

# 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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## WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

### IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

Copyright 1921 by Seumas MacManus. ENGLISH OPINION ON THE SETTLEMENT

At the present time the English newspapers are crowded with English opinion of what would be a just settlement upon Ireland. It would seem that every one who has acquired the ability to write his name, is sending a letter to his favorite newspaper for purpose of laying down the peace terms. The only thing common to the hundred thousand schedules laid down is that they are all different. And 98% of them convey the idea that Ireland be given as much local autonomy as an English shire, with power to legislate about gas and water, and the appointment of dog-catchers, England will then be generous enough to amaze the world. Sir William Watson, the poet, who, during the last two years had published a number of very fine poems eulogizing Ireland's magnificent heroism, has an important article in the Sunday Chronicle in which he scathingly rebukes the thousands of his countrymen, who talk about English generosity and English concessions to Ireland. And he gives his own opinion, a valuable one, about what he considers would be a just settlement:

"The very utmost that England can give—the very utmost that Ireland can ask—is independence. She once possessed it; we took it from her. Where can be the 'generosity' of merely restoring what we snatched away, merely returning to the owner her own? Yet our misers of the King's English talk about being 'generous' when what they contemplate does not even deserve to be called just."

"It is not with self-flattery on our lips, it is with the sackcloth of humility on our backs and with the ashes of contrition on our heads that we should set about the work of cancelling as far as may now be possible the iniquity of seven centuries. Full Conciliation can only come by full Reparation, and full Reparation can only come by full Restitution. Till our statesmen learn this they have learned nothing."

### A RIDICULOUS PHRASEOLOGY

Just before the English Parliament adjourned, Sir Hamar Greenwood, in reply to a question from an English member, stated that on July 1st, there were 59 British soldiers and constabulary kidnapped or missing. In reply to him the Publicity Dept. of Dail Eireann pointed out that on both sides in all wars, there were always a number of men missing from desertion, capture, or unaccounted for deaths. And at the same time it points out the farce of the English describing as kidnapped their men that had been captured by the Irish army—a ridiculous phraseology by which the English authorities in silly manner think that they can still blindfold the world to believing that the Irish have not been waging a war against England—although a regular truce has been signed between the representatives of the Irish and British army—and through again and again they have justified military courts and executions by informing their own people that a state of war existed in Ireland.

In further reply to Greenwood's accusation of the kidnapping of 59 men, the Dail Eireann Publicity Department points out that since January 1st, 1920, approximately 850 officers and men of the British forces have been captured by the Irish Republican Army, disarmed and released unhurt. In every case this was done in the full knowledge that the men released would be free to track down and identify their captors and that death or penal servitude awaited any Republican soldier who fell into British hands.

"The British practice in every case has been to treat prisoners of war as criminals and to punish them with death (by hanging or shooting), penal servitude or imprisonment with hard labor. A large number have been killed in custody on the ground that they were 'trying to escape' or shot dead for 'failing to halt' or 'evading arrest.' These men are not described officially as 'kidnapped' but as 'arrested' or 'captured.'"

And it is to be remembered that in the same period 74 young Irishmen, guilty of the heinous crime of fighting for the defence of their country, were formally executed by the British authorities in Ireland, 127 young men were informally executed in the same time, most of them being dragged out of their beds in dead of night and shot outside their fathers' door, and 5,776 Irishmen and women have been dragged from their homes, most of them being terribly maltreated, and all of them imprisoned and still held in prison, without trial and without charge. In previous weeks I gave a few simple affidavits (out of sheaves of such that are available) of the treatment which the

British Army of Occupation in Ireland metes out to the young Irishman who dares to fight against the foreigner who is crushing his country—just as the Belgians awoke England's admiration by fighting against the foreigner crushing his country. Here is another sample that has come to my hands—one of many published in August by Young Ireland.

THE STATEMENT OF JOHN CROWLEY, BEHAGULLANE, DUNMANWAY

"I, John Crowley of Behagullane, Dunmanway, hereby affirm that the following statement is correct to the best of my ability:

"On the night of June 7th, 1921, about 12 o'clock, I was in bed in my own house. I heard the dogs barking loudly. I heard the door opening as my son, Florence, was going out. I next heard my son, Dan, going down the stairs. When I heard the barking, I shouted to them to get out as I thought the military may be coming. I heard the door closing after the second boy, and a few seconds afterwards I heard six or seven shots. I got up and put on my trousers, and was just going down-stairs when two men, one of whom looked like a military officer and the other who wore a black coat, rushed up and came into the room. They asked me how many sons had I, and I said two. 'What are their names?' said he. 'Dan and Florence,' said I. 'Tell their names quick,' said he, putting a pistol to my head. The fellow in the black clothes went around searching the house. They went out then and the firing commenced again. I went to the gable window to look out and they fired several shots upwards towards the window. They then went away, and I went out and found my son Dan, lying at the end of the house. He was quite dead. My wife came out then, and she went towards a neighbor's house to call some one to bring him in. When she got there, she found the military Auxiliaries before her and returned again. They came back to the door then and asked me had I a horse. I said 'Yes' but I couldn't find him then. A little while after I heard the donkey cart moving away. We remained inside, and about half an hour afterwards I heard a knock at the door, and two officers came in and said: 'We brought him back to you again. Get us an old blanket and we will bring him in, to you. My wife got a quilt, and four men brought him in, and one officer said to lay him on the settle. They said: 'We are very sorry for doing it, but we must do the Crown's business, and you can go in for compensation.' I didn't say yes or no. It was the man in the yellow coat who was speaking all the time, but it was the black man who said he was sorry. They went away then. We laid out the boy then, and he had about twelve bullet wounds, and his jaw was blown away altogether. On the day on which he was to be buried, they prevented the funeral until an officer came and the lid of the coffin was raised and he looked in, and then we were allowed to bury him. My son was thirty years."

"JOHN CROWLEY (his X mark.) JOHN BUCKLEY, (Witness.) "1st July, 1921"

### SURPASSES THE BELGIAN OUTRAGES

Week after week without end this Weekly Irish Review might be made up entirely of just such harrowing statements did one not wish to spare the feelings of readers. The few samples are quite enough for my purpose—which is to make the readers realize that while the world remains dumb to the fearful conduct of the British in Ireland, the Irish people were undergoing outrages and tortures immeasurably greater than the Belgians suffered during the German occupation, and over which England aroused the world and lashed its passions to a white heat against the perpetrators. But, of course, this is an entirely different case. It is only Britain herself who is doing this. The Belgian outrage was done by England's trade rival.

THE TRUTH WILL OUT

On June 29 last the press reported John Murphy of Ballinadee, County Cork, shot dead while crossing a field. This report, of course, was supplied by Dublin Castle. It was only after the truce that the truth was permitted to come out. The public now learns that the first battalion, Essex Regiment, arrested John Murphy at his work in his employer's yard, Sunday, 26th June. At noon next day his body was found in a glen, a mile and a half away. "The body," says Young Ireland, "was found in a terrible condition—he having been bayoneted to death, apparently with the intention of obtaining information from him. Both his sides were ripped and his body was in such a condition that when his friends found it they buried it immediately without even obtaining medical evidence."

SEUMAS MACMANUS, Of Donegal.

## MSGR. SCHREMS INSTALLED

STREETS LINED BY 200,000 SPECTATORS

Cleveland, Ohio, September 10.—Right Rev. Joseph Schrems was installed as the fifth Bishop of Cleveland on Thursday with ceremonies appropriate to the significance of the event and in the presence of what was the largest concourse of prelates and priests ever gathered together in this section of the country. Archbishops, Bishops, Abbots, Monsignori, priests and seminarians to the number of several hundred all but filled St. John's Cathedral while the solemn installation was conducted by Most Rev. Henry Moeller, Archbishop of Cincinnati.

In addition to the assemblage of Bishops and other clergy, a great number of Catholics and non-Catholics were in the Cathedral and in the adjacent streets. Many prominent officials of the city also attended the ceremonies. The formal installation of Bishop Schrems, followed the great demonstration of loyalty and affection which greeted him on his arrival here last Sunday. It was estimated that nearly 200,000 people lined the streets. Bishop Schrems was driven from the station at East 105th street to the episcopal residence.

### AN IMPOSING PROCESSION

The ceremony of installation took place shortly after 10 o'clock. At that hour the procession left the Cathedral school and began to move slowly into the church. Between the crucifers and phylaxes at the head of the procession and Most Rev. Archbishop Moeller and his chaplains, there were some three hundred seminarians, priests, Bishops and Archbishops. Bishop Schrems, with his deacons of honor and the minor officers of the Mass, walked just ahead of His Grace of Cincinnati.

Banners of purple and yellow and white, the colors of the Church, glowed in the soft light from candles and electric lights, within the Cathedral. Beneath the arches of the sanctuary American flags were blended with the festoons of purple and white ribbons. The pinnacles of the main altar scintillated with many tapers. On each side of the altar hung the coats of arms of the diocese and of the Bishop-elect.

When the priests had taken their places, following the entry of the Archbishops, Bishops, Abbots and Monsignori into the sanctuary and grouped themselves in a half circle of purple and white at the foot of the Altar, the Bishop-elect came through the door of the Cathedral intoning the Te Deum. The strains were caught by the seminarians preceding him and soon the whole Cathedral was filled with the solemn melody of praise and thanksgiving. The singing of the hymn continued until the Bishop-elect had reached the altar. As he went through the main aisle he blessed the thousands of his future subjects who knelt with bowed heads to receive the benediction of their new Shepherd.

### ADMINISTRATOR READS BRIEFS

Arriving at the altar, the Bishop-elect and Most Rev. Archbishop Moeller knelt for a moment in prayer. The Archbishop was then seated on his throne and the Bishop-elect took a seat at the foot of the altar. Rev. William A. Scullen, D. D., administrator of the diocese ascended the pulpit and read first in Latin then in English the Papal Briefs to the Bishop-elect, the Archbishop of the Archdiocese and to the priests and people.

Following the reading of the Briefs, Most Rev. Archbishop Moeller escorted Bishop Schrems to his throne, which had been vacant since February 12, the date on which Right Rev. John P. Farrelly died.

Rev. Dr. Scullen then addressed Bishop Schrems welcoming him and pledging the loyalty, obedience and co-operation of the clergy and people to their new spiritual ruler.

"To us you are truly a successor of the Apostles, placed over us to rule and govern and guide us by the Prince of the Apostles, in the person of his successor, Benedict XV," said Dr. Scullen.

"And from Benedict to Peter is but a step or two along the corridor of time, and from you to Matthew, Andrew, Thaddeus or the Sons of Zebedee is but another step in the line of Apostolic succession. Just as the faithful of long ago, those first converts to Christianity received the Apostles, and those upon whom they had imposed their hands, thus giving them the plenitude of the Priesthood, so we receive you. For to us you are no less than the Apostles, with the same dignity, the same authority, the same prerogatives, the same divine commission to teach. To you no less than to them was said, 'Going, therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son,

and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold, I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world.' Matthew, Chap. 28, vers. 18 and 20."

"Just as your four predecessors came—human instruments in a Divine Plan, each contributing in his own special way, under God's guiding Hand, to the upbuilding and progress of the Church, so you come, Right Reverend Bishop, another successor of the Apostles—for a special work. In that same Divine plan your mission is here, your field of labor the Diocese of Cleveland."

### BISHOP SCHREMS' ADDRESS

The evidence of devotion and affection given to Bishop Schrems moved him to deep and his profound emotion was noticeable as he arose to preach to the flock over whom the Holy Father had just placed him. He spoke of the importance of the work which had been entrusted to him and of the great accomplishments of his predecessors in the See. Turning then to the conditions which the world faces and of the duty of preaching and applying the Gospel, Bishop Schrems said:

"The world is in revolt because, forsooth, it thinketh that divine revelation is inimical to freedom, and the world wants to be free. It rings out its challenge to the heavens: 'I will not serve.'"

"And yet all the while it is a slave, a slave, but not by the laws of virtue but by the laws of sensuality and bestial passions; a slave to its own moral degradation and corruption."

"What limits doth divine authority put to man? To my mind revelation places no limits except the limit of divine truth. Divine revelation places no other limit except the limit of divine truth itself with which man may not play, and which man may not cast away at liberty. What limits doth divine revelation place? None other than it says to authority that in the just exercise thereof it must hew to the lines of justice and of mercy. It forbids despotism to those that are in power. To the citizens of the government it places no other limit but the limit of obedience and submission to just law and just government, and to all it says that they must respect the lawful rights of others and be willing to fulfil the duties which they owe by whatever reason it may be to their fellow man. And to all revelation says:

"I am the source of all just revelation and all just authority." In those words of the Divine Master, do unto others as you would have them do unto you. This is the doctrine which we must teach, Jesus Christ, Himself. And this is the doctrine of the Church, and it was this teaching that she started on that career through the long ages during which she has met many a foe and left them behind, and while she has moved on with the banner on which are inscribed 'Jesus Christ, the King of the Ages.'"

### PLEDGES HIS LOYALTY

"With all my heart I greet you this day and I bless you. Would that my voice might reach to the outermost ends of the diocese that every man, woman and child might hear it this day as I utter over again the words of God's holy blessing. And to the diocese I pledge my loyalty as you have pledged it to me by your presence here this morning. With a heart then filled with utmost gratitude to Almighty God who has seen fit to choose me for this work, I pledge myself before the high heavens that I will give all that is in me, with every fiber of my body and every power of my soul, I am at your service in God's work, that God, Christ, may be known, and may be better served and may be more loved by us all."

### 2,000 WALK BAREFOOT IN PILGRIMAGE TO ST. ROSALIA'S SHRINE

New Orleans, La., Sept. 10.—Barefooted and bareheaded, as monks of old, more than two thousand devotees of St. Rosalia, participated in the pilgrimage to the shrine of their patron at Kenner, La., last Sunday.

The pilgrimage, which is an annual event, marks the unique revival of medieval devotion in Louisiana.

St. Rosalia was the daughter of a noble family descended from Charlemagne. She was born at Palermo in Sicily, and despising in her youth worldly vanities, made herself an abode in a cave of Mount Pellegrino, three miles from Palermo, where she completed the sacrifice of her heart to God by austere penance and manual labor. Her body was found buried in a grot under the mountain, the year of the jubilee, 1025, under Pope Urban VIII, and was translated into the metropolitan church of Palermo, of which she was chosen a patroness. To her patronage the island ascribes the cessation of a grievous pestilence at that time.

## A QUESTION OF SCHOOLS

By Archbishop McNeil in Toronto Globe

Mr. Benjamin Kirk thinks that Catholics enjoy an undue privilege in their possession of Separate Public schools in Ontario. He looks at Ontario apart from the rest of the Dominion, and to him it seems strange that there should be this apparent inequality. "I cannot consent," he says, "to the Catholics' enjoyment of privileges denied to other churches." This is not in question. The Fathers of Confederation were not thinking of Ontario alone. Their terms of comparison were the minorities in Ontario and Quebec, and they decided to protect the Protestant minority in Ontario and the Catholic minority in Quebec. They did not consider it necessary to provide special protection for the majority in either case. Majorities can look out for themselves. It is not true to say that Catholics have special privileges in the matter of school rights. They have, in fact, fewer rights than the Protestant denominations in Quebec.

Sir A. T. Galt was responsible for section 93 of the British North America Act. It was framed primarily in the interest of the Protestants of Quebec, but necessarily it extended also to the minority of Ontario.

The Hon. George Brown had contended strenuously against Separate Public schools in Ontario. His articles on this subject in his newspaper, The Globe, had moulded public opinion in Toronto. But in the Confederation scheme he found himself faced by the necessity of accepting Separate schools in Ontario as a condition of union. The Protestants of Quebec made such schools a necessary condition in their own case, and the minority in Ontario could not be differently treated. In his speech of February 8, 1867, he declared:

"Assuredly I, for one, have not the slightest hesitation in accepting it (the Ontario Separate School Act of 1867) as a necessary condition of the scheme of union."

As he understood it, as far as Ontario was concerned, the purpose in making the Act of 1867 constitutional was "to bind that compact of 1867 and declare it a final settlement."

The Protestants of Quebec were strong at that time, through able and energetic leaders. In the Confederation debates, Sir John Rose indicated a just basis for the division of school assessments in the case of incorporated companies. Speaking for the minority in Quebec, he said:

"Another point has reference to taxes on the properties of incorporated companies. As things are now, the minority of Lower Canada is dissatisfied with the division of such taxes (for school purposes). I wish to know whether an equitable and satisfactory method of dividing such taxes will be adopted. For instance, it would be acceptable if these taxes were divided on the same basis as Government grants."

This basis of division was accepted by the Quebec majority, and has been part of the Quebec Assessment Act ever since. If the Catholics of Ontario had been effectively represented at that point of time and placed, as should afterward have had the means of developing our colleges instead of spending millions in contributions to supplement the school taxes for the support of elementary schools. A public service under the control of a Department of the Government should not be thus obliged to pass round the hat.

Sir John Rose sensed the fact that school taxes assessed upon company properties are for the benefit of school children. The sense of justice is often hurt by the effects of legal efforts to divide school taxes on the basis of the faith of shareholders. In December, 1915, when a school assessment case was heard in Toronto by the Railway and Municipal Board, Mr. Gibson, Secretary and a director of the Spanish River Pulp & Paper Mills said: "In our own mills at Sturgeon Falls there are 87% of Roman Catholic workmen and only 13% of Protestant workmen. When this matter was brought to the attention of the board by Mr. Jones, although, so far as I know, they were all Protestants, it struck the board that the taxes leviable against our property for school purposes should all be paid over to the Public school supporters."

It is not good for any country that the sense of justice should be thus in conflict with state law. In the Sturgeon Falls case the directors of the company found that the law forbade them to direct one-third of the school taxes to the education of the children of 87% of their workmen in a legalized school, unless they could also show that one-third of the company shares was owned by Catholics in the United States and other countries! This law was enacted in 1886, when companies

were relatively few and small. It may have been possible then to know or ascertain to what churches shareholders went on Sundays. This knowledge is now impossible. Our law-makers have overlooked the vast economic changes which have taken place in the past thirty-five years, as far as Separate school support is concerned. The law seemingly enabling such companies as the C. P. R. to divide its school taxes in Ontario. As a matter of fact, the law obliges the C. P. R. to support only the schools of the majority.

What, then, has become of the provision in the Constitution "to bind that compact of 1867 and make it a final settlement?" The answer is that it is not now fairly observed in Ontario. Part of the compact of 1867 is to the effect that Separate school supporters are to be exempted from all school taxes levied for the support of other schools. This is a very long way from being carried into effect. The National Railways, are, in part, owned by Separate school supporters, though the law, as it now stands, directs all the school taxes assessed upon these properties to the support of the schools of the majority in Ontario. The same is true of the Hydro Commission as to its taxable property. The Catholic Diocese of Toronto and other Catholic institutions, as well as many individual Catholics, are paying taxes to the Public schools through bank shares. Most of the banks are in much the same position as the Spanish River Pulp & Paper Mills. A list of the companies and public utilities in which the law, as it stands, does not enable or allow observance of the compact of 1867, would take up too much space.

The Assessment Act needs to be amended in the interest of the pledges given and accepted at the time of Confederation, and in the interest of national unity, as well as of fair play.

### A MENACE TO LOURDES

The Catholic Herald of India has expressed anxiety as to the possible interference with the sanctities of Lourdes by the institution of a Tourist Campaign. An effort is being made, it appears, to make Lourdes a centre for tourists and mountaineers, and this enterprise is credited to the subtle machinations of Freemasonry. The thought of Lourdes as a centre of secular tourist traffic, is indeed a repugnant one to all Catholics, who, whether they have visited the shrine themselves or not, realize that the Pyrenean town is indeed "an oasis of faith and prayer among the mountains."

The charge brought against the Catholic pilgrim from other countries of combining sight-seeing with their spiritual exercise is not, as the Herald admits, an unfounded one. It is usually the French pilgrim who fulfils the devotional ideal, spending his entire time in prayer and religious exercises, but between the Catholic visitor, or even the non-Catholic who visits Lourdes for its own sake, and a touring public who would simply regard it as a favourable starting-point for a Pyrenean climb, there is a wide difference. On the other hand, one can but ask what might not happen to those who found themselves face to face with the phenomenon of faith and prayer—the indescribable atmosphere of Lourdes? Conceivably they might return on a second occasion amongst the pilgrims. At any rate, one feels that the atmosphere of Lourdes would form a sturdy bulwark against invasion. Nor does it seem probable that tourists would find a place already peopled with visitors an ideal spot for their own purposes.—The Universe.

### JESUIT TO HEAD THE NEW LABOR COLLEGE AT OXFORD

London, Sept. 3.—Father Leo O'Hea, S. J., of the Jesuit community at Stonehurst, has been chosen to head the Catholic Labor College at Oxford.

The Labor College is to be a memorial to the late Father Charles Plater, S. J. Its students will be Catholic workmen and working-women. It will be opened in quite a modern way. But support is promised from several Catholic centers in the country and the Catholic Social Guild thinks it is time to make a beginning.

There are many indications that Oxford soon will once more become a seat of Catholic learning, more comprehensive, perhaps, than even in its palmiest pre-Reformation days. The religious orders are back again, the secular clergy have a college, and Catholic laymen among the under-graduates are sufficiently numerous to call for the spiritual employment of a Catholic chaplain within the university. Last, though not necessarily least, one of the old colleges has a Catholic Dean, Dr. Urquhart, Dean of Balliol College, which gave Mr. Hilaire Belloc to the world of Catholic letters.

## CATHOLIC NOTES

Philadelphia, September 9.—Right Rev. Michael J. Crane, D. D., V. G., who was recently appointed Auxiliary to His Eminence Cardinal Dougherty, and titular Bishop of Curium, will be consecrated in the Cathedral here on September 19.

Mother Verena, superior of the Anglican Community of Reparation to Our Most Holy Redeemer, at Hayes, in Middlesex, England, and all the members of the community, have been received into the Church. News of the conversions has caused a sensation comparable only to the conversion of the Anglican Benedictine nuns and monks in 1918.

London, Sept. 8.—No fewer than one hundred and fifty Anglican clergymen have renounced Protestantism and been received into the Catholic Church from 1910 to 1920, according to a statement published in the Catholic Times. Many since have been ordained priests. The number quoted does not include converts from Anglican religious orders, which would make the number still higher.

New York, Sept. 12.—Baron Cartier de Marchienne, Belgian Ambassador, will unveil the bust of Cardinal Mercier which has been presented to New York University by a group of distinguished Americans and Belgians. The bust is the work of Cartiano Salvatore Paolo and was made during the Cardinal's recent visit to the United States. The donors include William, Cardinal O'Connell, James M. Beck, Whitney Warren, Robert Underwood Johnson and Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover.

St. John, N. B., September 8.—People of all religious groups in this community are discussing the recent sermon of Rev. C. W. Follett, Anglican rector of Simonds, in the course of which he declared that what was needed by the Church of England in Canada to insure the better observance of Sunday was "the restoration of the Mass as the central act of worship." This discourse was delivered to the congregation of the mission church of St. John Baptist.

Boston, Sept. 12.—The Italian quarter of Boston was decorated last week in honor of the Blessed Virgin. On Saturday more than 2,000 persons marched in solemn procession through the streets, led by hundreds of little children in their first communion dresses escorting a statue of the Blessed Virgin. In passing through the larger squares the paraders halted to sing hymns in honor of Mary, to the accompaniment of the Boston Marine Band. A great shrine, beautifully decorated, was erected in one of the principal streets.

Durazzo, Albania.—Albania's complete separation from the Greek Church, following an explosion of political and racial animosities as a consequence of the War, has been officially proclaimed. It is probable that the Albanians will establish a national church such as those in Roumania, Serbia and Bulgaria, respectively. This final exclusion of the Albanians from religious connection with the Greek patriarchates was accomplished by Fen Roli, who has won much prestige as president of the Albanian delegation to the League of Nations.

Paris, September 1.—Marshal Foch who went to Metz to accompany the representatives of the American Legion on their visit to that city and who had left with them for the unveiling of the Flirey monument, returned to Metz later for the special purpose of visiting the institution in which he was a pupil prior to 1910, namely, the College of Saint Clement, under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers. After having passed through the classrooms and the dormitory on the fifth floor where he had formerly slept, Marshal Foch visited the chapel of the Congregation where he desired to see his prefect's stall. As the great events in which he played such a famous role were mentioned, he said to those about him: "We succeeded, thanks to God! But let us not cease to pray well!"

Philadelphia, Pa., September 9.—Rev. William J. O'Connell, assistant pastor of the Church of the Most Precious Blood, preached a sermon to 800 persons and then resumed the celebration of Mass last Sunday, while decorations, artificial flowers and the woodwork of a shrine at the left side of the high altar burned fiercely. At the elevation and consecration, the people in the pews bowed their heads and showed by no outward sign that the blazing shrine distracted them from their devotions. As Father O'Connell finished the Mass, firemen were working to smother the fire with chemical extinguishers, after certain men of the congregation appointed by the priest had failed to beat it out. The city firemen who finally extinguished the flames, afterwards declared that Father O'Connell and the men, women, and children in the church at the time were the coolest persons they had ever seen at a fire.



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HONOUR WITHOUT RENOWN

BY MRS. INNES BROWN

Author of "Three Daughters of the United Kingdom"

CHAPTER XXXIII.—CONTINUED

But gently—so gently—lest by her haste she should disturb or startle the dear old man, the child first knocked at his door, then opened it. Very softly she stole across the room: but if his eyesight was dim almost to blindness, his hearing was still keen; and catching the sound of her light footfall, he raised his venerable head and smiled his welcome.

Quite naturally she slid down beside him, and putting her little face near his long white silvery hair, whispered—because it was a secret—

"They're coming, Father Egbert! They are close to now! And your little favorite, Bertie, about whom you tell me all those nice stories, she's coming too; and you and I are glad, are we not?"

"Yes, yes, yes," replied the old priest eagerly. "I knew she would come. She said she would. Will she be long, my child? And are little Marie and Madge with her?"

The child smiled sadly but kindly to herself as she answered: "Yes, dear Father; they are all three together. Shall I run and tell them not to be very long before they come to you?"

"Yes, little one: tell Bertie old Father Egbert has waited so long to see her. Ah! I hear the sound of carriage wheels on the gravel drive. Can it be they?" He chuckled to himself: "And they think here that I know nothing of this."

The girl's eyes looked fondly yet sadly once more upon the venerable old man before her. "How pretty, how beautiful he must once have been," she thought; "since even now he looks so grand." There is, after all, a close link between old age and childhood; for how often do we not see the feeble steps and habits of old age in beautiful harmony with those of early childhood. And little Margaret O'Hagan seemed to sympathize with and understand the aged man so thoroughly, as she bent over him and endeavored to coax him, as she might have done a dear companion of her own age, by saying sweetly: "Now you will have a little doze, won't you? Then when they come you will not feel so tired."

She shook up the cushion at the back of his chair, stroke his white hair, and kissed with reverence his aged hand; then darted off to meet her mother. He smiled to himself as he heard her close the door, and endeavored to coax him, as she might have done a dear companion of her own age, by saying sweetly: "Now you will have a little doze, won't you? Then when they come you will not feel so tired."

To old Mary's astonishment she came up with her little charge, who was now sauntering slowly and thoughtfully down the long cloister leading to the guests' apartments.

"Why, my bairnie! not seen thy mother yet?" "No, not yet, Mary"—slipping her little hand in hers—"I thought they might like to have the first meeting all to themselves; and then, looking up doubtfully, "you know mother doesn't know we are here."

"She'll not be cross; don't fear, child. She gave you her word that you might come to France and see 'Sister Marguerite,' as they call her now."

"Yes"—slyly—"but, don't you see, I want to give Lady Abbess the first chance of telling her all about it. You know she made all the arrangements herself. Do you think she has had time to tell her by this?"

"Plenty, my pet. Go in now, and I'll warrant me they'll all be glad enough to see thy bonnie face." She opened the door as she spoke, and pushed the child inside.

Seated in the centre of a happy group was that famous woman who, in her gentle wisdom, had guided and supported so many of her sex, and, by her own eminent example and wise counsel, had won such a place in their hearts that the love and esteem wherewith they regarded her seemed unbounded. There she sat with them all clinging around her, as though they were yet the veriest children. I have said she was to all appearance little altered; but to those whose office it was to be in close attendance upon her person, it was often painfully evident that at times she suffered much bodily pain; which fact, however, she strove hard to hide from the rest of the community.

Now, amidst so many of her children—for dear Mother Agatha, as also several of the other nuns, was present as well—there was not one amongst them brighter or more cheerful than herself. Had she not always loved each member of "The United Kingdom" with a special love? What pleasure, then, to see them again, each true to her vocation in life, even as she would have had them to be.

The knock at the door was so soft and low, and it was opened so gently, that all did not at first hear or observe either; but Madge, who was sitting opposite, looked up at the moment, started, then sprang to her feet on perceiving the small

apparition, exclaiming: "Margaret, my child, you here?"

But the look of surprise was almost instantly changed to one of joy, as she stepped forward and clasped the rosy culprit to her bosom, embracing her heartily. It was such an unexpected delight to see her little girl again. When her mother released her, little Marguerite sprang to Sister Marguerite's side, and, sinking upon her knees beside her, hid her face upon her shoulder, weeping out the words, "Oh, I am so glad you did not die!"

"Dear little heart!" answered the gentle Sister, folding her arms around the slender form. Thank God, indeed, that we are spared to meet again! Once I had almost feared that I might never see our little Margaret more. You and I, dear child, will have many long talks now. We have not forgotten our little secret, have we?"

Then Lady Abbess explained to them how the child in her trouble had written to her, telling her of her mother's promise, viz., that should Sister Marguerite recover, she, under Mary's charge, might visit France and see her once again; and how, after thinking matters over, she had taken upon herself so to arrange that all might meet together at St. Benedict's Abbey.

Aunt Marie, every one, was glad to see the child and have her near; so all was well, and she took a place amongst them, which even then seemed to have been waiting for her; and from that day a sweet joy and contentment filled the little maiden's soul.

"And how about Father Egbert?" inquired his old favorite. "How is the dear old man?"

"Better, I think," responded Lady Abbess. "But I did not advise him of your coming, fearing that should your strength fail, you would be unable to accomplish the remainder of the journey today, and the disappointment to him would have been very great."

The child colored slightly as she heard this and drooped her head, but said nothing. She knew that she and the old priest had spoken together daily of the expected visit, and they had appeared to understand each other so easily. Their talking about it, she thought, had never seemed to upset him in the very least.

"I wonder how he will recognize you all again," remarked Mother Agatha, "for at times he cannot see at all. As soon as the bell sounds for Compline you must go to him, Sister Marguerite."

"Yes, dear Mother; I am longing to do so." Before they had found time to say a quarter of what was in their minds that bell did ring; but Marie and Madge had shown with pride the photographs of the little ones at home, and had told how the little girls at Baron Court were only waiting until they were old enough to go, as their mother did, to the memory of their dear, dear Father, and seek for tuition and love near St. Benedict's care.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Father Egbert awoke from the doze which, in accordance with the child's desire, he had been enabled to enjoy; he awoke, as we sometimes do, with a vague impression of pleasure or pain holding an undefined sway over our drowsy minds. He smiled to himself as these thoughts gradually took more tangible form, and clasping his hands together, sat very still, like one buried in deep thought.

The Compline bell had ceased ringing. Sister Marguerite needed no guide along the old familiar way. She was walking very thoughtfully, and—unlike herself—very slowly, down the long passages which separated the guest-rooms from those of Father Egbert. Her mind had reverted back, as it frequently did, to the memory of that dear parent, whom she had loved so tenderly, and whom God had seemed fit to take to Himself whilst she was still a willful girl. He had gone; and now she was permitted to visit, probably for the last time, her dear old spiritual Father, this venerable, saintly old man, this link of the past, whose blessing she craved to receive ere he too should leave her for the unknown. A great feeling of pleasure suffused her mind and seized upon her whole frame, when she realized how sweet a thing it was to be unfettered save by the ties which bound her to God, free to spend herself, for Him, upon His creatures—to feed them, to clothe them, to tend and comfort and pray for them in all their wants and miseries, and to be blessed by Him in return. Dear old Father Egbert, how good he had been to her in days gone by! Her heart beat faster as she neared his room, and the hand that was once so fearlessly trembled now and caused her knock to be almost inaudible when she reached his door. "Perhaps he sleeps," she thought; "I will look and see."

No, there he sat; his hands still clasped together, a smile upon his benevolent countenance, his sightless eyes instinctively raised towards the crucifix which stood upon a table near. He turned his head sharply, and a look of joyful expectation shone upon his features as he caught the sound of her firm little tread upon the floor. She spoke not a word until she knelt at his feet, then taking his hand, she said in a voice filled with emotion: "Dear Father Egbert, I have fulfilled my promise: I have come to aid you, and be blessed."

He started when he heard her voice; but his own was firm as solemnly he raised his hand above her bowed head and said: "Bertie, my dear child! May God in His mercy and power bless you as I do this day, now and for ever."

Then a look of supreme joy broke over his venerable face as he pressed her hand in his, and thanked God that he had been spared, if not to see, at least to feel her presence near him ere he died.

"I knew you would come, but you have tarried long, dear child. You do not forget the promise you made to visit and minister to me in my last illness? Speak, Bertie; for though I cannot see your face, your voice is dear to me; there is a power and ring in it that floods my failing memory with happy thoughts, and recalls faces and scenes I had almost forgotten. Like the swell of a strong spring tide which carries on its breast remnants of the past and secrets of the deep, your voice has recalled to the surface of my mind images and impressions I had thought lost for ever. Why did you not visit me sooner?"

"Father, I have been ill; I could not come."

"Poor little Bertie! I knew there was something wrong. Are you stronger and better now? For, alas! I cannot see you."

"Much, much better, and as soon as I could travel I came to you. That is like you and you have made me feel so happy. No cloud now rests upon my mind. Did you not kneel here once before, and did I not bless and send you on your way? You were going then to devote and consecrate your life to deeds of charity for God's sake. And did you do so?"

"I did, Father."

"And you belong entirely to Him? Entirely, and for ever?"

"And the rich, your old companions, know you not now—perhaps despise you?"

"That does me good, not harm."

"Aye, but the poor, the lowly, and the suffering bless you, child?"

"Always, Father."

"And you are happy, Bertie?"

"Very, very happy; so happy, Father, that oftentimes I marvel how so much of peace and joy should fall to my lot."

He raised his sightless orbs upwards, and laying his hands upon her head exclaimed— "Did I not prophecy years ago, that this child should bless and be blest? Aye, God will reward her a hundredfold for all she has done for Him. I have grown old, dear child, and have become a heavy trial to all around me. I would fain lay down the burden of this life, were it Heaven's will, and begin the new one above. Never, kind Bertie, will these aged eyes look upon your bright innocent face again. But we shall meet at His feet. I shall see you there—yes, meet you never to part from you again."

She took his hand and pressed it to her lips with respectful fervour, whilst he continued: "You must not weep when you close your eyes in their last long sleep. No, do not mourn for me; but pray much for me: pray that my soul may find favour before God. And I—I will watch over you, and ask that my old mind may remain faithful till death. We shall not be long separated—life is very short."

"Do not speak like this, dear Father! I cannot bear to hear it!" "But I must say what is in my mind; and you must be kind and patient, and listen to me, for you will not have me with you—long; then you will be sorry that you did not hear all that the old man had to tell you—and I have waited so patiently to say it! Until I heard your steps cross the room, I was filled with doubtful fear lest the good souls here, through mistaken kindness, would prevent your visiting me tonight."

"Then you knew that we had arrived? You were expecting me! Who told you of it?" "Ah!" and he smiled archly; "they thought here to deceive the old blind man; but Heaven sent one of its own to advise him of your approach."

"Who was the angelic messenger, Father?" "A little child! One so guileless of heart, so full of gentle thought, that she must indeed be fair to look upon. We have sat together and talked of you, and she loves you dearly. Do you not call her 'Margaret the Third'?"

"O, the darling little nymph!" laughed Sister Marguerite, "to steal a march upon us thus."

"Nay, dear child, forbear to scold her; for she has been a comfort and a joy to me. I have loved to listen to her wise though childish prattle. Tell me, if you can, from whom she has derived that voice; 'tis pleasantly familiar; I have heard it, so it seems to me, years ago."

"Does it not sound like dear old Madge's—or rather, does it not bear in its sweet tones a vibration, a ring, as of the two Margaret's voices even as she bears their features blended in her little face!—for truly she is Madge's child."

"Madge's child!" he repeated slowly, covering his sightless eyes with his aged hand as though in puzzled thought. "This little one—the child of our own Scotch tingale? Yes, yes, yes—it must be so; 'tis her voice that has so stirred me in the child. I begin to see it now. That is why I have felt so drawn

towards her. I knew she belonged to us by some mysterious bond, but could not fathom where the links were. Alas, this but proves to me how very old I am—how I have outlived the allotted time. Where is our little Madge? and the gentle little Marie also? Where are your old companions, child?—that I may bless them ere I die."

"Awaiting the summons to visit you, Father."

"Go, call them; bid them come at once! No, no; stay!" he cried hastily, as she rose to her feet. "Do not leave me; I cannot bear that you should go. See, I will touch the bell and convey my message to them thus; and do you draw chairs closer up, that I may have some of the dear old children around me once again. I like to hear their voices near me. It may be for the last time on earth that this pleasure is permitted me."

"Nay, say not so, dear Father, I do entreat you not."

"But wherefore not, dear child, when I feel and know it to be true. And now that I have met you once again, and heard from your own lips that you too belong so entirely to God, that for and in Him alone you live, why I feel at ease and without a shadow of misgiving."

"It is well to be thus resigned; and should Heaven will it so, how could I have it otherwise. But to me you have ever been the truest of guides and the gentlest of teachers. Think you not but that I shall miss you. What were you not to me when my poor father died? Ah, Father Egbert, I shall indeed miss you sorely!" Her voice trembled but he could not see the tears that welled up and gathered in her eyes.

"No, you will not miss me much; for here I am almost useless now. But there—there—in the presence of our God, dear child, there, at least, I can intercede for you, and await with joy until the short span of your little life be over; when you will join me once again and take up, and complete in all its perfection, that life for God which under such difficulties you have begun here below. But hark! if I mistake not, here come our welcome guests."

As he spoke the door flew open and Sister Marguerite, flushed and eager, bounded to his side, exclaiming: "Dear Father, they are all here now. What a nice long talk you have had with Sister Marguerite."

He endeavored to rise and greet his dear old children, but was unable to do so; and for the first time they perceived how infirm and feeble he had become. Little Margaret, kneeling quietly upon a low stool at his feet, alternately stroking his aged hair, and opening with childish awe into his kind old face, was so impressed by all he said that it seemed to her she had listened to and been blessed by one of God's own saints. They all felt that during the time they talked together—telling him, as they did, of all their various joys, and the many changes that had occurred in the lives of each—that his intellect was clear and unclouded, that he understood distinctly, and sympathized keenly in all that interested them. Their joy at meeting and seeing him thus was great indeed.

Marie told him how happy she was with her kind husband and little ones, in the beautiful home he remembered so well; and he smiled as he listened to and blessed her, and prayed that her little ones might resemble the good little Marie whom long ago he had crowned with such joy and pride to himself with the school wreath, once so deservedly won.

"And you, Marie, my dear old child," he continued solemnly, "you who endured the early trials of your young life so staunchly, so bravely—take care of this little treasure"—laying his hand upon the child's head—"take care of our little Margaret the Third, for in her Heaven has entrusted to you a precious charge. And if in the near future she should ask you aught for God's sake—should she prefer Him before all else, refuse not her request; for remember, He chooses when and whom He will, and often—almost always—He takes our fairest and our best. Promise me, Madge, that you will present no obstacle to the designs of Heaven in her regard."

"I will promise, Father, to frustrate no design for God's honor and glory, whether with regard to my children or any one over whom I have control."

"There speaks the brave spirit of your mother, little one; hers was always a nature capable of the greatest self-sacrifice. Madge, God will bless you in your children!"

Little Margaret's face was crimson. She had crept to Sister Marguerite's side and hidden it in her lap. Both knew that the dear old priest had guessed their secret. Yes, from the House of O'Hagan St. Benedict claimed a daughter at last.

Under the good Saint's fostering care the sweet child grew up and flourished, and Heaven looking down upon the little maiden this night, accepted and blessed the offering which she made of her whole self to His service for ever. In His own mysterious way He had drawn the child to Himself. The world has so many devotees! We must not murmur if some few turn aside and devote themselves with equal energy to the service of the King of Kings.

Young as she was, when she pleaded now to begin her school days, Madge—with her promise to Father Egbert and his words still

ringing in her ears—had neither to the heart nor will to refuse her child's request.

Scarce an hour had elapsed since the dear old priest's presence when Sister Marguerite was summoned speedily back to his side. The assistant chaplain was already there, and was administering to him the last rites, whilst the invalid, whose mind was apparently quite lucid, strove to join in the responses himself. The poor old man was lying upon the sofa, but Sister Marguerite shed no tears—nay, she forced her voice to betray neither tremor nor emotion—lest it might distress the dear departing spirit. Falling upon her knees beside her friend, she slid her arms beneath his shoulders, and uniting her voice with his answered most fervently the prayers recited by the officiating priest.

Many a soldier, many a weary sufferer, had breathed forth his or her last sigh in those arms. It was in situations like the present that England's Daughter was at her best. There was a power of support, comfort, and solace in her very touch.

Father Egbert passed away as he had lived, peacefully and calmly. He evinced by many a feeble but affectionate sigh his satisfaction at her presence there; then, when all the consoling rites were concluded, and the blessing had been pronounced, with a last gentle pressure of the hand he smiled and was gone.

It looked as if the dear, saintly old man had slept; and his old child wept not, but thanked God that she had been permitted to see and be blessed by him once again ere he died. No; his children prayed for him, but they could not weep, knowing how he had yearned to go. And thus we leave "The United Kingdom," where first we found them, happy and cheerful in each other's love near the peaceful, shady glades of dear St. Benedict's.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE BISHOP'S MEDAL

Romeo Rossetti marched home from school in a sulky and incensed mood. In his heart he wished that every school in the world would burn down and all their schoolbooks with them. As for the teachers—especially the Christian Brothers—Romeo could not exactly wish to burn them, but he conceived of various ways in which they might be properly punished for scores of misdeeds which Romeo could count against them.

Arriving home he threw his books violently on the table and gave vent to his outraged feelings. "Francis Finlay won the Bishop's medal," he exclaimed. "It's a cheat. He's been stokeyin' around Brother Thomas all year and, of course, they gave it to him."

Everybody in the Rossetti household—and that includes Romeo's mother and father, and his sister, Agnes, who went to the Presentation convent—knew what that announcement meant to Romeo. The Bishop's medal for Christian Doctrine and American History was the coveted prize of the first year high at the Christian Brothers. Romeo had set his heart on it. In this he was urged on by his mother, who was proud of her son's ability as a student, and by his sister, Agnes, who shared her mother's pride in her, and prayed that her little ones might resemble the good little Marie whom long ago he had crowned with such joy and pride to himself with the school wreath, once so deservedly won.

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when they were attacked. So he bade Romeo be quiet.

"You are too young to know anything about these things," he said. But as Romeo listened he became more and more indignant with the speaker. The crowd was growing larger and larger, and some of the men were beginning to cheer the man with the red necktie as he grew more violent.

Finally he swept himself into a fury.

"Down with capital, I say," he cried. "Let the workingmen take what is his. These buildings and these streets, all this city was built by the hands of working men, and they ought to own it. Why should we slave when the capitalists live in luxury. Why should we work when the Government officers can ride in their fancy cars paid out of our taxes. Why don't the priests and the bankers and the Government officers come out like us and work with their hands instead of living on our money?"

This was too much for Romeo. He had stood somewhat ashamed for the moment when his father failed to answer the man's first attack on the priesthood and the Government, but now he had forgotten his father and remembered only some of the things he had studied and some of the doctrine he had read in his Christian Doctrine and American history classes.

"It's a lie," he cried. "It's a lie. A priest doesn't work for money. Some priests don't even get a cent. They give up their lives to save people's souls, and you know it. And this Government is the best Government in the world."

There was consternation in the crowd for a moment. The speaker looked down at the boy and then at Manuel Rossetti. The boy faced the stare boldly, but Manuel Rossetti looked shamefacedly at his son as if he wanted to apologize for him.

Many men in the crowd started talking at once. It was easily seen that some admired the courage of the youth who had taken issue with the speaker. But others were plainly angry at the interruption. "Is that your brat, Rossetti?" asked one of them. "It's well seen he's going to the church schools."

The speaker with the red necktie was not disconcerted at the interruption. In fact, he had heard the last remark, and meant to make the most of it.

"That's the way they're bringing up the children," he cried. "That's what they teach them. They know more than their fathers nowadays. They are brought up to believe all the fairy tales that tell them in the schools about their gods and their commandments and their submission to the people who have the money. That's the way they bring up our children, filling them full of lies and tommyrot."

Just then another voice broke out in the crowd. It was a man with a blue sweater, a tall man, and one whose voice was stronger and more clear-cut than that of the man with the red necktie.

"The boy is right," he cried to the speaker. "It is you who are telling the lies. Where did you come from any how?"

"Russia," said the man on the soap box, "the only free workers republic!"

"Are you an American citizen?" asked the man in the blue sweater.

"No, I wouldn't become the citizen of any capitalistic country," said the man with the red necktie.

"Then you ought to go back to Russia where you belong," cried the man with the blue sweater. "This is no place for you to try to spread discontent among honest men. The people of this country rule themselves. They are a free people, and if things don't go the way they want them, they have a right to vote and to remedy them. They don't want revolutions and bloodshed like Russia has today. If things were so fine in Russia, why didn't you stay there?"

There was now a confusion of voices. Men who had listened to the speaker with the red necktie night after night, as if under a spell seemed to find themselves.

"The boy is right," one of them cried out. "It's the man who has been telling the lies."

Several joined in similar cries. Others shouted out defending the soap box orator. The confusion grew general. Romeo found himself in the midst of a babel of tongues and was being swayed back and forth as the bodies of strong men pressed against him. Then he saw the man with the red necktie leap from his box and dart quickly up the street. The crowd followed him, Romeo was left standing alone with his father and the man with the blue sweater. He looked up into this man's face. There was something strangely familiar about it—not he could not at first recognize the man.

"You did very well, Romeo," said the man with the blue sweater. Romeo now knew this man. Of all men in the world, it was the one he most hated and most despised, Brother Thomas.

"You are to be complimented on your son, Mr. Rossetti," said Brother Thomas. "I have stood here many nights wholly or in part by myself and listened to this man, but I have never seen any one contradict him till tonight. The people of this community owe a lot to Romeo."

Romeo's ears tingled. From anyone else in the world the words would have been sweet. But from that man!

"Romeo, my boy," said Brother Thomas, "you have done nobly. This year we are going to give out two Bishop's medals. And one of them will go to you, the boy who not only knows the truth about his Country and his Faith, but who has the manhood to defend them."

**THE MURDERERS OF FATHER COYLE**

John Wilbyne, in America

On the evening of August 11, the Very Rev. James E. Coyle, pastor of St. Paul's Church, Birmingham, Alabama, was murdered. Father Coyle, whose death writes the editor of the Birmingham Age-Herald, "leaves the community shocked and benumbed" was a foremost citizen in his community, a man of scholarly attainments, and above all, a true priest of God. Seventeen years ago at the call of obedience, he left McGill Institute in Mobile, of which he was President, to become the shepherd of his people in Birmingham. At the time of his death, he was Dean for the Northern District of Alabama, a member of the Bishop's Council and of the Diocesan School board, and an examiner of the junior clergy. In addition to the labors connected with these responsible offices and inseparable from a large parish, the deceased priest conducted a parish monthly, and gladly gave his aid to every movement for civic betterment in Birmingham. He was a citizen of the highest type; Catholics mean when they say, "a true priest of God." His work began every morning at five with prayer and meditation, and "all day long," writes a correspondent in the journal quoted, "he was about his Father's business, as the poor, the sick, the troubled, and the oppressed in this city can today testify." It was this model citizen, this lover of the poor and the afflicted, this devoted priest, zealous for the glory of God, who had turned up all the world might after him for comfort, station and pleasure, to work for God's children, who fell a victim to a cowardly murderer.

According to the press accounts, the murderer was a Protestant minister, one E. R. Stephenson, a wretched hanger-on, known locally as "the marrying parson," a name which fitly indicates his character and attainments. But the press accounts are wrong. True, the coroner's warrant affirms that E. R. Stephenson is a murderer. But there are facts upon which an official does not inquire, and of which the law takes no cognizance. The bearing of these facts upon the murder of this zealous priest is known to every Southern Catholic, and the Bishop of Mobile, bowed with grief as he stood at the coffin of Father Coyle, gave them voice. On his first visit to Birmingham, twenty-five years ago, said the Bishop, he had been gratified and touched by "the kindly, cordial greeting extended him by his non-Catholic brethren." But of late, that sympathy and cordiality had been lacking.

What has brought about the change? Who is responsible for bringing the crowd of mountebanks to misrepresent the doctrines of the Church, to assail her clergy and malign the Sisters of Charity, Sisters of Mercy, and Benedictine Sisters, the noblest women in the land?

"These disturbers were brought here by politicians and secret societies for their ignoble purposes. They call themselves Americans, but they are un-American because they are false to American principles of justice, charity and equality. I realize that their sentiments are not endorsed by the great majority of the citizens of Birmingham, but they allowed this clique to misrepresent and dishonor them. "Would this unfortunate man who shot Father Coyle as he sat quietly on his own porch, have done this if he knew what the Catholic Church teaches and what her priesthood represents? He had a distorted view of the Church and looked upon it as the enemy of humanity, and upon its priests as emissaries of the devil. Would he have committed this fearful act, if he had known the Catholic Church as she is, the doctrine she teaches, the self-sacrificing lives she exacts from her ministers? But the people of Birmingham have permitted themselves to be misrepresented, with the terrible result of this tragedy."

In his charity Bishop Allen has softened the details of the story of bigotry in the South. The real murderers of Father Coyle are the loathsome creatures who for years have been flooding our Southern communities with foul and lying charges against the Catholic Church, her priests and her faithful children. Even were these accusations true, no decent man would so publish them. Even were it demonstrated beyond all doubt that an Anglican convent, a home for Methodist deaconesses, or a barracks of the Salvation Army were inhabited wholly or in part by immoral persons, no man save the wretch in whom all respect for womanhood had died, would publish far and wide and for money, so sad a story. For the sake of his mother and his sisters, in reverence for the woman he calls his wife, out of a desire deep in the heart of every

good man to believe all women good, he would seek to keep so terrible a revelation from the public, while using every means at his disposal to bring a shocking scandal to a speedy end. Least of all, would he try to make his living by exploiting the wickedness of lost women, nor would any decent man wish to listen to his disclosures. What, then, can be said of those who calumniate innocent women?

But in every community, North as well as South, but particularly in the more illiterate sections of the South, there are men who in no sense can be regarded as decent. The fact is evident from certain Southern politicians and the favor which they enjoy. The audiences to whom they address themselves are the uneducated and illiterate. Many are vile in mind, and, as was shown by the Surgeon-General's report on the camps, very many of them are equally vile in body as a result of sin. They feed upon carrion and refuse. They delight in turning over in their filthy minds and expressing with obscene lips, stories and tales directed against the Catholic Church. If they can read, they subscribe to the weekly and monthly publications which cater to their low desires. In the columns of these publications, they are told that we Catholics are good citizens of this or any other country—we who furnished soldiers and sailors far beyond our quota in the late War; who know the unblemished patriotism of our Bishops and priests; who boast that great patriot, now with God, Cardinal Gibbons, and those patriots beyond the water, Foch, who turned back the tide of almost certain defeat; the "soul of Belgium" and of liberty during the invasion, and Albert of Belgium, kingly in deed as well as in station.

The Pope, they are told is plotting "the destruction of our liberties." All Catholics have been ordered to help him bring the country under his control. Governors, Congress, the President himself, dare not act except at the dictation of the Pope, or of the Knights of Columbus, or of the Jesuits, and the Jesuits are accused of having murdered Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley, for refusing to submit to Papal demands. In gross and revolting language, these publications have not hesitated at the monstrous statement that our Bishops and priests, without exception, are licentious men, and that all our Sisters are fallen women. Other fearful charges of this nature, I dare not repeat. Nor is the campaign against the Church confined to the printed page. What community is there that has not seen its "ex-nun" or its "ex-priest," often a man or woman yet redolent of the penitentiary, occupying the Protestant pulpit or addressing select audiences of "men only," but always with the same message that Catholics are a set of low, unprincipled wretches whom no country can safely tolerate?

Nor let it be said that these charges are so monstrous as to carry with them their own refutation. They do to men of sense, but not to the audiences of which I write, not to bigots so inflamed with hatred that any accusation is true if brought against the Catholic Church. I myself am acquainted with a priest in the South, who in three years ago, at the request of a common friend, bared his head to convince a Protestant lawyer that here at last was a priest who had no horns. The proof was rejected on the plea that by power of the devil the said horns had been caused temporarily to disappear. This lawyer was by supposition a man of some education and for years had presided over the county court. He was also an insidious reader of the low anti-Catholic sheets whose fearful charges he gave unwavering credence. It is not probable that he will ever be minded to take his revolver and kill the first priest he meets. But who can say? And if such was the effect on his mind, what must be the result upon minds utterly devoided from judgment, justice and the commonest elements of Christian charity? Father Coyle is not the first victim of that unmeasured bigotry so fitly represented today by the unspcakable "Tom" Watson. Nor will he be the last.

Is there no redress at law? None. The effect of a calumny cannot be nullified by a legal justification tardily following the injury. But if there is no redress at the bar of public opinion, as these diabolical hatreds grow stronger, what power can restrain the hand of the crazed fanatic raised against our priests, our Sisters, against ourselves and all that we hold dear? More than once in the past have the streets of American cities been crimsoned by Catholic blood and illumined by the blaze of burning church and convent. Fearful indeed is the responsibility of the clergyman or church or society that countenances these sowers of discord, these "inhuman monsters" as Brann once called them, spewing forth villainous and hatred against the Catholic Church.

Not yet fifty years of age, his people hoped that Father Coyle might bless them with his ministry for many years. He had given them all that man could give. For them he left his beloved Ireland in the flower of his generous youth, his parents, his home, and all that the heart of a good man holds dear, for the wear-

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ing toil of a Southern mission. But God knows best. On the afternoon of August 14, his bereaved people, led by the little children of the parish, came to the church to pray for an hour before the Blessed Sacrament for the repose of his soul. Within those sacred precincts he had ministered to them, raising his hand in priestly absolution, breaking to them the Bread of Life, and there had they listened to the Word of God expounded by a man whose life was an example of the goodness to which he sought to win them. God rest his noble soul, and may the Almighty grant that through his death a victim of fanatic hatred, the clouds of prejudice against the Church and her children may be speedily dissipated.

**WEEKLY CALENDAR**

Sunday, Sept. 18.—St. Thomas of Villanova, the glory of the Spanish church in the sixteenth century, entered the house of the Austin Friars at Salamanca. Charles V. appointed him Archbishop of Valencia. He gave all his money to charity, fed each day 500 needy persons, and gave a present to every poor maiden married in his diocese. When he died in 1555 it was said he was almost the only poor man in his See.

Monday, Sept. 19.—St. Januarius, Bishop of Beneventum, was martyred under Societian. His relics rest in the Cathedral of Naples. The blood is congealed in two glass vials and its liquefaction, when brought near the martyr's head, is a prodigy that continues even to the present day.

Tuesday, Sept. 20.—St. Eustachius and companions, martyrs. Eustachius was a distinguished officer in the Roman army, under the Emperor Trajan. While hunting he perceived between the horns of a deer the image of the crucified Saviour. He became a Christian. He lost his position and was reduced to poverty, tilling the soil for a rich owner. His wife and children were taken from him. Later barbarians overran the country and Trajan called on him to lead the armies against them. He was victorious, but refused to sacrifice to the gods, whereupon he and his family whose members had been restored to him were put to death.

Wednesday, Sept. 21.—St. Matthew, the publican, who became one of the twelve apostles. He preached the faith far and wide and is said to have died in Parthia.

Thursday, Sept. 22.—The Theban Legion, which marched 6,000 strong into Gaul, but on being commanded to turn its swords on a Christian population, near Lake Geneva. The Emperor Maximian ordered them all executed, and they met death calmly, urged on by their captain, St. Maurice.

Friday, Sept. 23.—St. Theola, in whom the love of virginity was kindled by St. Paul at Iconium. She gave up marriage and her home to follow the saint. The Roman power pursued her; she was punished severely, humiliated in public and ordered to be burned. Finally she was executed, gaining the noble crown of martyrdom and virginity.

Saturday, Sept. 24.—Our Lady of Mercy. This feast celebrated the foundation of the order of that name for the redemption of captives, after the Blessed Virgin had appeared to St. Peter Nolasco, Raymond of Pennafort and James, King of Aragon, ordering them to prosecute this holy design.

**"STOP MY COPY"**

We take the following entertaining article from the always interesting "Notes and Comments" in that celebrated Catholic paper the Bombay Examiner, which is edited by the Jesuit Fathers:

"Twenty-five years ago a gentleman in a distant part of India (we conceal names and places and disguise the incidents somewhat), while holding some local post in Government service, incurred the hostility of certain persons, who waylaid him in the dark, and would have done him some mischief if rescue had not come. Being a pious person, he was duly grateful to Divine Providence for his escape. When therefore something reminded him that twenty-five years had elapsed since that small tragedy was enacted, the suggestion occurred, why not have a little jubilee celebration? The celebration was accordingly organized among a circle of friends; pious exercises of thanksgiving were gone through, and a social evening was held in which reminiscent and laudatory speeches were delivered.

Rather an original idea perhaps,

but quite pretty and becoming; and so far well. But a further thought occurred to this almost martyr to duty. He wrote, or got written, a glowing and enthusiastic description of the function, and posted it off to a weekly paper more than a thousand miles away in a different Presidency, requesting publication. The editor was well entertained by reading the contribution, and so were his journalistic assistants. But when it came to the question of insertion they unanimously decided that such an item, however interesting to the person or persons concerned, was of an altogether too domestic and private a nature to call for proclamation to the whole of India and the world. One of the literary staff remarked 'I might just as well ask you to insert an account of the Silver Jubilee of my set of artificial teeth, which practically changed me from a sick man to a healthy one.' Another remarked 'Such an item would probably find a place in a strictly local paper which devoted itself professionally to details of every little thing, social or other, which occurred in its own limited neighborhood. But I cannot imagine any newspaper of general circulation outside that locality deeming the item of sufficient interest to the wider public to call for publication; nor can I imagine any editor of such a general paper publishing items of that description.'

"And so the item did not appear. Three weeks later there came a letter from the sender remarking with regret that the contribution had not appeared. He went on to say that he had been a subscriber for seventeen to eighteen years, and had secured about three other subscribers, etc., and concluded: 'Kindly remove my name from your register from the 1st proximo; and the amount of subscription outstanding' will be remitted to you by such a date.'

"With certain reflections on the saving grace of the sense of humor, and the equally saving grace of the sense of proportion, we proceeded to excuse the name from the register. Such incidents never surprise us, because there are such people in the world, and every editor from time to time comes across them. An analysis of this type of mentality, which we may label the stop-my-copy type, takes one or more of the following lines:

- (1) The editor must insert in his paper anything which I take a fancy to send him, or else I shall order him to stop my copy.
- (2) If the editor does insert anything I send, he must insert it wholly, verbatim and at once, otherwise I shall stop my copy.
- (3) The editor must never express any view contrary to mine on any point in which I feel keenly interested; otherwise I stop my copy.
- (4) He must not even reproduce from other papers any news item or expression of opinion contrary to mine on such subjects—otherwise I stop my copy.
- (5) The manager must never remind me that my subscription has fallen into arrears, no matter how far. If he does I must stop my copy.
- (6) If I make any complaint against the despatching staff, that my copy did not arrive, or my postcard was not attended to, the office must at once acknowledge the mistake and apologize profusely for it. If on the contrary the manager clears his office from blame and makes no apology, then there is only one course: I must stop my copy.

"About twice a year we find ourselves confronted with persons of this type, with the same result each time. Our average, we believe, is a lower one than falls to the lot of many other editors. About half of them get up against persons who have for years been writing most eulogistically to the editor saying how much they value The Examiner, how much good it does them, how they look forward to it week by week, and feel quite disappointed if a copy misses; and in short they would not be without it for the world. And yet as soon as there occurs any one of the five or six petty pettifogging incidents just enumerated above, back like a flash of lightning comes the watchword of the situation: 'Stop my copy!'

"One's only further interest in such a quondam subscriber is to try and analyze his mentality. Does he really imagine that anyone, merely by paying his subscription, thereby acquires a sort of proprietary right over the paper, with power to put into it whatever he likes? Does he really imagine that his subscription is a sort of favor which the editor is doing him, and ready to grovel and offer bribes of free publication of whatever is sent in, in eternal gratitude for the honor of having such a person on his register? Does he really imagine that the high-importance which he attaches to his own private affairs, private opinions and feelings is the objective measure of their importance in the eyes of the universe, to be recognized and conformed to as a law by all and sundry whom it may concern? Does he really imagine that he is promoting the cause of civilization, culture, liberty, progress, or any of those other things which we prize so highly nowadays, by assuming the swollen proportions of a despot, and dictating to the journalistic world what it shall do or shall not do, under the appalling and calamitous penalty of having his name removed from the subscription list? Has he ever asked himself what would happen if places were changed; if he him-

self were editing a newspaper of a certain type and kind, with a certain outlook, and found himself besieged by contributors asking him to publish 'in his next issue' items which, in view of common sense and the sense of proportion, he would never dream of inserting freely? We leave the matter at that, and let the object-lesson speak for itself."—The Southern Cross.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 24, 1921

THE KU KLUX KLAN

An organization, which has assumed the name of the Ku Klux Klan of post-Civil War times and which imitates the terrorism of the above society, has recently been causing considerable disturbance in the United States.

The Baltimore Sun states that under the guise of patriotism the Klan is attempting to revive "the old Know-Nothing movement, one of the most intolerant, fanatical and tyrannical episodes in American political history."

The organizers of the Klan not only have capitalized the racial and religious bigotry of their dupes to the extent of many hundred thousands of dollars,—for each member is assessed a ten dollar initiation fee,—but have inflamed prejudices and hatreds to a degree that threatens bloodshed.

The first Ku Klux Klan, in the beginning of its career, had a little something of excuse for its existence in the abnormal conditions of the reconstruction period, and it, too, proclaimed virtuous ambitions, but soon and inevitably it degenerated into a criminal substitute for orderly execution of the laws, an instrument of ruthless oppression and the settlement of private grudges by the infliction of summary vengeance. The new Klan purposes doing precisely the same thing.

This new secret society, like the one whose name it has assumed, is a thoroughly bad one—the worse, perhaps, because its publicly avowed purposes, namely to defend American Federal and State Constitutions, to help in the maintenance of law and order, and a long string of such phrases, are all in themselves commendable and therefore likely to blind the ignorant and the unwary as to the real purpose of the organization. The idea that a secret society is needed either to guard or promote American institutions, is a proposition which is severely condemned by all right-thinking Americans.

Full exposure of the Ku Klux Klan as a very profitable scheme for coining the ignorance, prejudice and animosities of its dupes into dollars for its officials and promoters, and as a potentially dangerous agency for committing crimes against Catholics, Jews and Negroes, has been undertaken by the New York World, in a series of articles which it has already begun to publish.

These articles, based upon months of investigation, have caused quite a stir, and the World reports that as a result of its revelations, thousands of letters are reaching the White House urging the Federal Government to move against the Klan, and that the Department of Justice is to institute an inquiry.

"The invisible empire of dollars" is the manner in which the Ku Klux Klan is described by the World, which proceeds to show that the "Grand Whizzer" has found in his Klan a glorious goose capable of laying golden eggs which are not so invisible as his empire.

According to the published accounts each member "donates" \$10 as an initiation fee. Five dollars go to the "wholesale and retail salesmen of membership" and the rest to the "Imperial Treasury." The robe factory, owned by the Klan, provides nice, white, ghost-like apparel for \$6.50, although the cost of manufacture is about \$1.25. Since it claims 650,000 members, one might be drawn to the conclusion that the purveying of "hate

and venom" is indeed a profitable business. And whither goes the profit? Capt. Henry P. Fry, who was disillusioned after serving as a sleagle in the order, in tendering his resignation to Col. Simmons, wrote as follows, according to the World:

"I further decline, any longer, to keep secret any part or parts of your scheme to establish in America an Invisible Empire, fraudulent in its conception, vicious in its nature, political in its objects, and subject to the will of a self-constituted emperor who seeks to exploit the American people for his own personal aggrandizement."

A former officer in the organization should certainly be familiar with its inner workings. Capt. Fry goes on to draw attention to the fact that the disguises of parties committing acts of violence "correspond convincingly with the official regalia" of the Klan. "The whole 'Invisible Empire' is a cancer in the body politic," he continues. "It is like some foul and loathsome thing that grows and flourishes in the dark, away from the sight of honest men and women. It was conceived in avarice, sired in ignorance and damned in greed. It is now being nurtured in cunning and false pretense and fed upon an unhealthy lust for gold by means of passion and hatred."

In an article in the Nation, Albert De Silver reviews the various acts of lawlessness perpetrated by the Klan. "The Klan," he says, "springs from the memory of post-civil war lawlessness, when the negro was disfranchised by terror. It proclaims its purpose to maintain white supremacy and to protect womanhood, the two customary cloaks for lynching. Its leader asserts its purpose to protect the security of the people 'in the absence or inadequacy of the forces of law and order.' Its membership form discloses an unmistakably anti-Jewish and anti-Catholic bias."

It is a child conceived in the tradition of a lawless past and brought forth in the extravagant obscurantism of present-day prejudices. Its life cannot and should not be a happy one. The modern Ku Klux Klan does not deserve to live and it had much better die."

DANTE (1321-1321)

The six hundredth anniversary of the death of Dante at Ravenna on September 14th, 1321, has given a new impulse to the study of the poetry of the author of the "Divine Comedy." For six centuries he has appealed to and held the interest of the Western mind. "The central man of all the world," Ruskin calls him, "as representing in perfect balance the imaginative, moral and intellectual faculties."

A child of that wondrous age, the thirteenth century, Dante, though one of its latest products, is perhaps with St. Thomas Aquinas its most perfect representative. Dante was no saint, no holy ecclesiastic, who might cry from the mountain tops what could not always be heard in the valleys and plains. He was the great Catholic layman of his time, a typical exile, a faulty pilgrim of Eternity.

In the whole conception and execution of his immortal poem, he is Catholic to the core. In his Encyclical on the poet's sixth centenary, Pope Benedict XV, emphasizes this fact.

"We must also recognize, "His Holiness says, "the powerful impulse which he derived from Divine Faith and which enabled him to embellish his immortal poem with the many-hued light of Divine truth, no less than with all the splendor of art. In fact, his Comedy, which has deservedly received the title of Divine, aims at nothing else than to glorify the justice and the Providence of God, who governs the world in time and eternity and punishes or rewards the actions of individuals and of human society."

Dante is the Thomas Aquinas of song, uniting in his work the accuracy, the precision, the depth and force of the Summa. Over all his work Catholic dogma rules as mistress and queen. He has been justly called the poet of scholasticism, the lyrical of Catholic dogma.

Dante may be said to have made Italian poetry and to have stamped the mark of his lofty and commanding personality upon all modern literature. It can even be claimed that his works have had a direct

share in shaping the aspirations and destinies of his native country. Thus Corrado Ricci says that "the Divine Comedy is the mine from which by poet and statesman alike much of the precious ore was dug that welded together the broken links of Italian unity."

Never, perhaps, has Dante's fame stood so high as at the present day—when he is universally recognized as ranking with Homer, Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Shakespeare, among the few supreme poets of the world. It has been well observed that his inspiration resembles that of the Hebrew prophet more than that of the poet as ordinarily understood.

His influence, moreover, is by no means confined to mere literature. The power of his sacred poem in popularizing Catholic theology and Catholic philosophy, and rendering it acceptable or at least intelligible to non-Catholics, is at the present day almost incalculable. The men of the twentieth century, so different from the men of Dante's age, in ideals and outlook; so scornful of the mysteries he celebrated in his verses; so reckless of the hell he pictured in flaming lines; so skeptic of the purgatory up whose slopes he toiled with Beatrice; so cold to that heaven he painted, turn to the lifeless ashes of the poet and recognize the truth of the words spoken by the silent dead.

Dante's vehement denunciation of the ecclesiastical corruption of his times and his condemnation of many of the contemporary Popes, have led to some questioning as to the poet's attitude towards the Church. His theological position as an orthodox Catholic has been amply and repeatedly vindicated, notably by Dr. Moore who declares that "there is no trace in his writings of doubt or dissatisfaction respecting any part of the teaching of the Church in matters of doctrine authoritatively laid down."

Although a bitter opponent of the temporal claims of the Papacy or its abnormal extension rather than its actual existence, he ever recognized Peter, even in those Popes whom he so vigorously denounced. He placed Boniface VIII, among the immoniacal in the lowest depths of hell, thus doing a grave injustice to a great and grossly maligned Pope. Nevertheless in some of his finest verses, he bitterly arraigned the outrages perpetrated at Agnani by the tools of Philip the Fair of France against the same Pontiff. If he were a fiery Ghibelline, he was still a fervent Catholic.

Not without significance then is the eulogy of Dante pronounced by the present Holy Father. To Dante who attacked the Sovereign Pontiffs of his time, "we must extend pardon," he says, and then frankly adds: "And who will deny that there were at that time among the clergy things to be reformed, at which a soul so devoted to the Church as that of Dante must have been quite disgusted; and we know that men distinguished for eminent sanctity then lamented and reformed them."

"Dante," says a well-known writer, "made Italy. His voice is hers in her sweetest and loftiest accents. From his brain and heart leaped the wisdom and song of his country. The sonnets of Petrarch slumber in Dante's canzoni. The Madonnas of Raphael are but pale copies of that Maiden Mother, whom Alighieri so divinely celebrated in his loveliest lyric, one that swells from that mystic fount of poesy hidden in some vale of Paradise and known only to the sons of God. The beauty, not of earth, that glows on the faces of the martyrs and virgins of Fra Angelico is but a reflection of the glory with which Dante saw them crowned in his Paradise. Before Michaelangelo flung the terrors of Judgment Day on his colossal canvas, with Dante as his guide, he had watched the writhings and the tortures of the damned. When Dante's thought, his dreams and his faith, energize in his people, Italy lives a crowned queen. When his verse no longer sways her poets, her thinkers and her statesmen, she is faithless to her destinies."

The works of Dante are, then, today, one of the moral milestones of the world, a human shrine to which flock the best of the sons of men to gather fresh courage and new inspiration. Poet and statesman, warrior and royalty have all to pay homage to the man who six centuries ago in his works and in his life stood for faith and morals, upright resolve and integrity of character.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

WITH THE gradual return of normal conditions in Russia, the Church is likely to receive large additions to her membership in that much-tried country. All accounts agree as to this. So long ago as 1910, when the Douma proclaimed entire freedom of worship throughout the Empire, as it then was, this tendency manifested itself. The immediate result of that proclamation was that over three hundred thousand people withdrew from the State Church. Of these, the majority joined the Catholic Church. The exact figures, according to a St. Petersburg (Petrograd) paper of the time, were 233,000, while Lutheranism, the only considerable Protestant body in that region, received but 14,500 recruits.

THE WAR necessarily, and the revolution, with their resulting turmoil, have greatly interfered with this trend towards Catholic unity, but the tendency remains. There has long been a considerable element in the Russian Church that looked with longing eyes to the Holy See for redemption from the tyrannical bonds of State subservency, and while this spirit is most marked among the Poles, the Lithuanians and Ukrainians, there is every reason to believe that it had considerable foothold in what may be called Russia proper. It is improbable that Western sectarian bodies, notwithstanding the lavish funds at their disposal, can make any lasting impression upon a people with the hereditary preconceptions of the Russians, who are above all, dogmatic in their faith and have clung so tenaciously to the teachings handed down to them from the first ages. In the Catholic Church alone, can such a people find realization of their highest ideals.

THE SUGGESTION made to the International Conference of Chemists in New York last week that the Bible undergo such revision as to bring it into line, as it was expressed, with science, has created considerable stir in Protestant circles. But is not this just what the good people have, in effect, been doing themselves? Luther set the pace in the beginning, and "higher criticism" has in the main but developed the "Reformers" thesis. . . . That, however, the Bible is out of tune with scientific discovery and development is a delusion. The Bible need fear no true science nor need true science fear the Bible. And the Catholic Church, true to her mission, is always there to safeguard the integrity of the Scriptures and to define the harmony no less than the distinction between science and revelation. Meanwhile Protestantism is helpless to do either.

IN REVIEWS possible brides for the Prince of Wales, a Toronto daily says: "It is true that Princess Yolanda (of Italy) is a Roman Catholic, but it is not improbable that if this were the only bar to a marriage with the future King of England, she might change. This was done by that grand-daughter of Queen Victoria who became Queen of Spain." These words simply reflect the current non-Catholic notion of religious faith—a thing to be put off or on as material considerations may dictate. We know nothing about the personal bearing of Princess Yolanda to religion, but take leave to doubt that it is of the free and easy character implied by the words quoted. As to Queen Victoria of Spain, there is nothing to show that her adoption of the Catholic Faith was not an act of genuine conversion. Her whole-hearted practice of her adopted religion certainly goes to substantiate that idea.

READERS of that entertaining book, "My Unknown Chum" will recall the following:

"True progress is something superior to your puffing engines and clicking telegraphs, and independent of them. It is the advancement of humanity in the knowledge of its frailty and dependence; the elevation of the mind above its own limited acquisitions; to the infinite source of knowledge; the cleansing of the heart of its selfishness and uncleanness; in fact, it is anything whatever that tends to assimilate man more closely to the divine Exemplar of perfect manhood."

If this was true, and applicable to the time in which it was written—some seventy years or more ago—it is infinitely more so now, when humanity has given itself over largely

to the worship of material comfort, and given pleasure the first place in its devotions. The author of "My Unknown Chum," was like a "voice crying in the wilderness" of his own day and to those who have ears to hear he, being dead, yet speaketh.

BOY LIFE

ON THE QUALITIES OF LEADERSHIP

By Basil Loughran

THE need for trained boy leaders is rapidly increasing in every community and it is astonishing to witness the results of a few years in some centres where citizenship is still a noble thing and where pride of race breeds proper understanding of the boy—the racial father of tomorrow's dawn. On the other hand it is quite appalling to note that even in these ideal centres of Christian citizenship, the Catholic boy, in whom are all the latent possibilities and supreme qualities of true Canadian manhood, is being "passed up" by his own people and has to be taken care of by the Y. M. C. A. and other like organizations. This is not caused by a lack of co-operation on the part of the Church, but simply because our Catholic men "haven't time enough" to give companionship to their boys.

The following anecdote, though unusual, contains a note of warning to which every father should give heed: A prominent Canadian Judge of a Juvenile Court tells of a visit which he made to a place of detention where he became interested in two bright looking boys of about sixteen years of age. In conversation with one, he said, "Charlie, how did you come to get into this trouble. I knew your father well. He was one of the best ministers in Canada. It must have broken his heart to see you going wrong. Why didn't you take him into your confidence when you found yourself slipping?" The boy hung his head and mumbled, "I could never get within forty feet of my dad, he was always too busy."

Now I ask you Catholic fathers, does such a condition as this exist between you and your son? When your boy wants to "chum" with you, his dad, are you too busy? Do you realize that the one vital thing in a boy's life is that he does not get enough companionship? Do you realize that a boy craves, demands, and will have companionship with someone, and if not with you, then with whom? Who could give him more ideal companionship than you, his dad? Or are you content to leave him to his own resources, and when asked "Where is your boy?" to answer that he is "out somewhere playing." Let it be understood that I am not advancing an argument in favour of his being cooped up within doors and molly-coddled into a lap-dog, but rather, that the remedy for this condition should be effected without allowing him to drift aimlessly upon the streets. Take him out into God's great out-of-doors, if you will, and let him by your guidance become acquainted with the beauty of God's handiwork, but not the street, for there, there is and can be nothing worth while. After all, what an ugly thing a street is. It may be the barren stretch of lane that passes before the overcrowded tenement houses, or it may be the avenue, beautiful above, with its shade trees and well-trimmed lawns, but remember, Catholic fathers and mothers, that somewhere beneath each of them, there lurks a sewer—not only the earthly sewer, but a moral sewer that from little drain pipes leads slowly but surely to the cesspool of degradation. Is your boy "out playing" on the brink of this cesspool?

We have at last realized the potency of the fact that at least one-third of every boy's life is spent in leisure. Out of a total week of one hundred and sixty-eight hours the average boy spends seventy hours in sleep, twenty-five hours in school, thirteen hours at meals, two hours at church, and the rest of the time—his leisure—in any way his whimsical nature desires: "In the home he has his parents, in the school, his teacher, in the church, his pastor, but in his leisure, wherever it may be spent, he has no one to guide him, either directly by instruction or indirectly by 'out proper companionship. He is 'left out somewhere' there alone, that untrained child, that creature of immediacy, left to stumble unknowingly into the pitfalls that every-

where await him. Parents will say, "Oh, Jimmie plays with Charlie Smith. He's a nice boy." Yes, very true. Mr. Smith, Jr., may be the best boy on earth, but withal he is only a boy and this fact alone proves the lack of interest on your part and also the hazardous condition of your boy. The author of "Tom Brown" says that "boys follow one another like sheep, for good or evil: they hate thinking and have rarely any settled principles."

To combat this contingency there are institutions existing throughout the country having for their object—boy training—boy welfare—in one word,—Boyhood. For the present we find that the particular organization which shows no discrimination between age, class, type and creed, and whose results are most effective is the Boy Scout Movement. Think of it.—"A leisure time programme for Character building and citizenship training," and whose ideals, when analysed, are found to be the quintessence of true manhood and Christian citizenship.

However, to this all-embracing opportunity to develop boyhood there is one great drawback. We lack leaders. We lack men who know boys and who want to help them. Before boys in undeveloped communities can be brought together in order that they may take advantage of this opportunity—civilization's greatest offering to youth—before the present organization can be strengthened in the foremost centres, we must have men—men willing to lead, to work, to be interested in the things that boys are interested in.

And so the call goes out from coast to coast asking the Catholic men of today to come forward and give help and companionship to the Catholic men of tomorrow. We must have Catholic leaders for our Catholic boys, men who will do their very best, by uniting the boy in the Man and the man in the Boy, to bring forth the Man of To-morrow, and particularly through the medium of the Boy Scout Movement.

This movement has received the very highest approval of our Church, and therefore it should be considered no longer as a child's game but as a man's sized job. "It is itself a companionship"—a way of living. It values deeds above words. It builds character through habit, and citizenship through service. It develops co-operation through co-operation. It learns through doing. Its outdoor craft enhealthens, deepens and enriches boy life. Scouting is a process of making real men out of real boys, by a real programme, an interest-gripping, growth-producing, character-building programme of activities.

You ask what one should know to be a boy leader? It is not what he should know but rather what he should be. "He must be a real man, red-blooded and right-hearted. He must believe in boys and in Scouting. He must be ready to give them companionship as his 'bit' for the next generation. The Scoutmaster must undergo 'sizing up' by his boys. They are inexorable judges. They instinctively see beneath the surface. No sounding brass or tinkling cymbal, no 'vener' but sooner or later the boys 'sees through it.' But if the Scouts see real Scout ideals in the Scoutmaster, if they get the ring of sincerity in his words and deeds, if they recognize him as a true Master Scout, his influence with them may be practically without limit."

This is your opportunity to do your "bit," to pay your debt to humanity, to pay the supreme price for Canadian manhood and Christian citizenship. Will you lead, or will you be content to "leave it to the other fellow" as we have so often done in the past? At least to give you a proper conception of what companionship means to a boy, I submit as your food for thought the following poem:

HIS PA

Some fellers' pas seem awful old, And talk like they was going to scold, And their hair's all gone, and they never grin Or holler an' shout when they come in.

They don't get out in the streets and play The way mine does at the close of day.

It's just as funny as it can be, But my pa doesn't seem old to me.

He doesn't look old, and he throws a ball, Just like a boy, with curves an' all, And he knows the kids by their first names, too, An' says they're just like the boys he knew.

Some of the fellers are scared plumb stiff When their fathers are near 'em an' act as if They was doin' wrong if they made a noise, But my pa seems to be one of 'h boys.

It's funny but, somehow, I never can Think of my pa as a grown-up man. He doesn't frown an' he doesn't scold, An' he doesn't act as though he was old.

He talks of the things I want to know, Just like one of our gang, an' 'so, Whenever we're out, it seems that he Is more like a pal than a pa to me.

—EDGAR A. GUEST

BISHOP MACDONALD WINS SUIT

PRIVY COUNCIL'S DECISION CLEARS POINT OF GREAT IMPORTANCE

\* LETTER OF EXPLANATION \*

Editor Daily Colonist:

Sir,—The report of the interview with me in Sunday's Colonist is in certain respects inaccurate. I am made to say that "we have no intention whatever of claiming a rebate of taxes paid during all the years gone by." The word "rebate" is not mine, nor is the statement. What I said, or meant to say, is that I was not dealing with that phase of the question at all for the present. Again, I said the reason why the Privy Council did not pronounce upon the principle of exemption for the public worship of God was that the principle is embodied in the very statute they were interpreting, as well as in the statutes of every country within the Empire, and of all countries in the civilized world.

The great point now made clear by the judgment published in Sunday's Colonist—and it is a point of tremendous importance—is this: The irreducible minimum of exemption for the public worship of God that can be embodied in any statute purporting to grant such exemption is the building in which worship is offered, including, as the Privy Council has so pointedly defined, the place where the worshippers stand or kneel.

ALEX. MACDONALD, Bishop of Victoria, Victoria, B. C., Sept. 5, 1921.

The Daily Colonist, Victoria, B. C.

"I am highly gratified with the decision handed down by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council," declared Rt. Rev. Bishop Macdonald, speaking to a Colonist reporter yesterday of the result of his appeal in re the imposition of church taxes. The fact that the highest court in the realm had supported his own views in this matter has, declares His Lordship, lifted a heavy burden from his mind, and incidentally, from his diocese, in exempting it in future from the onerous impost.

"The fact that we have won the present litigation satisfies me; we have no intention whatever of claiming a rebate of taxes paid during all the years gone by," added the Bishop. He declared that the satisfactory conclusion of this case was a matter of grave importance; it was necessary that they should get exemption. The church was not a revenue-producing institution. The idea that the exemption of churches was unfair to non-churchgoers sprang from ignorance of the principle of taxation, which was that every citizen ought to contribute to the support of government and to the upkeep of the city or civic community in proportion to the amount of revenue he enjoyed under the protection of the State. Why should the non-churchgoer pay less than the one who went to Church? The church was not a source of revenue to any of the people supporting it. Rather was it a continual drain on their resources.

CHURCHES V. HOUSES

"It has been urged that a man's house is not productive, and yet is properly liable to taxation. But a house is private property and in any case does not belong to the class of property that is essentially unproductive. The owner may rent it or sell it, and pocket the proceeds: not so the owners of a church. They have no money interest in it. Churches have also a claim to exemption on the score of the service they render to the State. Of all moral agencies for the preservation of law and order they are incomparably the most efficient," amplified Bishop Macdonald.

"The decision of the Privy Council Committee deals simply with the interpretation of the statute; it does not deal at all with the principle of church exemption, which is embodied in the laws of all nations so far as I know. Only what is relevant has been dealt with; it would be irrelevant in a Privy Council to discuss the principle of public worship itself. The point on which they lay special stress is contained in the following clause" (here Bishop Macdonald quoted):

"The thing most necessary for the use of the cathedral as a place for public worship is that the congregation which frequents it should be able to stand or kneel upon the ground embraced within its walls and forming the floor of it, or sit







FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

RENEWAL OF SPIRIT

"Brethren, be renewed in the spirit of your mind, and put on the new man, who according to God is created in justice and holiness of truth." (Eph. 4:22-24)

From the fact that we are all sinners it follows that we must, at least periodically, endeavor to effect a reform within ourselves. Sin disposes us more and more to sin, and unless we "renew ourselves," we are liable to come under the influence of our enemy, or become a slave to habit.

Sin leaves an impression on man—soul and body. He is prone to forget this too often. It is a fact that never are we the same after sin as we were before falling into it.

We can receive as much grace as we had before, by doing penance and returning to virtue, but with it all we still remain scarred. The fight after falling into sin is stronger than previous to the lapse, and this alone should teach man that he can not escape from the clutches of sin without its mark being left upon him.

Man must be most conscientious when facing his duty to God and working out his salvation. The victims of habit are hard to recall to the path of duty. Sin has made such inroads into their nature that they effectively feel inclined to nothing else.

A strong will—a will that has been trained by stern discipline—and an abundance of God's grace, are the only medicines to apply to these sad cases. Many are sometimes very willing to hear edifying things and in their minds are anxious to do them, but this willingness and this good will are not enough.

They will not heal the wound, nor curb an unruly nature. To expect mere good will to accomplish this is almost like wishing a stream that rushes through rocky valleys where it does little good, to divert itself and take its course toward the arid desert, where its moisture would make the sands blossom with vegetation.

Formerly there were twenty-two glass windows in the cloister, but now only fourteen remain. The parishioners of Saint-Etienne vied in their zeal to supply them to such an extent that the clergy and builders complained more than once that they lacked money for the essential needs of the church and received too much for its adornment.

they think they are standing still and can save their souls while doing so, nevertheless they must renew themselves and advance. Salvation is worked out only by advances, never by the so-called holding of one's ground. In virtue we must advance. As, from a physical standpoint, an increase in size is inevitable; so, from a moral standpoint should growth in virtue necessarily come. Too many have gone backward simply because they were satisfied to arrive at a certain degree of sanctity. They thought further advance to be impossible, or else to be attained only by saints. Certainly the saints did extraordinary things; but a continual increase in virtue and merit should not be considered anything out of the ordinary—it is simply what God demands of us and what the very nature of salvation exacts. In regard to virtue, we are as a child in regard to maturity. A child must use the means adapted to give it strength and growth, such as food and exercise, and it must continue this always, trying to keep life at its best. So must we always consider ourselves children as regards our salvation, and day after day use spiritual nourishment to increase our growth in virtue and grace—and this growth must be added to incessantly. There is a sharp difference, however, to be noted between our physical and our spiritual development. It is this, namely, after a certain period our bodies deteriorate; with our souls this never should be the case. They should grow stronger and stronger in virtue until God sees fit to crown us with glory in the world beyond.

Few people give their salvation the serious thought due it; otherwise more frequently they would renew themselves in spirit and advance more rapidly in grace. They should plan, as regards their spirituality, as they do regarding temporal things. The world advances in material things with rapid strides, because the greater part of human thought and endeavor is bent toward this advancement. But little effort is made to bring the world to a deeper spirituality. Each individual, however, must do it for himself. If he does not, he is lost.

FAMOUS WINDOWS REPLACED

Paris.—The glass windows of the cloister of the church of Saint-Etienne-du-Mont, behind the Pantheon, which had been removed for safety during the bombardment of Paris, have just been replaced after having been restored by the artistic service of the Municipality of Paris. These glass windows which date from the first quarter of the seventeenth century, are of great importance in the history of art, not only because they are masterpieces but because they are one of the few remaining examples of an art, which, formerly flourishing, has now completely disappeared—the art of enamel work. All the glass in these windows is enameled glass. Instead of being stained, the glass is covered with enamel of different colors, applied directly to the white glass and made to adhere by baking.

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COPIES OF ANCIENT ENGRAVINGS The subjects represented in the glass windows vary, but as a general rule they refer to the Life of Christ and the Redemption. Recent discoveries have shown that they were copied from old engravings of the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries which have been found by some scholarly archaeologists.

One of these scholars recently found in the Library of Amiens a little book of theology published at Paris in 1609 by a religious of the Poitiers, Rev. Father Guillaume de Requieu, the title of which is: "The Concord of the Mystic Figures of the Old Testament with the Truth of the Gospel for the Defense of the Church against Heresies, both Ancient and Modern." Ten of the engravings reproduced in this book are exactly copied in the glass windows of Saint-Etienne-du-Mont.

Two other engravings of the sixteenth century were also used, one of them by an unknown engraver and the other by Albert Durer, the Nuremberg master.

bolical children who represent the good dispositions and graces brought to souls by communion.

This comparison of the engravings in a book and the windows of a church forms a very interesting and useful contribution to the history of the religious art of past centuries, as it proves that the illustrations in a work which was popular at the time influenced and inspired the illustration of an entire church.

ST. GENEVIEVE'S TOMB IN CHURCH

It is a great joy to the Parisian Catholics to have been able to preserve intact the wonderful series of enameled glass of the cloister of Saint-Etienne-du-Mont, as its striking colors are a wonderful example of the marvelous art of the Christian artists of ancient times.

The Church of Saint-Etienne-du-Mont was begun in 1577 and consecrated in 1624. It contains the tomb of Saint Genevieve, the patron of Paris.

BAD COMPANY

PRUDENT PARENTS WILL PROTECT THEIR HOME AGAINST ALL EVIL

Purely secular journals are quite utitarian in discussing the problems of the home and the family, and are cautious not to enter upon ethical considerations, probably because they fear some reader may be displeased. The Chicago Journal of Commerce, however, seems to be an exception, for in a recent number we find the following sound advice to parents:

"Prudent husbands and wives guard their homes carefully against visitors likely to bring scandal, immorality and shame into them. Bad company is an association to be shunned everywhere, but especially in the home, which is the citadel of virtue, respectability and honor for the nation. Visitors in this family sanctuary from which all evil communications should be barred, must be entirely reputable, if it is to be kept clean in thought and deed. The husband and father wants no man of questionable reputation given hospitality by his wife or daughter; the wife will tolerate in her home, to associate with her husband or son, no woman of immoral character."

"These are fundamental facts bearing on the purity and happiness of home life, which nobody disputes. No decent man or woman wants a guest given to conversation about immoralities, or sensational stories of crime, or the exploitation of criminals, seducers of vampires. Boys and girls budding into manhood and womanhood are entitled to only the best influences, the highest ideals, the finest examples, of purity and righteous ideals, the finest examples, of purity and righteous living, in their homes, because since it was first established as the center of family life, the home has been recognized by all enlightened governments as the most potent incentive to good citizenship and respectable life."

"It is a strange fact that many families which exercise the most scrupulous care as to the persons who enter their homes as guests, entirely overlook certain insidious and dangerous promoters of evil thought and bad conduct which are given unquestioned admittance. We refer to immoral books, magazines or newspapers."

POPE'S UTTERANCES ON PRIESTHOOD

On the occasion of the publication of the decree of heroic virtue of Venerable Andre Fournet, parish priest of St. Pierre de Maillet, Pope Benedict who never allows such an opportunity to pass without inculcating a needed lesson, made some striking remarks about the importance of the ministry of the parish priest. After dwelling on the life of renunciation and mortification of the pious priest, the Venerable Andre Fournet, the Holy Father showed how much the priest could do for his children beyond the purely spiritual help, assisting them with generous effort in the material things of life, helping them to dissipate trouble in families, and caring for the education of the young, the hope of the future.

Continuing, the Holy Father declared: The parish is like a family; the priest must be an affectionate father, always at hand to care for his spiritual children, their religious and moral interests, instructing and comforting them, sharing in their joys and sorrows. He must live the life of the parish, as the father lives the life of his children, and in special measure setting them a good example."

The priest is associated intimately with his flock in the most sacred relations of life. His work is to apply to them individually the graces of the Church, throughout their lives and more especially at the chief epochs of life. He baptizes them when they come into the world; provides for their Catholic training; administers to them for Confession and Holy Communion; assists them in life and fortifies them at the hour of death with the last sacraments. He keeps a perpetual watch over their lives, consoles them in sorrow, assists them in trouble, advises them in danger, absolves them from sin and constantly stimulates them in countless ways in the practise of their holy religion.

In return his faithful flock looks upon the priest as their shepherd, who gives his life for them. He is not always called upon to lay down his life for his flock but he is always prepared to do so. The recent shocking murders of two faithful priests in this country, both killed in the performance of their duty, illustrates the heroic extremes to which every priest is prepared to go in fulfilling his sacred duty.

Realizing this, his children render to the priest filial loyalty and obedience that are summed up in the endearing term with which they designate him. He is their father in deed as well as in name. Non-Catholics have often marvelled at the loving respect which the Catholic priest always commands from his people.

A little study into the life of the priest, and his relations with his people would show them the reason for this apparent marvel. The contributions of countless pious and zealous priests through many centuries to the service spiritual and temporal of others, is a record of heroism hidden from the world, but carefully guarded by the Master Whom they serve so faithfully.

In recalling attention to the importance of the ministry of the priest, the Holy Father has given new inspiration to his priests, and shown the world how much it depends for its good order and stability upon the ministrations of the Catholic priesthood.—The Pilot.

THE PASSING OF OBEDIENCE

Sometimes I wonder what has become of that old time virtue, Obedience. Is it lost, has it been stolen, or has it strayed away? If the first, then may heaven help us, for obedience is the foundation of the true Christian life and of good citizenship, and when that is lost, chaos must reign. It can not have been stolen, because no one seems to want it. It may have strayed off. If so, then we should seek it and try by every means to bring it back to be our safeguard and help.

Every thinking, sober-minded person of today must admit, does admit that the wickedness, immorality, and their attendant evils which now exist, come from lack of obedience. Some persons carelessly say, "Oh, the conditions which exist at the present time are only the aftermath of the war and things will readjust themselves." Obedience! Let us study awhile the existing condition. Do we obey the laws of God and of the Church? I answer, No. In the home, the beautiful home life once existing, do parents obey the laws of God and man? Do the exact obedience in their children? I think not. Ask any teacher which child gives the least trouble and the answer invariably will be "this child who has been trained from infancy to obey and who comes from a home where obedience reigns."

Take the young girl and the young man of today. To them obedience is an unknown quantity. They neither obey the laws of God or man, hence they become lawless to citizens to whom morality is a stranger and dishonesty no crime unless you are caught. I heard a boy a few years ago say in answer to another boy who would not do something on the Fourth of July, which had been forbidden by the city officials, and so published, "Dad says the laws are bum and I need not mind them. I can do just as I please." And he did, and I can state that he has turned out to be utterly lawless, and a great thorn in the flesh to the father who had given him such advice.

We have all learned the Ten Commandments, but how many of us put them each and all into practice. Did we but live up to their teaching there would be no need of man-made laws, for everything is embodied in those Ten Commandments which will protect every human interest.

Lack of obedience if we stop to think and analyze is the cause of all the ills that confront us today. We have become a money grabbing, money worshipping people and in this as everything else we overlook that obedience to the law which demands that we deal honestly with one another.

As Catholics we have it in our power to re-establish that old-fashioned virtue, obedience, in our midst. We have so many material interests today that we overlook many necessary things. If Catholic parents would set the example in the home of obedience and enforce it in their children we would have a change of conditions which would certainly add glory to the Church and by degrees establish a different code of morals and a safer, better citizenship. One of the first things a boy has to learn upon entering the army is obedience to orders, unquestioning obedience to superiors and respect to and for them. When our young men were in training camps before going overseas, the very hardest lesson all had to learn was obedience. Who was to blame for this state of affairs? Parents. Everything has changed, I know, and the old teaching of children, obey your parents, and it stands now, parents obey your children, when obedience is desired. Yet we can improve matters if we try.—Mrs. Blake L. Woodson in The Echo.

THE TORTURE OF INDIGESTION

Thousands Made Miserable By This Trouble

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" Relieves It

What is Indigestion and what causes it? As you know, solid food must be changed into a liquid by the stomach before it can be taken up as nourishment by the blood.

The stomach acts as a churn. It is covered by a strong, muscular coat and lined with a soft, delicate membrane which secretes the Gastric Juice which digests or dissolves solid food.

When food enters the stomach, the muscular coat squeezes and presses the food from end to end, or churns it, with the gastric juice to dissolve or digest it.

But—if the stomach muscles are weak—or if the dissolving fluid is poor or insufficient—then food cannot be digested properly and you have Indigestion.

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" is the most wonderful medicine in the world for strengthening the stomach muscles and providing an abundance of pure, full-strength dissolving fluid to completely digest every meal. "FRUIT-A-TIVES" does this because it keeps the kidneys active, the bowels regular and the blood pure, which insures pure Gastric Juice.

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" will correct your Indigestion or Dyspepsia and enable you to enjoy every meal. Try it.

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

HALLAM'S Fur Fashion Book advertisement featuring a woman in a fur coat and a 'FREE' offer for a copy of the book.

Cuticura advertisement for skin treatment, featuring an illustration of a woman's face and text describing its benefits for itching and dandruff.

What a man does for the love of God, he does differently. Kinds words never leave a bad taste in one's mouth.

BRUCE'S FLOWERING BULBS advertisement for winter and spring flowering plants, including a list of bulb types and prices.

LIFEBUOY SOAP advertisement featuring an illustration of children and text describing the soap's health benefits and availability.

McClary's Sunshine Furnace advertisement featuring an illustration of a furnace and text describing its features and installation instructions.



CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

"BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY"
In speaking of a person's faults, Pray don't forget your own: Remember those with homes of glass...

I'll tell you of a better plan, And find it works full well: To try my own defects to cure Before of others tell...

DID YOU EVER THINK That a kind word put out at interest brings back an enormous percentage of love and appreciation?

RAISE YOUR HAT The laudable custom of lifting the hat as one passes a church, to greet Our Lord reposing in the tabernacle, is growing...

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS LOVE'S WAGES The wages of love are small, so small, You scarce might know they were paid at all...

COLLEGE FOR THE BUSINESS MAN Just how many young men are debating the question of whether or not they should go to college, and whether college training offers any advantages to men in after life...

THE CHILD SHOULD LEARN HIS PRAYERS AT HOME It is a terrible indictment against our preaching and teaching that little children come to school to learn their prayers out of a book...

of phrase long since banished from our catechisms, certain devotions now almost forgotten in the changing fashions, that show that the child is the heir of a spiritual tradition, not a debtor to the dead letter.

WHAT GIRLS SHOULD BE TAUGHT An "old fashioned" woman gives mothers the following advice concerning the education of their daughters:

CONVINCING EVIDENCE Open-minded people who, influenced especially by repeated assertions of the English prime minister, are inclined to believe that all the trouble in Ireland is due to the activities of a "gang of criminals" murderers making as soldiers, would be disposed to change their opinion if they were to read a recent letter to the London Daily News...

SERMON BY A NEWSBOY A bright-eyed, barefooted, shabby little fellow was working his way through a crowded car, offering his papers in every direction...

BAD COMPANY There is a very old story that is always worth being repeated once more. Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright...

HOME'S GREATEST NEED What is the crying need of the home? Not money. Not intellect. Not refinement. Not wisdom. It is love, and warm demonstration of love.

PROHIBITION, DRUGS AND CRIME As has been foreseen by distinguished pathologists and sociologists of the country, the enforcement of prohibition has been followed by an alarming increase in the number of drug addicts throughout the country...

FLAVOUR -the charm of "SALADA" TEA is in its unique flavour of rich delicacy. And It never varies. All grocers sell "Salada" in sealed metal packets only.

intendent W. L. Peak, of the District of Columbia jail. The report reveals that during the year just closed 1,097 persons were sentenced for imbibing more liquor than they could carry. The total number sentenced for the preceding year was 841, making an increase in drunkenness for the past year of approximately 34%.

ness of the remedy; for in very truth, judged by the figures of Mr. Colar and Mr. Peak, the prohibition cure seems to be much worse than the alcoholic disease.—Catholic Columbian.

At the Request of The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will be Offered For the Repose of the Soul of Priest

THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

Hotel Tuller Detroit, Mich. Large Information Rack in Lobby. Circulars Free.

Over \$8,000,000 Paid To Families of Deceased Members. J. E. H. HOWISON GRAND SECRETARY 59 St. Denis St., Montreal, P. Q.

"Honour Without Renown" A NOVEL By Mrs. Innes-Browne. Sequel to "Three Daughters of the United Kingdom" New Edition with Frontispiece.

TEA - COFFEE KEARNEY BROTHERS, Limited TEA - COFFEE. IMPORTERS and SPECIALISTS 33 St. Peter Street Established 1874 Montreal, Que.

But in many homes—shall I say in the majority?—there is a lack of real living love and tenderness that fill the heart full to running over with love-words, kisses, fond caresses. The good-night kiss, the dear hand upon the little one's head or cheek, how these things expand the soul of the child and make it receptive to good influences.

Because it is so nearly universal the view is undoubtedly well founded. And yet 1,334 of this year's jail population were between the ages of twenty and thirty; more than one-third of all, at the exact time when life should hold for them every inducement to be loyal to the precepts of righteousness.

Does prohibition supply the ounce of prevention suggested by Mr. Peak? Reports like the above do not seem to prove the effectiveness of the measure.

Reduces Strained, Puffy Ankles, Lymphangitis, Poll Evil, Fistula, Boils, Swellings; Stops Lameness and allays pain. Heals Sores, Cuts, Bruises, Boot Chafes. It is a SAFE ANTISEPTIC AND GERMICIDE.

Figures compiled by the Department of Public Welfare show that in 1910 there were 116 addicts under the care of city hospitals, 899 in 1910 and 493 in 1920. For the first six months of this year there were 377 cases. In 1918 there were 1,145 men and women treated for alcoholism, and in 1920 there were 1,024 cases. Up to July there were 867 cases this year.

The situation is fully as bad in Washington, D. C., according to a report just made public by Super-

intendent W. L. Peak, of the District of Columbia jail. The report reveals that during the year just closed 1,097 persons were sentenced for imbibing more liquor than they could carry. The total number sentenced for the preceding year was 841, making an increase in drunkenness for the past year of approximately 34%.

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Why Not Make Your Will? It is a business arrangement which we should not neglect, and it is a simple matter. If you should accidentally be killed without making your will, your estate might be distributed contrary to your wishes. Endless sorrow and litigation is often caused by the failure to make a will.

Capital Trust Corporation 10 Metcalfe Street OTTAWA Temple Building TORONTO

PREVENTS THAT SINKING FEELING MASS CARDS ASSORTED - 4 DESIGNS Per 100 \$1.75, postage 15c. Special Prices in lots of 1000 or More

IN LOVING MEMORY

THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

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"Honour Without Renown" A NOVEL By Mrs. Innes-Browne. Sequel to "Three Daughters of the United Kingdom" New Edition with Frontispiece.

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

OUR HOME TERRITORY
In conversation with a zealous missionary who had spent many years in the West we learned what the lot of the Bishop is who has to face distances of which the East has little conception...

\$20,000 PROVINCE OF ONTARIO GUARANTEED

6% BONDS Due April 1, 1928-38
Although issued by the Sturgeon Falls Roman Catholic School Board, these Bonds are guaranteed absolutely, both as to principal and interest, by the Province of Ontario...

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

Three Profits in Saving
Not only do you securely have the money you save, but your savings earn interest and, in saving, you acquire the habit of thrift.



Branches and Connections Throughout Canada
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Fourteen Branches in Middlesex and Elgin Counties

all he had to help him was one Chinese curate; it was almost entirely pagan when he went there but on leaving it contained six churches filled on Sundays with pious congregations...

China Mission College, he stated, was open to all nationalities, and actually had at present students of nine different nationalities, some from the United States. In conclusion he depicted St. Francis Xavier dying on a little island on the coast of China, trying to enter and convert it to the Faith...

Because Jesus was acquainted with grief, because He endured torments—to suffer as He suffered is a veritable joy to the soul filled with His holy love.—Abbe. A. Sandream.

DIED

KEATING.—Died at Hamilton Beach, on Friday, July 29th, 1921, Wm. P. Keating, beloved husband of Sarah Walsh and dearly beloved father of Thomas, Mary Frances, Alice and Ambrose Keating, aged fifty-nine years.

McPhillips.—Joseph J., beloved husband of Blanche and son of the late Patrick and Bridget McPhillips of London, Ontario. Funeral from late residence, 1501 Payne avenue, Cleveland, Wednesday, Sept. 7. Services at St. John's Cathedral Chapel, at 9:30 a. m. Interment at London, Ontario. May his soul rest in peace.

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHERS wanted for Catholic Separate schools, Fort William, Ont., holding second class Ontario certificate, minimum \$500 annuum. Duties to commence September, 1921. Apply to G. P. Smith, Secretary, Room 11, Murray Block, Fort William, Ont. 2232-14.

WANTED experienced teacher for first room holding a second class professional certificate for S. S. No. 15, New Germany, Ont. Salary \$1,000 per annum. Apply to Mr. Frank Kietz, R. 1, Breslau, Ont. 2241-2

Announcement Extraordinary

Galli-Curci The World's Greatest Singer
WILL GIVE A RECITAL AT GRAND OPERA HOUSE LONDON THURSDAY, Nov. 3 AT 8.15 P. M.

RESERVATIONS NOW AT HEINTZMAN PIANO CO. TICKETS—Entire orchestra floor and first five rows in balcony, \$4.00; balcony of balcony, \$3.00; second balcony, \$2.00 plus war tax.

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The Cross-Bearers Of The Saguenay

By Very Rev. W. R. Harris, D.D., LL.D., Litt. D. Author of "Pioneers of the Cross," "Days and Nights in the Tropics," "By Path and Trail," "Pres. Publications Nov. 18, 1920"

READERS of Parkman's vivid pages know something of the heroic labors of the early Roman Catholic missionaries among the Indian savages of Canada. In the book before us, in several previous works, Dr. Harris continues the study of that fascinating story.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD LONDON, CANADA \$1.25 Post Paid



Your Chance to Save on MillRun Wall Board

Wholesale prices to the consumer are possible through our purchase of an entire mill run from the factory. Lengths 7, 8, 9, 10 feet. Width 48 inches. Splendid quality. This is a real money-saving opportunity.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS ENGLISH ANTIQUE LYON GLASS CO. 41-43 CHURCH ST. TORONTO, ONT.

HELP WANTED

WANTED, a young girl or middle aged woman for plain cooking, and assist in laundry, in home where other girl is kept. Apply to Mrs. Edward Kennedy, care CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2237-14

Genuine Imported Eight-Day Oil

Will Burn to the Last Drop. Absolutely non-explosive. This is the famous oil which we sold previous to the War. Put up in 4 gallon Imperial Measure Cans, patented spout, at Pre-War Prices.

W. E. Blake & Son Limited 123 Church St. Toronto, Ont.

COOK WANTED

WANTED cook and room maid for Catholic Rectory in an Ontario town. Must be experienced, two relatives or friends preferred. Apply with references to Box 264, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2238-14

Gu-Solvo Dissolves GOITRE. Write for free Booklet 2, which tells how a Monk's Famous Medicine will dissolve your goitre at home. Taken inwardly acts through the blood. Operations unnecessary. One bottle has shown remarkable results. Write to-day. THE MONK CHEMICAL CO., Ltd. Suite 24, 43 Scott Street, Toronto, Canada Phone Main 548

Don't Throw Your Old Carpets Away. They make new reversible "Veivtex" Rugs. Send for Veivtex Folder 46. Canada Rug Company, LONDON, ONT.

Mission Supplies A SPECIALTY. Brass Votive Stands. Round style, two tier, \$5.00. Square style, five tier, fitted with glass Cups or Candles, \$5.00. Round style, three tier, fitted with glass Cups, \$5.00. Funeral Casket Trucks, \$5.00. Vestry Cabinet, all Steel, \$5.00. J. J. M. LANDY 405 YONGE ST. TORONTO

All Free! "IMA WALKER" the Famous Walking Doll and Grand 42-piece Set of Doll's Furniture. Girls - You love walking dolls and with it just 20 handsome packages to introduce among your friends at only 10c a package. Buy your sample packages and sell all your friends a package or two at once. Just one or two little "FAIRY BERRIES" will provide the month, perfume the breath and ease the throat. They are so delicious they just melt like hot cakes. Return our money, only \$5.00, when they are all sold and we will immediately send you the most complete set of furniture outfit and walking doll just as you see them above (over 40 pieces). We pay all delivery charges right to your door. You take no risk as you may return any you cannot sell and receive your money or cash commission for what you do sell. THE FAIRY BERRY CO. Dept. 7-70 Toronto, Ont. 7c

Ladies! Send for this new Monarch Style Book No 7. Over 80 of the choicest new styles in hand-knit garments, illustrated from actual photographs, many of which are reproduced in colors, shown in this, our seventh style book—a wonderful array of all that is newest in hand-knitting. Complete Instructions For Knitting Every Style. Stitch by stitch, every detail of every style, is clearly explained. If you follow instructions you are bound to be right. Even a beginner can do splendid work by following the directions given in this book. Now's the time to get the book, so that you can plan nice new knit things for your own wear, and make pretty Christmas Gifts for your intimate friends, thus passing your spare hours pleasantly and profitably. Insist on MONARCH YARNS. When you go to buy your yarns after you have selected the styles you want to knit, be sure to ask for and insist upon getting the MONARCH yarns specified in the book. That's the way to assure success—to be certain that the garment you make will be absolutely satisfactory in style, color, fit, finish and wearing quality. MONARCH YARNS are made exclusively from the finest Australian wools and are sold by all good stores. Monarch Yarns are Made in Canada and Guaranteed by THE MONARCH KNITTING CO., LIMITED, DUNNVILLE, ONT. Also manufacturers of Monarch-Knit Sweaters and Monarch-Knit Hosiery.

What We Guarantee. "We will refund the purchase price up to six boxes if no benefit is derived from these pills in the treatment of kidney or bladder trouble". So reads our guarantee to every user of Gin Pills—famous throughout the Dominion and abroad as the most efficacious preparation for restoring the kidneys and bladder to the performance of their natural functions. Thus in buying them YOU HAVE EVERYTHING TO GAIN AND NOTHING TO LOSE! Sold at all Druggists and Dealers—50 cents a Box. NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, TORONTO. Gin Pills sold in the United States as U. S. Address: Na-Dru-Co., Inc. 86-88 Exchange St. Buffalo, N.Y. the same as Gin Pills sold in Canada.