



BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

By ANNA C. MINOGUE

CHAPTER XIII—CONTINUED

"Good bye," said Mrs. Halpin, in level tones, for instead of the girl before her, she saw St. John Worthington as he had looked at her across the table that morning. Teresa turned toward the parlor, where Mr. Preston had been dazed to keep out the hot May sunshine, and for this both were grateful. Her voice sounded muffled as she greeted him, and his tones were not clearer as he replied; then he advanced, and holding the open door, bowed her out into the hall. As she traversed its narrow length and crossed the green yard she again seemed to hear the voice in the woods calling, calling. When the carriage turned from the main street out into the turnpike that wound through the new world of song and sunshine, her drooping spirits began to revive, and for the first time, during the drive, she turned her eyes on her companion. She met his full gaze and the souls that thus looked upon each other through the windows of the human recognized that now some subtle bond united them who previously had been strangers. It was the kinship of sorrow. The question that throbbed up from Preston's heart was hurled back by his strong will unasked, and he said instead: "I am glad that you are going to White Sulphur. The country is different from this. You will find hills there and dells and valleys. I like hilly land because of the low, still hiding places of their valleys. That's another of my fancies, and he smiled as he made this first allusion to their conversation on that other night. "The hotel itself," he went on instantly, "stands on the side of a hill, with another hill facing it. Between these two is the spring, in a narrow vale. It is a picture of a peaceful, secluded, yet beneficial life, that neck of verdant land, stretching below and around the feet of the hills."

to the mystery of the all-too-perceptible change, but he knew that the girl would not be so adept at concealment. They found a number of their friends and acquaintances at White Sulphur, but on the plea of fatigue, Teresa made her escape from their merry company. It was impossible, however, on such a summer night to remain in her room; so when the sound of laughing voices announced the departure of the young people for a walk, she strolled down stairs and sought a secluded place on the wide veranda that circled the hotel. Scarcely she was seated, when steps on the floor behind made her turn, and with a feeling of annoyance or shrinking, she knew not which, she saw George Martins approaching. His head was bent and not until he caught the shen of her ample gray skirts in passing did he appear to be aware of her presence. "Miss Martinez! Are you feeling rested? And have you come down to enjoy the moonlight? Shall I go away?" She could not say "Yes," to her host, so instead she faintly asked him to take the other chair, which he did. From the ordinary beginning of conversation, they drifted into deeper subjects, until he brought her to where his thoughts were stationed. "Yes," she said, "Mr. Martins told me that your nomination for the Governorship is almost certain."

to ignore it while I worked for my rightful place; and I was turning back to that other fiercely hated life, when I saw Constancia. From the very first moment I loved her—how well, you may judge, when I permitted her to lift me out of my poverty and her family's scorn. When a proud man does this he can give no greater proof of his loyalty and love. But out of the endurance of those things was born the determination to secure for her higher honors, greater wealth, than would have been hers as the wife of another man, who was her equal, as the world reckons equality. She could not understand, my gracious, noble wife, I should feel thus, for to her there can be no high and low where love exists. She would have been as happy with me in a hovel, as she is in the beautiful home, that I—"

assistance of her prayers, nay, if it were necessary, the sacrifice of her life, to help one of those souls back from the gulf of sin and disbelief to the holy shore of repentance and truth?" "And you will not desert me then? No matter who may counsel you to do so? Not even if your own heart should join with the voice of another in calling you from the work of saving me?" She had never heard such tones in a voice as those in which George Martins asked that question, a question which she but faintly comprehended, but which intuition warned her had a meaning beyond the words. His magnetic eyes were fixed on her and seemed to compel her answer. "No one will counsel me against this work," she said, striving weakly against the fatal power he appeared to have cast over her. "But if any one ever should thus counsel you?" he urged. She felt her soul beating blindly, as a bird might do when attacked in the night; but she forced her lips to answer. "I should disregard such counsel."

They were waiting to welcome her into their hearts and home. The wealth, the luxury, the refinement of that home passed before her in soft, alluring vision. Life in the white house seemed all that the heart could desire. These were riches, power, honor, position, happiness. There was no loneliness there, nor poverty, nor hard work, nor privations, nor the humiliations which these bring to the over sensitive. All the dreams of the schoolgirl lying on Loretto's playground would be realized. But on the fervor and ecstasy of the thought, memory threw St. John Worthington's sad voice; and the beautiful world she had builded became spectral, sorrow-haunted. She shivered in the mild night air and her heart cried out that it could accept no life in which he was not included. From wealth and youth and love his voice was bidding her, and her heart was hastening to obey, when George Martins' tense, compelling tones were again saying, "Not even if your own heart should join with the voice of another in calling you from the work of saving me?"

do to home. Stack (i. e. conceal) 'em under your pillow or you'll miss 'em tomorrow." In a minute Phil's demeanor changed and he put out his hand. "Thank you," was all he said, and gripping the boy's thin hand he turned back to his own bed and proceeded to put this newly found friend's advice into practice. Soon he was ready to crawl in when he remembered his prayers. Kneeling down he said the simple prayers his good mother had taught him so many years ago and then climbed into the cot. His slumbers were broken many times by fresh arrivals whose drunken bawling and horrible language came often from the office. At last he slept and did not wake till someone moved on the other side of the room and upset a chair. He had no wish to see the time but judging by the light that struggled through the panes of the dirty window it was about 7 or 7:30. After dressing Phil again knelt to ask God's blessing on his search for work, and then, having washed as far as seemed possible amidst the filthy surroundings of the common lavatory, he entered the office of the place and asked the man he found behind the desk to take care of his clean shirt, etc., and he went back again that night. After wrapping them in a newspaper and scribbling his name thereon Phil now went into the street. The sun was shining and things looked quite clean and good after the dirt of the night. After looking over the Help Wanted column in the various papers displayed outside the newspaper offices and finding nothing he could do he once more started on the daily round of the employment offices.

to get up and go away but after a second glance at the placid, peaceful face, he said "yes," and rising, followed the man inside the small door and down a circular flight of steps. At the bottom stood a long, narrow, deep box containing rods of small candles. "If you will take the front end and back up the steps I'll take this end," said the monk as Phil now guessed him to be. Then he added with a smile, "It's hard to back up in a habit." Phil did not understand this as he did not know what a habit meant save to custom. However, he did as directed and they carried the box to the little landing before the door when Phil made as if to go out into the chapel. "Just a minute said the monk. "Don't be offended if I ask a rather rude question." "All right," said Phil. "Well now—aren't you hungry?" The blood rushed to Phil's face and he answered angrily, "Well what if I am?" Then seeing the hurt look on the other's face, he said, "Forgive me, I did not mean to be so rude and I'm hungry." "All right," said the monk, "come with me." Once more Phil followed down the little stairway and then across a yard into another door and so into the kitchen. Several more monks were there cleaning up after a meal apparently. "Please sit here," said the monk drawing out a chair before a spotless deal table on which several dishes, etc., were piled. "Just a moment," said Phil. "You think I'm a Catholic and I'm not. I'm a Presbyterian," and then he blushed. The monk smiled and said in that sweet voice that seemed to soothe Phil like his mother's had, so many years ago, "That does not matter, you helped me, now let me help you." So Phil sat down and ate what was placed before him which though plain was mighty good after his long fast from full meals. Whilst he ate the other monks moved around at their duties, speaking if at all, in a low voice. When at length he had finished, the monk returned from some other door than the one they had entered by, and seeing that Phil had finished, he said, "Do you wish to return to the Church or shall I take you to the street?" Phil thanked him for his dinner and asked that he might return to the Church. As they got to the foot of the stairway Phil stopped and without weighing his words told the monk of his prayer and what had followed. "I am going back to thank Saint Anthony now and ask him to get me a job,"—this with a smile. "You'll get it, I'm sure," was the reply. "Well good-bye," said the boy, "I don't know your name, but mine is Philip Vaughn." "That's a Catholic name," remarked the monk. "Maybe," said the boy, "but I am a Protestant and so were my parents who are both dead now." "My name is Brother Pedro," said the monk as he took Phil's hand. "Good bye and God bless you, I'll pray for you!" Phil again thanked him and mounted the stairs and knelt once more in the chapel. So that is a Brother, eh? Well I'd like to be like him if I were a Catholic thought Phil and then having made a short prayer of thanksgiving—again using one of the least—lets—he rose and left the Church. As he went down the steps he saw it was raining, so turning back he stood in the vestibule holding his cap. Presently a well dressed lady passed in and glancing at Phil's boots noticed the burst seams. Opening her purse she selected a half dollar and without a word placed it in Phil's hand as he stood holding his cap. He opened his mouth to protest that he was not begging but all that came was "Thank You," and the lady was gone into the Church. Here was a poser for Phil. He went not and took by turns and finally pocketing the coin he walked out into the rain. After wandering around till dark he had bought a plate of stew and some coffee and then not wishing to go to the lodging house yet, for it had now stopped raining and only the fog hung low, he sat on the bench and here it was that he saw the woman and the child which whimpered with the cold. Here, thought he, is someone worse off than I, so after thinking a few minutes he rose and going to the woman he said, "Will you forgive me if I offer you some?" "Indeed sir, and the good God reward you for the thought, I'm right starved for want of food and poor little Terry here is that cold he won't sleep." "Then please take this half dollar and get some food." "But can you afford it?" asked the woman. "Yes," said Phil, and with that he got up and walked away out of the square. After a while he retraced his steps and went to the drinking fountain, for the cheap highly spiced stew he had eaten for his supper had made him very thirsty. As he drank he heard a stifled whimper and looking towards the bench where he had seen the woman and child he saw in the dim light a bundle that moved. He crossed to the bench quickly and lifting the bundle opened it and saw the face of a tiny child. Inside the bundle was also a small flask—whisky thought Phil, and opened it. Sure enough the fumes of cheap whiskey met his sense of smell and made him shudder. I wonder if she has abandoned the child, thought Phil? I'd better wait here awhile and see. So wrapping the tattered shawl tightly around the puny infant and brushing Phil took up the rod of dry nurse for awhile. Time passed and the woman did not return, but people hurrying across the park noticed the boy nursing the baby and laughed to each other as they made jocular remarks. At last it struck Phil that he had better do something, so getting on

ST ANTHONY HELP!

By Herbert C. A. Edwards, San Francisco

Philip Vaughn sat meditating on the bench nearest the drinking fountain in Union Square Park, San Francisco. His hands and feet were cold from the chilly fog which hung low over the city and made the moon's light spectral and fitful. On a bench not far away sat a woman nursing a small child, who was wrapped in a sort of shawl, still whimpered with the cold. The light, such as it was, revealed a young face under a rather tawdry looking hat. The dress was not to be called cheap and yet something about it spoke of the bargain counter. The shoes, with their high heels askew and their cheap buckles, looked pathetically inadequate to combat the city mud that had leaked into his own boots these last few days. Since leaving the hotel in the Lake Tahoe region where he had been employed for the summer Philip had tried every hotel that looked him in the face from almost every block of this city; for the coming of the fair had caused a crop of hotels to spring up on all sides. Failure after failure had staggered him till at times he almost felt that a change from the general reply of "No help wanted at present," would cause him heart failure. Employment offices had proved equally abortive and ads in the paper which he had answered as long as he could buy stamps had never brought a reply save a Loan Office card that had caused bitter anger after the excitement of racing to the room with the letter. He had knelt before his bed and humbly asked that the letter might contain a job, and here was a knocking letter from a Loan Office when he had already pawned all he could part with without counting a shabby—and appearances boded ill when looking for a position as room clerk in an hotel. Yesterday his landlady had politely, but none the less forcibly, requested him to vacate his apartment and leave his baggage. A chance call to the house bell and her consequent absence had allowed him time to make a bundle of his last clean shirt and a couple of collars which together with some socks, he concealed about his person and left the room and the house. His cash at the time amounted to 60 cents. Late that night he had entered a gloomy doorway bearing the sign, beds 15 cents, rooms 25 cents and up. Putting down 15 cents he asked for a bed of the tawdry headed youth who looked over the grimy register at him. "Register here," said that youth pointing to a line near the foot of a page much bespattered with ink and finger prints. With a feeling of repugnance he had registered his own name and followed the youth to a long room lined with cots, most of which contained occupants already. "That's yours," remarked the clerk, pointing to one nearest a dirty window, and then withdrew. Philip gazed around him and involuntarily shuddered. The air of the place was fetid with the smell of dirty humanity and stale tobacco which struggled for the ascendancy with carbolic liberally sprinkled with aromatic period—apparently that day. Going to the window Phil attempted to open it when a gruff voice from somewhere across the room said: "Leave that window alone; we're frozen already." "But I want some fresh air," replied Phil. "Then bally well go out and take your six out side," remarked the voice. Seeing that persistence in his desire would only lead to a quarrel Phil left the window and proceeded to prepare for bed. As he placed his boots under the bed a voice from the corner bed near him said, "Say Bo, come over here." Phil went, wondering what new experience lay in store for him. On a cot similar to his own and covered by the blankets lay a boy about his own age. "Well," said Phil, "what do you want of me." His tone, had he but known it, showed more of his inward disgust all he had seen and heard and smelt, than he intended. "Don't get peeved," said the boy on the cot, "I only wanted to tell yer so to lay your dudds around like yer'd

his feet he started for the Powell street entrance of the park carefully carrying the child who now seemed asleep.

The clanging of a gong announced the arrival of the ambulance and Phil followed the policeman, and the stretcher to it.

Early next morning as he left the lodging house an automobile bearing the familiar Red Cross of the Hospitals drove up as Phil stood wondering he heard the man who had left the auto speak the name, Philip Vaughan.

A swift ride landed them at the hospital and soon Phil was standing beside a white bed in which lay the woman who had been injured the night before.

With tears streaming down his face Phil left the hospital and walked and walked not heeding his way till he found himself opposite the Franciscan Church once more.

When presently Phil had regained his composure the gentleman said: "Come with me, I should like to talk to you."

the hallway they turned to the left and after unlocking a door the gentleman ushered Phil into a small office and placed him in a chair.

It was a long walk to the lodging house where Phil had slept the previous night, but he got there at last, worn out with the long walk and the excitements of the day.

CARDINAL MERCIER'S MARTYR SOUL

TRIBUTE BY LAST "NEUTRAL" TO SEE HIM BEFORE ARREST

This eloquent tribute to Cardinal Mercier, the saintly old man who has been arrested by the Germans because he told his flock they had no other duties than to their temporary masters except not to insult them, is written specially for The Weekly Dispatch by Mr. Charles N. Wheeler.

Cardinal Mercier's arrest at Malines may be expected to arouse rather than extinguish the insurrectionary spirit that naturally prevails among the Belgians.

He is the soul of compassion and honour. His sympathies go out to all mankind. A prince of the Church, of widely-renowned erudition, a scholar and teacher to whom have come learned men from many countries to gain new philosophical ideas, he is at all times and in all circumstances, "one of my own people."

Before he was elevated to the cardinalate the townspeople were wont to carry him on their shoulders when they beheld him on the public streets. It was no uncommon sight to see a large throng of men cheering and throwing their hats in the air and, from somewhere near the centre of the group, to behold his tall form smiling on all and saying kindly words.

I am not a Roman Catholic myself. But when I departed from his shell-sweet palace in Malines three weeks ago—not long after he had retired from the stately concourse at Rome in which the new Pope was chosen to his post among hideous ruin and de-

vastation—I knew I had been looking into the face of one who had contemplated long and humbly the things not of this earth.

Stories came to me from the townspeople before I went to the palace. From high and low, rich and poor—now all levelled to the one plane, without money and without price—came the same narrative.

It was a bleak, cold day. A light mist was falling, making the cobblestone slippery. The sun had not been seen for three days.

A grey streak shot into the square, to the accompaniment of a large shrill note, and came to a sudden stop before the military headquarters in the quadrangle.

I was told subsequently that any act of open resentment of the military authority would be most displeasing to Cardinal Mercier.

To understand the feeling at Malines one must take into consideration the religious life of the populace, their long association with the cathedral and the great works of art it contained, and, above all, the idolising of Cardinal Mercier.

I had a long talk with Cardinal Mercier, and my impression is that his pastoral letter was intended, in the long run, to inspire the people with a new patriotism of patience that they might continue to endure, by the very virtue of their hope, and restrain themselves from any serious infringement of the military rules.

Any other course by the Belgian civilians at this time would most surely pull down the whole house and result in certain massacre.

DEED IN THE DAYLIGHT

I hesitate to quote the Cardinal at this time because he is in trouble. However innocent our conversation may have been, and however cautious I might be in trying not to give a wrong interpretation of his views, my own interpretation of memory or judgment might lead to some remark.



that would be misunderstood or twisted into a complex entirely at variance with the truth. However, it is beyond doubt that he is actuated by the highest motives, both of patriotism, which is never a fault, and of religion; that he is exerting all the force of his great soul and intellect to the end that patience and Christian fortitude shall not be lost sight of and that his people still may continue to bear up under the great burden of sorrow and privation against the day when the sun may shine more brightly for Belgium—if it ever does.

Such a man is to be trusted as one who performs his deeds and voices his sentiments in the daylight.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS AND THE WAR

MANY ARE IN THE AMBULANCE CORPS OR IN THE MILITARY HOSPITALS

One of the religious orders that has been most affected by the great European war is that of the Brothers of the Christian Schools (Christian Brothers) who have houses in nearly all the countries engaged.

How the Order has so far been affected by the war is shown in an official statement just issued by the Superior General.

In spite of the ravages of war and of the fact that many of the teachers are with the ambulance corps of the army, most of the Brothers' schools in Belgium are in regular working order.

The Brothers of the Christian Schools were given two days to leave Constantinople, but, through the intervention of the United States Ambassador, who was ever most kind and obliging, they were allowed ten days more.

However, when a "Holy War" was proclaimed throughout the Empire, the Brothers were necessarily exposed to grave danger had not Divine Providence designed to protect them.

Indeed, a very special protection throughout these trying times seems to have been granted to all the Religious. While most of those belonging to the allied Nations were interned in concentration camps and retained as hostages, the Religious were allowed to leave the country.

The buildings were converted into Turkish Schools or Barracks for mobilization purposes. There was, therefore, no massacre, the Religious being simply expelled. In most cases, the Brothers were allowed to take with them an inventory of their property, a duplicate copy being given to United States Consul or other representative of a Neutral Power.

The moveables were also placed under the protection of different Consulates, to be the object of future claims when comes the hoped for Peace of happier days.

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Alost, Bookryck, Carlsbourg, Malonne, Namur, Tournai, Warchin, Kain, Bettange. The Colleges of Froyennes (1,000 pupils), Moulmoyles, Hachy, Erquelines, Etampines, have not reopened their classes but are being used as military hospitals.

According to the Belgian military law, ecclesiastical, religious, and others dispensed from military service in time of peace are obliged, in time of war, to care for the wounded in the field ambulances, with the ambulance trains, or in military hospitals.

These various duties often call for exceptional devotedness, especially in the case of typhoid patients, and the officers in charge, as well as the chaplains, have on many occasions testified to the courage, self-sacrifice, and devotedness of the Christian Brothers.

Some French Marines, cared for by the Brothers in their ambulance at Abhis near Paris, told that on the banks of the Isere where they had been fighting, they had seen the Belgian Brothers working among the wounded under a hail of fire from machine guns.

The different authorities showed themselves in general, most considerate and the Turkish Minister of Public Instruction expressed his high esteem for the solid and practical teaching given by the Brothers.

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Throughout all this crisis we can but admire and bless God's loving care of His own.

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St. Patrick's Day is a day full of suggestion and inspiration to all who enjoy the proud privilege of being even remotely descended from the race which was Christianized by the Apostle of Ireland.

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LOEDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1915

OFFICIAL

St. Peter's Cathedral, London, Ont. Feb. 22nd, 1915.

Dear Reverend Father — Our Holy Father Pope Benedict XV. has appointed Pascent Sunday, March 21st, as a day of expiation and intercession for peace in all the dioceses situated outside of Europe.

DECREE

His Holiness our Sovereign Lord, Pope Benedict XV., in deep affliction at the sight of a war which destroys thousands of young lives, brings misery to families and cities, and rushes flourishing nations to the brink of ruin, yet bearing in mind that Almighty God, whose prerogative it is to heal by chastisement and through pardon to preserve, is moved by the prayer and humble hearts, desires ardently that above the clang of arms may be heard the voice of Faith, Hope and Charity, alone capable of welding together the hearts of men in one mind and one spirit.

For this purpose it is hereby decreed that in every Metropolitan, Cathedral, Parochial, and Conventual Church in all European countries, on the 7th day of February next (being the Sunday called Sexagesima) and on the Sunday of the 21st day of March (being Pascent Sunday) there shall be celebrated special religious functions in the following manner.

In the morning, immediately after the Conventual or Parochial Mass, the Most Blessed Sacrament shall be exposed with all solemnity, and duly incensed; after which the psalm Miserere mei, Deus (Ps. 50) shall be sung with the Antiphon: Quia peccem, Domine, in diebus nostris, quia non est altius qui pugnet pro nobis nisi tu, Deus noster.

Dismissed by the horrors of a war which is bringing ruin to peoples and nations, we turn, O Jesus, to Thy most loving Heart as to our last hope.

O God of Mercy, with tears we invoke Thee to end this fearful scourge; O King of Peace, we humbly implore the peace for which we long.

And do thou, O most holy Virgin, as in other times of sore distress, be now our help, our protection and our safeguard.

THE SASKATCHEWAN SCHOOL QUESTION

The Orangemen of Manitoba have a Correspondence Committee, one of whose duties appears to be to see that the press gives wide publicity to what the Committee considers important news—and views.

And so far as we know, so far as the Supreme Court of Canada knows, the corporations in question may have Catholics amongst their shareholders.

THE QUEEN MOTHER AND SOME OTHER PEOPLE

Occasionally some of the vile American sheets which, under the cloak of zeal for religion, pander to the prurient minded, fall into the hands of Catholics, who are naturally shocked at their shameless obscenity and reckless mendacity.

The Menace, (American) however, is only one of many such papers published in the States. The others are equally liable to exclusion under Canadian law.

people are open to the suggestion that our civil and religious liberties are endangered because two Catholic Judges of the Supreme Court of Canada agree in their interpretation of the law with Protestant Judges of the same court.

Contrast is one of the conditions governing the association of ideas; hence in this connection comes to mind the autograph letter written by Queen Alexandra, who is President of the British Red Cross Society, to the Sister Superior of the hospital at Bethune to express her recognition of the devoted work of the Franciscan Sisters who have charge of the numerous hospitals in the North of France.

FRATERNAL INSURANCE

The Toronto Saturday Night has an Insurance page through which information or advice is given to those who seek it.

SOCIETY, THE PAPACY AND PEACE

In the long interval from the break up of the Roman Empire to the Lutheran schism the Church had a golden opportunity to exercise her mission of peace.

Her Majesty's letter is as follows: Madame la Supérieure, — I have learned through Dr. Martin of your noble and heroic devotion to our brave and unfortunate wounded soldiers, and it is with a heart full of gratitude that I beg you to accept my warmest thanks.

The following questions by persons presumably of average information and the answers by one who has at least mastered the principles of insurance may be useful as well as interesting to our readers:

NOTES AND COMMENTS

A HUNDRED years ago no Catholic priest was allowed to enter Norway, a country like its sister States, Sweden and Denmark, given over unequivocally in the sixteenth century to the Lutheran heresy.

NO NAME in the nineteenth century stood out more prominently among the "heralds of revolt" than Ernest Renan, apostle of neo-paganism and member of the French Academy.

where the lion lay down with the lamb. War there was, and strife there was, and injustice and evil and wrong-doing, but the Church was a power to be reckoned with, and she was able to make that power felt and eventually obeyed.

Madame la Supérieure, — I have learned through Dr. Martin of your noble and heroic devotion to our brave and unfortunate wounded soldiers, and it is with a heart full of gratitude that I beg you to accept my warmest thanks.

Editor, Concerning Insurance: Is the report which appeared in a certain paper a short time ago correct, that the C.O.F. had liabilities of \$35,000,000 against the assets of \$5,000,000?

Editor, Concerning Insurance: I am insured in the C. M. B. A. and the Catholic Order of Foresters for \$1,000 each.

TO BE CONTINUED

And the world answers it trumpet toned. We must go back again to the "Dark Ages," for truly they were ages of light.

And the signs are multiplying that the world is learning its lesson. Many are the thoughts that throng the breast of man to day, and the chief of them all is this: God reveals Himself as the Master.

Editor, Concerning Insurance: I am insured in the C. M. B. A. and the Catholic Order of Foresters for \$1,000 each.

Editor, Concerning Insurance: I am insured in the C. M. B. A. and the Catholic Order of Foresters for \$1,000 each.

TO BE CONTINUED

burst of Epicurean sensuality" which for a generation has ridden roughshod over the soul of France, found its laureate and assumed to find its justification in his well known aphorism that "after all it is uncertain whether vice is not on the side of the nature of things."

BUT BLASPHEMY is prone to find its nemesis as time its avenger. It has not infrequently happened in the course of human history that a faithless father has been followed by a devout son or that more remote descendants have made reparation in their own lives for the evils wrought by their progenitor.

SOMETHING LIKE this seems to have overtaken the memory of Ernest Renan. If he left to the world a legacy of unbelief some atonement has been made for him by his nephew, Ernest Peichari, who after years of reparation has given his life for his country in the present war.

The Many converts who have received their first instruction in the Faith from "The Threshold of the Catholic Church" will have heard with regret of the death of its author Archbishop Bagshawe, formerly, (until 1901) Bishop of Nottingham.

MR. ALEXANDER Fraser, Provincial Archivist, delivered a lecture in Trinity College, Toronto, a week or two ago, on "The Celtic Church in Scotland," at the conclusion of which he is reported to have said that "claims are made by both Anglicans and Presbyterians as to which are the descendants of the Church of St. Columba."

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. PEPPER
FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT

"When shall we buy bread that these may eat?"
A great multitude was following Jesus, because they had seen the miracles that He wrought on the sick.

fact it appears impossible for him to escape from his difficulties and troubles. Moreover, it frequently happens that external misfortunes are accompanied by inward desolation; Jesus seems to have forsaken him; yet this intense sense of helplessness in many cases is the precursor of wonderful help.

TEMPERANCE

Trade papers are commenting on the remarkable change in business circles with regard to drinking. Guzzling booze is neither encouraged nor tolerated as in the past.

He cares for those who trust Him. What a consoling truth! How plainly it is revealed to us in to-day's Gospel. And yet experience often seems to point the other way, and those who trust Him appear to be forsaken.

ANY DYSPETIC CAN GET WELL

By Taking "Fruit-a-tives" Says Capt. Swan

Life is very miserable to those who suffer with indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach and Bilelessness. This letter from Captain Swan (one of the best known skippers on the Great Lakes) tells how to get quick relief from Stomach Trouble.

my grave—if I am lucky enough to have a headstone. Here it is: "Here lies 'Snake Murphy.' He was in jail forty years. Cheap booze kept him there. They still sell it."

CARDINAL MERCIER

London Free Press, Jan. 18, 1915

When I came out of Flanders I brought with me a collar of Mechlin lace. Subsequently that collar had a history. It was brought as a present for a dear friend. But I gave it to her in an evil hour.

How clearly I recall the spring morning on which I saw Malines. I was on my way from Brussels to Antwerp and Malines is half way.

Even now the thought of that spring morning and the recollection that those lines flashed upon my mind with an especial meaning at that moment is grateful to my heart.

SAVE HALF

the cost of your dresses
Make your dresses at home—using a Half-Borchert Adjustable Dress Form for the fitting on. Save half the expense of tailor made gowns, and sacrifice nothing in appearance.

ominous reticence; the veil of silence as it were, which he threw over the fate of Belgian priests and nuns.

One of the most beautiful churches in the world was the Cathedral of St. Rombold at Malines; exquisite thirteenth century Gothic, with a Gothic tower 824 feet high and a chime of bells reckoned the finest and the most complete in Belgium.

And the spirit of Cardinal Mercier and what he means, shut away at this hour though he is from those who need him, that spirit also lingers. It hovers over Malines and over his people.

THE IRISH GUARDS SAY THE BEADS WHILE GOING INTO ACTION.—News Item.

The rain was falling, and pools of blood marked the spots where the fallen lay.

He staggered back with a half-choked cry. They raised him with gentle care.

Back to the trenches a moment more, To the white-faced man with the staring eyes, In his fingers the old worn rosary twined.

No matter how fierce the fight may be, No matter how thick the bullets rain While the foeman fall at their very feet,

CATHOLICS RESIST ATTACKS
THOSE DIRECTED AT KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS ARE UN-AMERICAN, PRIEST SAYS

At the annual Mass for the departed members of the Knights of Columbus, celebrated recently at St. Patrick's Cathedral, the Rev. Father Thomas A. Thornton, rector of St. Columba's Church, protested vigorously against the political attacks that are being made against the Knights of Columbus and Catholics generally.

dom and equal rights which now flows throughout the length and breadth of our great nation, and the hoisting in its place of the black flag of intolerance.

Good for \$1 Pair of Drafts to Try and New Book on Rheumatism

Send Today for this FREE BOOK
Tells how to get rid of your Rheumatism Without Medicine, Without Inconvenience, and Without Risking One Penny.

to thousands of sufferers from this pitiless disease of rheumatism. I can send you letters from nearly every civilized country on the globe telling of cures by my Drafts in every stage of the disease, even after 30 and 40 years of cruel pain.

THE ST. CHARLES
Most Select Location Fronting the Beach ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.

Meet me at the Tuller
For Value, Service, Home Comforts

New HOTEL TULLER
Detroit, Michigan
Center of business on Grand Circus Park. Take Woodward car, get off at Adams Avenue

BRUCE'S SEEDS
SPECIAL COLLECTIONS (Prices Prepaid)
Bruce's Collection Floral Gems, 1 pkt. each of 6 varieties, Fine Annuals, each separate, many colors, for 25c.

Don't Suffer With Stiff Aching Limbs

Don't be inconvenienced and annoyed by tired, inflamed muscles. Massage the parts with Absorbine, Jr., and rout out the trouble. Athletes do. They know that Absorbine, Jr. penetrates quickly and reduces soreness and inflammation—that it is powerful and efficacious in cases of serious sprains, wrenches, torn ligaments, and painful affections.

Mrs. Newlywed says: "I find it so hard to economise, but I must do so for a while."

Mrs. Wisen'ghor says: "Why not do your own washing? It isn't hard if an EDDY Washboard is part of your equipment. I have a 'HOUSE-HOLD GLOBE'—it's a wonder-worker, loosens the dirt so easily, and I NEVER TEAR the clothes."

DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED

It is a disease—not a habit
"Some years ago I was a heavy drinker. Demon drink had me in his grip. Friends, business, family, were slipping from me. I stared me in the face. But one friend remained, a physician. Through his efforts

I WAS SAVED
This man had made a scientific study of drunkenness as a disease. He had found a cure for it."

IT OURES
In a few days, all craving for alcohol is gone, and the patient is restored to health, happiness, family and friends, and the cure is for all.

RENNIE'S Garden Book
For 46 years the leading authority on Vegetables, Flowers and Farm Seeds. Plants and Bulbs. You need it. Send for free copy—1915 to-day.

Johnny-on-the-Spot
"Johnny-on-the-Spot" on skids or on trucks will take care of all your vacuum pumping, separating cream, pulping, churning, washing, etc.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED
We ship on approval to every address in Canada. We do not charge a cent for our trial. We do not charge a cent for our trial.

Liquor and Tobacco Habits
Dr. McTaggart's Vegetable Remedies for these habits are safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypnotic inductions, no loss of time from business, and positive cures.

Church Bells
Memorial Bells a Specialty.
The Church Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Beautiful Rosary
This exquisitely designed Rosary is made from our best quality of faceted amethyst color beads, with a strong lock link attachments and a sturdy crucifix. Our regular price for this Rosary is one dollar, but to all leaders of the Catholic Church we are offering a special discount of 50 p.c. and will send one postpaid upon receipt of 50c. Or if you will act as our representative in your district and sell only 1000, we will send you a color Olograph picture at 15c. each, we will give you one of these 15c. Rosaries absolutely free.

MARCH 18, 1916

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THAT LENTEN HEADACHE

"Father," said the convert, rather earnestly, "do you know I sometimes feel a bit uneasy about this coming time of Lent? What can I do to keep it? I can't fast, you know; I tried it last Ember Days, and got a roaring headache. Yet it seems very odd to me for a Catholic to do no penance at all during the Church's penance time."

"Fasting from food isn't the only way of doing penance," said Father Carson, with a twinkle in his eye. "You might guess that it was if you watched some of your fellow-parishioners, but it is not. Did it ever occur to you, for example, that one's soul can do a bit of fasting, too?"

"Why, bodily fasting," answered Father Carson, "is curbing the body's appetite for food. Now hasn't your soul her appetites, too? And can't you mortify them?"

"How?" answered the convert, with some eagerness. "Tell me how!"

"You need only think of some of the soul's appetites," answered Father Carson, "and you'll readily catch what I mean. There's the appetite we all have for doing as we like, for instance. Our way is the only way. If we can't have it, we sulk and fret. Now, if we were to say to our self-will, when it wants its own way very badly: 'No! You can't have it this time. You must do some one else's will for change. You must be accommodating, obliging. You must yield and give up your own desires, isn't that curbing our self-will fast? And it won't give you a headache, either, do you think?'"

"Whew! I believe I'd rather fast from food," said the convert, with deep conviction and sincerity. "No doubt you would. It's excellent penance, be sure to make your self will fast. Then there's that other appetite of our soul, the desire of praise, esteem, good name. You might make that fast a bit, too, every now and then. Do some good deed and carefully avoid getting any credit for it whatever. Or keep silence when some one casts a harmless slur upon you, nothing, but insignificant. Don't answer, don't defend yourself. There's good penance in that!"

"I should say there was!" agreed the convert, rapidly. "Then there's the tendency we all of us have to grow fussy, and cross and snappish—bad tempered, in a word. A good strong outburst would relieve us. If we could only vent our impatience on somebody, or something, we'd feel relieved. But that's wrong; make your bad temper fast. Crush down the ugly mood. Hold back the angry words. There's penance for you, isn't it?"

"Thank you, Father," said the convert softly. "I have enough ways already to last me all through Lent."

"We haven't nearly exhausted the subject though," said Father Carson, his eyes twinkling brighter than ever. "There's being obliging. What a penance that is at times! Some one at home asks us to do them a little service. We straightway think of a good excuse. Away with it! Say: 'Yes, of course I will,' with a bright face and a cheery tone, and you have made your selfishness fast to good purpose. I can tell you. No headache, either, I think."

"Then there's almsgiving; that's another way of doing penance. That's making our greediness fast. You're well-to-do, let us say, but not rich. If you keep all you have, you have just enough to be comfortably off. But in comes some good cause, or some deserving fellow in hard luck, and asks you for aid. Say: 'Why certainly! Here! It means a little inconvenience for me, but it may be life or death for you. Here's the money, and welcome! Isn't there penance in that?'"

"Penance and common sense too," said the convert. "But how few of us see it that way. I always thought that I was excused from almsgiving, because I have always needed all that I had. Needed it for my comfort, I

mean. But your point is good. It's a Christian way of looking at things. Mine was rather a pagan way, I'm afraid."

"Well, you see our life is full of ways of doing penance," went on Father Carson, "which don't hold a single headache between them all. Even the Morning Offering, which you make every day, I hope,—the convert nodded assent—"is a true act of penance, too, if only it is deep and sincere; because we naturally love to do things, for our own sake, for our own interest, our own good, our own comfort, our own pleasure, our own praise. Now, if we honestly say: 'Not for myself to-day, but for the sweet Heart of Jesus,' and say it honestly and earnestly, and mean it all the day long, there's a touch of penance, you see, even there."

"Thanks, a thousand thanks," said the convert, holding out his hand. "You've opened my eyes. If I have the nerve to do as I mean to do now, I believe I shall perform some downright good penance before the end of this Lent. But I see it takes nerve. To fast, after all, is largely a question of meal-time. But this sort of penance will keep one's will power in action pretty well through the whole day."

"Don't think for a moment, though, that I mean to decry fasting as a means of doing penance," said Father Carson, as his visitor rose to depart. "Fasting is the official penance which the Church has chosen for her children, and it is sanctioned and made holy by our Lord's long fasting, and by the faithful practice of all the saints. It has a double merit, too, because it is also a work of obedience. But if a man can't fast from food, I think you realize now that it is simply foolish for him to say, 'I'm free.' There are a hundred appetites within him besides his hunger for food, and he can always make some of these fast to good purpose, indeed."

"Well, if everybody would fast, as you say, from all his unpleasant appetites and ugly inclinations," said the convert heartily, "what a pleasant sort of perpetual Easter time this life would soon get to be!"—St. Paul Bulletin.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A BRAVE BOY

"Look at that chink coming out of our church," Tom McDonald shouted across the street to his chum, as a Chinaman came down the steps of St. Mary's.

"Well, what of it?" asked Brother Leo, who happened to be passing by. "There is no reason why a Chinaman can't be a Catholic, Tom. You know our Lord made the Church for men of all nations."

"Yes, Brother, but a Chinaman seems different," said Tom. "It does seem some way as if they could not be like us."

"As devout?" questioned Brother Leo. "And as brave and courageous to stand up for the faith? Well, while we are walking down to school, let me tell you about a Chinese boy who became a Catholic."

"Hullo, Arthur, come along. Brother is going to tell us a story," Tom called to his friend; and soon the three were on their way.

"This is a 'truly' story," said Brother. "The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament relates it. A Chinese boy, ten years old, who had been baptized by a missionary, had a great longing to be confirmed, so he went straight to the Bishop, and begged for confirmation. The Bishop was touched by his eagerness, but the boy looked so young and small that he hesitated to grant his wish. 'I shall test him,' decided the Bishop. So he asked: 'But after you are confirmed, if the Mandarin puts you in prison and asks you about your faith, what will you answer?'"

"Monsignor, I will tell him that I am a Christian."

"And if he commands you to deny your faith, what then, my child?"

"I shall say 'Never!' Monsignor,"

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

TO GUARD AGAINST ALUM IN BAKING POWDER SEE THAT ALL INGREDIENTS ARE FAIRLY PRINTED ON THE LABEL AND THAT ALUM OR SULPHATE OF ALUMINA OR SODIC ALUMINIC SULPHATE IS NOT ONE OF THEM. THE WORDS "NO ALUM" WITHOUT THE INGREDIENTS IS NOT SUFFICIENT. MAGIC BAKING POWDER COSTS NO MORE THAN THE ORDINARY KINDS. FOR ECONOMY, BUY THE ONE POUND TINS.

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THE MAN BEHIND THE FIRING LINE

(G. B. Lancaster, in the Toronto News)

Following are extracts from a letter from just behind the front, written by the New Zealand daughter of the ten-year-old Canadian, with several touches of the nature that makes the whole world kin:

TOMMY IS AN INDIVIDUAL It rains here without ceasing. Tears of the sky, brought down by the great guns. It is dark at 4 of the clock, and all places of amusement are shut. The French or Belgian soldier, with his troop train waiting him to-morrow and all his home folk far away, keeps his heart up by drifting through the streets in the wet dark, playing cards in half-lighted cafes, or waiting to claim his kit in some black, windy shed among the wharves where the "sapsap" of deserted fishing boats riding in the Basin put restlessness to the desolate right. It may not always be wise for the Belgian to think of his home folk. But no one seems to suggest anything that he might think of instead. Right here one discovers a fundamental difference between the Continental soldier and the British. The first-named appears to be recognized as a fighting asset only. As a personal unit he presumably does not exist. Tommy is an individual ever and always. The Y. M. C. A. are putting up "home comfort" sheds for him overseas. He has "tea rooms" for English soldiers in the towns—although I do not know if he ever goes there. He has restaurants and patisseries he may order his cup of coffee and sit for an hour in the warmth with his eternal little cigarettes.

HOW THEY ARE PAID The pion-pion must eat and drink standing, and go. It was his wife who first explained that to me: "He also gets a sou a day," she said. "Moi! I have twenty five sous, and each child has five. I take washing now that he has gone to the war." A sou is almost a half-penny in English money. I could have told her that the Belgian soldier waxes rich on twopenny halfpenny a day, and that Tommy's wife will shortly receive anything up to a pound a week, exclusive of a "pound" a week, or even a "pound" a week. But at seven sous? Perhaps that is why the Continental soldier is calculated in the bulk only. He has to be paid that way.

WAR UNITES BELGIANS He was gay when I saw him yesterday—a troop train full of him, going straight up to the trenches. We passed three troop trains in one hour and we ourselves had German prisoners aboard. The time seemed ripe for demonstration somewhere, and I waited to see how "man's inhumanity to man" would show itself. With the first draft we drew blank. They were Belgians, curly bearded and with a reserve in the eyes which set you thinking. One does not talk to a Belgian about the

A TRAGEDY INDEED

Every intelligent man, no matter what his religious views may be, must deplore the tragedy which took place in Marshall, Texas, February 9, resulting in the death of William Black, an anti Catholic lecturer, and John Rogers a Catholic and Knight of Columbus, and the serious wounding of John Copeland, also a Catholic and member of the Order of the Sons of the Holy Child.

The facts brought to light at the trial, an account of which lies before us, indicate that Rogers, Copeland and other Catholics tried to prevail upon Black, who posed as an expert, not to repeat assertions in regard to the Church and Catholic women which he had made in a previous lecture. In the altercation which followed Black and Rogers were shot and Copeland seriously wounded. As a result of the preliminary examination which took place before Justice of the Peace Young, George Ryan and George Tier were indicted for the murder of Black and Clarence Hall, a companion of Black, for that of Rogers.

Southern blood is hot, and due allowance must be made for the provocation given by Black in his assault on the character of Catholic women; but when all is said and done there can be no doubt that the tragedy was a tragedy in more than one sense. There was no justification for any of these men to take the law into their own hands. It would be better, in fact, for all concerned, for the Church, and for Catholics in general, to have ignored Black entirely. Black lectured in the army in St. Paul some weeks ago and no one knew he was here, except the

FOR ROUGH SKIN, SORE LIPS, OR CHAPPED HANDS

Campana's Italian Balm is soothing, healing and pleasant. Send 4 cents for sample—27 years on the market. E. G. WEST & CO., 80 GEORGE ST., TORONTO.

St. John's, Newfoundland

324 WATER ST. John T. Kelly MONUMENTAL and HEADSTONE Dealer in Granite and Marble

STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS AND LEADED LIGHTS

B. LEONARD EST. QUEBEC: P. Q. 1896

We make a specialty of Catholic church windows

\$45—Eight rooms and bathroom, (not water heating, central, possession immediately. Robins, Ltd.) Say "Safford" and the house will rent easier

THE MILITARY MASS

From St. John's, Nfld., Telegram On Sunday, Jan. 31st, Rev. Father Naugle, Chaplain of the Catholic Cadet Corps, celebrated Mass in the Cathedral, for Catholic members of the Contingent now ready for the front.

Around the altar in their strength they came, Sons of the North, encircled by the sea. Who now the heritage of Empire claim For in this land it had its infancy; Nor wanting now shall her devotion be

When men for England's right go forth to war And bear through days of stress herocly The brave old flag whose tattered crest the star Of fadeless victory illumed at Tratalgar!

Now is the hour of sacrifice and prayer— The youthful priest, the comrade of the Corps, The clean Oblation, meekly offers there To God that He may on our soldiers pour The gifts of courage, fortitude, and o'er Their arms in battle stretch His sheltering hand Till peace of nations once again restore Them to the homes and hearts of Newfoundland— Yet, Father of the World, we bow to Thy command!

There is Gethsemane o'er all the earth! The bitter chalice to pale lips is pressed; The drain of blood goes out from every heart; So must we share its sorrow with the rest. The land, the sea is calling for the best— Bring us not Jehovah in our need! For aye our triumph thro' the final Urge to our standard still the hero breed And in the battles' clash our arms to victory lead.

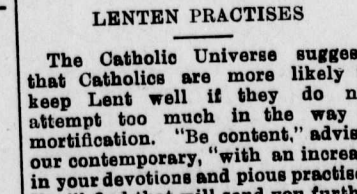
—D. CARROLL

LENTEN PRACTICES

The Catholic Universe suggests that Catholics are more likely to keep Lent well if they do not attempt too much in the way of mortification. "Be content," advises our contemporary, "with an increase in your devotions and pious practices. You'll find that will send you further along on the road to sanctity than a heroic resolve to do something extraordinary and then not do it. We suggest that you add ten minutes to the time you give to your morning prayers and the same number of minutes to your evening devotion, or if you choose to do so, make it longer. Then when your parish church has its evening services, go to those regularly. You'll find that the company of others performing these public devotions will aid you in your individual good work."

WELL SEND THE FIRST

few doses of Gin Pills to you free—if you have any Kidney or Bladder Trouble. After you see how good they are—get the 50c. size at your dealer's. National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited—Toronto



WON'T SHRINK WOOLLENS LUX A wonderful preparation that coaxes rather than forces the dirt out of clothes. LUX gives a rich, cream-like lather which dainty hands and garments need never fear. It prevents all fabrics from matting and shrinking in the wash. LUX Won't Shrink Woollens—Price 10c. Send a post-card to-day for free sample of LUX.

Advertisement for Gin Pills with a bottle illustration and text describing its benefits for kidney and bladder issues.

Advertisement for Safford Boilers and Radiators, featuring a large illustration of a boiler and text describing its efficiency and safety.

Advertisement for Practical Painters Welcome Alabastine, showing a painter and text describing the benefits of Alabastine paint.

Advertisement for Church's Cold Water Alabastine, featuring a painter and text describing the product's use in home decoration.

THE C. M. B. A.

Stratford, Ont., March 1st, 1915. Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: Would you please allow me space in your valuable paper to say a few words about the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of which I have been a member the past seventeen years. I have a policy for \$2,000. I now pay \$2.90 per month, which is not enough to keep any insurance in existence. But under the new rates I will be asked to pay \$9.14 cents per month, which is too great an amount and one which I could not pay. I only wish I had been asked to pay a solvent rate when my earnings power was good so as not to be driven out when too old to take other insurance. But I have no regrets on leaving. I had cheap insurance and the money I paid went to help the widow and orphan. Let us take a glance at the rates that members are paying who joined prior to 1907, which are called solvent rates. Take the member twenty-five years of age; he has a policy for \$1,000. He pays 99 cents per month, \$11.88 per year, paying for eighty-five years of age, \$1,009.80 cents, which would be a little over the amount of his policy. Let us pass on to the member of thirty years. He too has a \$1,000 policy on which he pays \$1.17 per month or \$14.04 per year. He paying in for seventy-two years would pay in a fraction over the amount of his policy; add the age at which they became members to the years required to pay the amount of their policies and they would be very old members. I claim, and I think I am not any too high in my estimate, that any man paying life insurance no matter what age he is drawn for, I claim he should be required to pay an amount equal to the amount of his policy before he reaches the age of seventy years. We must make a great allowance for those members who die in a few years after becoming members, and we have very many of them. Looking over the deaths I think there should be a clause in each policy stating that the member who dies in a few stated years after joining would only claim half the amount of policy. I think the Society should have some protection as well as the individual member. I hope that every member of the C. M. B. A. will consider that he is not paying a sufficient rate and have his rates increased so he will not be obliged to pay more when an old man. I contend that any man of twenty-five years with a \$1,000 policy should pay \$2 per month and then he would be on a sound basis for his lifetime. I do not want any brother member to think that I wish to say one harsh word against our Society or its members. No, I have the best wishes for it. I hope and trust that the rates will go on and flourish as it should with the approval and blessing of the dignitaries of our holy Church. Thanking you in anticipation for space Mr. Editor, I remain yours truly, PATRICK KEHOE, Pres. Br. 490, Stratford, Ont.

this city. The difference is so large, the average being 49.60 among the Catholic to 14.05 among the Protestant nationalities, that it must prove of the utmost significance to the social and political economist, especially if the comparative infrequency of divorce among the former class be considered."—St. Paul Bulletin.

SPECIAL TO THE RECORD THE SERMON EXPLAINED

If ye listen, avic, sure to tell you I'll try, The main' of all that the Preacher did say, Do ye mind how he told us to hold our heads high, Since the feast of a nation we're keepin' to-day?

There are countries that boast of a Saint more or less, And 'tis not condemnin' their pride I will be, For sure even wan is a prize to possess, And I'd never begrudge them a lone two or three.

But in Ireland, avic, there are saints by the score, Though most of their names in no book you will find, And I don't mean the monks and the hermits of yore, Though I truthfully say we had lots of that kind.

As for Doctors and Teachers, and Preachers and Priests, Sure the Lord knows how gladly we gave of our best; And, in truth, if we minded of keepin' in their tracks, He should lengthen the year to make room for the rest.

But the sons and the daughters of Erin's green isle, Uneducated and unlettered, who labored for God, Whose pure hearts were never polluted by guile, And whose feet left blessin' wherever they trod.

Sure these are the saints that I'm mainin', avic, Who kept the old Faith that St. Patrick first brought, And who sowed the good seed far from Erin's green shore, And now glorify for God and St. Patrick wrought.

Though we're proud of the saints that in glory are crowned, Of Patrick and Brigid, Columba and Gall, We are prouder of those that no mention have found, For, I'm puzzled how heaven finds room for them all.

No nation has ever walked closer to God; 'Tis only an Irishman knows how to pray; Sure the next thing to heaven is Erin's green sod— That's the reason we're proud on St. Patrick's Day. —REV. D. A. CASEY, "Columbia."

GERMAN CATHOLICS AND KULTUR

FATHER O'GORMAN SHOWS THAT THEY OPPOSE KULTUR Ottawa Evening Journal, February 1, 1915

The Choir

No Choir can do themselves justice with a poor Church Organ. A Friend, Hospital for Insane, London, 5 00

KARN Church Organ

will help your Choir immensely and will also please the congregation and managers. You get lasting satisfaction in a Karn.

The Karn-Morris Piano & Organ Co., Limited Head Office, Woodstock, Ont. Factories, Woodstock and Listowel

THE TABLET FUND

Toronto, March 5, 1915. Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: I thank you for giving space to the Appeal for the Tablet Fund for the Relief of the Belgians. So far I have received because of this appeal:

- Mr. L. A. Wardell, Hamilton... 5 00
W. E. Blake & Son, Toronto... 25 00
A Friend, Hospital for Insane, London... 5 00
A Friend, Perth... 5 00
A Friend, Seaford... 2 00
Elsa Malzer, St. John, N. B... 2 00
Rev. M. D. Demetria, Sacred Heart Orphanage, Toronto... 2 00
A Friend, Danville, Que... 2 00

ATHERTON'S HISTORY OF MONTREAL

The last few days has seen the issue of by far the most valuable history of Montreal, which has ever appeared, or is likely to appear within our generation. The author is Dr. Atherton, so well known in connection with the City Improvement League, the Child Welfare Association and similar beneficent movements.

The completeness and amount of conscientious research are astonishing. The learned author has made himself acquainted at first hand with the whole range of rare documents and books, from the works of Jacques Cartier down to the archives of the Court House and Seminary and the reports of local societies of the present time.

HELP BELGIUM

By Vincent McNabb, O. P. There never was a nation that needed help as Belgium now needs it. There never was a nation that has helped itself throughout the ages as Belgium has helped herself.

THE NEW CHAPEL AT ETON

Ponet desertum quasi delicatus. And one wonders what the pious founder of Eton College would have thought had he witnessed the quiet and simple ceremony of the opening of a Catholic church at Eton on Wednesday last, January 20th, when Holy Mass was celebrated here after a lapse of three hundred and fifty-six years!

In 1440 Henry VI, founded and established a college "to endure to the end of time: to the praise, glory, and honor of our Gracious Lord to the exaltation of the most glorious Virgin Mary, His Mother, and the support of the Holy Church, His Bride." We read that "the King's College of Our Lady of Eton beside Windsor" was declared to be a body corporate, and capable of holding lands and advowsons in perpetuity. In 1553 the intentions of the founder were set at naught. By order of the Privy Council, the bells of Eton College were confiscated to the King, and the Church goods converted "from monuments of superstition to necessary uses."

The gospel of hate is not taught in the Catholic schools of Germany. Another point to be remembered about the German Catholics is this: While England began to fight Prussian Kultur in 1914, German Catholics began their fight against Kultur in 1872. When Prussia tried to enslave the Catholic Church and force upon her Catholic subjects the anti-Christian Kultur ideas of the German Liberals, the term Kulturkampf (Cultur fight) was invented. Catholics fought this anti-Catholic Kultur. Bureaucratic Prussia put two Catholic Archbishops in prison, expelled the religious orders, deprived 1,125 parish priests of their parishes, gagged Catholic education and confiscated all Catholic ecclesiastical property, but it did not succeed in imposing its Kultur on the Catholics of Westphalia and the Rhineland.

Pope Benedict's Prayer For Peace

We are now in a position to supply the official prayer for peace issued by His Holiness, at the following prices: 250, 75c., 50c., \$1.00, 1.00, \$1.85. Postpaid on receipt of price. EVERY PARISH SHOULD HAVE A SUPPLY

The Catholic Record

LONDON, CANADA

and intercession. For the moment, however, our more urgent duty is not towards the dead, but towards the living, whose life may even become worse than death. Famine is now crouching behind the devastating guns, ready for a heavier devastation. This is not rhetoric, or only such rhetoric as the naked truth scatters when it goes forth to slay. Famine! This is the horrible truth now overshadowing that little land that once was, and now is but little more than an imperishable memory.

CARRANZA ARRESTS 180 NATIVE PRIESTS

Washington, February 20.—Because of their failure to furnish 500,000 pesos (normally \$250,000) in response to a demand from the Constitutional authorities, now in control of Mexico City, 180 native Mexican priests have been placed under arrest in the Mexican capital. Words to this effect reached Secretary Bryan to-day in a dispatch from Senor Cardozo, the Brazilian Minister in the capital, who is looking after American diplomatic interests. The message said that these priests had been summoned to the National Palace and were told that they must meet a levy of 500,000 pesos to be used "for the poor," and that all of the priests were put under arrest because of their failure to meet the demand.

THE DOMINION LIFE'S FINE RECORD

Policyholders of the Dominion Life Assurance Company of Waterloo, Ont., are waking up to the fact that they are insured in one of the best Policyholders' Companies in Canada. This Company, whose annual report appeared in our last issue, is run at an astonishingly low cost, and this fact combined with its high earning power, enables it to make the most substantial returns to its clients.

POPE PRAYS FOR PEACE AS 60,000 BOW IN ST. PETER'S

Rome, Sunday, Feb. 7.—There was an impressive scene in St. Peter's this afternoon when Pope Benedict intoned his prayer for peace. The great edifice was thronged with worshippers, when the Pontiff surrounded by 22 Cardinals, mounted to the Papal altar. Standing between the 4 richly gilded spiral columns of Bernini canopy, Pope Benedict intoned the prayer, which was responded by the kneeling multitude, whose voices echoed throughout the great temple. The prayer was to the "God of All Mercies, King of Peace." The Pope on arriving at and leaving St. Peter's received an ovation. As he was leaving after the ceremony there were many cries of "Long live the Pope!" and "Give us peace!" Despite the downpour of rain at 3 o'clock this afternoon all the bells of

MEMORIAL WINDOWS STAINED GLASS

the 400 churches in Rome pealed out, calling the people to services to implore the cessation of the war, and the establishment of peace among the nations of the world. More than 60,000 persons gathered in St. Peter's. The immense basilica appeared more imposing than on usual occasions, there being no decorations except the candlesticks with their flickering flames on the Papal altar under the colossal dome where the Pope alone says Mass.

TEACHERS WANTED

A QUALIFIED NORMAL TRAINED CATHOLIC teacher for Separate school. Duties beginning after Christmas holidays. Apply stating salary and experience and qualifications to D. A. McKinnon, Dalhousie Station, Q. B. No. 1. 1891-1f

FREE WILL GIVE FREE TO ANY

person interested in stock or poultry, one of our 80 page illustrated books on how to feed, how to build "ten houses"; tells the common diseases of poultry and stock, with remedies for same, tells how to cure crop in four days; tells all about our Royal Purple Stock and Poultry foods and how to use them. Write W. A. Jenkins, Mfg. Co., London, Canada.

POSITION WANTED

LADY WISHES A POSITION AS HOUSE-keeper for gentleman. Good plain cook. Address Box U, CATHOLIC RECORD, 1897-3

CHILDREN FOR ADOPTION

THE FOLLOWING NUMBER OF CHILDREN are available for placement in foster homes: Boys aged 3, 4, 5, four aged 6, two aged 7, three aged 8, one aged 9 and one 10. Girls: two aged 4, one 5, 6, 7, 8, and three aged 9. These children are all wards of the Children's Aid Society and are awaiting placement at the Shelters and Catholic Orphanages in the Province. Applications to be received by Wm. O'Connor, Inspector, Department of Neglected and Dependent Children, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Ont. 1897-4

FARMS FOR SALE

EXECUTORS SALE OF STOCK AND GRAIN farm in Oxford county, 23 acres clay loam; solid red brick house, basement barn 60x40; cement hog pen, garage; cement silo, 12x18; near woods, village, depots, schools, churches, creameries, condenseries (Borden's) hydro power, telephone and rural mail installed. Within easy driving distance of three Catholic churches. Write for printed description and price to J. J. McNally, executor, Orterville, Ont., R. R. No. 1. 1897-4

FOR SALE

MEAT AND PROVISION BUSINESS FOR sale: wholesale sausage and botogna trade in connection; splendid local business; immediate possession; shop in market building and the only fresh meat shop in the market; good reason for selling; a bargain for quick sale; the only Catholic meat and provision shop in town. Address C. T. Enright, Collingwood, Ont. 1897-2

C. M. B. A. Branch No. 4, London

Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month at eight o'clock, at their Rooms, St. Peter's Parish Hall, Richmond Street. Fr. Smith, President.

BELLS, PEALS, CHIMES

Send for catalog. Our bells made of selected metal; rich tones, volume and durability guaranteed. J. J. VAN DER BRUG, Peal and Chime Manufacturer (Est. 1837) 60, Front St. W., Toronto, Ont.

J. J. M. Landy

EVERYTHING IN Catholic Church Supplies Why not equip your Altar Boys with new Casocks and Surplices for Easter? Also booking orders for PALM FOR PALM SUNDAY AT 405 YONGE ST. Long Distance Phones Main 6556 and 6499 Colonge 452 Toronto, Ont.

Beautiful St. Patrick's Day Souvenir

A Picture For Every Irish Canadian Home Centrepiece contains beautiful photograph of old Irish House of Parliament, and surrounding it are life like portraits of J. E. Redmond, J. Dillon, Joseph Devlin, Daniel J. Connelley, Michael Davitt, Henry Grattan, Charles Stewart Parnell, W. E. Gladstone, and H. H. Asquith. Picture is 12 inches by 16 inches mounted on embossed paper, beautifully finished in six colors, and is imported direct from Ireland. Mailed free to any part of Canada and the United States on receipt of money order for 30 cents. AGENTS WANTED. T. J. MCKENNA 281 Grove St. Jersey City, N. J.

Begin the New Year Aright

BY PLACING a policy on your life for the protection of your family. NO OTHER SECURITY can approach a life insurance policy in a sound company. IN NO OTHER WAY can you make sure that a fixed sum will be available at your death. THE ANNUAL COST will be trifling compared with the benefit. You can provide for it out of the odds-and-ends which you spend every year. THIS WILL BE taking a definite, practical step towards making 1915 a better year for yourself and those dependent on you. WRITE US ABOUT IT. The Capital Life Assurance Company of Canada Head Office Ottawa

WAR SPECIAL POST CARDS

ALL THE RAGE NOW Boys! Girls! Make Big Money Our Post Cards sell themselves at 3 for 5c. You just hand them out and take the money. ONE BOY HAS "CLEARED OVER \$200.00" selling our cards. Lots have sold over \$100.00 worth. A GIRL SOLD \$100.00 WORTH IN AN HOUR AND A HALF. Our War Cards go like wild-fire. Patriotic Cards, Battleships, War Cartoons, etc., etc., also Easter Cards, Birthday and Greeting Cards, Scenery, Studies of Children, etc., etc.; hundreds of kinds, all the latest and best, and fastest selling. DON'T SEND ONE CENT IN ADVANCE. We trust the readers of the Catholic Record with our Cards. Just say you will do your best; YOU CAN'T HELP SUCCEEDING. SEE WHAT YOU GET: We send you \$1.00 worth to start with. You sell these, and send us \$1.80; if you get the whole \$3.00 we will send you \$3.00 worth of Cards, which you then keep the \$3.00. DID YOU EVER HEAR OF AN EASIER WAY TO MAKE MONEY? Almost anything! for our Cards sell like hot cakes. Don't forget, "THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES THE WORM". Order to-day. The Gold Medal Card Co. Dept. R. 7 Toronto, Ont.