full of the ardour of his new-found faith, he was rewarded and amazed at the vision which she had promised him. There was the Virgin absorbed in prayer, and by her side there was the Angel shining in his glory. Falling on his knees in deep emotion, he was consoled by the Angel blessing him as well as Cecilia, and promising them both a crown of glory.

Valerian could not restrain his ardour and his joy, but sought out his brother Tiburtius; and he, too, overcame by his pleadings, was baptized, and he likewise was granted the vision of the Angel. Their conversion became known, and shortly afterwards they were apprehended, and such was their fortitude and zeal, that Maximus, the officer in charge of them, was converted likewise, and all three lovingly offered the sacrifice of their lives to God. How wonderfully had Cecilia's Guardian Angel proved his power and his love, for the prayers she had offered and the confidence she had reposed in him, and he did not desert her now, when Cecilia had to face the fatal ordeal herself.

For knowing that her time was short, she distributed large sums to the poor, and was secretly visited by Urban the Bishop to prepare her for her death. The judge, deeming it best that her martyrdom should be as secret as possible, as she was so well known and popular and loved by the poor, condemned her to be put to death in her own house. He ordered her to be secured in the bathroom of her palace, and the furnace to be so heated that she should be suffocated. Cecilia was led to the room, fastened in and left there to die. But her Angel was with her, and though enclosed for a day and a night, she was unharmed, though so fierce was the heat that the steam scalded those who opened the doors. The judge, when informed of the marvel, sent an executioner to strike off her head. Three wounds did the axe inflict, but her head was not severed. Then she was left to die, as the law only allowed three strokes, and she lingered for two days, slowly dying, and a few of the faithful secretly gathered round her, and Urban the Bishop, once again. Her dying request was that the poor, whom she had always loved, were to be cared for, and her house to become a church for ever. Her prayer has been heard, for to this day a noble church stands where Cecilia died.

She had told Valerian that the Angel guarded her, body and soul. Has not her faith been rewarded and her words come true? Her soul was welcomed and safely homed in heaven when she died. And her body was found by Pops Pascal I. in 817 fresh and perfect as when it was laid in its cypress-wood coffin six

hundred years before. And again, in 1599, her marble monument was opened, and there were the precious veils that Pops Pascal had spread over her eight hundred years before, and these were withdrawn and the virgin body of the Saint was found lying in the very attitude in which she lay when she breathed her last. She lay clothed in the robes of golden lilies, with the marks of her blood still dimly showing. She looked like one asleep, graceful, and modest, and perfectly incorrupt. Truly for one thousand three hundred years had her Angel guarded that body of the pure and valiant Virgin-Martyr.

CARDINAL GIBBONS

FAVORS LEAGUE OR A FAMILY UNION OF PEOPLES (N. C. W. C. News Service)

Washington, D. C., Oct. 28.—Resumption of friendship with the people of Germany is the duty of Americans, Cardinal Gibbons declared in an interview given yesterday to Stephen Bonsal, a well known writer, and copyrighted by the Baltimore Sun.

Mr. Bonsal described to His Eminence political and industrial conditions in the former German Empire as he found them on a recent visit there, and spoke of the poverty and suffering in the industrial centers, such as Essen, Erfurt, in Frankfurt and throughout the Westphalian coal mining region.

DUTY TO RESUME TIES

"Yes, that is what my German brethren write me," said Cardinal Gibbons. "These are almost the very words that the Archbishop of Breslau, in whose diocese Berlin is situated, uses in a recent letter to me, and this sad picture is confirmed by many statesmen, from German friends. On yes, I think it is our duty to pick up again the pre-war ties of friendship, many of which were and are most dear to me."

"My German brethren write very freely and I think very frankly about the present position of their unfortunate flocks. On many points they are unanimous in the expression of their views. They are glad that they have gotten rid of their Kaiser, their imperial army and all the apparatus of war that went with these things. They are profoundly grateful to us for having helped them so mightily to get rid of all these survivals of a darker age."

"But they do not understand why we are so little cordial, so little helpful to that form of government which they have now constituted and which we said was the only kind of government with which we could treat and later on live on terms of peace and friendship. But, of course, I recognize that these are very delicate matters and what I am saying is not in approval or in disapproval of what has been done or of what may have been left undone: I am merely contributing this piece of information, this statement of the views of my German brethren which, so far as my information goes, are held by them unanimously and expressed without a dissenting voice."

His Eminence produced a copy of the Holy Father's recent encyclical on "The Christian Reconciliation of Peoples," and asked the interviewer to read the paragraphs in the course of which the Pope recommended that "all States putting aside mutual suspicions, should unite in one league or rather in a family of the peoples."

These urgent pleas of the Holy Father, the Cardinal pronounced "noble words," adding: "I subscribe to them absolutely and without reserve as an American citizen and as a son of the Church—as well-nigh the oldest son of the Church."

In this creed of peace, and in the goal which, as God-fearing people we must attain, there is complete agreement, His Eminence said.

FAVORS DIFFERENT WORLD ARRANGEMENT

"Yes, I am in favor of very different world arrangements and of 'checks and balances,' to use the words of our political fathers, from those that made possible what happened in 1914. Do you recall how it came? There were a few letters from foreign ministers, half published, or not at all. A few telegrams exchanged between emperors and kings, and then rivers of blood began to flow to the Niagara of suffering at which we, dumbfounded and almost helpless, still assist."

"What I most like and highly value about the proposed League is first the delay which it imposes upon any and all nations—you must not rush headlong into this thing in which we all run the risk of being involved."

This single new world regulation, the Cardinal declared, will reduce wars to a minimum. "And then I like and value that phrase and declaration, 'That it is the friendly right of each member of the League to bring to the attention of the assembly or of the council any circumstances whatever affecting international relations which threaten to disturb international peace or the good understanding between nations upon which peace depends.'"

"In the next decade—better in the next ten months—I hope it will become the friendly right and the inevitable duty for all nations to combine for the preservation of peace."

Many wars would have been avoided if there had been conformity

FREE OF TERRIBLE KIDNEY TROUBLE

After Three Years of Suffering, "FRUIT-A-TIVES" Brought Relief



MADAME HORMIDAS FOISY 224 Champlain St., Montreal.

"For three years, I was ill and exhausted and I suffered constantly from Kidney Trouble and Liver Disease. My health was miserable and nothing in the way of medicine did me any good. Then I started to use 'Fruit-a-tives' and the effect was remarkable."

I began to improve immediately and this wonderful fruit medicine entirely restored me to health. All the old pains, headaches, indigestion and constipation were relieved and once more I was well.

To all who suffer from Indigestion, Constipation, Rheumatic Pains or great Fatigue, I advise the use of 'Fruit-a-tives'."

Madame HORMIDAS FOISY.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

to this plan and prescription, the Cardinal said.

"I like the plan for delay. I like the solemn agreement for the prevention of international war which the covenant stands for and of which in the words you have just read, His Holiness, the Pope, expresses his warm approval."

AMERICA WILL MEET RESPONSIBILITIES

The world is weary and anxious, and millions of its inhabitants are in a desperate plight; delay is dangerous and means only cumulative suffering. His Eminence told the interviewer. The United States will at an early day accept its responsibilities in the world situation and at the same time make perfectly clear what they are, Cardinal Gibbons said.

"Once our responsibility is clearly established and made undeniably manifest, the American people will not sidestep. We will do our duty," he continued.

"These are solemn duties and far-reaching responsibilities that are imposed by the new procedure. His Eminence pointed out.

"These duties and obligations should be carefully examined and weighed and enlightened by wise counsel, especially from and by those who, under our Constitution, are held responsible for their adoption."

PRESIDENT MILLERAND

FIRST TO PROPOSE RESUMPTION OF VATICAN RELATIONS (By N. C. W. C. News Service)

Rome, Sept. 24.—Following is the text of the message sent by Pope Benedict to President Millerand of France, congratulating him on his election:

"On this day, when Your Excellency is raised by the hearty suffrage of the French to the first Magistracy of the Republic, it is with deep gratification that we express to you our warm congratulations and best wishes."

"The eminent services already rendered by Your Excellency in the work of rehabilitation of your noble country are for us an earnest that the great mission so wisely intimated by your illustrious predecessor will be continued with all the constancy and enlightened devotedness which have always inspired Your Excellency's patriotic action."

"In this trust, Mr. President, we implore with our whole heart the divine blessing upon yourself, your family, the French Government and the whole nation."

"BENEDICTUS P. P. XV."

Paris, Oct. 6.—No uncertainty whatever is felt in Catholic circles as a result of M. Millerand's election to the Presidency of the French Republic. With the single exception of two royalist congressmen, who always have been known to be firmly opposed to the very republican system, all the Catholic deputies at Versailles cast their votes for M. Millerand.

FOUGHT BY EXTREMISTS

The very fact that the newly-elected President was expected to carry the votes of the Catholic "moderate," "center" and "right" parties, was deemed by the Senators and Deputies who belong to the "left" party sufficient reason to fight M. Millerand's nomination. They upbraided M. Millerand for failing to follow the policy of the party to which he belonged some twenty years ago, when he was a member of M. Waldeck-Rousseau's Cabinet, which expelled congregations from France.

Certain it is that M. Millerand has greatly modified his attitude since that time. As the common saying goes, he has "put much water in his wine." After realizing all the inconvenience and drawbacks of the anti-religious policy, M. Millerand, from the very first day he was selected Premier, has endeavored to make up for former mistakes.

As Minister of the War, he is to be credited with the reinstatement of chaplains in the army.

In his platform of November 7 last, he plainly stated that: "the first call of France, the expelled congregations have flocked back to offer their lives in safeguarding the attacked Fatherland. Is a single Frenchman to be found, today, who shall dare ask that those among them who were not killed on the battlefield, be driven across the frontier?"

FAVORED VATICAN RELATIONS

As Prime Minister, M. Millerand was the first to propose the resumption of relations with the Holy See.

Without waiting for the final vote on the re-establishment of the Embassy, he sent an extraordinary mission to the Vatican on the occasion of the St. Joan of Arc canonization. His sympathy for the Catholics was equally shown in the way he received and honored the Knights of Columbus. One more proof of his great regard for the Catholics is his bestowal of the Cross of the Legion of Honor on Monsignor Baudissiat, rector of the Catholic University and President of the Committee of "Amities Catholiques."

Three weeks ago, after the death of Cardinal Amette, M. Millerand called personally on the Auxiliary Bishop, Monsignor Roland Gosselin, and attended the funeral service in Notre Dame.

On the following day he made it his duty as head of the French Government, to attend on the solemn Thanksgiving Mass celebrated in the Meaux Cathedral in commemoration of the battle of the Marne. He did not think himself, as his predecessors did, bound by the neutrality of the State.

HIS GRACIOUS SUGGESTION AT MEAUX

Until this year there used to be at the Meaux celebration a banquet at the Bishop's palace and one at the Town Hall. M. Millerand expressed to the Bishop of Meaux his desire to see the Bishop sit side by side with the cabinet officers and the prefect. Henceforth this ceremonial will be followed.

M. Millerand, in the course of his recent visit to Alsace Lorraine, gave a formal pledge to see that all the religious liberties of the two provinces be fully respected.

The strong opposition of the anti-clerical radicals against M. Miller-

and's nomination is calculated to strengthen the ties that bind the new President of the Republic to the Catholics. Moreover, the complete failure of that opposition is proof of the defeat of the anti-clerical parties in France.

The blighting curse of the present age is the total absence of serious thought of the great Hereafter. Intellectual training makes men timid, for the more we know the less satisfied we are without knowledge.—Culture is cowardly.—Donna Platt.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

MAKE A SUCCESS OF YOURSELF

Make a success of yourself. Don't worry too much about fame. Of power in the struggle for self. Just make a success of your name; Be one that is rated at par in the markets of men every day. Be all that the good fellows are. Don't live in a slovenly way.

Man judge by the work that you do The skill of your brain and your hand, But your real task's to fashion a you

That is fit with the highest to stand; You may toil to the top of your mind And succeed in that one-sid'd way, But your glory will bring discontent If you let yourself wander astray.

Make yourself live as you should, Make yourself carry a smile, Be sure that your character's good, Be sure that your word is worth while;

Play fair though you win or you lose, Be kindly and true to the end, Be the same sort of a man that you'd choose To have as a comrade and friend.

The battle of life's not so hard If only you'll fight as a man; There are many to stand by and guard

And help you as much as they can; But it's you that you offer for sale, With your traits ranged like goods on a shelf, And the first thing to do, without fail,

Is to make a success of yourself. —EDGAR A. GUEST

MOTHER OF GREATNESS

Most of the best work that men have done in this world was done because they had to do it. It matters little whether the necessity was material or psychological, whether it was that they must succeed or starve or were impelled to action and accomplishment by a mysterious law of their souls. However, we reason it out, for them there was no middle course, no alternative. They were compelled to labor, ponder, improve until their work was complete and flawless.

Of course there is this great difference between the work that is done by men to gain life-bread or pay a debt and that which comes from the inward conviction that they were the bearers of a message which they must deliver in the most perfect and enduring form. One was accidental, the other a part of the man. But the result in each case is the same. Necessity is the motive power.

How often we see men with every gift except motive power. All their attainments are palsied by incorrigible indolence. They put off the time of exertion from day to day, and daily the potentiality evaporates. Finally there comes the time when their eyes are opened, but their hands are powerless, and then comes bitter pessimism.

Look at the cowards who are content to gain a livelihood, who earn enough to feed them and buy pleasure and stop there. Look at the hosts of men with intelligence and education who accomplish nothing. There can be no question that in that multitude is extraordinary ability, that under happier conditions with more inward force, might have won all the rewards that life holds out to him who strives.

Consider the inventions that have revolutionized life in modern times. Not one of these marvellous machines has been evolved except at the expense of sleepless nights, laborious days, monastic self-denial and a perseverance all but incredible. These inventors were possessed by their message. They could not but keep on until it had been delivered to mankind in whatever form. Necessity impelled them.

Consider the architects of the modern fabulous fortunes. Prescribed from the morality of their methods, the amount of their producers of these fortunes have performed stargers belief. As an example of what human ability and iron will can do, they are a forcible example. Almost every one of these men started at the bottom and forced his way into power by herculean struggles.

The man who has done great things in our land in statesmanship, in the professions, who stand today the leaders of the nation, have worked harder and more consistently than the laborer in the trench. Progress in these lines is never easy. There is but one way to the top—hard, grueling work. Would these men have condemned themselves to careers of ceaseless toil, not only to gain a place, but having gained, to hold it, unless they felt they had to? I know not.

Go over the long lists of scientists who have wrung from Nature her deep hidden secrets, who have found out the enemies of the human system in the blood and tissues, who have lengthened the span of life for millions and given to humanity a working and winning force that otherwise would have been a dream. They have done all these things on the spur of necessity.

Whether they worked for mankind, for fame, for wealth, need not concern us. They have proven themselves overworking themselves to men, and these blessings we would not have had had not necessity compelled their discoverers to go on until they found them out.

Consider now the great books that men have written for the instruction and enjoyment of their contemporaries and posterity. Hardly one of these but was rewritten scores of times, pondered and polished until

they were masterpieces. It is an intolerable labor; yet scholars and artists will do it until the end of the world, because they must do it. Finally the highest and most important work that men have before them in life is the salvation of their souls. "If they scorn delights and live laborious days," fast, pray, scourge their bodies by mortification, tell themselves that life is short and sternly long, that pleasure deludes and the world is a snare, and use up the power of their souls that they may develop in those souls spirituality, that cleanness without which we cannot see God, we can be sure they suffer and do all these things because they are convinced that they must do so or die the eternal death.

Yes, necessity is indeed a blessing to mankind. Let those, therefore, whose lives are hard and duties endless and responsibilities without number cease repining and be thankful that this is their lot, for they are the most fortunate, the most beneficial of mankind. Without work there is nothing and there is no lasting work, no enduring accomplishment that is not born of that hard fastured, yet kind-hearted and wise mother, Necessity.—A Looker-on in The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

AN IRISH TUNE

Will you listen to the laugh of it, Gushing from the fiddle; More's the fun in half of it Than e'en an Irish riddle, Sure, it's not a fiddler's bow That's making sport so merry; It's just the fairies laughing so I heard them off in Kerry.

Will you listen to the step of it, Faith, that tune's a daisy; Just the very leap of it Would make the feet unaisy. Hold your tongues, ye noisy rogues, And stop your giddy prancing; It's me can hear the weebsie brogues Of Irish fairies dancing.

Will you listen to the tune of it, Sweeter than the honey, I'd rather hear the croon of it Than get a miser's money Sure, my lad, it makes me cry, But don't play any other; May God be with the days gone by I heard it from my mother.

A MOTHER'S LESSON

Some friends were talking about children and their ways. "I saw a pretty thing the other day," said a teacher. "You remember little Robert Donovan? He is a handful in school, but since I saw him in the five and ten cent store the other day he has gone up 100 per cent. in my regard. He was wandering around the store with a younger brother. Finally they stopped at the counter where religious articles are displayed. Robert's mischievous little face grew very serious suddenly; he picked up a crucifix from the counter, kissed it, put it to his brother's lips, and replaced it; then, taking the baby's hand, he walked off. Wasn't that sweet?"

"It was better than sweet," said a mother. "It was holy. Can't you imagine the home training these little ones are getting? They know the crucifix, and they respect and love it. That, it seems to me, is the highest knowledge. You may teach Robert much in school, but his mother has taught him the best lesson of all."

How true are this mother's words. May every mother who reads them resolve to then teach her little son the same beautiful holy lesson.—Sentinel of Blessed Sacrament.

MAGICAL GIFT OF TACT

Tact oils the machinery of life, declares a writer in London Answers. Without it the world would be a very different thing; it would still go round, certainly, but with what a creaking and jolting in every part.

Tact probably has more imitators than anything else; evasion, dishonesty, white lies, all these and many more masquerade under its name, yet tact, in the true sense, is as unlike them as gold is to dross.

Spurious tact is detestable. The woman who "manages" people, who boasts that "anything can be done with a little tact," usually possesses none. Real tact is spontaneous; a child can have it; indeed, many sensitive children are exquisitely tactful.

It is a blend of unselfishness, imagination and nice feeling, these three. Men and women may be extremely self-sacrificing, yet utterly tactless, through their complete inability to put themselves in other people's places.

Who doesn't know the man who with a little appalling "bricks," simply because he lacks imagination and can't see how it will affect the feelings of his friends? He often in fact, generally is, the most good natured man possible, but lacks the precious quality of tact.

Some people are deliberately tactless. These are divided into two classes: First, there is the blunt, straightforward man, who takes pride in "calling a spade a spade," and con- demns any camouflaging of this useful implement, however truthfully it may be done, as flinching and insincere. Then there are the coldly indifferent; those who study no one but themselves. They say what they like whenever it pleases them, totally oblivious to the feelings of their friends.

In the old fairy tales we read of the prince who had a marvellous pair of spectacles, which enabled him to read the thoughts of all those

round him. Quite a lot of people possess this magic gift today, except that we have a different name for it. How often we hear "So-and-so is such a comfortable, restful sort of person; everything she undertakes is a success."

Why? Because, without sinking any of her own individuality, she has the knack of adapting herself to everybody she meets. A beautiful woman shines in any place. If the background is lovely, too, she harmonizes with it; if ugly, it acts as a foil.

So it is with tact. Fairy tales are a thing of the past, but this one magical quality is still left to us.

URGE WOMEN TO VOTE

GREAT CHURCHMAN SPEAKS WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT TO CATHOLIC WOMEN

Archbishop Corretti, assistant Secretary of State at the Vatican, former Apostolic Delegate in Australia, who was sent by the Pope as his special representative at Cardinal Gibbons' Golden Jubilee ceremonies, has written for the N. C. W. C. News Service the following appreciation of the value of woman's work and influence in religion and society since the beginning of the Christian era, showing how the Catholic Church has always given to her the fullest and highest opportunities.

Now that social developments have made voting a duty incumbent upon women as well as men, Archbishop Corretti urges all Catholic women, even cloistered nuns, to exercise freely their right to vote.

BY ARCHBISHOP CERRETTI

Special Cable to the N. C. W. C. News Service

Rome, October 21.—The interest of the Catholic Church for women has been manifested since the beginning of her history. The Gospel presents Jesus Christ, womanly figures toward whom the Redeemer of all mankind showed all consideration and predilection. Two typical figures among these were Martha and Mary Magdalen, symbolizing two ways of Christian perfection, the active and the contemplative. Above all is the Blessed Virgin Mary, whom the Church points out as the typical ideal of every greatness, of all perfection and holiness.

These typical figures of Christian womanhood, embodying the Christian ideals confronted paganism which ignored in woman the pure ideals of the Virgin, the wife, and the mother, considering her, on the contrary, simply as an object of pleasure, or a slave to the passions of man. The Church rehabilitated and sanctified her, finding her worthy of the highest place, or the center of the family, and therefore, of social life.

It is only necessary to read the Epistles of St. Paul containing his counsels on the duties of the Christian family in order to understand the high opinion in which the Apostle desired woman to be held in our society.

CHURCH EARLY SHOWED WOMAN ESTEEM

The Church esteemed her so much that it called her to participate in its liturgical life, first in the severe and dignified office of the deaconess and then in the monastic orders, in which the highest ideals of social and religious life were manifested and realized. When Christianity obtained freedom, after Constantine, a legion of venerable women surrounded the Fathers of the Church.

Let us remember Paul and the noble widows and virgins who followed him, and those others who aided St. Jerome in his Bethlehem hermitage in those Biblical labors which constitute one of the greatest glories of the Church. Remember also St. Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, Sylvia, the sister of Gregory the Great; Proba the Roman convert possess of the catacombs, who celebrated in an epic poem the wars between Constantine and Meletius. In the middle ages not only did St. Benedict and his sons preserve in their cloisters the relics and culture of the ancient civilization throughout the period of the barbaric invasions, but also the spiritual daughters of his sister, St. Scolastica, who aided his great enterprise, and especially aided the development of mystic theology.

In history from those early ages down to our own times the influence of the women mystics of the Church continued to exert a great influence, for later centuries can show the counterparts of St. Gertrude and St. Mechtilde in such glorious figures as St. Teresa and St. Margaret Mary Alacoque, recently canonized by Benedict XV.

POPE LISTENED TO WOMAN'S COUNSEL

Moreover, the Supreme Pontiff himself, at many critical moments, gladly consented to listen to woman's voice in the person of saints and holy virgins who, divinely inspired, dared give him counsels that influenced the supreme direction of the Church. A great instance of this was when Gregory XI., obeying St. Catherine of Siena, carried back to Rome from Avignon the seat of the Roman Pontificate.

Our days also appreciate how much woman can do for civilization and religion, and how highly the Church values her work. Observe the numberless feminine congregations multiplying everywhere, and devoted to the education of youth, catechetical instruction, to the assistance of the sick, and the old, and the care of the poor, the evangelizing of the Heathen and the

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thousand other fields that lie open to the Apostolate of Charity.

Not only in the religious life does woman's work manifest itself, but also in civil life woman's work can and does pour out for the Church the riches of her intelligence and her feeling.

For several years past in Italy we have experienced her efficiency in the work of that great institution, the Unione Femminee Cattoliche. This has always been in the first line when battles have been fought for Christian civilization in this country. Catholic women are now leading the Church against divorce, Catholic girls, two years ago in Milan, when revolutionary demonstrations were made against religion, remained within our temples ready to defend the altars, whilst the men outside protected the entrances to the churches.

WOMEN NEED NOT FEAR NEW DUTY

If exigencies of new times call women to exercise their rights as voters the Church must encourage them to accomplish this task with honesty and perfect diligence according to the dictates of Christian conscience. It is possible to consider this innovation as a greater or lesser opportunity for service, but after its adoption it is impossible to neglect the new instrument which contemporary custom offers to woman. This opinion is shared by many illustrious Princes of the Church such as Cardinals Gibbons and Mercier.

Christian mothers need not fear to put aside some hours of home duties to accomplish their duties. Young women need not fear that in accomplishing their civic duty in this respect they need lose their Christian reserve and modesty. For when the use of the vote is intended to bring into public life the beneficial influence of Christian principles, which will guarantee the integrity of the family, assist education, and influence all public institutions to respect Christian Faith and liberty, the effects doubtless will be salutary and be blessed by God.

EXAMPLE OF AUSTRALIA AND BAVARIA

I remember years ago, when Apostolic Delegate to Australia, that woman's vote was long ago introduced, I saw with satisfaction that when the citizens called public meetings together Catholic women, and even nuns, went forth freely to use their right of liberty and were received with respect from all.

Recently when elections were held in Bavaria and other States in Germany the Bishops asked the Holy See for permission for cloistered nuns to leave their monasteries to vote, and the Holy See granted this permission without difficulty.

The test to which Catholic women in the United States have been called is not a novelty and my hearty wish is that they will be able to meet the test as to deserve well of their country and their Faith.

HIGH BORN WOMEN ARE NUMEROUS IN ENGLISH CONVENTS

By N. C. W. C. News Service

London, Sept. 21.—The report that the former Grand Duchesse of Luxembourg has arrived at Modene, where she will try her vocation with the Carmelite nuns, recalls the fact that several royal and high born women are professed nuns in convents in England.

At Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, there is a house of French Benedictine nuns, who settled in the island when the French government passed the laws against the religious orders. In this convent there are many nuns of noble birth, and among them two ex-queens, one of whom has been a confined invalid for years, and is wheeled into the choir of the abbey church in an invalid's chair.

Two sisters of the late Duke of Norfolk are nuns, the Lady Minna Howard is a member of the Carmelite Order, and the Lady Ethelreda Howard a Sister of Charity. The Lady Agnes Fielding, daughter of the Earl of Denbigh, is a professed nun; so also is the Lady Christina Bapstini, a sister of the Earl of Newburgh. Lord Albenmarie, Protestant peer, has a sister, the Lady Leopoldine Keppel, who is a religious of the Sacred Heart. Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, Lord Arundell and Lord Dorrner have sisters who are professed nuns in English convents.

Two sisters of Lord French are nuns, as are three sisters of Lord Petre, Lord Trolmsdown, an Irish Peer, also has three sisters who are nuns.

From pre-reformation times, there has been an unbroken tradition, both in the noble families of Ireland and of England of the women of noble houses entering religion. For centuries the call to religious life meant a voluntary exile, since the convents

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OFFICIAL ACCOUNTS

THE MATERIALS FROM WHICH OFFICIAL ENGLISH REPORTS ARE COMPILED

The preparation of English official reports of the outrages committed by the English Army of Occupation in Ireland may be studied in the following:

In the early morning of September 25th, 1920, the residence of Mrs. Mac Curtain, widow of the murdered Lord Mayor of Cork, was raided by a party of English military who did considerable damage in the house, breaking the locks of several doors and wrecking two pictures—one a photograph of the present Lord Mayor of Cork, Ald. Terence MacSwiney, and one a picture dealing with the Insurrection of 1916. The military raiders removed from the house the Volunteer cap which rested on the coffin of Ald. MacCurtain at his funeral. Later in the forenoon of September 25th a shot was fired at Mrs. MacCurtain, who was at the time walking in the garden with her niece, the bullet passing close to her head. The house was visited by several newspaper correspondents, inspected the doors and pictures wrecked during the military raid. Two police reports of the occurrence were forwarded on September 26th from Cork to Dublin Castle. One report is as follows:

NEWSPAPER REPORT: ALLEGED FIRING, ETC. County of Cork City, District Inspector's Office, Cork North, 26th Sept. 1920.

I beg to report that it is quite clear that there was no firing as alleged in the newspaper report. The military searched the house as stated, and found 46 rounds of gun ammunition, 22 rounds of revolver ammunition, 1 Skull cracker, equipment recently stolen from soldiers, Revolver holster, 2 ammunition pouches, 1 sword, Sam Brown Belt, and Sinn Féin documents. The picture of Terence MacSwiney was not interfered with by the military, who state that no damage whatever was done to anything on the premises.

J. T. HEGGART, I. D. I. It will be noticed that this report of the District Inspector denies that any firing occurred, but admits that the military raided the house, and states that during the raid nothing was damaged. The second police report similarly denies that any firing took place, but also denies that there was any raid whatever on the residence of Mrs. MacCurtain. And the Head Constable who denies that a raid took place undertakes to inform Dublin Castle who broke Mrs. MacCurtain's windows and the motive for doing so. The second police report is as follows:—

Cutting from Evening Echo, Sept. 25

Shandon, Sept. 26, 1920. County of Cork City. I beg to submit attached cutting of Evening Echo, Sept. 25, 1920, and to say that there is no truth whatever in the allegations contained therein. I have made inquiry from trustworthy persons, some of them living next door to Mrs. MacCurtain, and they are positive that no shot was fired, or could have been fired without their knowledge. The only particle of truth in attached cutting is that there is now a broken pane in one of Mrs. MacCurtain's windows. This may have been done accidentally by drunken rowdies going home at night, or by design to lend colour to the remainder of the statement. I incline to the latter view. I am also satisfied that Mrs. MacCurtain's house was not entered or raided either by uniformed or non-uniformed men, for whatever her politics, owing to recent troubles, she has now the sympathy alike of friend and enemy.

This statement was inserted for a purpose, and that was to renew in the public eye the prominence of Mrs. MacCurtain, who, owing to the world wide attention focussed on the present Lord Mayor, is afraid that the memory of his predecessor will dwindle into oblivion. The breaking of a pane of glass, the value of which would be covered by about £1, is the only testimony of the alleged outrage. Shots could not be fired into the garden, the front of which is bounded by houses, and the back by a wall at least 12 feet in height. Mrs. MacCurtain was not interviewed on the subject, it would be useless to do so, as on former occasions when the police want to make inquiries on almost similar matters she refused to recognize them, and declined to give any information whatever.

JAS. DUNNE, H. C. 57954. Such reports in one of which an excessive ingenuity explains as having never occurred a raid detailed so carefully in the other, are the material from which the official statements of the English Military Government in Ireland are compiled. The facts of this case are that Mrs. MacCurtain's residence was raided; that no ammunition was found; that doors and pictures were wantonly wrecked; that some hours later an attempt was made to shoot Mrs. MacCurtain.

A further index to the accuracy of the English Military Government's official reports is given by the following. On Wednesday, September 22nd, six or seven lorry loads of English police invaded and sacked the towns of Lahinch, Milltown Malbay and Ennistymon, Co. Clare, and

murdered four men. Several hundreds of people saw the police at their sabotage. Press correspondents, English and Irish, investigated the wreckings, and found that there was no doubt that the wreckers were police. The police themselves for a week after the wreckings and murders boasted openly that they had done this work and threatened to do more. Yet the following is the innocent official report supplied to Dublin Castle by the District Inspector of the police in this area:

County of Clare, Ennistymon, Sept. 26, 1920. BURNINGS, ETC., IN ENNISTYMON, LAHINCH AND MILLTOWN MALBAY

I beg to report that on Wednesday night, 22nd inst., following the murder of six police between Milltown Malbay and Ennistymon, eight houses in Ennistymon, nine in Lahinch and nine in Milltown Malbay were burned down. In Ennistymon the remains of Thomas Connolly, thirty-three years, Insurance Agent, were found burned in his house and the body of Patrick J. Linnane, nineteen years, carpenter, was found shot dead on the street.

In Lahinch the remains of Patrick Leahane, twenty-three years, farmer's son, were found in the burned public house of Michael Flanagan, and the remains of a young man named Sammon, were found shot dead on the street.

About 9.30 p. m. a party of unknown men invaded the town of Ennistymon, armed with rifles, a revolver and bombs, fired shots and set fire to houses. About 2 a. m. Thursday another party who is suspected belongs to the anti-Sinn Féin Gang invaded the town and fired some houses. Lahinch and Milltown Malbay were also invaded, and shot fired and houses burned on the same night. The police here consisting of 10 men after the 6 men were murdered were not out during the destruction and accurate information cannot be obtained as to who did it. The inhabitants will give no information to the police. I attach list giving names, etc. of owners of burned houses. The military and police succeeded in saving the house of Leonard Wilson, publican and grocer, Milltown Malbay from being burned down on the occasion.

J. J. BORRLEN, S. D. I. Two points need emphasis. Although the police could obtain no accurate information "as to who did it," District Inspector Borrren is able to forward to Dublin Castle one piece of information not reported previously in any newspaper, viz., that four and not three men, as the press stated, were killed in this outbreak. The second point is that the police, who, as they were not out during the destruction and consequently could not tell who did it, are able to boast that they assisted the military to save one of the burning buildings. English police barracks in Ireland usually command a view of the villages and towns in which they are situated. For the five hours during which the wrecking of these three towns continued, had any policemen in any of the three barracks been attracted to the barracks window by the noise and flames, he could not have failed to see "who did it."

On such reports are the official statements issued by the English Military Government in Ireland based, and those statements are eventually produced as accurate in the British House of Commons with all the authority of the British Government.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

VENERABLE BISHOP GROUARD, O. M. I., ON HIS PASTORAL VISITATIONS

We were introduced in last week's account to the Nativty Mission at Lake Athabaska and we proceed to finish the interesting journey through the far North visiting Indians, Eskimos and Whites with the heroic Bishop Grouard as our guide.

"The population consists of half-breeds who speak the French language, Montagnais and Cree Indians. They came in crowds to attend Mass and receive Holy Communion. I could not speak to them, but each of them in turn and ended with a sermon in English, which I addressed to the Americans who have been in these parts since last year, when they came for the first time. These Montagnais of the Nativty Mission are splendid Christians. For more than forty years a Protestant Mission has been established at Fort Chipewyan, at our door, endeavoring to convert our Indians, and we have not had to deplore a single defection. The Cross, owing to their superstitious practices, have been more difficult to convert, but Father Ledoussier by his exhortations and still more by his prayers, has succeeded in overcoming all these obstacles and has made them almost as fervent as the Montagnais. I am not surprised that the Americans in quest of furs, who thought that they were coming among barbarians, have been edified by the uprightness, morality and devotion of our Christians, and have been drawn towards Catholicism. Three of them have been instructed and baptized and I was told that there were hopes that others would follow their example."

"After spending a week at the Nativty I sailed down the entire length of Lake Athabaska in a steam-

boat in order to reach the Mission of Our Lady of Seven Dolours at Fond du Lac, where Father Riou and Brother Vincent Adoret are evangelizing the Deer esters. These Indians who are as pious as the Montagnais of Fort Chipewyan, never lose an opportunity of receiving daily Communion. They derive their name from the fact that they live on the meat of the reindeer to distinguish them from the Lapland deer known as 'little caribou.'

"It is a sad country. About the mission and the fort there is nothing to be seen but rocks, rubble and sand. Father Breyans, now bishop and vicar apostolic of Mackenzie, nevertheless succeeded in creating a little garden there. From a spot chosen near the lake he removed the rocks and large stones, and from the numerous excursions which he made in the vicinity brought back a small quantity of earth mould, which he mixed with the sand. This mould heated by the sun, which in summer is almost never concealed, and fertilized by the rains of heaven and irrigation, has communicated its vegetative virtue to the arid sand. Father Riou and Brother Vincent were very proud to let me taste their 'potatoes.' For about eight months the laborers of this blessed arctic soil, and it shall be well with them." (Ps. 127).

"During the three days that I spent at Fond du Lac all our Indians received Communion in the morning, and in the evening came to say the rosary and sing hymns. I left them with a comforted heart because of their firm faith and beautiful fervor."

"On the way from Fond du Lac to Fort Smith we had a terrible storm, thunder, lightning, violent winds and torrential rains. We had to seek shelter among the islands and there was the end of the hurricane. Smith Landing, north of Lake Athabaska, is now called Fitzgerald, in memory of an officer of the mounted police who died in this region of hunger and cold, with two or three of his men. We have there the mission of Sainte Marie at the borders of the vicariate, on the banks of Slave River, 100 miles from Lake Athabaska. There Father Grise has built a pretty chapel and last summer Bishop Jousard, with the assistance of a half-breed, who is a good carpenter, built a fine house to replace the old one which was on the verge of ruin. I brought Father Jasler with me to hear the confessions of the half-breeds, and Indians, for my old ears will not allow me to fill this part of the ministry. Everybody welcomed me and I saw again with pleasure several old friends and travelling companions."

"My visits to Red River, Fort Chipewyan, Fond du Lac and Fitzgerald gave me great joy, but my return was saddened by the unhappy condition of the mission of Fort MacMurray on Athabaska River. I already knew from Father Laffont's letters that the influenza had attacked and ravaged his flock during the winter. Our stations at Lake Athabaska were fortunately preserved, but the epidemic made numerous victims at Forts MacMurray and Mackay (Sacred Heart Mission) and St. Julian Mission and in the Indian encampments. Death smote especially the strongest and spared the weakest, and the orphans are numerous. Dear Father Laffont, alone with a lay brother in his poor house, was not able to relieve all the wretchedness."

"I appealed to the Canadian Government, which by signed treaties has taken the Indians under its protection. The Commissioner for Indian Affairs, deputy minister at Ottawa, replied that the present financial crisis would not permit the Government to contribute to the erection of the projected school orphanage, but he agreed to undertake the support of twenty-five children and so I am embarked on a new undertaking, the erection of a two story wooden house, 50 ft. long by 30 wide. I shall confide the establishment to the Grey Nuns of Montreal, whose skill and devotedness are justly appreciated. My poor orphans will have compassionate mothers who can soothe their physical and moral ills; but for the success of this work, which I have placed under the patronage of St. Joseph, I shall need God's help."

The Apostolic missionary concludes with an appeal for the assistance of our prayers. Who can refuse? Let us add an invocation each day that the work of God may prosper through the work of the missionary. Let us add our share of help also for those who labor under these conditions. We can do this best by our contributions to the work of the Catholic Church Extension Society.

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

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We make fanciful distinction between eternity and time; there is no real distinction. We are in eternity at this moment. That has begun to be with us which never began with God.—F. W. Robertson.

OBITUARY

DAVID KELLY, WOODHOUSE

David Kelly, a highly respected farmer of the Township of Woodhouse, died quite suddenly at his farm on Thursday last. In the latter part of the afternoon he had gone out with a bottle of milk to feed a sick lamb in the field and not returning in due time in the evening a search party of the neighbors found him dead in the field near the flock of sheep.

The deceased Mr. Kelly was a fine type of gentleman, fond of his neighbors, patient and kind at all times and always ready to assist. He was kind to the animals and took upon the farm, enjoyed the work of feeding and looking after them.

There were six children in the family, three sons and three daughters, and he left surviving him, his widow (who is eighty-seven years of age) two sons, David L. Kelly, Norfolk, Virginia, W. E. Kelly, K. C. Simcoe, and two daughters, Mrs. Anne Kelly Tyrrell, Principal La Salette Separate School, and Madama Kelly of the Sacred Heart Convent, Halifax, and several grand-children and some great-grand children.

He had three grandsons in military service in the late World War, one in the American Army and two in the Canadian Army. He was a Liberal in politics and supported the farmers' cause in the recent Provincial election. He was a native of Ireland, a loyal Canadian, and was sixty years in married life on October 1st of this year and lived in Don's Hollow, upon the farm where he died. The funeral, which was attended by a large number of friends and sympathizers, was held on Saturday last and the procession of mourners reached the Catholic Church, Simcoe, at 10 a. m. Rev. Father Nagle celebrated Requiem High Mass. Two small grandsons acted as acolytes during the Mass and another grandson, (William S. Kelly) from St. Peter's Seminary, London, assisted in the choir. Mrs. W. E. Kelly, (daughter-in-law), organist. Several prominent Simcoe citizens were in attendance at the Church, among whom may be mentioned Hon. Senator McCall, Jonathan Porter, County Treasurer Major A. A. Winter, Dr. McGivern, Charles A. Austin, (Ex Mayor), E. D. Holliday, Charles A. Terburn and many others.

The late Mr. Kelly was also a tanner by trade and for some years managed Don's Tannery at the Hollow. The following citizens acted as bearers at the funeral: Hubert O'Mahony, John R. Smith, John Maxwell, Charles Thompson, Ernest Cantelon and Albert Schoff. Lawrence D. Kelly, (grandson) will continue the working of the farm. David E. Kelly, barrister-at-law, of the firm of Kelly & Porter, Simcoe, and Leg J. Kelly, Assumptive College, Simcoe, are grandsons. Requiescat in pace.

COMING TO TERMS

An agent called at a business office and saw nobody but a prepossessing and capable appearing young woman. "Where's the boss?" he asked abruptly. "What is your business?" she asked politely. "None of yours!" he snapped. "I got a proposition to lay before this firm, and I want to talk to somebody about it." "And would you rather talk to a gentleman?" "Yes." "Well," answered the lady smiling sweetly, "so would I. But it seems that it is impossible for either of us to have our wish; so we'll have to make the best of it. State your business, please!"—Catholic Citizen.

MARRIAGE

MCCAULEY FLAHERTY.—On October 25th 1920, at St. Mary's Church, St. Mary's, by Rev. Father Roman, Ellen Lillian Flaherty, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Flaherty, of Bilton, to Richard M. Canley of Toronto.

KEARNEY TRAHAN.—At St. Mary's Church, St. Mary's, on Wednesday, October 27th, 1920, by Rev. Father Roman, Mary Margaret, only daughter of Mr. Wm. Tolban, to James Kearney of Downey.

WALSH DILLON.—At St. Mary's Church, St. Mary's, on Thursday, October 28, by Rev. Father Roman, Mr. P. Walsh to Mrs. M. Dillon.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of our dear Beatrice who died Nov. 14th, 1919, beloved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. P. Lavell of Mayo, Que.

FATHER, MOTHER, SISTERS, BROTHERS.

American politics has crystallized into two hostile camps that differ from each other only in name and in the possession of offices.—Donn Piatt.

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