

The Catholic Record.

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

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WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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IMPORTANT EVENTS POSTPONED INDEFINITELY

Two important events that have had to be postponed, because of the fighting in Ireland, are the meeting of the Dail and the holding of the Tailteann games. The Dail, which was to have met several weeks ago, will not now meet until there is more quietude. The Irish Government gives as a chief excuse the fact that many of the deputies are engaged in the fighting. A leading reason though, for postponing the Dail, is, of course, the certainty that the intensity of feeling regarding the fighting which holds deputies, pro and con, would not only prevent real work being done, but would be likely to precipitate painful, if not violent, scenes. It is assuredly wisest for both sides that the Dail should not open for some little time to come.

When two sides to a dispute come together to exchange words argument there is far more certainty of real bad feeling, and hatred, being engendered, than would be the case were they exchanging bullets. The crack of rifles is a safety valve for the feelings. That is why there would certainly be more bitterness among the two parties meeting on the common ground of the Dail, than there is between the same two parties fighting in the field. Undoubtedly as the fight goes on there will be more bitterness between brothers imparted into it; but up to the present, as I pointed out in last week's Letter, the struggle is carried on on a high ethical level.

A CONTRADICTION

Art O'Brien, who is head of the Irish Self-Determination League of Great Britain, and who, as an ardent Republican, came over to Dublin to give moral support to his party, was arrested by Government troops, and the English press, for its own purpose, gave out false reports of his ill treatment by his former comrades who are now on a different side in politics. Art O'Brien immediately sent out the following contradiction—a fine proof of the spirit of which I have spoken:

"During the period of our arrest and detention we were treated with all the courtesy and consideration which we could expect from our fellow-Irishmen, even when we are in fundamental difference with them on matters affecting the welfare of our country. The question of the rights, and reasons, surrounding our arrest and detention is one between ourselves and those of our fellow-countrymen who were responsible, and it is not a matter for discussion in the foreign press, especially under existing conditions. The absurd reports to which I refer were probably not without some of that malice which pervades English press propaganda against the true interests of Ireland, otherwise the absurdity of such reports would carry their own refutation, and no reputable editor would publish them."

THE TAILTEANN GAMES

The enforced postponement of the Tailteann games is something that we all deplore. These games would have been a great international event. This very first holding of the restarted games in the present year was big with promise—and it was certain that within half a dozen years the Tailteann games would have become one of the big world events. It is chiefly because of the leading American competitors having cabled their refusal to come to Ireland under the present circumstances that the Tailteann Committee decided to postpone them for a year. Although they were sure of support from most of the other countries, they could not think of going ahead and leaving the great American gap.

The Tailteann games formed one of the biggest annual events in Ireland two thousand years ago. They were so called because they were held at the great annual fair of Tailte, on the Ulster-Leinster border. The ancient legend says that they were first established by the great semi-mythical King-hero, Lugh, one of the greatest of the De Danann race—for the purpose of commemorating his Mother. To these games the populace travelled from the ends of Ireland—and for many miles around Tailte the hosts encamped for a period covering many days. While the games, the Irish Olympics, were the central attraction, a regular fair was held there, at the same time, at which all kinds of goods were sold, bought, and bartered. Also there was much match-making, and marrying. Royalty presided at the games, and there was great display of grandeur by the many chiefs, and their ladies and escorts. About the fifth, or sixth, century the regular holding of the Tailteann games seems to have been suspended. Yet, during centuries afterward, one or other of the

Kings in power would summon his people to the great celebration. The ancient Irish historians, The Four Masters, record that the last celebration of them was held by the high King, Rory O'Connor, in the latter half of the twelfth century, and they say that the equipages alone extended over six miles.

FALSE IMPRESSIONS

In my last Letter I warned American readers to take, with a good deal of salt, the English cabled reports of the fighting here. I should have said—as I now see there is good reason for saying—that even the Irish Government official reports are to be taken with salt. I find that the Irish Government is, unfortunately, imitating the English method of propaganda that was followed, with more or less success, during the English-Irish war. While, however, the Irish Government official reports (differing in this from the English), rarely set down deliberate misstatements, they convey many untruths by indirection. By clever wording they lead readers to infer things that are not; and they deliberately suppress many things favorable to the Republican fighters, and unfavorable to themselves. Now while the Government troops are undoubtedly rapidly gaining ground—they have certainly captured more than 1,000 Republicans with a small quantity of arms and ammunition—their reports do not show that the great bodies of Republican forces remain intact, and that they are successfully falling back from the garrison places, which it was impossible for them to hold, into the mountains and the wide country—where it will be possible for them to fight a guerrilla warfare for a good while to come.

OUTLOOK STILL SERIOUS

The Irish Government's one-sided reports of the fighting are so framed as to do two things—influence and get the sympathy of outside opinion, and also discourage and break the morale of Republicans in Ireland. They have undoubtedly succeeded in their first object. But they have completely failed in their second. The Republican fighters, knowing far more than the official communications tell, are not discouraged. On the contrary in very many sections, where the Republican boys did not at first rise out to fight, they are now beginning to take action. Three-fourths of the population of what is called the Free State supports the Government. But the one-fourth that is Republican is almost entirely made up of young men, and fighters. This one-fourth is, comparatively speaking, infinitely stronger than the other section. Moreover, any one who knows the psychology of the Irish people knows that a band of Irishmen will never fight better or more determinedly than when they know that they are far outnumbered, and when they know, too, that the principle for which they are fighting is highly unpopular with the majority. For all these reasons the Irish Government has yet got a hard nut to crack before it puts down rebellion. The chief thing in its favour, of course, is that when the great bulk of the population is not behind the guerrilla fighters these fighters can have very little success. But it must be remembered that guerrilla fighters, in any territory in which they are plentiful, can, by their very presence, compel that sort of support and fealty which is begotten of fear. And even that counts for much in a struggle of this sort.

PEACE THE ONLY REMEDY

The fight is not nearly so widespread and general, nor causing so much inconvenience, as the outside world is led to believe. It is sporadic; and the community is only affected for the few hours that a fight is on, and within the limited space in which a fight occurs. The commercial life of the country has not yet been seriously interfered with. But there is lurking in the background a very grave danger. Since now, at the beginning of the harvest, the young men, on both sides, are called away from their useful occupations, it portends badly. For several years past Ireland's harvests have been limited. During the English terror the young men were either "on the run," or had their thoughts entirely lifted from labour. Ireland was only recovering itself when this new break occurred. Besides, the Summer has been a poor one, with excessive wet and cold, which wet and cold still hold their grip upon the island—and as a consequence the harvest at best must be rather poor. Then, if even this poor harvest is neglected there is the gravest danger of Ireland falling under the spell of famine next Summer. Peace was never more needed by Ireland than it is at the present time; and every one who has the country's best interest at heart, prays that peace may come. Despite what you read in your papers, neither side to this fight has the monopoly of justice and of virtue. Believe me, there is much to criticise as well as much to com-

mend on both sides of the fight. There will be still more to criticise, and still less to commend, if both parties continue the suicidal struggle. The Irish fight has the habit of spreading itself. The newspapers show us that it is getting into one of the most out of the way parts of England. At a little place called Thaxted, in Essex, a clergyman of the Established Church, Rev. Conrad Roden Noel, is at war with his parishioners because he insists on hanging a Sinn Fein flag in his church. In their wise, and plegmatic English way they, the parishioners, are carrying on the fight through the medium of the courts. They have had him to court several times in the matter, and the local warfare still continues. He has been displaying the Sinn Fein flag for three years—and he says he will continue to display it for 33—if God grants him life.

"HUMANITY DICK"

This is the centenary of the putting on the British Statute book of the first law for the protection of dumb animals—by a famous Irishman, Dick Martin, of Ballinahinch, Co. Galway. Humanity Dick, as he came to be known, in his long efforts to press this measure through the British House of Commons, was subjected to scold, and jeer, and ridicule. Once, when in his rich Connacht brogue he was advocating the measure, an ill-mannered Englishman, in one of the back benches, kept shouting "Hare! Hare!" to the huge delight of a house that roared with laughter. Humanity Dick is said to have gone steadily on, ignoring the scold and the laughter until he had finished his speech. When that was done he quietly stepped across the floor, toward the benches from which the interruption came, and politely enquired who had been so kind as to encourage him. Now as Humanity Dick was the most deadly duellist in the House none of the brave members stood up to claim the distinction. Dick waited a minute or two, looking in the face of the now silent members. Then the first of one of them pointed to a corpulent member some distance off, who was affecting an air of sublime indifference. Humanity Dick looked toward the corpulent fellow. "Pooh," he said, with withering scorn, "only a miserable little devil of a London Alderman"—and turned on his heel. But members took care not to jeer him any more.

Richard Martin, the founder of the first law for the protection of dumb animals, owned a quarter of a million acres in the widest part of Connemara. It contained some of the grandest scenery in the west of Ireland. In all that tract he was King. He was the law. On one occasion he was asked whether the King of England's Writ did not run in Connemara. "Egad," he replied, "it does, and as fast as any greyhound, when a few of my good fellows are after it." For, the sheriff's bailiff who entered into Humanity Dick's domain, to attempt to serve a Writ upon him for any of the many debts that he owed, was a brave man indeed—brave to reckon less.

These items about Humanity Dick are told by a writer in the Irish Independent. This writer also tells of how he owned a lodge at Oughterward which he styled his gate-house, and the public road beyond it, his avenue, since it ran for thirty-six miles, uninterrupted through his property. At this gate-house (according to Martin's gifted kinswoman, Mrs. Calwell) a trusty guard kept watch and ward over all who went into the region beyond, and it was God pity the unfortunate bailiff who dared penetrate into Connemara to serve a latitudo upon its owner. The story goes that when Roundstone, through Humanity Dick's own influence, was raised to the dignity of a market town, and the sheriff drove out from Galway to publish the Act of Parliament authorising the holding of markets and fairs there, Martin's merry men, distrusting all his assurances that he intended no harm to their lord, fell upon him.

SEUMAS MACMANUS,
Of Donegal.

AFTER FOUR HUNDRED YEARS

Readers of Harrison Ainsworth's novels will remember in his story of the Lancashire Witches he tells, dramatically, though inaccurately, how Abbot Paslew of Whalley met his death. As a matter of fact the Abbot was arrested on the charge of being implicated in the Pilgrimage of Grace, and he was executed by Henry VIII. for being concerned in that attempt to restore the ancient religion to England.

It is about 400 years ago that the Cistercians were turned out of Whalley, in what is now the archdiocese of Liverpool, and since that time the remains of the abbey have remained in secular hands. But a portion of the monastic buildings has been secured by Catholic hands, the old guest house and monks' dor-

mitory, and this is now being converted into a Catholic church.

There is not a great deal of converting to do, as the buildings, in spite of having been used as a cowshed, are in a very good state of repair, and with very little in the way of structural alterations will make an excellent church. The building has already been transformed, and on the occasion of its first being used for religious purposes a congregation of something like five thousand attended to take part in the crowning of the statue of Our Lady.

Quite close to the recovered portion of the abbey is a slight hill known as the Abbot's Mount, where according to tradition Abbot Paslew was executed by the orders of Henry VIII.—Southern Cross.

WAGES, STRIKES AND THE GOVERNMENT

Since we are not starving, like the Austrians, or both starving and oppressed like the subjects of Soviet Russia, we Americans have much for which we should be thankful. Still, there have been days when the sun shone brighter. With more than a million men out of work, and with the coal and textile industries shot to pieces, even optimistic Oscar is forced to the confession that "something" is wrong. Like that Kentucky pioneer who was shot in the shoulder while asleep, and awoke to complain that he did not "feel right well," Oscar with Judge Gary and the other optimists must admit that economic conditions are not feeling "right well" either. And when he reads in the July report of the Department of Labor that the cost of living is 67% higher than it was in 1914, he will admit further that the Labor Board and the railroads could have chosen a worse time than July, 1922, for a new wage-cut.

True to form the Government has clung to a vacillating policy in dealing with the coal and railroad strikes. First there was a loud alarm and then flourishes to signify, yet vaguely for all the fanfare, what the Federal Government might possibly do if the strikes were not called off. Next, there was an appeal to the respective States to heal their own wounds, and not to call upon the Federal medicine-men. This it will be falsely granted, was the one wise point in the Government's alleged "program," still what could a self-respecting State reply, when it knew that the railroad strike began when the Federal Government advised the roads to pay what the Government itself admitted to be less than a living wage? As matters now stand, some variety of Government intervention seems inevitable. But will it be an intervention that will have any happier result than another truce, leaving the real cause of these strikes untouched?

Federal meddling is not only costly but useless, yet a good work might be done by the Federal Government. It might, for instance, conduct an exhaustive and merciless investigation, with the purpose of finding out why the American railroads and mines cannot pay a living wage. This discovered, it might be possible, either through new legislation or the force of public opinion, to devise a remedy. But unless the investigation is fearless and complete, it will do infinite harm. The worst way in the world to treat a cancer, is to dust it with perfumed talcum powder and then assert that it has disappeared.—America.

ANGLICAN VIEW OF REFORMATION

"The mess you see in the world today, in our modern world is not the result of 15 centuries of Christianity; it is the result of five hundred years of Protestantism." This sentiment comes not from the lips of a Catholic. It was put forward in a Protestant Episcopal church in Boston by the Rev. Selden P. Delany, associate rector of the church of St. Mary the Virgin, New York City. His remarks were made in a jubilee sermon at St. John's Episcopal Church, Roxbury, where he served some years ago as a curate under the then rector, Dr. Godman, now Episcopal Bishop of Maine.

"The great trouble," said he, speaking of world condition, "is not with religion, but with the way in which we use it."

"We do not accept and practice the whole Catholic religion as God established it. Some have cast aside the priesthood; some will have nothing of the episcopate, and sacraments; some say, 'We don't believe in confession,' or 'We don't believe in the Mass.' So you have hosts of people who call themselves Christians who are using incomplete pieces of religion, which are not at all the religion which God sent into the world to redeem the world. And they say, 'Of course thank God, there have been men and women in this church, and

in other churches who have accepted the whole Catholic religion. They are the answer to these objections which come to us with such tremendous force, against our religion, that it doesn't seem to do the thing which it promises to do."

A JOYFUL DECREE

A few years ago the author of a Life of the Venerable Julian Peter Eymard, Founder of the Congregation of Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, declared in the preface to his book that he had no intention of ferreting the decisions of Holy Church in the regard of this privileged soul. Today the Holy Father, Pius XI., announces the joyful Decree whereby this devout son of the Blessed Sacrament is declared to have possessed virtue in a heroic degree.

"Prayer," says His Holiness, "calls down celestial treasure." From early childhood Julian Peter Eymard practised the spirit of prayer. As a small child he was found one day with face pressed close to the Tabernacle of the village church. And when reproached for this seeming familiarity he responded sweetly: "But I am not amusing myself, I am making reparation to God."

Who shall say what need there is in our day of this spirit of reparation? The Holy Father, alluding to such practices of elect souls, adds: "By their oblation, by their littleness, by their sufferings, such souls represent the continual oblation of Jesus Christ."

The life of this venerable Servant of God is not so well known throughout the Church as it deserves to be. The Decree of His Holiness, Pius XI., will do much toward kindling a desire among the faithful to imitate the holy priest who endeavored to make the Tabernacle the center of the whole wide world.

"All honor," says Pere Eymard, "all merit must redound to Jesus, your Master. The soldier gains the victory and dies. The king conquers and he receives the glory." And he goes on to urge the faint-hearted to take courage, remembering their eternal reward. "While waiting for this, let us have no other solicitude than that of serving Him and unremittently sacrificing self."

Here is the antidote for the restlessness of so many souls even among those who are striving to serve Christ—sacrifice, generous, willing sacrifice, unremitting sacrifice, looking to the reward which is to come.

Pere Eymard's life was essentially a hidden life. In the shadow of the Tabernacle he had no thought of the glaring lights of the broad highways of life. In his day there were comparatively few who knew or cared about him or his work.

Today the sacrifice of a life hidden in Christ receives its reward in this world. All Catholics turn with reverent and wondering eyes to this humble yet majestic figure whose brow shines with a halo of Divine grace.

Pere Eymard's sacrifice was immediate. When asked to delay one day in his home before going to the Seminary, he replied characteristically: "God calls me today. It would be too late tomorrow."

What a lesson for the procrastinating Christians of our own times!—The Pilot.

CONFIRMS ANCIENT ROMAN TRADITION

DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE SUBSTANTIATES FINDING

Rome, Aug. 8.—A lecture of great archaeological importance was recently delivered by Comm. Orazio Marucchi regarding the new contention that the bodies of Saints Peter and Paul were deposited after martyrdom in the catacombs on the Appian Way until tombs were prepared. He contended and proved his contention that the ancient church of St. Sebastian held the sacred bodies.

The lecturer maintained that it was undoubted that immediately after their martyrdom the Apostles Saints Peter and Paul were buried, the one on the Vatican Hill and the other on the Ostian Way; and that the new theory that Pope Anacletus carried off their bodies immediately after martyrdom to the catacombs on the Appian Way until the tombs were prepared was a pure invention—a twentieth-century tradition; but there was a translation of their bodies, but at what precise date or even century it was impossible to say.

Marucchi supported his thesis by reference to various documents, and particularly to the inscription of Pope Damasus. The excavations that have recently been made in the Basilica of St. Sebastian very decidedly confirmed the tradition that the bodies of the Apostles were buried there.

A room had been discovered covered with graffiti invoking the intercession of the Apostles. It was a room where the Agape in honor of the Apostles were held, and the

room stood in the midst of a group of tombs which were of Apostolic times and much more ancient than the room of the Agape.

Other graffiti similar to those in the room had been discovered in a very deep hypogeum, which, by the way, said Marucchi, explained the word catacomb—viz., a deep place. Tradition indicated that the bodies of the Apostles were hidden near this spot, and there were many indications that this deep hypogeum recently discovered is the very spot where the memory of their burial was venerated.

In course of time the exact location was lost to memory, and it became confused with what is now commonly called the "Platonia," but which was in reality a later monument erected in memory of the Apostles and whither the relics of St. Quirinus had been transported from Pannonia.

The excavations in St. Sebastian are to be continued, and it is hoped that in a short time we will know a great deal more about the ancient and noble sanctuary. Professor Marucchi concluded his lecture by declaring that we can know nothing of the conditions of the actual tomb of the Apostles, whether on the Vatican Hill or on the Ostian Way, and all that has been written and said about them lately is pure hypothesis. All we can do is to demonstrate the authenticity of the places of the two tombs where we venerate the two great Apostles who were and always will be the greatest glory of Rome.

A MAN WITHOUT GOD

Some years ago the country was stirred by the appearance of a small volume entitled: "The Man Without a Country." In stirring chapters this volume portrayed the life story of one who willingly cast off his native land, avowing himself to have no need of her, and whom that repudiated country disinherited as an unworthy son.

But this tale, however vivid and striking, pales in significance when compared with the story of a man without a God. For the real tragedy in human nature is nowhere else found than in the soul of one who has willingly separated himself from the Source of light and peace and truth.

Today, all over the world, wherever men of letters are gathered together and wherever the Church is honored or ignored, the story of Giovanni Papini's return to the bosom of the Church is being retold.

Don Francesco Oligiati, one of the leading luminaries of the Church in Italy, devotes a paper in one of the prominent ecclesiastical reviews to this singular triumph of grace. He calls on all the Catholic priests of Italy to fall on their knees in thanksgiving to God for this miracle wrought in the soul of one who had long used his tremendous talents striving to banish Christ from the earth.

Papini was, by his own confession, a man for whom God did not exist. No one, says Father Oligiati, had dared to hope for the return of this great genius to Christ. And yet here we find him prostrating himself at the feet of the Crucified, embracing the sacred Feet with tears and confessing his faith before the whole world.

The "Storia di Cristo" has not yet appeared in English. But when it finally reaches our shores a vast treasure house of noble apologia for the Church of Christ, surpassing in the beauty and splendour of its diction, will be eagerly read by thousands of earnest souls.

The terrible events attending a World War, men going out like shooting stars from the bloody firmament of this world into Great Beyond, woke Papini suddenly from a deep sleep. Men, filled with wounds, agonizing, in the death throes calling for a Catholic priest, their nerveless hands groping for the crucifix that might strengthen them to the portals of another life, was a shock too great to be sustained by the lofty intellect, by the naturally noble heart of the man. God spoke, and a soul heard.

This conversion has not only a universal significance, says Father Oligiati. It is even more a personal, a private thing. Through the pages of this book, a soul speaks to soul.

Papini's book has been received by unbelievers as a death blow to their hopes. Stunned, amazed, men of genius who have long devoted their talents to abusing God, now feel that they have lost a powerful ally to their cause.

Suddenly, from the midst of his blasphemies, Papini calls on the sacred Name of Christ with reverence, with love. The cry is heard all over the world.

There is joy in the Church because of the return of this soul, even as there is joy in Heaven more than over the ninety-nine just. It is a further triumph of the Cross of Calvary, a further augury of the exaltation of the Church over the sinister forces of infidelity, atheism and sin.—The Pilot.

CATHOLIC NOTES

We are glad to announce, says China, that our staff is to receive a notable increase, in the person of W. C. McGrath, of St. John's, Newfoundland, who graduated last year with honors from St. Augustine's Seminary. We are very grateful to His Grace, Archbishop Roche, for making this sacrifice in behalf of the poor benighted population of the Far East.

Father Sydney Smith, who was after Father Bernard Vaughan perhaps one of the best known of the English Jesuits, has died in his seventy-ninth year. Father Smith's father was an Anglican clergyman, Vicar of Worth, and the late Jesuit was received into the Church when he was twenty-one years of age. He was a man of the widest culture, and both as a preacher and a lecturer he achieved a nation-wide fame.

For the first time in many centuries, Oxford University is conferring a doctorate on a Cardinal of the Catholic Church when Cardinal Bourne received the degree of Doctor of Laws. The ceremony took place at the annual commemoration of the founders and benefactors of the University, practically all of whom were Catholics. Former President Taft, of the United States, and Lord Chancellor Birkenhead also received the doctorate.

Times are certainly changing in China. Recently the Governor of the prison at Kwei-Yang in Kweichow, requested a Catholic missionary to preach his doctrine to the inmates of the prison—first to those shortly to be liberated and then to the long term men. All were to be exhorted to live better lives and the governor expressed himself as firm in the belief that the Catholic religion would be the best help in obtaining this result. Such a statement on the part of a prison official was truly a great compliment to the sustaining quality of our great religion.

A number of interesting experiences were related in connection with the return to London of members of the national pilgrimage to the Shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes, which was led by the Archbishop of Birmingham and the Bishop of Brentwood. Several cases of great improvement were reported, though careful study is made before any cure is officially listed as miraculous, and this may take considerable time. Before the party left Lourdes a case from Rheims was referred to, in which a Frenchwoman was reported to have recovered from a tuberculous hip. That case was still under consideration by the medical referees.

Our young pioneer in the heart of China, Father Carey, says China, writes that he has got over the first temptations of discouragement that assail every new missionary, that he is in the best of health, and plodding manfully along in the study of Chinese. He is already able to do some missionary work, and is happy to attest to the visible protection God affords to His missionaries. His Christian centre is ten days by boat, and nine days by chair from the port of the Yangtze, whence steamers ply to the coast. He is very anxious to open a school, being convinced that this is the only way to lay a solid foundation for Christian communities and a native clergy.

Madrid.—Great excitement has been caused by the unexpected and sensational conversion of Diego Gomez del Valle, one of the most radical anti-clericals of the city, who has for many years distinguished himself as a revolutionary lecturer, freethinker and Mason. He has always been known for his hostility against the Catholic Church and the clergy, hence the general surprise manifested by the public at large when it became known that he had abjured his errors and publicly asked the pardon of the ecclesiastical authorities for his past conduct. It is stated that the miraculous cure of one of his children a few years ago first caused the change of mind which has led to his acceptance of Catholicism.

M. Pelliot, who has been searching the Vatican archives for records of the relations between the Holy See and the Mongols in the Thirteenth century, has recently reported to the Academie des Inscriptions of Paris the discovery of an important document by Abbe Borghezio, who is assisting him in his investigations. The document is a Latin translation of a Memorial presented to the Council of Lyons in 1274 by the envoys of the Mongol Emperor Abagha. The memorial mentioned the number of Christians among the ancestors of the emperor, and further shows that the envoys came at the instigation of and in company with a Dominican by the name of David. M. Pelliot, also announced in the name of Msgr. Tisserand the discovery of two original letters written in Arabic, sent to the Holy See by the Nestorian patriarch Mar Yahballaha III.

HER IRISH HERITAGE

BY ANNIE M. P. SMITHSON

AUTHOR OF "BY STRANGE PATHS"

CHAPTER IV. CONTINUED

ST. COLUMBA'S HOME

"What, Bride!" she exclaimed gladly, "how are you? You and I should meet in heaven—we meet so often in this part of the world."

Bride Blake laughed. "I was just thinking of you, Mary!" she cried, "I want to give you a case—listen till I tell you"—and she went into rapid details for Mary's benefit, and the latter listened and made a note of the name and address as she said gaily, "I will never want for cases, Bride, while you are slumming—you give me enough of them."

Bride smiled ruefully. "Yes, I know dear," she said, "but I really can't help it. Somehow you can do such a lot more than I can for the poor souls, and then I don't know whether it is some magic that the uniform possesses or what, but I do know that you are always welcome, and I—well, I—somehow I am sometimes a bit uncertain."

"It's the uniform of course," said Mary, laughing. "Who could resist it? Well! I must be off—I haven't any spare time this morning."

"Oh, wait a minute," cried Bride, "our English cousin, Clare Castle-maine—you remember me telling you that we expected her?—arrived last Thursday."

"Oh! did she really! Well, and what is the verdict?"

"Far better than we anticipated—quite a nice girl, and not a bit of a swank, as the boys express it. Come out to-night and be introduced—will you?"

"I'm sorry Bride, but I can't to-night—I'm going to the opera."

"Oh! with Dr. Delaney, I suppose? Lucky girl, and it's Faust too! Well, I won't keep you; come any evening you can—you know how welcome you always are." And with a smile and a nod Bride was off to look up a defaulting "mother," who had been absent from her baby club for the last few weeks, and needed to be brought back to a realization of her duty.

Mary Carmichael got through her morning's work and reached St. Columba's with just five minutes in which to change from bonnet and cloak to cap and apron and to generally tidy herself for dinner. Her room was at the top of the house and the stairs from the hall upwards counted a hundred. But she sped up them two at a time, breathless, but radiant.

She shared her bedroom with Nurse Johnson, who was engaged in an anxious survey of herself in front of the glass as Mary entered.

"Hallo, Carmichael!" she said, without turning round, "that you? Do you know I've discovered two more freckles on my nose!"

"Really," said Mary, busily pulling out drawers and searching for a missing stud. "I'm sure it's all those face creams and things—Oh! here it is, thank goodness!—that you are always rubbing on that develop those blemishes to your beauty!"

"Don't be a sarcastic idiot, Carmichael," was the polite retort, "and don't get flustered, we've plenty of time, there's three minutes yet."

But as if to prove her a prevaricator of the truth, a dinner bell sounded at that moment—it had been cracked for some time now, and the reverberations it gave out were exasperating and discordant.

"There now!" exclaimed Mary, as she stuck a cap pin in anyhow; "I must fly! It's all very well for you, but I'm supposed to set an example," and she left the room hastily, the click of her little heels down the stone stairs coming back to Nurse Johnson as she remained placidly arranging her hair and fixing on her cap. Not till the hat hair was in place, and the cap at just the correct angle that suited her best, did she leave the room and leisurely descend the stair, to enter the dining-room just as the soup was being removed.

"Late again, Miss Johnson!" said Miss McFarland; but she spoke as one resigned to the inevitable, for Nurse Johnson's term of probation was nearly over, and she was hardly ever known to be punctual in her comings or goings or for her meals or lectures. The other nurses often wondered how on earth she had managed to get through her hospital training.

The meals at St. Columba's had not much variety about them; four days out of seven the dinner consisted of roast mutton brought to the table ready cut into slices and floating in tepid watery gravy—and always seeming to taste quite different from meat cut straight from the joint. There was a meat pie on one day of the week—to use up the scraps of other days—corned beef on Sundays, and fish, of course, on Fridays. They got fairly good soup and generally a pudding of some kind—not always—a day would come now and then when the cook would be "put out" over something, and on these occasions, after the removal of the meat, Anne, the elderly housemaid—who was a regular character in herself, having acted as wardmaid in most of the Dublin hospitals, and thereby "knowing a thing or two," as she expressed it—would stoop down and whisper mysteriously into the matron's ear, whereupon that lady

would proclaim as though in pained surprise, "Oh, really! no pudding today! Dear me! Well you nurses will have to get your tea earlier, that's all."

As the tea was brought up every day at half-past three, the nurses being due on their districts again at half-past four, it was generally understood amongst them that Miss McFarland said this simply for the sake of saying something.

After dinner they were free until they left the house for their evening round. Sorper was at eight o'clock, and any nurse who wanted to go out after that meal, had to ask permission, except it was her evening off duty.

They generally gathered together in the large room at the back of the house used as a recreation room, during the short time of leisure between dinner and going on duty again, and free from the restraint of the matron's presence, they could talk and laugh and "talk shop" to their hearts' content.

Nurse Johnson usually reclined gracefully on the sofa and Nurse Seely, her greatest chum, would sit beside her, and they would talk confidentially on the subjects dearest to them both. Nurse Ferguson, a typical hard-featured and harsh-tongued Northern, who always looked well after No. 1, generally managed to appropriate the corner seat on the fire-side couch for herself, the two staff nurses had the arm chairs delegated to them, and the juniors found seats for themselves as best they could, the two most junior—in other words, the two who had been the shortest time at the Home—had to cut the bread and butter and hand round the tea to the others.

Daisy Ray was the other staff nurse, and she and Mary Carmichael sat together chatting, for they had many interests in common, although they were not at all alike in character. Daisy Ray was a small doll-like little person very good-tempered and talkative, but with a fund of sound common-sense. She was engaged to be married to Brendon Kelly, a very decent young fellow in a government appointment, and they were only waiting for the promised "rise" in his salary to set up house together.

The telephone rang in the corridor outside—its sharp ring just making itself heard above the nurses' chatter, and one of the juniors answering it, came back to say that Nurse Carmichael was wanted.

Nurse Carmichael, her colour rising a little, left the room. Before she took up the receiver she guessed who was ringing her up.

"Hallo!" "Oh, is that you? How are you?"

"Very fit, thanks. All right yourself? Good! What about to-night, will it be alright?"

"Yes, of course, it is my evening off. Where will we meet—same place as usual?"

"Yes, top of Grafton Street; quarter to eight. I think I've got fairly decent seats."

"All right, I'll be there."

"And—are you there?—don't forget your latch-key—and be in time!"

"As if I was ever late! Don't you keep me waiting, that's more likely!"

"Well, good-bye till then. I have a crowd of patients to see yet."

"Well, go them through before to-night. Good-bye, till we meet!"

Mary hung up the receiver and smiled to herself happily. Even the sound of his voice over the telephone stirred all her being with joy unspeakable. Oh! but this man was very dear to her!

She came back slowly and sat down beside Daisy Ray, who glanced up at her with a quiet smile.

"That was Dr. Delaney, I suppose," she said, "and, of course, I remember now this is your evening off. Are you going out, Mac?"

"Yes, for by this abbreviation was Mary known to her chosen friends amongst the nurses."

She smiled back at Daisy. "Yes," she said, "we are going to see 'Faust,' and oh, Ray dear, I feel I am going to have a simply scrumptious time!"

On her evening "off" Mary had visits to pay, so she sat down with a letter to the other nurses had dispersed, and that duty accomplished, she settled herself comfortably with a book till after six o'clock, when she descended carefully and quietly to the kitchen premises. Only the two staff nurses were allowed into the kitchen at St. Columba's and they were only supposed to go down with messages from the matron or on some business of that sort. Tea in the kitchen was strictly prohibited, but, needless to say, for that very reason it was indulged in as often as could be managed. This depended greatly upon what state of mind the cook would happen to be in, and also on what nurse asked for the privilege, for cook had her favorites, like others, but among them Mary Carmichael might be safely reckoned, so once safely in the kitchen without encountering the matron on her perilous way thither, she knew that she would get her tea all right.

Martha, the cook, was a stout woman with small suspicious eyes, and a suspicious mind also. She had an uncertain temper, and was held in awe by most of the staff at St. Columba's with the exception of Anne, the housemaid, who, according to her own words, could "hold her own with the old boy himself."

Martha was in the best of humour this evening, Anne was not present, and peace reigned.

Mary was soon pouring out tea "that would stand of itself" and enjoying hot buttered toast.

"Cook, you are a dear," she said, "this is the only decent cup of tea I ever get in St. Columba's and up for you this evening I would have had to go down to the D. B. C. It's such a nuisance supper not being till 8 o'clock, and nothing allowed between!"

"Well! that's true, God knows! It's often I pity ye all, with such long fasts between meals. Drink up that tea now, its fine and strong and will stand to ye. I suppose 'tis to the theatre that ye'll be going to?"

"Yes, cook. The opera is on you know—'Faust.' Well, thanks ever so much—you're a jewel; but I must go and dress now. And, mounting the long flights of stairs once, she entered her bedroom, and was speedily discarding her uniform and dressing for the evening. She brushed out the soft masses of her hair, and arranged it again in a more elaborate style than was allowed in uniform, sponged her face and hands, and slipped on a pretty undershirt and camisole. She changed her stockings too, and put on pretty shoes, for Mary was particular over the small details of her toilet, which was one reason why she always gave one the impression of a well-dressed woman. Then came the black evening skirt, the dressy blouse, with the little finishing touches to her hair—the little dash of powder on her face, the cologne of a handkerchief breathing violets which shared her theatre bag with her purse and—the latch-key!

As she flung the latter in and shut the bag with a hurried little snap, she said, half aloud, "I didn't forget you this time, anyway!"

Then she got into her long coat, drew a motor veil over her head, and taking up a pair of long gloves in her hand, went downstairs into the district and was in the sitting-room when Mary looked in for a moment on her way out, and she greeted the latter with a smile. Mary stood in the doorway fastening her gloves and Nurse Ray exclaimed, "You do look nice, Mac! Are you off now?"

"Well! I have a good time! and give my love to Theodore," she called after her friend's retreating figure.

Dr. Delaney was waiting at the top of Grafton Street when Mary got there. She recognised him while she was still some distance away. He was very tall and slight, and looked very well in his light over coat and silk muffler. He had brown eyes with a very slight cast in them—only noticeable at times, and especially when he was at all excited or annoyed—his hair, although he was still under forty, was thickly sprinkled with grey, and a slight moustache hid a rather weak mouth.

He came forward now, lifting his hat, as Mary approached, and smiling down on her with the half whimsical, half affectionate look which always made her heart beat a little faster.

"I'm not late, am I?" she asked as they shook hands.

"No. Indeed for a wonder I think you are fairly well up to time! I was just wondering whether I would have time to finish this cigarette?"

Mary laughed. "Smoke it as we go along," she said, "I don't want to miss the overture."

They sauntered towards the theatre in the midst of a crowd of others going the same way; couples walking like themselves, the ladies in theatre wraps and with motor veils or scarfs thrown around their hair—others driving up in carriages or motors.

"Have you got your latch-key?" asked Dr. Delaney. This was a standing joke with them, for several times Mary had been late at an appointment through leaving her key at the Home, and having to race back for it when she was perhaps half-way to the meeting place. The idea of darning to ring at the sacred portal at such a late hour as her return would be never entered her head. Miss McFarland was a light sleeper and anyone who made the slightest noise when coming in late would be sure to hear of it next morning. Some sarcastic allusions would be made to "fairly footsteps," and so on, and the unfortunate culprit would writhe in silence at the breakfast table.

Mary laughed now as she answered, "Yes, I have it safe this time."

"Do you know that I knew you were coming before I saw you," he said suddenly.

"What do you mean?" said Mary. "How could you know that?"

"I don't know—but I was standing just there at the bicycle shop and I felt—there is no other way to describe it—that you were coming round the corner just as you appeared."

Mary laughed rather unsteadily. "Telepathy, I suppose," she said, and just then they reached the theatre.

It was filling rapidly, but they had good seats in the parterre. The overture was just beginning and as Mary divested herself of her coat and leaned back in her seat she felt that she was going to have a good time.

Such hours come to us now and then in a lifetime, when we seem to be completely happy—hours that

will come like an oasis in the desert, times when we are able to put black care behind us, to forget the worry of the days gone by, and when we remember not the burden of tomorrow awaiting for us. Such an hour was Mary's this night and she enjoyed every minute of the time. The opera was one of her favorites, both she and Dr. Delaney knew it well and listened with keen appreciation to every note of Gounod's masterpiece. They exchanged confidences and criticisms and incidentally ate chocolate during the intervals and when at last it was over, Mary fetched a little sigh of regret.

"Well, did you enjoy it?" asked her companion as they walked back to St. Columba's, for they always preferred to walk when the night was fine.

"It was just perfect!" she said, happily.

Years afterwards when she had been many miles from her dear Dublin and when she had almost forgotten what a theatre was like, when the zest of life was gone and her heart was sad and old—often then would Mary Carmichael go back in her dreams to that one evening which somehow seemed to stand out beyond all others in memory. Many a play had she seen with Dr. Delaney, many an evening they had spent together, but none ever seemed to her just so complete—so perfect, as this one when they had sat together in the dear old Gaiety and listened to those words which found an echo in their hearts—

"When all was young and fair."

TO BE CONTINUED

A PAIR OF GREY SHOES

By Mazie V. Caruthers in Rosary Magazine

After what seemed like a hideous nightmare, punctuated with half-lucid intervals, during which he tried to wage war upon a grinning devil perched on the bed-rail (being forcibly restrained therefrom by a strong, white-clad individual) Harding woke one morning, still clothed only in pajamas, but quite unmistakably in his good right mind.

He tried ever so hard to turn over in bed, but failed. "Smatter, anyway?" he croaked faintly.

"Weak 's a cat!" At his feeble wail came hurrying on noiseless feet the identical, white-clad maid of a nurse, who had so plagued him with ice-caps and other sick-bed nuisances. And yet once again did she work her will on his helplessness! Promptly producing a thermometer, she slipped it into his mutely protesting mouth, stoically awaiting results.

Finally withdrawing the glass tube and finding that it registered normal, she addressed her patient as if he were a pining, sickly child, who only needed encouragement towards good behavior. "Splendid, Mr. Harding! All you have to do now is lie still and get well. Drink this!" and a feeding-cup was pressed to his lips.

Harding felt like bursting into unmanly tears. Who in thunder was this officious person, anyway? His brain registered the query, but his lips were too weary to formulate the words, so he muttered irritably for a moment—then, fell asleep again.

Followed a few more days of feedings and naps, when the world and the people in it, including himself, began to seem less shadowy, and the sick man at last summoned strength to inquire querulously what the fuss was all about—why was he in bed, and when might he get up?

"The doctor, Mr. Harding, has used the infernal task of tidying up a spotless room. 'Get up?' she exploded. 'Not for a good two or three weeks! You've had a very serious case of typhoid, Mr. Harding—out of your head half the time, and as crazy as a loon. And I'll tell you right now you were the most obstreperous patient I ever had, what with slipping your ice-cap on the floor and throwing off your turpentine dressings every few minutes. It's been something awful!'"

Harding explained fretfully. "But there was a little green devil on my bed-post all the time, and you wouldn't let me get at him. That was the trouble! Every time I tried to tell you about him, you'd clap that infernal ice-cap on my head, and then—he'd grin harder than ever." Nurse Mitchell did not seem at all surprised to hear of the green devil. Evidently, she had met him before in her nursing experience, with other fever patients. "Well, at any rate, he's gone now," was her soothing reply.

"You won't ever see him again, if you mind the doctor—and me," as an important personal afterthought.

So Harding slept once more, and the next thing there was his nurse with her eternal feeding-cup in hand, and her invariable stock remark, "Time for your gruel!"

Thus a week more passed, and then the invalid was advanced a grade; two pillows instead of one at his head, and indeed a step forward, and delicious, although totally inadequate, cups of broth supplemented the gruel at intervals. He began to look about him a bit and take more notice generally. His small basement apartment of three rooms had always seemed sufficient for a quiet bachelor, who occupied a stool in the Savings Bank by day and took his mild pleasures of an

occasional theatre or concert after dining at the Swan Cafe every evening. It was a cosy enough little place, with a tiny kitchenette, where he liked to putter around and get his own breakfasts, making believe at keeping house. With the aid of Mary, Niles, an ancient colored retainer, who "redded him up"—every other day, his tiny domain was a comfortable apology for a real home. Left with the entire care, when hardly out of his teens, of an invalid mother, her death found him a confirmed bachelor, and at forty-five he had never taken any active part in a love affair, nor desired to, either. Life, while not without its mild interests, was anything but exciting. He lived by rote, and the typhoid fever was the only unexpected thing that had happened in ages.

During his illness, for convenience sake, Harding's bed had been moved out into the sitting-room, and at first, with the childish curiosity of a convalescent, he took a languid interest in looking around again at his time-worn furniture; his mother's old mahogany desk, the long, cushioned chair where she had spent most of her days at the last, the claw-footed table, his father's big brass ink-well—all these were like dear familiar friends. He glanced approvingly at the blue Wedgwood bowl, and noted with quiet pleasure a bunch of daffy's prettily arranged in the tall glass vase; their color was deliciously spring-like he thought.

"Miss Tyler sent 'em in today with her compliments, and glad to know you were better," Nurse Mitchell intuitively supplied the information his eyes questioned. "Very kind of her," was all his comment, for there was nothing particularly thrilling in the thought of his neighbor, the little governess, who occupied the apartment, twin to his, across the hall. They had exchanged polite "good mornings" for over five years, and occasional "good nights," once or twice Harding had picked up her evening paper, from a too windy doorstep, and she, in turn, occasionally rescued his maternal bottle of milk from the too close attention of the janitor's cat, but their acquaintanceship began and ended there.

After a while interest in his room waned, and his eyes sought something new. His rooms, situated in what had originally been the arcaea of the old house, gave but small view of the street above him; well propped up in bed, however, he could get a rather amusing view of peoples' feet, as they passed back and forth on the sidewalk. In his healthy normal moments Harding, the prize accountant, would have scoffed at the very idea that there was anything interesting in foot-gear, but for want of something more exciting he began to take a growing interest in the feet that passed and re-passed, day after day.

Finally, the pedestrians' promenade came to be his daily delight; of course, each morning brought different passers-by, but there were many steadies, who came and went by his windows regularly, little realizing how much entertainment they afforded the occupant of the basement apartment. "Exactly as good as a movie," Harding chuckled.

There was one pair of honest, common brogans that clumped by stolidly at eight o'clock, returning punctually about six each evening; a visiting nurse—or a department clerk, maybe—shod for ease instead of elegance, he decided. Two pairs of high tan sport shoes invariably accompanied each other; something about them suggested high school students to the sick man; then he detected a romance in the fact that these nifty, high-heeled feminine patent leathers, which always returned about noon walking with glad little skips and jumps beside a polished, well-shaped masculine pair of shoes. They never failed to walk past at noon together, though the patent leathers always started out alone. "Not married yet, but courting," soliloquized Harding. There was a neat tan-gaitered woman, who tripped briskly along just before nine, with four chubby buttoned shoes as her satellites, presumably going to the kindergarten around the corner; these feet always returned about noon, too, the chubby ones usually running in advance, as if glad to be released from bondage.

There were several groups of solid, self-respecting boots (neighbors, perhaps, no doubt talking politics), that stumped along together quite regularly; Harding recognized the type, something like his own, and wondered longingly when he would be able to resume his footgear, so like theirs, and return to his beloved office ledger. Then there were, of course, many transient feet which plodded or hurried by, for his apartment was on a well-traveled corner; "waifs and strays" he catalogued them, especially one soiled tan pair, with too high heels, already beginning to run over, somewhat like their owner's character, he fancied. Some days they tramped up and down so wearily, followed at times by a pair of men's boots, suspiciously resembling a police officer's. And sometimes, alas, the two pairs of feet, so dissimilar, walked off together!

But all these feet, amusing as they were in their own way, paled in interest before one dainty pair, always clad in smart, immaculate

grey suede, which went by at nine-thirty, and returned about four every day, rain or shine. Graceful in outline, fine, clear-cut arch, and clean, well-balanced heels, they walked as though their owner enjoyed the exercise. Harding found himself waiting each morning for the grey shoes; on rainy days they were kept neat and dry with sensible rubbers, which protected without concealing their beauty. Harding often speculated over this unknown woman, who was the proud possessor of such graceful pedal extremities.

"Let's see," he would puzzle, for his knowledge of the feminine sex was somewhat vague, "she is probably a young and beautiful stenographer. She must be in business of some sort, and the regularity of her hours showed that—and the fact that she always came and went alone pleased him, for he would have felt a childish jealousy had any one else appeared to manifest any interest in the grey-footed mystery. He wondered where she went every morning, and what life held for her in its puzzle-box. Somehow during this enforced idleness Harding's prosaic mind, freed from percentages and dividends for the moment, found time to reflect on things to which he had never given much thought, such as other fellow's homes, and how it happened that so many people married, etc.

Came a wonderful day when he was at last promoted to his mother's cushioned chair, and the change to dressing gown and slippers was delightful. More than that, he had been freshly shaved, and had likewise been treated to a real man-size luncheon, with knife and fork menu, instead of spoon-diet. Then, to make happiness more complete, the grey shoes had passed by, a full hour in advance. All was well with the world of Harding!

To him suddenly entered Nurse Mitchell, in as much of a flutter as her professional decorum would permit. "Oh, Mr. Harding, I've broken my eye-glasses, and just can't see a thing without them! If you don't mind, I'll go right down-town and have them mended. It won't take me more than an hour, and Miss Tyler is coming in to sit with you, so everything will be all right. It's just two o'clock now, and you take your medicine in half an hour. Miss Tyler says she will attend to everything, and I'll hurry back just as soon as possible."

Hurrying into her street clothes, Nurse Mitchell was ready to start when a modest knock at the door announced her temporary substitute, "Come in, Miss Tyler."

Harding felt pleased at the prospect of a little visit, even from his next-door neighbor. It meant a break in the monotony of eating, sleeping and medicine dropping; besides, though his thanks had been transmitted by way of the nurse for the daffys and sundry delicious jellies, with floating island thing-u-bobs on them, he wanted to voice his appreciation personally, feeling in an unwontedly sociable mood.

So Miss Tyler, with a gentle word of greeting, found herself grasping a big, bony hand, murmuring pleasant trivialities, and generally taking upon her slender shoulders the position of nurse for an hour or two. Producing some knitting, she settled down in the big chair opposite him, ready to entertain the patient, or to keep silent.

She was a mousey little thing, redeemed from actual plainness by a lovely pair of brown eyes and quantities of fair hair, wound in a braid about her finely shaped head. A gentle primness of manner, rather in keeping with her profession, made her seem quite interesting on the whole. Harding found an unexpected, placid pleasure in listening to her low, quiet voice, and idly enjoyed the flash of her needles as they worked their shining way through the intricacies of pale pink wool, which lent a bit of color to her cloth gown. "It's a sweater for the Hyde baby," she exclaimed.

"Mrs. Hyde is so dear to me that I'm only too happy to do a little service like this for her. I love the children as if they were my own." Her brown eyes shone with real affection. "It's ten years since I became a fixture in the Hyde household, for there always seems a baby to be taught in the nursery."

She stopped to count stitches, and Harding seized this opportunity to return thanks for past favors, including the present pleasure of her company. "Oh, but I was glad to come and sit with you! Usually, I'm not home so early, but the family went away for the day, and that gave me a half-holiday. I had just come in when Miss Mitchell called me."

Harding was genuinely conscience-stricken. "It seems a shame for you to sit in-doors with a nuisance of an invalid like me, when you should be out enjoying your holiday. I'm awfully sorry Nurse called you, for there's no reason whatever why she couldn't leave me alone. I'm quite strong enough now."

Mary Tyler smiled, showing pretty, even teeth. "Indeed, you're not, either. Now, stop fussing, as the children say, or I'll be sorry I told you about my holiday. Besides, it's time this very minute for your medicine." She folded her knitting and hurried over to the invalid's table where all his bottles, carefully labeled, were arranged.

Harding's eyes followed her contentedly. She really was attractive in her quiet way, and resembled

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EDUCATIONAL

that Jane Eyre picture he'd seen somewhere, he thought. A clever little woman, not nearly as school-marm-like as he'd imagined. Well dressed, too; his eyes wandered over her trim figure till they reached her feet, and then—he started violently! Those grey shoes! Like mice in a trap his thoughts "ran round and round"!

He must have looked very queer, for Mary Tyler, frightened at his strange expression, came running to his side. "What's the matter, Mr. Harding? Do you feel worse? Shall I telephone for the doctor?" laying her capable hand on his, he felt a pulse which was bounding violently.

"No, no!" He swallowed painfully. "Please don't get frightened. I'm ashamed to be so weak. An old woman isn't in it with me for nerves. It's nothing, really. Just give me the medicine and I'll be all right in a minute." So, with a slightly shaking hand, for she felt rather worried over her responsibility, the medicine was administered, his pillows straightened, and Miss Tyler once more resumed her knitting. Harding, wily one, turned so that he might better watch her feet, which she had crossed decorously. Yes, he knew them perfectly; high instep, curving arch, straight, trim heels—they were the identical little grey feet which had trotted so regularly past his windows every day.

He stared so long at every well-known line of them, that his visitor felt embarrassed and shifted her ankles, wondering if her modest skirt had drawn up in any unseemly way. Observing this, Harding tried hard not to look so fixedly at those dear little feet, putting a strong check on himself, for fear lest he should shout aloud. "I love your feet; they interest me more than anything else in the world. I've watched and waited to see them pass the house every day for three weeks!" But knowing she would think him demented, he managed to keep silent. Soon Nurse Mitchell, with mended eye-glasses perched on her proudly beetling nose, came bustling in, and with a pretty, friendly "good-bye," Miss Tyler vanished, knitting, grey shoes and all!

Harding was mildly excited, to think that the grey boots had been right across the vestibule all this time, as cosy as could be! Armed with that knowledge, after the crafty way of convalescents, he managed to invent errands which would take his nurse out for an hour or so, whenever he knew that the grey shoes had come home. Thereupon, would come a knock at Miss Tyler's door from Nurse Mitchell, and would she "mind sitting a little while with Mr. Harding, while I run over to the delicatessen store? He wants some asparagus tips, and I can't buy them anywhere else." Of course, kind Mary Tyler would be glad to sit with the invalid any time.

Thus many pleasant afternoons for Harding resulted, with the grey shoes opposite him. Finally, he could keep quiet no longer. "One day he blurted audaciously: "Did any one ever tell you what beautiful feet you have, Miss Tyler? Then, he felt frightened to death at such presumption. His little neighbor flushed up to the roots of her fair hair at his strange question. "Why, er—yes. I suppose they are rather nice—at least, the shoe clerks tell me so. But I hope you don't think I'm silly at my age to wear grey shoes? That's my one vanity!" She looked at him appealingly. "I just can't help loving pretty shoes, and I economize in other ways, so that it's not extravagant in me to wear them, really!"

"I'm quite sure it isn't!" Harding agreed. "They're lovely. I used to watch peoples' feet passing over my window when I first began to get stronger; there wasn't anything else to do. After I saw your stunning little grey shoes, they were my special favorites, and I looked for them particularly—and all the time they were living right opposite!"

"Then you don't think I'm silly to dress them up so?" she faltered. "They are my only pretension to good looks, anyway!" Her cheeks were delicately flushed, and her dark eyes looked girlishly appealing. And suddenly, Harding's hard-set bachelor heart began to emerge like a chrysalis from its shell. "Silly? I should say not," he almost shouted. "Besides, they're not your only pretension to good looks either. You're just as pretty as lots of women, and heaps better looking than some of them, Mary—that is, Miss Tyler—Nurse Mitchell's majestic entry just this morning, and his astonishingly limber tongue, but from that time on there was established a delicate link of intimacy between the two tenants of the basement apartments.

A few weeks later, when Harding, fully recovered, finally returned to his counting-house stool, his younger associates, genuinely fond of the quiet, diffident man, smiled at the surprising interest he showed in every-day life and especially the affairs of the married clerks. "What's come over the old boy?" they questioned. "He's as human as anybody!"

The grey shoes had made their entering wedge, and as time went on they gradually opened a way into his heart, until one fine day Harding escorted them (and incidentally, Mary Tyler) to St. Mary's Church for the purpose of entering into

holy wedlock. Of course, it was not forever and the day after the same pair of shoes (for they will wear out, no matter how carefully treated), but Harding insisted that his wife, erstwhile Miss Tyler, should never wear any other color. The original pair which had so unconsciously started him on the road to matrimony, when past use, had been carefully wrapped in tissue paper and placed in the closet with his mother's things—those relics too precious to be given away, at least for awhile.

Of course, the whole Hyde family mourned the loss of a perfect governess, and people in general smiled over this quiet romance of two quiet folk. Some said propinquity did the work; others that "it just happened"—and nobody except Harding (not even his lawfully wedded wife) knew to just what extent a pair of grey shoes was responsible.

THE ASSUMPTION

The feast of the Assumption is the last of the yearly festivals in honor of the Blessed Virgin. It is in a sense the greatest of her feasts because it is the consummation of all the great mysteries of her life, the birthday of her eternal glory, the crowning in one great festival of all the acts and virtues which her other feasts commemorate. The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin means that after death the body as well as the soul of Mary was taken up to Heaven, that what will be given to all God's saints in the general resurrection has already been granted to her.

By virtue of her Immaculate Conception she enjoyed the unique privilege of being free from original sin. Hence, as the theologians of the Church teach, she was also exempted from the painful consequences of Adam's sin. Death for her was not a penalty but a sacrifice which she willingly made that she might be more perfectly conformed to the image of her Divine Son, that she might suffer like Him before she entered into her glory. But death came to her not from disease or infirmity; the tie that bound her soul to her body was loosened by the burning love of her soul to be united with her Son.

According to the pious tradition of the Church, when that supreme moment came, the Apostles were suddenly gathered together by Divine inspiration from the other parts of the world to Jerusalem, to be present at the deathbed of the Mother of God. When her pure spirit had passed away from their midst, the Apostles reverently bore her saintly body and laid it in the tomb.

On the third day they returned to the tomb, and found that angels had taken away the body of their Queen. In place of the body they found flowers in the tomb, the white lilies of the Virgin's purity, and red roses of the Martyr's charity, growing out of the earth that had been touched by the immaculate clay of God's Mother.

From the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin we may learn a twofold lesson. First, that we should take a true, Christian view of death. It is but a parting for a time, for "in Heaven we shall know our own." Secondly, that we should keep our bodies as living tabernacles of our immortal souls, free from stain, consecrated to the thought of our own resurrection. In patience and purity let us wait until the voice of Christ shall call to us also in triumph and in love: "Arise my love, my beautiful one, and come! For the winter is now past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers have appeared in our land. Arise and come! Thou shalt be crowned!"—Boston Pilot.

CREMATION OF THE DEAD

A correspondent of the week seeks information on the subject of the cremation of the human body. The practice has become so common with those out of the Church that similar questions must frequently arise even in Catholic minds, and hence it may not be altogether out of place to state a few of the reasons why the Church objects to the burning of bodies. From the beginning she has been opposed to such a procedure, and has consistently denied the services of the Church to those who direct that their mortal remains are to be cremated. Decrees of councils have declared against the practice and have characterized it as abominable in the sight of God and horrifying to the minds of the faithful. In 1844 the Holy See found it necessary to forbid membership in cremation societies, and pointed out the unlawfulness of demanding that one's own body should be burned or that of another.

Christian legislation on this matter is founded on strong motives. The practice of cremation has frequently been bound up in the past with circumstances which would make of it a public profession of materialism and irreligion. During the nineteenth century Freemasons continually advocated the establishment of crematory societies and usually in contempt of the doctrine of the Resurrection of the dead. In addition to this, the Church hardly considers it proper that the human body, once, in the words of St. Paul, the "living

temple of the Holy Ghost," and sanctified by the sacraments of Christ, should be treated in such a way that filial piety, or fraternal charity, or paternal and maternal affection, must revolt against it as inhuman.

It should be remembered in this connection that cremation is a matter of discipline and not of doctrine. If it ever should be necessary by reason of civil laws or because of some unusual epidemic for the Church to permit the thing, the faith once delivered to the saints would not be affected thereby, and the teaching of the Church in regard to doctrine would undergo no modification whatsoever. There is little danger of anticipating any such contingencies in the immediate future when congestion of population or prophylactic precaution or poetic palaverling will lead the Catholic funeral to the doors of an establishment equipped on the same principles as a garbage incinerator. The Catholic instinct will find far more that is consoling and fitting in reverently following the corpse of a loved one to God's blessed acre, and there seeing it placed in the bosom of the earth, the great mother that nourishes us from our first awakening to our last sleep, and there in peaceful repose to rest till the day breaks and the shadows retire and the bright day of eternity dawns.—The Monitor.

TRAFFIC RULES WERE FIRST MADE BY POPE BONIFACE

In England the rule of the road is that all traffic shall keep to the left, and an agitation has been started by the Safety First Society to have pedestrians observe this rule—which they do not.

In the discussion of the regulation the interesting fact has been brought out that this English rule of keeping to the left was instituted by Pope Boniface VIII. The reasons that induced the Pope to introduce the rule for traffic, which the English still observe, is that at the Papal Jubilee in 1300 the concourse of pilgrims and visitors to Rome was so great that the Pope devised these rules for the regulation of traffic.

As to the present Continental rule of keeping to the right, this is said to have dated from the time of the French Revolution, when an obstinate opposition to anything like an ecclesiastical direction brought about a reversal of the old rule.

THOUSANDS ATTEND NOVENA AT ST. ANNE'S SHRINE NEAR CHICAGO

Chicago, July 28.—Thousands of invalids and cripples attended the annual novena at the shrine of St. Anne, at St. Joseph's Church, Brighton Park, which closed Wednesday evening. Many cures were reported.

Seven services held every day during the nine days of the novena were attended by crowds that taxed the capacity of the church. Masses were said at 6, 7, 8, and 9:30 a. m. Afternoon services were held at 3 o'clock, and evening services at 7 and 8 p. m. At each of the services, the relic, a bone from the wrist of St. Anne, was on exposition.

The attendance of the faithful, coming from all parts of the middle-west this year, was greater than that of any of the ten years since the novena was established. Some of the remarkable tributes to the curative power of the relic and the faith of those attending the novenas were:

Clarence Carrier, aged 9, came not to be cured, for that had been accomplished at a precious novena, but to give thanks. Here is his story:

"A year ago I was all done up in a plaster cast because that way ever since I can remember. Last year I came here and was made well. I am here now to thank the good saint and the good God for my cure."

Elizire Fournier, a Chicagoan, who cannot speak and whose hands are paralyzed sat in her pew. A relative told her story. Six years ago she was stricken with paralysis. A year later through faith she arose from bed for the first time and went to St. Anne's shrine. Each year she has attended, and each novena has brought a marked improvement in her condition. She has faith in an eventual cure.

Piles of crutches and braces in the church, left by the petitioners are mute evidence of cures effected. "These people have faith," said Rev. J. V. LaMarre, pastor. "It is the faith, upon which all depends."

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A flat rate of \$15 to Winnipeg and half a cent a mile beyond is fare of all Harvesters' excursions to the west by Canadian National-Grand Trunk routes west of Quebec City. Solid trains run through to Winnipeg without change. New convertible (berth) Colonist Cars will add to the comfort of the journey and restaurant cars will be attached to the trains, serving meals and lunches at reasonable prices. Special cars will be provided for women. Full information re fares, train service, etc., apply to nearest Canadian National-Grand Trunk Agent.

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THE IRISH SITUATION

Perhaps it is but natural to find so much interest manifested in the situation in Ireland.

Whatever ground there might have been before the elections for dissatisfaction with the Anglo-Irish Treaty the vote of the Irish people removed the last trace of justification for active opposition.

The verdict of the polls was emphatic, unmistakable, unequivocal. The Treaty was approved by an overwhelming majority in the final court of appeal.

No form of democratic government is possible where the clearly expressed will of the people is flouted and set aside as of no account.

Yet this is precisely what the self-styled Republicans are doing.

Unquestionably a small minority of the Irish people, presumably believing in the fundamental principles of democracy, the rebels set out to impose their will on the vast majority of their fellow-countrymen!

This is tyranny pure and simple; in no sense better than the ruthless crushing of the people by an hereditary aristocracy.

Indeed it is more intolerable because done, or attempted, by those professing the democratic principles of the consent of the governed and majority rule.

On what other principles could they found and carry on a republic?

In the circumstances there was one thing and one thing only to be done.

The Government chosen by and thoroughly representative of the Irish people must perform indicate the authority with which, de jure and de facto, it is clothed.

To temporize with rebellion, to condone vandalism, looting and murder, were treason to Ireland; and would proclaim to the world that Ireland is indeed incapable of self-government.

What do the rebel leaders hope to gain by their insane course? Just this: that the easy-going Irish people, heart-sick of bloodshed and as yet untrained in the stern duties and responsibilities of free citizenship, will consent to compromise with the rebels, to look upon them rather as brother Irishmen than as traitors to Ireland.

Last week the Cork Association put forth this very plea in so many words.

We are glad to see that Premier Collins realizes that such compromise would be the doom of Irish national hopes and aspirations.

In his reply he said:

"When the Irregular leaders and their men see fit to obey the wishes of the people as expressed through their elected representatives and surrender their arms and cease depredations on persons and property of Irish citizens, then there will no longer be need for hostilities. The choice is definitely between the returning of the British and the Irregulars sending in their arms to the peoples' government to be held in trust for the people."

And the Irish Trade Unions in their annual Report, while not fully approving of the Government policy, give out this clear-headed criticism of the claims and methods of the "Republicans":

"The political claims of the Republicans are irrational; their methods of warfare are deserving of strong denunciation, while their

ambushes, destruction of bridges, railroad tracks and buildings are tantamount to war on the people and certain to hurt the civilian population more than military opponents."

At another time we shall deal with other phases of the perplexing Irish question; for the moment we shall conclude with the expression of our absolute conviction that to the vigorous and successful assertion of its authority by the Irish Government, putting down with a strong hand vandalism, arson, robbery and rebellion, establishing security for life and property, there is but one alternative: the resumption of British rule in Ireland.

Ireland's invincible ally in her heroic struggle for freedom was the active sympathy and good-will of the world.

If chaos be the result of her attempt to govern herself, not only will she have forfeited that sympathy and good-will, but world opinion will compel England to step in, restore order and establish peace.

The looting of ships in Queenstown harbor, the cutting of cables uniting the eastern and western hemispheres, the danger that continued chaos in Ireland would be to the already unstable European civilization, all render imperative the triumph of the Provisional Government in Ireland.

The world is not and cannot be indifferent. Premier Collins has put the case in a nutshell: the choice is definitely between the return of the British and the suppression of rebellion.

Will the Irish people cooperate loyally and fearlessly with their own government to make their experiment in self-government a success?

OLD TIME INSOLENT

Catholics can't only wonder what is meant when they are told that they are slaves in "chains of mental and religious bondage."

We go about our daily work with a sense of mental and religious freedom. Certainly there are laws to be obeyed. There are civil laws about property, trusts, wills, contracts, partnerships, money transactions of all kinds, life insurance, education, social relations, trespasses, navigation, and a host of other things in addition to the criminal code.

Not on that account can people claim that they are in a state of bondage. Similarly, there are ecclesiastical laws about worship, fasting, Sacraments, religious societies, etc.

Does the lay Catholic feel that these laws bear harder upon him than do the civil laws? Not at all. Both kinds help him to lead a law-abiding life.

Is he a slave because he says with conviction in the Apostles' Creed: "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church?" Sincere faith in the teaching of the Church of Christ has no more of slavery than has sincere loyalty to one's country. There is nothing forced about either.

Last Saturday the Toronto Globe rejoiced that certain groups in the new or disturbed nations of Europe were "breaking the chains that brought mental and religious bondage," and that "many a priest of the Roman Catholic faith has broken from the old Church, and particularly in northeastern Europe both priest and people have left the old Church, hundreds of thousands of them," all because they met Protestant chaplains at the front during the War and "Bibles found their way into many hands and hearts that had never seen the Book before!"

It is usually eyes that see, not hands and hearts.

In these days, when the need of Christian Unity is so keenly felt, it is remarkable to find a daily paper rejoicing in the production of new schisms.

It is well known that organizations are being formed in Ontario and movements planned to turn the Protestant horse into a political hack at the next Dominion election, and thus "put those French Canadians in their place."

The Globe seems to be preparing to join the procession.

For a year or two after the War there were indications of serious defections from Catholic ranks in some countries of Europe. Deep political upheavals are at times the occasion of schisms, revealing disorders previously unseen. But the danger is now averted. The defections have proved to be of no public importance, and it is only an old woman's tale that Protestant military chaplains and Bibles had anything to do with the matter.

"ZEAL IN THE CLASS-ROOM"

Now that the summer vacation is drawing to a close and our teachers have had ample opportunities by means of conventions to discuss the various phases of education, it seems to be a very opportune time to call attention to the fact that the Separate schools are in existence for the sole purpose of training our young boys and girls in the knowledge and practice of their religion.

During the summer our Catholic papers and magazines have been filled with the excellent papers that have been read, papers treating of every subject in the school curriculum. In all these discussions, while very good and even necessary, scant attention, if any, was paid to religious training. The same can be said of our educational periodicals. Literature, mathematics and science, are treated in a pedagogical and learned manner. The best methods to be employed for the better efficiency in teaching these subjects are fully discussed. But, as it has been said before, all these are secondary in comparison with the teaching of religion.

It is, therefore, with a great deal of pleasure that we receive in receipt of a new publication by Rev. M. V. Kelly, C.S.B., entitled "Zeal in the Class-Room." This book deals entirely with the spiritual training of the young, and, although primarily intended for teachers in boarding-schools, the principles which are enunciated, together with their practical application, are of untold advantage to all teachers, including parents. To quote from the preface, written by the Most Rev. Neil McNeil, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto: "Father Kelly sees danger in the tendency of other interests to become dominant in the minds of those who are responsible for the training which the students receive. The most vital question about a graduating student is not how much he knows or even how keen his mind has become, but what he has learned to admire. . . . Knowledge is important, and development of mind is more important; but more important than either is moral and spiritual character. Such is the thesis of the first part of the book. . . . In the second part the author dwells on the practical means of spiritual training."

That Father Kelly has struck the right note, no one who has thought at all on the tendency of our schools will dispute. In the keen desire to see that our Catholic pupils are thoroughly instructed in the various secular branches of learning, and in the face of the competitions which public examinations cause, there is the danger that success in these subjects is the be-all and end-all of our schools, whether they are day-schools or boarding-schools. There is a tendency to relegate to a very subordinate position, both as to the time given and to the importance attached, to religious teaching. Religious teaching in our primary schools is not a subject placed on the curriculum for entrance to the High School, nor is it a subject placed on the curriculum either for Matriculation or entrance to Normal School. In consequence it is almost inevitable that religious teaching, to say the least, is somewhat neglected.

Father Kelly in his book deals with almost every detail of the pupil's life. In practical and concrete form he shows how religion should dominate every moment of the school-boy's life, and maintains in his thesis that as religion is the most vital factor, it can in no way be dispensed with, or neglected.

"Zeal in the Class-Room" is an unusual book from the fact that what we all know to be true, is presented to us in such a simple, practical way that we are surprised that we never thought of it before.

No one can read the book without being impressed with the practical spirituality which every page manifests. Parents, as well as teachers in our schools, will derive an increase of zeal to instill into the minds and hearts of their children and pupils a greater knowledge and love of God from reading its pages.

FRESH ATTACKS ON THE CHURCH

By THE OBSERVER

In several of the American States there is at the present time a recurrence of the bitter attacks on the Church which aroused Protestant bigotry to so fierce a flame during the Know-Nothing agitation about seventy years ago. There is

nothing new in either the nature or the method of the attacks. The heretical sects, great as is the number and the variety of their religious errors and vagaries, have nothing new to offer to a credulous and prejudiced world in the way of criticism of the Church of God. All the lies they tell, numerous as they are, are old, old lies. All the garbled quotations they use were garbled long ago.

They have not even the advantage which their fathers and grandfathers had, of having a public market for their wares in which no questions were ever asked and no doubts ever expressed as to the value of what they had to vend. For now there are men to be seen in the Protestant ranks who do not hesitate to speak out boldly against the revival of Know-Nothingism.

It would, however, be a great mistake to suppose that because there are such men, it will do to take these organized campaigns lightly. It is not at all clear how many broad-minded Protestants there are who are ready to come to the rescue of the Catholic Parochial schools in the States of Oregon and Oklahoma. In Oklahoma there are, according to the United States religious census, only 47,000 Catholics in a total population of 2,000,000, and in the State of Oregon there are only 49,000 in a total population of 800,000. These figures show only too clearly to what extent the Catholics of those two States are dependent upon the good will of their Protestant fellow-citizens.

The immediate question is, in Oklahoma and Oregon, the amending of the State constitution so as to compel all children to attend the Public schools, which would automatically close the Catholic Parochial schools. This iniquitous proposal takes no account whatever of the fact that the Catholics have paid and are still paying, for the up-keep of the Parochial schools, nor of the fact that they are also saving a vast amount of money to the Protestants by relieving them of taxes to that extent; nor of the further fact that while the Catholics pay the whole expense of the Parochial schools, they pay also their proportion of the cost of the Public schools, nor of the further fact that the Catholics have at their own sole expense erected valuable school buildings and equipment, in a legal manner, and in strict accordance with the Constitution, which property will, if the abolition measure goes through, become of no value.

All these considerations of course, count, with bigots, for just nothing at all. Malicious bigotry is not to be reasoned with. The proposed amendments in Oklahoma and Oregon are to be submitted to a referendum, in accordance with the constitutional procedure in those States. In Canada, the Dominion Constitution is not at the mercy of a popular vote. That constitution can be changed only by an act of the Imperial Parliament; and that will not be done except upon a demand made by practically a joint vote of the Canadian Parliament. The provincial constitutions can be changed within Canada, but only by legislative enactment, and not by a popular vote of the people. There is no such thing in Canada as a compulsory referendum.

In Ontario, the Catholic Separate schools are protected by the Constitution of Canada. No change can be made in it except by the British Parliament, and the British Parliament will not act in the matter without a practically unanimous vote of Parliament. Such a vote is not likely to be given hastily, and the responsibility for bringing about such a change is placed upon Parliament.

Now, in Oklahoma and Oregon, the matter is arranged very differently. The present crisis for the Catholic schools in Oregon, for instance, was brought about by a few ultra bigots who went around the State raising the war-whoops of bigotry. In the Oregon case they got the necessary number of signatures, which is 80,000 in one day. These signatures being secured, it became, under the constitution of Oregon, compulsory for the authorities of the State to place the question before the electors.

That question is, shall all the children in the State of Oregon be compelled to go to the Public schools and give up their own Catholic schools? That question is now to be voted on at the polls; under all the circumstances of excitement and with all the accompaniments of

deception, all the appeals to passion, which are usually to be seen at election time; and in this case the subject to be dealt with is one on which people are divided by religious feeling; which, of course, makes the matter so much the worse, and greatly prejudices the chances of a fair and just verdict at the polls.

If Ontario Catholics will imagine a similar state of affairs in Ontario, they will see at once what it would mean for them and for their Separate school system. Imagine what would be the situation if the Separate school system of Ontario were at the mercy of bigoted demagogues, who had the right, under the Constitution, to bring before the electors of Ontario at the polls, whenever they liked, and as often as they liked, the question whether the Separate schools of the Catholics should be continued or abolished. Wouldn't that be a lovely state of affairs?

In such a case, all that the Orange lodges would have to do would be to get a certain number of people to sign a petition, and the authorities would have no choice but to place the question before the electors at the poll. What a perfectly beautiful time the Orangemen and the large number of Protestants who can always be depended upon to join with them when the "No-Popery" cry is raised, would have when the Constitution itself gave the opportunity, and the public treasury bore the expense of their onslaught on the hated "Pope-of-Rome."

This is exactly what is now taking place in Oklahoma and Oregon, and what our Catholic brethren in those States have to fight against during the next few months. There is the greatest possible danger that the bigots will succeed.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

AN ANGLICAN rector in Toronto boasts that he is furthering the cause of Christian Unity by permitting Mass to be said in his church every Sunday by a priest of the Russian Orthodox Church. Of course it is quite immaterial that the Church of England in its official formularies has stigmatized the Mass as "a dangerous deceit and blasphemous fable." And as a participant, the Russian priest ignores the fact that notwithstanding civilities to the Archbishop of Canterbury under stress of after-war complications, his own Church has tabooed Anglicanism as heretical, and refused to admit its representatives to communion. But there is nothing like putting on appearances. Logic, consistency and common sense may take care of themselves. In the light of events of recent years it is not too much to assume that the average Anglican rector would admit a Mohammedan, or a Buddhist to his spiritual privileges for the sake of making a show.

YET NOTWITHSTANDING that the Church of England is founded upon its blasphemous declarations regarding the Mass, thoughtful minds amongst its sons are coming more and more to realize that it is the Mass after all that matters, and that in turning their backs upon it their founders parted in substance with everything. Hence so many efforts, in their very nature futile, on the part of a school of Anglican clergy, especially in England, to call back the Holy Sacrifice. A recent instance is that of the Vicar of Masham, an ancient Yorkshire village, who writes that "if the word 'Mass' is to be expunged as objectionable I am afraid Christmas, Candlemas, Lammas, etc., will have to go too, and even the name of my own parish, Masham (originally Massam) which is possibly derivable from the same obnoxious word."

THE VICAR is of course not the first person to "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel." He is but following in the footsteps of a considerable section of his clerical brethren for the past seventy or eighty years. We are reminded of one of the earlier attempts to expunge the memory of the Mass from English speech. In the early years of last century a member of Parliament—a Protestant zealot, Thomas Massey by name—proposed in Parliament that "tide" should be substituted for "mas" in such words as Christmas, O'Connell, who also was in Parliament at the

time, suggested that before making the change members should themselves set the example by first reforming their own names, and that the mover of the resolution should drop the name Thomas Massey and be known henceforth as Mr. Thotilde Tidey. That settled it.

It is often, as it has been well said, but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and in their feverish anxiety to be "Catholic," at least in appearance, Anglicans not infrequently strikingly exemplify its truth. We were ourselves witness of one instance of this some years ago in St. Albans, High Holborn, perhaps the most extreme ritualistic church in England, and the theatre of the late Mr. Maconochie's well-meaning but misdirected efforts to foist Catholic practices upon the Anglican Church. It was at "High Mass" on Quinquagesima Sunday. "Next Wednesday," announced the rector, (the late "Father" Stanton) "will be Ash Wednesday and the ashes will be distributed in this church. Let no member of this parish be absent on that morning. If your Protestant friends should tell you that it is of no use, don't let that keep you away; and if your Roman Catholic friends tell you it is of no use, don't let that keep you away."

A MORE glaring example of the truth of the saying occurred but last Lent in another well-known ritualistic church in London, when on Ash Wednesday the members of the congregation, according to an English exchange, blackened their faces all over before going up to the communion rail, and were told by the Vicar that they would find soap and water and towels in the vestry if they wished to wipe their faces before going home. The incident later was the subject of a stormy debate at a meeting of the National Church League, during which Sir William Jovinson Hicks abused the Bishop of London for permitting such goings-on.

AS INDICATING the existing doctrinal chaos in the Church of England, a speech of the Archbishop of Canterbury's a few weeks ago may be cited. The Archbishop was replying to a memorial addressed to himself and the other Bishops on this subject of faith and doctrine, and appears to have with his usual success agreed with both sides. At any rate, he shifted the whole matter on to the shoulders of the laity asking them to suggest what they wanted. While admitting in one breath that present-day doctrinal views were not those of fifty years ago he intimated that there was some excuse for those who took Bible stories with a grain of salt. Yet, says a correspondent, while giving the shibboleth of the "Bible and the Bible only," a shove into the deep waters of controversy, the Archbishop urged all to be "loyal to the Book of Common Prayer." As if the contents of the Prayer Book were not matter of controversy in the Church of England second only to the Bible itself!

THAT THERE is a more conservative element amongst Anglicans which views with dismay the present trend towards doctrinal anarchy may be readily admitted. Some of the Bishops themselves are of the number. The Bishop of Ripon, for example, declares publicly that there are in active operation three lines of thought, any one of which has the capacity to split the Church of England from top to bottom, that just indicated among them. A leading clergyman voicing the conservative aspiration writes that the laity don't want to give the Bishops a lead, but to get it from them. And, lacking this, another writes that modern teaching and writing are leading to the formation of loose hordes of Christians, and that the efforts towards re-union, directed along these lines, can result only in annihilation. All of which is no cause of rejoicing to Catholics, but rather one of melancholy reflection.

MEANWHILE, on occasion of the death of Pope Benedict XV., overtures having real significance took place between the Holy See and the Orthodox Eastern Church. The Ecumenical Patriarchate, which since its schism from the Universal Church in 1053 has been exceedingly bitter towards the Roman Pontiff, sent a delegation to the Apostolic Delegation at Constantinople to

offer condolences on the Pope's death, this being the first occasion in the nine hundred years of the schism that such exchange of courtesies has taken place. Definite efforts have been made during the last three pontificates to bring this unhappy division to a close, and signs have not been wanting since the War that they will in God's own time have their due effect.

BOY LIFE

"Talks to Boys", By Rev. J. P. Conroy, S.J. Published by permission of the Queen's Work Press.

ON SOWING WILD OATS

Here is a phrase that has done an incalculable amount of harm—"sowing wild oats." It is applied to youth, generally with a limited application to growing boys and young men. What does it mean? It is supposed to be a polite way of expressing the idea of a dissipated life, of years uncontrolled by any of the Ten Commandments; and, to the "initiated," it always carries with it the underlying notion of a bad life.

In its practical application and interpretation, therefore, it is a phrase that is used to condone offenses against God, to minimize sin, to make light of impurity, to pretend that uncleanness is a necessary thing in every young life—a thing to be expected, tolerated, overlooked, excused. Often enough we hear out of mouth of persons who pose as connoisseurs of life such talk as this: "Oh, So-and-So is wild, dissipated, a rake. But he is only sowing his wild oats. He'll turn out well, settle down and be a good man."

The effect of this teaching upon the growing boy is deadly. He hears it lightly said that what he thought was hideous and disgraceful is not so bad after all. He is practically told that impurity is the usual preliminary to the real work of life, a stage of growth through which a boy normally goes, a prerequisite to right living, a discordant yet necessary overture to the harmony of manhood's years, the common foundation on which everybody builds. And the listening boy is weak; perhaps already fallen, but struggling to get up from the mire. He hears this phrase, an encouragement to him to go ahead with his sin. The devil puts the catch word into his hands as an excuse for his habits: "Go on. Sow your wild oats. You'll be all right in the end. You'll settle down later." And the youth goes on.

Now, is this right? "No," you will tell me, "it isn't right." It is directly against the law of God, binding in youth no less than in age. And it is certain to be cursed in the end. From our earliest to our latest years God is the one who tells us what to do, and not these experimenters with virtue.

But even apart from our faith, is there a single grain of reason in this advice to sow wild oats? Is there a shred of business sense, a spark of ordinary prudence in such a method of going about the great affair of our soul's salvation? Saving our soul is a business proposition. Is there anything like a business proposition in a boy's sowing wild oats?

What does the wild-oats idea mean? It means that about the early part of your life you needn't care. "Go ahead at any pace you choose. Follow passion, be anything you like in thought, in word, in action. Be impure, obey your animal instincts. All will be well later on. You can easily stop whenever you have a mind to."

I say there is not a particle of business sense in this idea. To throw away the early beginnings of your life, your youth, your young strength—and the rest will be all right—is this business?

Put the idea into any business you happen to think of, and see how it works out. For example, as we are talking of wild oats, the business of farming. Do you ever notice the successful farmer beginning his cultivation by letting weeds grow all over his farm? The farmer nowadays is looked on as a fool for neglecting any corner of his land. He watches every inch of it all the time. You will find none of his land set aside for a wild-oats crop.

In architecture and building. When the plans are made for a skyscraper or a bridge, is it not the foundations that are the great source of worry? And when the building begins, do you not see that

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it is rock they begin on, and not swamp? And if they cannot find the rock they put it there, or its equivalent. Suppose you saw the contractor at work on your house, starting it with a foundation of say old weeds, broken pop bottles, and decayed rags. I think I hear you saying—"Not for my house!"

TO BE CONTINUED

PETIT CLAIRVAUX

HOME OF TRAPPIST MONKS FOR NEARLY A CENTURY MAY BECOME SUMMER HOTEL

Petit Clairvaux is passing; gone, indeed, for that which bears the name—the gaunt building of brick and stone, with the rolling tillage fields and woodlands around it, and the guard-house at its gates, and its great grist mill down close by the water's edge—is tenacious and still, and has been for three years and more.

Corridors, where once monkish feet moved, whisper-like, to the little chapel where the tapers burned, are now silent. The guard-house is without wardens. The stones at the mill, where the wheat and the rye from the broad brown autumn fields was ground to provide the scant fare of a monastery refectory, are stilled. The monks are gone, and with them has gone the soul of Petit Clairvaux. Only the name remains; and now that is going, too.

Here in Boston, in a week or two, Petit Clairvaux will be put upon the auction block. And, as if further to emphasize the passing of the old and the coming of the new, this famous old Trappist Monastery, where, for nearly a century the saintly Cistercians gave themselves over to prayer and contemplation, is to be sold with the aid of motion pictures; is to be brought, visually, down from its quiet resting place among the Nova Scotia hills, and thrown upon a screen in Tremont Temple, a Baptist meeting-house, to be knocked down to the highest bidder by a Jewish auctioneer. And perhaps, before another year is done, the ancient monastery will have become a summer hotel; its cloisters ringing with the voices of tourists, its bare cells transformed into sumptuously-fitted rooms, and its broad fields, where the Trappist toiled in silence beneath the burning sun as a thanks-offering to God, laid out with fairways and spotted with the traps and greens of a golf course. Such, indeed, is the plan.

THE EXODUS FROM FRANCE

It is an interesting story, this story of Petit Clairvaux; a story, that dates from the early days of the Catholic Church in the United States; to be exact, to the year 1790, when the specter of revolution hung like a blood-red cloud over France; when Paris was in a ferment, and a mad populace scoffed at God, trampled upon the cross and banished—so far as men could banish—religion and its institutions from their land. Then it was that Dom Augustin de L'Estrang, master of novices at the Monastery of La Trappe, fled with his brethren from their homeland first to Switzerland, and then, scattering, to Belgium, to Russia, to Germany, to Spain.

And in those years Dom Augustin turned his thoughts towards America. At first he regarded it chiefly as a refuge from the fierce wave of hostility that swept Europe. Later, when Napoleon had come to the fore, and, for a time, had allayed the rigors of the Revolution, he saw in America a broad new field where the Trappists might establish themselves and flourish. And so, in 1802, the first band of Cistercian monks came to this young country, to enter upon a decade of toil and wandering and suffering, the story of which is of absorbing interest, yet not for us to tell.

On the 6th of August, 1811, there landed here at Boston the second group of Cistercians sent to the United States by Dom Augustin—six men, under direction of a saintly and vigorous monk, Father Vincent de Paul. Father Vincent who was to become founder of the Monastery of Our Lady of Petit Clairvaux was then forty-one years old. He and his brethren went to Maryland and for two years struggled for their very existence. Then Dom Augustin himself came to the United States to escape the clutches of the fickle Napoleon. With Father Vincent de Paul and Dom Urban Guillet, the latter in charge of the first arrivals of 1802, he attempted to establish a community in New York City on the exact site of present day St. Patrick's Cathedral. The effort was not successful; and when Napoleon abdicated and was sent into exile at Elba, Dom Augustin decided to return to France, together with the major part of members of the order in America.

LEFT BEHIND BY SHIP

Father Vincent de Paul, with a group of his brothers, set sail from New York for Halifax on the first leg of their journey, in May 1815. In Halifax he was left behind by the unexpected sailing of the vessel for France. The energetic man at once set to work in the field in which he found himself stranded, labored for eight years among the Indians, and then, invited by the Bishop of Montreal to found a Cistercian Monastery in Nova Scotia,

proceeded to France to get the approval of his superiors. Consent was gladly given. Father Vincent de Paul returned to Halifax with four members of the order, and two years later—in 1822—founded the monastery of Petit Clairvaux, in the town of Tracadie.

At the far north east of Nova Scotia is the island of Cape Breton. Between it and the Mainland is the Strait of Canso. Where the shoreline of the mainland from the open ocean reaches the inner waters of St. George Bay the monastery of Petit Clairvaux was built and named for the Clairvaux of France, which St. Bernard himself established. There Father Vincent de Paul lived and labored for twenty-eight years. His saintly countenance looks out today from a print, based perhaps upon an old daguerreotype or a miniature, which the auctioneer displays to his prospective customers.

It would avail little to trace in detail the history of this community at the monastery of Our Lady of Petit Clairvaux, to tell of the struggles and the triumphs of seventy-five years. For a time it seemed that the monastic life and the appealing beauty and sanctity which rigid adherence to the rule of St. Benedict creates would bring recruits into the community. A few were received, and yet other religious came from time to time from France. In November of 1876 Father Dominique was elected first Abbot and the institution became for the first time canonically a part of the order of Reformed Cistercians, or Trappists. Ten years later the community numbered thirty-six. Rolling acres had been cleared, the monastery improved, and mills and barns and other out-buildings erected. Here was an inspiration and a guide to the farmers of the neighboring countryside.

A DISASTROUS FIRE

Then came the turn. In 1892, while the Abbot was in France, the main building was destroyed by fire. A few years later several of the other buildings on the property were burned. Vocations fell off. Finally Father Dominique returned to France. Father John Mary Murphy, prior at the successful monastery at Oka, Quebec, was sent by the Abbot to take charge of the remnant of the once flourishing settlement. He could see little hope for the future; and when an invitation came from the late Bishop Matthew Harkins of Providence, he removed the little community from Nova Scotia to a new home among the stony hills of Rhode Island. Thus was founded the Monastery of Our Lady of the Valley, at Cumberland, today a flourishing institution. Father Murphy became its first prior. Since his death a few years ago Father John O'Connor who came down with him from Petit Clairvaux, has been canonically elected his successor.

The story of Petit Clairvaux does not, however, end here. Founded as a result of the persecutions in France a century ago, it remained to shelter a new band of refugees from the persecutions of more recent days. When France undertook once more to banish God, and in the process ordered the dissolution of the monastic orders, Dom Bernard, Abbot of the monastery of Our Lady of Rhymadec, in Brittany, sent over a band of thirty religious to tenant the deserted Nova Scotia monastery. They arrived, under direction of Father Eugene Villeneuve, early in 1903. They added to the incomplete monastery building, built new barns and other buildings on the property, and three additional acres into tillage. Things seemed to be going well—though, as before, vocations were few—when the great War came. Nine of the monks returned to France to serve the country that had banished them; and one of the nine gave up his life in the cause. Before the War was over Dom Eugene died. The men who had gone back to France did not return. Then the remaining members of the community were ordered back to the mother house; and the story of the monastery of Our Lady of Petit Clairvaux, as a religious institution, came to an end.

THE PASSING OF PETIT CLAIRVAUX

And now the old estate, with its great three-storyed, ninety-roomed building of brick and stone, its 220 foot barn with quarters for more than one hundred cows, its dairies, its mills, its orchards and its broad fields, is to be sold under the hammer of C. L. Byrns in a Baptist meetinghouse in Boston. A motion-picture man has just returned from Tracadie, where he photographed the estate so that prospective buyers might be saved the long journey to see it.

So Petit Clairvaux is passing—gone, indeed. Corridors are silent. The guard-house, close by the little railroad station of Monastery, on the road out from Antigonish, twenty miles away, is without its wardens. The stone in the grist mill are still. The black-and-white robes of monks are gone, and with them the soul of Petit Clairvaux. Only the name remains, and now that is going, too.

The best preventive against idleness is to start with the deepest conviction of the earnestness of life. Whatever men say of the world, it is certainly no stage for trifling; in a scene where all must work idleness can only lead to wreck and ruin.

"WHY NOT ACCEPT ROME?"

The fact that the principal organ of a religious body which does not "accept Rome" gives practically the whole of its editorial space in one issue to a discussion upon the above caption is at least significant. Evidently Rome must be quite worthy of consideration and must be under consideration by many of the members of the denomination in question. It is further significant that the article begins: "One wishes that every fruit of the prejudices of centuries might be eliminated from this consideration, and that the question might be considered and answered on its merits."

It is exactly this which I shall endeavor to do, and I feel that I am qualified to give the kind of consideration and reply which is here requested. I was born and brought up in the American Episcopal Church, entered its ministry and served therein for twelve years. I had my attacks of the "Roman fever," as do most young High Churchmen. I was conversant with my own arguments for Anglicanism and to the very end believed *ex animo* in its position. The "end" came suddenly, taking so short a time as to bring from my Bishop imputations of bad faith on my part but there was none. I was a thorough Anglican until I became a Catholic. As I look back over the years I can see that many things were leading me to the point where I not only could, but must accept Rome, but at the time I was undergoing those experiences I was entirely unaware of the goal towards which they were leading me. Indeed, I was known among "Anglo-Catholics" as one of the most anti-Roman of the younger generation of clergy. If I ever was "by the prejudices of centuries" it was in the direction of Anglicanism, certainly not towards Rome. So, since I have accepted Rome, yet have not forgotten the feelings I had in my former allegiance, and am not, I think, blind to its many excellencies, I feel that my analysis of the Living Church's editorial will fulfill all preliminary requirements.

It starts with the statement that there is "a bitter feeling that exists between Roman Catholic and" themselves, and they seek to account for it and to explain how it is that we "see people differing radically from each other in religion and yet free from a similar bad feeling." First, we are told that the Protestant Episcopal Church officially recognizes its great oneness with Roman Catholics rather than with the most orthodox of the Protestant sects when she accepts the priests of the former as fully ordained and declines to accept the ministers of the latter as other than laymen; when she accepts the laity of the former as confirmed and ready for Holy Communion, though the laity of the latter must have their baptism carefully scrutinized and must present themselves for Confirmation.

And so the conclusion is reached that "this deep-seated sense of antagonism to Romans is not based upon differences in religion." After telling us what is not its cause, the task of giving an account of what is the cause, is next in order. They criticize Rome for holding the medieval philosophy of transubstantiation, but they also acknowledge that between the "Roman" view and the bald Zwinglianism which is allowable among Anglicans, ours is the preferable one. And so the criticism proceeds through a long list of doctrines and practices, Communion in one kind, purgatory, invocation of saints, the Immaculate Conception, in each of which some merely minor difference, and that largely one of expression is seen. Seeking a reason for and a justification of their "antagonism," these things all admittedly fail. "And then we come to the Papacy." Here, we are told "we have the glaring reason why we cannot become Roman Catholics" (italicized theirs). Curiously enough a papacy is recognized as desirable. We do not object to the principle of a world-executive for the Catholic Church. Common experience as well as history justify the choice of such an executive. "It is admitted that "history indicates that the Bishop of Rome early became such an executive," how early, it does not say. This we are told "was natural" because "Rome was the unchallenged metropolis of the whole world." When Rome lost its political importance, we are given the spurious logic that its Bishop must needs have lost his right to spiritual leadership. We must confess that we do not quite follow this, but then one gets used to such a hasty reading of Anglican argument. It always has to jump to get to its conclusion.

But let us take it up where it was left off. The schisms, and rebellions whose effects are seen today and which have produced our present unfortunate condition in the religious world, are accounted for, and seemingly commended on the ground of what is called "race-consciousness." Thus we are told: "The Roman empire fell. Greek consciousness increased, and the Greeks refused to be governed by the Italian see. German consciousness increased, and the German refused to be governed by the Italian see. Anglo-Saxon consciousness increased, and the Anglo-Saxon refused to be governed by the Italian see."

Here the bugaboo of political domination is dragged forth from the cobwebs and made to do service. The terrible situation wherein "the immense non-Italian majority in the Roman communion itself weakly submits to this perpetual domination of a race that has no more divine or human right to rule the world than has the German race" is enough to make the editor shed tears! We might expect such things for them in the Living Church. Its editorial staff are educated and intelligent men. They must therefore know that one-fifth of their fellow-Americans are not "weakly submitting" to any political interference from anyone, nor are they surrendering any rights they believe to be theirs. Such an appeal as the one here made is a deliberate surrender, if one is cognizant of the above facts, to the lowest and most despicable forms of prejudice. It would be laughable to think of "an Anglo-dominating" those who drew up our formularies of government, if it were not for the attempt to make one's readers believe that they would like to dominate our institutions now. The whole set of statements is utterly unprovable, nor is any attempt made to prove them. They are to their work by merely incoherent ramble, and by a psychological effect of the suggestions they convey.

With a nonchalance equaled only by his audacity the editor tells us "we have not even touched upon the absurdity of the plea of infallibility, nor of the baseless claim of a divine right as successor of St. Peter." It is well that he has not. A few abusive adjectives are far better for his purpose than an attempt to look into history. His own "infallibility" pronouncing Papal infallibility an "absurdity" is of course to be accepted without question! But some of us, having divested ourselves of "the prejudices of centuries" studied the question for ourselves. We made the resolve which the late Father Fidelis (Kent Stone) tells us he made, "To be true," let come what would, and though we deliberately threw away honors, position, and means of livelihood, though we have suffered want ourselves and have seen our families deprived of even the common decencies of existence, we have been unable to do other than we did. And among the number were not merely inconsequential persons like the present writer, who might have been easily misled, perhaps, but there have been men of ability like Bishop Ives, like Kent Stone, like Father Maturin, like Bishop Kinsman. An appeal to race antagonism is cowardly. Even if all Americans belonged to a single race, it would be unworthy, deliberately to act forth such a motive for the rejection of the Papacy. It is utterly without merit for serious consideration. The Papacy is not Italian, it is world-wide. The reasons for the election of Italian Popes could easily be given. They have not always obtained and they are not part of the Divine institution. They may not always be equally eager. I am brought into them, not into the reasons which make 20,000,000 American Catholics, besides hundreds of millions of various other nationalities, satisfied with things as they are, nor will I take up the many mis-statements made.

BOYCOTTS VERY HIGH CHURCH

Sir William Joynson-Hicks has recently lodged a complaint with the Bishop of London in connection with St. Saviour's, Hoxton.

The communication to Dr. Ingram charges as follows: "At the church the Mass is regularly said or sung in Latin, and what is, to all intents and purposes, practically a Roman Catholic service is conducted in a building belonging to the Church of England."

Replying to this, the Bishop said that he had failed to bring this church in line and decided to ostracize it by refusing visits and withholding diocesan grants. This he considered wiser than prosecution which would make the rector a martyr in the eyes of the public.

As to the church itself, a reporter from the Catholic Herald visited it and gives his impressions. He says he had hardly entered the Church when a copy of the Westminster Catholic Herald was handed him. He continued: "St. Saviour's is not a very large church. There are sittings for some 250 persons, and a generous space is allotted on each side of the nave for the numerous beautiful side-altars. There is a commodious chancel, but the High Altar is unpretentious in design."

After a short pause before the altar for silent prayer, he intoned the "Deus, in adjutorium," and vespers according to the full Catholic rite. Two youthful cantors sang the anthems in clear, measured tones, and the congregation joined in the psalms with enthusiasm in Latin. The altar and everyone present were duly incensed at the "Magnificat."

A GOOD EXAMPLE

After Vespers a clergyman of mature years, a former vicar of St. Saviour's, and now of Birmingham, entered the pulpit. The church bell was tolled, and those of the flock to whom Vespers apparently did not appeal, came in for the sermon. It was a sober, reasoned discourse, and the references to Our Lady were most beautiful. The young celebrant having donned on alb and changed his green cope for one of brownish-green, benediction took place. A Catholic unfamiliar with the reputation of this church would never have been able to differentiate between these proceedings and the genuine Catholic service. The "Host" was elevated on the Throne, and incensed, the people bowing before it. The Litany of Loreto was heartily sung in Latin, and even the familiar "Prayer for England" to Our Lady was not omitted. Following "Benediction" it was touching to observe the simple faith of the three ministers, servers and people as they grouped around a beautiful image of the Immaculate Mother of God to sing a sweet "Ave Maria."

It will be interesting to watch how long the present state of things will be permitted to continue.—The Antidote.

CROSS CROSSINGS CAUTIOUSLY

August marks the peak of the vacation season. Midsummer is now here with all its beauties, its legitimate pleasures, and lest we forget—its dangers. This is the season of the year when we read about innumerable accidents on sea and land, in boat and automobile, by storm and flood. The first page of the newspaper on Monday reads like an obituary column. Five killed by auto upset, another grade crossing disaster, fire takes toll of lives, sudden tempest cause of drownings; these are sample headlines in every metropolitan daily during August.

The summer has been called the silly season, probably because it is the thoughtless season. Vacationers are notoriously careless and reckless of danger. Hence the pains that have been taken to inject the necessary caution into them. The appalling number of accidents at railway crossings has moved the authorities to change the old "Stop, Look, and Listen" signs and to substitute a picture of an auto mangled by a train with the slogan, "Cross crossings cautiously." This is alliterative enough to be remembered and suggestive enough to be compelling in its demand for less speed and more care at crossings. But despite warnings accidents still happen.

The witless automobilist, who tries to beat a train to the crossing, the fatuous humorist with the ingrown sense of humor who rocks the boat, the boastful swimmer who ventures too far beyond his depth, and the modern Ajax who defies the lightning are all with us now. From their folly the world will probably never be delivered for they are legion. This midsummer madness has its lesson, which all who run may read. In the midst of life we are in death. This is true in all months but is most striking in that day when we stand before Him, not Italians, not Greeks, not Americans but souls, to be judged as we were faithful to the light He gave. We to them then who have put a rock of offense in their brother's way!—Floyd Keeler in America.

BOYCOTTS VERY HIGH CHURCH

Conscience goes with us on vacation. God still exacts His duties and binds us by the same obligations. Prayer, Mass and the Sacraments are even more necessary on vacation than at home. Religion, rest, and recuperation are the three R's of a good vacation. Unless the soul is serene, unless God smiles with favor on our vacation, what boots it all? We may return stronger in body but weaker in soul, or we may return healthier and happier in both body and soul. It all depends upon the degree of caution we bring to our vacation.

Accidents physical and spiritual will lie in wait for us. Exercise prudence in all things. Go to confession and receive Holy Communion before starting on vacation, be faithful to Sunday Mass, and daily prayer, and the reception of the Sacraments, avoid the occasion of sin. Cross all crossings cautiously in your spiritual as well as in your earthly itinerary, and you will escape the perils and pitfalls to which so many vacationists have fallen thoughtless victims.—The Pilot.

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IS THERE A WAY OUT?

That the present industrial situation is hopelessly tangled and that there is no immediate prospect of a satisfactory solution of the difficulties, by which we are not only confronted but surrounded and hemmed in from all sides, requires no further proof. It is painfully and patently obvious. The backbone of the strike may be broken; the mines, with the beneficent assistance of bayonets and machine guns, may be kept open; the railroads may keep on moving freight and passengers, and the strikers may be starved into surrender and absolute submission, yet this will not settle our labor troubles nor usher in an era of industrial peace and prosperity. The smothered fire will break out again; and at each renewed outbreak the situation will be worse and more difficult to cope with.

Industry has gotten into a blind alley. It cannot get any further on the old road. The strike has become a chronic condition. It returns with inevitable and rhythmic periodicity. Under such circumstances, the complete breakdown of the economic order is but a question of time. It will be impossible for industry to bear indefinitely the terrific waste involved in the ever recurring walkouts. The drain is excessive and constitutes a loss that eventually must lead to absolute exhaustion. Worse than that, by reason of the repeated strikes and lockouts the relations between capital and labor have become so strained that some day they will snap. That is the future which society is facing. There is no exaggeration in this description of the situation nor can it be accused of undue pessimism. Much cause exists for alarm. Entirely too much explosive material is heaped up round about us. And, in America, events travel at an enormous speed and very little is needed to set them in motion.

BOYCOTTS VERY HIGH CHURCH

Some, very foolishly, imagine that the ruin of the labor unions will bring us industrial peace and that, when the open shop throughout the country and in all branches of industry has been established, things will go smoothly. That is a fatal error and a destructive delusion. If organized labor, through which the wage-earner finds legitimate and articulate expression, is crushed, industrial disorders will multiply and the last things will be worse than the first. Organized labor stands between society and anarchy. It is well to remember that the articulate speech of organized labor is infinitely better than the inarticulate mutterings and the mad grumblings of discontent and despair that come from a laboring class that has been deprived of a legitimate means to express its grievances and voice its reasonable claims.

The public, of course, resents the inconvenience to which it is put by reason of the strikes. It demands compensation of its rights. But what does it do to secure the rights of the workingman? Is it all concerned that the laborer receive his just hire, as long as it enjoys peace and well being? The object of society is to protect the rights of all and to see that no injustice is done to anyone. If it neglects this duty, it need not be surprised that the injured party will try to secure his own rights regardless of the welfare of society. If the community at large persistently tolerates abuses and wrongs against any section of its members, that section, in seeking relief from these abuses and wrongs, does not consider the inconvenience of the community. If redress can be found through the established agencies of society, it would undoubtedly be wrong to resort to self-help that might interfere with the welfare of others. The public must realize that if labor has duties towards society, society also has obligations towards labor. The public cannot repudiate its duties and, nevertheless, insist on its rights. Unless, therefore, we one and all unite in supporting the claims of the workers to a fair share in the goods of this life, both material and spiritual, we ourselves are to blame for the effects of his resentment, for we are siding with those who refuse him justice and fair dealing. This side of the problem has been conveniently overlooked by the public. It is time that it should awaken to its grave responsibility.

That will be the only way out of the industrial tangle if the public makes it its duty to probe industrial conditions to the very bottom and remove whatever injustice there exists. Experience has sufficiently and abundantly taught us that capital and labor cannot arrive at a fair settlement between them. There remains nothing then but that the matter be taken out of their hands and settled for them in an impartial and just manner. In this settlement, however, property rights must not be held more sacred than personal rights and the claim of labor to a living wage must be absolutely recognized. Only via social justice can we arrive at social peace and prosperity.—Catholic Standard and Times.

NAZARETH

The beauty of the earthly paradise, which God planted with His own hand, and whither He came at the hour of the evening breeze to converse with His unfallen creatures, was a poor shadow of the loveliness of the Holy House during eighteen years of the Hidden Life. We cannot guess at all the mysteries which were enacted within that celestial cloister. The words were few, yet in eighteen years they were what in our human way should call countless. The very silence even was a fountain of grace. There were tens of thousands of beautiful actions, each one of which had such infinite worth that it might have redeemed the world. During those eighteen years an immeasurable universe was glorifying God all day and night. The beauty of the trackless heavens swayed by their majestic laws, vast unpeopled orbs with their processes of inanimate matter or their seemingly interminable epochs of irrational life, earth with all its inhabitants, the worshippers of the true God amid whatever darkness in all its regions—all were swelling, as in one concourse of creation, the glory of the Most High. The wide creation of angels, above all, peopling the immeasurable capacities of space, sent up to God evermore, the God Whom they beheld clearly with the eyes of their intelligence, a worship of the most exquisite perfection. But the entire creation was as nothing to the Holy House of Nazareth. One hour of that life out-weighted ages of the rest, and not only out-weighted it on a comparison, but out-weighted it by a simple infinity.—Father Faber.

"I am not a Catholic," said M. Forgeot, of the French Chamber of Deputies, "but I aver and I have seen that for nearly two thousand years Catholicism defends the family, order, labor and property." The man who wastes his time does not seem to realize that he will need it all before he dies.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE

Who is there that does not admire the great apostle Paul! After his miraculous conversion to the Faith, he labored untiringly, amidst the greatest sufferings for his divine Master. Yet St. Paul calls himself the least of the apostles. It is this truly humble opinion of himself that makes the Apostle great. It brought to him extraordinary help from God; it was a great act of penance for his persecution of the infant Church before Christ made him see the light; it was the principal reason for God exalting him so: "God giveth His grace to the humble." God giveth His grace to the humble.

We know not what to admire most in this great Apostle. Besides his humility, which shines forth so strikingly, there is his unlimited sacrifice of comfort, his patient loss of former human friendship, his earnestness and zeal for the glory of God, his courage under difficulties, and, finally, his willingness to give up his life for Christ. Wonderful indeed is the grace of God! It was by this grace, as St. Paul says, that he was what he was. Truly, he need not have told us so, for it is only divine grace that could ever have worked such a transformation in this former enemy of the early Christian Church.

What St. Paul teaches us in his Epistles is enough to fill us with heavenly wisdom, if only we could read it with the proper spirit and be filled with its sacred unction. But even for those who seem to find a certain dryness in the reading of the Bible, there is a lesson of infinite value in the life of St. Paul, as gathered from his own writings. No one can peruse the Epistles of St. Paul without becoming a great admirer of this grand and wonderful personage, or without finding many examples in his life for imitation. Not only do we find great truths—religious, moral, and social—in St. Paul's writings, but we also find a great life. The man, as the old saying goes, writes himself. No one has written himself more efficaciously than has St. Paul; and no one has less intended to write himself than he. We may feel perfectly justified in saying that one of God's intentions in inspiring the Apostle to write, was that we Christians could have before us the example of a truly magnanimous, holy, self-sacrificing life.

There is one lesson that should be considered of great importance in this life of St. Paul. Thousands should learn it as soon as possible. It is this: With God's grace, every man can rise to eminent sanctity. We do not say that all can attain the same heights, but certainly all may arrive at a high degree. But this is not all. Man can rise from the depths of sin to the heights of holiness. This is said for those who imagine that, because sin has conquered them, there is little chance left for them. Surely, those who have never fallen are more blessed; but even to the lowest we may say: "Arise with earnestness, imploring God's help, and the day will come when you will walk the earth one of God's redeemed children."

You may say that habits are formed, and nature is now punishing you. That may all be very true, but God's grace is a stronger habit, which will conquer the weaker, and it will overcome the failings of nature. To many a bleeding soul that the demon of drink or of gross immorality has wounded, we say: "Why do you not, at least now, become a man! Your wickedness has taught you that there is no real enjoyment in a bad life. Your faith, if nothing else, tells you that an eternity of suffering awaits you beyond, unless you reform; your gnawing conscience lets you know of your ingratitude to God who made you and gave you what no one else could give you—life. Acknowledge your faults to God and man, as did St. Paul, but do it humbly; and God will gradually supply the strength by which you can rise from your sinful state."

You, also, who are leading a good Christian life but think that you can go no higher, learn from the life of the Apostle that such an idea is false. Act on, with God's help, will cause you to rise a step higher. In our religious life, once God's grace enters into our soul in its abundance, the past can not influence us toward sin; it will rather make us strive and work more sincerely, and keep humility blooming within our heart. The point, then, is this: Are we trying to have God's grace come to us as He would like? If so, the rest will follow; if not, we are hazarding our souls.

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THE ZIONIST REGIME IN THE HOLY LAND

A. Hilliard Atteridge in America

Monsignor Barlassina, Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem, has come to London to lay the grievances of his people before the British Government, which represents the "mandatory" power in possession of the Holy Land. He is the fifth in succession to the see of Jerusalem, since Pius IX. restored the Latin Patriarchate of the Holy City in 1847. He has held his high office through three critical years. He had honored me with a long interview in which he spoke freely of the present situation in Palestine. Before dealing with the points to which he called my attention, it will be well to note the statistics of the population of Palestine and some points as to the origin of the existing Zionist Government of the Holy Land. This will make it easier to appreciate the significance of what follows.

A census taken on March 31, 1919, showed that the population of Palestine, i. e., of the territory west of the Jordan to be included in the British mandate, was 647,850. Of these 515,000 were Moslems; 62,600 Christians and 65,800 Jews. The remainder, about 5,000, belonged to various minor sects or were returned as "of no religious denomination." But the British Government had already pledged itself to give the Jewish minority, some ten per cent. of the total population, a privileged and dominant position in the country. The pledge had been given by Mr. Balfour on November 2, 1917, in these terms:

"His Majesty's Government views with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of that object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country."

We shall see presently what has been the practical value of the proviso which purported to safeguard the rights of Moslem and Christian. As for the further proviso that nothing should be done to prejudice the status of Jews in other countries, this was inserted in the declaration because many prominent Jews in Western Europe had opposed the Zionist agitation for the creation of a Jewish State on the ground that the existence of such a State might well lead to their being reduced to the position of the alien residents in countries where they now enjoy full citizenship.

From the day when Jerusalem was occupied by General Allenby the British Government began to give effect to the Balfour Declaration. Its terms were embodied in the Treaty of Sevres and on April 20, 1920, at the San Remo Conference, the Supreme Council of the Allies, i. e., Mr. Lloyd George and the French and Italian Premiers, formally conferred the mandate for Palestine on Great Britain. By this time a Zionist Government had been organized at Jerusalem; thousands of Jewish immigrants, mostly from Eastern Europe, were arriving in Palestine; and a distinguished Jewish politician, Sir Herbert Samuel, was sent out from London to take charge as British High Commissioner. Thus, as the result of the British conquest of Palestine and its annexation under the form of a mandatory protectorate, the small Jewish minority in its population has been made the predominant and controlling force in its Government and administration.

What has been the result? In the interview with Monsignor Barlassina I heard the facts from a first-hand witness. I shall try to set down some of the most significant of these facts as he gave them to me. I do not of course mean to make the Patriarch responsible for the conclusions I deduce from them, but I think that given the facts these conclusions necessarily follow. Perhaps it will be said that the Latin Patriarch speaks from the narrow standpoint of the interests of his own flock, and is influenced by prejudice against the Jews. One could not speak with him for five minutes without feeling that any such suggestions are utterly baseless. The grievances of which he complains affect not only the Christians of Palestine but also the great Moslem majority of its people. More than this, not a few of the Jews of Palestine, amongst them rabbis and other prominent men, have joined in the protest of Moslem and Christian against the methods and proceedings of the new Zionist Government.

As the Patriarch himself puts it the grievances of the Latin Catholic community in Palestine are also those of every other community outside the privileged circle of the Zionists. Under the old regime for hundreds of years the special status of the Christian and Jewish bodies as well as of the Moslems, was recognized by the Government. Each had its own legislation, especially in matters relating to the laws of marriage and inheritance. For instance, divorce was recognized by the Moslem and the Jewish communities each under its own religious code, but was non-existent for the Christians. The Latin and Greek Patriarchates had both special powers for safeguarding

public morality among their people. Nominally the new regime assures equality of treatment for all but in practice the church authorities find their action hampered and their work impeded by Jewish officialism. Nominally there is freedom of immigration and settlement, but as the officials of the new Government have the right to veto in each individual case and there is an organization for promoting Jewish immigration, in order to strengthen the Jewish minority, the practical result is that the immigration is entirely Zionist. The new arrivals, who have come in their thousands, are drawn almost entirely from Eastern Europe. Even the orthodox Jews of Palestine complain that these new colonists are largely made up of the free-thinking Bolshevik element of the Slav countries.

These orthodox Jews, old residents whose families have been in the Holy Land for centuries, refuse to recognize the Zionist Government as representing Judaism in its religious aspect. Numbers of them refused even to vote for the candidates to the Zionist assembly which is officially known as the "National Council of the Jews of Palestine," and the local body known as the "Council of the Jews of Jerusalem." They complain that in the new Government schools for the Jews the teaching is not orthodox, and that the whole policy of that Government is inspired, not by the religious ideals of genuine Judaism, but by political and financial ambitions. A deputation of the old Jewish population interviewed Lord Northcliffe during his recent visit to Jerusalem and stated their grievances. After his departure they were exposed to something like persecution. As for the influence of the new immigrants who are being settled in the country Monsignor Barlassina declares that they have notably lowered the moral condition of the country.

"I could give terrible details," he says, "as to how in various ways the Holy City and the Holy Land have been desecrated." Amongst the non-Zionist majority in Palestine there is not without reason, a feeling that, despite all the pledges of equal treatment for all races and religions, there is a fixed policy of gradually making the Zionists the sole possessors of the country and impoverishing the rest of the people. "Palestine should be the national home of the Jew," say the Zionists. "There are other wide countries near at hand for the Arab." But, as Monsignor Barlassina explained to me, this name for the majority of the people of the Holy Land can easily be made the basis for misleading fallacies. Arabic is the common language of Palestine and all Syria. The average man when he hears of the Arabs of Palestine thinks of them as a foreign Moslem element and of the Jew as the native element in the country. But many of the Arabs are Catholics, and Arab means now only Arabic-speaking. The people are of mixed descent. There are Arab families in Palestine whose ancestors were in the country long before those of many of the Jewish people who are there today. The Arabs of Palestine are not wandering Bedouins but small farmers, laborers, villagers and townsmen. They have as good a right to the country as the old Jewish residents and a better right than the new arrivals brought in by an organized system of Zionist immigration.

Yet they find themselves facing a system that is depriving them of their property and handicapping them at every turn. If land is for sale they cannot buy it, for it always goes to the Jew. Thus, to take a glaring example, when the large landed property given up by the Russo-Greek Patriarchate was disposed of, it was announced that the sale would be by public auction and open to all bidders. But it was useless for the Moslem and Christian Arabs to compete with the Zionists. Most of the land was put up at auction in one big block, five lots being combined. These were sold for 250,000 sterling. The purchaser was the agent of the Zionist Land Committee. The property was then resold on easy terms and in small lots to Zionist Jews. The Arabs are obviously helpless in competition against a wealthy Zionist syndicate. They complain that land transfer is systematically worked so as to substitute at every turn new Zionist owners for the former holders. Further they allege that in marketing their produce they find that Zionist officials put difficulties in their way, make them lose the favorable markets, and exposed them to such loss that in many cases they are being driven to sell their land.

One more of the illusions of the war years is gone. When in December, 1917, the news came that Allenby had captured Jerusalem, there were Te Deums in the churches of Europe, ringing of bells and rejoicing that a "new Crusade" had liberated the Holy City and that the "liberation of the Holy Land" would soon be an accomplished fact. What has happened is that the Holy City and the Holy Land have been handed over to the Zionist political organization and the vast majority of the people of Palestine, Moslems, Christians and the old orthodox Jews find themselves under the arbitrary rule of a Zionist committee which governs in the interests of its

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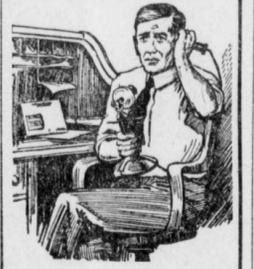
supporters and reinforces them by the organized immigration of thousands from the ghettos of Eastern Europe. When I say this I am not reporting any words of Monsignor Barlassina. It is my own conclusion from what are now notorious facts.

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The Kidneys

The office man and the outdoor worker suffer alike from derangements of the kidneys.

Backaches and headaches are among the symptoms. In some cases Bright's disease soon develops, others suffer from high blood pressure until hardening of the arteries sets in. In order to forestall painful and fatal diseases prompt action should be taken at the first sign of trouble.

Mr. A. D. MacKinnon, Kirkwood, Inverness county, N.S., writes: "I can highly recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to all suffering from weak kidneys. I suffered from kidney disease for a long time. I may also say that for three years I was nearly always troubled with headaches, and no treatment seemed to do more than afford temporary relief. I was finally told of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and after using a few boxes was completely relieved. I have also used Dr. Chase's Ointment with the best results, and never fail to recommend these wonderful remedies."

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JUVENILE CRIME

Alfred J. Talley, Judge of General Sessions in New York, attributes the alarming growth of crime among the young to a lack of discipline in the home and the absence of religion in the public schools.

In an interview granted to a reporter of the New York American recently Judge Talley said: "All the modern tendencies of the part of youth are very distressing and very menacing, and it requires immediate thought and action on the part of people who think to correct it."

"If we are aspiring to develop into a pagan nation and go the way of destruction which all other pagan nations have gone, we have only to continue our present methods, because we are developing by our faulty education and the mistaken home training a race of young pagans in America today."

"The modern extravagances on the part of young women are even more harmful to society than they are to the offenders. We are departing sadly from the ideas with which this country was formed. All the founders of the country insisted upon religion and moral stability. You cannot have a nation unless you have morality and you cannot have morality without religion."

"The freedom—it is a manifestation of our raising a whirlwind of improperly trained youth in the United States. Parents bring children into the community and it is their duty to exercise proper authority and restraint over them."

"I don't know but that the past generations did not have more respect for their parents because they were chastised occasionally. I have yet to meet the man or woman that amounts to anything that has ever said they have ever suffered because of any childish chastisement."

"Taking away from teachers in the school the right to impose judicious corporal punishment has undoubtedly tended to make children defiant of authority and of their teachers, and with moral teaching absent from the home, combined with its neglect in school, makes it small wonder that young people get out into life with their immature wills unformed, and come to believe there are no restraints to life."

"This brings about a disrespect not only of law, but of morality, which in my opinion is undoubtedly the cause of the startling and disheartening proportion of apparently hardened criminals at seventeen and eighteen."

"Chastising of the majority of children would be unnecessary. It is the knowledge that a child has that it may be chastised if it is willfully disobedient that counts. It is the only thing which for the average unruly child is likely to make an impression upon that child's mind."

"We have tried many schemes to keep youth safe and wholesome and fine, and in my opinion there is only one remedy left, and that is to teach religion and ethics to a child in its formative years in school. I would include religion in the curriculum to come up in regular school hours."

"Everything else has been tried, and everything has failed. I would teach the children the faith of their fathers, no matter what their sect is. Religion would teach them that they must keep themselves clean and decent, and it would teach them that the beginning of wisdom is the fear of God in their hearts."

"We have adopted a mentally cowardly attitude which is destructive to a great people. We do not teach religion in the school because of the fear that one sect might get a little precedence over the other. We have adopted the line of least resistance and abolished religion from school rooms entirely, and I think that we are now beginning to reap the whirlwind."

"When children grow to maturity and understand why they were restrained, the respect for parents increases with the years. Judge Talley holds no better brief for the girls than for the boys, for he said: 'Whenever a boy of seventeen or so is brought to court there is invariably out in the corridor, in the shadow of the courtroom, a girl the same age, waiting around to show her loyalty to the young offender. All these young fellows have girls who believe the same as they do. What is in New York is typical of large cities throughout the country.'

"The judge insisted that the old generation was never like the present, although every crop of youth has its growing pains."

"There is a wave of disorder over the whole world, and our youth have caught it up more than others. The older generation was young, too, and in its youth had spirit, but it did not see the necessity of over-throwing everything and stamping around wild with rebellion."

"We must adopt home life again as it was known a generation ago and which has disappeared. A child should have a home where it can bring its little friends. Children should learn to stay at home, and fathers and mothers must learn to stay at home. The wild and senseless chase in which we are all engaged, hunting after amusements, leads to nothing. It is too true to repeat that it never brings happiness and never will."

What this present, turbulent generation hates most is to be pitied, but pity is the parting shot by Judge Talley.

"The only reason people think as I do and press themselves as I do, is because I have a great solicitude and love of youth. Young people have infinite possibilities for good and their minds are precious things. To me the neglect of their physical needs is far less important than the neglect of those things which will make them good men and good women who depend for their happiness on the decency and morality of their lives."

"There is nothing more wasteful than a lot of undisciplined men and women, without stability or character. They can't get anywhere that way!"—Catholic Union and Times.

A GREAT SYNOD TO BE HELD IN CHINA

PAPAL LEGATE TO PRESIDE

Right Rev. P. Faveau, Vicar Apostolic of Hongchow, writes: "I read with great interest the little review 'China,' which you have the kindness to send me, and I thank God for the blessing He bestows on your work. May it prosper more and more, and arouse many vocations for our poor China, which is waiting for a Saviour from every point of view. It does not know, unfortunately, that the only true Saviour is He, who said, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life!'"

"Would that at length, it could embrace the Light, and thus find Peace, Unity and Prosperity. We have had a conference of Bishops at Shanghai to study a programme traced by Propaganda, having for scope, the intensification of the propagation of the Faith among the pagans, and the organization on a uniform basis of the administration of Catholic works in places already opened to the Faith."

"These Episcopal Reunions, which are being held this year, all over China, are an immediate preparation for the National Synod, which the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda will convoke next year at Shanghai, under the Presidency of a Papal Delegate."

"Let us hope that all these efforts will contribute efficaciously to the advancement of the Kingdom of God, in this, the classic land of Paganism, idols and pagodas.—From China."

THE SIGN OF FAITH

Our Holy Father, Pius XI., in a recent allocution delivered on the Feast of Pentecost, recalls to the minds of his spiritual children throughout the world, the inestimable benefits which they have at all times obtained from Holy Mother Church.

"From the cradle the sign of Faith has illumined the days of our life," says the Holy Father. "From earliest years we have been admitted to partake of the Divine Banquet. Shall we go the tribunal of God without having reflected on these benefits received from the hand of God?"

"Looking back over a lifetime, many a man has wondered at the innumerable favors received from God, and has marvelled that at the time he thought so little of them. In the light of some great sorrow when his soul has been illumined with a flash of grace, as he nears the end of a life spent in the pursuit of success, on his death-bed the consciousness of all that the Church has done for him, comes with startling clearness to one who has always accepted her comforts and assistances more or less as a matter of fact."

"From the cradle, the Church acts toward her children as a mother. She watches over them, protects them, fights for their interests, nourishes them, forgives them when they have offended. In trial, temptation, sorrow, in every happening of life she is there beside her child, assisting him. From the cradle to the grave the Church keeps vigil, so that it is well nigh impossible for one to elude her loving vigilance."

"Many a man whose name shines resplendent in the pages of world accomplishments, attests to the strength and protection which the Church exercises over the children of her love. 'The Catholic Church,' once said an American essayist, 'is a good one to live in, but I would say from observation that it is the only one in which to die.'"

Lacordaire, describing the emotions of his First Communion which was his last for many years, says: "It was the last ray of sunlight which passed into my soul. Soon darkness gathered about me, and the chill of night surrounded me, and

my conscience received from God no further signs of life."

Those who have unfortunately withdrawn themselves from the embrace of their faith, in the sad vicissitudes of life have early found that they made a fearful mistake. They who were unwilling to humble themselves or who were not granted a helping hand, died in exile and despair. Such has been the tradition of history and so it will be until the end of time."

The words of Pius XI. deserve careful consideration on the part of Catholics who have been singularly blessed by God Who has called them from the cradle into the one true fold.—The Pilot.

DE LA SALLE COLLEGE, AURORA, ONT.

DEPARTMENTAL EXAMINATIONS

In the recent Departmental Examinations 25 candidates from the De La Salle College wrote on Lower School subjects, 11 on Middle School subjects, and 7 on Upper School subjects. They wrote 257 papers in all and passed on 243 papers, thus making 94.5%. They obtained 75 first-class honors (75-100), 62 second-class honors (66-74), 56 third-class honors (60-65), 60 credits (50-59). Seven successfully completed their Normal School Course at the Toronto Normal School.

The Annual Retreat for the Junior students opens on the evening of August 27th and will be conducted by Rev. J. McCandlish, C. S. R. All intending students should be present for this Retreat with which the Fall Term of the College opens.

MARRIAGE

CORRIGAN — BUCKLEY. — In St. Patrick's Church, Phelpston, on Wednesday, August 3rd, by Rev. M. J. Gearin, Mr. Frank Ambrose Corrigan of Guelph, Ont., to Mary Kathleen, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Buckley.

MURTAGH-BLAKE. — At Corpus Christi Church, Toronto, on Saturday, July 29th, 1922, by the Rev. S. McGrath, Alice Gertrude, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Blake, to Thomas Joseph Murtagh, son of Mrs. and the late Francis Murtagh, of Ottawa, Canada.

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TEACHER wanted for Separate School No. 1, E. L. Duties to commence Sept. 5th. Apply stating salary and experience to John Rogan, Sec. Treas., Separate School No. 1, R. R. No. 5, Stratford, Ont. 2257-3

TEACHER wanted holding 1st or 2nd class certificate, for C. S. S. No. 2 and 4, Maidstone and R. R. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Salary to object. Apply to Edw. Mousens, Sec. Treas., R. R. No. 1, Woodside, Ont. 2257-4

TEACHER wanted for C. S. S. No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100. Apply to John Rogan, Sec. Treas., Separate School No. 1, R. R. No. 5, Stratford, Ont. 2257-3

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TEACHER wanted for Separate School No. 1, E. L. Duties to commence Sept. 5th. Apply stating salary and experience to John Rogan, Sec. Treas., Separate School No. 1, R. R. No. 5, Stratford, Ont. 2257-3

SECOND class professional teacher wanted for C. S. S. No. 1, village of Plover, on M. C. R. Small school, about 20 on roll. Conventions to be held. Duties to commence Sept. 1st. Salary \$84.00. Apply to Clarence Greenwood, Sec. Treas., Plover, Ont. 2254-1

WANTED Catholic teacher holding 1st or 2nd class certificate for C. S. S. No. 1, Corning. Duties to commence after summer holidays. Apply stating salary and experience to John H. Kite, Sec. Treas., Corning, Ont. 2254-2

TEACHER wanted for C. S. S. No. 1, Cornwall, holding a second class professional certificate, one with an agricultural certificate preferred. Apply stating qualifications and salary to Angus H. Chisholm, Sec. Treas., R. R. No. 2, Northfield sta., Ont. 2254-1

TEACHERS wanted, holding second class Ontario Certificate, for Separate Schools, Fort William, Ont. Salary \$900 per annum. Duties to commence September, 1922. Apply to G. L. Simpson, Secretary, Room 11, Murray Block, Fort William, Ont. 2250-1

WANTED Catholic Normal trained 2nd class teacher. Capable of teaching French and English. Experience preferred. To teach S. S. No. 4, La Passe. Salary \$1000 per annum. Apply stating qualifications and salary to Gervais, Sec. Treas., S. S. No. 4, La Passe, Ont. 2253-3

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