

The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1916

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A PROBLEM

When some men tackle a problem they use a good deal of the dictionary to aid in its solving. Very learned and scientific, they view the problem through the glasses of preconceived ideas. Facts must be bent and twisted to fit in with theories which have been worked out in laboratories and which also may have no relation to realities. Take, for instance, the boy. Time was when he was commonplace. He was thrashed when he deserved it; was taught his prayers and sent to school and became in due time a voter of more or less repute. It seems, however, that he now is a very marvel of complexity, to be examined carefully according to modern methods. He must not be terrified because his sensitive organism would slip a cog and suffer irreparable harm. The ebullience of youth that is betimes regardless of the rights of others and deadly destructive to the boy himself is but transitory and can if necessary be removed altogether by a judicious use of the tooth brush. Yet, according to the newspapers, the "boy" problem is still with us. He roams the streets at will and comes, now and then, into collision with the police. He plays truant when the wandering fever grips him, and leaves school, while yet in his teens, to join the great army of the unskilled. What is the matter with him? Did he somehow or other not get his due share of scientific care, or was he neglected by the specialist, who is his father and mother by the mandate of the Board of Education? We pass on the query to our readers. But it seems to us that oftimes the boy does not get a fair chance for his life. With parents aware of their duty and responsibility he would not be a problem. Were he encouraged, safeguarded, and disciplined he would not be chucked out of doors, to sink or swim. He would have weapons for his battle and he would not be allowed to fare forth with mind unfathomed and heart undisciplined. He is a problem on account of his home. Tackle the home, ye wise men—that is if you can keep father long enough from the club and mother from bridge and the "movies" to listen to you.

WORTHY OF OUR ZEAL

We are glad to see that some of our readers are responding to Father Fraser's appeal for his Chinese missions. It is nothing for himself but everything for his converts. Judging from his letters he is a joyous sentinel of Christ. Repelling the assaults of the evil, leading souls into the haven of peace. He is one of the soldiers who will receive an everlasting V. C.

Let us help him in his work. Make acts of self-denial that he may be able to retain what he has won, and to garner more.

SLUMS

The Dublin slums, said to be some of the foulest in the world, were responsible for the uprising. Official figures show—we quote the New York World—that in Dublin, whose total population just exceeds 800,000, there are no fewer than 1,518 tenement houses certified as unfit for human habitation, but which are nevertheless occupied by 22,701 persons. In nearly every case an entire family of from three to six persons occupies a single small room. Many people have come to hold the Government responsible for the conditions under which they live. This makes them inclined at any time to join in a rebellion which, according to their own argument, even in case of failure, cannot make their situation any worse than it is. These intolerable conditions, and Carson strutting around and talking treason to the acclaim of Britishers who learn nothing and forget everything, made them restive.

Slums, however, that reek with physical and moral degradation are a terrible indictment of civilization. Where people profess Christianity there should not be soul-stupefying poverty. There should not be these

festering sores while luxury walks abroad and taunts the suffering with its wanton and criminal prodigality; and it forgets that it is walking on a volcano that may at any moment scatter it with its wiles and allurements to the winds. It should keep its ears open to the murmuring of discontent. In the past it has disregarded the warnings, and then history was written in shot and flame.

Speaking of England, Mr. Charles Lester quotes Sydney Smith: "There is no doubt more misery, more acute suffering among the mass of the poor of England than there is in any kingdom of the world. . . . There are thousands homeless, breadless, friendless, without shelter, raiment or hope in the world; millions uneducated, only half-fed, driven to crime and every species of vice through ignorance and destitution, to an extent utterly unknown to the less enlightened and less powerful kingdoms of Europe."

These evils will be remedied when God comes into His own again.

A PROTESTER

"I would rather be dirty and human than clean and inhuman," said Archdeacon Hudson Stuck, at the commencement exercises of Columbia University. "I hold no brief for dirt," he said, "but there is too much professional cleaning up being done in the world. I have always had a sort of dread for this reason of trained sociologists, etc., with their experimental laboratories, their card-indexes, and filing cabinets, their tabulations of statistics, their reduction of people to categories, they are always in danger of thinking of men and women in algebraic formulae."

The Church has been in this cleaning-up business for centuries. She can purify the heart, and for the body she has her legions of religious to minister to them. These religious, trained in the school of Christ, use the only method that can touch and rejuvenate the hearts of the poor and miserable and suffering. They bring them their sympathy and love. They give them a key to the world's riddle, and all can understand when the heart speaks. It is not bread or medicine that is most prized by the poor and sick: it is the smile, the kind, hopeful word. The mere rustling of the gown of a religious calms the fretful and her words and ministrations fall upon others like a benediction. Wherever service is to be rendered—in tenements, hospitals—they are there out of love of Him Who called them. Trained? Yes, saturated with the experience of centuries and versed in the principles that stand for success that endures.

GO OFTEN

"We must needs confess," says the Council of Trent of the Holy Mass, "that no other work can be performed by the faithful so holy and devout as this tremendous Mystery itself!"

The people come to Church and say their prayers; but if they do not sanctify the Mass by understanding about it and following it with burning hearts they might as well belong to a sect of heresy. We have grown so accustomed to it that unless we take due precautions we become inattentive and indifferent. Nay, we may so little understand this greatest action of Our Lord as to come late on Sunday. Society's etiquette must be observed, but the Church's can be ignored. Punctuality everywhere but in the House of the Lord. We rush into the holy place with minds distracted, cares and anxieties engrossing us, with eyes undisciplined, without fervor in devotion, and leave the church with empty hands. The Mass is the source of strength and holiness. It reaches to every pain and suffering misery. One Mass and blessings spiritual and temporal, so far as Our Lord sees they will profit, are poured out from the Hand of Him Who ever longs to bless, on the bodies, the souls, the interests, the lives, the aspirations of Christian men and women who happily understand how near is the Lord. If we have an elementary idea of this, how is it that Catholics, presumably intelligent and conscious of the priceless value of their heritage, stroll unconcernedly into the church

a few minutes late, to the disedification of others. Unprepared, and to all seeming reckoning nothing about it, they stand on Calvary blind and indifferent.

NO TIME FOR MILD WORDS

Belfast Irish News

A horde of canting hypocrites and some honest men have deprecated the "tone" of Mr. Dillon's speech. But was the occasion one for graceful phrases, honeyed compliments, mild-mannered verbiage? If the facts of the situation and its manifold dangers were not understood by British M. P.s., they were branded on the mind and heart of the Member for East Mayo. He knew Ireland; because four-fifths of those who insist on ruling it from Westminster know nothing of it, and want to wallow in ignorance until the end terrible events had happened, and Mr. Dillon was compelled to awaken the heedless sleepers from their dreams and to convince them against their wills that the Irish people would not look on with the philosophic serenity of Lord Beresford and Lord Midleton—descendants of blood-thirsty and inhuman persecutors—while their country was under the harrow of martial law. Mr. Dillon succeeded; the instant visible evidence of his success was Mr. Asquith's sudden and unexpected visit to Ireland. Had the spokesman of the Irish Party been a gentle remonstrant, the Prime Minister would have remained in London and the "Irish Executive"—which now means Mr. J. H. Campbell, K. C., and the Inspector-General of the R. I. C., with General Sir John Maxwell in charge of the military forces—would have hearkened gladly to the frenzied howl for martial law in rigorous and relentless operation which was raised by their good friend and confidential organ, the Irish Times.

THE CASE OF MR. SKEFFINGTON

STATEMENT OF MR. SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON'S DEATH

From "Ireland"

On Monday afternoon and Tuesday, April 24 and 25, my husband actually interested himself in helping to repress looting in the city.

I may say that looting was entirely by the mob, because the rebels or insurgents were absolutely innocent of looting and they fired on the looters more than once.

"With some success, enlisting some voluntary helpers for the task. The names and address of some of these I can furnish if necessary. On Tuesday he circulated the enclosed poster, the original of which I have, calling a meeting of citizens at 34 Westmoreland street at 5 p. m. on Tuesday, April 25, for this purpose. I saw him last about 5.15 or 5.30 on that evening, and he stated that he would probably return home shortly. He was seen by two friends subsequently in the neighborhood of Portobello Bridge between 6.30 and 7 p. m. Mr. C. Redmond states that he spoke to him at McCarthy's (news agent) in Richmond street, and that he went on towards the bridge, that shortly after (about ten minutes) he saw a crowd on the bridge who said that Sheehy Skeffington was arrested. He was unarmed and unresisting, and had never used arms. He was removed in custody to Portobello Barracks, where he was shot that night or early next morning, Wednesday, April 26, and buried shortly after. No priest was sent for, a chaplain being summoned only to read the funeral service. Rumors reached me that my husband was arrested and shot, but I did not receive and I have not as yet received, any definite notification of his death. On Tuesday, April 27th, Mrs. Kettle (my sister), wife of an officer and Mrs. Cullane, another sister, wife of the late J. F. Cullane, called, on advice of the Rathmines Police, at Portobello Barracks, to inquire about my husband. All information was refused and they themselves were put under temporary arrest, a formal inquiry being held, and they were released subsequently on producing papers of identification, etc. On Friday night, April 28th, shortly after seven, my house in 11 Grosvenor place, Rathmines, one of a terrace, was surrounded by military (about 60 to 100 in number). They first shot at the window in the front without any warning and burst through same without waiting for a door to be opened. My maid, my little boy, aged nearly seven, and myself alone occupied the house. I was putting my boy to bed when the soldiers with fixed bayonets dashed down the stairs toward the kitchen. They asked my boy and me to 'hands up,' and an officer, English—the man from their accent seemed to be Belfast—had us escorted by the soldiers to the front room. We were ordered not to move. Soldiers remained in the room on guard while others were arranged around some on their knees in the garden and at the gate ready to fire. The soldiers remained for over three hours, leaving shortly after ten

toward conversion is taking place on the west coast of Africa.

At Benin, the chiefs of the Ijebu tribe, came in a body to demand missionaries from Mgr. Terrien, the Vicar Apostolic. He could only give them three priests instead of the thirty needed for their thirty settlements.

On the Ivory Coast crowds of pagans fill the Catholic churches preparing for baptism.

In Dahomey and Porto Novo the religious life is developed to a point that fills the younger missionaries with amazement.

Liberia, formerly a hard country to evangelize, has founded seven new stations which are bearing good fruit.

The difficult Gold Coast is increasing its mission posts. Since this Vicariate was formally dedicated to the Sacred Heart, divine grace has been abundantly showered upon it.

Similar good reports also come from Nigéria, showing that sections of Africa once offering little hope to the apostle are at last aroused to the need of Christianity.—Catholic Missions Magazine.

OFFENSIVE RECRUITING

We still have a few recruiters who should be removed from the platform. It is unwise to call men liars and shirkers and cowards. Indeed, nothing is better calculated to discourage recruiting than such violence and insolence. The certain tendency is to excite feeling between soldiers and civilians. This is not Germany. We have no Kaisers, self-elected or otherwise. If men cannot be induced to enlist by appeal and persuasion, they cannot be affected by offensive and slanderous denunciation.

We believe such speeches have convinced hundreds in their reluctance to enlist where one recruit has been secured. When all is said Canada has provided an army far beyond expectation. When the agricultural character of the country is considered and the many races who constitute its population taken into account, we have done as well as any other nation of the British Empire. By appeal and argument we have secured an army of over 325,000. Those who are responsible for recruiting should keep temperate and irresponsible orators in the background.—Toronto Daily News.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

AN AMERICAN INVENTION TO AID MISSIONARIES TO THE LEPERS

About a year ago there appeared in Catholic Missions an article entitled "Preaching a Retreat to Lepers." In it the priest described in a vivid manner the awful physical condition of the inmates of the hospital and the almost unmanageable nausea which overcomes the priest when hearing their confessions. "With my heart in my mouth," said the priest, "but with a smiling face, lest the lepers should suspect the disgust they inspired, I talked with these remnants of manhood, astonished to see that human beings could live in such a state of decomposition."

A gentleman in Detroit who read this article was moved to alleviate the trials of missionaries in leper asylums. He has invented an instrument which enables the priest to hear confessions at a distance of several feet. It resembles a stethoscope, having a rubber tube attached to ear-pieces at one end and a mouth-piece at the other. By means of it the slightest whisper is clearly heard and the leper may indulge in what may be called a long-distance confession.

The invention presented by this kind friend of the missions has been sent to Father Bertrand, P. F. M., in his Japanese leper retreat, and he will doubtless offer us many prayers of gratitude for his unknown benefactor.

AMERICA'S GREAT OPPORTUNITY

Lately for some unexplainable reason a number of persons have written to those interested in the Propagation of the Faith speaking of the missionary life. It is one of the surest signs of the working of the Holy Spirit in the souls of our good people. Priests and Sisters will be needed after the war is over as never before, and evidence is not wanting that they will be supplied from America.

Up to this time old Europe has given her children and her money with a lavish hand for the purpose of bearing the Cross into pagan lands. Europe must now rest on her laurels for a time, but the great cause of Christianity will find champions in the New World that was not so very long ago considered a mission country itself.

PLEA FOR A DEAR LITTLE CHINESE BOY

Father A. Bracts, a Lazarist Father of Yen Chow, China, has sent us the photograph of a little boy whose face is as sweet and earnest as his disposition is said to be. He is only fourteen years old, but he is first in the class of catechists and shows an extraordinary fervor for his work.

At sixteen he will be graduated and become a full-fledged catechist, ready to take upon his young shoulders the serious duties of that position. He is poor and has been given his education entirely by the priests at the mission. A small sum would help the missionaries to finish the training of this amiable youth, who gives every promise of developing into a valuable assistant.

GOOD NEWS FROM WEST AFRICA

The Echo of the Missions, published by the Lyons African Missionaries, is authority for the statement that an extraordinary movement

the campaign of vilification now going on. They started to inquire; they read Catholic books; they discovered the truth of the Church and the falsity of the tramp spouters, and today those searchers after truth are Catholics. For the last three years the State of Florida has been the scene of a very active anti-Catholic Campaign, but the progress of the Church has been little stayed because of it. The Bishop says: "During the past two years about twenty new churches have been erected or are now in course of erection. Splendid new schools have been built in St. Augustine, Lovelock and Fort Pierce. A new Benedictine monastery is nearing completion in St. Leo. The first Catholic hospital is now in full swing in Jacksonville. A fine new Catholic Club is being erected in the same city, and in a little while we expect to start in the City of Tampa one of the finest day colleges in the whole South, with the Jesuit Fathers of the New Orleans Province in charge."—Sacred Heart Review.

FRANCE

PRESIDENT AND CARDINAL

Through the initiative of a committee of lawyers entitled to practise before the Paris Court of Appeals, a funeral service was held in the last days of May for the members of the Parisian Bar who were killed at the front. These number already 104. The service, owing to the peculiar circumstances under which it was held, has caused a national interest. Permission had been asked and obtained from the authorities to reopen for the occasion the shrine of La Sainte Chapelle, which for some time had been closed to public worship. This famous monument, the masterpiece of French Gothic architecture, is enclosed within the precincts of the Palais de Justice. The President of the Republic, M. Poincaré, himself a member of the Parisian Bar, accompanied by Madame Poincaré, and surrounded by the most eminent jurists of the capital, assisted at the ceremony. After the Mass, Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, addressed the President of the Republic, the President of the Paris Bar and the distinguished guests. He paid a simple but heartfelt tribute to the bravery and the generosity of their dead confrères. He officially thanked the public authorities for reopening for the occasion the beautiful shrine so dear to the memory of all Frenchmen. He emphasized for the hour of national distress which faced them the need of a "sacred union," which the President of the Republic had been the first to invoke. He reminded his hearers that their dead friends were praying for them and the country. Human means and human agencies, he said, had already done much for France in the great struggle now going on. He added:

"But there is a force superior to all these human forces, and whose help is necessary to make them fully effective. It is the force and the power of Him Who is the Supreme Master of all things, the Supreme Arbiter of the destinies of individuals as of nations."

The Cardinal's address was listened to with profound attention and respect. One incident of the ceremony was especially noted. The Cardinal welcomed the President of the Republic at the portal of La Sainte Chapelle, and both cordially shook hands. La Croix warns its readers not to lay too much stress on the act of courtesy. It adds:

"We hope that this meeting, following as it does the imposing manifestation of 'sacred union' lately given at the funeral of Cardinal Sevin, may allow us to look forward to the day when, throughout the length and breadth of France, the civil powers will adopt towards the religious authorities that attitude which is absolutely necessary in a country where religious freedom is not an empty word."

This wish will find an echo in many hearts.—America.

WHAT CONVERTED NEWMAN

This is the great, manifest, historical phenomenon which converted me—to which all particular enquiries converged. Christianity is not a matter of opinion, but an external fact entering into, carried out in, indivisible from, the history of the world, as Cardinal Newman remarks. It has a bodily occupation of the world; it is one continuous fact or thing, the same from first to last, distinct from everything else; to be a Christian is to partake of, to submit to, this thing; and the simple question was, Where, what is this thing; in this age, which in the first age was the Catholic Church? The answer was undeniable; the Church called Catholic now, is the very same thing in hereditary descent, in organization, in principles, in position, in external relations, which was called the Catholic Church then; name and thing have ever gone together, by an uninterrupted connection and succession, from then till now.—Intermountain Catholic.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Germaine Jaures, the daughter of the French Socialist deputy and persecutor of the Church, has taken the veil in a convent.

The novitiate of the Brothers of Charity, at Ghent, Belgium, has been transferred, pending the war, to Belmont Park, Waterford, Ireland.

For the first time in history Mass was celebrated in Trinity College, Dublin, on May 7, for Irish and English troops stationed there.

A bronze bust of Cardinal Newman has been built in the gardens of Trinity College, Oxford. It is the work of Mr. A. Broadbent, the sculptor, and the gift of Mr. D. La Motte, M. A.

The New York Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church has decided by a vote of 123 to 15 to allow the election of a negro Bishop or a Bishop of any other race. A just and sensible decision, says The New York World. If there is any place where the color line is without excuse, it is in a religious organization.

At the Visitation Convent, Harrow-on-the-Hill, England, Alice, Lady Lovat, recently received the habit of the Order of the Visitation, taking the name in religion of Sister Mary Juliana. The Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster officiated. Many members of the hierarchy and nobility were present.

Archbishop Mundelein, of Chicago, has let it be known that he intends to found in the western metropolis the largest Catholic theological seminary in the United States. It is tentatively proposed that the school be located on the north shore, where the archdiocese owns a large tract of land. It will offer a six years' course in divinity.

A public monument has been erected to honor Don Bosco, at Chubut, (Central Patagonia). His missionaries were the first to evangelize a large part of that country. The monument takes the form of a meteorological observatory. The Governor and all the chief civic officials were present at the dedication exercises.

Washington, June 7, Col. John S. Mosby, the famous Confederate guerrilla, died in this city on May 30, and was interred at Warrenton, Va., his old home. In his last days he became a convert and was received into the Catholic Church. "Mosby's men," who survive, came from all over to attend the funeral.

Nearly 4,500 persons crowded into the Century Theatre, New York, to hear John McCormack sing for the benefit of the sufferers in Dublin who have been affected either by the war or the recent uprising. Two thousand more at least were unable to gain admittance. The receipts of the concert were \$9,000.

Monsignor Cervera, of the Capuchin Order, Vicar Apostolic of Morocco, recently arrived in Tetuan from Spain, and was given a cordial reception not only from the Spanish citizens, but also from the Moors. He journeyed to Rio Martin, where he consecrated the first Catholic church built in that region. The natives were most respectful in their bearing on the occasion.

Rev. Henry F. Flock, rector of St. Patrick's Church, Sparta, Wis., has notified the County Judge of Monroe County that he could not accept a bequest made in the will of the late Mrs. Helen Brieske which stipulated that Masses be said for her "forever and ever." Mrs. Brieske, a well-to-do woman, after caring for relatives left the balance of her property to the priest on the condition named above.

French prisoners of war in the German prison camp at Grafenwoehr, Bavaria, have formed a Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society which they have named, appropriately enough, the Conference of St. Peter in Chains. Fellow prisoners in the camp are assisted by this Conference without religious distinction. Russians and Poles are helped as well as Frenchmen. On the second Friday of every month the German chaplain says Mass for the intention of the Conference.

The consecration of the Most Reverend Alfred A. Sinnott, Archbishop-elect of the recently erected See of Winnipeg, says the St. Paul Bulletin, will take place in St. Mary's Church in that city during the month of July. The date has not yet been definitely fixed. Mgr. Sinnott is one of the youngest prelates in the Church in North America, having attained the age of thirty-nine last February. For many years he has been Secretary of the Apostolic Delegation at Ottawa.

Twenty-six years ago, when the empire became a republic, Brazil counted one Archbishop and eleven Bishops; to-day it has a Cardinal, an Archbishop Primate, seven Metropolitan Archbishops, thirty-four Bishops of dioceses, four Auxiliary Bishops, five Bishops who have resigned their Sees, three Bishops of vicariates apostolic and four Prefects Apostolic. The Diocese of Fortaleza is about to be erected into an archdiocese and a new diocese will be created at Sobral.

A FAIR HOLLAND

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND
AUTHOR OF MARCELLA GRACE: A NOVEL
CHAPTER XL

THE KING'S MESSENGER

When Somerset entered the library Alister was standing on the fireplace holding a piece of paper in his hands...

"I have asked you to come here to support me in my magisterial capacity," said Alister. "This gentleman, Mr. Adare, has brought me some curious information..."

"Thank you; I never eat or drink except at home," said the famished-looking visitor, shaking himself out of a sort of collapse which seemed to have fallen on him from the warmth and comfort of the room...

Alister and Rory exchanged glances as the wretched man uttered the above words with a gasping effort, and at the same time an attempt at a flourish which was pitiful in the extreme...

"This is a statement made by the late Mr. Luke Adare," he said. "A very singular statement. Mr. Edmund Adare tells me that he himself wrote it at his brother's dictation—some years ago, was it not, Mr. Adare? Perhaps you will kindly tell me your cousin how the statement came to be made."

Edmund Adare shook himself up again with another great effort, and lifted his pallid face, looking from one to the other of the two men standing before him.

"It was about four years ago," he said. "My brother Luke was suffering in body, and haunted by an idea that he must make a confession, and he called on me to write it down for him."

"You consider that he was of sound mind at the time?" "I am sure of that, or I should not have come to you. Since then his mind has sometimes been a little astray, but not then—certainly it was not then."

"Will you tell us what has occurred between you?" said Alister, while Rory glanced over the soiled and crumpled paper which he had taken from Alister's hand, and turned pale.

"He came one day to my apartments. At that time we occupied rooms in different wings of the house, and had not met for a year. My brother Luke was always a peculiar person, but very clever, Mr. Fingall and very clear-headed. Had it not been for misfortune—such misfortune as often overtakes the best ancient families—my brother Luke would have made a figure in the world. He came to me that day and said: 'I have something on my mind which will not let me rest night or day. It is like a rat gnawing me. I cannot tell why it is, but I do not believe in conscience, but I have a feeling that if you were to write down what I have to say I shall get better.'"

"I said, 'What is it about?' He said, 'It is about Arthur Desmond.' I said, 'The man who murdered Roderick Fingall long ago?' 'He did not murder him,' said Luke. 'Roderick Fingall fell down the cliff. That is what I want you to write.'"

"Yes," said Rory. "Go on." Edmund Adare passed his heavy, colorless hand over his sunken eyes, and with another great demand upon the remnant of vitality within him, spoke again:

"I said, 'Who is able to tell about that now?' 'He said, 'I am, because I saw how the thing happened. I was on the mountain that evening by chance, and I saw the two men meet, and I heard their conversation. I saw Arthur Desmond stretch out his hands to Fingall, and Fingall draw back and fall headlong over the precipice. It was an accident, and Desmond had no fault in it.'"

"I said to Luke, 'Why did you not speak at the time?' 'I did speak,' he said. 'I spoke to some purpose. I whispered in everybody's ear that Desmond had been murdered and that Desmond was the murderer. I had excellent reasons for it. I never did anything without an excellent reason. It was on the point of bestowing on Arthur Desmond, and I got it. It is all gone now like everything else, and nothing matters except to stop this buzzing in my brain whenever I think of it. And I can't get rid of thinking of it. Write it all down that I may get rid of it.'"

"I wrote it down as you see, gentlemen, and Luke was satisfied. I put away the paper, and never should have troubled any more about it, for I thought no good could come of showing it to any one now, only for certain matters which occurred during the last year."

"What are those matters?" asked Rory, with eyes fixed intently on Edmund's face.

"A young lady came visiting at Shane's Hollow," continued Edmund, with another faint attempt at his grandiose manner which failed pathetically as he went on, "and she was an angel of goodness to my poor sister, who was a great sufferer owing to our reverses, and had not all those comforts which an invalid requires. This girl, gentlemen, nursed her like a daughter, gave her hospitality, and buried her in our ancestral burial place as befitting an Ade, but I never saw the young lady's face, but I have heard her voice as she passed down our staircase, and there was a tone in it that reminded me of the ill-treated Arthur Desmond. This I might not have dwelt upon, only that of late my brother Luke fell to raving about Desmond's daughter who had come to persecute him. After coming to the conclusion that the girl must be Desmond's daughter, I had some struggle with myself as to whether I should or should not come forward and lay this statement before a magistrate; for the step I am taking now, gentlemen, is a difficult one to a person of my reclusive habits, but ever since my poor brother's death I have felt a great anxiety to make known his confession. I have felt, to use his own words, 'like a rat gnawing me'; and so I have come—"

He stopped abruptly and cast a wild, wandering look around the room, as if now that all was said, and urgent need for effort was over, he knew not how to pull body and mind together any more; and before Alister or Rory could reach him he had fallen forward on the table in a state of unconsciousness.

They did all in their power to revive him and sent in haste for a doctor, but before the doctor could arrive to tell them the last denizen of a few hours of the Adare was lying in Lady Flora's best bedroom, scarcely aware of the long-unwonted comfort with which he was surrounded.

An hour before death he had a return of consciousness, and renewed in presence of the doctor, clergyman, and others, the statement he had already made to Alister and Somerset; but by midnight the last of the Adare was no more.

Leaving Alister to tell Edmund Adare's story to Gran and Flora, Somerset rode off early in the morning to Shanghaah. Walking up to the farm-house he saw signs of preparation for departure and Bawn's little cart waiting at the open door, and at the same moment Bawn herself appeared on the threshold, dressed for travel.

"Unkind," he said, "trying to steal away from us without a word of farewell!" He was smiling jubilantly as he took her half-reluctant hand, and Bawn, who had plotted to escape this last trial, felt herself turn sick and faint at seeing his unconcern. After all his urgency and insistence it was she who would have to suffer now and in the future. He would easily reconcile himself to the inevitable, and forget.

She looked pale, weary, beaten. Knowing what a pass things had come to, she felt that she was unable to struggle longer without crying out, she had been trying to escape quietly in her weakness and sorrow without going through the ordeal of spoken farewells. Caught on the very threshold, she would have to make one last, almost impossible call on her courage.

"I have been obliged to make my arrangements hastily," she said, "and to write my farewells, and thanks for all kind things. Betty is coming with me. Nancy will stay till all is wound up finally here, and will follow us. I have written to Mr. Fingall of the Rath—"

"Come in, Bawn; come in, and give me one last half-hour of your company. The pony can wait. Your steamer does not sail for two days to come. Don't be afraid—I am not going to ask leave to cross the ocean with you a second time."

She returned into the little parlor which she had just quitted, as she had thought, for the last time, feeling the joy of seeing him again embittered, the acute pain of parting infinitely aggravated by his voice, delight in his eyes, and in his voice, had he cruelly come here to punish her by showing how little he cared, how having come to listen to reason at last, he was rejected to make an end of folly?"

She stood in the middle of the dismantled room with a wretched consciousness that she was unable to hide the grief in her eyes, that her face, her attitude, her very hands were treacherously making confession that she was escaping away from the scene of her wild enterprise, vanquished and with a broken heart. Not that she cared now if he knew it, only he might be the stronger, after all. Her strength, which he had so talked about, was such a sham, his fancied love for her had been so short and so easily dismissed. How could he stand smiling at her misery thus, if he had ever for one hour really cared for her?"

"Bawn, take off your gloves and your hat, for I have a great deal to say to you."

"Would it not be kinder to let me go?" she said, and she felt that her pride was gone, and that she had said it piteously. "I have been very foolish, very daring, and I and my cause are shipwrecked. I have done no one harm but myself, for which I ought to be thankful; but say good-bye quickly and let me go."

He had taken her hands and held them tightly, and tried to look in her eyes, which were turned steadily away from the gladness of his.

"Bawn, I swear to you solemnly that you must not, need not go."

She looked at him startled, suddenly struck with the fact that his manner seemed to imply a certainty which could only come from a change in circumstances; but remembering that such change was impossible, she said sadly:

"Nothing could persuade me of that unless the clouds were to open and drop down the king's messenger, and a message were to come back from the dead."

"My dearest, the clouds have opened; a message has come from the dead. I have been all night entertaining the king's messenger, who brought us miraculous tidings. Luke Adare has spoken."

Bawn's lips parted, and in her eyes, which were fixed on Somerset's, amazement, hope and incredulity succeeded each other swiftly.

"Impossible!" she said faintly. "The heavens were opened to comfort Saul, but that does not happen now. The dead do not come back. Why need you torture me?"

"Luke Adare has spoken." "I saw him dead." "So have I seen Edmund Adare, but only a few hours ago. He is the king's messenger I told you of, and here is the message he brought for you and me."

He drew the paper containing Luke's confession from his breast and put it in her trembling hands, but, seeing her could neither hold nor decipher it, he took it back and read it aloud to her. Hearing him, she looked straight before her with bewildered eyes, tried to take the document to read it for herself, but suddenly turned blind, and the next moment Bawn the strong-hearted had fainted in her lover's arms.

THE END
MOONDYNE JOE
THE GOLD MINE OF THE VASSE
CHAPTER V
THE KOAGULUP SWAMP

We arrive now at the opening scene of this story. Eight days after his escape from Fremantle, Moondyne was seen by the convict Dave Terrell, on the shores of the Koagulup Swamp. In those eight days he had travelled two hundred miles, suffering that which is only known to the hunted convict. When he met the prisoner in the moonlight and made the motion to silence, Dave Terrell saw the long barrel of a pistol in his belt. He meant to sell his life this time, for there was no hope if taken.

His intention was to hide in the swamp till he found an opportunity of striking into the Vasse Mountains, a spur of which was not more than sixty miles distant.

But the way of the absconder is perilous; and swift as had been Moondyne's flight, the shadow of the pursuer was close behind. No tardy step was that of him who led the pursuit—a man with a terribly maimed face—a new officer of the penal system, but whose motive in the pursuit was deadlier and dearer than the love of public duty.

On the very day that Moondyne Joe reached the great swamp, the mounted pursuit tracked the fugitive to the water's edge. A few hours later, while he lay exhausted on an island in the densely-wooded morass, the long sedge was cautiously divided a few yards from his face, and the glittering eyes of a native tracker met his for an instant. Before he could spring to his feet the supple savage was upon him, sending out his bush-cry as he sprang. A short struggle, with the black hands on the white throat; then the great white arms closed around the black body, and with a gasping sob it lost its nerve and lay still, while Moondyne half rose, to listen.

From every point he heard the trackers closing on him. He sank back with a moan of despair. But the next instant the blood rushed from his heart with a new vigor for every muscle.

It was the last breath of his freedom, and he would fight for it, as for his life. He sprang to his feet and met his first brutal assailant, a native dog—half wolf, half greyhound, which sprang at his throat, but sank its fangs in his shoulder.

A bullet through the animal's brain left him free again, with steamed nerves. Even in the excitement of the moment a thrill of gratitude that it was not a man that lay there passed through him. He flung his pistol into the swamp, and dashed toward the log on which he had gained the island. Beside it stood two men, armed. Bareheaded, the fugitive flung himself upon them, and closed in desperate struggle. It was vain, however; others came and struck him down and overpowered him.

He was put in irons, and found himself in charge of the most brutal officer in the penal service, his old fellow-convict and employer, Isaac Bowman.

VI
THE BRIBE

When the party had travelled a dozen miles from the convict camp, the evening closed, and the sergeant called a halt. A chain was passed round a tree, and locked; and to this the manacles of the prisoner were made fast, leaving him barely the space of lying down. With a common prisoner this would have been security enough; but the sergeant meant to leave no loophole open. He and the private trooper would keep guard all night; and according to this order, after supper, the trooper entered on the first four hours' watch.

The natives and wounded men took their meal and were stretched on the soft sand beside another fire, about a hundred paces from the guard and prisoner.

The tired men soon slept, all but the sentry and the captive. The sergeant lay within arms' length of the prisoner; and even from deep sleep awoke at the least movement of the chain.

Toward midnight, the chained man turned his face toward the sentry, and motioned him to draw near. The rough, but kind-hearted fellow thought he asked for water, and softly brought him a pannikin, which he held to his lips. At the slight motion, the sergeant awoke, and harshly reprimanded the trooper, posting him at a distance from the fire, with orders not to move till his watch had expired. The sergeant returned to his sleep, and again all was still.

After a time the face of the prisoner was once more raised, and with silent lip but earnest expression he begged the sentry to come to him. But the man would not move. He grew angry at the persistence of the prisoner, who ceased not to look toward him, and who at last even ventured to speak in a low voice.

The strong, the fearful trooper grew alarmed, and sternly ordered him to rest. The sergeant awoke at the word, and shortly after relieved the trooper, seating himself by the fire to watch the remainder of the night.

When the prisoner saw this, with a look of utter weariness, though not of resignation, he at last closed his eyes and sank to rest. Once having yielded to the fatigue which his was unconscious. A deep and dreamless sleep fell on him. The sand was soft round his tired limbs, and for two or three hours the bitterness of his captivity was forgotten.

He awoke suddenly, and, as if he had not slept, felt the iron on his wrists, and knew that he was chained to a tree like a wild beast.

The sleep had given him new strength. He raised his head, and examined the eyes of the sergeant watching him. The look between them was long and steady.

"Come here," said the prisoner, in a low tone, "I want to speak to you." Had the gaunt dog beside him spoken, the sergeant could not have been more amazed.

"Come here," repeated Moondyne, "I have something important to say to you."

The sergeant drew his revolver, examined the caps, and then moved toward his prisoner.

"I heard you say you had spent twenty-five years in this colony," said Moondyne and that you might as well have remained a convict. Would you go away to another country, and live the rest of your life in wealth and power?"

The sergeant stared at him as if he thought he had gone mad. The prisoner understood the look.

"Listen," he said impressively; "I am not mad. You know there is a reward offered for the discovery of the Vasse Gold Mine. I can lead you to the spot!"

There was that in his voice and look that thrilled the sergeant to the marrow. He glanced at the sleeping trooper, and drew closer to the chained man.

"I have treated you badly, and you hate me," he said. "How can you treat me? How can you prove to me that this is true?"

Moondyne met the suspicious eye steadily. "I have no proof," he said; "you must take my word. I tell you the truth. If I do not lead you straight to the mine, I will go back to Fremantle as your prisoner."

Still the sergeant pondered and paced. He was in doubt, and the consequences might be terrible.

"Have you ever known me to lie?" said Moondyne.

The sergeant looked at him, but did not answer.

At length he abruptly asked: "Is it far away?" He was advancing toward a decision.

"We can reach the place in two days, if you give me a horse," said Moondyne.

"You might escape," said the sergeant.

"I will not; but if you doubt me, keep the chain on my wrist till I show you the gold."

"And then?" said the sergeant. "Then we shall be equals. I will lead you to the mine. You must return, and escape from the country as best you can. Do you agree?"

The sergeant's face was white, as he glanced at the sleeping trooper and then at the prisoner.

"I agree," he said; "lie down, and pretend to sleep."

The sergeant had thought out his plan. He would insure his own safety, no matter how the affair turned. Helping a convict to escape was punished with death by the penal law; but he would put another look on the matter. He cautiously waked the private trooper.

"Take those natives," he said, "all but the mounted tracker, and go on to Bunbury before me. The wounded men must be doctored at once."

Without a word, the disciplined trooper shook the drowsiness from him, saddled his horse, and mounted. In half an hour they were gone.

Moondyne Joe and the sergeant listened till the last sound died away beside the fire.

Sergeant Bowman then unlocked the chain, and the powerful prisoner rose to his feet. In a whisper the sergeant told him he must secure the native before he attempted to take the horse.

Moondyne went softly to the side of the sleeping savage. There was a smile on his face as he knelt down and laid one strong hand on the man's throat, and another on his pistol.

In a few moments it was over. The bushman never even wretched when he saw the stern face above him, and felt that his weapon was gone. Moondyne left him tied hand and foot, and returned to the sergeant, who had the horses ready.

When the convict stood beside the trooper he raised his hand suddenly, and held something toward him—the tracker's pistol, loaded and capped! He had played and won. His enemy stood defenceless before him—and the terror of death, as he saw the position, was in the blanched face of the sergeant.

"Take this pistol," said Moondyne, quietly. "You may give it to me, if you will, when I have kept my word."

The sergeant took the weapon with a trembling hand, and his evil face had an awed look as he mounted.

"Call the dogs," said Moondyne, "we shall need them to-morrow." In answer to a low whistle the wolf-like things bounded through the bush. The men struck out at a gallop, in the direction of the convict's camp, the sergeant a little behind, with his pistol ready in the holster.

TO BE CONTINUED
A WHITE ROSE

Mr. Barrell's tiny shop nestled in the shadow of the old church. It had a single large window, close to which he sat day after day, making such jewelry as no one else in Boston could, mending treasures too precious to be entrusted to any but the most skilful hands. A little, musty shop, and a little, withered old man, who wore an habitual frown—it was not strange that customers lingered no longer than was necessary. He never spoke if he could help himself, and then always disagreeably. He was never obliging when ingenuity could devise a way of being disobliging. He had no friends and wanted none; no relatives with whom he was on speaking terms; a happiness on which he daily congratulated himself. There were those who said that he should have been a Catholic, but they did not explain where they had obtained their information, and those who frankly knew nothing about the matter thought themselves as wise as any.

Early in May, two years ago, a mission was given in the old church, and among those who flocked to the exercises were many who took that opportunity to stop at Mr. Barrell's shop which they seldom passed on other times. On the last morning of the first week a young girl came on her way to the 9 o'clock Mass. She smiled at Mr. Barrell with a friendliness that he found very irritating, as she said:

"See, I have broken my bracelet! Will you mend it at once so I can get it after the sermon? I want to wear it this afternoon."

Mr. Barrell was examining it, frowning crossly. He made do answer.

"Will it be ready, if I call about 10 o'clock?" she asked, after a pause, speaking a shade less pleasantly this time.

"Can't tell," he growled.

"But I need it!" she pleaded.

"Perhaps I shan't have time to bother with it."

"Why, how long would it take to mend it? Not long, surely. You see Mr. Barrell, only three little links are separated."

"How long? Possibly 10 minutes."

"Only 10 minutes! And I shan't come back for an hour! Of course, then, you—"

"Don't talk all day! My time is precious—and it's my own. Take your trinket or leave it. I'll not hurry for anyone. Perhaps I want to go to the mission myself. Why should I be the only one who works every hour of the day?"

Angry at last the girl snatched her bracelet from the counter and dropped it into her purse.

"You know you're not going to mend it! You're the meanest man I ever saw!"

And she slammed the door behind her.

For several minutes Mr. Barrell stared after her, his mouth half open and his nervous fingers resting limply on the edge of the counter. Not for years had any one openly resented his studied rudeness. Her last words rang in his ears.

"The meanest man she ever saw," he sullenly repeated to himself; and after a time, he muttered:

"Yes, I do need it, though it's not her affair."

For some minutes longer he stared uneasily at the door before, slowly and hesitatingly, he reached for his crutch, hobbled across the room, hid some valuables in his safe and locked

it. More slowly and more hesitatingly he took his hat from a peg and put it on his head. Then, with many pauses, he went to the door, stepped outside and secured it behind him. He waited until no one was in sight before he stole into the church and slipped, trembling, into the most shadowy corner. Mass was almost ended, but the sermon followed—a sermon on God's love and His mercy. Had the old missionary preached on judgment and hell Mr. Barrell would have scowled at him, but this was harder to bear. He moved about restlessly, not once glancing at the speaker, and the minute the last word was uttered he hurried back to his shop, and went to work with feverish energy. But his hand shook. He made mistakes more than once last time by forgetting the trinket in his fingers and falling into a deep reverie.

At last he locked the store a second time and again crept stealthily into the church. After he had hidden behind a pillar for some minutes he slunk, shamefaced, into the nearest confessional. The next morning he received Holy Communion at the earliest Mass. It was the first time in thirty-five years, the first time in himself that he had escaped observation, but she is everywhere. It became known in the parish that Mr. Barrell had been converted at the mission and there was much gossip about the matter; fortunately, however, none of it reached his ears.

After this he went almost daily to Mass, but though his soul had surely become beautiful, his face was as repellent as before, his manner as disagreeable, his every word as irritable. The narrowly devout were scandalized; the skeptical, delighted. The truth was that he was unhappy. His trouble had not changed. The new hell no bitterness and the old had been full of it; nevertheless, the pain was sharper now. For the missionary whose sermon he had heard had urged the people to give themselves, heart and soul, to God. Each one of his gentle words had buried itself into Mr. Barrell's mind. He could not forget, could not evade them. He had not obeyed; he had made no offering of himself.

"What would He want with me, old and ugly, with a twisted leg; so hateful that the dogs in the street bark at me and every boy in the neighborhood hoots after me as I pass? My own children were glad to marry any one just to get away from home," he had said to himself while the priest talked, and over and over again afterward in the loneliness of his shop.

But the thought would not be put by. It grew to be a longing that throbbed and ached, and made him, if possible, more cheerful than before; until, one day, when he was handling the few plants which were his only companions, an inspiration came to him. At once he watered with special care the largest among them, a rosebush, covered just then with tiny buds. He crowded the other flowers into the corner to give it all possible sunshine.

As the last sweet May days passed the buds grew large; one or two of them even showed a little of their whiteness, and as they grew Mr. Barrell brightened. More than once he almost smiled, and he volunteered a remark about the loveliness of the weather to an old customer only less taciturn than himself.

The first of June came and the buds were opening beautifully.

"It will be in full bloom by the sixth," he told himself every hour of the day; and counted the flowers, not once but many times, exulting over each one. Certain that no one was near, he even pressed them with his unaccustomed lips.

On the afternoon of the fifth which, that year, was the eve of Corpus Christi, two boys, long enemies of Mr. Barrell, stood on the sidewalk before his store, making grimaces at him, as they delighted in doing. This time he did not notice them, and in desperation they took to throwing stones through his open windows, hoping thereby to annoy him. The precious rose bush stood on the sill, and a stone, larger than the rest, struck it near the root. Frightened, the boy crouched down behind the church steps. When they came to a minute later Mr. Barrell still seemed to see them. He was standing at the window with the plant, broken in his hand; and his face was tragic.

"Gee! I'd a heap rather he'd got mad!" whispered one, as they stole away, feeling strangely uncomfortable.

Still, Mr. Barrell heard nothing and saw only his plant. He got down on his knees to examine the break more closely and finding that the bush was ruined his shaggy gray head sank on his arms, one hand still tightly clasping a sprig of the beautiful flowers.

"He didn't want it," he was saying in his heart. "I'm not fit to give it. I had thought I'd just give myself with it—that I'd just slip my self in, so He'd hardly see me for the roses. But He doesn't want such a low-down anything I can give Him."

A sob shook him from head to foot; then he was quiet. He had not known the depth of his yearning to feel that God cared for him.

How long he knelt there he never knew. The joy that for two weeks had driven the gloom from his heart was dead now. Little as his arid life had known of aught but save weariness, seemed so utterly bleak before he had no heart for the work he had been doing; no energy even to move. He had tried; he

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had been almost happy; but God did not care; nothing could matter again.

At last he raised his head. There, on the window sill, stood the pot which had held his rose so proudly, empty now, but for a jagged bit of stem. Beside it, almost touching it, was a larger pot in which bloomed a white rose more beautiful than his own had been.

"After all, He does care!" he exulted. "He does like me!"

A feverish energy took possession of him. He reached wildly for his crutch, moved across the room with frantic haste, and snatching his hat thrust it on his head. Very carefully he hugged the plant in his free arm he hurried from the shop, for the first and last time in his life forgetting to lock the door.

Into the church he went, and up the long aisle. A young girl was decorating the altar, and to her he gave the plant. He tried to say something, but the words died on his lips.

"You want me to place it close to the tabernacle?" she said, having the quick understanding that is the fruit of a kind heart.

"Yes, that's it," he answered, with a very evident sense of relief; and she smiled most naturally.

As he stumped down the aisle, and she genuflected with the pot in her arms, she whispered:

"Dear Lord, I am glad I saw him and put it there. It was a little sacrifice—but you are a little after all!"—Florence Gilmore in Messenger of Sacred Heart.

THE IRISH POETS

The three poets who were foremost to sign and foremost to take arms to assert Ireland's Declaration of Independence had each a vision of nationality that could not be expressed in a proclamation, no matter how noble that proclamation might be worded. With Padraic Pearse that vision was the revival of a chivalry in Ireland, the renaissance of the heroic age of Celtic history when, as he wrote, the greatest honor was for the hero who had the most child-like heart, for the king who had the largest pity, for the poet who visioned the truest image of beauty.

He was grave, and if it were not for his kindness and his humor Padraic Pearse would have appeared as a somber young man. His head was always slightly bent as though in deep but never anxious reflection. His ideas were so composed that when he addressed you in conversation parts of what he said might go into essays or lectures. He talked programs. But nothing in his speech was dry or pedantic, so much enthusiasm, grave enthusiasm indeed, was in all he said. He never spoke unkindly nor even slightly of any person.

Neither did his brother, the even gentler William Pearse who was shot with him. He was first of all a Christian man. Although he was a fervent Catholic, and although Gaelic was the culture he always looked to, his father was an Englishman who had been a Protestant.

Eight years ago he decided to retire from the editorship of the Gaelic League weekly An Claidreamh Solais and put into practice his ideas of an Irish national education. He took a big dwelling-house in a suburb of Dublin, Cullenswood House, Rathmines, where the historian Lecky once lived, and opened there a secondary school for boys, Sgoil Fama or St. Enda's. The school was to be bilingual; that is to say, it was to give instruction through Irish as well as through English. The whole atmosphere of the school was to be Gaelic. On its former site St. Enda's was to give intermediate education and pre-natal students for entrance into the universities. Two years later he turned Cullenswood House into a girls' school Sgoil Ide or St. Ita's, and brought St. Enda's into the country, into a big eighteenth-century mansion with extensive grounds known as The Hermitage, Rathfarnham.

After he took up teaching he connected all his literary efforts with the schools. One year he produced an heroic pageant "The Cuchillians" and another year a little religious play "Josagan" (Jesuskin). In 1911 his Passion Play was produced. A year later he published his single book of verse "Suantraidhe agus Goidtraidhe" (Sleep Songs and Sorrow Songs) written in the language of the West Connacht parish where he often lived. He had begun to put together in the pages of the Irish Review an anthology of poetry in the Irish language, making his own translations. "I am ready. For years I have waited and prayed for this day. We have the most glorious opportunity that has ever presented itself of really asserting ourselves. Such an opportunity will never come again. Will we be freemen, or are we content to remain as slaves, and idly watch the final extermination of the Gael?" He wrote these words in an article published just before the insurance.

There spoke the one who would walk steadily toward martyr-

dom. Pearse was a man of supreme value to Ireland. But he was one who, when lives had to be ventured, would make the nearest approach to death. He was a mystic, and for him a cause would become a call. He would not spare himself and he would not spare those who went with him. He was in truth, the very type of the implacable idealist. Like the other two poets executed he has left a poem that might stand for his epitaph: "To Death" is its title and it has thus been translated by his friend Thomas MacDonagh:

I have not gathered gold; The fame that I won perished; In love I found but sorrow, That withered my life.

Of wealth or of glory I shall leave nothing behind me I think it, O God, enough; But my name in the heart of a child.

Thomas MacDonagh, perhaps, had not a single vision of the renaissance Ireland. He had a vision of the maker of the renaissance Irish state: the soldier-statesman who would be instructed by the philosophic poet. Those who saw him in his academic robe and noted his flow of speech and his tendency to abstractions might have carried away an image of one of those adventurous students who disputed endlessly in a medieval university. But MacDonagh was as far from being a pedant as was Pearse. He was a wonderfully good comrade, an eager friend, a happy-hearted companion. He had abundance of good spirits and a flow of wit and humor remarkable even in a Munster man.

He had too an intimate knowledge of the humors of popular life in the country and the country town which he never put into his writing. He was born in Cloughjordan, a town in County Tipperary, where his father and mother were teachers in primary schools. He was trained by a Religious Order, and became a novice in his youth. He was a teacher in a college in Kilkenny and later in Fermoy, and it was while in the former place that he took up the study of Irish. Afterwards he went to the Aran Islands and to the Irish-speaking districts of Munster and made himself fluent in the language. In 1901 and 1902 he published two books of poems, "Through the Ivory Gate" and "April and May."

Just before Pearse opened his school MacDonagh came to Dublin to look round him. He had written a play, "When the Dawn is Come," and wanted to have it produced in the Abbey Theater, which was then under the brief direction of J. M. Synge. The scene is laid in the revolutionary Ireland of the future, and it is the tragedy of a leader whose master-idea baffled his followers. MacDonagh had joined the staff of St. Enda's when this play was produced. His great interest then was poetry. He knew poetry well in English, French, Latin and Irish and was drawn to the classical poets, to Catullus, Dante and Racine. After he came to Dublin the poetry he wrote was more personal. "Songs of Myself" and "Lyrical Poems" being titles of his two subsequent volumes.

A poet, with a bent toward abstractions, a scholar with a leaning toward philology; these were the aspects Thomas MacDonagh showed when he expressed himself in letters. But what was fundamental in him rarely went into what he wrote. That fundamental thing was an eager search for something that would have his whole devotion. His dream was always of action of a man dominating a crowd for a great end, the historical figures that appealed straight to him were the Gracchi and the Irish military leader of the seveneenth century, Owen Roe O'Neill. In the lives of these three there was the drama that appealed to him; the thoughtful man became a revolutionist. Many things Thomas MacDonagh said and wrote were extraordinarily prophetic of his own end. Such a prophecy, for example, is in "Wishes for My Son":

God to you may give the sight And the clear undoubting strength Wars to knit for single right, Freedom's war to knit at length, And to win, through wrath and strife To the sequel of my life.

Joseph Plunkett had a vision of an Ireland filled with the martyr's defiance and the martyr's devotion. He has recorded that vision in "Our Heritage," which I consider the finest poem of Irish national defiance:

This heritage to the race of Kings: Their children and their children's seed Have wrought their prophecies indeed Of terrible and splendid things.

The hands that fought, the hearts that broke In old immortal tragedies, These have not failed beneath the skies, Their children's heads refuse the yoke.

And still their hands shall guard the sod That holds their fathers' funeral urn. Still shall their hearts volcanic burn With anger of the Sons of God.

No alien sword shall earn as wage The entail of their blood and tears, No shameful price for peaceful years Shall ever part this heritage.

The family of Joseph Mary Plunkett had a proud memory, the memory of martyrdom, for the last priest martyred in England, the Venerable Oliver Plunkett was of their blood. Joseph Plunkett was a

mystic, but a militant mystic. The title he chose for his book of poems was "The Circle and the Sword" and the eternal circle and the destroying sword were the symbols he always had in his mind. The strongest of the new Irish patriotic poems, and the ones charged with the greatest intensity of Irish Catholic faith were written by this young man.—Padraic Colum, in America.

THE BIBLE

EXPLANATION OF DIFFERENCES IN CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT VERSIONS

Simple as this question looks at first sight, it really involves a host of others. First of all, most Catholics are probably unaware that the leather-bound volume which graces their book shelf hardly deserves the name of "Douay" Bible. This, at least is the opinion of Newman and Wiseman, who more than seventy years ago called it an abuse of terms to speak of our recent editions as the Douay Bible. Nor has the King James Version remained the same. New editions of the Protestant Bible have been brought out within the last thirty years, which, despite fierce opposition, have gained ground steadily. Taking, however, the question at its face value, let us see what the difference is between the original Douay Bible and the King James Version as published in 1611.

First and foremost, the King James Bible omits the so-called deuterocanonical books of the Old Testament, while the Douay Version, faithful to its Catholic principles, includes all the books enumerated in the canon of the Council of Trent. In other words, the Protestant Bible omits Tobias, Judith, the Book of Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, both books of the Maccabees, parts of Esther and Daniel. This fact alone should be sufficient to bar the Protestant Bible from any Catholic household. For whatever doubts may have existed in former centuries, whatever arguments Protestants may advance against the inclusion of these books, the Catholic Church has always held that the Bible is not self-explanatory, that it needs a living teacher for its exponent; to the Protestants, on the other hand, the Bible is as clear and as plain as a child's prayer, a book to be had by all, to be read by all, to be understood by all.

Another essential difference lies in the annotations. Catholics are not allowed to read Bibles which contain no notes, much less such as contain notes of a heretical nature. To explain how reasonable and motherly the Church is in this provision would lead us too far afield. Suffice it to say that the antagonism between Catholics and Protestants on this head springs from principles diametrically opposed. The Catholic Church holds that the Bible is not self-explanatory, that it needs a living teacher for its exponent; to the Protestants, on the other hand, the Bible is as clear and as plain as a child's prayer, a book to be had by all, to be read by all, to be understood by all.

The autographs of the inspired writings, it must be remembered, are no longer in existence. The translator, then, must rely on copies. But these copies themselves were not made from the original. Some were written hundreds and thousands of years after the autograph. To give but one instance, the earliest copy which we possess of the New Testament dates from the fourth century; that is, it was made after the evangelists wrote their gospels. It would be unreasonable, to say the least, to expect that God would preserve this long line of copies and copies from all error, God never meant the Bible to be our only rule of faith. Hence he would allow mistakes to creep in, at least, in those matters which do not pertain to faith and morals. As a fact, if we compare copy with copy, a host of divergences become at once manifest. The question, then, to be determined by the would-be translator is: Which is the best and purest text? Which approaches the original most closely?

Now it is true that in this respect the King James translators seem at first blush to have made the better choice. For they based their version on the original Greek and Hebrew text, while the Douay scholars were satisfied with translating from the Vulgate, itself a translation. But this fact does not prove the superiority of the King James version. Not only is the text on which it is based, the so-called "received text," considered even by Protestant scholars as of comparatively little value, but the more the Vulgate is examined as to the purity of its text, the higher it rises in the esteem of sound critics. Besides, while strictly adhering to the Latin Vulgate, the Douay translators always had the original Hebrew and Greek within easy reach to verify doubtful readings and to clear up ambiguous renderings.

Both Bibles, however, versions, it is a foregone conclusion that they differ with regard to the faithfulness, with which they cling to the original. Now nobody ever denied that the Douay version was a most faithful rendering of the Vulgate. Indeed, this is the one objection constantly urged against it by Protestants. Whether this be a fault or a virtue matters not for the present. But how does the King James Version stand in this respect? It is true that the Douay version was published for the precise purpose of counteracting the "manifest corruption of Holy Scripture" and the "foul dealing herein by false and partial translations." But this charge was leveled against the earlier

Protestant Bibles. The King James Version, in deference to the vigorous protests of Catholics, largely remedied this evil. However, there still remain some false translations, evidently introduced with the view of making the Bible seem to stand sponsor for Protestant beliefs and customs.

Finally, how do the two versions compare with regard to their style? With few exceptions, the Protestants condemn the Douay version as stilted, un-English, ambiguous in its terms, full of strange ink horn words which never were and never would be English. Even among Catholics an occasional tendency manifests itself to repeat these charges. Yet, while there may be some reason for them, let us not overlook two facts. The first is that the Douay translators were by no means uneducated dilettanti, but men who had received the best training of their day and had been conspicuous at Oxford itself both for their ripe scholarship and their literary accomplishments. If fault is to be found with their style, this must not be set down to incapacity, but rather to definite principles purposely chosen and religiously carried out. As they themselves state in the preface, they preferred truth and accuracy to grace and elegance of style. In regard to the expected that words and phrases which might at first sound strange, would in the course of time become familiar and pleasing. It is noteworthy that some of the terms which they foresaw would be distasteful for a time, were afterwards adopted by the King James Bible and became naturalized in the English language.

"The substance and the 'woof and warp' of our Douay version," says Edwin H. Burton in his "Life and Times of Bishop Challoner," "is vigorous and noble English. When the superiority of the Anglican version is urged, as is frequently the case, we must not forget how much in the New Testament at least, the authorized version owes to Reims. In quite recent years this influence has not only been admitted by Anglican writers, but exhaustively studied and estimated."—Rev. A. C. Cotter, S. J.

EVIDENCES OF CATHOLICITY

The members of the Panama Missionary Congress have launched a propaganda of slander, calumny and vituperation in regard to the Church in Latin America which is intended to deceive the ignorant and misinformed. Unfortunately the press has been too lavish in its justice to the cause of the South American, who has been represented as ignorant, superstitious and degraded. The Church that civilized and Christianized South America is the target for vitriolic attacks from this coterie of jealous proselytizers. The New World of Chicago would point out a few facts for these preparators. It says:

"Before these missionaries adopt such tactics, particularly in Argentine, let them first journey inland to Tucuman and visit there La Sala de Independencia. Hanging on the walls of this historic edifice they will find portraits of the twenty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence of the Republic of Argentina. Let the missionaries study closely the faces and signatures of these patriots and they will find that of the twenty-six, sixteen were priests and monks of the Catholic Church.

"Catholic priest and patriot! Names so closely linked in the South American mind and in the history of that country that to offend one is to offend the other! And these missionaries after their visit to La Sala de Independencia will carry away with them the knowledge why Protestantism will not take root on the southern continent.

One needs but to reflect upon the vast multitudes of Inca Indians converted from idolatry to Christianity to acquire an idea of what the Church has done in Latin America. Every hill and valley throughout that land bears testimony to Catholic missionary endeavor. Her universities, great and numerous, stand as living monuments of Catholic zeal for education.—Intermountain Catholic.

WORDS LEFT UNSAID

Somebody has said that half the sorrows of womankind could be prevented if they would leave unspoken the words they know it is useless to speak. By looking back on our own experience we can guess just what is included under their head: The nagging words, the fretful words, the words that are bitter and unkind. How many times we have resolved that we will never speak them again, only to find them escaping our lips—almost, it would seem, in spite of us. But after all, the prospect of cutting the sorrows of life right in two is worth an effort, and a protracted effort. It may take time, but in time anyone can learn this enormously important lesson. Some of the world's noted men, who in their youth were inflexible and fiery, going to pieces on the least provocation, have learned such self-control that even if abuse were showered on them, they could sit through it without the least betrayal of feeling.

Leave unsaid the words that are unkind, impatient, fretful or complaining. Forego the witty word or smart saying that will bring pain to some tender, sensitive heart. Avoid the tale bearer and scandal monger. Eschew the gossip, and never under

any circumstances leave a stain on a neighbor's good name or fair reputation by deliberate detraction.—Catholic Columbian.

THE INN THAT MISSED ITS CHANCE

(The landlord speaks—25 A. D.) What could be done? The inn was full of folk: His Honor, Marcus Lucius, and his scribes

Who made the census; honorable men From farthest Galilee, come hitherward To be enrolled; high ladies and their lords; The rich, the rabbis, such a noble throng As Bethlehem had never seen before, And may not see again. And there they were, Close herded with their servants, till the inn Was like a hive at swarming-time, and I Was fairly crazed among them.

Could I know That they were so important? Just the two, No servants, just a workman sort of man, Leading a donkey, and his wife thereon, Drooping and pale—I saw them not myself, My servants must have driven them away; But had I seen them, how was I to know?

Were inns to welcome stragglers, up and down? In all our towns from Beersheba to Dan, 'Till He should come? And how were men to know? There was a sign, they say, a heavenly light Resplendent; but I had no time for stars, And there were songs of angels in the air Out on the hills; but how was I to hear Amid the thousand clamors of an inn?

Of course, if I had known them, who they were, And who was He that should be born that night— For now I learn that they will make him King, A second David, who will ransom us from these Philistine Romans—who but He That feeds an army with a loaf of bread, And if a soldier falls, He touches him And up he leaps, uninjured?—had I known, I would have turned the whole inn upside down. His Honor, Marcus Lucius, and the rest, And sent them all to stables, had I known. So you have seen him, stranger, and perhaps Again will see him. Prithee say for me I did not know; and if he comes again, As he will surely come, with retinue, And banners, and an army, tell my lord That all my inn is his to make amends.

Alas, alas! to miss a chance like that! This inn that might be chief among them all, The birthplace of Messiah—had I known!

A "PRACTICAL" CATHOLIC

"One must have the heart of a child toward God, of a mother toward one's neighbor, and of a judge toward oneself." This was the counsel Père Henri Joyard, a distinguished Jesuit preacher who died a dozen years ago, used to give his hearers. The words admirably describe a practical Catholic who "lives" his religion. Little children's virtues are the very ones that best become God's servants. Their affection, innocence, lowliness, gratitude, docility, trustfulness and simplicity are what make children so dear to parents, and these are likewise the qualities of the Heavenly Father loves to find characterizing His older children in all their relations with Him. So in things of the soul a man's practical hold of amiable children's virtues can be made the measure of God's love for him.

CATERING TO THE PEWS

The rector of Trinity Episcopal Church in Newark, "a fashionable downtown church" of that city, was recently requested by members of his vestry to hand in his resignation. The invitation, he said, was due to his refusal to suppress passages in his sermons calculated to make sinners feel uncomfortable. Other reasons may likewise have existed, judging from the subjects of some of his sermons. The instructions which the minister claims were given him by the vestrymen of his church, afford an interesting illustration of what is likely to be expected to-day of clergymen outside the Catholic Church. The Newark minister thus pictures the situation:

"Not long ago I was deeply distressed by having a member of the vestry say, in a serious, friendly conversation, that his idea of running a church was that it should be run, to please the patrons. No one could run a successful grocery store, he told me, who let his private convictions interfere with his selling his patrons what they wanted, liquor or anything else. About the same time I was told by another member of the vestry that the plain indication on my part that I thought there were sinners in Trinity would give offense, and I was asked to strike out of a sermon that was to be published the clause in which the reference occurred. Somewhat later the same member, the dominating member of the vestry said to me as there were probably nine sinners to one saint in the church he thought that I ought to preach to please the sinners, to preach, that is, so as not to make them uncomfortable when they came to the church, not to irritate them."

Whatever the aberrations of the Newark rector may have been, he has touched upon a vital point. We hear

a great deal in the Protestant churches, as he says, of a God of infinite love whose justice is greatly ignored. "Yet this too must be infinite. We hear it said that hell is an old wives' tale, incompatible with belief in this good God. I tell you this God mentioned here is of recent man-made manufacture and never the Father of Jesus Christ, Our Lord." Sincere men are weary of the slurring and denial of essential truths. The Catholic Church offers to them the one safe refuge. Nothing is of greater importance, therefore, than that her Divine credentials be made known to the modern world, to enable men to see the one truly "evangelical" Church, in which alone the whole Gospel of Christ is preached without attenuation or respect of persons. The sermons heard in many non-Catholic churches seem to indicate that the instructions given the Newark vestrymen, though seldom so plainly expressed, are complied with frequently enough.—America.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS

With Protestant churches more generally surmounted by crosses: with a Protestant writer suggesting the carrying of crucifixes by Protestant soldiers; there has come a great change even in one generation. From the Western Christian Union this is taken:

"The Cross! The Cross! We are all right." "Some years ago a party of travelers were passing over the Swiss mountains. After they had gone a considerable way it began to snow heavily, and the oldest of the guides gravely shook his head and said, 'If the wind rises we are lost.' Scarcely had he spoken when a gale arose, the snow was whirled into multitudinous drifts, and all marks were obliterated. 'Cautiously they moved on, not knowing where they were, and almost giving themselves up for lost. At length one of the guides, who had gone a short way before them to search out the path, was heard shouting, 'The Cross! The Cross! We are all right.'"

"And what had the cross to do with it? It was one of those religious memorials which one so frequently meets in Roman Catholic countries, and this one, set up at first by some private individual for personal reasons, had become at length a well-known and easily recognized landmark for the traveler. Hence, the moment the guide saw it he knew where he was and what direction to take. "What was true of that symbol in their case is true in all instances of the thing which it signifies: for we may always know where we are when, with our eyes of faith, we can see Christ crucified."

A "PRACTICAL" CATHOLIC

"One must have the heart of a child toward God, of a mother toward one's neighbor, and of a judge toward oneself." This was the counsel Père Henri Joyard, a distinguished Jesuit preacher who died a dozen years ago, used to give his hearers. The words admirably describe a practical Catholic who "lives" his religion. Little children's virtues are the very ones that best become God's servants. Their affection, innocence, lowliness, gratitude, docility, trustfulness and simplicity are what make children so dear to parents, and these are likewise the qualities of the Heavenly Father loves to find characterizing His older children in all their relations with Him. So in things of the soul a man's practical hold of amiable children's virtues can be made the measure of God's love for him.

Being a "mother toward one's neighbor" is the second mark of the practical Catholic. It means a readiness to overlook in others, as does a mother in her children, defects and shortcomings, to interpose kind words and deeds charitably, to be as tender of a neighbor's fail and name and to be as kind to him as a mother is toward her little ones. Just as mothers, moreover, are always at their children's service, have ready for them whenever it is needed a word of counsel or comfort, and are glad to make sacrifices for them, in like manner our ideal Catholic's relations with his neighbor will be characterized by the motherly virtues of kindness, patience and self-sacrifice.

The third mark of the practical Catholic, according to Père Joyard, is the virtue of being a fair "judge toward oneself." That is difficult, because this judge, as a rule, is biased. He always enters court predisposed to favor the defendant. For that litigant's crimes and misdemeanors he easily finds a thousand extenuating circumstances, so compassionate the plaintiff, generally loses his case and has to pay the costs. Well has it been said, nevertheless, that "There is only one person in the world to whom I may always be severe, there is only one who richly deserves it, and that person is myself." But the Catholic whom self-will, self-seeking or self-love never keeps from practicing this salutary judicial severity toward himself is a practical Catholic indeed. "Who is he and we will praise him? For he has done wonderful things in his life."—America.

The grave is but a little hill, yet from it how small do the great affairs of life look; how great the small!

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1916

"HALT! WHO GOES THERE?"

Of the making of War-books there is no end. That, of course, is true of other books as well. Still there are always books worth reading; some, even about the War, are worth buying. A book is hardly worth reading if it is not worth reading twice. A book is not worth buying if it is not worth reading many times; if you may not go to it and find a page, a chapter that will inspire, console, stimulate, contradict; if, in short, it does not give out to the atmosphere of mind and heart that surrounds the living friend.

"Halt! Who Goes There?" is a war-book as its very martial title quite shamelessly proclaims. Yet if you gloat over the gruesome details of the carnage of the modern battlefield do not buy it. If you would gratify and justify your hatred of the "Huns"—not a soldier's vice but characteristic of the stay-at-homes—do not read it.

But if you are sore of heart and afflicted in spirit over the War, oppressed by the mystery of it, and would look reverently into the hearts and souls of some of the good men and women who have been a part of it; if you would understand something of the mystery; see, as in a glass darkly, the national soul in the individual; and glimpse the Divine purpose working itself out in nation and individual—then buy Wilfrid Meynell's "Halt! Who Goes There?"

In form it consists of pages from the diary of a widowed nursing sister, and letters from the trenches by the late Captain Owen Tudor, V. C.

Here is a passage which will give an idea of the matter and style of this remarkable little book: Captain Tudor is trying to understand "this England." Captain Shireburn is the last representative of an old English Catholic family.

"He," soliloquizes Owen, "a Roman Catholic, one of the components of this England, could at least tell me why he came to fight the battle of an officially Protestant country. Religion (I hold) lies at the heart of patriotism, and we have banned the Roman."

We shall have to pass over some delightful banter on Shireburn's part about the "facts that falsify phrases—'Freedom of Conscience,' 'Liberty of Thought.'"

"I, a Holy Roman, am yet right loyal to a Protestant King—God save him! But you—if he becomes a Roman Catholic: you bluster and threaten to turn your backs on him. . . . He can't be the most glorious thing in all the world (as I count it), and remain King."

Nor can he, we might add parenthetically, enjoy Freedom of Conscience or Liberty of Thought.

But we must positively skip a few pages sparkling with humor—good humor—of the discussion between the Protestant Tudor and the Catholic Shireburn. The latter continues:

"Well! say I'd fight with an added happiness, for a land firm in the Faith of my Fathers. Still, the Establishment of a Church, though not mine, seems right enough as a national recognition of religion. So I don't go about grouting because the Church of the majority is established here, and the Church of the majority in Scotland. But, by the way, the same rule doesn't apply to the Church of the majority in Ireland, a separate treatment that politicians somehow never spar over. Sorry to rub it in, Owen; but there's a fact again, again believing the phrase—you put Religious Liberty on your banners—and on your banners. But bother back, hands: I'm really out, as you know, for a hearty shake. 'This England' in a sense is not only the greatest Protestant and the greatest Mahometan but also the greatest Catholic power—a my heart and my sword at her service sir!"

"Think of it—the British Empire to-day holds as many Bishops in communion with Rome as sat at the whole Council of Trent. Think of it—there are as many English-speaking Catholics in the world now as Catholics in all Christendom at Christendom's flowering time—the time of the last Crusades. And, just as in Rome were more Jews than in

Jerusalem at the time of the Crucifixion, so now in London are more Catholic communicants on Sunday mornings than in Catholicism's own capital—in Papal Rome. Go to the great Missionary College at Mill Hill, and learn that Catholic England is moreover a mighty Gospeller to the heathen: the Superior General of that one single College will tell you quite simply that he has more than two hundred Fathers now out on their distant Missions. Ask Quebec, with all her old-time religious rights and privileges guaranteed to her under our flag, if she would change it. Ask Malta with its State Catholic Church. Ask Maynooth, the State-endowed nursery of the priesthood of a nation. Ask the oratorian at South Kensington, or the Jesuit at Farm Street, or the Carmelite in Kensington, and all will tell you that they fare better in Babylon than in their birth-lands, Italy and Spain. Ask, all England over, priests and nuns expelled from lands that ought to know better, ask for the name of the land of religious freedom. Ask the hundreds of Catholic Chaplains with the troops, officers of the King, maintained by his Treasury, or supplied by the Governments of Canada or Australia—martyrs to duty among them like Gwynn of the Irish Guards; men like Fahey, who gained the D. S. O. at Gallipoli. Ask any pious Catholic soldier of the King, with his prayer-book in his kit provided by the Government, as no Government of a nominally Catholic country so provides it. And, Owen, I don't even know where soldiers outside the British Empire demand it—and that's the cornerstone, in a way, of all my wordy structure. That belongs to the soul of 'This England.'"

Brendan O'Neal is an Irishman drawn with delicacy, sympathy and truth.

"War declared in Europe meant, he said, another war declared within himself, rooms were not roomy enough for him. He went out into the open and walked the Wicklow Hills.

"As he drank that keen mountain air, he seemed to see Ireland suddenly transformed into the little hill-country of Judea. Ireland's problem in relation to the British Empire merely repeated the problem of Jewry in relation to the Roman. A peasant couple passed him, on a high track, and in them he seemed to see a man and a woman. In ages long ago, travelling to a far town to be enumerated in the census of a mighty Empire, perhaps to be taxed the mere fancy came to him, to reduce some outstanding debt for the very expedition which added Britain to the Roman sway. And he thought of One born beneath Caesar's sway, a member of the subject race, who yet answered the challenger: 'Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's.' On His lips had sounded the praise of the Centurion; and to be content with their pay was His Apostle's one recorded counsel to those legionaries, emblems at once of Roman dominion and Roman protection—the Pax Romana which had closed for the nonce the doors of the Temple of Janus.

"And then Brendan thought of Ireland, of the peace she had enjoyed, the prosperity that was surely coming of her people firm planted on their soil, the old wrongs, uprooted. From where he stood, he could trace, miles out at sea, the smoky trail of a war-ship—the sign that England stood sentry. The British navy—Ireland's sure shield! To the Gael of today, the hill-side winds seemed to resound 'Render unto Caesar.' The similarities of the two countries in their respective relations to the great external Temporal Power, the applicability of that spoken word to the present path of duty for an Irishman took him like trumpets, struck him like swords. He had decided his duty, and dedicated himself to it, before he slept. Even so, all that night he could hear in his dreams Belgium waiting to him like a woman."

In another place Brendan says: "So measure by the story of Irish martyrdom the immensity of Irish magnanimity, and count it among the assets of Christianity."

Lengthy as are the extracts given they do not give an adequate idea of the wholesome and healing influence of Mr. Meynell's contribution to the literature of the War. McLellan and Goodchild, Toronto, are the Canadian publishers.

THE MURDER OF SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON

F. Sheehy-Skeffington was a prominent Dublin journalist who took no part in the late rebellion. On April 25th, while going about unarmed and helping to repress looting by the mob—not the rebels,—he was arrested and either that night or early the next morning he was "executed without trial"—murdered in cold blood—days before Martial Law was in force.

John Dillon in his great speech, May 11th, after reading Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington's statements, which we re-publish elsewhere, made this modest demand:

"I make this appeal to the Government. I do not want to embitter this matter by any charges against officers. I do not wish to mention any names, but I think the Prime

Minister will readily admit that nothing but a public inquiry is demanded as a matter of elementary justice to this unhappy lady for the cruel injury which has been inflicted upon her. To tell us there will be a court-martial which, of course, will be secret, and that we may be sure justice will be done, is really an outrage upon every principle of fair play."

This appeal would be modest enough in Russia, in Turkey—or even in Germany.

A month later we have a secret court-martial at which Captain Bowen-Colthurst is found guilty of murder—and insane at the time.

As we write the papers have the following despatch:

"London, June 16.—The lawyer for Mrs. F. Sheehy-Skeffington, widow of the editor of The Irish Citizen, who was executed without trial during the recent Irish uprising, has written to Premier Asquith that his client is profoundly dissatisfied with the findings of the court-martial and is urgently pressing for a public inquiry. The court-martial found Capt. Bowen-Colthurst, of the Royal Irish Rifles, who ordered the execution of Skeffington, and two other journalists, named Dickson and McIntyre, guilty of murder, but held that, he was insane at the time the acts were committed."

"Mrs. Skeffington's lawyer says important facts were not revealed at the court-martial. He makes new charges against Capt. Colthurst and specifies a witness whom he wishes to have called."

"Executed without trial" is a euphemism for murder is callous and contemptible.

Dare Mr. Asquith or the Government condone this whole hideous business by refusing a public enquiry? Even the Christian Guardian, with its no undue sympathy for the Irish, and presumably no knowledge of the situation beyond that furnished by the bare references in press despatches, is shocked:

"The trial of Capt. Bowen-Colthurst for the murder of F. S. Skeffington, editor of the Irish Citizen, has brought to light the startling fact that this British officer had actually had three men shot in cold blood without a trial. The claim is now made that he was not responsible for his actions, but it cannot be struck the public that it is pretty late in the day to discover this fact. The captain may be acquitted on the plea of irresponsibility, but it cannot be doubted that if anything were needed to settle the fate of the former Dublin Regime this awful act of Capt. Bowen-Colthurst would surely prove sufficient."

This editorial comment of The Guardian helps us to hope that the honest indignation of honest Englishmen will force official England to grant a public inquiry into this atrocious crime, martial law or no martial law.

THE HONORABLE J. J. FOY

After a lengthy illness the Honorable James Joseph Foy, former Attorney-General of Ontario, died last week in Toronto.

Mr. Foy was the Catholic representative in the Ontario Cabinet from the time of his party's coming into power in 1905 until ill-health incapacitated him for the active duties of public office; he remained, however, a member of the government, without portfolio, until his death.

Mr. Foy was educated in St. Michael's College and in Ushaw College, England. He was called to the Bar in 1871 at the age of twenty-four; ten years later he was elected a Member of the Law Society and in 1888 was created a Q. C.

It speaks well both for Mr. Foy and for Protestant Toronto that he was elected five times successively for a Toronto constituency.

The Globe pays this generous and deserved tribute to an old political opponent:

"It falls to the fate of few public men to have so many personal friends and so few personal enemies, as the late Mr. J. J. Foy. The explanation is, in part at least, that while he had real ability, it was of the unobtrusive sort, and that his kindness of heart and gentleness of manner were so obviously uncalculated that it was easy for him to disarm an opponent or at least ward off an attack. Somewhat late in life he entered the political arena, for which he was handicapped by lack of both physical strength and robustness of temperament. He would have adorned the Bench, and it was generally expected that he would have been appointed to a Superior Court Judgeship, if he had cared to signify a willingness to accept one. It was currently believed, while he was still a member of the Conservative Opposition, that he declined such an offer through fear of weakening his leader, the late Sir James Whitney. The personal bond between the two men was one of genuine friendship quite as much as political association, and they had in common a strong element of the chivalrous that tended to keep them inseparable."

Premier Hearst in the course of his reference to his old friend and colleague said:

"Mr. Foy was recognized as a man of ripe and wise judgment, of most kindly nature, of sterling integrity and of unwavering devotion to the public interest. As the counsellor and friend of his late leader, Sir James Whitney, alike in prosperity and adversity, Mr. Foy did splendid service to the public."

A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY

It appears that in March, Sir Sam Hughes wrote a letter to Lord Kitchener expressing the views of Canadian officers at the front as to the wisdom of holding, at great cost in Canadian lives, the Ypres salient, and suggesting that the lines here be straightened. "They (the Canadian officers) maintain, also, that they will be under fire practically two sides or, in fact, three sides most of the time. . . . They point out, too, that in building their new trenches—if the present lines are followed—it must be done practically in the open and under fire and will entail great and unnecessary sacrifice."

The Minister concludes thus: "I do not know whether or not your attention has been drawn to this fact, but there can be no harm in making a suggestion. I presume, however, the whole matter rests with our mutual friend, Sir Douglas Haig."

"Hoping you will kindly give this matter consideration, or submit it to Sir Douglas Haig for consideration."

This letter is dated March 24th, 1916. On the night of the 23rd of May, 1916, Mr. Winston Churchill made a very impressive speech in the British House of Commons. His speech was frankly critical; but as a press despatch remarks: "His criticisms attracted attention because they were not merely destructive—they contained many elements of constructive policy."

It is, however, to this one point we wish to direct attention:

"In the course of his speech Mr. Churchill made special reference to a point which has been the subject of much discussion in London. It was that, was largely one of attrition, England should continue to hold indefinitely positions of no vital consequence where her men were at an utter disadvantage, and where, owing to the superior observation and positions of the enemy's artillery, the proportion of Britain's daily losses was very much higher than that of the enemy."

"The reference was, of course, to the Ypres salient."

So it appears that the point raised by Sir Sam a month previously was "a subject of much discussion in London."

It is evident that the former First Lord of the Admiralty, who had just returned from active service on the firing line, agreed absolutely with the view of the Canadian officers on the spot, and that he expressed himself publicly in much more vigorous terms than those used by the Canadian Minister of Militia in his very courteous private letter conveying the views of Canadian officers to the Minister of War.

With no desire to influence or offend political partisans we thought it well to place these two views in juxtaposition that our readers may form their own opinions of the attempts of a section of our press to hold up to ridicule the Minister of Militia as a megalomaniac war lord second only to the caricatured Kaiser himself.

Can we not be honest political partisans for honest political reasons? Or must loyalty to party be so interpreted as to justify such indecent and pitiful misrepresentation of every prominent man in the public service whose party affiliations place him amongst our political opponents.

I GO A FISHING

This is not an intimation that we are about to take our holidays. It is a text from the last chapter of the Gospel of St. John. The speaker was the Prince of the Apostles. The company consisted of Thomas and Nathanael, the sons of Zebedee, and two other disciples. The occasion was the eve of that memorable day, when at sunrise on the shore of the Sea of Tiberias, Christ gave to St. Peter the commission to feed His lambs and to feed His sheep. The incident reveals a very human trait in that very human man, whom Christ honored with the primacy of jurisdiction and the primacy of honor in His Church. St. Peter said to his companions, "I go a fishing," and they replied, "We also come with Thee," and the context adds: "That night they caught nothing." We might remark here,

in passing, that this is one of the few authentic fish stories and speaks well for the veracity of the Apostles.

"Behold we have left all things and have followed thee. What therefore shall we have?" said St. Peter to Our Lord, when he heard Him promise a treasure in heaven to the rich young man, if he would sell his goods, give the money to the poor and follow Him. The critics of St. Peter have tried to belittle the sacrifice that he made in accepting the Apostolate. They have stigmatized these words of his as boastful and presumptuous. "What did he leave," said they, "but some nets and a couple of old boats." St. Jerome answered them by pointing out that he sacrifices much, who sacrifices all he has. If this able apologist had, in his youth, hidden his fishing pole under a Juniper bush or had waded out into the rapids to cast his line into an open water, he could have strengthened his argument, he could have shown them that there are other things, that it costs more to sacrifice, than wealth.

We have often wondered if it was a mere coincidence, that so many of the apostles were fishermen, or if the calling afforded some inherent adaptability for the apostolate.

Certainly the picture of a person, sitting for hours watching a line in the water, is indicative of hope and faith—but not exactly of divine faith. Sometimes it even suggests the supernatural, as was the case with the boy who was asked, "Would it be a crime if I caught a fish in this stream?" "No," replied the lad, "it would be a miracle." Jest aside, we suppose that it was because so many of His apostles and disciples were fishermen, Our Lord referred so frequently to their calling in His parables. Or it may be that their occupation, in some way, fitted them to be "fishers of men" and predisposed their chief for the office of "Pilot of the Bark of Peter," making his seal the emblem of orthodoxy. It is very significant that the fish, as a symbol, played an important part in the crude decorative art of the Catacombs. The Greek word for fish "Ichthus," of which the motto I. H. S., so familiar to us, is an abbreviation, stood for a brief profession of faith among the early Christians, forming, as it did, the initial letters of the Greek words, which translated would read, "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour." In the early centuries of the Church, the picture of a fish was painted on baptismal fonts, signifying in the words of Tertullian that "We little fishes after the image of our Ichthus (Jesus Christ) are born in water."

It was also used as a symbol of the Eucharist, no doubt in reference to the preparatory miracle of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes.

Apart from these considerations, there is much about the lives of fishermen, especially of those who go down to the sea in ships, that fosters religion. They are so dependent upon wind and weather, so often exposed to danger, and so closely associated with the manifestations of God's Omnipotence, that there is engendered in them a humble, child-like, confiding faith. No doubt St. Peter and his sainted companions of the Sea of Galilee intercede in heaven especially for those that follow that calling, which had for them, when on earth, so many attractions. Be that as it may, it is interesting to note how remarkable for the simplicity of their faith are the men of our day, who let down their nets for a catch. Pasteur, the great French scientist, has extolled the faith of the fishermen of Brittany. Coming further west to that island, whose greatest glory is that she has suffered for centuries for her Catholicity, and has allowed no heresy to take root in her soil, we will possibly find—and we wish with all due deference to Wexford and Tipperary—that the star of faith shines brightest on the western coast, among

"The fisher-folk of Donegal. Kindly of heart and strong of arm, Who plough the ocean's treacherous farm."

Where in Canada will you find a more lively and orthodox faith, a faith that manifests itself in higher ideals and more magnificent accomplishments for the Church, than among the Irish and especially Scotch people who know the fishing banks off the coast of Newfoundland and the Maritime provinces? It might not be safe to carry our comparison farther west; but is it not true that, in Ontario, the Catholic settlements are, for the most part, close to the banks of our rivers and the shores of our lakes? Many reasons, we know, can be given for this and we

do not wish to be understood as attaching any mystic significance to it. The fact nevertheless remains.

There comes to our mind a picture of broad and monotonous acres, of massive barns emblematic of material prosperity, and of homes wherein a fish is never needed for Friday, and if it were, would have to be imported. As a contrast to this we recall a scene in which the joyous festivities of a shore dinner are associated with the spire and cross that proclaim the faith of the fathers of the village who sleep beneath the grassy slope, that stretches down to the water's edge, awaiting the resurrection morn.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

News comes from Britain that the movement of troops to France has been greatly accelerated since the naval action in the North Sea. That engagement proved that the Germans had no 17-inch guns, no new super-Dreadnoughts with which the Admiralty was unfamiliar, and no new methods of maritime warfare. An invasion of Great Britain, backed by the German High Seas fleet, as it appeared in its full strength in the battle of Skagerrack, is now recognized as an impossibility, and many thousands of men who have been on garrison duty in the United Kingdom are being transferred to the front in France and Flanders. It is generally believed that on the British front, and in cantonments behind it, there are not less than 1,800,000 men, whereas the Germans have not more than 800,000 on the same portion of the battle-line. The half-million British troops in excess of Germany's total will form a formidable striking force should General Joffre determine that the time has come to use it. The recovery of the Lens coal field and of the Lille textile region will almost certainly be the objective of the British, if, as is generally believed in London, an advance is shortly to be undertaken.

The approximate total of the Russian captures during Thursday's operations was 100 officers and 14,000 men. The grand total for less than two weeks is about 166,500—and the Austrians are still on the run. The heaviest fighting at the moment is taking place in Galicia, west of the Lower Stripa. There the Austrians have been reinforced by German troops, who are trying to interpose an effective barrier between the advancing Slavs and Lemberg. The centre of this battle is northwest of Buczacz, and Petrograd states that the struggle continues unceasingly. When last night's report was compiled the Russians had captured on this part of the front 6,000 prisoners. The Russian pressure here will be added to when the army that has driven the Austrians out of Northern Bukovina progresses as far west as Kolomea and begins to strike at the railways which feed and supply the Austro-Germans along the Lower Stripa. An Austrian report claims a repulse of the Russian cavalry south of the Dniester, and on the Stripa the capture of 400 Russians.

There was relative calm all along the British and French fronts yesterday. No infantry actions occurred, and even artillery activity was intermittent. The German guns directed a heavy fire against the Loos salient and upon the British trenches east of Zillebeke, which are presumably still manned by the Canadians. Reports from London indicate that the ground recovered recently is so saturated with water that it is impossible to construct safe trenches upon it. The line may be withdrawn voluntarily at this point to more favorable ground.

Italian official reports are now absolutely reassuring. Rome begins to speak of "the vain and bloody efforts to break through our resistance, which is now thoroughly consolidated on the whole front." The attempted invasion of Venetia must be added to the dash for Paris, the attempt to hack a way to Calais, the Verdun drive and other unsuccessful efforts of the German General Staff to strike a decisive blow. The Austrian assaults on the Asiago plateau during the past few days have brought no gain of territory, and the retreating enemy has left piles of dead in front of the Italian positions. In the Lagarina Valley also desperate hand-to-hand fighting resulted in the routing of the Austrians. The heart has gone out of their offensive.—Globe, June 17.

WHERE TO FIND ALL THE TRUTH

When Protestants left the old Church centuries ago they carried much with them. They left much more behind them. And this we would give them back, says the Baltimore Catholic Review. One Catholic truth or another is professed by some Protestant sect. And if they would all unite and profess them all together, they would all be Catholic. In the Catholic Church they would find nothing lacking to make their happiness complete. To all of them we would repeat what we only to-day read about the saying of a Baptist minister to a brother he was trying to convert: "Come, all you," and be baptized. "But Ah've been baptized by the Presbyterians," said Rastus. "Lo'd!" cried the Baptist minister, "yo' only been dry cleaned."

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

BLUNDERS OF MILITARY RULE; ENHANCE IRISH DIFFICULTY

LLOYD GEORGE THE MEDIATOR AND THE IRISH LEADERS
Special Cable to the CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1916, Central News)

London, June 17.—Ireland pauses before making the most momentous decision of her history. I believe the decision will be ultimately in favor of Mr. Lloyd George's proposals, but there is room for much doubt. The chief difficulty is not the nature of the proposals. The Ulster Nationalist minority, living under oppressive conditions, are the most vehement, energetic and united Nationalists in all Ireland. They resent bitterly the separation of any portion of their province from the glories and protection of a Home Rule Parliament.

The difficulty comes from the blunders of the military, especially from the number of executions. In my brief visit in Dublin I found this bitterness of feeling more widespread, deeper, and fiercer than we in England could realize; and as a result of a rebellion which nine out of ten Irish Nationalists disapproved even execrated as fatal to Ireland's chance of final liberty, there is now found a great wave of pity for the men executed. Wholesale arrests of men absolutely loyal to Mr. Redmond and Mr. Redmond's policies, created a similar though not as fierce exasperation in other parts of the country.

It is difficult to get calm consideration for any proposition in such an atmosphere.

In addition, all the enemies of Home Rule and the Irish Party are attempting to kill a settlement in order to kill Home Rule and the Irish Party. Their campaigning is ferocious, unscrupulous and mendacious. But the alternatives are now clearly before the Irish people. They are, first, immediate liberty with a Home Rule Parliament and a Home Rule Ministry for twenty-six out of thirty-two Irish counties with the certainty that in time the other six will be drawn in by economic causes. The other alternative is the continuation of the military regime with coercion, bloodshed and anarchy for perhaps another generation. I trust the instinct of my race to make the one wise choice between such alternatives.

The negotiators to whom was entrusted the great attempt to settle the Irish question, had as big and as difficult a job as any body of men that ever had to help in the decision of a long outstanding quarrel. Some words may be welcome with regard to the main figures in this remarkable enterprise.

Lloyd George is at once the most energetic and vehement of fighters and the most indefatigable and successful of place negotiators. His first great success indeed in official life was in preventing a disastrous railway strike which would have field up all the trade of the country and perhaps led to bloodshed. He took the bold step of interviewing everybody; he did not attempt to bring the railway directors and the labor leaders into the same room, but he had them in adjoining rooms, and he passed from one room to the other. He was vocal and he was silent just as the exigencies demanded.

Lloyd George has a great advantage in playing his present part being on equally good terms with all the parties to the transaction. The Nationalists have always regarded him as one of themselves, partly because he is a Celt, partly because he has fought so strongly for the National principle in his own little country. On the other hand, there is no man who is in more thorough agreement with him on the war than Sir Edward Carson. When Carson left the Cabinet he proclaimed loudly that the one man in the Cabinet was Lloyd George. It was a little unfair to the other members of the Cabinet—Lloyd George himself would say it vehemently—I only give it as showing the terms between the two men. And in Ulster generally, the undoubted Protestantism of the great Welsh Nonconformist frees from any suspicion of leanings towards that church which is still so dreaded and hated by the typical Orangeman. Lloyd George has in negotiation one quality for which he does not get credit. An impulsive man with great capacity for defiant temper if he is attacked, he exhibits infinite patience, and if too serious and the emotions too deep for smooth words—he gives a gentle smile. The brilliant eyes become soft and he says just the right soft word to turn away wrath. The only thing he said once in reply to a hot address was: "Now, really, you must give me a chance." It had an instantaneous effect.

Sir Edward Carson is also complex. In exterior and in public there is no grimmer figure in the House of Commons. Tall, rather slight, with a hatchet face, a high forehead, clean-shaven, black in hair, black in expression, he might pass for one of those ruthless squires of the close of the eighteenth century who helped Castlereagh first to put down the rebellion and then to destroy the Parliament. How daring and desperate he can be was proved by his organization of the threatened rebellion in Ulster, when he critically risked his life and abandoned a great position and a princely income. Yet this dour spirit is in private a charming, good-tempered man, with the soft Irish accent of Dublin, and much

fonder of friendly than unfriendly words to even a political opponent.

Once he and Mr. Redmond went together to the Speaker's House at Westminster to see if there was a possibility of a deal just after the outbreak of the war.

Strong in purpose, Carson is and always has been weak in health.

Colonel Craig, who is undoubtedly one of the most powerful figures on the Unionist side seemed even more unpromising material for friendly negotiations than Sir Edward Carson.

Joseph Devlin in some respects resembles James Craig more than any of his colleagues among the Nationalist representatives.

On the window sill of the little room which this plucky woman now calls home is a flower pot and in the pot there is a fast-growing sprig of ivy from the home of Kitchener in Broome, England.

Redmond and Dillon are too well known to require elaborate description. The two men are about as opposite in temperament, in physique, and in manner as two strong Irish Nationalists could be.

Dillon is from Connaught—the most typically Irish part of Ireland. Yet he might well pass for an Italian—especially when he was a young man.

Speaking of the South African war, Kitchener was in Egypt, as you know, when that war broke.

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K. OF K.

INTERESTING SIDELIGHT ON THE GREAT WAR LORD'S CHARACTER

In a little room on the fourth floor of an old-fashioned New York residence in the lower west side section of New York an English woman, the daughter of a British General, and the widow of one of Kitchener's trusted lieutenants, talked yesterday of "K. of K."

In England, as in other nations involved in the present war, the pensions of those who are cared for because of their own or their providers' services in previous wars have ceased for the period of the war.

That is the reason of the presence in New York of this woman. She has a little business here, and is working hard to make both ends meet while Britain and the allies fight their battles.

Her husband, a Major, was killed in India ten years ago, while taking part in a punitive expedition in the northern part of that empire.

ON THE WINDOW SILL OF THE little room which this plucky woman now calls home is a flower pot and in the pot there is a fast-growing sprig of ivy from the home of Kitchener in Broome, England.

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THE THORNTON-SMITH CO.

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aged fifty-three years, probably at Stratford for there he is buried and hath a monument on which he lays a heavy curse upon any who shall remove his bones. He died a Papist.

REVERENCE

"Of all the religions," says Bayard Taylor, a famous world traveler, "the most reverent I have ever seen is the Roman Catholic."

"In reverence is the chief joy and power of life—reverence for what is true and tried in the age of others; for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead, and marvelous in the powers that cannot die."

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Dec. 11, 1915. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD:

It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going. I am glad when I see that amount contributed in the RECORD, but when it is less I am sad to see my little reserve sum diminished and the catastrophe arriving when I must close my chapels, discharge my catechists and reduce my expenses to the few dollars coming in weekly.

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary. J. M. FRASER

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes entries like 'Previously acknowledged', 'Jer. Sullivan, Brent's Cove', 'A Friend, St. Peter's Bay Station', etc.

CAUSTIC CRITICISM

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS VS. THE SOCIAL SERVICE SERMON

London Free Press

Editor Free Press:—The Anglican Synod is about to meet in London and I suppose there will be the usual discussions and resolutions on what is miscalled the "temperance question."

Whether the synod passes the resolution I speak of or not the Ten Commandments as delivered by God to Moses are practically a dead letter at the present time.

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LITTLE THINGS AND HEALTH

By Dr. J. J. Walsh in America

The United States Public Health Service, the Bureau of the National Government which has charge of the enforcement of sanitary regulations so as to prevent epidemic disease, has recently been insisting on the importance of preventing the multiplication of flies, mosquitoes, and certain other insects at this season of the year.

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HE DIED A PAPIST

The Ave Maria says: "The celebration of Shakespeare's tercentenary is sure to revive the dispute about his religion. However difficult it may be to prove conclusively that he was a Catholic, it is still more so to prove that he was not.

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The Benefits of Life Insurance

No Better Statement

Than this of the true purpose of Life Insurance has ever been issued

The impelling motive for taking out a policy is the same now as it was in Simpson's day, but the facilities are greater.

Are you "extending the benefit of your present income" to your family? If not, you are to blame for neglecting to shield them from the chance of "extreme poverty and distress."

Send us your date of birth. We can fit you with a policy.

Licensed by Dominion Government—Premiums cannot be raised once policy issued. Surrender and Loan Values in the contract.

Capital Life Assurance Company of Canada

Capital Trust Corporation, Limited

Authorized Capital \$2,000,000.00

No Man Can Foresee Accidents

Which may occur to any one of us. If you appoint the Capital Trust Corporation the executor of your Will you provide for the efficient administration of your estate and guard against a change of executors through death, accident or sickness.

Our Booklet, entitled "The Will That Really Provides" is instructive. Write for a copy.

Offices: 10 Metcalf St., Ottawa, Ont. Managing Director: B. G. Connolly. Assistant Manager: E. T. B. Pennefather. Our Booklet, entitled "The Will That Really Provides," sent on Request

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. N. M. REDMOND
SECOND SUNDAY AFTER
PENTECOST
THE EUCHARISTIC SUPPER

"A certain man made a great supper." (Luke xiv. 16.)
The word supper as used here has two significations. It has reference to the everlasting banquet which God has prepared in heaven, where, as the Scripture tells us, the souls of all who die in the Lord are "inherited with the plenty of God's house."

A banquet must be truly great when even God Himself could not give a greater. A gift surpasses all value when God cannot draw from the treasury of His infinite riches one more valuable. A means of gaining the hearts of Christians to the love of God, and a true preparation for the everlasting banquet must be infinite when it took infinite wisdom to devise it, and when more efficient. Such is the supper, the gift, the means given by our Blessed Lord in the most Holy Eucharist.

"In this banquet," says the Council of Trent, "God pours all the richness of His love into the human soul." Can we not, then, with just reason call it a great supper?
Oh, what love our blessed Lord displayed in giving us this supper! We are amazed, and justly, too, at what His love for man induced Him to do when He assumed human nature, when He took upon Himself, as the Scripture has it, the form of a servant, and submitted Himself to a life of poverty and deprivation, and finally underwent the cruel and humiliating ordeal of His passion and death. But even in all this, His love has not displayed its most striking grandeur, or furnished us with its greatest subject for astonishment. In assuming human nature, He but concealed the splendor of His divinity under the veil of His most sacred humanity. He retained the form of a reasonable being. But in the most Holy Eucharist He conceals not only the splendor of His divinity, but also His rationality, all the prerogatives of His most perfect and sacred humanity under the sacred species of bread and wine—He assumes the form of a being without reason and life. The first He did that He might live among us as the God-man, that He might instruct us as the God-man, that He might suffer for us as the God-man, and finally, that He might die for us as the God-man. But this He has done, that we may have the souls of His body and blood, and consequently be as intimately united to Him as is possible for a creature in this world to be to His Creator. "He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood, abideth in Me and I in him." The ardent longing of His most Sacred Heart to banquet the souls of men at such infinite expense to Himself, He expressed when He said to His apostles the night before His passion, "With longing have I desired to eat of this passover with you." Twice before had He eaten the passover with His disciples, but that was only an empty figure of this. Hence He did not say the passover, but this passover wherein before He suffered. He presented them with the real, immaculate Lamb that takes away the sins of the world.

So far we have but in a cursory way given our thoughts to the love displayed by our Lord in putting Himself under the sacred species. But to have a more full idea of the extent of His love in instituting the Sacrament of the Eucharist, we must not forget that every tittle of the circumstance of the future was in His adorable mind. Neither should we forget what an obstacle to liberality and bounty notorious ingratitude is, because on the one side it was so calculated to provoke, and on the other to render unworthy even of the smallest favors. Imagine, then, if you can, the extent of our Lord's love for us when with the future history of the children of men before Him, on every page of which were recorded the mountains of ingratitude that would be His recompense. He prepared for us the Eucharistic banquet. What but the infinite love of a God could surmount such a provoking obstacle? At the hallowed moment in which He was engaged in this prodigy of love, which St. Thomas calls "an abridgment of all the wonders He ever wrought," He saw His own chosen people convened in council to swear away His life; He perceived the wicked design in the heart of Judas, who would be one of the first to partake of the divine banquet, and with the body and blood of his divine Benefactor in his stomach, would go forth and sell and betray Him for "thirty pieces of silver." He had in His Divine mind that thousands of Christians, for even less than thirty pieces of silver, would be guilty of the same horrid sacrilege, by cruelly and shamefully leading Him to the very feet of the devil, to be laughed to scorn by that wicked fiend. This they do when they receive Holy Communion in a state of mortal sin. Clear to Him, was it, that the greatest part of mankind would utterly disown the favor, and remain incredulous, and that by bestowing this favor on mankind, He would expose His sacred person to innumerable outrages and affronts, and make them the recipients of the richest gifts of His love, which by far the greater number of every gen-

FAITHFUL, would become members of societies affiliated with the C. T. A. U. of A. If the lightest word of one bishop is weighty, what should not be the gravity of that of the whole hierarchy of the United States and of two such pontiffs as Leo XIII. and Pius X.?

It is hardly correct, then, to publish to the world that "despite the fact that we all deplore the evils of drink, we (Catholics) are yet unable to agree as to the solution" of the question. Better delete that telltale "unable," unless it is a misprint for "unwilling," for the bishops of the country gave us a clue by which we should have been enabled to agree on the solution thirty years ago. I, for one, will not allow the statement to go before the world uncontroverted, that Catholics are yet unable to agree as to the solution of the liquor question—that the bishops, pointed out by the Holy Ghost as having placed the Church of God, and whom all are told to hear, and to whom many have made a solemn promise to obey and reverence, have left us in doubt as to what we should do in regard to evils so very grave as drunkenness and what leads to it.

If we have not yet agreed, and if there is still a woeful lack of unity among us, it is not because we are or have been unable to agree, but because too many have been unwilling to follow the lead pointed out by the Council and the Supreme Pontiffs. Where there is a will, there is a way; and where there is a way, there should be the will. With the way open these thirty years, and the hierarchy's hand pointing it all the while is it any wonder there are evils of drink to deplore, when their directing hand has not been regarded? Let Easter morn not only see every one of us agreed as to what should be done, but also determined soon to be busily working in union—in the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America—at the solution of the deplorable problem.—St. Paul Bulletin.

TEMPERANCE

DEFINITION OF A DRUNKARD

A writer in a late Catholic magazine says that the present would seem to be an excellent time to take up the subject of prohibition with special reference to the attitude which a priest should take on it, writes Father Lambing in the Pittsburgh Observer. It is a pity, he continues, that, despite the fact that we all deplore the evils of drink, we are yet unable to agree as to the solution, and thereby present a woeful lack of unity. The evils of drink all follow from its intemperate use; and there is a deplorable lack of unanimity as to what constitutes its intemperate use. Another late writer says that a drunkard is one who frequently gets drunk; doing so once or twice a week would probably (I should say positively) constitute a sufficient claim to the title. On the other hand, I remember a judge somewhere in this country giving as his decision that a man who gets drunk once a month is an habitual drunkard. So it is not only among ourselves that a woeful lack of unity on the subject exists.

But the attitude which we ought to take on the subject of prohibition, as on any other subject, is that indicated by the teaching of the Church. Now, she has not spoken directly on the subject of prohibition but she has on that of intemperance in drink, and on drunkenness. So if we "present a woeful lack of unity" as to the solution of the drink question, it should not be because "we are yet unable to agree as to the solution." If all those who deplore the evils of drink were to follow the admonitions of the Church, they should not, I think, be unable to agree as to what is to be done. Then let them do what they think others ought to do, and the reform will be at once inaugurated in fact, not in name. Leo XIII. wrote twenty-nine years ago: "We esteem worthy of all commendation the noble resolve of your pious associations" (the C. T. A. U. of A. and its affiliated societies) "by which they pledge themselves to abstain totally from every kind of intoxicating drink. . . . Nor can it be at all doubted that this determination is the proper and the truly efficacious remedy for this very great evil; and that so much the more strongly will all be induced to put this bridle upon appetite, by how much the greater are the dignity and influence of those who give the example. But the greatest of all in this matter should be the zeal of the priests, who, as they are called to instruct the people in the word of life and to mould them to Christian morality, should also, and above all, walk before them in the practice of virtue. Let pastors, therefore, do their best to drive the plague of intemperance from the fold of Christ, by assiduous preaching and exhortation, and shine before all as models of abstinence." The Fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore had already called upon pastors "never to cease to cry out boldly against drunkenness and whatsoever leads to it," and "to induce all of their flock that may be engaged in the sale of liquors to abandon as soon as they can the dangerous traffic." This should, at least, almost enable us to agree on the anti-saloon movement as the solution of the question, if we wanted to. And Pius X. expressed the hope that bishops, priests and men of religious orders, and the rest of the

CONFESSION. From the Sunday pulpit and in the classroom instruction the priest and the teacher may expound the principles of right living, may warn against vice and strive to make virtue attractive, yet it is clear that such instruction must of necessity be general in scope and it is left to the individual to apply the matter to himself. But when a child, after being properly instructed as to the nature, effects and manner of making a good 'confession' goes to that tribunal to reveal the sins of which he has been guilty and the secrets of his conscience which on examination has shown to himself, then is the favorable moment for the priest to give specific advice. He and the speaker are alone, and admonition, exhortation, warning and instruction reach the soul as they never could under other circumstances. The potentialities of the sacrament for the eradication of evil, the implantation of the seeds of virtue are beyond all human power to express.

This practice of confession is begun as soon as the child can distinguish between right and wrong; at the same time there comes in conjunction with confession the reception of the Holy Eucharist, when the child, according to Catholic teaching, enters into personal union with God.

EXPERIENCE OF THIRTY YEARS

"After a personal experience of over thirty years in dealing with children in this most sacred and intimate relation, I can testify to the marvelous power thus given in the majority of cases to the development of a right conscience, a virtuous life and a reliable character. Parents, too, even where they themselves have become neglectful of these duties, show the greatest eagerness to have their little ones admitted to these sacraments, and are most anxious that they go regularly and frequently to them. Those in charge of our institutions bear witness to the immediate change in the inmates for the better when the practice of confession is begun on this point. I may quote the invaluable testimony of Reverend Mother Katharine Drexel, daughter of the late Francis Drexel, of Philadelphia, who, as is well known, has devoted her life and fortune to the education of negroes and Indians, in which work she has been joined by many earnest and self-sacrificing women. These ladies are absolutely unreserved in their statement that the most efficient means whereby their wards are rendered obedient, docile and earnest in their endeavors for good is the sacrament I have spoken of. That such results must follow its practice is clear if one remembers that confession is no mere external ceremony, no act of lip service, but a humble, candid acknowledgment of evil doing accompanied by sincere sorrow and a firm resolution of amendment, into which must enter the determination to repair any injury done to another in his person, property or reputation."—The Catholic Transcript.

INFECTED MAGAZINES

In a paper on "Magazine Deterioration" contributed by Mr. Frederick W. Faxon to the May Bulletin of Bibliography, he deplores the general lowering of the popular magazine standards, "that is a noticeable development of the present time. He writes: Within the last three years an ever-increasing mass of trashy and oftentimes debasing 'literature' has appeared in news magazines. In fact we see two types of story periodicals on all our news-stands today—the poorly written, colorless story, and the 'high-life' or 'breezy' kind. We are now on the crest of this flood, and our better magazines begin to show its deleterious tendencies. (There is an) enormous output of story-magazines at 10 cents and 15 cents a copy, which flaunt their 'girlie covers' on news-stands east and west, north and south. A flood of stories cheap, and many worse than cheap, fed to a public that is not reached by the public library. These and the moving-picture magazines seem to the casual observer to be the only periodicals on sale. It is possible the moving-picture craze has caused the decline of the magazine. These pernicious monthlies are bought by the thousands, as the tons in the second-hand shops will testify. In a large proportion of the magazines 'everybody is reading' nowadays, the leading stories are those euphemistically styled the "ginger," "snappy," "breezy," or "pepper" type; in other words, stories that are written on purpose to minister to their readers' passion of lust. Carried by the mails to the remotest villages of the land, these vile magazines are openly displayed on the newsstands and are eagerly read by boys and girls whose hearts and minds are thus permanently stained. As there seems to be no effective way of preventing the circulation and sale of this pernicious literature, parents must ceaselessly strive to keep their children from reading it and it should be rigorously excluded from the home.—America.

ABLE TO KEEP

Probably not since the Napoleonic times has the political world been more deeply shaken than precisely at the present moment. The air is rent everywhere with the din of war or the rumors of war. The greater part of Europe has been for the last months a veritable slaughter-house of humanity. Whole nations have been dispossessed of their native soil and wiped out as national entities. Those Irishmen who have not gone to war, deeming it to be the province of the freemen to strike a blow for the freedom lawfully claimed by their fathers for centuries, have seen revolution stalk forth from hearths and firesides. The silent Oriental, and the inscrutable Indian, seeing the prestige of the Empire sadly defaced, have dreamed dreams of national independence. In the Far East Japan has been playing her cards carefully with a view to the political situation in Europe. In Mexico a veritable hell fire of savagery and revolution has swept over the land. The South American republics, as is their wont, have been driving their legally elected presidents from their seats of power. In our own country strikes in Colorado and the Eastern States have proved that even in well-administered republics the agents of anarchy and revolt can gain a hearing and a following. Organized movements of revolt, such as the I. W. W.'s, have prostituted liberty to license. And in the religious world the disturbances have been no less profound. Not since the Reformation days has it rocked to mightier upheavals. A wave of atheism has spread over the whole world, even over those countries which men are trying to make out as re-born in the throes of war. A spirit of worldliness which, as St. Ambrose said centuries ago, is but the Christian name for paganism of manners, has invaded homes, schools and denominational churches. Principles that strike at the very fundamental basis of the home, such as birth-control and divorce, are being advocated everywhere, and practiced more widely every day. Our education is secular, and in many cases flagrantly anti-Christian. The churches have been rent by internal dissensions over dogmatic and ritual positions, whilst licenses are constantly being accorded to preachers of the Word who no longer believe in immortality of the soul, in the very fundamentals of Christianity. Protestantism has gone completely upon the rocks, and the broken bars and planks of what was once a respectable looking Christian ship are being tossed

THE SACRAMENT OF PENANCE

FACTOR IN DEVELOPING VIRTUOUS CHARACTER

The growing consciousness of non-Catholics that they have neglected a vital matter, the religious training of the child, was given public expression in many of the papers read at the thirteenth annual convention of the Religious Education Association, held recently in Chicago. Every possible way through which the child might be brought to a realization of his relation to God was outlined and argued. A noteworthy feature of the convention was a paper prepared by the Right Rev. Mgr. McDevitt, superintendent of the parochial schools of Philadelphia. Monsignor McDevitt outlined the course of religious training in the parish schools, but perhaps the most striking feature to the large number of non-Catholics present must have been his reference to the confessional as a force for the development of character. On this subject he said: "One of the earliest and assuredly one of the strongest forces for the development of character, the uprooting of vice, the inculcation and preservation of virtue in Catholic children is the Sacrament of Penance, ordinarily known under the term

SPECIFIC TREATMENT

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AMERICAN INDIANS

HOW THEY WERE TREATED BY THE SPANISH MISSIONARIES

The Anglo-Saxon method of blazing the path of civilization stands in unfavorable contrast with the early efforts of the Spanish pioneers, says the Denver Catholic Register. In New England, the settlers proceeded to exterminate the Indians, whereas the Spaniards in the far west, through missionary endeavors tried hard to civilize the aborigines. Even to this day the missions of the Spanish monks in California and in the States along the Mexican border are great points of interest. Writing in Scribner's Magazine, a contributor gives a pen picture of scenes along the Mexican border.

You awake next morning in Arizona, he says, and if you wake early enough, you may alight at Tucson. I counsel you to do so, for the town itself is pleasant, and you may also see the old Mission Church at San Xavier del Bac that lies a few miles to the South—the handsomest (and I say it advisedly) the most complete and extensive Spanish mission within the boundaries of the United States. Had it chanced to be in any other portion of our country, better advertised, pamphlets about it would have been spread broadcast through the land and its praises sung in verse and story. Yet there it stands, alone and unvisited, in the wastes of the Arizona desert, unsung, unheralded, almost unknown.

Thereupon he gives the following account of the Indian settlement: Then we came upon Indian huts, homes of the Papagos, a tribe of the Pimas, who never have wandered, and wholive to day as their ancestors lived when found by Father Kino, centuries ago. Before the doors stood primitive ovens. A dog roused himself from sleep, to stare at us, rare passers-by.

Near the door, in reverent attitudes, knelt groups of Indians, and seated before them, in rough pews, were others, the women with black shawls drawn over their heads, the children moving about the aisles, the men, bareheaded, in clean Sunday shirts. Above their heads in the pulpit, a priest in embroidered vestments was exhorting them in Spanish. As my eyes wandered aloft they rested on domed surfaces; on windows, deep-set, sitting the sunlight to softer tones, on frescoes and painted vaults; while behind the high altar towered a great reredos occupying the entire chancel wall, carved and gilded, spreading its stately niches one above another, while in the transept other great reredos could be dimly seen.

Again, I rubbed my eyes and asked myself: "Can I possibly be in

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Protection

Again, I rubbed my eyes and asked myself: "Can I possibly be in

ARE CATHOLIC PAPERS DULL?

Many of our papers are making a mistake in the lack of interest in the Catholic editorials and a general dullness of editorial pages in Catholic weeklies. We must confess that we find something of interest in nearly all Catholic papers. The scope of a Catholic weekly paper can not compete with the peppery editorials of a political weekly. Religious thoughts or news along a line one would expect to find in a conservative Catholic publication does not satisfy the literary taste of a confirmed believer in sensational journalism. There is a paper in a great city which every day picks out an "editorial of the day" from papers on their exchange list. Three times since Christmas this paper has reprinted editorials from Catholic journals, obscure and

AN EXAMPLE

A beautiful example for Catholic women is given by a Chicago lady. In memory of a son whom God in His goodness took to Himself she makes it her sweet occupation to mother as many of the poor, neglected little ones as she can receive into her house. Three of her own children are still left to her, yet the children of the tenements are hardly less her own. These she herself clothes and feeds and cares for in her home. Sick little ones are nursed by her and returned to their parents in good health. Others are legally adopted as her own. Needless to say, she finds no time for club life or the frivolities of social events. The complaint of "empty hands" will never be heard from her. There are many Catholics able to confer the benefits of a good home on one or more such little ones, through whom they would receive into their midst the Babe of Bethlehem. We are told of a Catholic family where a child is adopted for every baby born into the family. In this as in every other form of charity, the Catholic poor of Catholic countries have shown themselves the most generous.—America.

YOU STAND ERECT

when shaking the Safford boiler. This will be welcome news to the man who has had to almost get down on his knees to shake the ordinary boiler. The Safford saves backaches as well as fuel, you see. In fact, it is so easy to shake the Safford that a frail woman can readily do it. A boy would think it fun.

LARGE

and roomy is the clinker door, situated so you can see right into the fire-pot and locate and dislodge any clinker in a jiffy. A great improvement over the ordinary clinker door—a mere slit to squint through and impossible to handle the poker with any effect. The foregoing are but two examples of minor improvements. But they serve to show how thoughtfully the Safford is built down to the smallest details. The major improvements are described in our "Home Heating" booklet, a copy of which will be mailed as soon as we receive your name and address.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

KEEP AT IT

Stick to it. That is good advice if you have a task to do, a habit to acquire, an education to get, a career to make, a business to follow, an ambition to fulfill. Stick to it.

If there is a sad spectacle in the world it is that of human beings approaching the end of their career with nothing worth while to show for all their years of activity.

Not long ago I asked a man if he were college bred. He said: "No, that is a very sore spot with me. I quit during the first month of my freshman year, because I did not have a very good time."

There are multitudes of men in this country today who have been like this man: when youths they quit school or college under stress of discouragement or homesickness.

Keeping at it as a life rule has performed more miracles in the world's history by far than have been performed by brilliant talents or genius.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

Using the Pieces. Some years ago, a great artist in mosaics lived and worked in Italy. His skill was wonderful.

In his workshop was a poor little boy whose business it was to clean up the floor and tidy up the room, after the day's work was done.

One day he came to his master and asked, timidly: "Please, master, may I have for my own the bits of glass you throw upon the floor?"

That great artist could have hidden his work in my studio? At that moment the young servant entered the door.

saw the work in his hands a deep flush dyed his face. "What is this," cried the artist. "Tell me what great artist has hidden his masterpiece here."

The boy with an artist-soul had gathered up the fragments, and patiently and lovingly he had wrought them into a wonderful work of art.

Do you catch the hint, little people? Gather up the bits of time and opportunity lying about, and patiently work out your life mosaic—a masterpiece by the grace of God.

PIE FOR SIXTEEN IN LONDON. There was a pie-shop in London that Charles Dickens used to stand before when as a child he drudged in a blacking factory.

An American railroad man who admired Dickens hunted up this pie-shop when he was in London in order to gratify sentiment and curiosity.

The owner of the voice was a small disheveled person, with whom a veal pie or any other kind would have agreed right well.

The boy studied the man's face for a moment as if to make sure he was in the enjoyment of his senses, then hurried into a side street with a yell.

GREAT MOVEMENT OF SILENT FORCES

Careful observers of what is taking place today are convinced that as remarkable changes in society are promised at the close of the present gigantic struggle in Europe as took place after the conversion of Constantine in the fourth century.

That the greatest religious change in the history of mankind should have taken place under the eyes of a brilliant galaxy of philosophers and historians, who were profoundly conscious of the decomposition around them.

What are you doing to promote devotion to the Rosary beads? How often a week, over and above the fifteen mysteries which you are obliged to say as a Rosarian, do you say this all-powerful prayer?

The holy Cure d'Arce once remarked that going on his sick calls he always recited the rosary, knowing full well that the soul whom he was about to reconcile with God could

not escape the sweet nets spread by Mary's beads. This servant of God late in life declared that he had never lost a soul.

A great many worldly-minded Catholics are loud in condemning the practice of reciting Our Lady's beads before the Blessed Sacrament.

THE ROSARY

During the month of June all lovers of the Sacred Heart gather about the feet of the Master to get His blessing and to tell Him their wants.

That the Great Pontiff who rules over the destinies of the Church, like all his predecessors, but especially Leo XIII., knows the inestimable value of Mary's beads as a remedy for all the social and individual evils of the day.

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THE FINDINGS OF THE PANAMA COMMISSIONS

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Among the precious memories which we Christians bear through life, the sweetest is that of a devoted mother who taught us to love Mary's beads in our infant days.

The old accusations, too, are resuscitated that the Church is a political body and as such is opposed to democratic institutions.

The work of the Protestant commissioners will not be without fruit if it arouses the Catholic clergy and people of Latin America to conceive a more intense loyalty to their Divine Faith and to the Sacred Scriptures as handed down to them unchanged from the days of the Apostles.

Protestant denominations should be an example, a reminder of the grave duty to enter more actively and zealously into the missionary field and to contribute generously toward the support of our mission workers.

THE INFLUENCE OF CATHOLIC CHURCH

ON POLITICAL LIBERTY

It is not the province of religion to exert any immediate influence on political institutions. Its object is not to prepare man for this world, but for the world to come.

We shall, with the help of God, undertake to refute this charge, and to show that the Catholic Church, in addition to her regular and direct object of inculcating and promoting religion, has constantly, by the principles she has taught, and by her own institutions, exerted a most powerful influence in favor of civil liberty.

1. We begin by examining the Catholic principles with regard to Civil Governments. The first charge made against the Church is, that she teaches the divine right of government.

The very nature of man, says St. Thomas, evidently requires that he should live in the society of others, because neither his physical wants can be supplied, nor his moral and intellectual faculties developed, except in society.

The work of the Protestant commissioners will not be without fruit if it arouses the Catholic clergy and people of Latin America to conceive a more intense loyalty to their Divine Faith and to the Sacred Scriptures as handed down to them unchanged from the days of the Apostles.

Such is the Catholic doctrine as to the origin of civil government, so simple, so clear, that to state it is to prove it. Our limits will not allow us to enlarge upon it, and to show

how it alone of all the theories proposed can satisfactorily account, not only for the origin of government, but for some of the rights which government is universally acknowledged to possess.

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in general. And lastly, because while it makes it obligatory on the conscience of the people to obey all just commands, it makes it equally obligatory on the conscience of the rulers to command justly.

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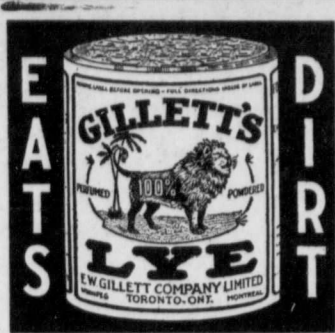
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DEATH OF GIFTED NUN

SISTER M. ANTONIO GALLAGHER, AUTHOR OF "REV. RICHARD W. ALEXANDER" STORIES AND THE "MERCEDES" POEMS

Readers of the Catholic press in all parts of the world will learn with deepest sorrow of the sudden death, on June 5, of Sister M. Antonio Gallagher, of St. Xavier's Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, at Beatty, in the Diocese of Pittsburgh.

Not until June, 1911, when His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, acting for St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md., her alma mater, conferred upon Sister M. Antonio the degree of L. H. D.

Sister M. Antonio was the elder of two daughters of Anthony J. Gallagher, who was a non-Catholic. She was secretly baptized at the age of seven years, studied in St. Mary's select school, Sixth and Spruce streets, until she was ten years of age, then went to St. Joseph's Emmitsburg, where she remained until its closing after the outbreak of the Civil War.

Sister M. Antonio spent a number of years among the poor of Pittsburgh engaged in academy work during the day and teaching the mill boys at night.

The remarkable series of true stories of conversions written by Sister M. Antonio over the pen name of "Rev. Richard W. Alexander" have been described by the late Rev. A. P. Doyle, C. S. P., rector of the Apostolic Mission House, Washington, as "the first literary fruits of a religious movement that has spread throughout the country and has awakened the interest of the most sincere and devout Catholic souls."

The Devine pamphlets are a valuable auxiliary contribution to the hitherto incomplete story of the first civilizing movement in what now forms a portion of one of the most highly developed sections of older Ontario.

At the time of her death Sister M. Antonio was writing a series of stories which were appearing in nearly a score of Catholic weeklies, and the proceeds of which she

planned to devote to the repairing of the little convent cemetery at Beatty, in which rest the remains of her lamented sister, Sister M. Hilda Gallagher. — Philadelphia Standard and Times.

BRITISH GOVERNMENT THANKS THE POPE

The French and German sick prisoners are already enjoying the health-giving airs of Switzerland, thanks to the intervention of the Holy Father, and now the benefit of this hospitality will be extended to the English prisoners.

THE JESUIT MARTYRS OF ONTARIO

By Walter R. Nurey, Late Inspector of Public Libraries

In the historical series now being published by the Canadian Messenger of Montreal, Father Devine, S. J., has in simple but alluring way amplified in biographical form the story of the first Jesuit missionary martyrs, who wrought with the Hurons.

After the founding of Quebec by Champlain in 1608, the establishment of the Recollet Friars and the transit of Lake Huron in 1616, by the Franciscan monk Le Caron, the effort to Christianize the savages was temporarily checked by British conquest.

The central stamping ground of the Hurons was at Otonago, the landing place for which, the village of Touché basked on the yellow beaches of the bay now familiar to the summer camper as "Penetang."

Father Devine's pamphlets are made the more valuable by numerous foot-notes giving both the Indian and the modern nomenclature of all the places referred to in the Lake Simcoe and Georgian Bay District.

The first five biographies of the series tell of the order named almost exclusively for the service of His Divine Majesty and entered upon his isolated sojourn in the wilderness—banishment, only to be terminated by his martyrdom at St. Ignace in March, 1649 in his implacable Iroquois.

The last of the series (No. 6) deals with still another Jesuit missionary, Father Noel Chabanel, who in 1644 left Quebec for the Huron country to labour among the Algonquians and was assassinated after the massacre at Etharita by an apostate Huron.

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indulging in a far-fetched forecast—the thought at least offers food for reflection. I salute the fact, however, which cannot be denied, that to these sons of France and of the Society of Jesus and the—some time not fairly appraised—Jesuit missionaries, the territory referred to is chiefly indebted for the drawing of the bolts of the portal to its fecund solitudes—as well as the proffer of salvation to its pagan population—for in these respects "not a cape was turned not a river entered but a Jesuit blazed the way," mingling business with suffering and winning enduring glory.

MERCHANTS BANK ASSETS EXCEED NINETY-SIX MILLIONS

THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF GREAT CANADIAN INSTITUTION SHOWS THE EXPANSION OF OVER TEN MILLIONS DURING THE YEAR

Annual statement of Great Canadian Institution shows expansion of over ten millions during year—liquid assets are 50% of liabilities—heavy security holdings. With a balance-sheet exhibiting \$96,361,363 of assets, an increase during the year of more than ten million dollars, The Merchants Bank of Canada presents a report for its fiscal year ending April 29, which is remarkable even in a year of remarkable bank statements.

On the other side of the account the Merchants Bank holds an unprecedented volume of liquid assets, amounting to just about 50%. The cash and equivalent of each in the balance sheet total more than twenty millions, to which must be added a similar amount in gilt-edged securities and call loans, making a total liquid reserve of \$40,960,486.

The strength of the bank needs no further demonstration. It may be observed that the various investment items show the largest increase from 1915, that of Canadian government and Canadian municipal bonds being over five millions as compared with less than a million a year ago.

Profits for the year were somewhat below those of 1915 but as a much smaller appropriation for contingencies sufficed to meet this year's needs the net result was better. In spite of heavy taxation by the Dominion Government and generous donations to patriotic purposes, the directors have a sum left over to add to the accumulated surplus.

FAR BEYOND THE TYPE

In the Old Testament there are perhaps no types more striking and apposite than those which prefigure the Blessed Sacrament. What bears, in every detail, a closer resemblance to Holy Communion, for example, than the manna on which the Israelites miraculously fed in the desert, and how remarkably like the Eucharistic Tabernacle was the Ark of the Covenant? All that is said in Holy Writ about the Ark finds in the Real Presence not only a perfect parallel, but, as was to be expected of an antitype, the fulfilment far exceeds the figure in beauty, power and dignity, and possesses in its completeness all the excellence that the type symbolized.

For the Ark of the Covenant was the glory, the strength and the beauty of Israel; it was the oracle, guide, protector and comforter of the Chosen People; it was the center of their worship and the object of their devotion, an elaborate and detailed liturgy being drawn up by God Himself for the direction of the priests and levites; in the Ark were preserved the stones of the Commandments, the flowering rod of Aaron, and a measure of the wonderful manna; the Ark indeed became the throne of God's holiness and mercy, a symbol of the abiding peace He had made with His people, and the pledge of His faithful Providence over them; by day a cloud and by night a fiery pillar stood above the Ark to guide or stay the progress of the pilgrim host.

But the feast of Corpus Christi is a new reminder that marvelous as was

the Ark of the Covenant, beautiful and striking as was everything connected with its institution, maintenance and history, the Ark, after all, was only a figure of the Tabernacle. All that the Ark was to the Chosen People, that the Tabernacle is to Catholics, and a vast deal more besides. Every wonderful quality, every attractive characteristic of the Ark is first mystically realized and then surpassed in our Tabernacle. For Christ's abiding Presence in the Tabernacle is likewise the glory, strength and beauty of the Church, and the heart and center of her devotion. The Son of Mary has for all time become in the fullest and most intimate sense of support, defender and comrade of every Catholic, however poor and humble. From there were in the ancient Jewish liturgy, whatever sanctity and decorum there were in the priests and levites in whose keeping the Ark was placed, become weak and poor and imperfect when compared with the magnificence, devotion and holy enthusiasm with which Catholics the world over celebrate the feast of Corpus Christi.—America.

THE LATE GARRETT GUIRY

After an illness of many years there passed to his reward on June 1st, Garrett Guiry an esteemed and venerable resident of Lindsay and a pioneer of Emily Township. The deceased, who was in his seventy-seventh year, was born in Cork county, Ireland. In 1842 he came with his parents to Canada, settling in the Township of Emily where he continued to reside until two years ago when he removed to Lindsay.

The funeral took place on June 3rd from his late residence to St. Luke's Church, Downeyville, where solemn Requiem Mass was chanted by his son, Rev. Father Guiry, assisted by Rev. Father McGuire, Ennismore, as deacon and Rev. Father Phalen, Peterboro, as sub-deacon. Rev. Father Galvin, Downeyville, was master of ceremonies. In the sanctuary were His Lordship Bishop O'Brien, of Peterboro; Right Rev. Mgr. Casey, Lindsay; Rev. Father Meader, C. S. B., Toronto, and Rev. Father Ferguson, of Lindsay.

Rev. Father McGuire delivered the sermon, speaking of the Christian virtues of faith and charity which had characterized the life of the deceased who had been in his day, a leader in every good work undertaken by the parish. His Lordship Bishop O'Brien also addressed the congregation and said he was present to do honour to one who had done much for his country and for his religion. He had given three of his children to the service of God's Holy Church and he hoped many parents would strive to emulate the example of this good father. A vocation to the religious life is a divine call but yet these vocations are fostered in good homes by good parents.

After the last prayers, which were chanted by His Lordship, the remains were conveyed to St. Luke's cemetery where they were laid to rest.

The deceased is survived by his sorrowing wife, four sons, Rev. Father Guiry of Kinmount; John, Joseph and Herbert of Emily, and five daughters, Sister Mary of Victory, St. Joseph's Academy, Lindsay; Sister M. Clement, St. Joseph's Convent, Fort William; Miss Mary of Emily, Miss Alice, Port Arthur, and Miss Ada of Lindsay.

THE WONDER GROWS

The eye and ear of the country were on New York last week. Startling revelations were to be made and everybody was anxious either to read them or to hear them. Traitors were to be exposed; international plots were to be laid bare; wire-tapping and theft of private letters were to be justified. The country was expectant; the inquiry was on—it came to an end without the discovery of a vestige of treason or the trace of a plot. But a defiance was thrown down, that must be taken up. The broker accused of treason declared:

"The Mayor of this great city publicly proclaimed the firm of Seymour & Seymour throughout the world as traitors to our country. The Mayor and Corporation Counsel asserted that our wires had been tapped because they believed we were engaged in a conspiracy against the United States Government. That was an absolute lie and they knew it. Nothing has been brought out in this inquiry to justify their statements." — New York Evening World, June 9.

What man of honor would let that pass? And is this not worse? "Mr. Seymour then asked the Court for permission to speak. When that was granted, he said that no evidence had been produced to show that the detective was trying to detect crime, or that any crime had been committed. The detective, he said, had been loud in declaring that papers had been stolen from the office of J. P. Morgan & Co., but

Advertisement for Lifebuoy Soap. Features a woman's face and the text: 'A beautiful complexion—how to insure it—The regular use of Lifebuoy Soap insures a healthy, clean glowing skin. And because it is healthy, your complexion will be clear and velvet like.'

had not proved it. After that had been exploded, they dragged in the National Government. No less a person than the Mayor of this city published us broadcast as traitors to our country. Senator Thompson told him that there was no international question involved. But the Mayor contended that there was and was backed by Corporation Counsel Hardy. Yet, they failed to show anything that would even lead a baby to believe it. They went into our office for no lawful purpose, but in an unlawful manner and on an unlawful errand, to get information for some person whose reason for wanting it has not been given."

Verily, the wonder grows. The air that was thick with intrigue and treason last week is now charged with mystery. Why were those wires tapped? To defend "the sacred altar of government?" Seymour is not a Papist. Why were those wires tapped? To reveal a plot? There was no plot. Why were those wires tapped? To uncover treason? There was no treason. But those were the reasons given. Precisely and therein lies the mystery. Why were those wires tapped? Can it be that the almost universal whisper that tickles the ear of every man is true? Why were those wires tapped? Why? And again, why? The wonder grows. Does it?—America.

A CHILD'S WISH BEFORE AN ALTAR. I wish I were a little key That locks Love's Captive in, And lets Him out to go and free A sinful heart from sin. I wish I were the little bell That tinkles for the Host, When God comes down each day to dwell With hearts He loves the most. I wish I were the chalice fair, That holds the Blood of Love, When every flash lights holy prayer Upon its way above. I wish I were the little flower So near the Host's sweet face, Or like the light that half an hour Burns on the shrine of grace. I wish I were the altar where, As on His mother's breast, Christ nestles like a child, fore'er In Eucharistic rest. But, oh! my God, I wish the most That my poor heart may be A home all holy for each Host That comes in love to me. —REV. ABRAHAM J. RYAN

IN MEMORIAM. JOHN WILSON.—In loving memory of John Wilson, Brussels, Ont., who died June 12, 1914. May his soul rest in peace.

MARRIAGE. McCORMICK-FORAN.—At Sacred Heart Church, St. Augustine, on Wednesday, June 7, 1916, by Rev. Father Dean, John McCormick, son of Mr. and Mrs. John McCormick, of Linwood, to Clara Meretta Foran, daughter of Mrs. Annie C. Foran, of St. Augustine.

TEACHERS WANTED. WANTED NORMAL TRAINED CATHOLIC teacher for Carlsruhe Separate school, Attendance 25. Duties to commence September next. Apply stating salary and experience, with testimonials to Peter Girodat, sr., Carlsruhe, Ont. 1916-2.

FOR SALE. GASOLINE ENGINE, ALMOST new, a bargain. Write Box J., CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 1916-4.

AMERICAN HOUSE, LAKE MUSKOKA. Good boating, bathing, fishing, Catholic church close by. For further information address Mrs. M. A. Walker, American House, Lake Muskoka, Ont.

O. M. B. A. Branch No. 4, London. Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month at eight o'clock, at their Rooms, St. Peter's Parish Hall, Richmond Street, Frack Smith, President.

Very Complete FIRE-PROOF STEEL CABINET to hold your Censors Charcoal, Floats, Wicks, etc. PRICE \$20. MISSION SUPPLIES A SPECIALTY. J. J. M. LANDY 405 YONGE ST. TORONTO

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Good Profits because, with a large herd, it enables one man to do the milking that formerly required four, or with a small herd it saves you a great deal of time that you may devote to other work.

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