

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXII.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1920

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### FAILURE vs. SUCCESS

When the commonplace of pulpit, platform, press, and ethical teaching have become familiar to those who have fairly entered the arena of industrial or commercial competition, there still remain unsolved problems which perplex scrupulous minds.

It is easy to denounce or defend extreme instances of scandalous or reputable success, but these only throw into relief the dull average, the vast proportion of individual cases which comply with the ordinary rules of the market, but somehow seem to fall short of the approval of thoughtful observers.

Moreover, the kind of prosperity which attracts the notice and often excites the envy of shallow minds appears to carry a good deal of dissatisfaction in its train. It is delightful to meet with a man who has overcome obstacles and attained wealth and dignity without betraying a sense of moral failure to compass life's true ends; but how rare such an experience is! For human nature is so constituted that, while it retains the power of self-judgment, it must feel inwardly conscious of degradation when it has stooped to achieve outward success by employing crafty and unscrupulous means. This brings us up sharply against the popular standards, which are not very delicate in their treatment of the law written on the heart; they only aim at compliance with the current opinion of the place and time. Thus conscience becomes a mere reflector of the prevailing interests in the State and society. When we are full of astonishment at the cruelties perpetrated by civilized peoples in their dealings with each other, we are driven to a tardy recognition of this central truth. As water cannot maintain itself above its own level, so public morals cannot reach an ideal standard until the personal sense of duty is more widely spread and spiritually reinforced among young and old of all ranks. This implies the deepest interior fact of life, but the hardest to learn—that in the final result the interest of each is the interest of all. Every discerning moralist knows that outward sanctions are untrustworthy; no tribunal ever succeeds in apportioning praise and blame quite justly. Popular verdicts are notoriously inaccurate, taking account chiefly of appearances, while the whole realm of motive and aim remains hidden. This consideration should make us pause when tempted to pass judgment upon those who are deemed failures or worthily rewarded members of the community to which we belong.

Many serious people fancy the under a righteous administration of secular affairs virtue is sure to attain deserved success, and, having chosen the better part, they are perplexed when all other good things are not added to them. They see that excellent character and conduct do not protect them from financial ruin or avert the sorest ills to which flesh is heir. These untrained thinkers do not envisage the whole of life; if they did they would discover that rectitude, though often heavily handicapped in the race, like the tortoise in the fable, often leaves the swift but unscrupulous competitor behind, for wealth and power ultimately rest upon probity. Society would have gone to pieces long ago if the clever scoundrel's career always or even frequently met with wide recognition. Good faith and sterling honesty are after all the most valuable assets in the commercial world.

Here once more it is well to remark upon the various forms that success takes, many of them dovetailing into the individual type and environment. Palissy, the potter, achieved a mighty triumph when he succeeded in imitating his wares at the expense of his wife's wedding-ring and his last reserve of fuel. One instance will suffice, for has not all invention and discovery involved sacrifice of some kind? The best work in all spheres of human effort is but meagrely rewarded in the coin of the realm. In art, in literature, in the fields of philanthropy and spiritual enterprises, is it not the rule that mediocrity is highly valued, simply because

most of us are only capable of appreciating the second best? No doubt the crude products of mere talent are ultimately forgotten by the crowds who have lauded them, while genius wins the guerdon of immortality, but in the meantime the great majority are passing through stages of educational discipline which have the promise of future development. A broad view of the manifold tastes and requirements of social groups account for the sober hopefulness which sustains the helpless in so many branches of charitable service. All the members of the body have not the same office. Honor and dishonor are only relative terms. A second-rate success may carry with it more credit than a first-class failure.

Men who by acumen and industry reach a high level in business or professional life often fail to acknowledge their indebtedness to others. In addition to certain advantages at the start a clean ancestry and a fairly balanced temperament, the product of social conditions that favor progress, they have been helped directly by kind friends who know the dangerous spots in the daily rounds. Moreover, the misfortunes of weak competitors acted as warnings, for bell-buoy and flare in stormy times have no more useful function than bankruptcies and forced sales have in the sphere of human activity. It is a sure mark of real success when a man shows a modest spirit, sharing the credit of his achievements with those who have labored with him to a common end, and recognizing that with a less fortunate set of circumstances he might have come to grief, as some well-intentioned rivals had done. There has been too much false praise of self-made men, as though any one of us could be regarded as the architect of his own fortune in any but a Pickwickian sense. The parable of the talents rebukes such pride and narrowness; the man who failed there was not guilty of arrogance, but of underestimating his opportunity. To bury a humble talent is an offence against the community, while self-exaltation ignores the great reservoir of faculty and accumulated experience from which our late generation can draw the stored capital, intellectual and moral, which the world owes to unnumbered faithful toilers.

We are well aware that in varying moods great writers have touched upon this theme in ways that excite a passing interest, but do not help thoughtful readers to a settled conclusion. Thus Hazlitt writes: "One thunder of applause from pit, boxes, and gallery is equal to a whole immortality of posthumous fame."

Walter Besant, in one of his novels remarks that "The man who has the best chance of being forgotten is the good man, the prudent, the righteous, the quiet, the self-denying." Even Milton, in a famous passage, says that "Fame is the spur that the clean spirit doth raise (that last infirmity of noble mind) to scorn delight and love laborious days." Pascal, by no means prone to take cynical views of human life, breaks out into the following: "How strangely men act! They will not praise those who are living at the same time with themselves, and whom they know; but to be themselves praised by posterity, by those whom they have never seen and never will see—this they greatly desire!"

These quotations illustrate the truth which should qualify all our judgments respecting life's end and aim. When once a man has made up his mind on that fundamental point he may be expected to frame his convictions and fashion his conduct accordingly. Not that perfect consistency is attainable. Indeed the range of our activities would be greatly restricted if a mechanical conformity to rules became general. There is our physical nature to reckon with, and this will inevitably color our affectional and moral being. To set before us an ideal which beyond mortal reach can only lead to failure—perhaps also to a dismal reaction into vice and folly. Asceticism has often been followed by dissipation. Whole societies have lapsed into wild excess when some unnatural restraint has been suddenly removed. Life is a problem, and it is not thought out in both its personal and social bearings confusion must result.

## WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

### IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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THE ANTI-ANTI-IRISH POLICY

Since the majority of tradespeople in Belfast and the North Eastern section of Ireland choose to work, tooth and nail against Ireland's great wrong being righted, the remainder of Ireland, upon whose trade these Northeasterners have for ages grown fat, are beginning to realize that there is absolutely no necessity for them to feed up the Anti-Irish Belfastmen with business, and keep them in the pink of condition for fighting Ireland's claim. Consequently, throughout the remainder of Ireland, there has been spontaneously springing up the beginnings of a boy-and-girl anti-Irishmen of the North-East. The big Belfast wholesalers and the big Belfast banks got from one-half to two-thirds their support from the Nationalist parts of Ireland, and from the truly National people. Now these latter are beginning to say: "We have been fooled by these Anti-Irish long enough. Let us turn the screw a little on them, and see how they'll like it."

One of the centers in which this boycott is gaining much headway is the town of Tuam in Galway. A visitor to Tuam tells that when he was there every one was talking of the boycott of Belfast. He says one Belfast traveller (drummer) who used to gather large orders from Tuam, had just been there, and had gone away with twenty-three checks and no orders—which meant twenty-three accounts closed out. One of these shopkeepers who just closed out his account with a Belfast firm had paid fourteen thousand pounds to that firm in the year then ended. A tiny shop next door where the visitor was staying had, in the same year, sent five thousand pounds to Belfast firms for goods. These were amongst the Tuam traders who handed their checks and "no further orders" to the Belfast drummer,—and told him to come again and see them after Belfast should have been struck by the grace of God. This boycott movement seems to be spreading fast. It will be interesting to note its effect upon the Carsonites, who, though they love British much, have the canny Scotch characteristic of loving business more.

### WERE OUR PROFESSIONS SHEER HYPOCRISY?

In last week's review it was mentioned that an Englishman, Archbishop Redwood of Wellington, N. Z., at the great Australian demonstration, had proposed the resolution in support of an Irish Republic. A few of Dr. Redwood's words in support of his resolution are well worth reading for goods. These were amongst the said: "Ireland is a nation, and deserves the treatment of a nation. Her nationality is the oldest in Europe. She was a nation when the inhabitants of Britain were ignorant and gross barbarians, and she helped to Christianize and civilize them. As Cardinal Mercier—a man of world-wide fame, great learning, and consummate virtue—says in his address of thanks to Ireland: 'It is inconceivable that the nationality of Ireland, the oldest and purest in Europe, should not be recognized by the League of Nations.' At the outbreak of the War our ears were warily opened with loud and emphatic assertions of the most representative speakers and exponents of public opinion in England that we were fighting for the freedom and independence of the small nations, for the right of the small nations to self-determination. Were these words sheer mockery and hypocrisy? We were told, again and again, that the object of the War was the utter destruction of Prussianism and lo! today the small nation at England's door, the nation whose nationality is unequalled in Europe for duration and dignity is the goaded victim of the most barefaced and outrageous Prussianism."

### LORD MILNER AND THE MUFTI

The Irish papers have been reprinting from the Egyptian paper El Mir report of the very interesting discussion which took place when Lord Milner, head of the English commission to Egypt, visited the Mufti, the religious chief of the Egyptians, to ask the Mufti to call upon his followers to observe law and order, that is to cease asking for their independence. The English diplomat found his match and more in the Egyptian religions. When he told the Mufti that Egypt's independence would menace England's interest in the Orient, the Mufti dotily replied: "For our Egyptians just as for your English charity begins at home." And he added: "The only solution of the Egyptian question is independence for Egypt." Milner said: "But it is no harm for us to discuss the possibility of other solutions." The reply of the Mufti was: "No Egyptian would enter upon a discussion except on the basis of independence." Lord Milner replied: "I beg your pardon but there are Egyptians who are disposed to treat with us." "Every

### country," retorted the Mufti, "has its traitors."

Milner then gave the Mufti the very plainest hint that if they didn't waive their claim for independence England would make them do it by force. He said: "Do not forget that we are the most powerful nation in the world. No country can oppose us." The Mufti's reply was: "I do not forget your power but if Egyptians bend today before force they will profit by the first occasion to revolt. The guarantee of force is not eternal." The Mufti ended the discussion by declaring to Milner: "Until your so-called and uninvited protectorate over Egypt is withdrawn I can not discuss with you any terms of peace between England and Egypt. There can be no peace."

### HOW IRISH COAL MINING IS SUPPRESSED

Owing to the urgent demands from Irishmen for mining their own Irish coal Mr. Lawrence J. Kettle, a distinguished member of the Institute of Civil Engineers, made a complete survey of the Irish coal fields and has written a valuable report upon them from which we select a few of the most interesting items. The first most glaring fact in explanation of the paralyzing of the Irish coal industry is that the railroad rates alone charged upon Irish coal to Irish Coast cities (independent of the coal at the pit mouth) was more than the complete cost of English coal delivered in the same cities! A sure and easy device for suppressing the Irish coal fields. Now, however, that the imported coal is costing three times what it cost before the War, even the exorbitant rates on the Irish railroads need not handicap Irish coal in the competition.

There are coal measures under 1,800,000 acres of the surface of the country, extending through eighteen of the thirty-two counties. But the really important coalfields and coaleries are:

1. The Castlecomer collieries in Kilkenny.
2. The Wolf Hill collieries in Queen's County.
3. The Coalisland and Drumglass collieries in Tyrone.
4. The Arigna coalmines in Roscommon and Leitrim.
5. The Sliewardagh coalmines in Tipperary.

The first two of these are estimated to hold one hundred and fifty million tons of coal; the Tyrone coalfields ninety-seven million tons; the Arigna district nine million tons; the Tipperary coalfields twenty million tons. In addition there are fourteen million tons of lignite or wood coal in two beds in the County Antrim and one bed at Lough Neagh, the other bed at Ballycastle. This lignite has from one third to one half less carbon in its composition than the anthracite.

### CASTLECOMER

The only one of these coalfields that has been continuously and efficiently, steadily and profitably worked is the Castlecomer mines in Kilkenny which have been turning out an average of sixty thousand tons per year for the last twenty years. The Wolf Hill mines in the Queen's County, which were opened only twenty years ago, make a poor second with an average of fourteen thousand tons per year. The Arigna district, last third, has a record of only a few thousand tons per year, though last year this rose to over a thousand tons. Altogether the total output last year was in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand tons: the Leitrim and Munster coal is anthracite, the Tyrone coal is bituminous and the Arigna coal semi-bituminous.

### POETRY AND PATRIOTISM INHERITED

While T. D. Sullivan was the post-luminate of the Land League Movement a granddaddy of his, a daughter of Mr. Tim Healey, is bidding fair for the laureate laurels of the Sinn Féin movement. They say in Dublin that she has inherited her grandfather's poetic genius. She is now acknowledged to be the author of ballads which, published anonymously, have had tremendous vogue at National gatherings everywhere over the country, recited by the Irish actresses (formerly of the Abbey Theatre, 'Maire Ní Súille. One of the ballads is in honor of Padraic Pearse. It is entitled 'The Schoolmaster of All Ireland,' while the other is in praise of 'Brave Thomas Ashe'—who was done to death in prison two years ago and whose death stirred Ireland as it is not often stirred.

It may be mentioned that Tim Healey, who married the daughter of the poet T. D. Sullivan, was himself a nephew of T. D. Tim is, for the time being out of politics and is devoting himself to his practice of the law. He usually has charge of the defense in any big case in which Dublin Castle is prosecuting some of the Irish workers. After the death of Tom Ashe he appeared at the inquest to represent the relatives. And he gave a particularly execrating cross examination to Mr. Max Green, son-in-law of Jno. Redmond

## A WORLD SCANDAL

### HOW ULSTER DELEGATES IMPRESSED TORONTO'S GREATEST PAPER

The Globe, Feb. 13

The Ulster delegates add heat to the controversy regarding the future of Ireland, but there is not much light with the heat. Their protest is against the idea of an Irish Republic separated from the British Empire—the impossible goal of the Sinn Féin visionaries and rebels who if left to "themselves alone" in trade and defense would be the first to cry out against the results of that policy.

There are very few people of British origin, either in the homeland or overseas—apart from the Sinn Féiners—who desire that Ireland shall cut the painter and cease to be a member of the Britannic family of nations. Few of the Nationalists who followed Mr. Redmond in happier days favored the setting up of an independent Government outside of the Empire. The goal of Irish Nationalism until the rise of the "ourselves alone" party of irreconcilables was self-government as a nation within the Empire.

With that program the great majority of Britons overseas sympathized, and there was growing expectation and the menacing attitude of the Carsonites, a form of local self-government would be evolved for the Irish nation, and that in the Irish Parliament Ulster would take the part to which by reason of the enterprise, wealth, and public spirit of her people she is entitled.

With the Ulster that protests against the setting up in Ireland of a Republic outside of the British circle of nations, and probably hostile to them, there is sympathy. With the Ulster that cries "We will not have Home Rule" there can be no agreement on the part of the people of the overseas Dominions who have Home Rule, and would not be without it. The problems presented by the intermingling of Boer and Briton in South Africa, and of French-Canadian and Briton in Canada are quite as difficult as anything that stands in the way of Irish self-government. In Canada the problem is both a racial and a religious one, whereas in Ireland it is almost exclusively one of religious incompatability.

The memory of centuries of faction fighting will not be effaced until Irishmen of the North and South come together in a common Legislature to discuss and settle their differences—responsible Parliamentarians. It is manifest that this cannot be brought about so long as the Dublin Castle regime exists and Ireland is governed by a bureaucracy appointed by and responsible to the British Ministry of the day. Mr. Lloyd George's new Irish Government bill has a lot of defects, but it contains one meritorious proposal which may ultimately bring Irishmen together. While provision is made for two Legislatures there is a clause which creates a sort of Legislative Council or Senate, in which the men of the North and South must sit together to discuss national affairs of common interest.

If once Irishmen can be induced to sit down together in a body having jurisdiction over even a few matters of truly national interest the Irish problem will be solved. Englishmen and Scotsmen are no longer standing in the way of Irish self-government. They would welcome it. So long as Ireland remains within the Empire they are prepared to place in the hands of the Irish people every facility for carrying on the government of the Island in conformity with the will of the electors freely expressed at the polls. They view with apprehension the conditions which make it necessary to garrison Ireland with sixty thousand or more British troops whose task is largely that of the third party in a family quarrel, and who in carrying it out incur the hatred of both the others.

The British people are becoming heart sick of the never ending war between the Orange and the Green. Some day, if Irishmen refuse to compose their differences or to accept any of the solutions offered by British statesmen in reparation for the wrongs of the past, there will unquestionably arise a demand for the withdrawal of the British troops, the disbandment of the Constabulary as a Dublin Castle organization, and the leaving of the Irish factions to police the country with their own men, or in default to fight out their quarrel in whatever way they may themselves determine.

It is incredible that Irishmen, who all over the Anglo-Saxon world rise to high places in Government and participate with distinction in all forms of public activity, will not be able to find some means of governing their own country peacefully if the task is placed squarely upon their shoulders. The condition of Ireland today is a world-scandal which must

be ended. It is to be regretted that the Ulster delegates did not devote some part of their addresses to a consideration of how best the chasm between North and South may be bridged. Negotiation will not settle the Irish question.

## SINN FEIN IN LONDON

### LEADER TELLS ENGLISHMEN OF ENGLISH TERRORISM IN IRELAND

BY FRANK GETTY  
Special cable to The New York Tribune and The London Free Press

London, Feb. 12.—The Sinn Féin invaded England tonight. For the first time in history a meeting in the support of Irish independence was held in London, where republican leaders, including Arthur Griffiths, acting leader of the 'Irish Republic,' addressed thousands who crowded Albert Hall.

Coming as it did on the eve of the presentation to Parliament of the Government Home Rule bill, and following Lloyd George's speech on the Irish situation at the opening session of the Commons, tonight's pronouncement by Irish leaders is the most important declaration for independence Ireland has yet made.

### FOR FIRST TIME

The meeting was arranged under the auspices of the Irish Self-Determination League of Great Britain, and the gathering was billed as "A meeting of Irish residents in London," but it was more than that; it was carrying the fight into territory for the first time. Irish republicans never before have attempted aggressive measures of this sort.

"Ireland will hate England so long as she is in control," declared Griffiths. "I am convinced she ultimately will triumph. Nothing except complete independence will end the Irish question."

When interviewed, Griffiths declared that crime does not exist in Ireland today in the sense that the word is used in other countries. Lloyd George, in his Commons' speech, referred to the shooting of policemen. Griffiths emphatically said there are no policemen in Ireland today.

### ONLY THE CONSTABULARY

"There is merely the Royal Irish Constabulary organized nineteen years ago," said Griffiths, "the members of which are armed with bayonets and bombs and live in fortified barracks governed from Dublin Castle. They are employed to maintain the present party in power."

When the Irish farmers organized vigilance committees to repress local crime the police raided the houses of the members, Griffiths said, and arrested and deported them. Lloyd George spoke of murders committed in Ireland by the Sinn Féin, said Griffiths, but he added that what he concealed was that 62 civilians had been shot down in cold blood by the military since 1916 without a single offender being punished. Moreover, he said, there have been 2,681 deportations, 18,000 raids, 2,078 sentences, while the rest of these arrested were sent to jail without trial.

### BARTON CASE

Griffiths dwelt on the case of Robert Barton, who, he said, was sent to prison for illegal drilling, fell ill and was confined in the workhouse hospital with six armed guards constantly around his bed. Some friends attempted a rescue one night, Griffiths explained, whereupon a police sergeant put a pistol to the sick man's head as he lay helpless and shot him dead.

The Irish leader declared things of this sort are of common occurrence and are done in accordance with secret orders from Dublin Castle. "I'm not going to denounce republicans," said Griffiths, "for I will denounce no action taken against the British Government."

With independence, however, Griffiths said Ireland would cease to be hostile toward England, but so long as she is denied freedom, he said, Ireland must remain hostile and be pro-French, pro-German, and pro anything that will advance the cause of independence.

"Ireland's first duty and first interest would be to promote good relations with England in the event of independence," the republican leader said, "but we realize England's strength. Years ago she attempted to end the Irish problem by destroying the Irish people."

The correspondent has learned of a plot discovered recently to assassinate Griffiths and De Valera.

Not without design does God write the music of our lives. Be it ours to learn the time, and not be discouraged at the year. If we say sadly to ourselves, "There is no music in a man," let us not forget "there is the making of music in it." The making of music is often a slow and painful process in this life. How patiently God works to teach us! How long He waits for us to learn the lesson.—John Ruskin.

## CATHOLIC NOTES

Rome January 31.—The Holy Father's fund for the distressed children of Europe now amounts to one and one-half million lire.

According to statistics, New York is bigger in population than London by a quarter of a million, the figures for 1919 being 8,045,090 in New York against London's 7,787,826.

Prague, January 23.—During the Christmas festival the commanding officer of the British Military Mission to Prague, Col. Culsen, was received into the Catholic Church. With him was received also into the Church, his adjutant, Major Dilley.

Cardinal Gibbons discussing the high cost of living in a letter to the treasury department says: "The prosperity that has come to us is not to be spent lavishly and without regard to consequences, but is to be increased by constant saving, thoughtful investment and wise use."

Rev. Francis Fothergill Barra, B.A., University and Kettle Colleges, Oxford, made his submission to the Church at the hands of the Rev. F. C. G. Brown, of the Church of the Assumption, Warwick street, on All Saints' Day. Mr. Barra was formerly curate of St. Alban's, Felham, and later of St. Thomas', Regent street, London.

Rome, January 31.—During the recent railway strike, the Popular party and the Catholic Railway Men's Syndicate exercised a valuable conciliatory activity, refusing to participate in the strike because of its political nature, but endorsing and upholding its economic claims. To their policy credit must be given for the actual settlement of the strike.

London, January 8.—A notable event occurred in Jerusalem on January 2, when Cardinal Dubois, who is at present visiting the Holy Land on a mission for France, laid the foundation stone of the new votive basilica of the Sacred Heart which is to be erected on the national ground of Carmel on the Mount of Olive. The ceremony was performed in presence of the Allied consuls and a great number of the faithful.

Madrid, January 25.—By royal decree Sunday has been declared a day of rest for newspaper men. This decision, which by no means is regarded favorably by all Spanish papers was imposed today under rather unusual conditions, no paper being allowed to be published or to be sold between noon Sunday and noon Monday, while no press message by telegraph or telephone can be accepted between 6 a. m. Sunday and 6 a. m. Monday.

Budapest, January 27.—The results of the elections for the national assembly held in Hungary Sunday and Monday show a majority for the National Christian Party over the Peasant Party. Among the candidates elected without opposition are Count Apocyni, Count Andrássy, former foreign minister; Karl Huszar, Count Telecky of the Hungarian peace delegation. Premier Huszar was formerly editor of a popular Catholic journal. It was Hungary's first election under a system providing for universal suffrage.

The conditions of the Catholics of Saxony has improved greatly during the past year. Full liberty has come to them from the new constitution of Germany. The law that gave the Government a right to determine if and how religious functions might be celebrated by the Catholics, how many Catholics might reside in the various cities etc., has been abolished. Under the new regime, every priest may exercise the sacred ministry in all Saxony, even though he be a foreigner. The new regime has been inaugurated by a series of missions all over Saxony, conducted by secular and regular priests.

In a letter to a friend Dr. Frederick J. Kinsman, former Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Delaware, and who recently came into the Catholic Church, said: "I did not read your article about myself, as I have not for some years looked at allusion to myself in print if I could help it." There is a mighty difference between Dr. Kinsman and the man and woman who are everlastingly finding fault because "my name did not appear in that list," and who make life almost unbearable for the average editor.—Catholic Union and Times.

The Honorable Evan Morgan, who is spending the winter at Colorado Springs has been received into the Church there. Mr. Morgan is the eldest son of Lord Tredegar of Welsh birth, and was educated at Eton and Oxford. He is twenty-six years of age. He is an artist and a poet; several of his pictures have been exhibited at the Paris Salon, and he has published several volumes of verse. In 1915 he joined the Welsh Guards; throughout 1917 he was Parliamentary Secretary to the British Ministry of Labor; and last year was attached to the Foreign Press Bureau at the Peace Conference. His father owns 40,000 acres, including much valuable property in the East of London.

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HAWTHORNEAN

A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED

He had difficulty in restraining the animal upon which he rode, who continually pulled at the bit, and reached out her head, as if in search of something; presently a peculiarly affectionate and gentle neigh was heard just before him, which he recognized at once. In an instant he was on his feet, and the next moment, Albus was rubbing his nose against him in token of recognition. He put his hand upon the saddle, it was empty; and the fearful thought that his daughter had fainted with fright, and fallen from her horse in that wilderness of grass, struck blow upon his heart, that caused him to stagger and groan.

The attention of Leighton and the rest of the company, men, women and children, who had left their cabins, and assembled about the cabin door to listen, was attracted by the groan. Lights flickered about, and the white pony was soon discovered with his head resting lovingly on Meg's neck. The young McGarities came around him with not the most flattering remarks about "dad" for soiling the little pet. In the meantime the dog Bob o'link was restlessly running about his master's heels, and pulling at his coat tail.

"This fellow knows more nor we do," Rice whispered to Leighton, "let's follow." The sagacious animal led the way to the leeward of a group of haystacks, and there in a snug nook between two of the largest of the stacks, lay Marion, as if the pony knew the very place where she would be most sheltered, he had here first halted. Rice held the lantern to her face, while Leighton raised her head; she was still insensible. Her hat had fallen from her head, and with it her comb, leaving her long hair streaming over her face.

"Is she dead?" inquired the elder of two little ones who had followed the lantern.

No," said Rice, gravely; "scatter every chick of yez, and ye may come to strike up so 'thin' hot for the gal."

The good news travelled quickly, and Mr. Benton hurried toward the stack, in time to meet Leighton carrying Marion to the house. The father's strength was prostrated by the sudden revulsion of feeling, and he followed Leighton without a word. His presence of mind returned when he reached the miserable apology for a bed, which had been disturbed of its occupants to receive the young lady, and with a wave of the hand to the rest of the company, he requested that they would allow himself and the good Mrs. McGarity to wait on Miss Benton. Leighton immediately retired to the further corner of the room, taking the young ones with him. Mr. Benton was a sorry nurse, and Mrs. McGarity was not much better; she bustled about hither and thither, wondering if the girl wanted any truck; made a great noise, scolded the children, and did nothing.

Rice stood before the immense fire-place in which he had kindled a fire, his hands folded behind him, his cheeks stuffed with tobacco, and his eyes riveted on the girl, as she lay in that helpless state. Driven away as he had been by Mr. Benton, he proffered no advice, but the expression on his face was a singular mixture of anxiety and mirthfulness. He could restrain himself no longer, when the old woman took a box from the shelf, saying, "see reckoned this would do Miss a heap o' good," and Rice reached out his long arm and snatched the box from her hand. "I vow!" he exclaimed, "if the old critter wasn't agoin' to give her quinine—queenie for a faint!" she don't know nothin' but quinine and malarial! Give the gal a sling, mum," he said, bringing his hand down on the shelf, to the manifest risk of sundry vials and packages of doctor's stuff thereon deposited. Give the gal a stiff sling, I say, mum; untack her stays, and give her breathin' room; put so 'thin' hot to her feet, and give her a sling."

No sooner was the suggestion made than carried out. Mr. Benton had been so bewildered he had not thought to loosen her clothes, but had busied himself chafing her benumbed hands. The powerful whisky sling was made ready from the steaming kettle, which Rice, with his customary forethought, had hung over the fire. Innocent Mrs. McGarity, as soon as whisky was mentioned, seemed to come to her senses, and continued to administer it externally and internally.

The storm had now commenced in real earnest, the wind roared and howled across the prairie, and shook the cabin to its foundation. The lightning played in fantastic streaks about the premises, and the thunder roared and roared again, with a strange underground reverberation. The hot sling assisted the powers of nature in restoring Marion's consciousness; she opened her eyes and looked about bewildered, a slight color came back to her cheeks and lips, but utter weariness, together with the sling, induced drowsiness before she could so far recover herself as to speak, and she sunk into a heavy slumber, from which she had still awakened when the gray of morning appeared in the east, showing a clear sky, a pure silver crescent just fading before the new day, and

the green earth rejoicing in her freedom from the spectral fog, that had so long shrouded her beauty.

"Waal, I reckon I'll go," said Rice, at the first streak of dawn, "there ain't no use for me here."

"Not till you've had grub," replied the notable Mrs. McGarity, swallowing the glass of whisky which Marion had received the first half.

In a moment all was bustle and business in preparation for a meal. One child was dispatched for fuel to replenish the fire, a second was delegated to pound the coffee which was tied in a bag and bruised between two stones for want of a mill. The ham was cut in large thick slices and put to frizzling over the fire, around which children and ebullient huddled together, the latter coming and going at pleasure between the stones that composed the chimney. Mr. Benton grew impatient when he saw preparations for eating, and going to Leighton, who, from the window, moodily watched the approaching day, he spoke with less of pride and more of manly confidence: "Will you help me to get out of this place with my daughter, as soon as possible?"

"It will never do," replied Leighton, drawing away from the listening children, "to refuse their hospitality, they would in return refuse to assist us; we must stay, and try to eat. I will go and make arrangements for leaving immediately after, if you wish."

Mr. Benton thanked him, and the young man went out gladly from the stifling air of the cabin, and made everything ready for their departure.

When he returned the breakfast was spread on a long table which filled the best part of the common room; it was spread with a variety, to say the least: there was apple butter and pumpkin-butter, piles of bread cut in chunks, and potato pies; these with the ham and the coffee, which in spite of the primitive method of preparation was really delicious, served to make what is called in western phrase a breakfast meal.

"We have nothing but corn-meal and common doine," said the hostess while she pointed Mr. Leighton to a seat.

"I reckon you're used to wheat meal and chicken fixens," she added, nodding to Mr. Benton. This gentleman, in obedience to the beseeching look on the young man's face, took a place at the table and tried to eat. Rice entered heart and soul into corn-dodgers and apple-butter, while Leighton's experience on cabin life made him find good even in Mrs. McGarity's "common doine," and he praised the viands inordinately, to cover Mr. Benton's want of appetite. As they rose from the table, the wagon Leighton had prepared was driven to the door, arranged with buffalo robes on a bedding of straw. The large horses of the host were in harness, while the three horses on which they had come were saddled and bridled. Meg mounted by one of the McGarities, leading the pony.

Mr. Benton humbled himself to shake hands with the hostess in parting, and desired to leave a substantial token of his gratitude in the shape of a gold piece, but Mrs. McGarity could be as proud as he, in her way, and she would not touch the money; therefore the only thing to be done was to express the hope that he should see her and her husband at his house.

Marion, who had come to herself sufficiently to know what was going on about her, was lifted by her father into the wagon, he taking his seat beside her, with her head resting on his lap. Leighton drove the horses attached to the vehicle, while Rice, with the boy who was to bring back the wagon, came behind, leading the two riderless horses, and the cavalcade went forth amid the cheers and shouts of the young McGarities, and the shrill voice of their mother scolding them for their noise. When within a mile of their own door, Mr. Benton was startled by an exclamation from Leighton: "Really, if I can trust my eyes, here comes Sobriety!"

Across the unfenced lawn bounded the young girl with the step of a deer, her hair, which had attained some length under Mrs. Benton's fostering care, streamed in the wind, and her arms were raised wildly; she was bonnetless and barefooted.

"She's all dead!" were the only words she could find breath to utter, when the horses were reined in to meet her.

Mr. Benton awoke himself with a start, and Marion, who had recovered sufficiently to sit up, made a vain effort to rise. The father sprang from the wagon, mounted Meg instantly, and was gone before Sobriety could find words to explain.

"Pears we better not stop," said Rice to the boy, after Marion had been lifted from the wagon; "there's death here, and they don't want strangers," and slipping a silver piece into the boy's hand, he turned the horses' heads toward Panther Creek, and mounting his own beast, made the best of his way home.

Her mother did not come at once to Marion's assistance; she was soothing the bleeding heart of her poor husband, who had centred his paternal love in this frail flower, and refused to be comforted for his darling Jeannie. Leighton waited to offer further services, arranging the pillows where Marion rested, for she was unable to stand, and sympathizing with her in her stinging sorrow.

At length Mrs. Benton came from the inner room, worn and with the intense agonies of the night, but still gentle and thoughtful for others; she quieted her daughter's hysterical sobbing, and begged her to be calm for her own sake.

"I want to help you, Mrs. Benton," said Leighton, coming from the window; "will you tell me what I can do?"

"If you would," she said warmly, "spare my dear husband the agony of preparing the last resting-place for his child."

"Where shall it be?" inquired the young man.

"In the grove of locusts that Mr. Benton planted this spring,—in the opening toward the house, where I may see it from my window."

Mr. Leighton selected the spot in the enclosure where the first rays of the sun would find the narrow home of the clay so precious as the germ of immortality, and there he dug the tiny grave. A few days after, at sunset, Philip Benton with his family and the friendly Leightons stood gazing into that lone burial-place. Silently they knelt around that quiet grave, with prayers whispered in their hearts to Him whose playing eyes regardeth the sorrows of His children.

A long month of suffering consequent upon Marion's afflict and exposure restrained Mrs. Benton in the expression of her grief for her little comforter, and as her daughter grew better, trials came in a more dreaded shape. As the season advanced the whole region of Athlaca, with many other townships, was visited with numerous and sudden deaths from collective fever. The village postmaster, a Campbellite preacher, and the quack-doctor who had just hung his sign in Athlaca, were carried off by the scourge in a few days. Mr. Benton felt secure by his separation from the haunts of men; but excessive toil and exposure to night dews predisposed him to a disease originating in miasma. Mrs. Benton had gone with her husband to the newly made grave, and assisted him in placing a wooden cross he had himself carved, as a headstone. Their conversation was of the past, but more of that.

"Happy harbor of God's saints, That sweet and pleasant soil Wherein no sorrow can be found, No grief, no care, no toil."

The naturally proud tone of the husband was subdued to the gentleness of a child, as he for the first time made known his determination to follow his dear companion in the way of the cross, to confess his sins and amend his life.

They lingered long near the charmed spot till their garments were saturated with the night dew. Marion was aroused from her first slumber that night by Sobriety standing by her bedside, lantern in hand.

"I'm goin for the Doctor, Miss; your pap's sick, you better stir, and help your mum. Mary sprang from the couch. "Are you crazy, child?" she said, looking at the girl. "The Doctor lives four miles from here, and there's no moon."

"I know the stars," she replied. "Let me go with you," exclaimed Marion, eagerly. "Let's saddle Meg and go together."

"And have another dead one belike," replied Sobriety scornfully; "your face is as white as taller! No, stay with your mum, you'll do a heap more good that way." The girl flew off without another word, and Marion hurried to her father's room. She found him in a burning fever, delirious, and calling for Jeannie.

"Marion," said her mother, trembling from head to foot, "we ought to have a physician at once. I am afraid this is that dreadful fever; could you watch him closely while I try to go for somebody?"

"You, dear mamma!" exclaimed Marion; "why Sobriety has been gone for the Doctor some time."

"Sobriety! that child!" said Mrs. Benton; "can she find the way, the night is dark? O, my daughter, there is help only in God. May he send a good Angel to guide that child—and we must wait."

Mr. Benton's delirium at length fixed itself in memories of those dreadful last days of their sojourn east, and it was like going over those harrowing scenes again to hear his self-accusing words. There was only one way in which he could be at all quieted through that fearful night. Mrs. Benton held his hand in hers and repeated again and again the fourth penitential Psalm; he would follow word for word; but the moment she paused or varied in her repeating, the delirium would return, he would snatch his hot hand from here where it had rested quietly, and toss his arms about wildly. In less than three hours Sobriety returned, bringing Leighton with her, having dispatched Mr. Rice for the Doctor.

Mr. Leighton watched and waited through that severe illness, when a precious life hung on a thread of wondering at the wife's endurance of a fatigue that told on his stout frame. The Doctor, with whom our story becomes familiar as we advance, was an intelligent man, with six years' experience in the west. He had moved to Athlaca from the distant town where he had lived, attracted by the solicitation of the head of the newly established see of Chicago. The Reverend gentleman was a personal friend of Dr. Nelson's; he recommended Athlaca as the place where the Church would soon be planted. The physician watched Mr. Benton with assiduous care, and by the blessing of God on his skill, the lamp of life, which at one time sunk in its socket and almost went out, was revived.

The Doctor gave his opinion that excessive toil in a western climate would be disastrous to his patient, and recommended a change of occupation with returning health.

CHAPTER XI. HOW OUR FAIR FRIENDS FARED AT THE FAIR

The long advertised day for the great fair for the establishment of a home for disabled seamen found the extensive hall chosen for the exhibition beautifully prepared for the occasion. Fluttering banners with strange and brilliant devices, mingled a bower of freshness and perfume, elevated from the surrounding attractions and choice groups of statury from the private residences of the patrons adorned the radiant scene. Articles from every quarter of the globe beautified the tables, while bevy of lovely girls and scores of attractive women gave brilliancy and beauty to the assemblage; and the centre of attraction in this captivating picture to all eyes, was the flower-tables, which formed a perfect green retreat, a bower of freshness and perfume, elevated from the surrounding attractions upon a broad platform carpeted with fresh green moss.

In the midst of the elevation, in the basin of a fountain curiously wrought in Italian marble, sat Neptune, in a chariot of bronze drawn by sea-horses, holding in his right hand his trident, from which, as well as from the shell trumpet which his son Triton, who stood beside him, held to his mouth, issued fine streams of water, that fell back into the fountain, sprinkled with spray a world of aquatic plants in full flower, that bordered the jet d'eau. The evergreens mingled their subdued color and balmy fragrance with the gorgeous hues and exquisite perfumes of neighboring flowers. Etruscan vases of magnificent proportions were graced with choice camellias, while numerous vases of less pretensions were abundantly filled with the most rare and delicate blossoms, and masses of cut flowers awaited the selection of the purchaser, and the delicate fingers of the attendants to be arranged into bouquets to suit differing tastes.

Mrs. Hartland, as prime mover and first manager of the fair, had carried out her plan in spite of obstacles arising from Dr. Hartland's objections, and persuaded the Colonel to request Rosine to accede to her wish that she should stand at the flower-table, with Laura Marten as leader. He was in his heart delighted with the prominence thus given to his favorites, and thought she was too young and simple-minded to be hurt by it. While Ned pondered he would not go to see Rosine quizzed by all the idle young men who would naturally follow in the wake of Laura Marten.

Rosine, when the plan was proposed, desired to decline the position, feeling that it would be a public declaration of her intimacy with Laura, and she had begun heartily to wish herself free, not only as the device of her best friends, but to quiet the reproaches of her own heart. But moral courage was at first lacking, and when she did find confidence in her own strength, she would rather resign some one would take her place, that lady only replied with astonishment that it was too late to make any alterations in their plans. It would be a virtual breach of promise to resign a situation unless it was absolutely called for by inability; besides, the Colonel would be so disappointed. After this conversation Rosine accepted the position, as her destiny, and began to look forward to the day even with pleasure. She was startled by the abrupt farewell of the Doctor, as he bade her mother and herself into the carriage, in which Laura was already seated.

"I suppose you call this renouncing the pomps and vanities of the world?" he said curtly, as he closed the door.

"That's for me," replied Laura, laughing, "you see I am in mourning." She was arrayed in a black dress of gauzy material, which with the red coral ornaments on her neck and arms, set off the brilliancy of her complexion, while among her raven curls flashed a wreath of garnets and emeralds. Rosine was dressed in white muslin, without ornament of any kind, save a wreath of green and white flowers in her golden locks. Mrs. Hartland bustled about in a stiff black moiré antique, the matron of affairs, and at length settled herself among a rich display of East India goods.

We shall not attempt a description of a fair, as a matter of business; they have become, with all their accompaniments, an institution in church and state, and are as familiar as the daily newspaper description of them (under the various names of festivals, tea-parties, fairs, and so forth) for the amelioration of the condition of the human race can make them. We shall only endeavor to interest our readers in the employments and enjoyments of Laura and Rosine.

For the first half-day Rosine was as unnoticed apparently, as her best friends could wish; she merely assisted Laura in selecting and arranging bouquets as they were called for, and towards evening crowds of gentlemen thronged the flower-table, attracted by the continued fire of good-natured jokes and repartee, with the familiar, confidential manner which Laura maintained toward those she desired to retain near her; a manner that much as the male sex may affect to despise it, is so pleasing, so flattering to their vanity, and coming from a pretty woman, in most cases it proves perfectly irresistible.

An instinctive desire to witness Rosine's debut into the world, as Dr. Hartland had chosen to call her position at the fair, seized him after the carriage drove away, but he stoutly resisted, determined not to show any interest in the matter. But the wish returned toward evening when his last patient was visited, and he was obliged to pass the hall on his way home. A wonderful good opinion had Edward Hartland of his powers of self-control, nevertheless he found his way through the throng about the door and into the gallery, where he could witness the performances without being himself observed.

It was the bewitching time between daylight and dark; many of the afternoon crowd had dispersed, and the evening multitude had not yet gathered, when Laura Marten listened to the oft-repeated request of one of her numerous band of admirers, and consented to promenade through the hall. Rosine blushed painfully as she heard this assent given to a stately looking gentleman, who had devoted himself to Laura most of the day; she begged her friend not to leave her with the whole care of the table, but she pleaded fatigue, pointed to the few persons remaining in the hall, promised to return very soon, and finally took the gentleman's arm and went off among a heavy admiring, who followed her even here. Rosine's diffidence would not have been so great, had she realized how entirely alone she would be left after Laura's departure; not a person inquired for flowers for many minutes, or looked at her with the slightest interest. Left so entirely to herself she at last took a seat, being much fatigued, and soon became absorbed in watching Laura as she walked and chatted, first with one, then with another; quickly losing her arm from the first gentleman at a request to arrange a flower in the button hole of a coat, casting her bewitching, fascinating, intoxicating glances right and left, coquetting with one, talking seriously with another, still clinging fondly to the arm of her first companion, till Rosine began to wonder if the secret she had confided to her could be true—could she be engaged to Lieutenant Hartland?

When the train stopped at New Bedford, Mr. Metzler was standing on the platform of the first Pullman—a tall, fine-looking man, whose early struggle against poverty had given him a fellow-feeling for the lowly.

With an amused but half-compassionate interest, he watched a fat old man, and two giggling girls, burdened with baskets as well as suitcases, who hurried off the day-car and rather shyly accepted the very shy embraces of those who were awaiting them. When they were gone, three women, three children, a traveling salesman, and last of all a thin, shabbily dressed old Italian got on the train, with an incredible number of strange boxes, bags, wraps and umbrellas.

Mr. Metzler watched them file down the car and saw that the women, the children and the salesman found seats with some difficulty. There was none left for the poor old foreigner, less fit to stand than any of the others. Evidently all unaccustomed to travel, he clutched the back of a seat with one hand, and with the other held fast to his belongings—looking up and down the aisle and into strange faces, bewildered and helpless, even afraid.

Acting on a sudden, kindly impulse, Mr. Metzler stepped into the day-coach and touched the Italian on the shoulder, saying in a whimsical but very gentle way:

"Tony—of course your name is Tony—there's plenty of room in my part of the train. Come with me. You'll be first to death if you stand. The old man was grateful, but shy. "I—I—my name is Tony, but I—"

position at the fair, seized him after the carriage drove away, but he stoutly resisted, determined not to show any interest in the matter.

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Stammered.

Seeing that Tony was strongly tempted at the prospect of a seat, but awed by the evident wealth of his benefactor, Mr. Metzler relieved him of one of his bundles, and, taking him by the arm, led him towards the stateroom of the adjoining car. Before they reached it he had begun to wonder a little uneasily whether his new-made Italian friend would be quite welcome there.

He opened the door, and, pushing Tony ahead of him, said apologetically: "Seppe, this man could not find a seat in the day-car, and we have twice as much room as we need; so I brought him here—bag and baggage."

The man to whom he spoke was young and handsome and faultlessly dressed. He looked up from the magazine which he was reading, and laughed heartily—the lengths to which Mr. Metzler carried his democratic tendencies being a joke between them; but at once moved to make room for the old Italian, helped to find place for his belongings, offered him a cigar, and closed a window that he might not be in draught. These things done, he promptly re-opened his magazine, and for a time, at least, forgot Mr. Metzler and his guest.

For a few minutes Tony watched him, fascinated. His beauty may have caught the old man's eye, or he may have been won by his undeniable charm; but soon he shyly turned from him to the more friendly Mr. Metzler.

Mr. Metzler had no intention of allowing Tony to be ill at ease or lonely; so, with unobtrusive tact, he made the old man feel at home, and reasoned that he was interested in him, until little by little Tony became first communicative, and afterward confidential.

"Yes, I'm going to New York," he explained in reply to a question of Mr. Metzler's. "I live a long way from here—in New Bedford. It's a hundred and fifty-three miles—a man told me it is. I never was in New York before except for a few days just after we landed. It was hot there and rainy and noisy and crowded, and we didn't know where to go or what to do. Rosy—that was my wife—Rosy and the children and I, we didn't none of us like it. We were homesick, and we didn't know what to do. And then we saw a man we used to know in Naples, and he lived in New Bedford, so we went there. I haven't been in New York since. I never wanted to go back; I never did until two or three weeks ago."

"I don't work in no factory, never did, Rosy, she didn't like factories. I have a store of my own—a grocery store. It's a little grocery, not much good. I can't afford to keep many things; but it's always neat, if I do say so. I don't make much money I never did; somehow, I never knew how. And six months back two young American fellows, they opened a grocery store on the corner near me, and they sell lots of stuff, real good stuff, and they sell it awful cheap; and now I ain't doing hardly nothing at all. You see, when a man's old like me, why it's hard for him to make a living these days."

Seppe, as the friend had called him, continued to read his magazine. He heard what was said, he gave no sign. But Mr. Metzler was touched by the old man's story, and talked with sympathetic interest of the little grocery store, suggesting a possible way of making it succeed. Tony was shrewd enough to have but little confidence in Mr. Metzler's business sagacity. Still, Italian-like, he was deeply grateful for his friendliness, and opening his heart yet wider, he explained, slowly and cautiously, the reason for his trip to New York.

"It's so expensive traveling is; and we weren't happy there, and I thought I'd never go back. But—but you don't know the beginning, so you couldn't understand. You see, we had six children, Rosy and me, and they got diphtheris. Doctors, they cost so much that we didn't get one in a hurry. We thought they'd get better soon. And they all died—but Jo, the baby. That was two years after we went to New Bedford, and Rosy took on terrible, and she never did no good afterwards. She just grieved and grieved for our children. And I grieved, too; but the way she grieved was that she got thin and white and had a cough, and she didn't hardly ever laugh no more. And Rosy she'd been one to laugh all the time. The way I grieved was to get cranky and hard to get on with, except to Rosy. I was always kind to Rosy. And then three years and seven months after the children died, she died, too."

"Jo was ten years old by that time, and I didn't know what to do with him; and I didn't talk to him much, and I beat him sometimes. And some years it was hard times, and we didn't have much to wear, and we didn't have much fire in winter. And Jo, he didn't like the way things was at home, and he missed his mother, and he thought, after a while, he was too big to be beaten; so one day, when he was fourteen and nearly a half, I got mad, and I— I beat him pretty hard. I grieved, I said things, too, about him not earning his keep. And Jo, he ran away; and that's all I know about him. He never came back. I've been on the watch for him day and night ever since. I thought maybe when he was old enough to understand he'd know I hadn't meant nothing. I've saved every penny I could, so if he ever comes home sick or dead broke I can help him. He'd be pretty sure to come if he got sick, wouldn't he?"

Tony looked appealingly at Mr. Metzler, who acquiesced with great heartiness.

"There's no place like home for a sick boy," he answered; but with no hope that the runaway Jo would ever return.

"Jo is nearly thirty,—nearly thirty," Tony murmured irrelevantly.

"Nearly thirty?" Mr. Metzler echoed, with sympathetic interest.

After a pause during which Tony stared at the old man's feet, and Mr. Metzler and his friend stared at Tony, the old man furtively wiped his eyes with a bandana handkerchief, and then looked at Mr. Metzler. Seppe quickly reopened his magazine; but Tony had forgotten him and paid no heed.

"I started to tell you why I'm going to New York, and somehow I got off the track," he went on. "It all happened this way: Three or four weeks ago I saw our name in the paper, under the picture of a young man. Our name was there, and Jo's first name, only it was in Italian. Rosy and me, we were always good Americans, and we called him Jo. And those two names were printed under the picture. And—and I can talk American all right, but I can't read it much, but I know our names when I see them. The names was in a paper that a customer left on the counter; and when another customer come in I got him to read what it said about that man; and it said that he is a fine singer, and everyone in New York like him, and pays big money to hear him; and he said he is going to sing there three nights a week all this month. I got every customer I had to read that to me, until I knew every word; because Jo, my boy Jo, he was a singer. He sang in the choir at St. Anthony's Church when he was little—a fine choir, it used to be—so loud you could hear it two squares away. Rosy she taught Jo to sing, too, like an angel, Rosy could. And the more I thought about

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"I started to tell you why I'm going to New York, and somehow I got off the track," he went on. "It all happened this way: Three or four weeks ago I saw our name in the paper, under the picture of a young man. Our name was there, and Jo's first name, only it was in Italian. Rosy and me, we were always good Americans, and we called him Jo. And those two names were printed under the picture. And—and I can talk American all right, but I can't read it much,

FEBRUARY 21, 1920

it, the more I thought maybe this opera singer—maybe he's my boy."  
"Possibly he is; but don't count on it too much," Mr. Metzler said, full of pity for the forlorn old man, going so far, so hopeless an errand.

Tony misunderstood getting anything out of Jo," he protested instantly. "I don't deserve nothing from him. I treated him mean. But I'd like to know he's getting on, and to—see him just once more; so I'm going to the opera tomorrow night. I'd go if it took every cent I've saved. I know it's a slim chance, but I can't help going. I keep telling myself it's never Jo, but—but I can't quite believe it ain't."

He swallowed a big lump in his throat, and began to fumble for his handkerchief.

Mr. Metzler could find nothing to say, and presently Tony added:  
"If he's our Jo I can tell the neighbors about him. They think he ought to have stayed with me. We Italians generally keep close to our own people, even when they're mean like me. But if it's Jo that's singing, I can brag about him like Giovanni Luchini brags about Angelo,—and he does brag a heap! You ought to hear him. And Angelo only a priest. To hear Giovanni, you'd think he is a Bishop two or three times over."

Mr. Metzler laughed. Seppi closed his book, and yawned, and turned towards Tony. Looking from one to the other, the old man asked anxiously:  
"Did one of you ever go to the opera? Do you know what a ticket costs?"

They both laughed a little tremulously. It was Seppi who answered.

"Yes, we have both been to the opera. The seats are expensive, but you need not pay for yours." Taking a card from his pocketbook, he wrote a few words upon it, and gave it to Tony. "Show that at the box office tomorrow evening and you will be given a good seat," he said.

Tony's face beamed as he poured forth his thanks.  
"It will be dollars that I don't have to spend; and if I don't find Jo now, but he comes back some day, there'll be that much more for him," he exulted.

Early, very early, the next evening Tony went to the opera house, his shoes blackened for the first time in their long lives, his suit well brushed, his celluloid collar spotless, and the red and yellow tie that Tony had given him arranged with extraordinary care. A little afraid that it was valuable, he showed the card on which Seppi had written, and was given his choice of the few unoccupied seats. Needless to say, he took one in the first row. For three-quarters of an hour he waited, while the house filled, and the overture was played,—growing more and more nervous and excited as each minute passed. By the time the curtain rose, he was greatly agitated, and, never before having been to any kind of play, as bewildered as a lost child, and quite unable to follow plot or characters. It was only after consulting the man who sat beside him that, in the second act, he knew which one was the one whom he sought. After finding him, Tony did not take his eyes from the tenor's face—trying to see there a resemblance to the dirty, rather sullen boy whom he had loved, or to Tony, or even to himself. He could find none, although it did seem to him that he had seen the man before; and at last he gasped that it was Seppi, the friend of Mr. Metzler.

At the close of the third act Seppi was called before the curtain again and again; and at length, to everyone's surprise and delight, he sang an encore, a sweet, soft Neapolitan lullaby, saying that his mother had taught it to him when he was a child. Many an eye was wet before he was done.  
"I remember,—he knows that I remember! Roxy, she did sing that to him and to all our babies," he told his neighbor.

When all was over, an usher took Tony by the arm and led him through winding passages to a room behind the stage; and then his Jo, known to all the world as Giuseppe Sartori, took him in his strong young arms; and Tony's tired old heart found rest at last.

"Roxy's gone, and all our children except little Jo, but I couldn't feel gladder if they were every one right here," he thought wonderingly.—  
Florence Gilmore in *The Ave Maria*.

**THE AGE OF THE HOLY EUCHARIST**

The twentieth century will yet be known as the age of the Holy Eucharist, when daily Communion became a common practice throughout the Church. A fervour of devotion towards that Sacrament will be kindled in many hearts and they will burn with longing to be of service to Christ. They will go to the altar every morning to be united with Him and assure that union they will go out to spread a fire of good works—of love and zeal and kind words and acts of charity—that will spread like a flame in dry grass driven over a rich prairie by a strong wind. Bishop Hedley, of England, outlines this golden age in the following words:

"This is going to be the characteristic note of the coming epoch of Catholic history—frequent and daily Communion. At first, it is possible that even good Catholics may be surprised, or even scandalized, at what seems to be an encouragement to laxity. On reflection, they see that a Christian who partakes of the Body of the Lord in a state of

sanctifying grace and with the actual devotion of a conscious good intention cannot be irreverent to the great Sacrament and at the same time give to the Saviour the occasion and opportunity which he has ordained and arranged for increasing the spiritual life of the soul and drawing it ever nearer to Himself. We may look forward to a generation of Catholics who will be far more thorough than ourselves or our predecessors. The daily Communions will be far more zealous for the Church and the Faith, more assiduous in daily prayer and less ready to compromise with the world and the devil than we are. Good Catholics will be braver, simpler, and more self-sacrificing than they are now. They will more habitually put their religion before anything, stand up for the Holy See, and teach their children to be proud of being Catholics. For this good prospect, we may confidently trust to the present advance in the Church's use of the great Sacrament of life and strength.

What it would mean in the practice of virtue and in the performance of good works, if one hundred members on an average of every congregation went to Communion every day. The parish would soon be transformed by zeal and good example. Converts would be drawn to the faith in crowds. "Thy kingdom come," would be no longer a hope, but a reality.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

**WHEN WARS WILL END**

By Rev. Stephen A. Ward

One need not be gifted with the powers of a mind reader to know what desire held the largest place in the hearts of all men during the past four years. And one does not have to be a profound thinker to find out that the one universal supplication of mankind was that God may speedily bring this terrible international conflict to a close. The world is craving for peace as it never craved for it before. Not a heart in all the world but has been touched by the tragedies of this War. Not a country in all the five continents but has borne its share of suffering, and scarcely a home in any of the warring nations but mourns the loss of a father, son, brother, husband, sweetheart or friend. Never was there a time in history when the slaughter of men was so colossal and the sufferings of humanity so agonizing as during the period of this War.

This War, like all others, has at last burned itself to a close, and peace is being made among all the belligerents. This peace, if it is to be a worthy sequel to this conflict, must be something quite different from that which succeeded all other wars of the past. Any one who understands history knows perfectly well why the peace treaties of the past were so breakable, and if with the knowledge and experience that we have to attempt anything but an unbreakable peace, it will be wholly unworthy of the name and a terrible indictment against the sincerity and enlightenment of our age.

What is it but mockery to consider a peace that will leave the germs of war virulent in its very terms; that will permit the continuance of powerful armies, and navies, and other engines of war; that will allow this or that nation to be treated unjustly or humiliated, or excluded from international commerce, or compelled to pay fabulous indemnities. Such a peace treaty will be a remote beginning for future wars. Hatreds and animosities will be sown by it, which, as the years pass by, will increase until the time is ripe for them to express themselves by recourses to arms. God forbid that future generations should pass through catas-trophes that have so demoralized our times.

Those who are familiar with the events that attended and succeeded the reign of Napoleon will find in them a sort of counterpart of what is taking place today. Napoleon, despite the virtues which the hero worshipper allows him, was a man insane with lust for power and glory. Think of his murderous campaign in Italy! of the thousands of innocent people he butchered and the property he destroyed, and the treasures he stole. Think of his barbarous drive into Egypt, where he practiced the most horrible crimes and atrocities. Think of the fanatical attitude with which he violated and outraged the liberty of France; how he trampled upon her democracy and forced her to accept again the imperialism from which but a short time before she had freed herself, at the cost of great sacrifice and bloodshed. No man was ever hated more by the world of his day than Napoleon. He was called a monster, a butcher, Attila, and a devil. He was pictured with all the features and qualities of Satan. He was spoken of as the Anti-Christ, and all nations but France were agreed that he should be defeated and stripped of his power and glory. "Let us crush him," governments cried out, "and we will have peace. The world will be safe when we get rid of this monster." And the world did get rid of the monster.

An alliance of nations was formed and the great conqueror was defeated and exiled to St. Helena, where he died a prisoner of war. But did the world have peace? Did it realize its dreams? Did nations give up warfare and live at peace with one another? Hardly. France became a kingdom, then she had a revolution, then a democracy, then she became an empire again. After the empire

she had another revolution and finally a democracy. In other nations conditions continued the same as before. Kings, emperors and diplomats schemed and plotted and planned. They formed secret alliances and open alliances. They stole lands and treasures and violated one another's rights. There were horrible crimes and atrocities practiced in many countries.

The mighty persecuted the weak, and the weak patiently waited the day when they would become powerful enough to avenge their wrongs. Defeat, instead of bringing about peace, merely established a sort of temporary cessation of war. Hatred was planted in the hearts of the defeated and it awoke an insatiable desire to increase armaments until the time would be favorable to strike the mortal blow that would erase the stain of defeat and regain lost honor.

The things said a hundred years ago of Napoleon are said today of the Emperor of Germany, and the attitude of the world years ago toward Napoleon is the attitude of the world today toward William I. It is his lust for power and glory, we are told, that prompted the Kaiser to wage this War. To satisfy that lust he has caused the slaughter of millions of men and women; he has destroyed property, devastated lands, outraged peoples, and burdened his own and other races with the cost of the War. He is called a monster, a butcher, Attila, devil and a beast. He is pictured with the horns and features of a demon. He is called by some the Anti-Christ, and all the nations of the world but those of his alliance were agreed that he had to be defeated and stripped of his power before there could be any peace on earth. "Crush him," nations cried out, "or the world will not be a safe place to live in. He must be defeated to make the world safe for democracy."

But unless those who have had the making of peace since the War ended will profit by the mistakes that were made in the past the events of this period will be but a repetition of those of the past. Germany is defeated, but does that mean the end of war? France was crushed in 1871, and Bismarck's explanation for the colossal indemnity to be imposed upon her was: "To crush the spirit of war out of her." He rather crushed the spirit of war and hatred and revenge into her. And the crushing of Germany today and the stripping of the Kaiser of his power will not mean an end to war unless the right kind of a peace is made by the nations of the world.

There will always be wars so long as nations remain armed. Let the governments of the world disarm; let them do away with their powerful machines of war, and when grievances and disputes arise, as they are certain to arise, between nations, let them be brought before an international tribunal for settlement, and the horrible slaughter, suffering and desolation incidental to war will be avoided. A great international court to settle international difficulties must by all means be established at the close of this War, or otherwise all our talk about world democracy and peace is meaningless. As long as unjust and greedy rulers have armies and navies to serve them it is foolish to talk about a lasting peace.

Injustice, greed, jealousies, secret alliances, etc., in fact all those things that have in all ages been the causes of war, will to some extent always exist. Human nature will never be anything in this world but human, and consequently the future will have its sins the same as the past. But if these sins that amount to international grievances are subjected to a great court of nations, they can be settled in a peaceful way, and if it should so happen that any government would refuse to abide by the decisions of this tribunal a league of nations could force such a government to submit. Unless a peace is made at the end of this War that will rid the world, not Germany alone, of militarism, future generations will be engulfed in a struggle compared with which the present one is but a mild prelude.

**THE CHURCH AND REASON**

Edward Francis Mohler, M. A., Litt. B., in America

Through the two thousand years during which the Church has been patiently striving to help somewhat unwilling mankind along the troubled path of living, she has done infinitely more to exalt man's reason than man without her aid would have been able to accomplish. Reason, we take it, (this assumption is not so evident to some), was given man to save him from extremes, from the Scylla of laxity on the one hand and the Charybdis of severity on the other. The world has seen several "eras of reason." Each of them has gone to some extreme; each of them has allowed passion to steal away its best qualities and make of it a mockery.

The Greeks and the Romans gave the world the classic art, military perfection, multitudinous public works, political organizations and codified law; yet each of these nations found itself powerless to keep from the extreme of hedonism, self-seeking and self-serving satisfaction of the passions. The culture of Greece and Rome ended in the loosest thinking and weirdest living the world has ever seen, unless it be the loose thinking and weird living of modern times. Reason was submerged by the storms of passion and

became the flotsam, jetsam and ligament of the tempest of whim.

Protestantism, through its heresiarch de luxe, Martin Luther, resurrected that breeder of all the heresies, individualism, and told each man to go his own way regardless of Church. The world then saw the immediate institution of an "era of reason," this time on an international scale. All the accord and agreement which the Church has been able to bring among nations began to go the way of many another good thing. Exposed to the corroding influences of the acid passion it soon became a shell. Passion whispered "to reason and reason told man that he was the god of the new world. What need was there for gods, union of Church and State, for brotherly love, accountability sanctified in the form of genuine charity, for mutual self-help? If each was able to look after himself none need be his brother's keeper.

Individualism went down the centuries taking new forms as new myths arose to express the world old variety to the expression. Then came collectivism. The individual was, for a time forgotten and the State deified on man's altar in his place. Such a doctrine was too theoretical, too mechanical, too far removed from the personal to survive long. Hence, today in many places we are witnessing the return of the individual to universal worship—of himself.

The Great War, in which some sixteen nations subdued the rest of the individual population of practically the whole earth to a grand scheme of State glorification, has passed into history. The causes for which that war was fought are lost in the mists of international politics; the die of battle has softened into the innocuous, murmured, tea-party babble of the Peace Conference, in which individuals were much glorified.

Modern society is constructed on the precept that each should serve himself, draw others as inclination and whim permit. The family, which the Church in her capacity as guardian of reason always took as a basis for propounding any solution, is no more. Divorce, race suicide, modern congestion in large cities, the delegation of the mechanics of living to others, have made the father and mother of another day mere husband and wife; have made the one time home-owner a tenant; have made the housewife a clerk, a teacher, a club-woman, or something other than a home-woman.

What a regular oscillation there has been from extreme to extreme! How mankind has jumped from positive to negative and back again! The Church has always stood by with her help, insistently offering the same remedy times without number. "In medio virtus," she says but mankind will have none of her.

Modern society has its troubles in plenty. Lately we have turned to pure reason, applied reason, for a more summary in their condemnations than the Divine Arbitrator, appointed by Him who came to save mankind? Married folk are unable to adjust their incompatibilities. Rather than see them suffer, reason tells them to part and "try it again" and yet again, if necessary. The Church explains how it is better that a few short years of suffering should be permitted the unadjustable ones rather than have thousands for untold generations suffer because of their idiosyncrasies. Reason, again fiercer than she who holds the spiritual destinies of the world in her consecrated hands.

So the story runs. When reason sits in the saddle the race is run in varying directions. There is motion enough in all conscience but little progress. Chesterton says that progress presupposes that there is some place from which we go and some other place which we approach. Reason, without Divine help, changes both starting place and goal with alarming and disconcerting suddenness.

The Church purposes the same panacea for all, offers the only "cure-all" that has appeared in the history of the world. It is proposed today as it was two thousand years ago. She knows it will remove the liquor question, race suicide, divorce, labor and capital problems, the high cost of living, profiteering, spiritism, civic unrest. To her these are no new diseases. She has had to deal with them before often enough to lend authority to her prescription. Her prescription is: "In medio virtus."

Sanctity consists in the right performance of everyday duties.—  
Father Farrell.

**THE NEW REVELATION**

Two distinguished Englishmen are devoting most of their time to the spread of Spiritualism. One of these Sir Oliver Lodge, is now in this country. He is a well known scientist. The other, Arthur Conan Doyle, is a man whose fiction is known the world over. Indeed, one of his characters has become almost a common noun, and has been made into a sort of verb. Both of these men have suffered a supreme affliction through the War. They each lost a son, and, unfortunately, neither had the gift of faith. In dire need for comfort both resorted to spiritism, and both became apostles in spreading it in England. They found a fertile field. With a million dead it was no difficult matter to recruit those for whom was held out the promise of direct communication with their beloved dead. These new converts, evidently, had nothing in their old faith that could minister to their present needs. Many, doubtless, had drifted away from any form of belief, and any cult that could offer them assurance that those who had gone from this life were not lost to them forever would have been welcomed. It was a case of grasping at any straw that could comfort the sorrow. It may be unscientific to deny the reality of communications from the dead. But if the communications have any reality behind them, then life in the spirit world is trivial in the extreme. It is repugnant to think of the dead as engaged in frivolous shadow of earthly things. This is melancholy beyond words. In the communications so far recorded there is not a sign of superior intelligence. On the contrary, one who did not question the validity of the revelations said that, as yet, the mediums had not got beyond communications with those in a mad house. Surely, if the life beyond this is only a sickly replica of this, then men may put aside their hopes and aspirations. But, as is alleged, the life portrayed by Lodge in his book "Raymond" is vastly superior to life here, then, we are puzzled why not a speck of this appears in the communications. When the spirit of Cardinal Newman was brought into a meeting he spoke wretched Latin. Indeed, it is even said by proponents of the cult that the spirits are not beyond lying. What necromancy there may be about spiritualism is hard to say. Some set it down to diabolism. This may be so. But the dead and their place of abode in the spiritualistic showing strains all belief. The old Greek said he would sooner be a slave to a peasant farmer, than king of the dead. And a poor kingdom it is on showing of the world. A shadow of this world, with its petty annoyances, its small preoccupations, and its puerile fancies, if this be the hope of spiritualists then the human soul within them has gone away. Humanity will not accept the heaven of spiritualism, no more than it will that of Mohammed. The starved heart crushed with sorrow may find some ease in the grosser aspects of immortality. But surely, there will be an awakening to the charlatanism of this new religion. World, that those who find themselves enmeshed in the tendrils of this seductive sect had heard of the comfort of prayer for their dead! Here through the way of their intercession they would be one with them. The Communion of Saints would have been a salvation and a comfort.—New World.

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The Echo, Buffalo.

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In golden rays, on flower and tree,  
Through green boughs softly gleaming.  
To pray for thee, is sweet to me, When evening shades are falling,  
And day's bright orb sinks to the sea—  
And vesper bells are calling.  
To pray for thee, is sweet to me, When silvery stars are peeping,  
And tired eyes close wearily,  
And half the world lies sleeping.  
To pray for thee, will ever be  
My joy 'till life's last even  
And 'til on earth thou then should'st be  
I'll pray for thee in Heaven.

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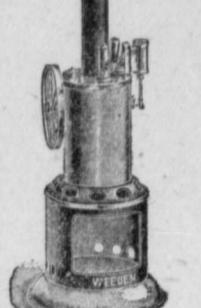
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LONDON, SATURDAY, FEB. 21, 1920

LENTEN REGULATIONS FOR 1920

FOLLOWING ARE THE LENTEN REGULATIONS FOR THE DIOCESE OF LONDON

All days in Lent, Sundays excepted, are fast days. The law of fasting ordains that only one full meal a day be taken.

Flesh meat is allowed at the principal meal on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, except the Saturday of Ember Week.

The prohibition to use fish and flesh at the same meal during Lent has been abolished.

The Lenten Fast and Abstinence cease at twelve o'clock noon on Holy Saturday.

Persons under 21 years of age or those who have reached their sixtieth year are not bound by the law of fasting.

The precept of abstinence obliges all who have completed their seventh year, even those who have passed the age of sixty.

A person dispensed from abstinence is not thereby dispensed from fasting, and vice versa.

In order, however, to safeguard conscience, the faithful should have the judgment of their pastor or confessor in all cases where they seek dispensation or feel exempted from the law of fast or abstinence.

Whatever may be the obligation in the matter of fast and abstinence, Lent is for everybody a season of mortification and of penance.

Pastors are earnestly requested to preach during the holy season of Lent the necessity of penance and the obligation of Christian mortification.

As in the past, two appropriate week day services will be held in each church, and the necessary permission for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament on these occasions is hereby accorded.

A special rite ought also to be made to have the sacred practice of family prayer in common, and especially the recitation of the Rosary, a duty of honor and religion during this penitential time.

MICHAEL FRANCIS FALLON, Bishop of London.

AN ILL-DEFINED INTERNATIONAL DOCTRINE

Deeply rooted in the hearts of all Americans and firmly established as a permanent, vital and inalienable part of the foreign policy of the United States, the Monroe Doctrine is nevertheless somewhat obscure and elastic.

This request is now made public by the American Department of State and is published elsewhere in this issue of the RECORD.

are keenly interested in the answer, and are deferring decision as to joining the League of Nations until they know just what they are agreeing to.

Things taken quite as a matter of course as absolutely granted, unquestioned and unquestionable, are precisely those which come to be held loosely and without any really intelligent apprehension.

Who does not remember "Freedom of Speech," "Freedom of Thought," "Freedom of Conscience," "Freedom of the Press," as the very foundation principles of modern progress and civilization?

Like other things taken for granted the Monroe Doctrine is hazy and indefinite in the minds of many who hold it as a fundamental principle of American foreign policy.

The first published draft of the Treaty of Peace embodying the League of Nations made no mention of the Monroe Doctrine.

Wilson to insist on its recognition, which, after strenuous effort it may be assumed, was accorded in these words:

"Nothing in this covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of international engagements such as treaties of arbitration or regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine, for securing the maintenance of peace."

The "brevity and lack of clearness" of this article, contends San Salvador in behalf of all Latin America, have caused "warm discussions throughout the whole American continent."

It seems the most natural and reasonable thing in the world that other American nations—including Canada, which now claims that rank—should demand a clear and explicit definition of the scope and limits of the Monroe Doctrine.

The origin of the Monroe Doctrine may be traced to Washington's admission that the United States should avoid entangling itself in the politics of Europe.

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sphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere.

It is reported that the American State Department, in answer to San Salvador, has refused further definition. Such refusal can mean nothing else than that the United States reserves to itself the right to extend and develop the logical content of the Monroe Doctrine as future events and circumstances may, in the private judgment of good Americans, seem to require.

THE GENTLE MR. COOTE, M. P.

"The British Government is making rebels in Ireland by its pampering and glove-hand policy."

Earlier in the same message, while discussing negotiations for the settlement of the respective claims of Russia, Great Britain, and the United States, Monroe also said:

"In the discussion to which this interest has given rise and the arrangements by which they may terminate, the occasion has been judged proper for asserting as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American Continent, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers."

Since the time of the promulgation of this doctrine in 1823 it has frequently been enforced. Its spirit permeated the Clayton Bulwer Treaty in 1850. It was enforced against Maximilian in Mexico as soon as the termination of the Civil War permitted free action on the part of the United States.

"Men of Ulster You are Welcome." "Americans believe in fair play and always desire to hear both sides of every question."

The advertisements were inserted by Protestant and Catholic Friends of Irish Freedom, and went on to state:

"The Ulster Protestant has qualities of mind and heart that are not surpassed by any other people. For adherence to principle as the principle is understood by them—for devotion to duty as they recognize their duty—they are the peers of any race."

Theodore S. Woolsey, LL.D., Professor of International Law at Yale University and author of "International Law" and "America's Foreign Policy," may be accepted as an expert on the Monroe Doctrine.

He writes: "Between 1823 and 1895 the development and enlargement of this policy on the part of the United States was very striking. To prevent the overthrow of an independent republic was one thing; to interfere in the settlement of a boundary dispute between two States, also on the ground of self defence, is quite another."

"Never having been formulated as law or in exact language, the Monroe Doctrine has meant different things to different persons at different times."

"It has never formed a part of the body of International Law, being unilateral."

The Salvadorean Foreign Minister very properly quotes Secretary of State Root (1905-1908) to emphasize the indefiniteness of the famous doctrine or policy, and to reinforce his request for a definition of its limits.

"In the wars of the European powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy to do so. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparations for our defence."

Considered as a mere declaration of policy the United States was justified in reserving to itself its interpretation, and the definition, according to the needs of the moment, of its scope and application.

It is not so easy to understand Canada's apathy in the premises; for

if we accept Professor Woolsey's conclusion as to its tendency Canada's status is vitally concerned.

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800 clergymen of this city yesterday afternoon in Witherston Hall.

"I hope every minister will cast his eyes around, and if he spots a reporter let us know it," Doctor Lynch urged the clergymen.

"I see one sitting over there; please take notice," he announced, whereupon the reporter left the hall.

"Why this secrecy?" Doctor Pentecost asked. "If these gentlemen from the churches of Ireland have come to this country to tell the truth about conditions over there, why should it be kept from the newspapers? Why not take the public into our confidence?"

"The bishop permitted Doctor Lynch to answer," said Doctor Lynch, as Bishop Berry seemed about to answer it himself.

The meeting was conducted in secret. One thing the Ulster delegation has accomplished. They have cut the ground from under the feet of those who vehemently protested against Irish Nationalists obtruding themselves into American politics.

"American opinion does count." "And it is proper to hear both parties, especially as both have apparently made up their minds to establish the public opinion of the United States as a sort of supreme court, whose decision, as a determining factor, each invokes in its own favor."

"The Washington Post states the case very clearly and succinctly: "American opinion does count."

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The savage cheers of Toronto Orangemen which greeted the murderous sentiment of Coote when he said that Irish Members of Parliament should be shot down like dogs in the street will be about the only consolation that the "Delegation" can take back to the Ulster lads in peril of their lives from the wolves of Sinn Féin.

A NEW PHASE OF AN OLD ERROR

BY THE OBSERVER

When the nations of Europe which broke away from the Church took for the main purpose of their existence the making of money, their influence and example were strong enough to affect those nations which still remained in the Church.

England was as dominant in war, and as successful when she was Catholic as after she became Protestant; but she was less intent on money-making.

Since the 17th century it has always been the main stock argument of Protestants that the Protestant nations were more prosperous in dollars and cents than the Catholic nations.

This ideal, set before the eyes of successive generations of people, as the only ideal worth striving for, could have but one effect; it unduly emphasized in the minds of the peoples of those countries the greatness of money; the importance of being well-off.

Further it stated that the delegation "offered to answer questions, but withdrew the offer in confusion when men and women got up and really asked some questions."

"One of the ministers, Mr. Crooks, said if Ireland becomes free he will leave it. That's what George Washington told the Tories to do in 1776" promptly retorted some one in the audience.

In Philadelphia, the avoidance of fair and decent public discussion was carried still further. Here are some extracts from the report of the Philadelphia Public Ledger:

"The Rev. Dr. George F. Pentecost, pastor of Bethany Presbyterian Church, delivered a sharp protest against the 'secrecy' surrounding a meeting of the representatives of the Protestant churches of Ireland with

held in trust for the poor, were violently taken from her.

In the Church and the lands and funds she held in trust for the people at large, the private aristocrats of England had always seen a formidable obstacle to their plans for dominating the whole country.

Let it be well understood that the social situation, out of which the present class struggle has come, was wholly and absolutely of Protestant manufacture; and was only made possible by destroying the Catholic Church.

Then came the invention of machinery; and a new impulse to industrial expansion. Who furnished the capital? Those who alone had capital. Those who had robbed the Church and built their fortunes on her ruin.

This situation went on for a long time; and then shaded off into another. A powerful middle class, half way between the aristocrats and the workingmen, came into existence; traders and manufacturers of non-aristocratic birth, who made wealth and acquired property; and shopkeepers and shipowners whose influence began to rival that of the old aristocratic order.

After this new class had sprung up, their existence seemed only to emphasize the two extremes between which they stood; their power did little for the workingman; for the reason that their ambitions, social and political, turned their eyes towards the aristocratic class and not towards the working class.

The worst oppression of the poor ever seen in England came, not from the hereditary aristocrats, but from the new-rich; and from workingmen of yesterday who were ambitious to be aristocrats to-morrow.

For the last two hundred years the slums of the largest English cities, particularly of London, have been a disgrace to humanity, a scandal to the world, and an offence to Heaven.

And those slums were made possible by the 16th century abandonment of Catholic social principles; and by the wholesale robbery from the Church of the possessions she held upon the sacred trust to prevent just such horrible conditions and which she used as a balance of social and economic power for the benefit of the whole nation.

Casual observers may suppose that now at last the wrongs are about to be righted; and that justice is at last about to prevail. Let us not forget that no wrong was ever yet righted by adding other wrongs to it; no number of wrongs can make a right.

What is the main impulse of the hour, socially and economically, in England? And let us not forget that from England have come the impulse, the social agitation, and the ideas, which have set labor in Canada seething, and in the United States as well.

Is it a sober, sensible, considered, calm return to sound Catholic principles? To go to the root of the matter is the golden calf to be pulled down, or is it merely to receive the worship of millions where it had only thousands to worship it before?

Is the false principle of the 16th century; the principle of materialism; the worship of money and property; now to be abandoned; and a new system of social economy built up on true principles?

Look and see. Listen and hear. The passion for money has seized on the nation as a whole; where formerly it swayed only thousands, it now sways millions. Money is the dream and the heart's delight of the masses today; and their leaders are telling them that that is the supreme philosophy.

To have all the money one wants, and not to work; or to work as little as possible. Here is the new phase of an old error; new at least to the majority of its new followers.

AND WHILE Protestantism in the United States and Canada is translating its enthusiasm into dollars, with the avowed object of "winning the world for Christ," leaders of opinion in Japan are debating the "subserviency of Christianity to materialism," as illustrated by the bearing of Protestant missionaries in that far-off Kingdom.

"For the first twenty or thirty years of its propaganda Christianity was highly respected. . . . When Japanese officialdom began to smile on the new religion in order to win the attention of Christendom to treaty revision, the Church too easily fell to the bait, and great attempts were made to cater to the higher classes, the church leaders fawning on officials and even backing them up in their mistakes and weaknesses."

By "THE Church" is here meant the conglomeration of sects which without sense or reason arrogate to themselves that august title. The whole arraignment notoriously refers to Protestant missions. The Catholic Church in Japan, as in other heathen lands, has by the bearing of her missionaries won the respect of the native population.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

"WILD CAT ecclesiastical campaigning" is the term a minister of prominence (Dr. Gordon, of the Old South Church, Boston) applies to the "Interdenominational Forward Movement" in the United States.

He also characterizes it as "the boldest and most ruthless piece of autocracy [he] has ever known." The objective there ranges from \$40,000,000, to \$140,000,000 for each denomination.

"I confess," says Dr. Gordon "that I am appalled by the magnitude of this scheme, by the secrecy in which it has been devised, by the utter disregard shown for the judgment of the ministers and laymen on whom the burden would fall, if the plan should be put into operation, by the peril to organized religion among us, if the church is looked upon mainly as the subject of enormous irresponsible taxation, and not supremely as a place of moral influence and spiritual power. All the money in the world by itself can not save a single soul."

The kindred movement in Canada to which the daily papers are giving their space so liberally may or may not be amenable to Dr. Gordon's strictures, but having regard to the difference in population the objective is of scarcely less magnitude. What, it is being asked significantly by many, is to be done with all this money if forthcoming? Despite the protests of the schemes' promoters, that the financial feature is in this instance but the corollary of the spiritual and moral, the whole affair bears all the earmarks of those financial debauches with which this generation has become too familiar.

Religion is no longer to look to the inward man, but, resting upon the arm of flesh, is to overcome the world by the almighty dollar. It is simply part and parcel of the great scheme devised, as the Boston man avers, by an elect few, whereby every moral and religious need of the inhabitants of this planet shall be investigated and tabulated after the manner of a mercantile agency. To the really spiritual man the contrast of the bearing of the first Christians towards the mighty Roman Empire will not fail to suggest itself.

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Diplomatic representatives, travellers of name, and native authorities have alike testified to this, and the result is seen in the success which has attended Catholic missionary effort as compared with that of all others professing the Christian name.

PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES, on the other hand, notwithstanding their enormous financial resources, make but little impression upon native populations for the simple reason that they not only remain as a people apart, but by their divisions, their lack of definiteness in creed, and

their "disposition to compromise with the world" (Herald of Asia) they are regarded as time servers, and "too spineless to command the attention of a virile people, like the Japanese"—for example. These are not our words but those of the journal quoted which, being on the spot, should speak with knowledge. That the article referred to has created something like consternation among those concerned is not matter for surprise.

A "FORWARD MOVEMENT" advertisement in the Canadian Churchman epitomizes the projected campaign in regard to the children of the Foreign Born in Canada after this fashion:

"Hospital work as an entrance;  
Educational work as a base;  
Evangelism as an end." "

"Evangelism as an end!" That is, under cover of a subsidized philanthropy, innocent children are to be gradually and surreptitiously weaned from their Catholic inheritance. The words quoted mean this or they mean nothing. Are we to understand that Anglicans are ambitious to emulate their Presbyterian brethren, whose bogus "masses," designed to deceive and mislead the confiding Ruthenian in the Canadian North West, has forever stamped those responsible for it with infamy?

U. S. ASKED TO DEFINE MONROE DOCTRINE

ALL LATIN AMERICA WAITING FOR PRESIDENT WILSON'S ANSWER TO SALVADOR'S REQUEST

Washington, Feb. 7. (Associated Press). Latin American countries which participated in the Peace Conference, and also those which have been invited to join the League of Nations, are watching the request of Salvador that the United States define the Monroe Doctrine so that they will know just what they are agreeing to if they join the league. The State Department has acknowledged receipt of the request from Juan Franco Paredes, Minister for Foreign Affairs of Salvador. It now remains with President Wilson to draft a reply. Meanwhile Latin American statesmen are discussing the question and some of the Latin American countries are delaying joining the league until the definition of the Monroe Doctrine is made. The reference to the Monroe Doctrine is in Article XXI of the covenant of the League of Nations. For the first time the text of the communication of the Salvadorean Government is made public. It recites that despite its neutrality in the War, Salvador manifested "its sympathy on every occasion for the ideals which animated the Government of the United States in entering the War," and President Wilson for "having crystallized the legitimate hopes of a fruitful peace, by submitting the draft of a League of Nations covenant," says Salvador, "manifests the desire to adhere to this treaty which sanction arbitration as the only method of settling disputes between nations," and continues:

"The whole text of the treaty is both suggestive and attractive. In it there is a return to those principles of life long awaited by sociologists and publicists. And indeed it seems as if from the ruins of War there have arisen with greater strength and potency the beautiful gospels which in a moment of folly were relegated to the discard by those who through the immutable laws of international interdependence were especially charged with sustaining and upholding.

ONE ARTICLE THAT LACKS CLEARNESS "One text of the treaty contains, however, one article which has awakened warm discussions throughout the whole American continent including the United States, due no doubt to its brevity and lack of clearness, I refer to Article XXI, drafted in the following terms:

"Nothing in this covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of international engagements, such as treaties of arbitration or regional understanding like the Monroe Doctrine, for securing the maintenance of peace."

"The legal scope of this provision from an international viewpoint is open to differing interpretations since in the vast scheme of the League of Nations treaties of arbitration and regional understandings such as the Monroe Doctrine are recognized and sanctioned, despite the fact that as to the highly peaceful purpose of the latter doctrine there does not exist harmonious meeting of minds nor an absolute criterion.

"From the year 1823, in which the distinguished James Monroe rejected all intervention by European nations in the affairs of the American continent to the present day, this doctrine has undergone different applications depending upon the diverse political tendencies prevailing at that particular time in the United States.

"It would be unnecessary, Mr. Secretary, to undertake any detailed exposition of various views of prominent thinkers and public men of the

United States as to the genuine and correct interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine, which former Secretary of State Elihu Root regarded as a declaration based on the right of the people of the United States to protect itself as a nation, and which could not be transformed into a declaration, joint or common, to all the nations of America or even to a limited number of them."

"My Government recognizes that the Monroe Doctrine consolidated the independence of the Continental States of Latin America, and saved them from the great danger of a European intervention. It realizes that it is a powerful factor in the existence of the democratic form of Government on this continent and that it raised a barrier to European colonialization."

AUTHENTIC INTERPRETATION REQUESTED

"Since, however, the covenant of the League of Nations does not set forth nor determine the purposes nor fix a definite criterion of international relations in America, and since, on the other hand, the doctrine will be forth with transformed—in view of the full sanction of the nations of the world—into a principle of universal public law, juris et de jure, I request that your Excellency will be good enough to give the authentic interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine as it is understood in the present historical movement and in its future application by the Government of the United States, which must realize that my Government is keenly desirous of securing a statement which shall put an end to the divergence of views now prevailing on the subject, which is recognized by all is not the most propitious in stimulating the ideals of true Pan Americanism.

"Contrary to the authorized and respected view of former Secretary of State Root, the Monroe Doctrine through its inclusion in the covenant of the League of Nations will be converted without doubt into a genuine American international law.

"Since any amendment to the text of the treaty and even the rejection of all its provisions by the American Senate would still leave intact the various points which this international agreement covers as to the other signatory nations, by virtue of their general and expressed acceptance, the principle embraced in the League of Nations, and therefore the Monroe Doctrine, would be virtually accepted as a fundamental principle of public American law by all those countries that signed or manifested their adherence to the Peace Treaty."

"The necessity of an interpretation of the genesis and scope of the Monroe Doctrine not only in the development of the lofty purpose of Pan Americanism, but in order that the doctrine may maintain its original purity and prestige, is rendered all the more urgent."

DERRY VICTORY

NATIONALIST PRESS COMMENTS

The most memorable municipal elections since O'Connell eighty years ago defeated Ascendancy in Dublin Corporation have fittingly concluded, says the Dublin Telegraph, with a great Nationalist victory in Derry. To give them their due the Unionists of the Maiden City fought as determinedly as ever in their history, but for the first time they were forced to meet their opponents on something like equal terms. It is true and eminently characteristic that even the introduction of Proportional Representation did not eliminate the safeguards by which for generations Derry Orangemen has maintained its supremacy. One of the last acts of the expiring Corporation was to manipulate the ward boundaries so as to ensure that P. R. or no P. R., the Nationalists would fail to secure the full advantage of their undoubted majority on the register. Thanks, however, to superb organization and to a patriotic enthusiasm on the part of individual electors without parallel in municipal contests, the Orange jerry-mandering proved of no avail, and Nationalists today are in the majority on the Derry Corporation. The capture of Derry means much more than a victory in the domain of local politics. It is a symbol, the meaning of which can be neither ignored nor evaded by the inventors of a homogeneous Ulster, the most notorious political fiction of our day. Sir Edward Carson has rarely if ever made a speech into which he did not drop the name of Derry, and the burden of his argument has invariably been that the city was even more vehemently opposed to Irish self-government than when the Apprentice Boys banged the gates in the face of the troopers of King James. Yet Derry, to the amazement of those people outside Ulster who have been accustomed to accept Sir Edward Carson's statements at their face value, elects at a critical juncture to tear down the Orange colours in favour of the rebel Green. And Derry is no mere isolated example. All over the area which Mr. Lloyd George proposes to stake out as the new State of Carsonia the same revolt has manifested itself.

Till 1896 the Derry Corporation was as exclusively Protestant as it was before the Corporation Act of 1840. That Act, says the Irish Independent, reformed the Corporation of the country, and for the first time gave a chance to the majority in this country who, therefore, had been rigorously excluded. To prevent the return of a Catholic majority the Derry Corporation,

fearing the promised ex session of the franchise which subsequently was made, arranged in 1896 that the city should be divided into five, instead of three, wards. The result was that for twenty-four years Ascendancy remained as dominant as in pre-emancipation days. When under the proportional representation system fair representation for all sections might be secured, the Ascendancy party, loth to lose their grip, again jerry-mandered the areas. This time their trick was failed. The new Corporation consists of 21 Nationalists and 19 Unionists, thus giving the former a majority of two and the power to elect a mayor whose views will be in accordance with those of the majority of the citizens. In the old Corporation the Nationalists had never more than 16 members, so that the Unionists had a permanent majority of at least eight. In Derry proportional representation has effected a result almost mathematically accurate, as applied to parties. Nationalists, who are 56.21 per cent. of the population, secure 52.10 per cent. of the Corporation representation. This, together with the Belfast and other northern results, gives such a blow to the theory of a two-nation theory that any British Minister who, in the future, pays any serious attention to Sir Edward Carson's objections to self government for all Ireland, tramples under foot constitutional doctrines and democratic principles.

The Irish News says:—We congratulate Derry's steadfast Nationalists today on one of the most remarkable and important of all the victories won by the forces of progress in Ulster last week. If the Unionists of Derry are "famed for their high voting qualities," the Nationalists have proved their right to the topmost pinnacle of renown as voters. Their battle was fought against odds that need not be reckoned in the hour of their triumph: it is enough to know that their final victory in the S. E. Ward will be recorded in the coming time as the most notable and significant incident of Ulster Democracy's revolt against Ascendancy on the 15th of January, 1920. Never in its history as a city had Derry been governed by a Corporation in harmony with the sentiments of the majority amongst its people. The Ascendancy clung to their stronghold on the banks of the Foyle with a tenacity unequalled elsewhere; they valued their supremacy in Derry more than their authority in Belfast; even when the right of the majority could not be denied at Parliamentary elections, the Guild hall still remained a fortress of Ascendancy seemingly impregnable to the popular will. Now it has fallen; and in congratulating the Nationalists, we congratulate right-minded Derry citizens of all creeds and classes. A minority in power through the operations of trickery and in defiance of justice should feel glad that they have been rescued in their despite from an anomalous and unworthy position.—The Derry Journal.

COOTE'S COURT RECORD

TYPICAL ORANGE INTOLERANCE CONDEMNED BY ULSTER JUDGE

The following illuminating incident in the career of Mr. Coote, M. P., chairman of the "Ulster Delegation," is furnished the press by Dr. Macartan, also a native of Ulster, and a neighbor of Mr. Coote's:

The character and intention of the "Ulster delegation" may be judged by that of its chairman, the Hon. William Coote, M. P. Their desire is to paint the Catholics of Ireland as polluters in constant dread of a bigoted priesthood, the aim of the priest being to bring Ireland under the domination of the Vatican. I submit that it is Mr. Coote himself who is the bigot and can prove my case by an incident which took place in Tyrone in 1904 and 1905. This incident, while showing Mr. Coote in his true colors, conclusively proves that few of the ministers of Mr. Coote's own Church are animated with Mr. Coote's narrow spirit.

At the time referred to below, Mr. Coote was ruling elder of the local Presbyterian congregation at Carnall, Co. Tyrone, about ten miles from his native place. He was also Master of the local Orange lodge and a justice of the peace for the district. In the district there was a vested school—that is, a school erected by all denominations and attended by Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Catholics, of which the Rev. Mr. Bailey, a Presbyterian minister, was manager.

In February, 1904, it was decided to appoint a girl as manual instructor to teach the little girls needle-work, kindergarten and similar manual exercises. Her salary was to be at the rate of a maximum of 95s yearly if the average attendance reached twenty or more. If the average attendance should be less than twenty, she would be paid a capitation grant of \$1.25 quarterly, or 5s a year for each girl in attendance. She would be eligible for appointment as assistant teacher after three years' service if of sufficient skill and capacity.

Rev. Mr. Bailey decided, after consultation with his leading Protestant neighbors, to appoint a young girl of eighteen who had every qualification for the work and was a Catholic. Hon. William Coote, M. P., immediately started a campaign of boycott and intimidation against the young girl, which was as brutal as it was unjustifiable, and finally ended in a decree with costs being given against him for the protection of the girl, on May 17, 1905, by an English-appointed judge, Mr. Justice Barton.

The facts are as follows (I quote from Mr. Justice Barton's judgment): "The plaintiff took up her duties on Monday, February 29, 1904, and continued to discharge them during that week without any trouble or interference. On the following Sunday, March 6, 1904, when the Rev. Mr. Bailey's congregation assembled for morning service, it was seen that four large crosses four feet in length had been painted on the floor of the vestry through which the minister and other members of the congregation entered. Similar crosses were painted on the national schoolhouse. Why were these crosses painted in those places to meet the eye of the clergymen and the congregation on Sunday morning? Clearly it was for the purpose of moral intimidation in connection with the church and school. Can it be doubted that they were there as a protest against the appointment of this Roman Catholic girl as warning to those responsible for the appointment, and as an incentive to opposition or resistance? The minister was shocked at the spectacle and spoke about it to the defendant (Mr. Coote), who was and had been for seven years ruling elder of his congregation. The defendant said that he (Rev. Mr. Bailey) was the cause of it for appointing that Roman Catholic girl as teacher. 'Then,' said Mr. Bailey, 'it is a Protestant outrage and not a Roman Catholic one.'

Mr. Coote then called a meeting of the parishioners, which Rev. Mr. Bailey refused to attend, as he said he knew its object was to force him to dismiss the girl, and that he did not intend to do. I quote again from Mr. Justice Barton's judgment:

"The meeting assembled on Tuesday evening and the minister did not come. The defendant, Mr. Coote, then took out a pencil and paper and put the question to such persons whether they would withdraw their children or not. He wrote down the replies. More than once suggestions were made that they should delay and communicate with the minister. The defendant successfully opposed an appointment. One of those present pointed out the trivial character of the appointment and its unobjectionable. The defendant met this objection by a coarse joke aimed at the girl's religion. Robinson who had previously ridiculed the notion of objecting to a Catholic girl teaching the children sewing, came at once into line and announced that he would withdraw his children. In spite of this, the result of the voting was that the parents representing thirteen children were for the boycott and ten against it. The majority prevailed and the boycott was adopted. There was also some discussion as to others not present who might join in the boycott, and others did join in it. On the following morning twenty-one children were withdrawn and shortly afterwards six others, making in all twenty-seven."

Two of the latest converts to the Church are Dr. Carlton Joseph Huntley Hayes of Columbia, and Professor Henry Jones Ford of Princeton.

Dr. Hayes was born at Afton, New York, in 1882. He graduated at Columbia University and has been successively Lecturer in History, Assistant Professor of History and since 1915 Associate Professor of History in Columbia University, New York City. He is the author of "Sources Relating to the Germanic Invasions" (1909); "British Social Politics," and "History of Modern Europe" in two volumes. This last was set aside by the United States government as one of the official text-books for the Army Training Schools in all the universities and colleges of the land having this work in charge. Dr. Hayes is a constant contributor to magazines and reviews published at home and abroad as well as to the new edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica. He has begun his active Catholic life by becoming secretary of the newly founded Catholic Historical Society.

Professor Henry Jones Ford (who was received by the New York Jesuits) is a native of Baltimore where he was born in 1851. He graduated at the Baltimore City College in 1868, and became an editorial writer on the Baltimore American. He has been successively city editor of the Baltimore Sun; managing editor of the Baltimore American; editorial writer on the New York Sun; again on staff of Baltimore Sun; managing editor of the Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette, and of the Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph, and editor of the Pittsburgh Gazette. From 1906-1907 he was lecturer in Political Science in Johns Hopkins University and since 1918 has been Professor of Political Science and Government in Princeton University.

Professor Jones is the author of "The Rise and Growth of American Politics" (1898); "The Cost of Our National Government" (1909); "The Scotch-Irish in America" (1905); "The Natural History of the State," and "The Cleveland Era." He is also a contributor to magazines of articles on political science.—Catholic Bulletin.

LAW AND ORDER

DELEGATES VIEW RESULTS OF FIRM GOVERNMENT IN THURLES

When the Labor Delegation arrived in Thurles they found the people of the town in a state of terror. The town was still in possession of armed military and police, who were stationed at various points.

The visitors passed through the wrecked area, and later had a conference with His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Harty, Archbishop of Cashel, which lasted for an hour, during which the occurrence was touched upon.

Mr. Wm. Adamson, M. P., chairman, and Mr. Arthur Henderson, M. P., observed that the representative of the Dublin Evening Telegraph, when questioned by Press representatives regarding what came under their notice, their joint statement was as follows:—"The deputation had a very interesting visit to Thurles today, and had striking evidence of what is going on in various parts of Ireland at the present time. It appears that the night before a policeman was shot at in the street and wounded, and that afterwards, in order to avenge the shooting of the policeman, it was apparent that the other policemen had run amok. Walking down the street, about a dozen houses bore marks, either by way of shattered windows or otherwise, of a considerable amount of indiscriminate shooting.

"From the evidence that one could gather from prominent residents in the town, a number of the inhabitants who had retired, or were retiring, for the night ran very narrow escapes from slipping through the windows and doors. The deputation had an interview with one man who had retired with his wife and children, and were awakened by the reports. Bullets began to come through the windows, and he and his family had to leave the bedroom and seek shelter in the basement. Their passage to the basement was extremely perilous, as bullets were coming through the windows and the doors."

Mr. Wm. Adamson, M. P., the Chairman of the Party, in an interview, stated that the deputation had been greatly astonished by all they had seen in Thurles, and it was a striking confirmation of many statements they had heard since their arrival in Ireland, and showed conclusively the deplorable results of the present Castle rule.

"I am convinced," Mr. Adamson said, "that the shooting had been carried on most indiscriminately. The occurrence at Thurles, and the evidence gathered by the deputation will form an important part of our report to the Labor forces in Great Britain, and will, without doubt, strengthen the demand for the abolition of the present military regime in Ireland, and the substitution of a more enlightened method of government."

The Thurles pandemonium shows in one picture, says the Dublin Evening Telegraph, to the people of these islands and to the civilized world the condition to which this country and the guardians of its peace have been reduced by the present system of government. It repeats, but in a worse and far more dangerous and disastrous form, the incidents at Fermoy. An unfortunate constable is shot in one of those

attempts, the political utility of which is as obvious as the recklessness. The Whitehall cynics will not be in the least deflected from their Carsonian policy by the wounding or death of any number of unfortunate Irish policemen.

But if the shooting of Mr. Redmond and Constable Finnegan are had and sinister events, the proceedings of the military and police in Thurles are a hundred-fold more ominous. No doubt it will be said that they had received provocation. But it is the duty and the character of a disciplined force, charged with the paramount office of making law and order respected, to withstand provocation; and it betrays a sad state of discipline to have indulged in such scenes of terrorism as wrecked the town of Thurles on Tuesday night. The incidents were far worse than in Fermoy. There the wrecking was done with sticks and bats, and no deadly weapons were employed. In Thurles, if the reports are accurate, deadly fusillades of rifle fire were employed, and it was a miracle that many innocent persons were not shot. The cause must be deep and demoralizing that produced such a display within the British Isles by disciplined or supposed to be disciplined, forces.—The Daily Journal.

"In dealing with these facts I have omitted to repeat certain coarse jests aimed at this girl and her religion. They only serve to show that the whole proceedings were directed against her mainly on account of her religion. . . . The object of the concerted action of the defendant and others was, in my opinion, to procure the plaintiff's dismissal. Nothing else would have satisfied them or have stopped the boycott."

Mr. Justice Barton gave judgment with costs against the Hon. William Coote, and granted an injunction to restrain him from further conspiracy to injure the girl. When the Hon. William Coote, M. P., refers to the intolerance of Irish Catholics, lay or clerical, Unionist or Sinn Fein, Judge Barton's judgment should be kept in mind.

CARDINAL LOGUE

WARNS AGAINST SECRET ORGANIZATIONS

His Eminence Cardinal Logue has published a letter in all the churches of the archdiocese, in which he warns the faithful against the activities of secret societies.

I have little doubt, the Cardinal says, that such crime as has been committed should be attributed either to ignorant, reckless, hot-headed enthusiasts who have shaken themselves free from all control and respect for the laws of God; or to habitual criminals; or to the members of secret societies, which are the natural and untimely fruit of repression.

Among the body of the people those crimes inspire horror, contempt, and reproach. At the beginning of last Lent I anticipated the danger that evilly-disposed and designing men would take advantage of the existing confusion to seduce some of our young men into secret societies; and warned the people against them. It is to be feared that my forecast then has been justified. Hence I repeat the warning, earnestly beseeching young men to avoid this fatal danger, and reminding the clergy, parents, and others responsible for the youth of the country to guard them against this demoralizing course.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

THE DISTRIBUTING HOUSE

The Catholic Church Extension Society is daily the recipient of letters from missionaries, bishops and priests. Each one has his own needs to meet and difficulties to overcome. Whenever possible the Society gives immediate attention to the call or renders at least "first aid."

Gleaning over the decisions of the Executive Committee of the Society for some months back the conclusion is forced upon us that education has received greater consideration than all other calls. When we speak of education we mean not only ecclesiastical education but also the support of primary schools in missionary Canada.

Among our benefactors we note that some thousands of dollars have been expended for Seminarians in preparation for the Western Missions. The young men thus preparing the windows and doors. The deputation had an interview with one man who had retired with his wife and children, and were awakened by the reports. Bullets began to come through the windows, and he and his family had to leave the bedroom and seek shelter in the basement. Their passage to the basement was extremely perilous, as bullets were coming through the windows and the doors."

We have in various stages of preparation in colleges about fifteen young men proteges of the Extension Society, their studies till graduation and then serve God in the Western vineyard. May God bless and prosper them in their holy resolutions! We have every expectation of seeing the number of our collegians grow greater each year until we have an ample flow of priests towards great Western Canada.

It is recognized that Catholic education is badly needed by the children of the new-comers. If they are taught secular knowledge without morality they are bound to be not only poor specimens as citizens but also lost sheep of the Church. It is no wonder then that primary education has been supported this year by the Extension Society to the extent of over \$80,000.

Chapels have been given to the scattered Catholics in the vast missionary diocese of our Dominion.

Donations of large sums have been made to missionary bishops and religious institutions to sustain them in their arduous and often bitter labors.

Vestments, altar plate and linens have gone forth from the hands of the valiant women of the Women's Auxiliary to enable the hard-pressed priests of the missions to offer up the Holy Sacrifice and administer

the Sacraments in a becoming manner.

How has this been possible for us to do so much? How have we drawn from the lips of a bishop those encouraging words? "Thank God we have in Canada such a Society as the Extension to come to the assistance of poorly tried priests and missions!" The answer is very simple. The thousands of dollars expended for God's work in Canada by the Extension Society have come from the pockets of generous Catholics who realize that they owe something to God for the Faith they have received so easily, for the graces they are constantly receiving, who know the meaning of the Communion of Saints and the significance of the word, Catholic.

Dear Reader, are you of this number?

Donations may be addressed to:

Rev. T. O'DONNELL, President,  
Catholic Church Extension Society  
67 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed:

EXTENSION,  
CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE,  
London, Ont.

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A Friend.....	10 00
C. Belleville.....	1 00
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MASS INTENTIONS

A Friend, Six Portages.....	4 00
Miss J. Farrell, Perth.....	2 00

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

Almonte, Ontario.

Dear Friends,—I came to Canada to seek vocations for the Chinese Missions which are greatly in need of priests. In my parish alone there are three cities and a thousand villages to be evangelized and only two priests. Since I arrived in Canada a number of youths have expressed their desire to study for the Chinese mission but there are no funds to educate them. I appeal to your charity to assist in founding burses for the education of those and others who desire to become missionaries in China. Five thousand dollars will found a bursar. The interest on this amount will support a student when he is ordained and goes off to the mission another will be taken in and so on forever. All imbued with the Catholic spirit of propagating the Faith to the ends of the earth will, I am sure, contribute generously to this fund.

Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary  
J. M. FRASER.

I propose the following burses for subscription.

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QUEEN OF APOSTLES BURSE

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A Friend, Southampton.....	50

The very voices of the night, sounding like the moan of the tempest, may turn out to be the disguised yet tender "voices of God," calling away from all earthly footsteps to mount with greater singleness of eye and ardor of aim the lone ladder of safety and peace—upward, onward, heavenward, homeward.

**FIVE MINUTE SERMON**

BY REV. M. BOSSAERT  
FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT  
EVIL SPIRITS

Our Divine Saviour became in all respects man like ourselves, sin alone excepted, and today's gospel contains a proof of this fact, for although Jesus Christ was the son of God, and was Himself truly God, yet, whilst He fasted for forty days in the desert, He showed Himself to be so truly man that the devil actually dared to tempt Him, and Jesus did not prevent his doing so. Our Lord had two reasons for permitting Himself to be tempted; He wished to reveal to us, on the one hand, the various ways in which the evil one tries to ensnare men, and, on the other hand, the way in which we can avoid these snares. He set us an example of humility, and taught us how to resist and conquer the power of our great enemy. We may therefore learn three lessons from today's gospel: 1. That there are evil spirits; 2. that they try to injure us; 3. that we can overcome them.

1. *There are evil spirits.* This is of faith, and confirmed by many passages in Holy Scripture, which tells us how these evil spirits came into existence. Originally there were none, for God made all spirits good and beautiful, and assigned heaven to them as their dwelling place. Some of the spirits, however, gave way to pride and envy, and rebelled against God, who drove them out of heaven and cast them down into hell. Ever since then there have been devils, who are evil spirits. They were once good and beautiful and happy, but after their fall they became horrible and most wretched; they are full of hatred:—hated against God, hatred against heaven and earth, hatred against themselves and others; they are tortured by all eternity by fire that can never be quenched. We know all this by Divine Revelation. Our Saviour speaks of the everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels, and St. Peter says that God drew the angels that sinned by infernal ropes down to the lower hell, unto torments.

Whoever, therefore, questions the existence of evil spirits, doubts the truth of Divine Revelation. There are people who want to seem very enlightened, and so they deny the existence of the devil, and, with pitying contempt, laugh at the stupidity of those who believe in it;—we know well enough what kind of people they are; they live to please the devil, and must be afraid that he will one day claim them as his own; hence they wish that he did not exist, and they insist on believing what they wish to be true.

2. *Our second lesson is that the evil spirits try to injure us.* To harm us both in body and soul, to make us disobey God, to lead us to sin and to plunge us into eternal destruction. They hate and quarrel with one another, but in one respect they are all agreed, namely, they desire men to sin, and so he turned away from God, and rendered unhappy forever. Soon after the creation of man this fact became apparent. When the devil saw how happy Adam and Eve were in Paradise, he was filled with envy and hatred, and knew no rest until, by his lies, he had brought about their ruin. We read in Holy Scripture that through the devil's envy sin came into the world, and, through sin, death. As is recorded in today's gospel, he even dared to approach the Son of God, and, although he was defeated and put to flight by our Divine Lord, he never ceases to assail those who believe in Christ; in fact the further Christ's kingdom extends in the world, the greater is the devil's fury. "He goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." He is never weary, but renews his attacks upon us day after day, trying to ensnare us. His hatred is directed with peculiar virulence against the Catholic Church, which he would fain annihilate by means of calumny and persecution, because so many souls find refuge from him there.

3. *But however violently the devil may assail us, we can overcome him, if only we follow the example of our Divine Saviour.* The spirit of pride may tempt us to pride and arrogance, the spirit of impurity may tempt us to lust, the spirit of falsehood may tempt us to lie, untruthfulness, envy, injustice and avarice, and try to bring us into hostility with our fellowmen and to make us lose our faith,—but we shall be able to resist all these temptations if we walk with Jesus in the presence of God; if we shun the world; if we pray often and fervently; and if, by fasting and mortification, we conquer the lusts of the flesh. Evidently we do this, the evil spirits can do us no harm, but will be obliged to leave us alone. The devil can really injure and lead astray those only who give themselves up to him. This is the reason why those fall most easily into his snares and succumb to temptations, who are careless about prayer and forgetful of the presence of God, who occupy themselves too much with worldly amusements, and are always eager for frivolity and gaiety, and who cherish arrogant, sensual and avaricious thoughts.

"Be sober and watch," says St. Peter, and St. James writes: "Resist the devil, and he will fly from you." Let us avail ourselves especially of this holy season of Lent to practise prayer, fasting and self-denial, in order that we may overcome the evil spirits, our deadly enemies, and by

our struggles and triumphs to become day by day more like our Divine Saviour. Amen.

**CHURCH UNITY AND ROME'S EPIPHANY**

Bernard J. McNamara in America

Church unity is the great desideratum in the religious world today. The fast-crumbing Protestant sects realize that there must be some sort of union between them if they are to enjoy a few more decades of life. So we see associations for religious unity multiplying all over the world. But none of these seems to know how to bring about the union desired. The work of union must be started within the confines of each sect, for each sect is split up into several or more divisions opposed in less or greater measure to one another. These contending divisions must first be united before any sect can speak of union with another. Here lies the great difficulty. None of these various divisions seems desirous of yielding points that might pave the way for at least the beginning of religious unity. In other words, there is no person or group of persons in any of the Protestant sects able to say what are the essential points upon which church unity must be founded. There is no voice of authority. There is therefore no unity nor will there be any.

Once in a great while, as happened a short time ago, the Catholic Church included in those plans for church unity. The press of the world gives wide-spread circulation to the fact that a committee is to wait upon the Pope to secure his views on this important subject. Then the world pretends to be surprised when the Pope tells his visitors that there can be no unity except through the acceptance of Catholic principles. And Benedict XV. is merely repeating and re-echoing the words of his illustrious predecessor, Leo XIII. His Holiness is far more anxious than any one else to see the fulfilment of Christ's words, "There shall be one fold and one shepherd," but he is compelled to say frankly that this must not be brought about through the sacrifice of principles that cannot be given up.

Now the really surprising thing happens. Only a few weeks after the unity-seeking committee has left the Pope's presence, a magnificent pageant demonstrating the unity of the Catholic Church in all its fulness is staged in the City of the Popes. Such a complete manifestation of real, unbreakable unity must excite the surprise and arouse the envy of ardent seekers after the apparently elusive quality of unity outside the Catholic Church. I refer to the splendid series of religious ceremonies that exemplify in an absolutely unmistakable way the strong bond that unites the Catholic Church in all sections of the globe. These are held annually in the Church of San Andrea della Valle in Rome.

And what better time could be selected than the Octave of Epiphany? The Epiphany is the birthday of Christianity among the Gentiles. It commemorates the calling of the true Faith and the beginning of our emancipation from the slavery of paganism. The unity of the human race was torn asunder in the times of paganism. Races considered themselves not only as strangers to one another, but also hated each other as enemies. The Hebrew, the Greek and the Roman felt so keenly their national character that they forgot absolutely that they were children of one Father. The eternal Son of God came into the world to reconstruct the grand unity of the human family and to reconcile it with God. Scarcely was Christ born than He drew to the cave through the marvelous hymn of the angels the shepherds of Bethlehem and then shortly afterwards through the instrumentalities of the prodigious star the Magi came from the East to adore Him. Thus from the first days of His infancy, Our Lord manifested Himself as true cornerstone that united together two peoples, the Jew and the Gentile, in one bond of unity of the same faith and the same love. There at Bethlehem, at Epiphany, He launched the new Church that was not to be bound or restricted to one country or to one people.

To give a vivid and eloquent picture of this real unity and universal unity of the Church was the reason that actuated the Venerable Vincenzo Pallotti to establish the series of solemn and diverse ceremonies that take place each year at Epiphany in the Eternal City. There during the Octave, Latins, Greeks, Maronites, Chaldeans, Slavs, Syrians and Armenians, each in their own rite, celebrate the same Holy Sacrifice in beautiful harmony at the same altar. English, French, Spanish, Italian, German, Polish priests, in fact priests of all nations, preach the same word of God in their own language from the same pulpit. Cardinals, Bishops, secular and religious priests, and seminarians from all the national colleges of Rome take their parts in the sacred functions. And Rome is the proper place to represent this precious image of the unity of the Church in spite of the varieties of the rites, of liturgies and of tongues because here is the center of Catholicism every distinction of race, of customs and of language is harmonized in the supreme unity of the Catholic Hierarchy. We talk of union and peace and of brotherhood, but these things seem to remain in the realm of the ideal. In practice, we witness dissensions and wars or armed peace that constantly keeps us uneasy. On the other hand, the sacred functions at Epiphany in

Rome teach us clearly that, above the quarrels and jealousies that divide nations, there does exist a sacred chain of unity, the Catholic Church. She alone can persuade the nations to fraternize and associate in one large family in which the same faith lives, the same hope breathes and the same love burns.

It was in 1893 that the Venerable Pallotti conceived and inaugurated this practical idea of exemplifying the unity of God's Church. He anticipated the first move of Pius IX. and the splendid efforts of Leo XIII. looking toward the union with the Oriental Churches by being the first organizer of the popular movement towards the union so much desired by these saintly and learned Pontiffs. This demonstration of unity brings out a fact worthy of note, that all these Oriental liturgies in the essential part of the Holy Sacrifice are conformable to our Latin rite and differ only in the ceremonies, in the prayers, in the language, and in the vestments; things which are recognized by the Church and approved of by her. Divine worship, not being limited to one people, as the Ekele to the Scandinavians, the Vedas to the Indians, the liturgy of Confucius to the Chinese, and the Koran to the Arabs, is one in substance but varied and changing in its forms.

No day after day, the splendid program of unity is carried out during the octave of the Epiphany. One day it is the Greek rite of St. John Chrysostom impressive in its beauty even though a little mystifying. The next day it will be the Armenian rite carried out in a most gorgeous manner. Then will come the Maronite rite, the liturgy of that splendid rite that escaped the persecution of the Persian and Moslem and found a place of peace on Mount Lebanon. Then comes the rite of the Coptic Church which claims St. Mark as its founder. Then is celebrated the Chaldean rite and here we feel the real spirit of the Epiphany, for it was from the Chaldeans that the three kings came as the representatives of the first nation solemnly to recognize Christ. The rite of the Russian Uniate Church is celebrated on one of the days and then one senses the wonderfulness of this great spirit of unity that has continued to exist in spite of centuries of Muscovite persecution. The great panorama of unity closes with a race that refers to follow Michael Garlarinus into schism in 1047 and has stood loyally by the Holy See ever since. The various rites mystify us, we do not understand. But there is one big thought that makes us happy and that is the fact that we all acknowledge the spiritual headship of the Vicar of Christ; we are in one fold under one shepherd. The lack of unity among the sects, the apparent inability to secure that unity which is the forerunner to a grand union with the Church of Christ. The Divine idea signified by this Epiphany celebration may soon come true and there will be but one flock and one shepherd.

**THE CONSERVATIVE MIND**

The conservative mind is contemplative while the radical mind is analytical. When we analyze social facts one part of our mind beholds one aspect of things. In contemplation, however, we are submerged in vision, and reasoning tends to disturb the comfort of our position without adding to its strength. The radical mind consumes its energy in taking attitudes with vehement attachment; hence, it is that so many analytical minds are irritable, and radical movements are nervous, intolerant and difficult to put up with. Ruskin was right when he said to Norton, "Analysis is abominable business." Strangely enough, those statements are only partly true. The conservative is a contemplative when he looks at reality but he is analytical when he looks at the complete ideal. He analyzes it, resists it, and even argues against it. On the other hand, the radical is analytical and rebellious in the face of the established order, but he is an indiscriminate contemplative when he looks toward the ideal. The conservative takes sides seriously but he keeps them at a distance from which they give him light, comfort and inspiration. The radical approaches so near to the ideal that his mind catches fire which resembles the prairie fires of the West. Imagination enables the radical mind to bound over obstacles and to fly past the problems of the real as a high speed train flies past the telegraph poles along its path. The conservative resembles the track walker who plops along and looks at the roadbed, instead of the horizon, and gives detailed care to the maintenance of way on which the safety of the high speed train depends.

The conservative mind is the organ of responsibility and caution in human society. In it the spirit of a nation or of a people is embodied in its laws and its government. The conservative mind is the trustee of civilization and the defender of its continuity. The radical mind with its acute sensibilities to injustice and with its fearless welcome for new thought and new ideals, prepares the way for the progress which is the law of life. Of course, no one forgets the mistakes of conservatism or of radicalism. Each has its danger, but the danger of the other. Both are truth-seekers, but they differ in their understanding of the truth and of the seeking. The merits and the mistakes of each, their limitations, conflicts, defeats

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and victories have a place in nature's cosmic plans. Not past but present wisdom can secure to conservatism the confidence that the multitude insists upon placing somewhere. Just now, the tempered radical mind seems to have the best of it. Perhaps, the fact that our chief executive has called himself "an animated conservative," conveys hope if not promise that the conservative mind of the nation will do its duty in the face of our problems, rather than force the trusting multitudes to place their hopes in that radicalism that destroys the world.—William J. Kerby, Ph. D., in the February Catholic World.

**A DANGER TO THE FAITH**

Those who have read Rene Bazin's powerful novel, "The Barrier," will easily recall the strong scene in which Felicien Limerel, who has lost his faith in Catholicism, charges his parents with being largely responsible for that disaster. He cries out: "I had early Christian training; I recognize it. I received more religious instruction and saw more examples of faith among my masters than most of the men of my generation. That should have sufficed, and often has done, to build up a sound faith, but on one condition: It is that the family life should be in harmony with these instructions. . . . I have seen at home too many examples which did not agree with the lessons taught at school, and I have learned to doubt. . . . I have seen that you all placed many things before religion. . . . The enumerating would be long. . . . It includes the whole of life, or what is called by that name: the whirl of amusement, luxury, honor, the future—yours and perhaps mine also. . . . I have seen you called to defend the principles I had once been taught to venerate, the men who had been held up to me as examples; and that you allowed matters to be freely discussed here in your house. . . . I saw, even, that you approved this language which at first horrified me. The influences of your salon were not always a training in virtue. Who was ever concerned to practice these teachings? . . . Who sustained me in my youthful aspirations? Who ever tried to divine my doubts and to answer them? Who ever interested themselves in my reading? I read everything without guidance. . . . In short, I have never understood from the life here at home that religion was the law by which we should be guided. That is what I reproach you with. If you are, after all, a believer at heart, father, . . . I should have been one of your children, and have made of my childish faith the law, the light, the strength of my life. I have none of all these—neither law, nor strength, nor joy. If you are a believer, and if what you believe exists, from what a heaven you banished me!"

Felicien's parents, the story goes on to tell, were forced to acknowledge the justice of their son's merciless indictment for the Limerels' religion, the mother tearfully owned, had been merely one of "respectability." It is just possible that the perusal of the foregoing passage may give even other Catholic parents a qualm or two of conscience. Perhaps their children are sent, though grudgingly, to Catholic schools, but the domestic atmosphere is so hostile to the principles that the boys and girls of the family learn in the classrooms that they decide, after recovering from the painful bewilderment they experience in trying to reconcile contradictions, that the only sensible way of practicing their religion is according to the pattern set them by their weak, critical and pleasure-loving parents. As a result, the children themselves, in spite of their early schooling, grow up compromisingly worldly-minded Catholics. Having been accustomed at home from their tender years to hear the Church's tenets and decrees belittled and her rulers carp at, it is small wonder that when they become men and women their Catholicism is merely a "religion of respectability," quite devoid of vitality and depth, useful, indeed on Sundays, profitable,

sometimes, socially and professionally, but by no means a religion for which sacrifices must be made.—Catholic Union and Times.

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We are the slaves instead of being the masters of our work; we have forgotten that work is a means not an end; as the money for which we work is a means and not an end...

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A BOYS PROMISE
The school was out, and down the street
A noisy crowd came thronging.

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I have a little story to tell you, boys, our old neighbor said to the young people the other evening.

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Life is energy; we feel ourselves only in doing, and when we inquire what a man's value is we ask what is his performance.

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If young women think they must rouge and powder in order to be beautiful, at least it is honorable in them to make no pretence of concealing the artificial make up.

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"Has Maud made up her mind to stay in?"
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I can look out over the earth at any hour, and I see in spirit innumerable Angels threading the crowds of men and hindering sin by all manner of artifices which shall not interfere with freedom of man's will.

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the year, and on those days she makes it so easy that no reasonable person could ask greater leniency. The Church is always reasonable; always just; always kind.

How far do we meet her half-way. Do we not scrape through, even in her stern commands, by the skin of our teeth? How many of us spend five minutes a year more than we must, in the temples she builds to the glory of God and in which He dwells and waits to receive us?

Well, this is the season to think of such things. In Lent, the Church asks our attention in a special manner, and says: "Here are the things which last; which will outlast the world, and will live as long as God lives and that is for all eternity."

There is an old saying—heard every day—"It will be all the same in a hundred years." Ay, it will; and in less. It will be all the same, with most of what we give our time to, in ten years.

These are matters on which we ought to think a bit during Lent. Lent was once hard to keep; but it is hard no longer.—Antigonish Casket.

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SPIRITUALISTIC FEATS EXPOSED

JOS. RINN ISSUES CHALLENGE TO MEDIUMS

Joseph F. Rinn, a former member of the Society of Psychical Research, who took part in the exposure of Palladini and has made a hobby for years of exposing so-called supernatural phenomena, is standing by his offer to give \$5,000 to that society as part of its endowment, if the society or Sir Oliver Lodge or anyone else, can produce a medium who can offer under scientific conditions the slightest tenable evidence of communication with the spirit world or supernatural feats of any kind.

OFFERS TO DUPLICATE FEATS

"I will give \$5,000 if they can produce one of their 'honest mediums,' who will get any message from the spirit world with any evidence of genuineness, or who can tell a single fact, under scientific conditions, about any one of five persons with whom I will confront them. I will see to it that they are persons concerning whom the mediums get none of the advance knowledge, on which they base their wonders. I will have them blindfolded, so that no expression of their faces will betray a chance hit, when the lady mentions 'Mary,' 'Susie,' 'Johnny,' 'Willie,' or any other names or common facts which they have the spiritistic tricks for the purpose of getting a reaction from their dupes, which gives the information for the starting point.

SAVANTS CALLED EASY MARKS

"The fact is that men of the type of Sir Oliver Lodge and Dr. Hyslop are the easiest marks in the world for these creatures. I can give Sir Oliver Lodge slate messages or any other kind of messages from his son Raymond under the precise conditions under which he thinks he got them from 'psychics' in England. It is not an assertion, but a fact of history, that these great men of science are the easiest dupes in the world for clever fakers. Palladini came over here with the indorsement of Lombroso, Binet, Flammarion, Sir Oliver Lodge, and other men of the greatest eminence. We proved absolutely that she had nothing but a bag of tricks. Their attempted investigation of facts, for which they were not fitted to investigate, was ridiculous to any man who has a knowledge of these tricks. Learned volumes were written on the breeze that came out of the top of her skull after the seances and waved the hair on the top of her head. Some of the greatest living scientists fell for it. At a seance at Columbia University, attended by many scientific men, I put my hand as a windlass across the bridge of her nose. Then I asked them if the breeze was still coming from the top of her head. No, it had stopped. Everybody has seen little girls projecting the under lip and blowing their curls. That was exactly the trick which had amazed the scientific world. And mind you, Palladini, who never did anything but fraud in her life, was the one who helped to convert Sir Oliver."

SHOWS HOW IT'S DONE

Mr. Rinn's challenge is for a public demonstration, at which an unbiased committee can pass on the work which any mediums selected by Sir Oliver Lodge, Dr. Hyslop, or any other exponent of psychical research shall attempt to show their art under conditions laid down by him, his facts to be posted publicly. Mr. Rinn gave an exhibition at the Cafe Boulevard, New York, at a meeting of the Sunrise Club, which lasted into early morning, in which he duplicated the whole series of mediumistic tricks from elementary factor phenomena to the high arts of slate writing and spirit communication, under conditions which, as his audience agreed, made trickery absolutely impossible. His first work was simple and reading tricks in which he allowed the audience to write and add up figures while he gave the totals, and in which he produced messages from the other world in reply to letters written by the audience and supposedly unseen by him.

By complaining in the professional manner of "antagonistic influence" and "inharmonious conditions" and "skeptical," he kept the audience

under the impression that he intended his work to be accepted as supernatural and they began to make harder and harder conditions, which he easily met, thus demolishing skeptics after skeptics. In the early stages he employed confederates, men with the astonishing appearance of trustworthiness, who came forward as ordinary members of the audience to corroborate by telephone the fact that he had shot telepathic messages to persons miles away and prove other miracles.

RINN EXPOSES TRICKS

Mr. Rinn faced a believing audience when he approached the higher mysteries and undid his own work. The chief d'oeuvre of the evening was slate writing. He called for a volunteer and Edmund Goldberger, an insurance man, came forward with two slates of his own for the writing. Goldberger was blindfolded to simulate for him the darkness in which the tricks of mediums are performed, while the lights were kept on so that the audience could see the manner in which the conjuror fooled his victim.

"You be Sir Oliver Lodge," said Rinn, and I'll be the medium. You want messages from your son, Raymond." Goldberger held one of Rinn's hands in each of his and placed his two feet separately on Rinn's, to make sure that Rinn could not do the slate writing himself. Rinn moaned, groaned, wrestled in agony as the spirits took control, gradually got both of the hands of the blindfolded youth into one of his, and with his free hand wrote on the slate:

"I am well and fine. Raymond." "Much mystified, but still unconvinced, the youth proposed a new condition—that the writing should be on the bottom of the slate. In the professional manner Rinn complained that this was unheard of, that no medium had ever been asked such a thing, that it was quite impossible. Finally he said: "Will you be convinced that my controls are genuine if I do?" "I sure will." Rinn repeated the performance, with the addition, however, of using his teeth to drag the slate to the edge of the table, biting the edge, and slowly and quietly turning it over. Goldberger started away a believer, but turned and said: "I would like to have the slate on the floor and then see the writing on it."

HOW FAKE SLATE WRITERS WORK

The dupe again placed both hands and both feet on those of the adept. Rinn writhed apparently in frightful agony. Gradually he slipped his right foot out of its slipper, a reinforced article, which remained under Goldberger's foot. The stocking was cut out at the instep. With his highly trained big and second toe Rinn picked up the chalk and, stretching his leg far to the side, scrawled a message on the slate. He dragged the slate back with his toes until he balanced it against the leg of the table and then quietly turned it over until the surface with the writing was next the floor. The condition that the writing should be on the bottom had not been made by Goldberger. When he turned it over he found on the bottom the message:

"Believe in Rinn." Rinn picked up ropes, carrying a mouthful of water, which bulged his cheeks. Rinn then went into a tiny closet formed by drawing curtains around a space formed by the walls of the Cafe Boulevard. The closet had been previously investigated by many in the audience and found to contain nothing but an accordion which had been tied with many ropes in the sight of the audience. A STARTLING DEMONSTRATION Amid continual handclapping inside the closet, the accordion played, and Rinn's three spirits, "Little Bright Eyes," "Mrs. O'Sullivan," and "an old colored man," carried on an animated conversation in three dialects. Rinn came out with his mouth full of water, which he emptied into a glass in sight of the audience. He repeated this when challenged by persons bent on showing there was nothing he could not do, only the second time he went in with a mouthful of milk and came out with a mouthful of coffee. "Isn't there any ruth in spiritualism at all?" asked a young girl being deceived much against her will. "Every article of it is fraud. It is a money-getting device, pure and simple, practiced only by scamps," said Rinn.

CATHOLIC EUROPEAN LEAGUE DISCUSSED

C. P. A. Service London, January 8.—A matter much discussed in Rome just now is the possibility of the establishment of a European League of Catholic countries, including Poland, Austria, Hungary, Bavaria, Italy and Yugoslavia. The greatest obstacle in the way of the realization of such a dream is the economic situation, which becomes more and more difficult daily, and in which the Jews and the Freemasons have such a large share. Monsignor Nolens, head of the Catholic party in Holland and representative of the Dutch Government at the International Conference of Labor, has made a very interesting declaration at a recent conference. He is a distinguished ecclesiastic, who has long held a leading place

in the public life of Holland. Member of Parliament since 1896, and charged in 1918 to form a Cabinet, he declined the Premiership. His declaration at the Labor Conference was as follows:

In the present international situation, it is necessary to have the conviction—essentially a religious one—that all men, of whatever nation or race, are one great family, between the members of which there must be good faith and mutual confidence. I am persuaded that the world might be saved many complications and difficulties in the economic domain by the co-operation of all organized bodies and all groups for domestic peace, while in the moral domain by the influence, so essentially and powerfully moral, of the Holy See."

A SAINT'S MESSAGE TO MODERN TIMES

The current issue of the New York Times "Review of Books" is headed with an article appreciating a new edition of "The Little Flowers of St. Francis." It is written by the Very Reverend Patrick J. Hayes, the distinguished Archbishop of New York. It is a notable document. Not often do leading prelates of the Church appear in the secular press as literary critics. The purpose of Archbishop Hayes is to signalize the similarity of the present social unrest with that of the thirteenth century and to point to the extraordinary spiritual regeneration effected by the little saint, Francis of Assisi, who would seem that Franciscans constitute an invaluable vade-mecum to the encyclopedists on the world of today. The article of Archbishop Hayes follows:

"A moment's reflection should convince one that 'The Little Flowers' is the bearer of a timely and sublime message to the mind and heart of man. Indeed, the Florentine may appear, at first sight, an unwelcome intruder into economic, commercial, industrial and political circles, grappling with such elementary problems as food and shelter, labor and capital, buying and selling. Is it not a folly to ask men emerging from terrific warfare to pause and read the divine poetry of a mendicant barefooted saint of the thirteenth century? What promise in such literature to lighten the burden of misery and sorrow now weighing down mankind? Can the modern world, distracted with many vexatious problems, be served or benefited by the story of the humble, poor friar of Assisi of 700 years ago? Let us see.

The present social disturbance lies deeper than the surface. Latent evil in man is the higher power to meet purely material difficulties. His soul and his genius hold mastery over carnal things. The real problem of the moment centres around the absence of spiritual standards that have been lost or hidden in the mists and clouds begotten of materialism. Spiritual values have long since ceased to be one, and noticed where men usually live, think and labor. The souls of men are starving and have grown restless as the world fails to satisfy the cry of the immortal in man. Many are confused and bewildered in their estimate of life's ultimate purpose, though the War has brought home to many others that there are things in life greater than life itself.

Material things beget selfishness and indolence and move men to a fierce struggle to attain the riches that make them possible. Nor is the purely intellectual world much better. "The all-destroying power of human reason" creates a cold, unsympathetic, exclusive and cynical spirit. The self-seeking materialist and the cold, calculating intellectual are not inclined to be stirred and set aflame with passion for justice, liberty, mercy and self-sacrifice. These are virtues born of the spirit that lifts man to the heroic and divine.

America entered the World War through the loftiest motives, and was guided in conflict and in victory by her spiritual sense. Material and intellectual America had not the power to unshathe the sword of justice solely for humanity. Only when the soul of America was moved to its innermost being by violation of essential human rights did our nation consecrate all of mankind. It is the same spiritual sense that the War that fills America with abhorrence for the radical as well as tyrannical in the conduct of human institutions. America will have none of these extremes. The tyrant usurps the rights of the people; the radical usurps the rights of God.

The times of St. Francis were not unlike our own in many ways. Then as now civilization was strangely stirred. A world impulse with broader, deeper and larger ambitions gripped the souls of men. Social unrest, followed by extraordinary spiritual enthusiasm, appeared on all sides. The crusades were playing their marvelous part in human history by transforming quiet villagers and provincial town-folk into world wanderers and soldier heroes of Christian civilization. The exalted idealism of the crusades to make the Holy Land safe for the Christian pilgrim visiting the places hallowed by the Redeemer set the world adrobbing with spiritual fervor that needed wise guidance by the Church. A new independence seemed to dawn on mankind. Feudalism came to an end and serfdom was passing forever. Magna Charta was signed in 1215 by King John in the presence of the mitred Langton and of many barons who had seen service in the

THE HOUSE OF GOD

In New York, the other day, we witnessed a scene which is worth while recording. Right in the center of the world's money market, where sky-towering temples of Mammon remind one of the pride of ancient days, when men attempted to build a tower that would reach up to the heavens, there is, over-shadowed by the many storied architecture of secular buildings, a little Catholic Church. To be sure there are hundreds of these in the great metropolis where Catholics live, perhaps more adherents than in any other city. Of the world, and what we are going to record about this particular church may be verified in the case of other churches of the great city as well. But since we speak as an eye witness we can vouch only for what we have seen.

crusades. Parliament convened regularly and the plain people began to send their own representatives to sit therein. The great digest of the English common law by Bracton appeared, the basis of jurisprudence in English speaking countries ever since. Charters of basic liberties were granted in France by King (Saint) Louis IX., and in Spain by King (Saint) Ferdinand III. The famous Golden Bull which Blackstone later declared to have enacted "anarchy into law" was signed by Andrew of Hungary.

It was during this so-called period of the world's history that Francis of Assisi, in his early twenties, after some years of frivolity and pleasure made possible by wealthy parents, felt the call of the supernatural, to apply to the new social order the principles and teachings of the Lowly Nazarene. Francis had fought in local wars, had been taken prisoner, suffered from a long illness, and suddenly started his native hills and plains by his nuptials with Lady Poverty. He simply set up spiritual standards that man, in the new adventure for larger human liberty, might be guided by law and harmony, and learn from the Book of Nature the lesson of God's providence, and from the Book of Divine Revelation in the Incarnate Saviour the pledge of the Heavenly Father's infinite love for the children of men. Francis built a little hut, rings sweet-toned bells to call men to heavenly things; preaches to the flowers, birds, and fishes; sees in the sun, the moon, and stars his brothers, and finds "sermons in stones and good in everything." His marvelous success in the number of his disciples in his own day, and ever since through the centuries following, demonstrates the spiritual power and divine influence of this true child of nature and of grace.

Strange, indeed, that the living portrayal of humility, poverty and simplicity in Francis and his brethren, seven hundred years ago, should have an appeal for our modern day, and among many not of the religious faith of St. Francis. We are now at a height of the neo-Franciscan movement. Men and women, apparently indifferent in religion, also seem to sense the spiritual and the eternal radiating from the Florentine. If the present translation will help, ever so little, toward a keen appreciation of moral values and spiritual standards in America, all earnest lovers of our country should rejoice and be much heartened, despite the ominous clouds on the horizon. If America were to grow in spiritual power in proportion to her material and educational development, the supremacy of the American ideal in government and the salvation of American institutions would be guaranteed. Let us hope that we see at hand in our national life a sure promise of a spiritual quickening of supreme confidence, dauntless courage and boundless charity. May "The Little Flowers of St. Francis," wholesome, helpful, and uplifting, be welcomed by wearied hearts and worried minds as an angel's song to be hearkened to, and a heavenly star to be followed, unto peace and light."

OBITUARY

MRS. JOHN P. DEVINE At Pembroke General Hospital, on Saturday morning, Feb. 7, 1920, Mrs. John P. Devine passed away calmly out of this life. Death came as a result of paralysis and chronic heart trouble. The deceased lady before her marriage in 1897 to John P. Devine of Killaloe, was Ellen Teresa Reynolds, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Reynolds of Madawaska. Five children and her husband mourn her untimely passing, as she was in her fifty-two years of age. The children are Philip, Bridge, Mary, Margaret and Teresa. Five brothers and three sisters of a large family circle still remain; these are: John and James Reynolds, of Madawaska; Bernard Reynolds, of Lucerne, B. C.; Harry Reynolds, of Montreal; Rev. A. J. Reynolds, P. P., Killaloe. The sisters are Mrs. E. O'Reilly, Madawaska, Mrs. D. M. Ryan, Maynooth, Rev. Sister M. Archibald, Sacred Heart Hospital, Spokane, Washington. Another sister, Mrs. M. J. Noonan, died on Dec. 2nd last at North Bay, Ont. The funeral took place at St. Andrew's Church and cemetery, Killaloe. Rev. I. A. French, Egauville, was celebrant; Rev. R. J. McElligitt, Whiteley, deacon; Rev. T. J. Hunt, Killaloe, sub-deacon; Rev. P. S. Dowdall, of Pembroke, preached. In the sanctuary were Rev. M. J. Doyle, Rev. J. J. Quilly, Rev. Jeremiah Harrington, Rev. J. N. George. R. I. P.

DIED

SHEEDY.—At North Bay, Ont., on Saturday, February 7, 1920, Patrick W. Sheedy, aged sixty-four years. May his soul rest in peace. MCKINNON.—At Grand Forks, B. C., on Friday, Jan. 30th, 1920, Mrs. Catherine McKinnon, formerly of Alexandria, Ont., in her seventy-sixth year. May her soul rest in peace. TEACHERS WANTED CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED FOR industrial school; common school education; sufficient qualification; must be good disciplinarian; knowledge of farming or shoe repairing a valuable adjunct; room, board, washing and mending supplied. State salary expected. Rev. James McGuire, O. M. L., Kamloops, B. C. 2158-2

WANTED

EVERYONE TO KNOW WE ARE head-quarters for silk threaded shamrock, just the thing for Beavers or Church purposes. While they last we are selling them at \$1.25 a 100; Easter Lilies, Violet, Tulip, Warriner, Shaded Roses, Killarney Roses, 75 cents a doz. Write to one Brantford Artificial Flower Co., Brantford, Ont. 2157-2

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VANCOUVER ISLAND FARM FOR SALE 158 acres; 85 cleared; small orchard; lake frontage; mile from beautiful sea beach on Gulf of Georgia; sea water in fishing; hunting grounds, pheasant, etc. Frame house; drilled well; splendid water supply; large new barn and out-houses. Good stock of sheep, chickens and school. Railway station and steamer pier 8 miles. Excellent market. Rural mail. Splendid location for beautiful home. \$150 per acre. Apply Box 150 CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2158-1f

WANTED

PRIEST'S HOUSEKEEPER WANTED immediately in a town not far from Toronto. Two priests and a man to cook for; must be a good plain cook and understand milking a cow. Washing done by outsider. References required. Apply stating salary to Box 172, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2158-2

WANTED FOR PLAIN COOKING AND

light housework young girl or middle aged woman; good home. Apply Mrs. John Thomas, 777 West End Ave. New York City. 2148-1f

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On that Monday morning, then—it was January 26—when the sidewalks were crowded with people hurrying to their business, we saw with our own eyes how the little Church—little in comparison with the business palaces around it—attracted scores of those who were passing by its open doors. It was like a bee-hive going in and coming out. One, we surmise, it was not honey that the visitors carried in, but their bitter cares in order to exchange them for a sweet comforting thought. We went in ourselves, drawn by the current and there observed young and old, men and women, kneeling in adoration before the tabernacle. It was another world, where the true God held sway and not the idol of Mammon. The atmosphere seemed charged with devotion. The magnanimity of the hidden God, there beneath the burning lamp, was felt. The contrast between without and within made the heart melt with wondering emotion.

Ab! What is it in the little Church that causes the wanderer to fall out of line when he exercises such a powerful attraction? What comes near the portals of the Church? What underlies this law of gravitation? It is Jesus, dwelling in the tabernacle, calling out in accents sweet and solemn: "Come to Me, all ye that are burdened and heavy laden and I will refresh you." If a magnet gives evidence of its nature by its power of attraction, surely the drawing force that makes the little Catholic Church such a singular phenomenon in a materialistic age shows it to be the abode of God, the magnet of souls.—S. in The Guardian.

WANTED AT ONCE TWO CATHOLIC GIRLS, one for plain cooking and housework. The other to assist with children and plain sewing. (Would consider mother and daughter or two sisters.) Apply at once stating salary, etc., to Mrs. Clara White, 301 West 88 st., New York City. 2146-1f

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