

The Catholic Record.

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

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IN ALL THINGS CHARITY

Students of international law may go on quoting statutes from Justinian to Maine, but what are meant by the "just rights of nationalities" the ordinary layman will never discover. Are our statesmen of various camps agreed upon first principles of public morality such as are likely to command general assent? There is little indication of fundamental agreement in their party manifestos. Let us hope that what Tennyson styled "the common sense of most," inspired by a conviction that the world crisis demands measureless sacrifice, will triumph over pride and selfish greed when the anticipated League of Nations takes such matters in hand.

We do not find in Kipling's works in Hall Caine's romances, or even in Robert Louis Stevenson's tales and essays a mood of neutrality in their estimates of national character. Indeed some of the greatest writers—

Dr. Johnston, Kingsley, Carlyle, Swinburne, to go no further—had fine old crusted prejudices that colored their views concerning the religion and morals and ideals of the nations around. Who could have foreseen that this outbreak of repressed forces would fling such diverse people into each other's arms under the compulsion of interests held in common for the time being? It were folly to pretend that the bulk of Sir Walter Scott's readers shed their native likes and dislikes because they appreciate the romantic element which invests the various characters with a potent charm. As for Ireland and her chronic troubles it is only necessary to refer to the lamentable history of England's confused dealings with the warm-hearted and unfortunate race who inhabit its most inhospitable provinces in explanation of a state of feeling which only an influence more subtle than nationality can ever transform into contentment. However opinions may differ, the phrase "union of hearts," derided as though it involved a transparent absurdity, still embodies the only ideal that promises hopeful conditions for the future of that distressed country.

Let us curb our disposition to exalt our own class and type, remembering that in these larger affairs also the law of charity should prevail. Which breed can afford to despise another? Has not each its own use and function? The foes of today may, as aforesaid, be the neighbours of tomorrow. Why poison the springs of nationality with calculated scorn? After all, human nature is not radically different in its elemental traits. Rulers have a day of reckoning in front of them. We may, one supposes, still retain a natural distinctiveness in costume, mental habit, and general outlook, while generally regarding special peculiarities which are attributable to historical and climatic influences. The State has much to learn and teach in this respect. The gay and irresponsible Irishman, the hard-fisted Scot, the wily Welshman, and the pig-headed John Bull have too long strutted behind the footlights. Not from Shakespeare or Molière or Schiller have such grotesque caricatures come; rather are they the offering of popular ignorance and prejudice. Even Charles Lamb's "Imperfect Sympathies" belong to a loose habit of over-estimating the near and familiar. Surely the essence of nationality must consist in a worthy pride in ancestral achievement, a love of the qualities which make a people truly great, self-esteem borne upward on wings of laudable desire, not in material force, provocative and demoralizing.

Someday, perhaps nearer than our faithless hearts allow, new and fresher meanings will shine forth from the old familiar words, the everlasting doors will open, the power and the glory, the victory and the majesty will crown worthier lives with a reflected radiance from the Fount of all goodness. Life itself will take on a new dignity, for, ceasing to be the sport of abused privilege, and revealing its essential oneness in the clear light of the Divine

Idea, unimaginable potencies will disclose themselves, moulding humanity to a nobler pattern, which shall be the harbinger of a destiny more glorious than the visions of prophets and saints have foretold.

CARDINAL O'CONNELL'S APPEAL

THE WAR JUSTIFIED ONLY BY UNIVERSAL APPLICATION OF PRINCIPLES

THIS WAY ONLY LIE JUSTICE AND PEACE

One of the greatest and most enthusiastic mass meetings ever witnessed in New York City was held in the interests of Irish freedom at Madison Square Garden. Over 25,000 persons convened to give expression of their love for Erin and at the same time to welcome Boston's illustrious Prelate who was the principal speaker in this monster demonstration.

When His Eminence rose, the great building echoed and reechoed with the mighty outburst of enthusiastic applause. For several minutes he was unable to proceed.

ADDRESS OF CARDINAL
In finally yielding to the repeated urgent invitations of your Committee to be present here at this significant meeting tonight, I have listened to the voice of duty alone.

As the case was presented to me it became clear to my mind that to stay away would be tantamount to the evasion of a grave obligation to my faith, my country and my race.

When the voice of that sacred trinity moves calls no man with a Christian conscience can refuse to rise and follow it no matter what the cost or the sacrifice.

I had to choose between convenience, conventionality and duty. I have made my choice, and here I stand.

The Irish people through all the painful vicissitudes of their history have been faithful, as no other people in all the world, to the Christian faith. The most Christian country in all the world today, according to the testimony even of her enemies, is Ireland.

FAITH OF CHILDREN OF ERIN

When her children, fleeing from an intolerable condition of servitude under a foreign domination hateful to the proud spirit of all freemen, came in piteous exile to these shores of free America, they brought with them the noblest virtues of Christian souls. Where even today would the Church in America be—for that matter in the whole English speaking world, England included—but for the fidelity, the great-heartedness, the unquenchable devotion of the children of Erin?

Is it possible that any of us bishops or priests of America could ever be guilty of forgetting that to the heroic generosity of the Irish we owe such glorious monuments to faith as the superbly beautiful Cathedral of this wonderful city, dedicated to Ireland's patron Saint and erected by the sacrifice of his faithful sons and daughters? What is true of this noblest Christian shrine in America's greatest city is equally true of thousands and thousands of humbler fane in humbler communities all over the land.

Can any of us among the Church's leaders ever remain silent and inactive when there is at stake the welfare of the people to whom we owe our very daily bread and the roof that shelters us?

There is no legitimate length, no limit within Christian law, to which I and every prelate and priest of America should not be glad and happy to go when the cry of the long suffering children of the Gael comes to us, and when as now, before the tribunal of the whole world the sacred cause of justice to every nation and every people is to be given a public hearing.

HERALD OF FOREIGN DESPOT

It is because the people of Ireland have solemnly kept their sacred vow, given to their Apostle to be faithful to Peter's successor as they would be faithful to Christ, that they have felt the heel of a foreign despot mercilessly grinding them down into the very dust of humiliation. Yes let us say it frankly and openly for it is the truth, it is the fidelity of Ireland to all she holds most sacred which has been the chief cause of her offending.

Are we whose very lives are dedicated to the eternal principle for which Ireland has become a martyr among the nations so bitten by more worldly interests as to be mute in this day when all the world of national wrongs and of brutal might is summoned into court? God forbid!

In God's name let us now speak out fearlessly for God's cause, for the cause of justice to all, weak and strong, small and great, or let us be forever silent.

If we look back upon what has happened during the last four years, we shall see that conditions, hitherto accepted as permanent and absolutely

unchangeable, have been so completely and entirely transformed that almost nothing remains of them to remind us of what once stood as firm as Gibraltar.

It is as the elemental forces suddenly asserted themselves and had completely overrun the earth. The kaleidoscope of the world has been shaken and the bits of colored glass in the child's toy have rushed into new combinations which puzzle the eyes of our brain. One after another thrones have been overturned and Empires have fallen. Disorder has broken loose upon the earth, and unless some power greater than the forces of anarchy prevails, all Europe—all the world—will be shaken to the foundations of civilization.

A GREAT DELUSION

The great war is over now, but he who fancies that because the great war is over a period of peace will appear on schedule time has a great disillusion ahead of him. No, unless now that the war is over, justice begins her rightful reign over the whole earth, there may be a momentary lull, but enduring peace will not be attained. It was for justice that humanity fought, and humanity will still be ready to go on with a fiercer war until justice holds full sway.

Be not deceived by false prophets. Diplomacy which failed so utterly to preserve the peace of the world will not succeed alone in bringing it back.

Underneath the smooth and cool phrases and barren formulas of a diplomacy which has forgotten its own purposes, we can even now hear the mysterious stirring of elemental forces striving urgently to burst through the cryptic formularies of a decadent system, striving to get into articulate speech what suffering humanity wants to say, striving with the impatience of agonizing multitudes to stop the babble of bribed officialdom that honest men may be heard, striving to articulate in all the dialects of the world the word, which heeded, will help the staggering earth to recover itself, unheeded, will plunge the whole tottering world into universal anarchy.

THEATRE OF MIGHTY CHANGES

America is far away from the real theatre of mighty changes. But even America will not easily escape a movement so universal as now is visible on every horizon. What is that movement? It is the pent up longing in the hearts of a dozen nations for the right to rule themselves.

The doom of autocracy has already sounded. The silent millions of Russia, patient for centuries, have rushed madly into the vortex of revolution. Even in Germany, which seemed so content with itself, a new force is pushing out the older forms.

Obviously, therefore, we are at the end of a period, and a new one is beginning. Is it strange that when Poland and Serbia and the Czechs and the Slovaks and the Serbs and the Rumanians are clamouring for national rights and national recognition that Ireland for all seven centuries dominated by foreign rule acquired only by force and even today exercised by force, should now more than ever call upon the world, but most of all upon America, as the bountiful mother of true freedom, to help her regain the treasures stolen from her, and reinstate her in full possession of her complete liberty?

If in the blaze which the great war kindled, various tribes and families of the human race beheld as with a new light their claim to separate consideration, is it any wonder that the people of Ireland, too, had even a clearer and a stronger vision of their age-long inheritance?

IRELAND AS A NATION

Ireland's position as a nation, is nothing new which the war has just succeeded in creating. Never, since the day her crown was stolen, has she ceased to claim it back. In every century for seven hundred years by protest, by appeal, by parliament, by arms when other means seemed futile, but in any event, by one means or another, as she found it in her power to use them, Ireland has never failed to keep alive her own sense of distinct nationhood and impress it as palpably as conditions would allow, upon a listening world. As a profoundly Christian nation, she has clung to the law of God in all these demonstrations of her loyalty to herself. Rarely, very rarely indeed, has she permitted even cruelty to goad her into forgetting it.

But ever and always every method she adopted, every leader who spoke her cause, every victory won, every defeat suffered, every weapon used, every strategy designed, ever and ever, and the same ultimate purpose is clearly visible, and that purpose is the vindication of Ireland's right to government only by consent of the governed.

That is the principle which ultimately won America's freedom; and it is because America understands this principle, that Ireland today relies upon America to echo it throughout the world for Ireland's liberty.

Is it the Bolshevik only who now are to be acknowledged as free? It is because, being Catholic, the Irish people repudiate Bolshevism that they

are now to be repudiated and their just claim forgotten and neglected?

RIGHT ALONE SHOULD RULE

Let them beware in time who encourage by their actions and words such dangerous conclusions as these.

Is it really true that the blood of millions has been shed that right alone should rule the world, and that the monster of brute force, might, which in many places besides Germany has dominated the fate of millions of human beings, should be deposited forever? Is that really true? Is the law of justice to be honestly applied to all, or is it to be still merely a cloak to hide indefensible, selfish purposes and to be dispensed ad libitum as governments have the brute power to observe or ignore it as they like?

When the great war a conflict for true freedom under right for all alike was to be a grim hoax played upon the ingenuous by the shrewd manipulators of clever phrases?

These are all the questions which any man in the streets who has ears can hear today. The world of honest, fruitful men is waiting for the answer, and won to the world if that answer be not honest, frank and true.

Surely since the peace of the world depends upon the answer it is the solemn duty of all of us, especially of those of us whose duty it is to hold up before all alike the great principle of Christian morality by which alone mankind can live, to speak out fearlessly and clearly, lest being found faithless in such a world crisis, we forfeit forever our right to be listened to by honest men.

If faith is to survive this hour of the universal groping and striving, the men of faith must speak. If they are silent now, then whose blame if all faith perishes from the earth? Is that then, the real meaning of Malachy's dread prophecy—"religio depopulata"?

DEEPEST PURPOSE OF THE MEETING

The deepest purpose of this meeting is that faith may prevail—faith in governments, faith in rulers and congresses, and all that set of divine principles and influences and human agencies by which the world is held in order.

This War, we were told again and again by all those responsible for the conduct of the War, was for justice to all, for the inviolable rights of small nations, for the inalienable right, inherent in every nation, of self-determination.

The purpose of this meeting tonight is very specific. The War can be justified only by the universal application of those principles. Let that application begin with Ireland. Ireland is the oldest nation and the longest sufferer. If these principles are not applied in her case, no matter what else may be done there will be no complete justice, no genuine sincerity believable, and the war not bringing justice will not be peace.

Who was it who by the enunciation of these great principles united the peoples of the whole suffering earth? It was our own President—once Wilson of America, now Wilson of the world. Tomorrow he lands at Brest—Brest, the very port out from which Count Arthur Dillon sailed with his great thousands of Irish troops to aid America to obtain from England the very principle of self-determination, which today Ireland demands, and which we of America, in accordance with the principles enunciated by our President, today also are determined by every legitimate and lawful and Christian means to aid Ireland to obtain. For Ireland equally with America fought in this conflict for right.

America has fought in this War not for selfish aims. She has given her best blood, her hardest toil and her enormous wealth and in return gets not one foot of soil, not a single acre of land. She has a right to demand that for which alone she has made such tremendous sacrifices—justice to all.

THE TEST OF SINCERITY

Let the test of sincerity be Ireland. Then we will be convinced that truth still lives.

Ireland must be allowed to tell the world freely what she wants, how she wishes to be governed. Speak up Ireland; make the world hear you! Wake up England, for the world is watching you!

May God grant that the voice of Ireland be heard and that at last peace entering Europe through Ireland's freedom, bring even to England its blessings and its fruits.

I firmly believe that the day that England honestly faces her full duty to Ireland and fulfills it faithfully, God will bless her as she has not known His blessings for many centuries. For as with the individual soul, so with the soul of a nation—a clear conscience is the only door to happiness.

We want this honest and frank expression of our principles, the principles upon which the stability of this nation and every nation must now rest, to be borne undistorted across the sea, that first Ireland may hear and rejoice, that England may hear and consider, and that our President and all those about him at the great conference of Peace may hear and heed.

When those men in whose hands now rests the fate of all freemen arise, with their work for the welfare of the world completed, may one of the very first articles of that treaty of peace for all the world read: "We meant what we said—Ireland, like every other nation, must be free—separated now and forever."

And the children of the Gael, scattered over all the earth, will hear that soul-stirring message and then moved by a common impulse, they will turn their faces toward Erin, lift up their hand to Heaven, and at the moment of Ireland's triumph, will sing in concert the greatest Te Deum that ever arose to God.—Boston Pilot.

THE ULSTER SEATS

JOINT APPEAL BY BISHOPS SUGGESTING SETTLEMENT

The Lord Mayor of Dublin has received the following communication:

November 26, 1918.

Dear Lord Mayor,—After considering the ecclesiastical business for which they were assembled on the 26th inst. at Armagh, under the presidency of His Eminence Cardinal Logue, the Bishops of the Northern Province, in view of the General Election, gave anxious consideration to the sad prospect for Ulster and for Ireland which political divisions among our people so dangerously open up. We felt we ought not to separate at such a momentous crisis without making a definite suggestion to save the situation at least in its most threatening aspects. The Lord Mayor of Dublin is the first citizen of our country, and more than once he has shown how well he can discharge heavy responsibilities that have developed on him in that capacity. We therefore request him to take in hand and have settled the greatest difficulty the election presents. That difficulty concerns the representation of Nationalist seats in Ulster which, by reason of a contest between men on the popular side, are likely to pass to the Unionist minority. Be these seats eight or ten in number we propose that the Lord Mayor, in conjunction with Mr. Dillon and Mr. De Valera, or in his absence, Mr. John McNeill, should divide the representation of these seats. The question of a member or two gained to either side should count for little in face of the object in view. We suggest an equal division. But the full Nationalist strength should support the adopted candidate in each constituency. We request the Lord Mayor to convene the gentlemen we have named for a day not later than next Saturday, and to have this letter published on receipt, in the metropolitan and provincial press. We have stated what we consider vital in regard to Ulster. We earnestly trust that a like provision may be much more widely applied, especially where the need is similar.—Michael Cardinal Logue, Patrick O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe; Laurence Gaughran, Bishop of Meath; Charles M'Hugh, Bishop of Derry; Patrick M'Kenna, Bishop of Clogher; Patrick Finigan, Bishop of Kilmacoe; Joseph MacCarthy, Bishop of Down and Connor; Edward Mulhern, Bishop of Dromore. His Lordship the Bishop of Ardagh does not sign, as not belonging to the civil Province of Ulster.

MR. DILLON ACCEPTS

The Lord Mayor of Dublin, who arrived home at an early hour yesterday morning, gave the following letter for publication:

My dear Lord Mayor,—Having carefully read the letter of the northern Bishops, I have no hesitation in saying that I cordially accept your invitation to meet Mr. De Valera or failing him, Mr. McNeill, in conference on the lines suggested in their Lordships' letter. I may add that I heartily agree with the wish expressed in the letter of the Bishops of Ulster that the plan of settlement suggested by them regarding the Ulster seats should be extended to the rest of Ireland, and that Ireland may be rescued from a number of bitter contests between Nationalists, which, if they are persevered in, must inflict terrible, if not fatal, injury on the Nationalist cause.

Yours Sincerely,
JOHN DILLON.

GAVE TWELVE SONS

When the time comes to call the roll of those who have done distinguished service, in the cause of liberty, keep a lookout for the name of Mrs. Catherine Isabelle O'Brien, of Lower Buckets Road, four miles from Phoenix, Ariz.—formerly of New York, also formerly of Oklahoma City, and Russett, Okla. Mrs. O'Brien has contributed twelve sons to war service. Having done that much, you might think she had earned the right to sit back and rest and rock and think and hope for the best. But Mrs. O'Brien isn't that sort of woman, even if she is seventy-two years old. She had a birthday just the other day. It was the loneliest one she ever had, and how do you think she celebrated it? By writing once again to the Red Cross

authorities asking them if they couldn't manage to break one little string of red tape and allow her to go to France and nurse tubercular soldiers.—St. Paul Bulletin.

POPE ENJOINS PRAYERS FOR A LASTING PEACE

DIVINE GUIDANCE FOR THE PEACE CONFERENCE TO BE EMPLOYED BY CATHOLICS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Pope Benedict has addressed an encyclical letter to the Catholic Episcopate throughout the whole world, exhorting the Hierarchy to offer universal public prayers so that Providence may guide the members of the approaching Peace Conference and give the world peace founded on true principles of Christian justice and love among men. The letter bears the date of December 1st. It says: "That which the entire world so long sighed for, that which Christianity implored with fervent prayers, and that which we, interpreting the common grief, urged with paternal heart for the good of all, has in a moment come to pass as the last booming of the guns is silenced, Peace has not yet solemnly ended the war, but an armistice has meanwhile suspended the slaughter and devastation by land, sea and air, happily opening the way for peace."

The Holy Father attributes the end of the War "to Him who governs all events, Who, moved to pity by the persevering prayers of the good, conceded at last that humanity might recover finally from so many griefs."

The Pope rejoices at the impressive demonstration of piety that has occurred throughout the Catholic world, and continues: "There remains now to implore the Almighty that the great gift granted us shall have its crowning, that the delegates of the various nations to meet in solemn congress shall give the world a just and lasting peace. Such grave and complex decisions will have to be taken as no human assembly ever took before. Therefore words are wanting to express how greatly the delegates need to be divinely enlightened so as to be able to accomplish their mission."

"Their decisions in the highest degree will affect the interest and good of all humanity. Thus, Catholics who favor order and progress must invoke the divine assistance upon those participating in the Peace Conference. We desire this duty to be recalled to all Catholics."

The Holy Father ends by urging the Episcopate of the world to implore the Almighty by means of public prayers in each parish, to shed His light upon the congress, and enable it to secure a true peace founded upon the Christian principle of justice. The Pope on his part will use all the influence of his Apostolic ministry, it is added, to have the decisions of the congress everywhere accepted and loyally executed by Catholics with a view to perpetuating order, tranquillity and concord in the world.—Buffalo Echo.

THE CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

(By Cardinal Gibbons)

Today the whole Christian world prostrates itself in adoration around the crib of Bethlehem and rehearses in accents of love a history which precedes all time and will endure throughout eternity. If asked to explain the rapturous influence which controls us we have no other words than the evangel of joy which the angel gave unto earth, "For this day is born unto you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord."

The blessings resulting from our Christian civilization are poured out so regularly and abundantly on the intellectual, moral and social world, like the sunlight and the air of heaven and the fruits of the earth, that they have ceased to excite any surprise except to those who visit lands where the religion of Christ is little known.

Before the advent of Christ the whole world, with the exception of the secluded Roman province of Palestine, was buried in idolatry. Men worshipped the sun and moon and stars of heaven. They worshipped everything except God only, to whom alone divine homage is due. Christ, the light of the World, proclaimed unto all men in its fullness the truth which had hitherto been hidden in Judea. He taught mankind to know the one true God, a God existing from eternity unto eternity, a God who created all things by His wisdom and whose superabundant providence watches over the affairs of nations as well as of men—"without Whom not even a sparrow falls to the ground."

The message of Christmas day is intended for all men, for all times, for all conditions of existence. Only by stern adhesion to the principles therein contained can individuals and nations hope to share in that peace which has been promised to men of good will. To violate them is to reverse the order established by God.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Another award has gone to a Catholic Canadian Chaplain; Captain (Rev.) W. L. Murray of Pembroke diocese has been awarded a Bar to his Military Cross.

Chicago leads all other cities in the number of churches dedicated to the Blessed Virgin—43. New York has 38.

Alaska has a Catholic population of 11,500, all of whom are converts or descendants of converts. The Jesuits have charge of the missions.

The Archdiocese of Chicago has already given thirty-four priests for chaplain service in the Army and Navy.

Rev. John F. Swift is the third priest of the Archdiocese of Baltimore to take up American foreign missionary work by joining the Maryknoll society.

It must have been an inspiring sight to see 5,000 Catholic boys in Camp Meade take a vow of cleanliness and abstemiousness. They had just received Holy Communion.

The church erected by general subscriptions in Rome in 1911, to commemorate the sixteenth century of Constantine's victory over Maxentius, was consecrated recently by the Archbishop of Paleis.

The Postoffice Department has authorized a change in the name of the town of Germantown, Kansas, to Mercier. The citizens, mostly of German nativity or extraction, recently petitioned the Department for permission to rename the town in honor of Cardinal Mercier of Belgium.

The first known Bishop of Verdun, France, was St. Palchrois, who lived in the fifth century. Its abbey of St. Paul was founded in 970. Its cathedral was a plain, massive, two-square-towered edifice. Verdun is now in a state of desolation.

Over 1,400 negro soldiers, mostly Catholics, recently left Camp Shelby, Miss., for service abroad. The Catholic chaplain heard their confessions under the shade of trees, and on the following morning at a field Mass gave them Holy Communion.

The Anglican bishop of Exeter, England, said the other day that in his opinion the man who best used the war was Cardinal Mercier, who took it with its devastating effects and turned it into a great engine for Christianity.

American Bishops are excused from making their "ad limina" visits in 1919. They must make them, however, in 1920 if conditions permit; if not, they can wait till 1924. But they must send their reports to the Holy See.

Just now there is being shown in Rome the film of "Fabiola." We can imagine no film which would interest Catholics more than these pictures of Cardinal Wiseman's great story of the early centuries. "Fabiola" was recently exhibited before the College of Cardinals, who came at the invitation of Cardinal Gasquet, the learned English Benedictine.

In connection with the Bristol celebrations of Independence Day, there is one noteworthy link between the Catholics of that English city and their American co-religionists. As Canon Lee pointed out in his sermon at Bristol Pro-Cathedral, it was the Vice-Apostolic of the western district, Rev. Charles Watkinson, whose body now rests at Downside Abbey, who consecrated America's first Bishop, Dr. Carroll, of Baltimore, at Lulworth Castle, on August 15, 1790.

Jonkheer Ruijs de Berronbrouck has been appointed Premier of Holland by Queen Wilhelmina, according to the Courant of Herzogenbosch. He is a Catholic and has been Minister in Limburg since 1898. From 1888 to 1891 he was Minister of Justice. Following the recent general election the Queen requested Rt. Rev. Mgr. Nolens to form a new government. Mgr. Nolens, however, asked to be relieved of the responsibility. Jonkheer Ruijs de Berronbrouck, one of the leaders of the Catholic parliamentary party, was finally selected for the post. The new Premier is President of the International Federation of Catholic Anti-Alcohol Leagues.

As three and a half years have elapsed since Pope Benedict XV. established in the Vatican Bureau of Prisoners of War, much interest has been shown in the results of the work done by the small army of priests (regular and diocesan) and laymen who repair to the Apostolic palace every morning and evening on their charitable mission. Up to the present something like 450,000 letters have been received at the Vatican from parents, priests, bishops and associations of various kinds all over the world. His Holiness has had the Vatican bureau similar offices established these three years at Vienna and Paderborn, for Allied prisoners in Austria and Germany, and Fribourg in Switzerland, for German prisoners in France. In addition to these central bureaus there are offices in all the chief cities of Europe.

A DAUGHTER OF THE SIERRA

BY CHRISTIAN REID

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CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED

"The worst!" Mackenzie indignantly exclaimed. "You are either going straight up or straight down all the time—or at least most of the time—climbing over great rocks where the mules have to put their feet together and jump like cats; and where, if they should miss, there's a thousand or two feet of falling waiting for you. You skirt precipices that might make the head of a goat swim; and you sleep out in the woods, with the lively prospects that a mountain tiger may kill one of your animals before morning."

"All of which sounds perfectly delightful," Miss Rivers declared. "But I am afraid you exaggerate. The mail is brought with great regularity over these mountains, and one never hears of the carrier or his mule falling over the precipice or suffering death from a mountain tiger. And all the shop-keepers in Topia get their goods by the same route."

"Do you suppose that if a mule falls over a precipice—or a man either—they post the fact in Topia?" Thornton asked. "The arrieres shrug their shoulders, pick up the fragments of the pack and go on."

"And to diversify the way pleasantly," Armistead chimed in, "one comes every few miles upon a cross, or group of crosses, erected by the side of the road to show where travelers have been waylaid and killed."

"The crosses need not frighten you, Miss Rivers," said Lloyd, quietly. "They were put up a long time ago, when there were many robbers among these wild heights. But all that is at an end now. The robbers have either been shot or have adopted safer modes of livelihood, and traveling in the Sierra is at present perfectly safe."

"That's true as a general rule," Thornton assented. "But if I had an enemy I shouldn't particularly care to meet him in the Sierra. I have heard of a few French crosses being put up even in my time."

"You've also heard of the speedy punishment of the murderers," observed Lloyd.

"Generally, yes. The rurales catch them and the government promptly shoots them. But I don't feel that, personally, that would afford me much gratification after I had been bowled over on one of those trails. Not even the pious custom of putting up a cross where I had been killed would in such case be very satisfactory."

"Why should we talk of these things?" Isabel protested. "Mr. Lloyd says that there are no bandits in the Sierra now, and I am sure we, none of us, have any enemies."

"It's very good of you to be sure," said Thornton; "but, unfortunately, that is a thing of which one can never be quite certain. We gringos are not loved, you know; and by our manners, or distressing lack of manners, in dealing with the people, we sometimes make enemies when we are unconscious of it."

Armistead moved uncomfortably. "I fully agree with Miss Rivers," he said, "that is an unnecessary discussion. There are many occasions in life in which a man must make enemies; but he can't fail to do his duty on that account, or think of possible consequences."

"Not even though he knew that a cross in the Sierra would be the result," Thornton agreed lightly. "But here comes the Gerente with a handful of papers! My prophetic soul told me that there would be writing to do to-night for to-morrow's mail."

"You boys must come to the office—we have some reports to make out," observed Mr. Rivers as he drew near. "Lloyd, I should like a few words with you about these mineral districts. The company is agitating the question of a railway again."

Armistead looked after the others as they moved toward the office across the patio; and then, his gaze returning to Miss Rivers, as he looked at the charming picture which she made, seated under the swinging Moorish lamp, he was conscious again of that sense of his exceeding good fortune which he had expressed to Lloyd. For surely it was wonderful luck to find this beautiful, brilliant girl, a product and part of his own world, here in these remote wilds, ready to give him an attention which he knew that he could hardly have hoped for had he met her in the scenes amid which she usually moved. He leaned forward. It was impossible not to express what he felt so strongly.

"I have had many lucky happenings in my life," he said; "but never one, I think, quite so lucky as the pleasure of finding you in Topia at this time. It quite repays me for the hardships and disagreeables of coming here."

"You are very kind," Isabel answered lightly—"for nothing in the way of masculine ardor, however unexpected, even surprised or discomposed her,—but I don't think that one needs to be repaid for coming to this delightful country."

"Delightful! It can't be that you really find it so?"

"I really do. And just now I am extremely interested in the trip you have made to the Calderon hacienda. I was so pleased with Dona Victoria."

"I suppose you know who she is?"

"Yes; papa told me. I was very much surprised to hear that she is

Mr. Trafford's daughter; although one should not be surprised at any result of divorce in California. Would you mind telling me how the situation came about? It seems very strange to me."

When a beautiful woman, with the most fascinating smile and liquid eyes of softest hazel, says, "would you mind telling me?" the result in the case of most men is a foregone conclusion. It was so with Armistead in this case. Baguiled by an interest which he mistook for sympathy, and pleased to gratify Miss Rivers, while at the same time gratifying himself by talking of his own affairs—to many people the most interesting possible topic,—he related the whole story of the Trafford marriage, of the manner in which the Mexican wife was divorced, of the claiming of the Santa Cruz Mine, and of the determination of mother and daughter to hold it.

"Then that, of course, will end the matter," said Isabel, when he reached this point. "Of course Mr. Trafford can't think of forcing them to give it up."

Armistead shrugged his shoulders. "Trafford is not a man who gives up anything," he said; "and you see the mine is his."

"You mean—legally?"

"Legally, of course. There's no other way of owning property."

"There is such a thing as moral right," perhaps so, but moral rights which are not recognized by the law don't amount to anything."

"Then he will try to obtain the mine?"

"There is not a doubt of his obtaining it. I have been to Durango to consult lawyers and judges, and they all say his title is good. We have only to take possession."

"By force?"

"By force if necessary. I have a letter from Trafford to day telling me to go ahead and do whatever is to be done."

"It seems incredible! And—what are you going to do?"

"Well, I don't mind telling you that I have hit upon a plan which I hope will avoid trouble and litigation. I shall take a number of men, together with some officers of the law, go quietly out to Santa Cruz and take possession of the mine before they can make any resistance. After that it will be impossible for them to regain possession of it."

"Oh! Miss Rivers sank back in her chair and stared at him. "How can you do anything so—treacherous?"

"Treacherous!" Armistead was surprised and wounded. "There's nothing in the least treacherous about such a procedure. It's done every day in Colorado and our other mining States. We have given them notice that the mine is ours, they refuse to surrender it, so we shall simply go and take it; and to do so in the form of a surprise is merely a military stratagem."

"See!" Miss Rivers' tone indicated that she saw a good deal of this—military stratagem?"

"No!" Armistead replied with disgust. "Lloyd is a fool. Because his sympathies are with the women in the case, he refuses to assist me in any way, and has inconvenienced me greatly by this attitude. I have come to Topia now to try and find some one to take his place—some one who knows the country and language better than I do. I am hoping that Mr. Rivers may be able to recommend a man to me."

"I think—I hope that papa's sympathies are with the women, too."

"My dear Miss Rivers!" Armistead was earnestly remonstrant. "You do me great injustice if you think my sympathies are not with them. But I am like a soldier, you know—acting under orders. And sympathies haven't really anything to do with Business. That's what I can't make Lloyd understand."

"I am afraid you will never make me understand it either."

"Oh, one expects a charming woman to be—er—guided by her heart rather than her head! It's very disagreeable to me. I assure you, to have to carry out Mr. Trafford's instructions; but I have no alternative. And it wouldn't help the Calderons if I refused to do so; for some one else would be sent to take possession of the mine."

"I quite understand that, and I am sure you must be sorry to have to do such an odious thing," said Miss Rivers, magnanimously. "If I didn't have some head as well as heart, I might detest you for it."

"That would be terrible. You couldn't be so unjust."

"I think I could be, but I won't; I will try to be reasonable and give you my sympathies, too. When do you think you will have your party in readiness to go and take the mine by surprise?"

"That is impossible to say, because the party must consist of men who can be relied on and I don't clearly see how I am to find these without Lloyd's aid. It is very annoying that he is such a blockhead—and obstinate as a mule."

"You can't expect everyone to be as clear-sighted as yourself where matters of—er—business are concerned," observed Miss Rivers, sweetly. "Yonder comes Mr. Lloyd now. Perhaps you don't want to talk of this matter before him?"

"Oh, I shouldn't mind! He would never think of betraying my plan, I am sure. But probably it is best to regard what I have told you as confidential."

"I shall not repeat it to any one," she assured him.

CHAPTER XI

IN THE PLAZA

It was Sunday morning, and Topia wore its most festive air; not only because of the brilliant sunshine and crystal atmosphere, which lent something of that aspect even to the towering, rock faced heights, but because the streets were filled with men who, having been paid off the night before, were now industriously spending their money in the tiendas, and consuming mescal in such liberal quantities as would have seemed to promise frightful disorder later. But the disorder of Topia was never so great as the policeman of the municipality was not able to deal with it. The right of a man to drink himself into a state of intoxication was fully recognized; and when he became reduced either to insensibility, to a maudlin condition of noise, or to a desire to fight all his friends and acquaintances, those friends were prompt to carry him away to a place of seclusion. These scenes, moreover, occurred only in the afternoon and evening. At ten o'clock in the morning the future porrachos were still in a state of sobriety, filling the shops, the sidewalks and the plaza with their clean white cotton garments and red blankets.

At this time also the better class were very much in evidence; and those who may fancy that Topia does not possess a better class should go there and sit in the plaza on a Sunday morning, in order to be convinced to the contrary. A place where for many years money has poured out of the earth in a constant stream-like water out of a fountain, must have its plutocrats, and plutocrats as we know, are speedily and easily converted into aristocrats. Among the well-dressed and perfectly-mannered men who appear on the streets of this old robber stronghold of the Sierra, there are some who are descended from its original inhabitants; others are strangers, and many are foreigners. There is a picturesque mingling of nationalities to be seen in the plaza of Topia.

While the church bell is ringing out its call to Mass, the air is fragrant with roses, and graceful, dark-eyed woman are coming in all directions, with prayer books and beads in their hands, and holding stools hanging on their arms. In the American town of the same class one knows what one would probably find in the feminine element,—what lack of taste in dress, what love of crude and violent color, what hopeless vulgarity of appearance and manners. But these women might be princesses as they glide along clothed in dark fabrics, wrapped in silken and lace draperies, with dignity in their bearing, and much delicate loveliness in the faces under the fringed parasols. They were just now passing in numbers toward the open door of the church; for the second call had ended, and at the third Mass would begin. A group of young men—chiefly Caridad employees,—seated on a bench in the sunshine, found it necessary to rise to their feet every few minutes and uncover in response to a smile, a flash of eyes and teeth, and a musical "Buenos dias, señoras!" It was in an interval of this performance that Thornton turned to Lloyd, who was one of the group.

"I had almost forgotten that I have a message for you," he said. "A party are going out this afternoon to eat tamales at the San Benito Mine, and you and Armistead are invited to join us."

"Who are 'us'?" Lloyd inquired carelessly.

"Oh, all the elite of Topia, I believe! The San Benito belongs to the richest man here, you know—Don Luis Gonzales. There will be music and dancing, and Miss Rivers told me to see that you bring your sketch-book."

"How does Miss Rivers know that I have a sketch-book?"

"I told her that there was an artist spotted when you became a mining engineer and prospector."

"What was the good of yarning about me so absurdly? Miss Rivers can make more satisfactory pictures with her camera than I can with a pencil."

"She doesn't think so—and here she comes to speak for herself."

Lloyd looked up quickly. It was indeed Isabel Rivers coming between the rose-hedges, transformed into a high-born Spanish lady by the black lace mantilla thrown over her sunny hair. She paused, smiling, as she met her.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Lloyd," she said. "Won't you and Mr. Armistead dine with us today, and go to the picnic afterward? I suppose you have been invited."

"Thornton was just saying something about it," Lloyd replied. "But I am rather an unsocial person, and I'm afraid that going out to the San Benito to eat tamales doesn't appeal to me very strongly."

"Oh, but it should appeal to you as something immensely picturesque!" she said. "You simply must go. I am sure it will be delightful. And be certain to bring your sketch-book! Mr. Thornton tells me you draw admirably—ah, there he is! He'll call for Mass! I shall expect all of you to dinner. Hasta luego!"

She passed on toward the open door of the church, into which men and women were hastily pouring from all sides; while Thornton laughed at the expression of Lloyd's face.

"Viva la reina!" he said. "It would take a bold man to disobey her commands. We'll I'll see you later. Now I must put in an appearance at church. No, I'm not a Catholic; but Miss Rivers is, you know;

and I think she probably looks upon me with a more favorable eye than she has seen me leaning in the doorway during Mass. It shows that I have a mind free from prejudice and perhaps—under certain circumstances—open to influence, Come, Mac!" Mackenzie—a Catholic by inheritance, being a Scotchman of Highland ancestry—rose, together with two or three Mexicans who also formed part of the occupants of the bench, and moved toward the already overflowing door of the church which opened on the plaza. Lloyd sat still in the sunshine a little longer; and then, as the sound of the organ came out to him, he also rose and walked round to the door which opened on the street, where the crowd was less. Here, leaning like Thornton against the side of the doorway, he looked once again faintly to all sojourners in Mexico—a compact mass of people, filling the church (a nave without aisles) from wall to wall; the women kneeling on the brick floor, the men mostly standing until the solemn part of the Mass. At the farther end of the vista candles were gleaming on an altar, before which a priest was slowly moving to and fro. Lloyd had but a vague idea of what was proceeding there, but the sight appealed to some instinct of his nature which he hardly understood—it was, in fact, the instinct of worship, the deep-seated human need to turn to something higher than itself—while a certain fineness of mental and spiritual fibre, together with a fair amount of culture, enabled him to feel and in a measure enjoy the antiquity and poetry of the mysterious rite.

TO BE CONTINUED

TWO CHRISTMAS EVES

By F. M. Lyndon in the Christian Family

It was Christmas eve. A cold wind swept through the streets of the small western city and shook the leafless branches of the trees that stood in front of the high dark house near the church. There was a light on the first floor. The room was comfortably warm.

Before the stove on a low stool sits a woman. Her back is turned to the fire, her arms are crossed over her breast, and her head is drooping. On the round table in the center of the room stands a Christmas tree hung with glittering pearls and silvery threads, but all these things look as though they had served the same purpose many years.

A few minutes ago she has lit the tree and the little flames gently flicker up and down on the red, yellow and blue candles, a faint odor of pine and wax permeates the room, but the cowering woman does not notice it. Her head drops deeper and the light from the Christmas tree falls over her blonde locks and white neck, but does not strike the big drops that slowly fall from her pale face on her thin hands.

She weeps—and it is Christmas eve.

From the church tower the bells begin to ring, at first only a few notes, some high, some low, inharmonious, but soon the three bells join in one grand chorus, which floats over the houses of the city, and far out over the dark plains, carrying a message of peace into thousands of homes and hearts.

The girl hears the bells and sobs. To her these Christmas bells do not bring peace and comfort, they only awaken sad memories in her heart. Thus it has been for many years. She remembers it all so well. It is now fifteen years, that she, just twenty years old, stood in this same room, before the glittering Christmas tree with her father and mother, brother and her head is drooping. She was as yet not able to speak a word, her limbs trembled and she stared at the man as though he were an apparition.

He took another step toward her. "Can you pardon me, Margaret?" he said in the same low voice. "I know I have hurt you gravely, and I wish to excuse myself."

At these words the girl felt as though a heavy burden were taken from her breast, she sank on a chair, covered her face with both hands and sobbed aloud.

"Papa, why does auntie cry?" said the child. "Does she not want me?"

The physician stood in painful embarrassment and did not know what to say. The child in unconcealed astonishment looked at both. "Give auntie your hand, Margie," he said after a while and showed the child nearer toward Margaret. "Timidly Elsie extended her little hand, while holding on to her father's coat with the other. She seemed uncertain what reception she would get."

Margaret let her hands sink. Before her stood the child with outstretched hands and looked at her with big doubting eyes. Suddenly she drew the child to her heart and kissed her.

"So you love me anyway?" asked the little one.

"Yes, child, I love you very much."

"Oh, how nice; papa said you would love me."

Margaret smiled, and the physician passed his hand over his forehead and pressed his lips together.

"Pardon, Margaret," he said after a short pause, "that I break into your quiet home like this, but I come with a great petition."

"Oh, but sit down, Paul," the girl said in a friendly tone, "you must excuse me for not inviting you sooner; you see the surprise was too great," she added hesitatingly. Her cheeks flushed faintly when she

noticed that his eyes rested sadly on her.

Her features showed the traces of the sorrow that he had caused, but she had the same dear faithful eyes, the same pure open forehead with the same blond ringlets which had so often charmed him in days gone by.

With a sigh he sat down near her. She looked at him questioningly. A little pause, then he began again: "Perhaps you will understand, Margaret, why I choose Christmas eve for the day on which to come to you. You know that about a year ago I lost my wife?"

Margaret nodded and bent her face down to the child, who trustfully leaned against her knees. He continued: "Of my children only this one remains. Elsie is a dear and good child, but she needs a mother. I cannot attend to her education as I should because my work does not leave me time for it. I have no relatives to whom I could intrust her. There is a sister of my wife's—but well, you may understand, if I say no more. But it grieves my heart to think she would have to grow up without a mother's loving care, and so I thought, here his voice trembled a little, "I should bring the child to you and ask you to take her mother's place. I know how good you are and how much you always loved children. Could you make up your mind to make this great sacrifice for me? I would be very grateful to you. I have not deserved any favor," he added in a low voice, "but perhaps you pity the child and take her, she needs love so much."

He was silent and waited for an answer.

The girl's head had dropped still more and tears glistened in her eyes; again she drew the little one to her and kissed her tenderly on her forehead.

"Would you like to stay with me, Elsie?" she now asked.

"Oh, yes, because you are nice to me and I should like to be like Hannah." Hannah was the doctor's maid.

Paul breathed easier, and his eyes gleamed in happy anticipation.

"I will keep her," said Margaret, "and hope that the little one will soon get used to her new surroundings." With these words she looked up and shook hands with the friend of her youth.

The physician rose quickly, seized her hand and pressed a kiss on it. The girl blushed deeply and hastily withdrew her hand.

"Thanks, thanks, Margaret," he whispered warily. "Oh, I knew that I would not come in vain."

She looked at him. In her eyes shone the old love.

"Thank God, it is not too late yet," he murmured. "Oh, Margaret, what a fool I have been. Should it be possible that I could be happy once more?"

In answer the girl took up the little girl, and stepped over to the Christmas tree and the man looked at her with glowing eyes and a jubilant heart.

CHRISTMAS DAY

In the year from the creation of the world, when in the beginning God created heaven and earth, five thousand, one hundred and ninety-nine; from the flood, two thousand, nine hundred and fifty-seven; from the birth of Abraham, two thousand and fifteen; from Moses and the coming of the Israelites out of Egypt, one thousand, five hundred and ten; from the anointing of King David, one thousand and thirty-two; in the sixty-fifth week, according to the prophecy of Daniel; in the one hundred and ninety-fourth Olympiad; in the year seven hundred and fifty-two, from the founding of the city of Rome; in the forty-second year of the empire of Octavian Augustus, when the whole world was at peace, in the sixth age of the world, Jesus Christ, eternal God, and the Son of the Eternal Father, desirous to sanctify the world by His most merciful coming, having been conceived of the Holy Ghost, and nine months having elapsed since His conception, is born in Bethlehem of Juda, having become man of the Virgin Mary, The Nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ according to the flesh.

Thus, in solemn chant rising with each note to a plane of higher joyousness, is the Church announcing to the world the consummation of the hopes of the Old Testament. Thus does she enshrine in language of unparalleled simplicity the fears of our first parents, the protection of the chosen people, the founding of the Royal line, the sighs of the Prophets, the unspoken and unhopd for destinies of Greece and Rome, the mysterious hypostatic union of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity with the human nature that He deigned to take from the fairest of the daughters of God, the virgin birth of God made man, Jesus Christ, the Ancient of days, the first-born of all creation, the Image of the invisible God, the Brilliance of the Eternal Light, the unspotted Mirror of God's majesty, the Lion of the tribe of Juda, the Root of David, the Head of all principality and power, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of the kings of the earth, God from God, Light from Light, true God from true God, begotten not made, consubstantial with the Father by whom all things are made, God alone, unapproachable, incomprehensible, unsearchable, Jesus Christ, the sum and total of Christmas Day.—America.

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For Catholics, then, who hold this faith, it is impossible to discover any despotism in the authority of the Pope.

But suppose a Catholic would come to change his mind about the divine endorsement of the authority of the Pope?

Another virtue which shone in the Holy Family was its ceaseless activity; Nazareth was the home of labor as well as of love.

Poverty and labor were their lot because it was God's will. "Thou shalt eat the labor of thy hands," exclaimed the Psalmist.

From all this it appears that a world made safe for democracy need have no fears of the Catholic Church.

sympathy of the common people, of the poor, the afflicted, and down-trodden, because of the spiritual comforts she has to offer them.

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rather by a word that is akin to our "reverend." The French use the words "curé" or "abbé."

The word "father" means "author of life." The priest is the author of the spiritual life of the faithful.

THE CHRISTMAS CRADLE 'Tis Christmas Eve; and so to-night The Christmas candle let us light.

And who are we aside to cast The Christian customs of the past? Then let us gather one and all.

And as we watch it, let us pray To Him newborn on Christmas Day.

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A CHRISTMAS HYMN O heart of mine I lift up blue eyes Of perfect form, of face divine—

Beat high today, O heart of mine, And tell, O lips, what joys are thine;

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LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 28, 1918

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

The old year is dying; before the RECORD reaches its readers again it will have gone to join the ghosts of all the dead years since time began.

But 1918 will live forever as a great date in history; for in this year ended the greatest military struggle that ever engaged the human race.

From this struggle a mighty empire, defying its might and its mission, dreaming of world domination, emerged in ruins.

With luciferian pride, fostered for generations by the homage of a half-pagan world scholarship, it conceived the idea and purpose of substituting its Kultur for the saving Gospel of Jesus Christ;

now in satanic ugliness it feels the contempt and loathing of Christendom. Its creator, Bismarck, inaugurated German imperial unification by a bitter warfare on the Catholic Church—the Kulturkampf.

Then Bismarck was the Protestant Hero as Frederick the Great, ruthless William's ruthless ancestor, was some generations before. Without armies, without navies, without the sympathy or moral support of those who later knew German Kultur for what it is, nay in spite of their moral support of Prussian tyranny, the Catholic Church fought German Kultur single-handed and won another of her long series of battles for human liberty.

The German Empire not only in its very birth was anti-Catholic, but its very conception of the State was irreconcilably antagonistic to Catholic principles. Bismarck knew this and anti-Catholic sentiment was program for this reason. Even so late as 1914 by the statesmen and the churchmen of Ulster, where anti-democratic principles and anti-Catholic sentiment go hand in hand, Germany was hailed as the great Protestant Empire and the Kaiser as the great Protestant Prince who should save Protestant Ulster from the domination of "Rome."

The Catholic Church lives, the German Empire is a thing of the past. Yes the Catholic Church lives, and will outlive every empire and republic, every merely human society, for it is the Church of the living God, founded by His Eternal Son, guided by His Holy Spirit, and possesses forever the promise of Him who makes use of the weak things of this world to confound the strong that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

It may be, too, that the year 1918 will be known throughout history not alone for the victorious closing of the Great War but also as the date of the beginning of a war more hideous, more prolonged, and fraught with even graver issues, the war of Bolshevism against law, order and all rightful authority. Here again the Catholic Church must play its God-given part. Here may be her crowning struggle for human liberty.

To all its readers the CATHOLIC RECORD extends its cordial good wishes for a Happy New Year.

If we forgot until too late the usual Merry Christmas greeting blame the weather man who allowed this great feast to steal on us in unseasonable weather. A merry time for the rest of Christmastide.

The RECORD and its readers are bound together by the ties of Catholic Unity; in a very real sense, to use the language of Holy Writ, our souls are knit together. There is also a very human friendship in our relationship. We feel that we are admitted to the closest intimacy in many thousands of Catholic homes, and as we enter friend greetings friend. That that feeling is very general on the part of our readers

thousands of cordial and intimate letters show; sometime we hope to be able to answer each one individually, in the meantime let us assure each and every one that the intimate feeling of cordial friendship is reciprocated.

We live in an un-Catholic (when not anti-Catholic) atmosphere and environment. Most of what we read is written by Protestants or agnostics; our intercourse in daily life, the current ideas and ideals, ethical standards individual and social, are all non-Catholic when not positively anti-Catholic. Yet the law of compensation holds good. As the trees exposed to the full force of the winds strikes deeper its supporting roots, so does our Catholicity become sturdier, more vigorous and better informed in weathering the storms of hostile environment. But if this is so, the need of the Catholic paper in the Catholic home becomes obviously imperative. We need you; you need us. May the incoming new year bring to the CATHOLIC RECORD and its readers a continuance and increase of the wonderful success of the past. We have much, very much, to thank you for, dear loyal, Catholic friends; we shall always endeavor to be worthy of that loyal friendship and mindful that the duties of friendship are not one-sided but mutual.

Again and from our heart of hearts we wish you each and all the happiest of happy new years.

NEWTON WESLEY ROWELL'S "SUBSTANTIAL" SIDE-STEPPING

The Hon. Mr. Rowell, speaking at Bowmanville on Dec. 17th, is thus reported in the Free Press:

Considerable of Mr. Rowell's speech was devoted to a reply to Henri Bourassa's demand in Le Devoir that Mr. Rowell should apologize for "the calumnious statements made at North Bay nearly a year ago on the French-speaking clergy of Canada."

Mr. Rowell said in part: "The substance of my statement about the French-speaking clergy in Quebec was that the majority of them were supporters of Mr. Bourassa in his attitude on the War, and that in the course they were pursuing they were undermining Canada's strength in the struggle. I thought so then; I think so now."

Mr. Rowell's thoughts past and present about "the majority of the French-speaking clergy in Quebec" are interesting but inconclusive.

Mr. Rowell at North Bay in the very speech to which he himself was referring made the charge which he reiterates, but as quoted and endorsed editorially by the Globe, he made, also, a further specific charge:

"In this attitude," added Mr. Rowell, "they were undoubtedly encouraged and abetted by the members of the religious orders from France, who found an asylum in Canada, and used that asylum to undermine Canada's strength in the struggle. It is a misfortune that they did not follow the example of the priests of the Catholic Church in France, who threw themselves into the struggle for their people to preserve their national existence, and by their courage and sacrifice won for themselves a new place in the hearts of the French people."

Promptly the same day that the papers carried Mr. Rowell's speech we wrote in the CATHOLIC RECORD:

"We challenge Mr. Rowell to bring forward a shadow of proof for this assertion with regard to the members of religious orders from France."

That the Globe considered this specific charge of Mr. Rowell's important is evidenced by this editorial comment and endorsement:

"We may regret, as Mr. Rowell does, the undoubted fact that members of religious orders from France who found an asylum in Canada have used that asylum to undermine Canada's strength in the struggle."

The CATHOLIC RECORD promptly challenged the Globe "to give a single instance of anything which would substantiate its 'undoubted fact.'"

Neither the Globe nor Mr. Rowell ever attempted to substantiate their monstrous charge; neither the Globe nor Mr. Rowell ever had the manliness to withdraw it.

Later, on the floor of the House of Commons, the Hon. Chas. Murphy answered this charge categorically. He took up the several religious orders in Canada, one by one, which received members from France. He showed that every single one of these members of military age and fitness threw himself into the struggle to preserve the national existence of France and by their courage and sacrifice won a place in the heroic records of the Great War to which no other body of clergymen, Protestant or Catholic, in Canada would dare to aspire. Scores of them died on the battlefield. This record Mr. Murphy

substantiated with incontrovertible proofs order by order, name by name.

No more glorious record is contained in all the heroic annals of a War in which heroism was a commonplace in the day's work.

And yet the Honorable Newton Wesley Rowell is not ashamed to leave unretreated his foul charge against these heroic men "who by their courage and sacrifice won for themselves a new place in the hearts of the French people;" aye and in all other hearts not corroded by senseless bigotry.

Mr. Rowell's charge was specific; it is not included in "the substance" which he reiterated at Bowmanville. Well, at any rate he had not the shamelessness to repeat his specific charge of monstrous abuse of hospitality against the religious from France.

He may have "thought so then;" he does not "think so now."

Yet he has not the moral courage to confess himself mistaken; he has not the sense of justice to repair a foul wrong done; he has not that in him which would make an honorable pagan feel unclean unless he retracted, aye and paid deserved tribute to those whom he had slandered.

And the Honorable Newton Wesley Rowell is the new type of Christian statesman.

IN ONE OF ITS PROTEAN FORMS

On the front page of the London Advertiser of December 17th (evening edition) is a villainous looking portrait under the caption "Ireland's Real Ruler"; underneath runs this legend:

"Cardinal Logue, the Irish prelate, whose word is law in Ireland, outside of Ulster. So great is his power that the Nationalists have abandoned constituencies at his order to the Sinn Fein candidates."

And all the papers contained this statement in a despatch from Belfast: "It is reported here that Cardinal Logue and Archbishop Walsh both supported Sinn Fein." The impression sought to be created is similar.

We have here in one of the most insidious of all its protean shapes anti-Catholic calumny pandering to ingrained anti-Catholic prejudice. And as is generally the case the shameful bearing of false witness serves a political purpose. Ireland is under the heel of "Rome," therefore the principle of self government of which we are the ardent advocates and champions must reluctantly and regretfully be denied to this priest-ridden country. It serves the purpose also of justifying and deepening the superstitious fear, always either dormant or actively present, that where "Rome" is strong civil and religious liberty has but a tenuous and precarious existence. Thus we make the inconsistency between our profession and our practice appear less poignantly revolting to honest men; our Pharisaism, covered with the rags of this calumny, is not altogether naked and unashamed.

What are the facts? Do they justify the impression sought to be created? Do they bear out the audacious statement that Cardinal Logue is the real ruler of Ireland, that his word is law in Ireland outside of Ulster, that his power is so great that Nationalists at his order have abandoned constituencies to their bitter political opponents, Sinn Fein? Every statement, every implication and every insinuation in the short paragraph quoted is shamelessly made out of whole cloth with here and there some shreds of truth mendaciously interwoven after the manner indicated by Tennyson: "A lie that is part truth is ever the blackest of lies."

Let us get out of this fetid atmosphere into the open air of truth.

In the recent elections in Ireland there were three parties, the Nationalist, the Unionist, and Sinn Fein. As Sinn Fein and the Nationalist parties both stand for Irish Self-Government though differing as to the extent and more radically still as to the methods of attaining it, the older Nationalist party has come to be known as the Constitutional party.

In addition to the claim of Ireland's right to complete independence Sinn Fein holds that Constitutionalism in Ireland has been shown to be a mockery and a sham. Since Carson in the name of Protestant Ascendancy, backed by the ruling classes of England, killed Constitutionalism in Ireland the Sinn Fein party are willing to let it stay dead, and let those who killed it take the consequences. They consequently repudiate the farce of Constitutionalism,

and refuse to recognize the right of England to govern Ireland by sending representatives to Westminster. They elect members of Parliament pledged to remain away from Parliament. Now we believe that in consideration of the fact that there is going to be a new political England in which Tory junkers, "titled harridans," Carson, and Carsonism, will find short shrift that Constitutionalism is well worth reviving. But that is a matter which pertains to the people of Ireland to judge; if they are mistaken it is not the first political mistake made in or out of Ireland. Their right to choose their own political course is unquestionable. As for their claim that Ireland should be an independent republic that, those in touch with their leaders assure us, is a strategic position which they would willingly give up for Dominion Home Rule within the Empire. The Carsonites stand for Protestant Ascendancy, the subversion of the Constitution and armed rebellion against the King and Parliament if the principle which justified the great War is applied in any measure to Ireland.

In passing it may be remarked that the Irish Constitutional Party appears to have gone the way of all political parties with a long tenure of power. It got out of touch with the people it represented, and its political machine like political machines everywhere, repressed independent thought and initiative in order to secure faithful, not to say servile, party allegiance. It is only fair to say that in North East Ulster there are signs of revolt against similar but worse political conditions amongst the Carsonite rank and file. George Russell and St. John Ervine and others like them, Ulster Protestants to the manner born, may be taken as harbingers of a better and saner era there. Certainly they have a better right to speak for Ulster than Carson who is not and never was an Ulsterman, does not and never did represent an Ulster constituency. And St. John Ervine has held the mirror up to Carson in his delightfully frank "Life" of that political leader.

Now what stand did the Irish bishops take in all this political ferment? Two of the twenty-nine were frankly Sinn Fein—the Bishop of Killaloe and the Bishop of Limerick.

We shall let some of the others speak for themselves by extracts from their public utterances taken from the Irish press:

BISHOP O'DONNELL of Raphoe writes thus: "Some years ago there was a great Parliamentary Party backed by a vigorous Organization in Ireland. Now the strength of that Party is paralyzed; the Organization supporting it has largely disappeared."

"Even when dissection and want of sufficient touch with the electorate entebled its efforts, the Irish Party was still able to do useful work for Ireland. Though operating at Westminster, its purpose there was to claim rights, not to ask favours."

"The Parliamentary instrument was Ireland's own, just as the Organization and man power at home were her own. That programme rested on a self-reliant, self-respecting policy for starting Ireland on the road to freedom. But now Ireland is asked to abandon the one effective weapon she can fashion and wield at a time when her need for it is greater than ever before; and in a way not far removed from national abasement she is advised to concentrate her reliance on an appeal for outside help."

"One should think that any friendly members of the Peace Conference might reasonably expect that we would do our part by putting a powerful Irish Party to push on the Irish demand in Parliament under the gaze of the world, while the Conference was in session."

"I have given the spare energies of all my life to the service of Ireland, and I would not be true to that service, as I see it, if I did not advise our people to return to Parliament for work there a strong array of the very best men they can find."

"We are not doing our part if we do not return to Parliament a powerful Party to uphold our case at Westminster, with the help of Labor, and to enlist the support and pressure on our behalf of the Irish people in America and the Colonies."

ARCHBISHOP GILMARTIN of Tuam, writing on the situation, says: "It is my view that when our Catholic people are divided among themselves on a question of pure political, a pastor of souls should not take an active or aggressive part on either side. Rather it is, I think, his duty, while freely expressing his own opinion, to bring about unity, and, if this cannot be done, to counsel tolerance and charity. Acting on this view, I will only say that I hope that no bitterness will be introduced into the present contest. There are good Irishmen and good Catholics on both sides who are in different ways working for the same end—namely, the right of Ireland as a nation to

determine her own form of government. There will be always honest differences of opinion as to the best means to obtain this end. As regards the immediate issue—which is, abstention or non-abstention from Parliament—speaking for myself, I prefer the older policy because it seems the safer."

BISHOP FOLEY of Kildare and Leighlin, after urging that candidates should be men "of high character, political capacity, knowledge and experience," goes on to say:

"I have no faith in Sinn Feinism as a policy, nor in abstention from Parliament as a means of political salvation, but my expectations from the next five years are not pitched quite so high as are those of others, and from all that I have read and heard of politics in the recent past I find it difficult to understand how any man can derive any satisfaction from the sort of political polemics in which rival parties have engaged. Such polemics I have found stale and unprofitable and devoid of all attraction. Hence I feel that the less time or attention I waste on them the better for myself and for the office which I have been appointed to fill."

The Bishop of Ossory, the Most Rev. Dr. Brownrigg, says:

"Having given the policies and claims of the rival parties the best and fairest consideration I could, I have arrived at the conclusion that the policy which stands for the traditional and constitutional principle is the only safe one for the country now or in the future. That policy has brought in the past many substantial benefits to the Irish people. I believe that it is capable, if it gets fair play, of bringing us many more benefits, including what is the supreme ambition of Irishmen—a Government of our own. In regard to the policy adopted on the other side, I will not permit myself to say more than that I consider it impracticable. That it will not lead to any definite results and that if persisted in, it may very seriously jeopardise the most vital interests of the country. The very serious responsibility of choosing between these two policies rests now with the electors. Let us hope that they will make the choice with calm foresight and wisdom."

ARCHBISHOP WALSH, of Dublin, writes that he ceased thirteen or fourteen years ago to give any support to the Irish Party because of "a disastrous change of policy, a change that I felt convinced could not fail to bring about the deplorable results we now see around us in Ireland." And, deploring the probable loss of several seats to the anti-Irish Carsonite faction, His Grace thus caustically refers to the "disastrous policy" of recent years:

"If leaders prove obstructive in this matter, has the public spirit of the country been so deadened by the leading-string policy of the past that the people are incapable even in the present crisis of acting for themselves?"

Here we have the whole reason for the intervention of Cardinal Logue. Carsonism is in a minority in the province of Ulster. Sinn Fein and the Constitutional candidates by dividing the Nationalist vote threatened to hand over eight Ulster Home Rule seats to the Carsonites. The Democratic Unionists and the Reactionary Unionists closed their divided ranks in anticipation of this delectable triumph which would give their representatives 25 of the 33 or 34 Ulster seats, thus giving color to their claim to speak for Ulster. Several attempts to reach an agreement amongst the Nationalists and Sinn Feiners having proved abortive the Cardinal together with all the other bishops of Ulster addressed a letter to the Lord Mayor of Dublin asking him to arrange with the leaders of the rival Nationalist parties to divide the seats equally—four to each party. Dillon at once publicly accepted and later the Sinn Fein leaders acquiesced. Thus Carsonism is still confined to its North East corner of Ulster.

Malice, malevolence, the part-truth that is ever the blackest of lies, dishonesty, and the disappointment consequent on this commonsense arrangement, all find their expression in the statement quoted at the head of this article.

"Cardinal Logue, Ireland's real Ruler, the Irish prelate whose word is law outside of Ulster. So great is his power that the Nationalists have abandoned constituencies at his order to Sinn Fein candidates."

It is equally true that Sinn Fein abandoned constituencies to the Nationalists. And "outside of Ulster" Cardinal Logue and the northern bishops did not interfere at all. Elsewhere we publish the letter in full. It will be seen that the kindly, gentle, lovable old Irish priest who is Cardinal and Archbishop of Armagh is not quite truthfully represented either by the hideous portrait of an eyesless black man, or as the sinister power whose word is law "outside of Ulster" and at whose "order"

Nationalists gave up constituencies to Sinn Fein.

How flimsy is the pretext for saying the Cardinal "supported Sinn Fein" may be seen by the fact that Bishop O'Donnell of Raphoe also signed the same letter.

The cause which requires such press-agency is not one that rests on decent foundations. Such shameless distortion of the truth is an admission of weakness in the cause it seeks to subvert, and an acknowledgment of the strength of the cause it seeks to weaken. It is the impregnable strength of this cause of justice and right that compels its enemies to resort to the poison gas of downright misrepresentation and lying innuendo.

DICTUMS OF A PHILOSOPHER

We enjoy very much the visits of a certain gentleman to our sanctum, for the reason that he belongs to that very rare species whose ideas are not ready made. He is no modernist; in fact he has a perfect loathing for modern ideas and ideals. To the question if he had read a recent publication he replied that he confined his reading to the works of authors who were dead, and who consequently could not change their minds. We were tempted to suggest that perhaps some of them had changed their minds, but fearing that this might lead to a discussion of Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge's alleged communications with the spirit world, and being rather chary of that topic ever since we listened to the experiences of a medium, we abruptly changed the subject. "What do you think," said we, "of this social reconstruction movement?" With a gesture of disgust he replied, "If people would only keep the sixth and seventh commandments, the world would reconstruct itself."

Someone may say that this idea is not very original, that it is older than the Church itself; but those who have been reading the social uplift programmes, as set forth in the newspapers, will have to admit that, subjectively speaking, among many of our modern reformers it would have the charm of novelty. Unmindful of the Psalmists' admonition that unless the Lord build the house they labor in vain who build it, men have been always trying to get to heaven on a structure of their own designing. Shortly after creation's dawn the descendants of Noe undertook to erect a tower that would pierce the skies, but God confounded them and confused their speech so that no one knew the tongue of his brother. Again in the sixteenth century men attempted to erect a spiritual tower that would enable them to enter the celestial kingdom, and once more God confounded them and today, in the midst of the multiplicity of beliefs, no man among them knows the faith of his brother. Forgetful of the warnings of the past and of the lessons that the last four years should have taught the world, we again find men so confounded in mind that they are attempting to establish world peace without the assistance of him who is the representative of the Prince of Peace, and to lay the foundation of a new and better social order with other sanction than that of the Decalogue.

We all remember the question in the Catechism "To what two commandments may the ten be reduced?" If we examine the matter we will find that the two mentioned by our philosopher friend cover the ground pretty well. A pure generation is a reverent generation and will honor and revere God, and will respect and obey His representatives in the home and in the larger societies of Church and State, thus observing the first four commandments of the Decalogue together with the sixth and ninth. Moreover, pure men and women honoring as they do their own bodies as the temples of the Holy Ghost, will hold human life sacred, especially in the person of the innocent and unprotected. They will not kill. The honest man, who will not steal either in act or desire his neighbor's goods or his neighbor's good name, will keep the seventh, eighth and tenth commandment.

Lacordaire laid down the principle that a nation cannot govern itself politically if its individual citizens do not govern themselves in the intimacy of their own thoughts and desires. The trouble with many of our reformers is that they undertake to reform the world before they reform themselves. Two striking instances of this occurred recently that bear respectively on the two commandments mentioned. In a certain Canadian city a promoter of the

Social Service League, who was busy-ing himself with the establishment of a new branch, dwelt in one of his addresses upon the evil of child murder. A lawyer replied, pointing out that the speaker had omitted to mention another great evil whereby thousands of potential children were murdered by Malthusian practice. Straightway the uplifter fell into a passion. He who runs may draw the inference.

The other incident, or series of incidents, is the handing over of the Protestant pulpit to politicians, some of whom unctuously speak of the necessity of a spirit of religious tolerance and justice and honesty in the work of reconstruction, while they themselves stand condemned by all who know the truth of political treachery, of fostering racial religious strife, and of stealing the neighbor's good name and refusing to make restitution. The minister may have enjoyed the holiday—I have lasted for some of them since the signing of the armistice—but do they not realize that they are cutting the ground from under their own feet and incidentally admitting that their churches are not able to cope with the present emergency?

Our friend was right. Society must be reconstructed from the bottom upwards. A superstructure of gilded platitudes will not withstand the wind and waves if the foundation is rotten. Luther, when he witnessed the results of his teaching, wished to restore the Confession. He saw that if the commandments were ignored and that if there was no restraint upon the individual conscience there would be no peace for the nation. But it was too late. The evil has run its course till it has turned the world into a shambles. The only remedy is to have recourse to that Tribunal of Mercy which, in the words of Cardinal Gibbons, is "one of the most powerful levers ever designed by a merciful God to raise man out of the mire of sin, and one of the greatest bulwarks of national peace and individual liberty."

THE GLEANER

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE BULLETIN of the Canada Food Board urges that the housewives of the Dominion follow the lead of their sisters abroad and buy the less expensive, and, in this country, hitherto little used cuts of meat. The advice is pertinent and timely. But, what about the coy ways of the middleman? Let the consumer buy, and at the same time watch the prices rise simultaneously.

TORONTO IS to have a Catholic candidate for Mayor for 1919 who by general consent is far and away the best man in sight. Controller O'Neill has made for himself an enviable record as alderman and controller. His energy and initiative, combined with a sane and balanced judgment, have approved him to business men generally, and in any other city in Canada under like conditions his election would be a foregone conclusion. It remains to be seen, however, whether Toronto can sufficiently emancipate itself from the element which has controlled it so long to elect a Catholic as its chief magistrate.

THERE IS, it seems, a Mormon church in Toronto which has had as its pastor one designating himself a "Bishop," whose propaganda has been carried forward chiefly from theatre platforms. According to this worthy, the Church of Latter Day Saints embodied in itself all that is true and elevating in religious teaching, and had a special mission to lead the world out of darkness into the marvellous light of Salt Lake City. We say "had" advisedly, for now there is a rift in the lute, and the said exponent of Joseph Smith's teachings has parted company with his erstwhile brethren and ended by hurling anathema at the whole institution. In other words, he has started another little sect of his own. The outfit is of course beneath contempt, and we notice the episode merely as illustrating once more the ordinary course of the religious philosophy enunciated by one Doctor Martin Luther some centuries ago.

THE RECENT death of Joseph F. Smith, head of the Mormon sect, and nephew of its founder, has called attention anew to the tenets of that singular organization which the Boston Transcript rather gratuitously characterizes as "a powerful hierarchical organization cast on Biblical and Oriental lines." Powerful

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

CHRISTMAS

THE DIVINE SOCIALIST

"Of His fulness we all have received," (John 1, 16)

Socialism, my dear brethren, can never be satisfied and work out its end till the infinite joins hands with it and helps it—the infinite in means and in power; in means, because division, repeated division of wealth, will soon and anything except the infinite; and in power, that we may be made heirs and lawful possessors of what it grants us. Anything less than the infinite will not do. It would come to an end some time, and misery and want would reassert themselves.

My dear brethren, this is not all fanciful and imaginary, for Christmas tells us of the coming of such a One—One that is infinite in means and in power: "Christ Jesus, Who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but emptied Himself, being made in the likeness of men." (Phil. II. 6, 7)

"And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us" (John 1, 14), that He might join hands with us and help us in our yearnings and our wants. It is no myth or fable that the Son of God became man, was born of the Virgin Mary for our sakes and for our salvation. Born in Bethlehem one thousand nine hundred years ago. He was reared as a poor man's child at Nazareth, and then went about evangelizing and doing good, curing the sick, casting out evil spirits, and even raising the dead to life.

He had taught us how to live by the example of His own blameless, spotless life, and then He distributed His infinite riches and merits amongst us, giving us all that we need to live a holy life here in this world, and to secure eternal life in the kingdom of His Father. You know how He did this. Man had lost through his own disobedience all the good that God had given him, and Christ purchased for us far more than we had lost. He purchased for us forgiveness, faith, graces, heaven, at the price of His own most Precious Blood. Infinite in means and power though He had amongst us.

Alas! how many of us have squandered what He gave us! We are poor and destitute, without the friendship and the grace of God, and we cry in our misery for relief. Here is the wonderful part of the infinite. He had distributed all that He had amongst us at the Redemption. Yes, and all men could have as much as they would, and still the infinite would not run short. So our Lord and Saviour renews the distribution whenever we need it. Infinite in power, infinite in riches, there is always plenty for those who pray for it. And to crown His bounty and goodness, He even distributes His own Body and Blood to be the food and nourishment of our souls—free and without cost to all that approach to receive it, as often as we wish, and the oftener we come the more pleased He is. Jesus Christ unites Himself with us. Then, indeed, we share the riches of the Infinite One. From that infinite source we pay the Almighty Father homage and adoration; we pay Him worthy thanks for all His benefits; we pay Him the price of our ransom to free us from our sins; we pay Him full value for all the graces that we need. Thus are the poor and the destitute raised up and enriched by their Saviour. This is the Divine Socialism of Jesus Christ.

Yet, as when He came on earth, He was not recognized—"He came unto His own, and His own received Him not"—(John 1, 11)—so now the greater part of the world know Him not. They have forgotten that there is another world beyond this, another life that will last for ever. They are clamouring for riches and comfort and equality here, but never a thought for the world to come. The kingdom of heaven is offered them; they answer by crying out for so much a year. Far more than they are asking for or dreaming of has been done for them, and they will not see it or receive it: like the Jews, who were always desiring and praying for the Messiah, and when He came they crucified Him.

How much have we to thank God for, my dear brethren, that we have the faith and can recognize the Saviour when He comes! "But as many as received Him, He gave them power to be made the sons of God." (John 1, 12) And at Christmas-time our hearts are glad to give a welcome to our Lord. We know that all that happened at His Birth was for our sakes: the poverty, the homelessness, the distress, and anxiety seeking for a shelter of Joseph and Mary—and she brought forth her first-born Son and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn." (Luke II. 7) Did not Christ Jesus make Himself one of us, and the poorest of us? We hasten, then, to adore Him, to give Him that homage which is His, as King of kings and Lord of lords. Though He did come so humbly, faith tells us who He is. This is the Infinite One come down from heaven to be one of us, stripped of His outward glory for our sakes, to fulfil all our yearnings, to distribute all His graces and blessings amongst us, to leave us to ourselves, and to make Himself our daily Bread, so that we cannot help but know and remember whence is our strength, our health, our life.

If He has thus bestowed all that He has, all that He is, upon us, we in return, with all the fervour and generosity of our heart, should offer Him our will and our love. Our will

we offer, so that we may be really one with Him—the same aims, objects, and interests. And we beg of Him to accept our grateful love for all that He has given us—not only for His mercies and graces and care of us, but for His own Blessed Body and Blood that have purified and nourished us so frequently. Oh, poor indeed we should be without Him, of whose "fulness we all have received." "Being rich, He became poor for your sakes; that through His poverty you might be rich." (2 Cor. viii. 9)

A DESIRE

O, to have dwelt in Bethlehem When the star of the Lord shone bright! To have sheltered the holy wanderers On that blessed Christmas night; To have kissed the tender wayward feet Of the Mother undefiled, And, with reverent wonder and deep delight, To have tendered the Holy Child!

For the sake of the Child divine? Are there no wandering Pilgrims now, To thy heart and thy home to take? And are there no mothers whose weary hearts You can comfort for Mary's sake?

O to have knelt at Jesus' feet, And to have learnt this heavenly lore! To have listened the gentle lessons He taught On the mountain, and sea, and shore! While the rich and the mighty knew Him not,

To have meekly done His will—Hush! for the worldly reject Him yet, You can serve and love Him still. Time cannot silence His mighty words,

And though ages have fled away, His gentle accents of love divine Speak to your soul today.

O to have soled the weeping one, Who the righteous dared despise! To have tenderly bound up her scattered hair, And have dried her tearful eyes! Hush! there are broken hearts to soothe,

And patient tears to dry, While Magdalen prays for you and them, From her home in the starry sky.

O to have followed the mournful way Of those faithful few forlorn! And grace, beyond even an angel's hope, The Cross for our Lord have borne! To have shared in His tender mother's grief,

To have lived as a child in her home, And then In her loving care have died? Hush! and with reverent sorrow still,

Mary's great anguish share; And learn, for the sake of her Son divine, Thy cross, like His, to bear. The sorrows that weigh on thy soul unite With those which thy Lord has borne,

And Mary will comfort thy dying hour, Nor leave thy soul forlorn. O to have seen what we now adore, And, though veiled to faithless sight, To have knelt, in the form that Jesus wore,

The Lord of Life and Light! Hush! for He dwells among us still. And a grace can yet be thine, Which the scoffer and doubter can never know— The Presence of the Divine. Jesus is with His children yet, For His word can never deceive; Go where His lowly altars rise And worship and believe.

—ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

CHRISTMAS

We earnestly pray God that the peace of Bethlehem may descend upon all, so that the abiding joy which fellowship with Christ alone can produce may be with them like a sweet aroma.

The world, during these last years, has been so greatly distraught by the sickening sight of a war calling for the hecatombs of victims and by the distressing spectacle of the ravages of the influenza epidemic—practically beyond the control of science—that men are eagerly turning in every direction to find props to bolster up their confidence in human nature on the one hand, and on the other to give them assurance of the sufficiency of human science.

But only those who have had the wisdom to look to Christ for courage, confidence and consolation have been able to feel the tranquillity which in times like ours is absolutely necessary. Those who have reposed on the power of earthly princes have found that it was but a fragile support. Those who thought that modern science could perform miracles are sadly disillusioned.

Now, Christ comes to us on Christmas Day bringing peace and healing. Kneeling at the lowly crib, we can almost hear the words of the angelic choirs announcing "peace on earth to men of good-will." Looking upon the Babe "who was to take away our

sins," we feel that He is the great Physician of the world for all ages. Hence, those whom the war has affected in the most vulnerable spot—the heart—will find consolation, first daughter of peace, in the Child whose words are full of life and promise. Suffering more than any one of us, He teaches us to be brave and resigned—brave, because He faced the hard task set Him by His Father without complaints or whinpering; resigned, because He acted on His knowledge that everything would turn out for the best eventually.

Then, too, those who have felt the sharp lash of the influenza will turn to the Babe for help. He came to save the world from sin, which after all is the only real malady. By taking our infirmities on Himself on that first Christmas morn, He showed us how we can make everything conspire for the good of our soul, which ought to be first, foremost and constant concern of our lives. Christmas proves to us that Christ is still living in His Church, "going about doing good" as in His earthly days. But we must throw in our lot with Him if we want His help. He must be our Leader in the things we believe and in the things we do.—Rosary Magazine.

LESSONS OF THE INFLUENZA

The Spanish influenza, which took such a large toll of victims not only in our land but in practically every country of the world, was certainly permitted by Almighty God for some very definite purpose. Of course, lacking divine revelation, we can never hope to know what this purpose was precisely, but we are permitted to try to learn from the things around us what it may have been.

Some would tell us that it was a scourge sent by God to punish a people that had turned from Him to follow their own desires. Like Saul of Tarsus on the way to Damascus, we had to be struck down in order to see the workings of God about us. All punishments of God are medicinal—intended to cure us of spiritual maladies, and able, if rightly accepted to restore health to the soul. Undoubtedly, then, this epidemic, just as the war, has brought many a soul back to God from the unhealthy abodes in which it was content to live.

But there may be a deeper reason for this visitation. We all know with what assurance and self-sufficiency a great part of the medical profession has been insisting on the finality of science. These scientists assure us that there is nothing whatever within their own domain which can escape their microscopes and stethoscopes. They deny the existence of the immortal soul because in their surgical operations they have never come across it. If God is everywhere, especially in the hearts of believers, why is it, they ask, that they have never found any traces of His existence and abiding Presence? No, no, religion is impossible—afarce, an imposition on our intellect. It may be good enough for the ignorant, but its postulates can never be accepted by the learned scientific world.

Whilst such blasphemous talk was being indulged in freely by the medical profession, every honest doctor was compelled to admit that he knew nothing about it—that no two cases were just the same. Every kind of experiment was tried, many new serums were invented—but the influenza took its own course! The results have been that many doctors have had their eyes opened to the fact that there is at least one thing about which they know nothing. They may even begin to suspect that there may be a great many more.—Rosary Magazine.

POWER OF GOOD EXAMPLE

LAW AND ORDER LEAGUE HEAD ON ARCHBISHOP IRELAND'S WORK FOR TEMPERANCE

"I started traveling for a wholesale house in Chicago selling goods on the road in 1871. It was customary at that time for salesmen to treat their customers to intoxicating liquor and I did that myself in a small degree. In 1873 I attended a meeting held in Appleton, Wis., under the auspices of the W. G. T. U., and signed the pledge. These women put in their pledge cards, and I have not taken a glass of cider since 1873. I have sold a great many different nationalities' goods, both in Chicago and on the road; have had to do with men who drank, but I have never found it necessary since I signed the pledge to offer a man intoxicating liquor or to take it myself, and I know that it is possible to be a successful salesman on the road and not treat or drink intoxicating liquor.

I also know, to some extent, what Archbishop Ireland had to go through in the early days when he advocated total abstinence, and it was by such work as that of the Archbishop that public sentiment in this country has changed and is today more strongly opposed to intoxicating liquor as a beverage than ever in the history of this country. The good done by Archbishop Ireland will never be known in this world, eternity alone will tell the story; but I think the older we grow the more we recognize what it means to be of service to the person—one

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boy or one girl, one man or one woman—and when a man lives as Archbishop Ireland did and takes the position that he did on this great question is not only of the greatest service to the Catholics but to the Protestants and to members of all religious denominations. His was a national character and he was big enough and broad enough to have great influence in the nation. Thank God for such men as Archbishop Ireland.

"Because a man has gone to a better world is no reason why his influence does not remain and, if anything, as the years go by become stronger and a greater force in the history of his people and of the whole nation, and a man cannot think of such men as Archbishop Ireland without recognizing the great influence for the future that such lives exert."

Yours very truly, "ARTHUR BURRAGE FARWELL, President, Chicago Law and Order League."

ST. PAUL A CATHOLIC

It has ever been a subject of dispute between Catholics and Protestants whether the sacraments of the New Testament are to be considered as instruments or merely as symbols of grace. Catholics maintain that they are real instruments of grace as actions of Christ. In all the sacraments, Christ, according to Catholic conception, is the chief operator, continuing through them the redemption of the world. When a priest baptizes, for instance, it is Christ Who baptizes through a visible representative; it is Christ who through the washing of the body produces the cleansing and regeneration of the soul. According to Protestant notions the sacraments are mere symbols or ceremonies of initiation without any grace—producing no efficacy whatsoever.

Now it had been a common persuasion among Protestants that this view had the endorsement of St. Paul. St. Paul was celebrated by them as the champion of Protestantism. Yes, this was, a fond notion of our separated brethren. But as so many other fond notions are undergoing a change in this remarkable time, so also the Protestant opinion about St. Paul's Protestantism.

For a corroboration of this statement we quote some Protestant authorities from an article in the Fortnightly Review of November 1917. It is a translation of the testimonies of German Lutherans because at this time they are not likely to have much weight with American readers, we select the following quotations from English scholars: Dr. Kiersepp Lake says in his work 'The Earlier Epistles of St. Paul' (p. 385): "Baptism is for St. Paul and his readers universally and unquestionably accepted as a 'sacrament' or sacrament which works ex opere operato (through inherent efficacy); and from the unhesitating manner in which St. Paul uses this fact as a basis for argument, as if it were a point on which Christian opinion did not vary, it would seem as though his sacramental teaching is central in primitive Christianity to which the Roman Empire began to be converted." Of the Eucharistic teaching in I Cor. 10:11 Dr. Lake says: "It is impossible to pretend to ignore that much of controversy between Catholic and Protestant theologians has found its centre in the doctrine of the Eucharist, and the latter have appealed to primitive Christianity to support their views. From their point of view the appeal fails, the Catholic doctrine is much more nearly primitive than the Protestant."

Here is another testimony from Prof. H. T. Andrews, in the Exposition (November 1916): "To St. Paul the bread and wine of the Eucharist are not merely emblems of the sacrifice that was once offered for the sins of the world; they are the vehicles by means of which the virtues of the sacrifice are appropriated by the participants." And again: "The sacramental interpretation of St. Paul has won a decisive victory, and the Symbolic school has been driven off the field." To which Maurice Jones, in Exposition (July, 1918) assents and therefrom draws a conclusion: "It is now becoming very generally recognized that St. Paul was a thorough-going Sacramentalist. Whether this is a matter for gratification or not depends

whether we believe, with the advanced critic that St. Paul's Sacramentalism was due to the influence of Mystery Religion upon him, or whether we hold to the view that it was inherent in the religion of Christ and the Apostles." In other words: for those who accept the whole New Testament as the word of God the Catholic belief concerning the Sacraments is the only tenable one.

One more witness. Dr. McClune says: "Thinking men must choose between the rational critic and the Church. Protestant compromise is growing increasingly difficult. As regards the Sacraments and the New Testament, men may take both or neither, but not one. As regards our Lord, they may either accept Him or reject him. But if they accept Him they must submit to the Church He founded, believe her doctrine and live her life. And that doctrine and that life are now, as always, sacramental."—The Guardian.

WILL SUCH BE THE CASE?

The spirit of triumph and thanksgiving which has been voiced in every sanctuary of Christendom in the strains of the majestic Te Deum must have taken on a new note of ecstasy as that hymn was sung in the Cathedral at Brussels on the eleventh of the current month, notes the Catholic Advance.

"And in France," comments our contemporary, "when the greatest figure in French history, General Foch moves in slow dignity at the head of his staff towards the altar of Notre Dame, there will be no dry eyes in that ancient temple. Its arches re-echoed the Te Deum when Napoleon took the crown of France from the hands of Pope Pius to place on his own head the high reward of his victories; but General Foch wants no crown. Greater than Napoleon as a military commander, far greater as a man, he is entitled to all the love, all the honor, all the reward that the French people can give him. The most they can do, the least they will do,—for the French are too noble for ingratitude—will be to proclaim their hero President of the Republic of France." It remains to be seen whether the voice of those in France who are not ungrateful, will be heard in

sufficient volume to accomplish such a result, even if the hero of the hour in that country be a willing candidate. Should such an event come to pass, and the destinies of the French nation be given the same phenomenal guidance that the Allied troops have enjoyed, there will be cause for the French people to chant a lasting Te Deum, a hymn of perennial and grateful thanksgiving.—Catholic Transcript.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN SITUATION

The story of how Jerusalem was given over by the Arabs, not to General Allenby, but to two regimental cooks was told by Major Allen Bourgoyne at a recent gathering of the Royal Photographic Society. It appears that the two men had been sent out to get salad for officers of their company, and that to these two British Tommies the Arabs came and, with wild gesticulations, handed them the keys of Jerusalem. The astonishment of the men add to the comedy of a situation worthy of Gilbert and Sullivan. One of the cooks asked what he was supposed to do with the "blinkin' city."

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