

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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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1917

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WHAT

They whose lives are bounded by the theatre, bridge-party, café and gossip-meetings, should go aside and have a talk with conscience. What are they doing in the way of national service? What sacrifice are they making to prove that their duty to country is a duty of conscience—a duty to God? Write it down and scrutinize it. How many hours have they given to Red Cross work? Knitting socks and making bandages may entail a curtailment of pleasure, but it has, nevertheless, to be done by somebody, and to people who think at all it is a duty of justice and of gratitude. It is very easy to wax sentimental over the men in the trenches and to sing patriotic songs, but it is not so easy to get ourselves in the firing line and to demonstrate that patriotism is not a matter of wind but a reality that demands imperiously the service of heart and mind and will. It necessitates the carrying of some burden. Thousands of Canadian women have theirs; there are others who, unscathed by the War, have none and do not, so far as we can judge, mean to have them. For them life is one sweet gababout song with never a harmony that is born of self-denial. It may be that the war atmosphere has lifted them to a high plane of irresponsibility and frivolity and it may be that they are just that way. But they have our pity, profound and heartfelt.

BROMIDES

The returned soldiers would rather be in the trenches than be exposed to the rapid-fire of bromides at receptions in their honour. Our gratitude, too deep for mere words, can be told, however, in deeds that minister to them and to their wives and children; and what they have done and dared in their splendid self-sacrifice and unswerving devotion to duty may constrain us to emulate their example, in a feeble manner, by putting ourselves on the firing line of national service.

TO BE REGRETTED

From time to time we have seen comments on the number of young people who crowd the streets at night. Up and down they go, little girls and big girls, ogling the passers-by and getting, it strikes us, a liberal education in the school of the flesh and the devil. Is it due to criminal carelessness on the part of parents? Parents, of course, have much to absorb their attention, as for instance clubs and the movies, but they should devote some time to caring for and safeguarding their property. We assume these parents know that Christ instituted the sacrament of Matrimony to enable husband and wife to live happily together and to bring up their children in the fear and love of God. Hence they are bound to pay attention to their spiritual welfare by instruction and vigilance. They should so act as to prevent any possibility of stain on the family honor. If they keep before their minds their judgment, the account to be rendered of the souls loaned them by God, we might not note how quickly the streets rob their devotees of winsome reserve and modesty.

SEE RIGHT

Only when people ape the appearance of those whose way of living is characteristically different from their own do they display an innate unreasonableness for really good company. A higher philosophy, such as shrewd getters and spenders often fail to attain, though babes in worldly wisdom often win it without effort is the only security against a depressing struggle when the reckoning begins. That higher philosophy is the fruit of the best thought of all past experience. It is as old as Homer, as new as the latest echo from the profaned provinces which we are rescuing from the modern Philistines. The ornament that lasts, that confers real distinction, does not challenge envy and jealousy; flashing jewels and gay clothing have nothing to do

with worth and beauty, such as true art tries to express. Keats was right when he sang the praises of the "loveliness that increases." Shelley rhapsodizes about intellectual beauty. Milton, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Tennyson—the whole choir of bards—join with the seers whose vision of a perfected State has sustained the hopes of mankind through the ages of conflict and trouble. Of ornament that but symbolizes progress there has been more than enough; oratory has charmed the expectant crowd; poetry has adorned plain truth and raised the spirits of men and women to supernal heights of anticipation. Worship has consecrated common days and vulgar lives; music has given wings to desire when words have been unable to embody the ideals which struggle for utterance in crisis of sorrow or joy.

UNDERSTAND

Where in the wide universe that is open to the reverent student is not beauty to be found? It has sown the mid-night sky with glowing orbs and the earth with flowers. It whispers harmoniously in the rustling branches and becomes vocal when the birds pour forth their delight at matins and evensong. Beauty? It is everywhere. The seeing eye and the understanding heart and mind are often wanting but the Scottish Ploughman saw the loveliness of the daisy in the furrow as well as in Mary's "bonnie een." A blacksmith's forge stirred Handel to harmonious expression, and Longfellow interpreted the feelings of the toiler when the choir sang on Sunday in the village church.

For so are all things tuned to the soul's unutterable need. Happy are we, with a happiness not born of garish ornament though it should be worth a king's ransom in the marketplace where even hearts are bought and sold, if we can share the Vision Splendid; if Love has lent a precious seeing to the eye, so that we are privileged.

"To see a world in a Grain of Sand,
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower."

Of the finest of all the beauties and harmonies that fall like the sunshine and the dew upon craving hearts we must not speak save in shadowed hints. Sacred beyond words, outsoaring human imagery, are the intimate bonds that cause life to be precious; the tender passion and sacrificial care of fathers and mothers; the friendship that has no alloy of selfishness; the love that poverty and struggle cannot banish—that hallows the lowliest lot and touches sorrow with a healing hand. At the last, when all disguises fall off and for us no outward show matters, all values change as if by magic. Virtue unadorned is then adorned the most. Crowns and gorgeous robes are no passport to peace. The blessings of those who have helped upward will follow us; we shall have bought eternity with our little hour, tasting the joy of loving service and catching glimpses of a radiance that borrows none of its glory even from sun, moon or stars.

GEORGIA CATHOLICS

Georgia in common with a few other Southern states has had its share of anti-Catholic sentiment. When bigotry culminated in an obnoxious convent inspection bill, the Catholics of the State felt that the time for action had come, and they acted accordingly. At a meeting in Macon, representing every Catholic organization in the State, the Catholic Laymen's Association was formed, and nearly \$5,000 was subscribed to carry on a campaign of publicity which would reach the fair-minded non-Catholics of Georgia; and with few exceptions to the credit of the people of Georgia be it said, the appeal to the sense of fairness received the most cordial consideration. As a result of an advertisement placed and paid for at the regular rate in the daily papers, all sorts of inquiries for further information came to the office opened for that purpose. The questions covered a great deal of ground: The separation of Church and State, marriage laws, the public schools, etc., and with a mailing list of 15,000 which has been carefully selected at their disposal, we may look for results from the active and enterprising Catholics of Georgia. One writer says, "I wish to say that I am not in sympathy with any move to discredit the Catholic Church. I believe that it is a great

body of Christian men and women." Another acknowledged that he had been raised in an atmosphere hostile to Catholics and promised to read with interest the literature that had been sent to him.

In addition to answering questions in a very satisfactory and good tempered way, the Catholic Laymen's Association is scattering pamphlets throughout the State. From the first of these, "A Plea for Peace," we cite the following words which ought to reach all who are "not hopelessly hostile to the Catholic Church": "Catholics and Protestants together settled America; together they laid the forests, drained the swamps and plowed the land. They fought together in the battles of the Revolution. They stood side by side in the conventions and congresses that secured the liberties of the people. Why should they now suffer self-seeking men to betray them into the hands of one another?" The American Constitution and the Constitutions of each State guarantee liberty of belief and worship. Catholics and Protestants in joint assembly wrote these guarantees. Why now listen to the designing men who try to violate them? Catholics and Protestants must live together as neighbors. Shall it not be as friends?—The Guardian.

"PATRIOTISM NOT ENOUGH"

Patriotism is a virtue, loved of God and man; in these days there is small danger that we forget it. Our peril lies another way. We may forget that hatred is a deadly sin. "Standing as I do in view of God and of eternity," wrote that brave woman, Edith Cavell, "I realize that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone."

Our virtues may become vices by excess, if they are not founded on principles sanctioned by the Divine Model and Law-Giver, Jesus Christ. The Son of God hated the deeds of the sinner, as only Infinite Goodness can hate malice, but he did not hate the sinner. He would not call down fire from heaven, as His holy Apostles wished. It was not His will that the sinner die, but that he be converted and live; and what He preached, He practised to the end. On Calvary, the first words framed by His parched lips were a prayer, that the ingrates who had brought Him to this shameful death, might find mercy with His Eternal Father. The legions of Heaven at His disposal, did not beat to the earth the recreant priest and gibing Pharisees, but suffered them to look with impunity upon Him whom they had pierced. The sublimity of Calvary passes all understanding, transcends all imitation, yet it gives us the principle to be translated, as far as human frailty will bear us, into our lives. We must hate injustice and abhor iniquity; but we must also remember, that those who persecute us without cause are to be forgiven, even as we hope to be forgiven, to be loved, because He bade us love even our enemies.

Every Catholic knows the measure of his obligations as a patriot. His country may ask him to give his life, that she may live. He does not doubt, nor does his country, what his answer will be. The bones of his fathers, whitening on every battlefield of the Republic, guarantee his complete devotion. With confidence may we invoke the protection of our Father in Heaven over our beloved land, for our cause is just. Yet "patriotism is not enough." Without charity, we are nothing. Let us press forward in our great task without bitterness, without recrimination, with malice towards none, with charity for all.—America.

THE ONE CHURCH

It is strange in this age of comparative enlightenment to hear intelligent people sometimes speak in a most unintelligent manner of a most unimportant matter of real subject of religion. Arguments wax strong, and sometimes wrathful, on the relative merits of high church and low church, of soft shell or of hard shell forms of belief within the same denomination. It is often said that this or that denomination is as good as the Catholic Church because it is almost the same as Catholicity. Even Catholics themselves, inadvertently at times, will in conversation, rate other denominations according to their so-called proximity to the Catholic Church. Thus, those creeds that accept the largest number of our beliefs, at least in appearance, are said to be very close to us. All this argues a deplorable lack of understanding in the matter of real religion.

Religion is from God, else it is of earth, and therefore, but a tawdry imitation. There is no such thing, there can be no such thing, as one religion being as good, or nearly as good as another religion. Christian-ity, in this sense, is not a relative but an absolute term: it admits of no comparisons, it stands by itself, it is born of God, and is entirely outside

the sphere of man-made inventions. Man was made for God and eternal happiness. In order to ensure man's arrival at that goal, Christ founded a Church—not many churches—where in the soul of man might be safely guided on the road to a happy eternity. If human beings of high or low degree, be they monarchs, philosophers, or renegade Christians, have seen fit to set up conventicles of their own, it is only by an abuse of exact terms that they call these conventicles churches, or their teachings, religion. True, they usually retain a few tatters and rags of Christianity saved from the various heretical shipwrecks that have inundated humanity. But these tattered rags are but a silent witness, an accusing proof of the splendor which originally clothed these peoples when they were arrayed in the glorious garb of true Christianity.

There is but one true Church, as there is one God, one Christ, one baptism, whereby men are to be saved. Argue as one will, the stern fact remains, based on historical evidence, that all churches and denominations outside the Catholic Church are but the results of man's feeble efforts to ape the Almighty in establishing the one true Church. There is about as much resemblance between these artificial forms of religious belief and true religion as there is between the pin-pointing of an amoeba in a drop of water and a mighty comet blazing through the skies.—Catholic Bulletin.

REFLECTIONS ON A REVIVAL

The Rev. William Sunday has passed to his temporary rest. His voice will no longer cry over the wilderness of Harlow. "Make straight the way of the Lord," with every variation of slang imaginable to an athletic mind, and we ask where are we? Whether people heard him or not, they seem to be the same old spiritual simplicities. They do not deny the sincerity or envy the business methods shown by his mission. Both leave them neither warm nor cold. But they feel the pathos of his efforts.

It seems fatuous to discuss whether slang is relevant or not in preaching. The mediaevals flooded the street corners with religious slang. Many a "Friar Friday" called folk to repentance with crude and bitter words that shocked as much as they melted. When slang was needed, the Church never turned an eyelash. Ecclesiastical slang, now a lingering affectation of ritualistic life was once an art. But the holy slang of the mediaevals touched the sublime. When civilization was steeped in religion slang came as a variant. When civilization is materialism, as today, there is danger that religion presented in slang may fall to its own foible.

No doubt the comic element in man almost as clearly distinguishes him from the beast as does the religious element. Laughter and religious ecstasy are somewhat akin. Physically prayer and laughter can be ridiculous alike, the opened mouth, the shaking organs of the body, the salt tears and the feeling of *katharsis* or purification in the mind. Theologically one has a high mystical value. The other, however, one cannot laugh oneself into heaven or slip under the bars by twitting St. Peter. Some of us go too far in imagining God saying: "I hate your jokes, and religious slang is an abomination unto Me." Nor can we say that God has a sense of humor, but as He is omniscient He must know what a sense of humor is. Charles Kingsley thought the Creator actually had a comic sense and called attention to the crab in proof. We forbear to think whether the heavenly Hierarchy has been amused or not by the antics in the New York Tabernacle.

The Salvationists gave us what Huxley called "corybantic Christianity" and Billy Sunday has given us galvanic Christianity. It could be hardly otherwise. The time of the hallelujah manna has passed. The Salvation Army has become respectable and slow. It bespoken a kind of spiritual drill and massage. But now there is no time for loose tweekings or for casting a net at a venture. Consummate business methods are necessary to throw up an immediate result that can be flashed in advertisement and handled by journalism. Christianity in New York lies too dead for massage and it requires galvanization. And it got it!

All that sheer business-sense could suggest was done. Buses, placards, posters, stenographers and printers did their work. A conventicle plaque was provided and the converted reconverted to enthusiastic order. Thousands hit the stary trail, thousands shook a prophet's hand, thousands hoped to be believed. Is Heaven too good to be true. Is Heaven as easy to get to as going to a circus and shaking hands with the entertainer? The music is cheerful, if one understands music, and an entertainer is arresting even to an old habitue of vaudeville, but some-how it is all pathetic. Mr. Sunday has no doubts, no internal strife, no theology. The Kingdom

of Heaven can be handed out like oyster soup and for the purpose of supplying savor and condiment to the old fashioned mush. Billy Sunday plays the part of the appetizer until the audience feels that what is only soup has got the very sparkle of champagne. In all of this some good is done to the irreligious and many folk are left happier and more comfortable in body and soul than they ever felt before. But with the orthodox, the stupid and the judgments there is not a faraway sense of pathos, pathos that in 2,000 years of Christian history we have not got further than this. For what does such a mission lead to? Can it be called a revival? Is it a fitting prelude to the apocalypse of war?

A religious revival such as took place in Wales some years ago seemed a moving of the soul. Men and women prayed in tears all night in the lonely mountain chapels. The evangelists wrestled like some weak swimmers in their agony. There was no advertisement, no finance, no laughter. The dim cravings of the Celtic spirit seemed to be seeking some new undefined channel of religious expression in default of the old. There arose a mystic cry for God. No man knew or could explain what happened. The Welsh revival passed as mysteriously as it came. To the respectful Catholic it seemed full of hope and imbued with meaning because it was mystical. Father Benson used to say of religious outpourings that they were all to the good. They generated he thought, a spiritual electricity which was never lost. He felt that the Evangelical movement of one generation passed into the Catholic movement of the next, and the most wayward rivers and fantastic brooks found their way eventually to the sea. Perhaps he was right.

But as far as spasmodic galvanization goes, Billy Sunday has won a passing triumph. Energy and popular favor are a fine pair. With these hitched to a light-bullit creed Billy has Phoebus-like ease to drive this chariot of righteousness across the New York sky. The Rockefeller patronage must have been a great drag. The gulf that lies between the Standard Oil and the Sermon on the Mount is one that even a tight-rope walker like Sunday did not attempt to cross. People are willing to admit that he is not out for money and yet the rich are with him. Certain texts have to be politely left in the background. Indeed most churches have long since done the very same.

There have been no prophets in this War. If the good God sent Billy Sunday, He seems to have done so in the same lightness of heart with which America has taken Him. As this great Republic approaches her trial and agony she may or may not remember with a pathetic smile the gyrations of the strange messenger who turned spiritual somersaults by diversion, or preparation for the fast-coming apocalypse. She may think of him, simply because no other voice was raised in those latter days, and perhaps because she had deserved no other prophet. We do not mean to say that it pleased the humor of Providence to make fun of good Americans, but we feel there is a pathos of contrast in the supreme destiny America has taken upon herself and in the curious laughter-swept antics in the Tabernacle, which have preceded her entry into the war.

It is an agony to many that there has been such slight sign of the Second Coming in this time and that the schools of the Prophets seem closed. No Divine manifestation has been vouchsafed, but had he come and stood awhile at the gates of the country that calls itself "God's own," we feel that He would have wept over New York and bade the daughters of America weep for their children as He once counseled the women of Jerusalem. He would have come sadly no doubt and spoken in perfectly empty churches. His words would have been as an ointment unto burial pain. But He would not have availed to make New York weep. This Mr. Sunday realized, so he made New York grin and the spiritual and permanent value of his mission is exactly that of a good and cheerful grin in the face of eschatological possibilities. So we come back to the choice of laughter or of mysticism, of the human or the Divine attitude toward what is terrible in life and unknown after life. The Catholic Church has long fallen back upon mysticism. But Americans are free to mourn or grin in spirit as they approach their portion of pain and curtains of fire.—Shane Leslie in America.

NOW A CATHOLIC CHURCH

(C. P. A. Service)
London, July 19.—Cardinal Bourne was to have presided last Sunday at the opening of the new London Catholic Church, but his place was taken by Bishop Hanlon of Uganda. The ceremony was a unique one, for the church, which is dedicated to the Holy Apostles, was all ready made, and is the first Protestant place of worship to be adapted to Catholic uses—surely an augury of what is to

come. It was a Wesleyan Methodist chapel and is of fine proportions and imposing architecture. It stands in a busy part of Westminster, close to some big war work factories where many Catholics are employed. Another augury for the future is the demand of a representative body of Anglicans for disestablishment, which they declare is necessary for the liberty of their Church. If the loaves and fishes are gone, one of the principal obstacles to the return of many to the ancient Church will also go.

QUEEN MARY OF ENGLAND

RECEIVED AND SENT FOR DISTRIBUTION A NUMBER OF BADGES OF THE SACRED HEART

Queen Mary has always been thought by the public to possess very strong evangelical sympathies which make anything Catholic objectionable to her, and this idea has been sedulously fostered. Some pious French people conceived the idea of presenting the British Tommies with a number of the little flags of the Sacred Heart which are so popular amongst the French poilus, and are said to have protected so many soldiers in moments of great danger. They therefore forwarded a few days ago to Queen Mary a large supply of these little flags, with a request that the soldiers might wear them on the feast of the Sacred Heart. The Queen has replied in a very gracious autograph letter in which she thanks the donors for their kind thought and piety, and says she has forwarded the flags to the Catholic Chaplain-in-Chief of the British Army, who will charge himself with their distribution amongst the Catholic troops. The French are very gratified by this letter, and Catholic soldiers will in due course receive the little flags.—Catholic Bulletin.

CARDINAL GETS LEGION OF HONOR

London, England.—A touching ceremony took place in Reims when the Cross of the Legion of Honor was pinned on the breast of Cardinal Luçon and other brave citizens were decorated. At 2 p. m. the few remaining inhabitants of Reims made their way stealthily by side streets, for fear of the shells, to a hall still standing, which was bare of decoration, and there, without music, flowers or pomp, the President of the Republic, who had also made a silent entry, saluted only by the flag of France, met the Cardinal. He declared that he came in the name of the Government to salute and recompense the brave citizens of Reims. And first, with reason, must he class Cardinal Luçon, Archbishop of Reims—his worth, his devotion, the comfort he has brought to his dear and unfortunate people by his continued presence in danger, his generosity and his visits to the hospitals and ambulances. The President also praised Monsignor E. Charbonneau, who, thanks to his commercial relations, his competence in affairs and his devotion, was able to assure the material life of Reims.

Next was mentioned Monsignor de Beauguie, who by his technical knowledge, intelligence and activity had kept up the municipal life of the city; then Docteur Harmont, who despite his great age lavished his skill on the sick in the hospitals, and lastly Monsignor Dramas, editor of "L'Eclair," who had never ceased to print his journal daily in spite of its dangerous proximity to the Cathedral, and by this means those who had departed were permitted to follow the daily doings in Reims. The Cross of War was also awarded to Mlle. Luigi and Mlle. Tournellier for their courage and devotion to the sick in the hospitals. The President having pinned the decoration on the breasts of these brave men and women and embraced them, Cardinal Luçon made a touching speech in return. He thanked the President, not for himself, but for his clergy, in whose name he received the decoration. He declared it was sweet to fulfil duty in the midst of such brave fellow-citizens.

TO PROVIDE AMBULANCES

NEW YORK KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS WILL SEND TWENTY UNITS TO FRANCE
Twenty ambulances for the American Army in France is to be the outstanding feature of the war relief work undertaken by the New York Chapter of the Knights of Columbus. Each of these ambulance units will be composed of 5 surgeons and 86 helpers, including nurses, a total of 1,820 men and women. The entire outfit will also be provided with 2 motor trucks, 1 touring car and 19 motorcycles. Ten of the ambulances given by individual councils have already been provided, and before the end of July it is hoped to have the others fully equipped and manned. About August 1 the ambulances and crews will be sent to Allentown, Pa., for intensive training before proceeding to France.—Catholic Bulletin.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The late Mrs. Marie E. Labe of Brooklyn, N. Y., a non-Catholic, left \$5,000 to the Brooklyn Home for Blind, Crippled and Defective Children, Port Jefferson.

The Ven. Anne St. Barthelemy, the companion of St. Teresa and founder of the Carmelites of Antwerp, was beatified recently, and the happy event was celebrated at Rome at the Church of St. Julian-des-Beiges.

Thousands of French soldiers have been enrolled in the Living Rosary of the trenches. They respond eagerly to the "spiritual mobilization" as it has been called, and in one section or another the rosary is being said perpetually.

The Sultan of Egypt has conferred upon the Earl of Denbigh the Order of the Nile. Lord Denbigh is one of the senior Catholic peers of England, and his family among the aristocracy has done more war work than the Fieldings, of which he is the head.

Adults converted to the faith in the Philadelphia diocese during the year 1916 numbered 1,469, according to official statistics, says the Catholic Standard and Times. This is a gain of 171 souls for last year compared with the corresponding period of 1915. The total of the city churches was 1,235 persons. The country churches had 234.

All Catholic Spain is preparing to celebrate the solemn third centenary of the illustrious Jesuit, Francis Suarez, "light of the Church," as a Supreme Pontiff called him. The enthusiasm which the idea of this celebration has aroused is such that the directive committee has decided to publish a bulletin which will give an account of the whole movement.

St. Louis, Mo., July 7.—An anti-submarine device has been submitted to the Government by the Council of National Defense. The inventor is the Rev. J. A. DeVilbiss, S. J., of St. Louis University. His invention is said to be highly technical and complex but comparatively simple in its operation. It is operated entirely by electricity.

Cardinal Logue has approved the society known as the Knights of the Blessed Sacrament, which is spreading in Ireland and England. The society has no additional prayers, no meetings, no subscriptions, but each member pledges himself to promote devotion to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament by frequent Communion, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and other pious exercises. The society now numbers 20,000.

Mrs. Nicholas Brady, of New York, who built the Anthony Brady Memorial Hall of the Catholic Sisters College, Brookland, D. C., has shown her appreciation of the work of the 5,000 teaching Sisters in the schools of the United States by presenting \$50,000 as the beginning of a fund that will enable the college authorities to give free board and free tuition to the Sisters attending the college.

Archbishop Harty, of Omaha, was elected a member of the Board of Trustees of the Catholic University at the last meeting of the trustees. The Board decided to open next fall a new Baseline College, an institution provided for by the will of the late Theodore Baseline, of Croghan, N. Y., for the training of young men for the priesthood, with a particular view to election and effective public speaking. Later on separate buildings will be erected for this purpose.

The death is reported from Paris of M. Paul Allard, the historian of the persecutions of the Church in the first three centuries—on which subject his writings have cast much new light. Allard's chief works are his history of the persecutions in four, and his "Life of Julian the Apostate," in three volumes. He also wrote the lives of St. Basil and St. Sidonius Apollinaris for "The Saints" series.

While digging a well on an irrigated farm near Yuma, Arizona, an ancient copper bell, which is believed to have been brought over from Spain more than two hundred years ago, was unearthed. The bell weighs about 200 pounds and was found several feet beneath the surface. According to the tradition of aged Mexicans, the bell probably came from an old mission church that was located near where it was found. The mission was called Conception Immaculada, and around it at one time was quite a large settlement. The town and the church were destroyed in the year 1781 by the Yuma Indians.

Archbishop Cerrutti, recently Apostolic Delegate to Australia, who goes to Rome to fill an important post, is to sail for Naples shortly. The ship that carries him and a few friends accompanying him will carry no articles deemed contraband of war. In consequence of this, and as a result of arrangements made between Berlin and the Vatican, no German submarine will attack the ship. Special signs upon her sides will indicate that the Archbishop is aboard. It is pleasing to read, says the Catholic News, in the midst of news of slaughter and carnage, that the representative of His Holiness is entirely safe from war's dangers on the seas.

AMBITION'S CONTEST

BY CHRISTINE FABER

CHAPTER XVII

AMBITION'S FRUIT AGAIN

The elite of Dublin were assembled at a banquet given by one of the proud magnates who fluttered about Lord Grosvenor's shrine, and beauty and fashion, wealth and title filled the spacious rooms. Perhaps no one in the company, save those whose high official position always rendered them prominent objects of notice, attracted more attention than did Howard Courtney and his sister. The former, already generally known as a young man of more than ordinary ability, was likely to win observation by his striking appearance; the pale face with its singular expression of firmness, the dark, flashing eyes, the expansive forehead, the way, jet black hair, the tall, straight, slender form, with its too stately carriage for so young a man, all were calculated to attract notice and excite remark in any throng; while his sister, remarkable for equal beauty of person, was an object of interest from the fact that she was the sister of such a brother, and because of the rare and peculiar modesty and gentleness which characterized her demeanor.

On their entrance to the drawing-room, failing to perceive Malverton, Howard had resigned Ellen to one of his numerous gentlemen friends, and the brother and sister were separated for a time. There was a shade of disappointment on Ellen's fair face; she had hoped, almost expected to meet Malverton, and to be compelled to accept the escort of another was scarcely likely to yield her pleasure, or even satisfaction; but she permitted none of her feelings to betray themselves, and she was apparently as interested and happy as any of the fair ones present.

Howard had found his own congenial spirits. Ere long he was shining as it was his wont to do, and the titled representatives of power envying and reluctantly did him homage. Lord Grosvenor himself, bland and smiling, with the lady of his host on his arm, listened and deferred to the brilliant speaker — but the iron hand under the velvet glove was waiting to strike. Bland and smiling still, the nobleman deigned to pass a remark aimed directly at young Courtney; it seemed to violate none of the rules of good breeding, but to him for whom it was meant it was bitterly ironical, and provocative of all the revengeful feelings he had ever entertained for the peer. At once his power of irony was in full play. Defiant of the dangerous character of the foe he assailed, he spoke as the dictates of his passion prompted. Few of the listeners suspected the bitter underplot of the scene, while they marvelled at the apparently uncalled for sarcasm of young Courtney's tones; still they deemed it a part of his clever skirmish with the nobleman, till, at length, with one turn of his subtle argument he compelled Lord Grosvenor to a remark, the reply to which won for Howard a silent, but so far as faces were concerned, an expressive applause. The young man was satisfied; patry as the triumph was, it was a triumph — he had outshone the brilliant mind of the peer, and his revenge for the time was taken.

The grand exterior of the nobleman had lost nothing of its calm dignity, its smiling graciousness, but there was a cold glitter in his eyes. As if he courted further defeat, he continued the strain of remarks, adroitly turning them at last into observations calculated to draw Howard out on the question of loyalty to the crown. The snare succeeded; too full of his own personal feelings to heed the dangerous ground on which he stood, the young man answered nobly but unguardedly. Faces about him paled, for every word that he uttered was fraught with dire danger to himself. Unwittingly he supplied clues for which Lord Grosvenor had long sought — the latter knew at last that the writer of the seditions and treasonable articles, which were going like firebrands through the country, and Howard Courtney were one and the same person. The nobleman's revenge was attained; his youthful enemy had entered the trap prepared for him, and his utter annihilation was henceforth to be only the work of time. The graciousness of the peer increased; his desire to obliterate, as it were, any unpleasantness that might have grown out of the encounter became very apparent, and then, with tender gallantry, he turned to the bejeweled lady on his arm, and in a moment the pair were moving gracefully away. But, as speedily as was consistent with courtesy, Lord Grosvenor resigned his fair charge, and found an interval in which to accomplish the first act in his drama of revenge. It was a strange time and place in which to transact state business, but a few minutes of quiet and secret work, known only to those who were necessary to his plan, accomplished it all, and the peer resumed his place in the fashionable throng with a more bland appearance than ever.

Howard had grown slightly pale on the close of his tilt with the nobleman, for one of his secret associates had whispered in his ear, and for the moment he seemed disconcerted and even somewhat daunted; but soon the courage, which rarely forsook him, the ambition which was never more ardent than when danger menaced, and the triumph which still swelled his heart, reassured

their power, and the young man was as fearless and as calm as the haughty peer himself.

Ellen, leaning on her escort's arm, had heard part of the tilt between her brother and the nobleman. She did not understand it, but her unfailing instinct told her that it contained more of an important and perhaps alarming character than had appeared on the surface, and she felt relieved when it seemed to be amicably concluded.

Malverton had at last arrived, and immediately sought Ellen's side. She reminded all that she herself had heard of the remarks which had passed between Lord Grosvenor and her brother. Malverton started, and grew slightly pale.

"Where is Howard?" he hurriedly asked; but his eager eyes already rested on young Courtney's form, and whispering to Ellen that he would soon return, he resigned her to the charge of a friend, and went rapidly to join Howard. Drawing the latter apart, the two young men, arm-in-arm, repaired to a comparatively retired portion of one of the rooms. But Malverton feared even there to speak; his sharp eyes had detected that of which Howard had been utterly unconscious, that the latter was watched—a spy's eyes looked upon them even now. It was difficult to convince young Courtney that such was the fact, and even when he appeared to believe it, his manner lost nothing of his fearlessness, its defiance.

The interview was brief and meagre, owing to Malverton's caution but it was sufficient to enlighten the latter about the danger in which Howard has placed himself, and when he returned to anxious Ellen it was to tell her that while her brother had certainly placed himself in jeopardy by his rash and untimely remarks, still there might not be an action taken upon them alone. She appeared satisfied—at least she asked for no further explanations.

The revelry continued till past midnight, and then Malverton, a little to Ellen's surprise, accompanied herself and her brother home.

The little party saw unusual lights in Ashland Manor as they drove up the avenue leading to the house, and beheld flitting shadows of strange forms through the windows.

"Hold!" said Malverton, attempting to restrain Howard, as the latter, hardly waiting for the vehicle to stop, prepared to spring forth in order to ascertain the cause of the unwonted appearance. But the grasp was too feeble to hold the impetuous young man; he broke from it and dashed up the steps. The hall door was partly open; he flung it back and hurried in, and when Malverton, who, in his haste to overtake Howard, carried rather than assisted Ellen from the vehicle, arrived in the hall, he found his friend wildly struggling in the grasp of the myrmidons of the law.

With a scream so full of agony that it seemed as if the heart from which it issued must have broken in the cry, his sister broke from Malverton's hold and threw herself amid the struggling forms. The covering which shrouded her party dress became unfastened; it slipped from her shoulders, and she seemed like some pale but lovely vision, as, having reached her brother, she clasped him with all the desperation of a heart-breaking woe. He ceased to resist the strong arms of those who had sought to hold him when he felt her grasp, while the men themselves, somewhat awed by this unexpected interference, drew back, and left for a moment the brother free to his sister's embrace. Perchance her cry had smote him, or the expression of her face, revealing at once the depth of her devotion, and her wild, unutterable anguish had touched him, as no sacrifice to which she had consented, no appeal she had yet made to him had ever been able to do—as for a moment he vividly realized all that she was suffering, and was keenly alive to the fact of how much more worth and beauty were contained in the gem of her devotion to himself—he, who was so little worthy of a world's esteem and honor. He strained her to him long and passionately, and tears, which at any other time he would imagine a disgrace to his manhood, rapidly filled his eyes and fell upon her face.

Few in the group—hardened men as most of them were that had surrounded the pair—but were in some degree affected. Malverton averted his head—the scene was far too painful for him. But the stern measures of the law were not to be evaded. Even Malverton's presence, known as he was to be the son of Ireland's highest dignitary, could not abate in the least the rigor which the officers had been ordered to enforce. The latter had been sent to Ashland Manor a couple of hours before, with strict injunctions to search the house carefully for papers of any description which might tend to show young Courtney's connection with any seditious movement now in agitation; and they had been further ordered, whether they found such proof or not, to remain and effect the capture of Howard himself. But they had found such proofs; in the secret drawer of Howard's own escritoire, which latter the officers broke in order to ascertain its mechanism, they had found sufficient to fully criminate the unhappy young man.

At that statement Malverton started, and let his hands drop, as if to express the utter futility of hope in the face of such circumstances. Now he knew the object of the spy on Howard at the banquet—it was to dog the latter's steps, lest, suspecting danger, he might make any attempt

to escape ere his arrest could be effected. Malverton had not dreamed of Ashland Manor being searched, and from what Howard has said to him during their few minutes' intercourse in the earlier part of the evening, it was evident that Howard himself had not apprehended such a search, at least not so immediately. Now as the young man comprehended his difficulty, and how completely he was in the power of his enemy, he grew ghastly, and his clasp about his sobbing sister seemed to lose its strength; but only for a moment—then he nerved himself anew, and, resigning Ellen to Malverton, he announced himself ready to accompany his captors.

Ellen begged permission to accompany her brother, to see at least the exterior of the prison. But Malverton promised to bear him company to the jail, and to bring her speedy word; so she was fain to be satisfied, and to endeavor to be calm.

One more passionate embrace of his sister, and the prisoner was hurried by the officers into a vehicle—which, owing to its having waited in the shadow, had not been perceived by the little party on their return from the banquet—driven off; while Malverton, entering the carriage in which he with Howard and Ellen had come from Dublin, and that had remained to convey him back, was rapidly driven in the same direction.

Dick Monahan and Anne Flanagan, during the time of the search, had been placed under strict guard. Both had sought to impede the work of the law—the one, when his powers of badgering failed, going so far as to avail himself of the aid of his fists; and the other, using her tongue with all the asperity with which nature had supplied her, and interposing her person between the officers and the objects of their search; so that in order to facilitate their work the men were obliged to secure the belligerent pair. They had been released, however, when the party had been ready to leave, and they hastened to poor, distracted, heart-broken Ellen.

She dimly understood it all—how Howard was connected with some reasonable movement, the proofs of which connection had that night been found. And then her mind reverted to that portion of the conversation which she had heard between her brother and Lord Grosvenor—the expression of the former's face, the unguarded admissions of the latter; she realized at last the personal rancor, the pitiless revenge from which her brother would be well-nigh powerless to escape.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE SHATTERING OF "LOVE'S YOUNG YOUNG DREAM"

When Malverton returned to Ellen he brought but meagre news. Even his rank had not been sufficient to procure for him the privilege of entering the prison, and he had been obliged to say his farewell to Howard at the jail gate.

He seemed reluctant to speak of the bitter part his father had taken in the unhappy affair, and Ellen—racked though her own soul was by suffering, yet forbore to give him pain by approaching the subject.

"It was unlucky for Howard to have kept any of his manuscripts here," he said. "Had they but been where the rest of his articles were, no proofs would have been found."

"The rest of his articles—where were they?" she asked in a tone of intense surprise.

"I can scarcely add to your anxiety now," he replied, "to know the whole of this sad affair. The fears you mentioned to me sometime since were only too well founded. Your brother identified himself with those who were in secret rebellion against the English Government. Through his influence a paper was established, printed in secret. It was distributed to willing and trusty hands, who gave it a wide circulation. I need scarcely say what was the character of its contents—the articles in which you fancied you recognized your brother's style of writing, and which caused you such alarm, are a type. They inflamed the jealousy and ire of those high in power, and measures were taken to ascertain and arrest the parties, but the publication still continued to be issued, under the patronage of fictitious names. Even before you spoke to me concerning your own apprehensions, I had mine, that Howard might be connected with this movement. He did not seem to care to impart his confidence, and I would not seek it; and the secret was kept so well that I could learn nothing more than the bare, palpable facts, which were apparent to the public. Tonight, when you mentioned the remarks which had passed between Howard and my father—his voice trembled slightly, and his face flushed as if it had cost him a painful effort to approach the subject of Lord Grosvenor—I knew at once that he had unconsciously supplied clues for which search had long been made. I sought your brother, only to discover that a spy had been already set upon his motions, and to learn from his own lips all that I had feared in regard to his connection with this movement. He told me that one of his secret associates had whispered to him the danger in which he had placed himself, and had exhorted him to speedy flight from the country, though at the same time advising him not to retire before the conclusion of the festivities, lest so doing should excite suspicion. I concurred in the plan, and only waited to arrive here when we would inform you, and immedi-

ately proceed to arrange for a secret trip to the continent again. That was why, Miss Courtney, I accompanied yourself and your brother home last night, or, rather, this morning."

Ellen had wept till tears refused to come longer, so that now she could only lift her dry and burning eyes to Malverton's sorrowful face. Her desperate desire to render some aid to her brother was impelling her to ask a question which she knew the young man would shrink from replying, but she had nerved herself at last, and she faltered:

"Is it in Lord Grosvenor's power to save my brother, should he choose to do so?"

An expression of anguish, as keen as that which shone in her own face, shadowed Malverton's countenance. Not trusting himself to speak, he bowed an assent.

Ellen seemed to desire to say more, yet she strangely hesitated; the sympathetic eyes above her read in her face the unuttered wish.

"Miss Courtney, is it possible?" she inquired to reply—"that you deem it necessary to appeal to me to use my influence with my father—can you imagine that I have not already endeavored to do so? When the prison gate closed on Howard I hurried home, but my father, suspecting my errand, refused to see me. He knows my friendship for your brother, and he has determined that that friendship shall be powerless now."

He had not meant to tell her so much, but the swell of bitter feelings aroused by the course Lord Grosvenor had pursued had impelled him to the statement. He regretted it when he saw the effect it produced on her already weakened frame, and he hastened to reassure her by promises of efforts yet to be made in Howard's behalf.

She rose totteringly from her seat.

"Do you think that Lord Grosvenor would refuse to see me? A sister's tears—a sister's plea—she could say no more for the grief which choked her utterance."

"Enough, enough, Miss Courtney," Malverton interposed, his own voice tremulous from emotion; "ere you shall pass through such an ordeal, all my efforts must fail."

He supported her to a chair, and waited till she became somewhat calm.

"Trust me," he then said, in tones so eager that they seemed like those of passion. "Howard's interests are mine, and I shall not permit myself to look upon your face again till I have been in some measure successful." He wrung her hand, summoned Anne Flanagan to attend her, and rapidly departed.

Never had the sufferings of the devoted sister been as sharp as they were now; suspend even for a moment the torture of her already overburdened mind, and grief preyed upon her soul till its ravages were visible to the most casual eye. In the circles in which she had mingled the utmost sympathy for her prevailed, and even where voices were raised in condemnation of her brother, they were heard the moment after in expressions of condolence for her unhappy self. There was but one gleam of light in the bleak, desolate prospect which stretched out before her—Malverton's promise to accomplish something in Howard's behalf, and day after day she waited with a sickening sense of "hope deferred." Could she but have seen her brother, or even have heard from him, she could nerve herself to better endurance, but the intolerable suspense was stretching her on a worse rack than the most unhappy certainty would have done, despite the fact that Malverton sent frequently to assure her of his continued and earnest efforts in Howard's behalf.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE CHILD THAT LEADS

By a Teresian, in The Field Arter

Had any one told Father Frederick as he stretched his weary limbs to rest after a day of toil and trial, that the morrow was to bring forth what it did, he would have smiled skeptically. Fifteen years of unquenching labor in a remote corner of Kwang-tung—years filled with experiences of every kind—had led him to believe that he had run the whole category of unusual happenings, and he could sleep now with the feeling that he was prepared to meet whatever might come with each day.

So on this night Fr. Frederick rested well and in the freshness of the early morning he rose to spend before Mass an all too brief half-hour in close communion with his Lord. It was the one period of the day that seemed his own, and as he walked briskly from his little house to the church near by, he felt God everywhere about him in the beauty and sweetness of May.

The church, dedicated to Our Saviour, was simple and small, but dear to the zealous priest's heart, for it held His All. Over its entrance, in rough letters, were the words: "Laudate Dominum, omnes gentes" (Praise the Lord, all ye nations). It was to help make this command obeyed that he had left home and country to sow and reap in a pagan land.

Hardly had the missionary knelt on his prie-dieu, the work of his own hands, when he noticed a small package lying on the altar step.

"Some little offering from one of my flock," he said to himself. "Such things had occurred before, and smiling joyfully at the faith

which had prompted the act, he went on with his meditation until he heard the Chinese gong announce the hour for Mass.

Fr. Frederick picked up the package and opened it, that he might make a memento in the Holy Sacrifice if an intention was requested. He found a box enclosing a folded paper, which read, "Jesus Christian God, give me back my son." Underneath this paper was a jewel.

Surprised as the priest was, he could not stop to examine the treasure further till his Mass and thanksgiving were over. Then he saw that the note was well written and the gem an exquisitely cut stone, green like the depths of the sea. Its value he was almost afraid to guess.

But where had it come from? Evidently from some rich pagan whose son had become a Christian. But Fr. Frederick was perplexed, for he knew the lives of his people intimately and was conscious that not one of them had a history which tallied with these circumstances. It was a mystery.

The good missionary made inquiries on all sides, even of the mandarin, but in vain. Then he put the treasure by and offered daily a prayer for the perseverance of the son and the conversion of the father, whoever and wherever they might be.

July and October brought, in the same mysterious way, two other jewels, even more beautiful than the first. Fr. Frederick was still further bewildered.

On the other side of the city quite removed from the poverty which characterized Fr. Frederick's district lived Mr. Yong-Fu. The finely wrought gate opening into a lovely garden, and the richly carved decorations of the great house indicated his wealth and suggested the sumptuousness of the interior. But in spite of the brilliantly colored hangings and rugs and the costly furnishings, the chill of the late November day seemed to pervade the whole dwelling.

In one of the rooms sat Mr. Yong-Fu, a fine type of Chinaman, tall, well built, intelligent and kind. In his arms he held his one great treasure, Tower of Strength, his only child. And how ill suited the name was! The poor little fellow was dwarfed; only the pinched, precocious face and the long arms betrayed his eleven years, for the lower limbs were shrunken and useless.

The father's face was inexpressibly sad and tender as he looked at the helpless burden—the hope of his house—and said, "Well, how is my little son to-day? Are you not soon going to be Father's real Tower of Strength?"

The child smiled and nestled closer in the strong arms. "You are big enough for both of us. Nurse says I shall always be a broken pillar."

The man's face clouded. "Nurse must not talk that way. You can get strong if you will. Think well before you answer me this time. Whom do you love best in all the world?"

There was a pause, and then the childish voice fearlessly replied, "Jesus, and after Him, you."

"Oh, little son of mine," pleaded the great man, "why will you persist in loving Him? Don't you know that it is He Who has taken the strength from your limbs and will not let you grow and walk like other boys? Stop loving Him and you will grow big like me. Then we will go all around the country and you may see everything I have told you about and everything your books show. And some day this whole house and all my treasures will be yours, and Tower of Strength will be needed to keep it safe from enemies. Say that you do not love Him! Already Li-hi has placed on His altar the three priceless gems your mother loved best, and still He will not let you go. He is a greedy God."

The child put his delicate fingers over the angry lips. "Please stop, Father. I am very tired. I must love Him."

The scene always ended thus. The distracted parent laid his precious burden on the couch, summoned the nurse, and went out, in his heart cursing earlier days of poverty that had brought this evil on him.

Mr. Yong-Fu had inherited from his father a massive fortune, he had lost it, however, in a great political upheaval, shortly after his marriage with the beautiful Priceless Pearl, whom he loved with all the passion of his heart. The coming of the little one had cost the mother's life, and frantic with grief, Mr. Yong-Fu left him for eight years while the strife lasted, in the care of the Sisters who conducted the orphanage and of whose skill and kindness he had heard.

The child was always sickly and once when death seemed inevitable, he had been baptized. Christ had claimed him then and while the body remained weak and frail, the soul and mind grew sweet and big under the influence of the Sisters and the same unswerving love and faith which kept the father loyal to the memory of the dead mother, bound the heart of the son to God.

While Mr. Yong-Fu hated the Object of the boy's devotion, he secretly loved the unwavering fidelity which his son, so weak physically, maintained towards a despised deity. The child had frequently told him about Jesus and it was all harmless enough, even beautiful in part. The father would have looked into the matter more deeply himself had not the Buddhist priests persuaded him that Tower of Strength was bewitched by Jesus and that if once the spell could be broken the boy would grow.

friends, every one of them, had at least one sturdy son to carry on the family name. Truly his heart was bitter.

That God will not be outdone in generosity is proved in the daily life of every Christian, and at last the hour of grace, with its hundredfold blessing, came for the faithful child and for Fr. Frederick, the untiring priest whose prayers had daily mounted to the throne of mercy.

Mr. Yong-Fu had made a great resolve, a noble one worthy of his son. There was a happiness within him which he had not experienced since the baby was born and the mother left him forever.

"Come, my son!" he said, as he lifted up his boy. "We are going away for a little while, just you and I." And almost before the child knew what was happening, he was being carried along in a rickshaw that had been waiting outside the house.

Across the city they went, through the brightly lighted section and into the evening shadows of the poor quarters, till they stopped before the Church of Our Saviour. It was deserted, and only the sanctuary light and the little lamp before the Christmas crib pierced the darkness.

Mr. Yong-Fu walked straight to the Crib, which was the one shrine he saw, and placed his precious burden beside it. Little Tower, frightened and bewildered by the strange happenings, clung to his father at first, but realizing suddenly that he was at the Christmas Crib, he felt happy and at home.

The supreme moment had come. The big man loosed his son's hold from his fingers and offered him solemnly and simply to the Christ Child.

"He is yours at last, Master. I give him up. He is my joy. May he be Your Tower of Strength since he loves You best. Make him a man, for I love him better than myself."

And then out of the darkness appeared Fr. Frederick, who from the sacristy, which he was about to leave as the strangers entered, had watched the whole proceeding. Formalities were soon over. The boy, safe in the shelter of his father's strong arm was carried to the priest's house, where the tired parent's overstrained heart found relief in telling the story of his long struggle and surrender.

Fr. Frederick brought out the jewels and insisted that Mr. Yong-Fu should take them back. The jewel he had given to the Christ Child that night in the person of his son, was more prized than kingdoms in God's sight.

This was the pagan's first lesson in the value of the soul. He grew to know it well, however, in the course of the year, when he saw God healing his son and pouring into his own heart graces that made it possible for him to receive on the following Christmas Day the Body and Blood of the Saviour.

"MY JIMMIE"

CAREER OF AMERICA'S FOREMOST PRELATE ANOTHER PROOF OF DEMOCRACY OF THE CHURCH

About sixty years ago there could be seen, in a corn-chandler's shop in New Orleans, a boy employed in labeling sacks which had been filled with corn. Although poor and sickly in appearance, he was so well liked by his employer and fellow-workers as to be generally called "agreeable little Jimmie." He was the second son of an Irish family, and so poor were his parents that in order to increase the family income they were obliged to take him from school at an early age and send him to work. Jimmie grew and continued marking the sacks of corn, till one day his serious and pleasing manner attracted the attention of Father Duffo, a friend of his employer.

"How old are you, Jimmie?"

"Eighteen years, Father."

"What do you do here?"

"As you see, I mark those sacks of corn in order to earn some money to help my family along."

"You could not do better, my child, than help your parents, but could do it in some other way. Do you go to school? How do you pass your evenings?"

The thought of studying in the evening had never entered Jimmie's head; but after his conversation he began to continue his duties with Father Duffo, although he had almost forgotten even the little he had previously learned.

And what did he accomplish? After a while he became a self-made man, then Bachelor of Arts, then Priest, then Bishop, then Archbishop, and to-day he is Cardinal Gibbons, an American prelate who exercises considerable influence, particularly among the working classes, who are justly proud of this man who came from their ranks.

This prince of the Church has preserved the same agreeable manner which distinguished him in his youth, and although he dislikes public meetings he does not hesitate debating any question which might benefit humanity.

Some years ago an old man presented himself at the doors of the Cardinal at Baltimore, and with tears in his eyes asked to see his little employee.

"Do you wish to see Cardinal Gibbons?" he was asked.

"Call him Cardinal Gibbons as much as you will," he replied, "but to me he shall always be my Jimmie." His Eminence at once recognized his former employer, and both shed tears of emotion and joy.—The Tablet.

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Alleged Profits of The William Davies Company in 1916 on Bacon, as Indicated by Department of Labor to be Five Cents per Pound, Untrue:

Actual Profits Two-Thirds of a Cent Per Pound

THE statement issued by the Department of Labor concerning the business of The William Davies Company Limited has been given widespread circulation throughout the country and provoked public unrest.

Whatever the technical wording of the report was, the effect has been that the newspapers have published that "the profits on Bacon alone" of this Company "for 1916" were about "five millions of dollars." This interpretation of the official report is not surprising in view of certain statements that the Commissioner of the Cost of Living makes. The Commissioner is reported as saying that "There were two individual cases of profiteering in 1916 and that had these cases occurred since the passage of the cost of living Order-In-Council, he would consider it his duty to recommend that the facts be laid before the Attorney-General for consideration as to their criminality." The situation created by such erroneous and damaging statements is serious as emanating from a Government official, from whom one looks for not only accurate statements but correct conclusions.

The William Davies Company, being a private concern, has followed the practice of all private corporations, except when it made a bond issue in 1911, in that it has not published reports of its assets and liabilities or profit and loss. The present circumstance, however, in which a Government Official has led the public to false conclusions, makes it advisable for this Company, for both the public interest and its own interest, to publish particulars of its business as well as point out the error of the statement of the Government Official.

For the last fiscal year ending March 27th, 1917, The William Davies Company bought and killed 1,043,000 head of Live Stock (Cattle, Hogs and Sheep). This, plus purchases of outside Meats, produced 160,000,000 pounds of Meats. The Company handled 6,550,000 pounds of Butter and Cheese, 5,650,000 dozens of Eggs, and manufactured 26,500,000 tins of Canned Goods. The net profits on these were .68 cents (or two-thirds of a cent) per pound on meats, 1.04 cents on Butter and Cheese, 1.04 cents per dozen on Eggs, and .47 cents (or slightly less than one-half a cent) per tin on Canned Goods. These profits include profits on all By-Products derived from these accounts.

During the year the Company served at its retail stores 7,500,000 customers, the average purchase of each customer was 35c, and the net profit upon each sale was 5-8 of 1 cent.

The turnover of the Company from all its operations for the last fiscal year ending March 27th, 1917, was \$40,000,000. The net percentage of profit upon this turnover, after deducting war tax, was 1.69 per cent., or including war tax 3.45 per cent.

The William Davies Company has assets of \$13,385,000, of which \$3,865,000 is tied up in fixed investments.

To provide the necessary facilities for the increased volume of business the Company expended \$750,000 in buildings and equipment during the year.

Companies of other character present no more reasonable statement of profit and loss based upon the investments made in the business.

The William Davies Company offered to the Imperial authorities, as well as to the War Office Service (which represents the Imperial authorities in Canada) to place the output of its Factory with respect to Bacon supplies, Canned Beef and Pork and Beans at the service of the authorities, on the basis of cost plus an agreed percentage. These offers were successively declined as the authorities evidently desired to purchase in the open market, and on this basis The William Davies Company has secured War Office business by open competition with the world.

Respecting the Report of the Commissioner on the Cost of Living:—

Last Winter the Commissioner, under authority of Order-in-Council, required packers to submit statements under oath for some years back and up to December 1st, 1916, of incoming stocks of Meats and the cost of such, as well as statements of outgoing product and the selling value. This Company represented in writing at the time that the information as specifically required was not in accordance with Packing House Accounting methods, and invited the Commissioner to send an Officer to the Head Office of the Company to examine the books for any information desired, and to secure a viewpoint as to the best way of collecting data which would be of use to the Government. This offer was declined, and there was nothing to do but fill in the information required as literally as we could determine it. For example, there was no recognition of the fact that a raw product may enter a factory under a specific classification and leave the factory as a finished product under some other classification.

We submitted a series of accurate figures based upon our interpretation of the official requirements which made no provision for charges of any description other than incoming freight and unloading charges to be included in the cost or to be deducted from the selling price. There was nothing in the report which could be read so as to determine a profit and loss statement. The very fact that with only a statement based upon cost of raw products and value of sales in Great Britain a Government Official has deduced "Large margins," "Profiteering" and "Criminality" if it had occurred since the passage of a recent Act, shows too dangerous a trifling and incapacity to be permitted to deal with any important situation. The statements of this Company have been treated by the author of this report as if the outgoing product was identical with the incoming product, and from the series of reports he has singled out two items—the Bacon and Egg reports—and from them deduced an erroneous "margin" which the newspapers have interpreted as "profit." The author of the inquiry shows a

strange lack of even a fundamental knowledge of simple bookkeeping and a dangerous inability to co-ordinate figures. The following are specific and outstanding errors in the report:

The principal item that is causing excitement deals with cold storage Bacon. The term "cold-storage" is not defined, and the public is allowed to make its own definitions. As all Bacon in a packing house is under refrigeration it is really all cold-storage, and therefore this Company's figures of cold-storage Bacon represent the complete quantity of Bacon handled in its entire Plant, whether in freezers or in process of cure for immediate shipment. That some Companies interpreted cold-storage product as "freezer" product only is evidenced by the smallness or entire lack of figures on the Bacon list for some Plants, indicating that many Firms did not submit statements of their complete stocks, as did this Company. An Official of this Company pointed out this cold-storage distinction to Mr. O'Connor and Miss McKenna in Ottawa a few weeks ago, and the failure to make the distinction after having had it pointed out evidences lack of desire for accuracy of the real information desired.

It is true The William Davies Company, in 1916, exported 97,791,000 pounds of Bacon, but we do not know how the margin of 5.05 cents per pound is arrived at by Mr. O'Connor, as there were no figures to justify such a conclusion. The probabilities are that the margin is arrived at by taking the average cost per pound of incoming product from the average selling price per pound of outgoing product. This may be a rough way of estimating the gross margin when dealing with small figures, but when dealing with figures the size that Mr. O'Connor has to deal with, a very small fraction of a cent per pound of error makes a very important difference in the total, and one must be careful to make sure that the outgoing product is the same finished merchandise of the incoming product reported on.

Allowing it to pass, however, as a rough esti-

The Company does not challenge either the legal or moral right of the Government to investigate business enterprises when public interest directs such an investigation should be made. If an investigation of the packing and meat business is ordered, the Company will place at the disposal of the Government not only the data it would be required to supply under Order-in-Council directing that inquiry be made, but will place the experience of its officers at the disposal of the investigating committee, if it is considered they can render any service which will be of value. The Company has not now—nor at any time during the fifty years of its operation—anything to conceal in method or practice of carrying on its business. It does, however, claim the right to conduct its export business without abusive comment from Government civil servants—especially when the conclusions drawn from the data asked for are improper and false.

One of Canada's chief export industries is the packing business. It is essential to the live stock industry, and, along with other export industries, it maintains the financial stability of living, the Company demands the same publicity in having an official Government investigation of this report to determine the truthfulness or untruthfulness of its conclusions. We do not seek public consideration as a company, but we do say that untruthful official statements, or statements the effect of which is to create an untrue, adversely affect the live stock industry of this country, which is so valuable and essential a wealth-producing power and, in the long run, are harmful to the very people that the statement seeks to benefit.

If the passing out of existence of a corporation such as The William Davies Company, or if nationalization of packing houses would materially and permanently reduce food prices, then in view of the present world tragedy it ought to be consummated without delay. The fact of the matter is, however, that with millions of people in Europe turning from producers into consumers because of war, and the tremendous destruction of food products incident to war, there is no remedy for the high prices of food while such conditions last, except the remedy of thrift and increase of production.

Long before there was talk of a Food Controller in the United States or Canada The William Davies Company urged the Government at Ottawa, in writing, to appoint a Food Controller with full power to do what he saw fit, as we realized at that time the upward tendency in the price of food commodities unless checked by official effort. At the most a great deal cannot be done in reducing food prices while currency is inflated and until the scale of prices of all kinds of commodities declines also. What can be done can only be done by a Food Controller. We wish to point out that nothing at all can be accomplished unless the data secured are accurately and clearly made and the deductions therefrom sound. Only public harm arises from dangerous incompetency in the haphazard collection and careless use of important figures.

As far as The William Davies Company is concerned this terminates all public statements of the Company, and it will pay no more attention to speculative and haphazard statements made either by newspapers or civil servants. The only further statement that will be made will be at an official investigation.

E. C. FOX, General Manager
THE WILLIAM DAVIES COMPANY, LIMITED

Toronto, July 17th, 1917.

The Catholic Record

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1917

THE HIGH SCHOOL ENTRANCE EXAMINATION

In our editorial of last week under the above heading the word "age" was accidentally omitted from the second sentence of the last paragraph. This sentence should read: We want them to reduce the average age of Entrance candidates, and to increase the proportion of the average who write every year.

CONSCRIPTION AND DEMOCRACY

"If democracy fails us now we are indeed undone"—Hon. A. J. Balfour. While this journal has since the commencement of the War consistently welcomed every movement that added to the power and efficiency of the Canadian Forces Overseas, believing as we have that the nation's manhood in such a crisis should stand in the first line of the Empire's defence; yet we refuse to put ourselves blindly at the service of those who would advocate the incriminated doctrine: "The end justifies the means." In other words, that the necessity of maintaining our divisions at the front is a warrant sufficient for contravening the Constitution and for reducing the B. N. A. Act to "a scrap of paper"; that in order to develop greater efficiency we must have Conscription though it were to cost us the Constitution of Canada; that as long as we secure peace abroad it matters not if we have war at home. We hold ourselves as much opposed to this unsound principle as we are addicted to the success of the War. Moreover we wish to have no hand in the imposture of appealing to democracy when no such tribunal is allowed to exist.

In the fight of civilization against militarism we are deeply concerned. We know that success or failure on the battlefields of Europe means the life or death of civilization. In wrestling victory, therefore, we have no mind to weigh our burdens or count our sacrifices. Canada, having put her hand to the plough, will not look back though the grim spectre that confronts her be Conscription.

But what shall it be? A conscription that expresses the self-sacrifice of the people of Canada? Or a high-handed form of militarism that disregards the vox populi while it begets suspicion, hate, disunion, and possibly civil war. For those who watched the recent assaults upon democracy, both in the Parliament at Ottawa and in the press of Toronto, there can be only one conclusion. The Government has refused to consult democracy on account of its inability to think right and its selfishness to act right. Possessed of the same idea the press has gagged or stifled the voice of democracy as unworthy of a hearing, by applauding the riots against free speech operated by returned soldiers in the capacity of military police, and by excluding from its columns every public utterance at cross purposes with Conscription.

When the government of a free country aggregates to itself the wisdom and authority of an eastern king by substituting its own will for the will of the people it is smitten with megalomania and should be considered no longer on speaking terms with democracy. Hence the Government at Ottawa took the conduct of the war out of the peoples' hands for fear they might think wrong or act unwisely. By a sudden assumption of power it sets itself up as an institution outside and above those who put it in place and power. With hardly less arrogance the press that till recently claimed to be the exponent and guardian of democracy has not only gone back on it but has discredited its voice to the extent of smothering it, or rating it far below the autocratic will of parliament.

If we accept Abraham Lincoln's definition of democracy—"government of the people by the people for the people," as Canadians "we are undone," for democracy according to Sir Robert Borden, the Conscriptionist Liberals, and the press of Toronto, has failed. During the passage of the Military Act it was declared by all three that democracy should not be consulted, on the contrary it needed to be instructed. They reasoned from arbitrary premises. Their position was based on no admissible fact. Hence they tried during the debate to defend their position by arguments that revolved in a circle incurably vicious: Conscription is lawful because of military necessity and because of military necessity we need Conscription. They only met the taunts of being anti-national and unconstitutional by accusing their opponents of disloyalty on the plea that what is not labelled white should be regarded as black. They also bawled "win-the-war" across the House till the cry degenerated into a "smart saying" before the debate was ended.

The disposition of life and limb without the peoples' consent is an open disavowal of democracy and the death-warrant of autonomy. There is no principle known to British law on which the civil government of an autonomous state can legislate for the people, against what the government by its rejection of a referendum admits to be the manifest will of the people. But instead of the vox populi we have the sic volo sic jubeo of an autocratic Parliament at Ottawa. The will of the people is ignored by the wish and the command of an unrepresentative government. True, it may have popular opinion for the moment on its side, but this, instead of the will of the people, is merely the echo of political demagogues and a hired press. The authoritative will of the people is only found and expressed in the Constitution. The members of the government are sent to Parliament to represent this will and no other. As our delegates they are responsible to us who sent them. We give them full latitude within the limits of the Constitution. But whenever they go beyond its ambit by retrenchment or addition their legislature is as unconstitutional as mob law. Conscription being an encroachment upon the Constitution is a gross illegality. Hence Laurier and his friends insisted on first trying to win public confidence by having the people decide for themselves before breaking new ground. They wished to approach the people fairly and squarely on the issue involved, to fully acquaint them of the gravity of the situation; to enlist the whole-hearted sympathy of the Dominion for the cause so dear to us all. They believed they could enlighten and elevate our common patriotism to the height of that self-sacrifice where Conscription, if emergency arose could become a readily accepted doctrine of the Constitution by electoral approval.

Canada, never more than to-day, wants a leader endowed with the broad, impartial element of a big mind that will free the present imbroglio from the perturbing antipathies to race and creed; a man who in motive and purpose will be candid and direct; a man who will respect established precedents and appreciate the rich traditions of the office where he presides by taking a foremost place in the succession. We want a leader who, as the true spokesman of democracy, will insist that democracy should and must be trusted.

IRREVERENCE. THE CURSE OF THE AGE

Some years ago the writer, in answer to a commendatory letter addressed to a non-Catholic gentleman, who was a regular contributor to one of our secular papers, received a reply in which appeared the following sentences: "Your remark that my writings were reverent pleased me very much. The curse of this age, and of this country in particular, is irreverence. If any was shall come upon the nation on account of it the Catholic Church can plead not guilty; but I fear that our Protestantism will have much to answer for. The Church of Rome is the only institution which offers a solid front to the oncoming wave of irreverence—irreverence for sacred things, for the marriage state, for the home, for tradition, and worst of all, for women and children." Viewed in the light of present happenings, these words appear to have had a prophetic ring. Is not this terrible war the outcome

of irreverence for God and the institutions that directly or indirectly pertain to Him; and of irreverence for man made to the image and likeness of God, crowned with honor and glory and destined to immortality? We are apt to associate irreverence for God with those persons or governments that blaspheme Him, that would wipe out the name of Christ. Our secular press holds up its hands in holy horror when the Kaiser thanks God for victories, or prays to Him for assistance. If he be guilty of one half the crimes laid at his door by the allied press, he can certainly not expect a favorable answer to his prayers; for God will not harken to the petitions of unrepentant sinners. Would it not, however, be more consistent on the part of the allied nations, that claim to be fighting for the cause of Christianity, if they relied more upon the assistance of the God of Armies, and not so much upon keeping their powder dry? It is well to remember that we can show irreverence for God in other ways than by blaspheming Him or by denying His existence. We can do so by ignoring Him, by speaking and by acting as if God had no rights or was not interested in His own creation, or as if we had no obligation towards Him. This ignoring of God is the capital sin of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is the materialism into the slough of which our country is sinking.

Outside the Catholic Church the things that pertain to God have been stripped of their supernatural character. Those sacraments that have been retained are not looked upon as means of grace, but mere ceremonies. The churches, no longer God's dwelling place among His people, are not held sacred. The Bible, the inspired Word of God, has been relegated to the same plane as ancient classic literature. Christ commanded that those who sat in the chair of Moses should be honored and obeyed; but so called ministers of the New Law have ceased to be honored, and have themselves disclaimed any right to special recognition because of their calling. The result of this is that they are very bitter against the Catholic clergy who claim the double honor due to their office. We see an instance of this in the venomous petitions that have been sent to the government protesting against the exemption of clerical students from military duty. These bigoted firebrands would send not only every church student but every priest in Canada into the trenches, if they could.

The State is an institution that indirectly pertains to God. Our civil rulers, whether they come into power by heredity or by election, are God's representatives in the temporal order, and we are obliged in conscience to honor them and to obey their just laws, to render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's; for "there is no power that is not from God and those that are, are ordained of God." We are admonished to be subject to the King or to governors sent by him for the punishment of evil doers that, by so doing, we may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men. How apt are those words at the present juncture, when Catholics are branded with disloyalty! The Catholic Church has been justly called "The greatest school of reverence in the world," and we need not go beyond the confines of Canada to show how reverent she has been to the civil authority.

When Sir Wilfrid Laurier promised that his co-religionists would obey the will of the majority, he made no vain boast. Twice, at least, since the cessation has the loyalty of Catholics and, above all, of the Clergy and Hierarchy saved Canada to the Empire. We refer to the Montgomery invasion and the War of 1812. True patriotism, like charity, begins at home and those are the only true patriots who look first to the interests of Canada. It is not our intention to discuss the merits or the demerits of the conscription measure. The Government may have the power vested in it by the Militia Act to force enlistment, but certain it is that the framers of that Act, which was passed in days of peace, did not have in mind the sending of troops to Flanders. There are no citizens in the Dominion whose interests should urge them more strongly to defend our institutions than Catholics; for they enjoy unique liberty secured to them by treaty. But who can blame any Canadian citizen for resisting arbitrary action that would reduce us to the condition in which we were before the Mackenzie Rebellion, when we were governed from Downing Street through the Family Compact! When the hysterical and rancorous clamor of pseudo-patriots has died

away, Canada will realize the debt of gratitude that she owes to those who showed reverence for the trust imposed in them by the people. In a subsequent article we will deal with the irreverence to which man is subjected in our day.

THE GLEANER

NOTES AND COMMENTS

GRAVE AS THE situation is in Russia it would undoubtedly have been much worse had there been no revolution and the Romanoffs still held sway. There seems to be no question that the revolution of last March saved the Allied cause from the catastrophe of a separate peace between the Russian Government and Germany. The consequences which would have surely followed upon such a contingency is the subject of an able article in the New York Journal of Commerce. They may well cause a long-drawn breath in the breasts of all the allied peoples, for such a peace would have meant, in the least pessimistic construction which could be placed upon it, a further prolongation of the War and utter ruin and desolation to every country concerned.

IT IS CERTAIN, as subsequent events have made clear, that the Potsdam party in Petrograd were confident of carrying through a peace agreement which would have left the Teutonic allies secure against further attack on the eastern side. All evidence goes to show that such a pact was nearer consummation than most people, even those best informed on the Allied side, were aware of. The Revolution alone prevented it from being carried through. On June 16th the Provisional Government, which on the deposition of the Czar had taken matters in hand, disclosed the fact that it had learned from an unimpeachable source that a Swiss Socialist, Herr Grimm, then in Petrograd, had received an oral communication from the Swiss Foreign Minister which could only have been transmitted through the Swiss official cypher and the Swiss Legation, that Germany would abstain from attacking Russia if the latter would desert her Allies and make a separate peace.

THE SIGNIFICANCE of this revelation need not be dwelt upon. It was at once fully grasped by the new Government. The Socialist members of the cabinet were requested to demand a prompt explanation from Herr Grimm, which proving unsatisfactory the latter was politely but peremptorily told to leave Russia. The fact that this expulsion was approved by the General Congress of Workmen and Soldiers' Delegates, by a majority of more than five to one, seems to point conclusively to the soundness at heart of the Russian people to the Allied cause. That the one fifth minority, representing the extreme socialist and anarchist group, should have been able to keep the country in turmoil and to imperil the integrity of the Russian arms is not strange when the power of a clique under any circumstances is considered and especially in the very throes of revolutionary change.

THE TERMS of peace which, through the channel mentioned, Germany had made to the Government of the Tsar is stated to have been based on intimate economic and commercial relations, and the undertaking on the part of Germany to place Russia once again on her feet; no interference in the domestic affairs of Russia; an entente cordiale on Poland, Lithuania and Courland; the restitution of the occupied provinces by Germany on the one hand and by Russia in regard to the Austrian provinces which she still holds. The fact that such an offer was promptly and indignantly refused testifies at least to the unshaken fidelity of the Provisional Government to Russia's Allies.

THAT THE internal condition of Russia is still one of extreme peril no one, however optimistic as to the ultimate issue of the War, can deny. The disaffection in the army may be overcome, but the separatist policy of Finland and the Ukraine still remains as a menace to Governmental stability. Dr. Dillon, whose extent and accuracy of information on all that concerns the Near East is generally admitted, is somewhat pessimistic about the situation as it stands. His explanation of the perils to be apprehended from the separatist movement may be summarized as follows: The territory of the great Russians, situated in the North, is separated from the Baltic

Sea by Finland and the Baltic provinces, and from the Black Sea by the territory of the Little Russians or Ukrainians. Since the Finns and the Baltic Russians are friendly to Germany, and seem determined to form themselves into independent republics the Baltic runs the risk of becoming a German lake, while the Ukrainians, backed by the Germans and Austrians might bar Russia's access to the Black Sea. In this way Germany would become mistress of all Eastern Europe, while Russia, foiled of what has been her ambition for centuries—the control, or at least the freedom of the Dardanelles—would become in effect but an appendage of Germany, and her position as a world-power come to an end for an indefinite period.

THAT FAR-SEEING statesmen and real patriots like Kerensky should grasp the significance of these possibilities, and recoil from them with all the earnestness they possess was to be expected. What German domination in the world would mean is by this time pretty well understood by everybody. That it is but the old peril in a new form has demonstrably been perceived by President Wilson, whose every act since the entry of the United States into the War points to his determination as the executive head of a free people that whatever move may be made by the Allies to foil Germany's audacious design shall be a united one. "There is no question here of fighting for the readjustment of the old European balance of power," says the writer in the Journal of Commerce to whom allusion has already been made, "the issue turns upon what the President described as the German plan to throw a belt of military power and political control across the very center of Europe and beyond the Mediterranean into the heart of Asia. From Hamburg to the Persian Gulf the net has been spread, and the so-called Central Powers are in fact but a single power. It would seem as if President Wilson's message to the Provisional Government of Russia of the 11th of June had been carefully pondered by the Executive Councils, since their proclamation breathes the same spirit and expresses similar ideas. Under these circumstances it would seem to be eminently proper that the United States should participate in the conference which has been called for August, at the instance of the Russian Government, to define the war aims and the foreign policies of the Allies."

ONE OF those incidents, trifling perhaps in themselves but which help to redeem one's faith in human nature, is related in the English illustrated weekly, The Sphere. A blinded officer with both eyes bandaged was being led along Sloane street. Two young soldiers as they passed, saluted the afflicted man with as much punctilio as though he was, of course, wholly unconscious, but, remarks The Sphere, the precision with which it was given, and, indeed, the fact that it was given at all, could not but make an impression on the observer. It seemed to comprise so thoroughly the spirit and the letter of discipline.

PRIEST DISCOVERED UTAH

Who discovered Utah? Ask the question of the first dozen men you meet on the streets and it is safe to say that eleven of them, if not the entire dozen, would promptly answer "Why Brigham Young." But the statement is erroneous, says the Salt Lake Telegram. It was Brigham Young and the Mormon pioneer who first settled in Utah, but Father Silvestre Velez de Escalante, a Franciscan priest, was the first white man to set his eyes on Utah. And the date was not 1847, the year of the Mormon pioneers. It was on Aug. 28, 1776, a little more than a month after our forefathers had signed that immortal declaration that he and his little band of followers first saw the placid waters of Utah lake. Of the Escalante expedition the late Bishop Scamlan said in his work on "The Catholic Church in Utah": "Of these also were the Franciscan priests, Silvestre Velez de Escalante and Anastasio Dominguez, who left Santa Fe, July 29, 1776, for the purpose of exploring the land and discovering a direct route to Monterey, in Alta, Cal.

"They explored portions of Colorado, entered Utah, and on the 28th day of August, first of white men, looked out upon the placid waters of Utah lake. They charted the newly explored land, described the tribes they had visited, the botany of the country, named the rivers and mountains and bequeathed to us an accur-

ate map of the country as it then was. They did more. On their return to Santa Fe in January, 1777, they wrote out a history of their expedition which carried them to the Grand Canyon of Arizona and to the Zuni and Hopi villages. They described Salt Lake, gave the names of the tribes living on its shores, and left to the people of Utah to-day an invaluable treatise on the habits and manners of the Indians around Utah and Salt Lake."

ON THE BATTLE LINE

OCEAN-GOING VESSELS of British registry before the War aggregated between seventeen and eighteen million tons. At present, including prizes and the new ships, it is slightly over fifteen million tons. This is the statement made by Lord Robert Cecil, Minister of Blockade. While it shows the futility of the German hope of wiping British shipping off the seas, or so nearly doing so as to starve the Old Country, it shows at the same time the very heavy toll paid to submarines, mines and raiders. Lord Cecil was frank in his statement that the country generally has had to suffer through the shortage of tonnage caused by submarine losses and war requirements. To the latter the needs of industry, he said, have been ruthlessly sacrificed. In this connection it should be remembered that Great Britain has carried on an enormous sea trade for her Allies in addition to taking men, munitions and supplies to the ends of the earth for her own campaigns. With the increase in British shipbuilding noted by Premier Lloyd George the other day, the shipbuilding program of the United States, and the turning over by the latter country of a number of German vessels for the use of the Allies, the strain on British shipping will soon begin to ease to a certain extent. In the meantime, however, it is the Motherland that must bear the burden in this branch of the War.

THE ALLIED CONFERENCE, in a statement yesterday, declares: "The Allied powers, more closely united than ever for the defence of the peoples' rights, particularly in the Balkan Peninsula, are resolved not to lay down arms until they have attained the end which in their eyes dominates all others—to render impossible a recurrence of the criminal aggression such as that whereof the Central Empires bear the responsibility." This will be taken in many quarters as a definite answer to the rumors that the whole Balkan campaign of the Allies is to be abandoned in favor of a concentration of effort elsewhere, and the Western front in particular. It would not mean that there is to be no change whatever in the method of conducting the Balkan campaign, which may be reshaped now that Greece is an Ally.

RUSSIANS AND Roumanians have continued their advance, capturing a number of villages, prisoners and guns. The Germans admit fresh engagements and the abandonment of ground to the Allies in Transylvania. Unless the Russian retreat in Galicia is halted, however, it would not do to build upon this advance as a real offset for the Teuton drive against the main Russian forces. The Teutons are pressing their advantages, especially from the Tornopol area, with considerable speed, and it is reported that the Russians are now evacuating Czernowitz. The Germans are moving forward on both sides of the Dniester River, and the Kaiser is enjoying the spectacle of a victory such as he could not hope to gain on the West front, and which will stiffen the attitude of the Junkers. It may be taken for granted that the Teuton forward move will be continued to the limit of endurance in order to take full benefit of the demoralized condition of large sections of the Russian army. A breathing spell just now would give our Allies a chance to recover sufficiently to hold the Germans on new lines which some of the Russians have already reached.

INDICATIONS that the Russians may yet make a stand on the Eastern front are conveyed in both the Petrograd and Berlin official reports, but the most that can be hoped for at the present is that such a stand would be temporary, and could not be maintained unless reinforcements are brought up, and the troops now retreating in many sections can be induced to reform and fight with determination. A Washington despatch to the Russian Embassy there throws some light on the causes of the retreat of the Russians in Galicia, saying that from sixteen to twenty thousand men in a Grenadier division mutilated and disabled the Germans to drive in a wedge some twenty miles deep, compelling the retirement of the whole of General Korniloff's forces of 800,000 men. This in turn necessitated the retreat of other Russian armies.

ON THE west front the British report driving the foe from a small village near Warneton, but the enemy counter-attacked in great force and the British withdrew to their own lines. The report comes from London that the drumfire in Belgium can be heard distinctly in some parts of the city, and it is recalled that this was the case prior to the British attack which resulted in the capture of the Messines Ridge. Canadian artillery is reported to have definitely secured the upper hand in the Lens section of the Western front, even the highly-trained artillery of

the Prussian Guard, some batteries of which were brought up to meet the Canadian fire, being put out of action. An interesting announcement from London is the authorization by the War Office of a special Jewish regiment.—Globe, July 28.

MEXICO

THE POPE AND THE MEXICAN HIERARCHY

Since the beginning of his Pontificate, His Holiness Benedict XV. has been keenly interested in Mexican affairs. He has followed events closely and has a remarkable grasp of the great problem, especially as it affects the interests of morality and religion. He has recently given new evidence of his zeal in the cause of righteousness by this letter to the Mexican Hierarchy:

TO THE ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF MEXICO

BENEDICT XV. POPE

To Our Venerable Brethren, Health and Apostolic Blessing:

By many a testimony you are well aware of the deep solicitude with which Our mind, from the beginning, has regarded the trials to which the Catholic Church has been subjected in your country on account of the political convulsions and disturbances; and you know that, despite the great distance which separates Us from you, We are sharing your distresses and sufferings. The motive for addressing you on this occasion is your recently published protest against the new political Constitution of Mexico, promulgated at Queretaro on the fifth of February of this year. Indeed, we have read over and over, and as carefully as the gravity of the subject demands, the document published by your common consent. We see shining forth in it, just as We fully expected, your earnest endeavor to defend the Divine rights of the Church, your effort to safeguard the faith of your peoples, an effort so much the greater as the waves that tossed you about grew the more violent, and your deep seated love of your country, whose prosperity, as you rightly assert, cannot be separated from the reverence due to the ancient religion. While your remonstrance abounds with sentiment which every fair-minded person must approve, every one must admit that it is based on many solid reasons, for some of the prescriptions of the new law utterly ignore the sacred rights of the Church, and others directly oppose these rights. Therefore, in protesting against the injury inflicted on the Church and the wrongs committed against Catholic interests, under the firm conviction of your duty, you have done a work, perfectly consonant with your pastoral office, and most worthy of our commendation. Moreover, let it afford you consolation to learn that, in the midst of your trials and sufferings We abide with you with special tokens of Our fatherly affection, and that We shall leave nothing undone to encourage and assist you. In the meantime, Venerable Brethren, We exhort you, though you need no exhortation, to put on the mask of episcopate, Christ, the Prince of Pastors, so that, overcoming evil with good, you may show forth that magnanimity, that constancy, and that patience, which, now more than ever before, must abound in you. And since you desire above all things, after the restoration of the Catholic religion to its former splendor, that peace and order may again flourish in the nation, offer to God, as a propitiatory offering, the trials and sorrows which you daily suffer, that He may mercifully bring your desires to their earliest fruition. The Most Blessed Mother of God, who watches over the Mexican people from her shrine of Guadalupe, will not fail you. You may be reassured that, as at other times she often showed herself the solicitous Patroness of the nation, so, in this bitter extremity, she will soon lend her powerful assistance. In union with you, We shall offer Our continual prayers before the throne of the same Blessed Virgin. In fact, that there may be evident token of this union, We take pleasure in announcing to you, Venerable brethren, that on the twelfth day of December, on which day the solemnity of Our Lady of Guadalupe is observed among you, We shall offer the Holy Sacrifice in honor of her whom you venerate with singular devotion under this title, and for the welfare of Our dear beloved Mexican people. Make known to the Faithful of your dioceses what We have resolved that, by their petitions on that day, united with Ours, they may more readily obtain for their sorely tried country the gifts of peace and tranquility. In testimony whereof, and as a pledge of Our fatherly benevolence, We lovingly impart Our apostolic blessing to you, Venerable Brethren, and to all your clergy and people.

Given at Rome, at Saint Peter's, on the fifteenth day of June, the feast of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, in the year 1917, and the third of Our Pontificate.

BENEDICT XV. POPE.

The Mexican Hierarchy has reason to rejoice over the Holy Father's approbation of their conduct.—America.

Take it not to heart if men think ill of thee, and say of thee what thou art not willing to hear. Thou oughtest to think worse of thyself and to believe that no one is weaker than thou. What we are in the eyes of God, that we are and no more, said the humble St. Francis.—Thomas a Kempis.

OUTSIDE THE CHURCH NO SALVATION

The formula "Out of the Church there is no salvation" is familiar to Catholics and moreover, has a recognized place in Catholic teaching...

But is there no way of salvation open to those who, through no fault of theirs, are not convinced of the claims of the Church of Rome?

If a direct and categorical answer be required to the question, is it possible for one not in communion with Rome to be saved?

Many non-Catholics are known to feel a keen personal interest in the question we are discussing, and of this number perhaps the majority, find themselves in a state of mental unrest regarding the means of salvation...

It is known to us and to you that those who are in invincible ignorance (i. e., ignorance which they have no means of dispelling) of our most holy religion, who observe the precepts of the natural law...

Here it is distinctly taught that it is possible for a non-Catholic to be saved, but saved conditionally. The conditions are these: That one has no means of knowing and recognizing the true Church of Christ.

That one shall not have offended God by any grievous sin, or we may add as implied, that, having so offended God, he shall have duly repented. Acceptable repentance in this case must be based on perfect contrition: that is to say, on a sorrow for sin which has for its motive the love of God for the sake of His infinite perfections.

After what has been said it ought to be quite unnecessary to remark that non-Catholics ought to be much less concerned with finding or inventing reasons for remaining where they are than with honestly and earnestly inquiring after the truth; being determined at the same time to embrace the truth, whenever or wherever found.

Moreover, although a man may be saved in honest ignorance of the truth, nevertheless his salvation is endangered by the absence of the many graces he would obtain through a knowledge and practice of the true religion.

Among Protestants the holy sacrifice of the Mass is abolished. Christ is banished from the Tabernacle, the souls of men are no longer nourished by the true body and blood of the Lord, grievous sin no longer finds a healing power in the sacrament of Penance, the dying are no longer comforted and strengthened in their last journey by the Holy Viaticum or by the Last Anointing.

VOCATION TO THE PRIESTHOOD

At this season of the year thoughtful parents are seriously considering the future of their boys. Time was when the average young man looked forward to taking up some trade. A few, inspired with ambition and possessed of a sufficient amount of this world's goods, looked forward to a professional career.

In looking over the various fields of endeavor, how many of our Catholic parents fix their gaze upon the holy priesthood. Faith and reason teach them that this state is the holiest that can be offered to man.

Many non-Catholics are known to feel a keen personal interest in the question we are discussing, and of this number perhaps the majority, find themselves in a state of mental unrest regarding the means of salvation, take comfort from the thought that, after all, one may be saved without entering the Catholic Church.

HOW SHAKESPEARE PUTS IT

That amiable predisposition to interpret kindly the words and deeds of others, which should be conspicuous in the better portion of the human race, Shakespeare beautifully calls "The merciful construction of good women."

Then gently scan your brother man / Still gentler sister woman; / Though they may gang a kennin' wrang.

Finally, "good women" realize that by neglecting to cultivate the habit of putting a "merciful construction" on others' words and actions, they do themselves even more harm than they do their neighbor.

Relieve the needy first, and then, if need be, question them.

THE Y. M. C. A., THE K. OF C. AND THE PRESIDENT

Edward F. Garosche, S. J., in America

In our last article we alluded to the report that the President had extended to the Knights of Columbus the same official approval as an agency for work among the soldiers as he had formerly given to the Young Men's Christian Association.

Two distinctions should be clear from the beginning. First we mean merely to establish the principle, not to urge in all cases its practical application. It must rest with the Hierarchy and with the superiors of religious establishments to decide whether in this or that case application should be made for aid from the Government.

We have quoted in a previous article, the provision of the Constitution concerning freedom of religious worship: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

It was for the protection of the people against such efforts, and to ensure freedom of worship that the Constitutional Amendment above quoted was inserted, and by it, in the words of Mr. Jefferson, "Congress was deprived of all legislative power over mere opinion."

It is further clear from the decisions, that it is the spirit of our commonwealth to favor and help religion in general, while maintaining a strict impartiality among the various forms.

At this momentous time the President of the United States, by his official action, has once more confirmed the principle we are striving to establish. May the enlightened intelligence of our public officials carry this equitable, patriotic, and thoroughly American principle into every department of the national, State and city government!

ST. PATRICK AND ST. GEORGE

In the Protestant organ of England, the Church Times, the following interesting paragraph appeared some time ago: "St. George's day will soon be here and again the question will be raised, Why do not the English people keep the feast of their patron saint in the same real and genuine manner that the Irish people do the feast of St. Patrick?"

not believe in their having a patron saint at all." This is from one of its correspondents. Really this frankness is refreshing. But what does it mean in the light of the street shrines which are being erected to the memory of dead soldiers?

It is therefore the true spirit of the American Government to pay for services received by it from religious organizations, wherever such service is of a character for which the Government is in general authorized to pay. Moreover the beneficent disposition of our country toward religion would rather incline it to show especial favor to religious organizations, not as to distinct denominations, but as to an influence which makes mightily for good citizenship and sound morals.

Since our State and city governments are in great part modeled on the national, and are an application of the same principles of equity and democracy, it is to be expected that they also in their dealings with religious institutions, should carry out the same fair and just policy indicated in the President's action toward the Y. M. C. A. and the Knights of Columbus.

Many of our Sisters, for example the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, are taking care of the wards of the city in great numbers. Not only are they not rewarded for this, but in many places they are actually taxed and made to bear the double burden of caring for these public charges, and of paying taxes on the very property used to lodge them.

One may repeat literally on this subject the announcement of the President as stated in his decree concerning the Y. M. C. A. They are "prepared by experience, approved methods, and assured resources, to serve especially" and to help the wards of the State or the city.

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TABLES ARE NOW TURNED

AN ESTIMATE OF TOM WATSON THE SOUTHERN BIGOT

Tom Watson of wide-known repute has fallen upon evil days. Posing as a unique champion of Simon-pure Americanism by seeking to cast doubt and suspicion on the loyalty of Catholics, he has turned to a new zone of lime-light.

After pointing out Watson's anti-draft agitation and roundly condemning the same, the newspaper in question in an editorial of June 28th, makes some very pertinent remarks from which we quote but a few:

Recently he has been going down fast, like the drunkard who refuses to see the breakers ahead, and continuing his excessive indulgence in the liquid that brings both disgrace and destruction. He had worn his Catholic "issue" threadbare, and as the Macon Telegraph pointedly observes, the Frank issue died with the election of Hugh Dorsey as governor.

Again we are told "Georgia has suffered much on account of Watson." "What we have long contended is substantiated by the editorial, which says in conclusion: "What has he ever done for his deluded followers except to exploit them and bring them misery and woe by leading them to believe that all men are dishonest and vicious, and that hate and distrust and suspicion are three cardinal virtues?"

Such is a close range verdict of the archpriest of bigotry who seems to have lost all power of discretion from long practice in his vicious abuse of the reputation of his fellow citizens.—C. B. of C. V.

Not now far from the goodly town of Ipswich lies the goodlier town of Boston, which by reason of Puritanic contempt of the natural law is largely populated by Catholics. Even though habitually lulled into somnolence by large draughts of the justly celebrated soothing syrup which bears, by accident, his name, it is just possible that in occasional waking moments, Mr. Winslow has heard of Cardinal O'Connell, the Archbishop of Boston.

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other side of the moon, nor is that "little bit of Oxford," Boston College. When War came, hundreds of young students, Americans everyone of them, carried not to write to the newspapers, but left the classrooms of Boston and Holy Cross, to serve their country.

It is he disaffected among its members! If this be disaffected among its members! If this be disaffected among its members! If this be disaffected among its members!

There is a passage of incomparable beauty in "My New Curate" by Canon Sheehan in which that spiritual as well as intellectually gifted priest pictures a village church in Ireland on an evening when confessions are being heard.

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forth "Son, what do you mean? You wrote me that you weren't doing anything. Why, if I had helped twenty-five people in a whole year, as much as you have in a single morning, I would thank God that my life counted for something."

"But father," countered the young man, somewhat abashed, "there isn't a cent of money in it. I do this work free, and most of my other work too, if it comes to that."

"Money!" shouted the old man scornfully. "What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellowman? You keep at this work, and I'll go back to the farm, and gladly labor to support you as long as you live; yes, and I'll sleep sound every night, because I have helped out to help others."

Amongst the rare books in the library of the Carmelite Fathers at the Catholic University of America is "Valavarattam"—one of the sacred books of India, 300 pages written on palm leaves.

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Fresh and Refreshing "SALADA" B76 is composed of clean, whole young leaves. Picked right, blended right and packed right. It brings the fragrance of an Eastern garden to your table. BLACK, MIXED OR GREEN

Merchants Bank of Canada ESTABLISHED 1864 Paid Up Capital, \$7,000,000 Total Deposits, \$92,102,072 Reserve Funds, 7,421,292 Total Assets, 121,130,558 GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS 236 Branches and Agencies in Canada Savings Department at All Branches Deposits Received and Interest Allowed at Best Current Rates Bankers to the Grey Nuns, Montreal; St. Augustine's Seminary, St. Joseph's Academy, and St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto.

AUGUST 4, 1917

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

HANDLING TROUBLE

When trouble comes of course I rue it. And wish I hadn't to go through it. But since I must I go right to it.

I grapple it and overthrow it. And when it's down I heel and toe it. Until its mother wouldn't know it—And never hold it till tomorrow To breed another crop of sorrow.

SHOW INITIATIVE TO SUCCEED IN LIFE

Matthew C. Brush was once a Chicago newsboy. To-day he is the president of the Boston Elevated Railroad. In an article by Alfred Grunberg in the American Magazine we read:

"The qualities that stand out the strongest in his own amazing career are the qualities which Matt Brush demands most emphatically in his men."

"What can an employee do to attract your attention the most quickly and surely?" I asked him.

"Show initiative," he replied instantly. "Without initiative any man will have a rocky uphill road, with poor pickings all along. One of the greatest of all handicaps is the fact that it is easier to let other men think for you than to think for yourself."

"One of our crane operators was going home around 6 o'clock in the evening when a five-ton girder dropped on the track from a big horse truck. The girder blocked the track completely and tied up traffic."

"Now, this man was off duty. He couldn't have been censured if he had said to himself: 'This is none of my business. I've done my day's work, and I'm through. Let the night force attend to it.'"

"Instead, he called up the road-master of the surface line, told him what had happened and asked permission to get a crane from the yards and clean up the obstruction. In an hour this man had cleared the track, whereas if he had gone on home it would have taken three or four hours to do it. Having initiative, doing things—that is what clears the road to success."—The Monitor.

PREJUDICE

Prejudice is an insidious thing. It creeps into the soul unawares. It leads us to say and do wrong things; it warps our judgment and leads to injustice, unkindness and even cruelty. It paves the way for hatred and malice. In proportion as we learn to clear our minds of prejudice we become better men and women; we win friends and dissolve enemies; we are more worthy of respect and confidence. No one wants to be judged by false standards that prejudice sets up. Beware of judging others in such light. Prejudice cramps the mind and the heart; it stands in the way of rightful growth of character. It is wise to search your heart and if you find prejudice there to set about to root it out wholly. Do not be sure you of all men are unprejudiced. That is the danger; for prejudice is guarded by vanity. Seek to be just in all things, small as well as great. In all the relations of life, be sure you are not judging another, not for his error but from your prejudice. For the worst thing about this weakness is that it breeds injustice and unkindness and malice. It hurts innocent folk and makes no one happier.—Catholic Bulletin.

TRY, TRY AGAIN

Life has many trials and discouragements to everybody. Days that dawn bright with hope sometimes close with discouraging clouds hovering over the horizon. And sometimes the night settles down cold and black. But then, if we may judge the future by the past—and one eminent authority has asserted that he knew no way to judge the future save by the past—the future holds a bright dawn and a brighter day than the darkness of the night would seem to indicate. It is only cowards who look into the future with dismal forebodings. It is only the brave, who, viewing the discouragements of to-day, can see in the prophetic visions a brighter future before them in the world.

And this is true not only with individuals, but with families, towns, cities, even nations, and the whole world. Pessimism is not an attribute of hopefulness. When individuals or nations become pessimistic, it is an indication of loss of faith in the gentle guidance of our Divine Lord. There is a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will, very truthfully says the poet. When discouragements come we must look to our Divine Redeemer for strength and grace; for guidance in the meandering path of life that leads us on to heaven.—Intermountain Catholic.

TIME AND COURTESY

Courteous treatment of others does not depend upon the amount of time one has at his disposal. Some who are very busy, often fall into the error of supposing that they have scant time for even the most ordinary courtesies. They feel so strongly the urgency of their inward hurry that their whole outward manner is affected by it. Because duties press so hard upon their consciousness, they feel that they cannot fairly take the time to show their real feeling toward those they meet, surely there is little excuse for any one of us allowing hurry to make us discourteous.

It is a great thing for young men to learn this lesson very early in their school or business career. There are so many bad examples in hurry and rudeness that young men often are misled by the attitude of their superiors on the question of courtesy. If a young man only realizes it, there always is time to treat people courteously. We forget that instantaneous and happy courtesy when one is particularly busy and crowded with the duties of the hour is a distinctive quality of the Christian business man.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SATURDAY NIGHT

Placing the little hats all in a row, Ready for church on the morrow, you know;

Washing wee faces and little black fists, Getting them ready and fit to be kissed;

Putting them into clean garments and white, That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Spying out rents in a little worn hose, Laying by shoes that are worn through the toes;

Looking o'er garments so faded and thin; Who but a mother knows where to begin?

Changing a button to make it look right, That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Calling the little ones all round her chair; Hearing them hiss their evening prayer;

Telling them stories of Jesus of old, The Shepherd who gathers the lambs to His fold;

Watching them listen with childish delight— That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Creeping so softly to take a last peep— Silence the token of childhood's sleep;

Anxious to know if the dear ones are warm; Tucking the blanket round each little form;

Kissing each little face, rosy and bright, That is what mothers are doing to-night.

—Washington Star

THE MEETING OF DAY AND NIGHT IN THE GARDEN OF EVENING

By Rev. D. P. McMenamin

Once upon a time, Day met Night in the garden of Evening and Day said to Night, "Sit down and I will tell you of the beautiful things I saw on my Day Travels. A gentle breeze bore along the aroma of sweet scented flowers. Angels' smiles brightened Nature's green mantle. Little fishes played in silent joy to the music of the babbling brooks and streamlets that nestled beneath the shade of deeply foliaged trees singing the old, old song of love and happy days gone by. Down in the green meadow, skipped little lambs in joyful glee while little birds sang out their merry, merry song of gladness. All nature was happy and rejoicing, giving thanks to their Loving Creator for his bountiful goodness and generous kindness. All creation joined in rendering grateful thanks except one, ungrateful Man."

Man, the only one God loves with an everlasting love and died for on Calvary's Cross, "This is the Heart that has loved man so much."

And as Day finished his beautiful story of God's Creations, he wrapped himself up in his royal purple gown of gold and crimson and prepared to sleep in the arms of evening. "Oh, Day," said Night, "ere you close your eyes in sleep, let me tell you of far more wonderful and far more beautiful sights of God's love and gifts to man. I will draw back the royal curtain of my Nightly Kingdom and show you all those beautiful worlds hanging from my dark blue sky. See all those myriads of brilliant stars, the windows of God's Eternal Home. In my Father's House there are many Mansions. Behold my graceful queen softly gliding in silence through infinite space with the world at her feet, shedding her beams upon God's beautiful works of creation. My silvery moon is bright and glad when the world is good, but when the world is bad my queenly moon is sad and grasps a passing cloud to hide her face from man and wipe away a tear of pain. See all those rich stars, heaven's brilliant diamonds, millions of jewels for man's admiration given. All these glide by each other in perfect order and harmony, all proofs of God's love for man and to give him an idea of the beautiful and Eternal Home prepared for his happiness. A soul in the state of grace, in God's judgment, needs a Heaven to pass eternity in."

"We both agree then, Oh Night, that Creation is God's best and noblest work."

"Oh, no," said Evening, "listen to me Oh, Day and you Night for I am in a hurry. My stay is not so long as yours Oh, Night. I am the golden link that binds you both together. I am the Mother of second thought, I am the queen of rest and reflection. I have but one book that I read in the gloaming, the life of Day's doings and Night's conduct. Memory is the subject of my story. The description you both have given is good

and beautiful, but you are both wrong. The splendor of the grand things you have seen must have blinded your vision. God's greatest and grandest work is Man's Redemption, and God's most beautiful creation is the Queen of Heaven, the Mother of Jesus our Beloved Redeemer."

CHAPLAIN IS PADRE OF ARMY

WRITER PRAISES COURAGE AND EFFICIENCY OF PRIESTS AT FRONT

J. D. Irvine in London Daily Express

To all his brother officers the chaplain is known as the padre. His profession is that of a minister of religion.

It is primarily as a spiritual guide and comforter to the troops that he is attached to the army. But while he keeps religion in the forefront, as befits his sacred calling, our padre is a man who sees the essentially human side of war, who realizes that in moments of physical suffering the welfare of the body has paramount claims, and that in his leisure moments the soldier craves for instruction, amusement—and sport. The padre honestly panders to these tastes—whether in times of stress or in moments of recreation and relief.

PADRE AT WORK

I have seen him at work in the many different phases of his strenuous and anxious life. Watch him with the troops in the trenches. Shells fall thick and fast. Men are wounded; some are dying. To them the chaplain whispers words of spiritual comfort and hope.

Watch him a moment later when the troops swarm out of their flimsy shelters, mount the parapets and advance against the enemy. The ground is now strewn with wounded. The chaplain crosses with his comrades of the royal army medical corps into this shell-swept gateway of devastation and death. He steadies waverers among the stretcher-bearers by his cheery words and the force of his own example, as he helps to carry in the wounded to some place where hell is not being raked out of the earth.

It is not laid down as part of the chaplain's duties that he shall act as an auxiliary to the R. A. M. C. in the thick of battle. But he does it. Very often the padre is the coolest of all the men under fire, and it is impossible to praise at too high a ratio the value of his personal example. To the men he is a hero rather than a paragon. Before they entered into this fight they may have heard him speak of holy things. Perchance he may have reminded them how man in the midst of life is in death, or he may have spoken of the glorious reward which comes to those who lay down their lives in a great and sacred cause. He may even have administered to them the sacrament of the Church. At this moment they see in him only a man—a brave man, who is one of themselves, their equal in every risk and every sacrifice.

At casualty clearing stations the chaplains are there to receive the wounded, who already have obtained first aid before being handed over to the Red Cross transport. Each man is docketed with his name, rank and unit and the nature of his wound, and while the surgeons of the R. A. M. C. are engaged in professional inspection and classification the padre goes around among the men, speaks to them cheerily and attends to their creature comforts.

CHAPLAINS POPULAR

The other day I came across some 400 men—ragged, blood-stained and weary—at one of the C. C. S.'s, as they are called. They needed nothing so much as sleep. They stretched themselves out on the cool grass. Some of them, parched with thirst, asked for a drink of water or a cup of tea. This was speedily brought to them.

"Now then, boys," shouted a lusty-lunged son of the church, "what do you say to a cigaret? All of you who would like a cigaret please sit up." They all sat up, and the padre went round the crowd, handing out packets of "fags." It is in comparatively trivial incidents like these that one observes the fruits of "practical religion" in this War. They explain, too, why it is that the chaplain is so popular with the men.

"The padre is a trump always," said a wounded soldier to me on this same occasion. "He doesn't force religion upon you. He will pray with you if you ask him to. If you don't he will just trot off and fetch you a fag or a cup of tea as quick as winking." Then he added, without the least intention of being profane, "God bless our chaplains. They're damned fine fellows."

WRITERS LETTERS

The chaplain is a prodigious letter writer. A disabled soldier will say to him: "Do, please, write home to my people, sir. Tell them you've seen me; that I'm wounded, but that I am all right." Brave lads will say this when they know that they are not all right. The chaplain will answer: "Yes, my boy, I will write to your mother. I will tell her how brave and good you have been, and how proud she ought to be of her son."

The padre will pray softly by the bedside of the dying soldier. He will even make a will for him while yet the spark of human intelligence remains. He will collect his letters and all his little personal effects and see that they are sent to that home somewhere in England, or it may be

beyond the seas, to which the soldier who has given his life for his country will never return. He will write tenderly of last moments—how souls made strong in the faith, winged their flight, while the bodies they dwelt in had been interred with the rites of Christian burial. I have seen these chaplains of the battlefield uttering the solemn office of the burial of the dead while the ruthless dogs of war have barked their loudest and fiercest—aye, while the instruments of death themselves have hurtled overhead and one knew not whose turn might be the next. Frequent Communion is administered to men on the eve of their going into battle.

Little altars, miniature houses of God, erected in cellars and dugouts. The men gather round and partake of the elements which are the sacred emblems of the Christian faith. To-morrow they may die, but they will yield up their young and precious lives fortified with the rites of their Church. As I write I have before me the sketch of a typical underground chapel which was constructed by a chaplain close to that dismal part of our front which converges on Gommecourt. The altar is built of empty ammunition boxes, its rails are old meat tins, the cross is made of wood cut from a neighboring tree, and the flowers which adorn the altar are simple wild flowers gathered from the hedgerows and fields. On the right of the altar is a gaping hole made by a Boche shell. Above the altar, in a roof where an attempt has been made to fashion some rude form of decorative work, is a swallow's nest. Men came here to pray. The chaplain held his services and administered Holy Communion. This was before July 1. Many of the soldiers who prayed here are dead. But surely the spirit that led them to this little altar is immortal.

These saints shall be a burning fire of the Lord, who shall kindle the divine fire everywhere. They shall be the sons of Levi, well purified by the fire of great tribulation, and closely adhering to God.

SEVEN YEARS TORTURE

Nothing Helped Him Until He Took "FRUIT-A-TIVES"



ALBERT VARNER

Buckingham, Que., May 3rd, 1915. For seven years, I suffered terribly from Severe Headaches and Indigestion. I had belching gas from the stomach, bitter stuff would come up into my mouth after eating, while at times I had nausea and vomiting, and had chronic Constipation. I went to several doctors and wrote to a specialist in Boston but without benefit. I tried many remedies but nothing did me good. Finally, a friend advised "Fruit-a-tives". I took this grand fruit medicine and it made me well. I am grateful to "Fruit-a-tives", and to everyone who has miserable health with Constipation and Indigestion and Bad Stomach, I say take "Fruit-a-tives", and you will get well". ALBERT VARNER.

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

Ill-gotten goods never prosper.

Comfort in the Home

The Sunshine Furnace chases chills from coldest corners and insures utmost comfort in the home throughout the winter. Don't buy any furnace or heating plant until you have investigated the merits of the "Sunshine."

McClary's SUNSHINE FURNACE. LONDON TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER ST. JOHN N.S. HAMILTON CALGARY SASKATOON EDMONTON

Old Dutch Tile, Oil Cloth, Linoleum, Wood Floors. Makes scrubbing quick and easy. Don't wear out your back and your temper. Just let Old Dutch clean your Tile, Oil Cloth, Linoleum, Wood Floors.

Western Fair LONDON, CANADA SEPT. 7th TO 15th, 1917 1867—"A Half Century of Success"—1917 The Great Agricultural Exhibition of Western Ontario \$32,000.00 in Prizes and Attractions A very interesting Programme, including Military and other features—TWICE DAILY. FIREWORKS EACH NIGHT TWO SPEED EVENTS DAILY REDUCED RAILWAY RATES. Prize Lists, Entry Forms and all information from the Secretary. LIEUT.-COL. W. M. GARTSHORE, President. A. M. HUNT, Secretary.

CAPITAL TRUST CORPORATION Authorized Capital, \$2,000,000 LIMITED. BOARD OF DIRECTORS: President: M. J. O'Brien, Renfrew. Vice-Presidents: Hon. S. N. Parent, Ottawa; Denis Murphy, Ottawa; R. P. Gough, Toronto; A. E. Corrigan, Ottawa. Managing Director: B. G. Connolly. Assistant Manager: E. T. B. Pennefather. OFFICES: 10 METCALFE ST., OTTAWA, ONT. NO MAN CAN FORSEE ACCIDENTS, which may occur to any one of us. If you appoint the Capital Trust Corporation the executor of your will, you provide for the efficient administration of your estate and guard against a change of executors through death, accident or sickness. Our Booklet entitled "THE WILL THAT REALLY PROVIDES," is instructive. Write for a copy.

BELLS, PEALS, CHIMES. McShane Bell Foundry Co. BALTIMORE, MD. CHURCH, CHIME and PEAL Memorials a Specialty

The Composition of Coca-Cola and its Relation to Tea. Prompted by the desire that the public shall be thoroughly informed as to the composition and dietetic character of Coca-Cola, the Company has issued a booklet giving a detailed analysis of its recipe which is as follows: Water, sterilized by boiling (carbonated); sugar, granulated, first quality; fruit flavoring extracts with caramel, acid flavorings, citric (lemon) and phosphoric; essence of tea—the refreshing principle. The following analysis, by the late Dr. John W. Mallet, Fellow of the Royal Society and for nearly forty years Professor of Chemistry in the University of Virginia, shows the comparative stimulating or refreshing strength of tea and Coca-Cola, measured in terms of the refreshing principle: Black tea—1 cupful (5 fl. oz.) 1.54 Green tea—1 glassful (8 fl. oz. exclusive of ice) 2.02 Coca-Cola—1 drink, 8 fl. oz. (bottling) 1.21 Coca-Cola—1 drink, 8 fl. oz. (bottling) 1.12 From the above recipe and analysis, which are confirmed by all chemists who have analyzed these beverages, it is apparent that Coca-Cola is a carbonated, fruit-flavored modification of tea of a little more than one-half its stimulating strength. A copy of the booklet referred to above will be mailed free on request, and The Coca-Cola Company especially invites inquiry from those who are interested in pure food and public health propaganda. Address The Coca-Cola Co., Dept. J., Atlanta, Ga., U.S.A.

STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS AND LEADED LIGHTS. B. LEONARD QUEBEC: P. Q. We Make a Specialty of Catholic Church Windows

Horses Needed for the Army. Top Prices Paid—but the Animals MUST BE SOUND. You are truly doing National Service, when you sell to the Government, horses sound in limb and body. Every branch of the Service needs our sturdy mounts. But inspectors are not interested in lame or blemished horses—they must be sound.

ABSORBINE Puts your Horses in condition to command top prices. Have you a horse which might be rejected because of a Spavin, Thoroughpin, Bursal Enlargement, Shoe Boil, Capped Hock, Swollen Gland, Thickened Tissue, Enlarged Veins, Rheumatic Deposit, or any Puff or Swelling? ABSORBINE will remove the blemish—stop the lameness—strengthen the weak part—make the horse sound. ABSORBINE does not blister or remove the hair; absolutely safe; and the animal can be worked while being treated. ABSORBINE is economical, because only a few drops are required for each application. \$2 a bottle—at druggists or sent post paid on receipt of price. Book "A" free. W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F. 299 LYMANS BUILDING MONTREAL, Can.



SAINT STARTED THE RED CROSS GREAT "NON-SECTARIAN" WORK WAS BEGUN BY CATHOLICS THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

On July 18, the Church honored the memory of St. Camillus de Lellis, to whom the world is indebted for the inspiration that has resulted in the formation of the various National Red Cross societies.

In 1850 there was published by the Congregation of St. Philip Neri in London a life of St. Camillus in two volumes. These books were also sold by Edward Dunigan & Brother in the United States that same year.

Father Cicatelli, one of the early Red Cross nurses, wrote a life of St. Camillus a few years after the saint's death. This work went through many editions. As St. Camillus was canonized by Pope Benedict XIV., in 1746, the edition revised by Father Dolera, Rome, 1749, is the most complete. This year Benziger Brothers has brought out another life of Camillus, "the hospital saint."

The facts in reference to the establishment of the order of nurses with the Red Cross as their distinguishing mark are, in brief, these: Camilla Compello, of a noble family in Abruzzo, married in Milan an officer in the Imperial Army of Charles V. of Italy. A few days before a child was born she dreamed that she had given birth to a son with a red cross on his breast, who was followed by other children with similar crosses. This child was Camillus, born May 25, 1550. His mother died when he was thirteen years old and his father when he was nineteen. About this time a scratch on his right leg above the ankle turned into a running sore, which never completely healed. It prevented him from following the career of a soldier, which he had begun, and brought him in touch with hospitals and the need for nurses.

He was a man of commanding presence, tremendous zeal and unusual piety. He was elected superintendent of the hospital of St. Giacomo, in Rome. Here he brought about much needed reforms. In 1582 he received an inspiration to form an order of "Ministers of the Sick." At the age of thirty-two he began his studies for the priesthood and was ordained June 10, 1584. On March 18, 1586, Pope Sixtus V. confirmed the congregation of nurses that Camillus had gathered, and on June 26 of the same year in another brief ordered that Camillus and his companions should wear on one of the cloaks of these "ministers of the sick." This was considered such a miracle that the red cross was distributed thread by thread among the troops.

Years later when removing the bodies under the Church of St. Ninfa, in Palermo, it was found that the remains were decayed, all but the red crosses on the habits of the ten nurses of St. Camillus. St. Camillus died in 1614, twenty-eight years after founding his order of Red Cross Nurses, which his mother had seen in a dream before his birth. He had established during his life sixteen houses of his order in Italy and had lost two

hundred and twenty of his nurses while attending the numerous plagues and wars of that time. Philip IV. introduced the order into Spain. Father Andrea Sicuti, of Palermo, traveled to Mexico, Peru and Brazil to introduce the order into South America. Father Perez, of Castile, after being superior of the order in Spain, brought the order to Lima, where he died on August 15, 1770, at the age of seventy-two. Many societies of both sexes undertaking the work of nursing get a member of the order of St. Camillus to bless the red cross they wear in order to emulate the work of the founder of the Red Cross Nurses. The nursing order of Sisters of St. Francis wear the red cross of Camillus on their breast in hospitals everywhere.

And still there are writers on the "Origin of Red Cross Nurses" who never heard of St. Camillus de Lellis. — The Tablet.

CANADIAN CATHOLIC HONOURED BY AMERICAN UNIVERSITY

Among those Canadians recently honored by the Universities of the United States the special attention of Canadian Catholics should be drawn to two Doctors of Laws, (honoris causa) recently made, viz.: Lord Shaughnessy, of Dartmouth College, N. S., on June 21st, and W. H. Atherton, Ph. D., of Montreal, at Fordham University, N. Y., June 18th. The career of Lord Shaughnessy is well known to our readers. He is one of the outstanding men on this continent; but it is interesting to learn that he was specially honoured as a builder of railways and a developer of international trade.

The name of Dr. William Henry Atherton is already well known on the North American continent as a historian, lecturer, and writer on civic and sociological problems. He is the author of the monumental history of Montreal, (in three volumes) and has been a frequent contributor to Canadian and American Municipal literature. Dr. Atherton is proud of being a Canadian by adoption. Having been born and educated in England, he pursued his classical and philosophical studies at the famous Jesuit College of Stonyhurst, at which he was afterwards on the teaching staff, as well as at the Beaumont College, Old Windsor, known as the Catholic Eton. He is the author of the well known Life of Father Damien, the leper priest, first published in 1890 by the Catholic Truth Society of England and continues to be reprinted. The new Doctor of Laws is a Knight of Columbus of the fourth degree and has given a good example of lay Catholic zeal.

CATHOLIC LOYALTY

STIRRING SERMON PREACHED TO KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS BY WASHINGTON PASTOR

Proving that the Church is the truest defender of this great republic since liberty and equality, the keynote of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, whence has sprung the democracy of the nation, are the sacred inheritance of Catholic teaching, the Rev. Eugene Del. McDonnell, S. J., rector of Holy Trinity Church, Washington, addressed more than two hundred Knights of Columbus at their last annual vesper service which was held in the beautiful Dominican church in the National Capital. The instructive discourse of the eloquent Jesuit was in part as follows: "When we gaze out over this fair land, blessed as it is beyond other countries with beauty and natural resources; with great oceans to the east and west defending us from our enemies; with its inland seas and coursing rivers, teeming with food, its towering mountains, piled high with the riches of the earth, its fertile fields yielding harvest that might feed the world; when we behold scattered throughout the length and breadth of this beautiful rich country cities and towns all throbbing with human life and industry, what Christian man but must feel grateful to God, who has so blessed this great land, and thankful to the noble men who laid down their lives that we might possess it. Yet right and beautiful as it is, this is not the real reason why this country is so dear to us Americans, since few indeed possess or can ever hope to possess its wealth. We love America because it is the land of the free. Here every man, no matter how lowly, is a free man in a free land. If we are grateful to those who won this land for us, we should be more grateful still to those who framed the laws and Constitution that have made it for millions a refuge from tyranny and oppression and for all a land of liberty and equality. Liberty and equality! These two words, the foundation of our Declaration of Independence as well as of our Constitution, are the keynotes of our democracy, and, my friends, they are the sacred inheritance of Catholic teaching. Why, the very language of that Declaration reads like a translation from the prince of Catholic theologians, the great Dominican, St. Thomas Aquinas. "There are, however, no two words so grievously abused, so grossly misinterpreted. What then, is that self-evident truth that all men are created equal? Equal in what? In bodily beauty or strength? That is not so. Equal in powers of intellect, in gifts of soul? They are not—"

least it is not self-evident. Equal in individual opportunities, personal advantages? No. In none of these things are men equal. As no two blades of grass are equal, so there are probably no two men equal in strength or perfection of body, in intellectual gifts, or in opportunities. It is a self-evident truth that in this sense men are not created equal, and we realize it. "In what sense, then, are men created equal? In a far higher and nobler sense it is evident that all are created equal. Equal before God, all alike the object of His overshadowing love and Providence, for He is no respecter of persons. Equal in nature, and therefore one and the same before all just law and in the sight of that civil authority which comes down from God. Equal in the sense that no man is a bondsman to another by nature or by taint of blood. Equal in the sense that no portion of the body politic shall be oppressed or wronged to benefit another. Equal in the full protection and safeguarding of personal rights that just laws have guaranteed. Equal in the right, if not in the opportunity, for the full and free development of all his God-given faculties. "Let us remember that any liberty of speech or anything else that transgresses the law of God is license, not liberty; that any liberty which militates against the common good, against the just laws of the land, which injures the civil rights of citizens in their character or property is gross license and not liberty and should not be tolerated. Such is Catholic teaching regarding liberty, and it is exclusively Catholic, and this teaching is not only not found outside of the Church, but the very opposite teaching is prevalent in the world. "Atheism, agnosticism, evolutionism, cannot admit any liberty that does not throw wide open the door to every form of license. Protestantism repudiated all liberty, through original sin. All these, therefore, on principle are and must be sworn enemies of democracy. "In the face of all this, then, who is the enemy and who is the only true friend of democracy? The principles of Catholic teaching are clean and true and strong, and her practice of them has won the admiration of even bigoted historians. Yes, liberty and equality, the cornerstone of democracy, are the pure, unadulterated teaching of Catholic faith alone, to be found nowhere else under heaven in their truth and beauty. If this is true, who is the real defender of the democracy in this country, who is the real upholder of American liberty? The Catholic Church and the Catholic manhood of America imbued with her doctrine and living up to her principles. "Nor let ignorance and bigotry say that the Catholic's allegiance is divided between his government and the Pope. Was it divided in the Revolution? Washington did not think so. Was it divided in the Civil War? Was it divided in the Spanish War? Is it divided to-day in our army on the Mexican border? "In every battle in which the Stars and Stripes waved thousands of Catholic men were there to die for that flag, and they died for it. Bigots may shout all they wish about the divided allegiance of Catholics, but they will never offend from the memory of this generation and from the memory of posterity the proof, strong and undeniable, of the undivided allegiance to country and to flag which the children of the Catholic Church are giving to-day, on the battlefields of Europe drenched with Catholic blood, nor blot out from the pages of American history, red with the blood of Catholic manhood, the noble part which the Catholic Church and Catholic citizens took in preserving American liberty." — Catholic Sun.

ture of a romance built round a submarine, and as the U-boat came to the surface the thoroughly up-to-date pastor preached on "Submarine Sins." On the first Sunday of July he would hold a "Snow Service" with "movies" of the Arctic regions, and he took care that a "pile of ice" in which fruit and flowers were frozen, "were placed on the table before the pulpit." On a subsequent Sunday every worshiper received a duly advertised rose apple. Here are some other methods by which this highly modern preacher made piety attractive to his congregation: "Last spring Secretary Josephus Daniels came over from Washington and answered critics concerning the navy. Judge Ben Lindsey was highly popular to a great company as he related Juvenile Court incidents. Other speakers such as the late Mayor Gaynor, Mayor Mitchell and various city commissioners, have also been invited in. Hans Kronold, the most noted "cellist," and W. D. Hinchshaw, a grand opera basso, were other features. When the "Giants" were on the verge of capturing the pennant, a baseball service was arranged. Statements concerning their indebtedness to religion were secured from Herzog, Snodgrass, Fletcher, Chick, Meyers, and other conspicuous players. "Apt subjects will draw listeners," was one of the speakers concluding remarks. No doubt. But it would be interesting to know how many of his listeners and spectators were worshipers. Matters have come to a sad pass when Christians can be lured to church only by a flamboyant advertisement that promises they will be amused and entertained there. If the object of preaching is to turn sinners into penitents, the "popular" services conducted by that New York minister must be somewhat unsatisfactory.—America.

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 12, Post, Co. Wellington. Experienced later 2nd class professional. Salary \$500 per annum. Duties to commence Sept. 1, 1917. Give phone no. Apply to L. A. Harcourt, Sec. Treas., Arthur. 2022-3

WANTED TEACHER, WITH EXPERIENCE preferred, capable of teaching French and English, in a school, 2nd class, 1st. Good location, modern school house, five miles from nearest station and three fourth mile from church. Salary \$600. Duties to commence after summer holidays. State qualifications. Apply to Francis X. Enery, Sec. Treas., R. R. 2, Bear Lake, Ont. 2022-3

CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. No. 1, Rutherford; 1st or 2nd class professional certificate. Male or female. Duties to begin 1st Sept. next. Salary \$700 for first year. For 2nd class certificate. Apply to P. R. de Lamorandiere, Killarney, Ont. 2022-4

TEACHER WANTED FOR CATHOLIC S. S. No. 3, March, holding 2nd class certificate. Duties to commence 1st Sept. Apply stating salary to Ambrose Carroll, Sec. Treas., R. R. No. 2, Guelph, Ont. 2022-3

QUALIFIED CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED for S. S. No. 1, Inver, Kent county. One holding a 2nd class professional certificate. Average attendance of school is 12. Apply stating salary and experience to John Connelly, Alma, Ont., R. R. No. 2. 2022-3

TEACHER WANTED FOR SCHOOL SECTION S. S. No. 1, Cornwall; normal training. Salary \$500 per annum. School to open Sept. 3rd. Apply to Hugh Cahay, R. R. No. 2, Northfield Station. 2022-4

TEACHER WANTED FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL, No. 3, Dover, Kent county. Duties to commence after the holidays. Apply stating salary, experience and qualifications to D. D. Gagner, Jr., Pain Court, Ont. 2022-3

TEACHER WANTED FOR C. S. NO. 3, Griffith, Ont. with knowledge of ching music preferred. Salary \$400 and board to suitable applicant. Apply stating qualifications to J. Jones, Sec. Treas., Griffith, Ont. 2022-2

TEACHERS WANTED HOLDING FIRST OR second class Ontario Certificates for Catholic schools. Fort William, Ont. Salary \$600 per year. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Apply to G. P. Smith, Sec. 1121 Simpson St., Fort William, Ont. 2022-1

MALE TEACHER WANTED, EXPERIENCED, No. 4, Mornington. Apply stating salary and experience to J. M. Jones, Sec. Treas., R. R. No. 1, Britton, Ont. 2022-1

WANTED AN EXPERIENCED NORMAL trained teacher as principal of C. Separate school, Espanola, Ontario. Salary \$600. Apply to John J. Fox, Sec. Espanola, Ont. 2022-1

QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR SECOND grade, C. Separate school, Espanola, Ontario. Apply to John J. Fox, Espanola, Ont. 2022-1

TWO ENGLISH FRENCH TEACHERS FOR 1st grades. Catholic Separate school, Espanola. Must be qualified to teach both languages. Salary \$500. Apply to John J. Fox, Sec. Espanola, Ont. 2022-1

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE CATHOLIC Separate school of Keweenaw. Teacher must have at least a third class certificate for the province of Ontario, must be able to teach both French and English. Salary \$500 per year. Apply to Sec. Treas. Joseph Gagnon, Keweenaw, Ont. 2022-6

NORMAL TRAINED TEACHER WANTED for C. S. No. 4, Westmeath, (La. Passe). Duties to begin Sept. 3rd, 1917. One capable of teaching French and English. Apply stating salary and experience to W. C. Gervais, Sec. Treas. C. S. No. 4, Westmeath, La. Passe, Ont. 2022-1

TWO TEACHERS WANTED FOR SEPARATE school, No. 5, Bagot Renfrew Co., holding 2nd class Normal certificate. Duties to commence Sept. 3rd, 1917. School beside the church, and close to railway station. Apply stating salary and experience to J. L. Legris, Cambridge, Ont. 2022-1

COMPOSITOR WANTED FEMALE COMPOSITOR WANTED, STRAIGHT matter only. Apply Catholic Record, London, Ont. 2022-1

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. NO. 12, Post, Co. Wellington. Experienced later 2nd class professional. Salary \$500 per annum. Duties to commence Sept. 1, 1917. Give phone no. Apply to L. A. Harcourt, Sec. Treas., Arthur. 2022-3

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THE HOME BANK OF CANADA ORIGINAL 1854

Notice of Quarterly Dividend Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of five per cent per annum (5%) upon the paid-up capital stock of this Bank, has been declared for the three months ending the 31st August, 1917, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Saturday, the first day of September, 1917. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th day of August to the 31st day of August, 1917, both days inclusive. By Order of the Board, Toronto, July 15th, 1917. J. COOPER MASON, Acting General Manager.

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL, ROCHESTER, N. Y. ST. MARY'S TRAINING SCHOOL, ROCHESTER, N. Y. St. Mary's Hospital, Rochester, N. Y., is a fine college school of health, vitality, and it will attract many boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy's life. Dear Friends, by D. Ella Nirdlinger. A home story, and in that home, there are many dark days and bright days pictured, just as they dark and bright days, and love is the source of the moral substance shining through the story. The novel full of excitement and many thrills. The scene is laid in England, and the story leads to Russia and Siberia. By Madison Gullio Barilli, A Quaint Italian Tale, describing the hardships of an artist who finds his way to the hand of a beautiful young woman. The second story is a little tale of France, of which the author knows every detail of ground. It is the story of five children, and incidentally introduces many interesting characters. By Madame Augustus Creaven. This charming novel is regarded as a model for the story, which moves in an atmosphere of delicate refinement. Gertrude Manning, by Frances Noble. This charming novel has been regarded as a model for the story, showing the tremendous influence of a pure wholesome, conventional girl, sacrificed to the altar of the conversion of her infidel lover. Layard of London, by Maurice Francis Egan. There are eight stories and every one with a happy ending. Lost Love, by Christian Reid and Stella's Discipline, by F. X. O'Connell. "Lost Love" is a story of Mexico, of a charming girl, like everything from the same pen, charmingly written. The second story is a touching one, who some light literature, and we deem it to be a couplet with the former beautiful story. Nelly Kelly, by Henriette E. DeLamare. It is a little mother to her brothers and sisters and succeeds wonderfully well in meeting the difficulties that arise. Phillis, A Tale of the Coal Regions, by Rev. Patrick J. Wynn. A story of the coal regions and well-told story of the days of the Mollie Maguire. Well written and conceived with an admirable plan of plan. The story is so well written as to intensify the interest as the reader passes from chapter to chapter. Round Table of American Catholic Novelists. A delightful symposium of short stories by representative American Catholic Novelists. Round Table of Irish and English Catholic Novelists. A charming collection of novellas by eminent Catholic authors of English and Irish descent. Round Table of French Catholic Novelists. A charming collection of novellas by the foremost French Catholic writers. Honore's Marriage, from the French of Martha Laschew. By Henriette E. DeLamare. An admirable story to be read with both pleasure and profit, in which the influence of a pure, wholesome, conventional education are clearly shown. Ronald's Mission, by Henriette E. DeLamare. Ronald is a boy of great promise, and his other boys and girls are sure to be interested. Other mission was confined to him by his mother on her death-bed, and the brave little boy grew up with a courage beyond his years, until he had fulfilled his mission.

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