

The Catholic Record.

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

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"VIOLENT OUTBREAK IN THE PRESS"

CHESTERTON TELLS OF ANGRY SURPRISE AT BEING OUTFLANKED

The Universe, January 1924

Comparatively recently a change has taken place in the tone and habit of newspapers, and that change is a sudden and violent outbreak against the Catholic Church. This prospect of a fresh menace to Catholicism was unfolded to a great gathering in the Birmingham Town Hall on Tuesday evening by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in his presidential address at the sixty-ninth annual Birmingham Catholic Reunion.

Mr. Chesterton admitted that the outbreak was only sporadic, here and there, but pointed out that it had appeared, not in fanatical or sectarian papers, but in the general press.

A FAITH FOR ALL

Mr. Chesterton, who was very warmly received, had chosen as his subject "The Sceptic on His Defence." He said that a presidential address to such an assembly ought to cover the whole life of Catholicism in the modern world; and Catholicism, even on the smallest material scale, was by far the largest thing in the world, because it was indeed larger than the world.

Everyone knew that the chief fact, the fact obvious, he thought, even to ordinary people, about the Catholic Church was that almost all kinds of persons in the world could and did belong to it. It was obvious that almost every other religion or philosophy did imply more or less some particular social type or some particular associations with social life.

If they took a hundred stock-brokers no one would be surprised at a certain minority being Catholics. Similarly with scavengers, crossing sweepers, or any people doing what was called the lowest offices of this society. Everyone knew that in that very poor stratum in the big modern cities there was always a minimum of Catholics. They could invent or suggest any kind of occupation or function of life, however extravagant or extraordinary or rare, and it would cause them no particular surprise to learn that the main representative of that occupation belonged to the Universal faith.

For instance, if they imagined a man whose whole duty in life consisted in swallowing knives, they would probably be slightly surprised to learn that he also learned to swallow the shorter Catechism of the Scottish Church, or the Westminster Confession; but they would not be in the least surprised to find that he was a Catholic.

A VIOLENT ATTACK

Indeed, there was no type of person whom it would in any particular sense surprise them to find was a Catholic.

That being the stupendous fact, it was quite impossible for any kind of address to be delivered to Catholics, which should not be a great deal too sectional and professional and peculiar to the position of the speaker.

He proposed, therefore, merely to draw their attention to one particular corner of the modern world in which he happened to live—the corner of journalism; a dusty, and, as some would say, a dirty corner; but a corner about which he knew a little, and in which the present position of the Catholic movement and the Catholic spirit was, he thought, a very interesting one.

He proposed to say a few words about things that had happened lately in the world of magazines, of books and newspapers, and, generally speaking, in the whole of the intellectual world, or if they preferred to be more precise, in the world which was supposed to be intellectual.

The chief thing he desired to note was this: that comparatively recently a change had taken place in the tone and habit of newspapers. That change was that a sudden and violent outbreak against the Catholic Church had been permitted in the ordinary press. It was only sporadic, here and there, but when he was young the whole subject was avoided in journalism. The man who wanted to attack the Catholic Church was always there, of course, straining at the least his letters poured into the editorial offices.

They also poured into the wastepaper basket.

DEAN INGE—DANCING DERVISH

This was not, he regretted to say, because the editors and sub-editors were all devout and saintly Catholics, but because, first of all, the whole subject bored them; secondly, they had discovered by experience that the statements made against the Catholic Church were generally lies.

There had recently appeared in ordinary journalism a certain patchy and abrupt, but very obvious attack. It had come largely from two or three types and

sources, but the point which he wished to insist upon was that it had appeared, not in fanatical or sectarian papers, which were devoted to that object, and which no doubt were pursuing their courses honestly enough, but in that ordinary press which was often common, critical, and sometimes vulgar, but had certainly, generally speaking, none of the virtues of the religious persecutor.

One example, out of many, was the case of their dear old friend, the Gloomy Dean, who had been for some time past appearing every week in the pulpit, not of St. Paul's but of the Evening Standard. Nothing had been more notable than the manner in which that very distinguished, very learned, and sometimes very brilliant man had completely went mad when he mentioned the Catholic Church. The peculiar thing about it was that he was allowed to conduct his wild dervish dancing publicly.

MR. JAMES DOUGLAS'S ATTACK

Another example occurred in his own case. Actually standing upon that platform he made certain remarks which he imagined were commonly discussed amongst educated people, about the decline of dogmatic Protestantism. Mr. Jas. Douglas proceeded to write an article in the Sunday Express all about him.

He insisted chiefly in saying of him personally: "He is a slave and a serf," and there being only a limited number of words in the language he began it all over again. The rest of the article was devoted to a kind of violent abuse of the Catholic Church.

These things had rather suddenly appeared in the press that used to pride itself upon a rather rapid toleration.

Such an outbreak from an educated and literary man was curiously significant of a certain something that had happened abruptly in modern journalism. He thought what had happened, to put it shortly was this: that the Protestant and anti-Catholic world had suddenly woke up to find its position outflanked. It was, indeed, a curious and interesting position.

"ASLEEP FOR 200 YEARS"

Almost everything that was written and printed on religion in the daily press was startlingly behind the times. Not long ago in the same popular and successful paper, the Sunday Express, appeared a tremendous article with tremendous headlines warning the public of the dangers of some form of Catholic aggression, and when one read below the headlines one found that the remarks were from the Secretary of the Protestant Alliance, or some body of that sort. It struck at once a note remote from the whole world of educated humanity. This writer, and another a journalist said: "How awful it would be for the King to be a Catholic!"

"That is what I call being asleep for two hundred years," said Mr. Chesterton. At this moment what had the situation at the Hanoverian period, and at other times more remote, to do with us? Everyone knew that if we did have an alliance with a foreign State it was just as likely to be France or Spain as with any Protestant country. But everyone knew, or should know, that the King had no direct political power in the State at all.

A RUDE AWAKENING

And then the newspapers suddenly realized that there was a movement towards Catholicism. A man who was suddenly woken up was very cross.

In their relation to merely worldly events the things had ceased to have any meaning. To take one instance. Every Protestant controversialist would say: "Look at the awful state of Catholic countries." In the next breath the same critic would refer to Mussolini and Italy; and wish well for Ireland now it was free. It was no use making lists of Catholic nations, and after praising or envying them or fearing them, then to turn round and say: "Look at their pitiable and deplorable conditions."

The psychological explanation of these outbursts, declared Mr. Chesterton, was that the silent growth of the logical conversion of people to Catholicism had taken these critics by surprise. The whole thing could be related to the psychology of surprise, and he thought those people would very soon be much more surprised. They would still be puzzled over their traditional phrases and manners of speech, covering them in some way with impotence and derision. They had never really realized that Catholicism could be and was a powerful thing.

The bewilderment of their opponents at the very idea of Catholic success would be such as to give them almost the notion of their calling upon unknown deities. They had known—even they had realised—what consolation they had from their religion; even they knew what

poor mothers had felt about the Mother of God, or what the poor sailors meant by the Star of the Sea. But he thought they would have a vague sense that someone was crying out upon a new name if there came a time when they went forward calling upon Our Lord and Our Lady of Victories.

"G. K. C.'S WEEKLY"

Mgr. Parkinson proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Chesterton for his address. Martin J. Melvin, G. C. S. G., seconding, said they were delighted to have among them a "rejuvenated Dr. Johnson." Referring to the newspaper which Mr. Chesterton was shortly to start under the name of "G. K. C.'s Weekly," he expressed the hope that Mr. Chesterton would tell them something about his new venture.

The resolution was carried with enthusiasm, and Mr. Chesterton, in reply, stated that a regular and proper prospectus concerning his proposed paper would shortly be sent out; if sufficient support were forthcoming he hoped it would be launched in the spring. It would be edited by one who was a Catholic, but would simply take the healthy, virile, fundamental morality we hold and apply it to the problems of the day.

A NATION WIDE EVIL

The question of the decency of the stage in New York is important for the whole country. Theatrical people, it is true, like many others, speak contemptuously of "the provinces," but there are no provinces—least there are no provinces so provincial as to be entirely unrepresented by the metropolis. Hundreds of New York "shows" go "on the road." The worst go along with the best. Also, the shows that do not go on the road influence those that do. If the source is polluted, all the streams will be poisoned. The sewage in the Chicago drainage canal makes a stench at Joliet and befools the Illinois River. The moral sewage from the stage of New York makes a stench as far away as Toledo, Omaha, and Kansas City, and befools the entire United States.

Hence the comments that one may find from time to time in these columns. I am not writing to regale the rest of the country with the scandalous conditions that prevail here. I have no zeal for broadcasting the shame of the great city. But the Catholic World has an obligation to readers in every State. The newspapers, daily and weekly, will not put them on their guard. The newspapers largely eschew questions of morality.

STRONG TALK ABOUT THE STAGE

Let me then record the fact that the Theatre Magazine carries in its December number, an article by a gentleman who is regarded, I believe unjustly, by many theatrical folk as a fanatical opponent of the theater, Mr. John S. Sumner, the successor of Anthony Comstock, Secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. He entitles the article "The Sewer on the Stage." Very vigorously he impugns some theatrical managers whom he calls bluntly, "panders." He speaks also of "muddle-headed producers," who should be "clubbed into a sense of decency."

Now the Theatre Magazine lives on and by the stage. Its subscribers are actors and actresses and theater-loving people. Yet the editor, far from taking offense at Mr. Sumner's language, writes an editorial, "The Writing on the Wall," substantially seconding the diatribe, admitting that theatrical managers, like some "movie" producers, have discovered that "dirt and dollars are intimate," and that at least a few producers "for mere greed are dragging in the mire the good name of the American Drama." He admits that at present there is "an orgy of indecency on the stage, and calls upon the Mensching Producers Association to avert the peril of censorship by setting their own house in order." This is significant, and welcome, even though the editor seems to be more moved by the dollars and cents argument than by a passion for righteousness.

TWO JUDGES

It seems that Judge Ben Lindsay endorsed a sordid play, saying, "What the people of this country need is the truth about their own hypocrisies." Precisely, but not as the honorable judge means it. If the people of this country knew the truth about their own hypocrisies, they might cease pretending that they go to such plays to obtain education. If the judge were going to explain some particularly unpleasant truth to one of his juvenile delinquents, or to anyone, would he set the truth before them historically, inflaming their imaginations with enacted vice, or would he take them aside and tell them the bare fact, simply and decently?

Infinitely more sensible is the comment of Justice Cohan, late of the Supreme Court of the State of

New York, apropos of the condemnation of a certain moving picture: "The city is not benefited by such realistic description of the sordid side of human life. The declaration is made in behalf of the scenario, that 'it is literally a picturized sermon.' Such a statement does not appeal to me. No depicted film that leads the beholder through scenes of such depravity and degradation can influence or help society. I think that such a play offends public decency and tends to the injury not only of the young of the community, but of all the persons who witness it." Evidently, there are judges and judges. Some of them have common sense.—Catholic World.

AN INSPIRING APPEAL

WITH OBVIOUS LESSONS FOR CANADIAN CATHOLICS

This summary of a wonderful appeal to our fellow Catholics of England we clipped some time ago. It is seasonable at all times. Its eloquence glows with the fires of faith, hope and love, of zeal for the spread of saving Catholic Truth.—E. C. R.

A remarkable speech was made by a Jesuit Father at a mass meeting in the Albert Hall, Bolton, in support of the Forward Movement of the Catholic Truth Society.

The speaker was Father Pius Carolan, C. P., who, after dealing with the trials and triumphs of the Church throughout the centuries, went on to show how encouraging is the outlook for Catholicism in this country.

"We are the best organized religious body in the land," he declared. "We know our own minds, and we know our demands as a body on every big question, educational, social, moral and theological. We have the tremendous advantage of compact solidarity under the leadership of the Hierarchy."

"Further, we are participating more actively now in the Divine life than the frequent reception of the Sacraments than at any previous time, and since the War there has been a very significant increase in the number of religious vocations, especially to the purely contemplative Orders."

On the other hand, "our people have nothing like a sufficient knowledge of the Faith." But this very serious defect could be remedied in great part by the intelligent reading of the C. T. S. manuals.

WHY THERE IS HOPE

When we came to consider the position of the religious bodies outside the Church we found that Protestantism was intellectually dead; that it had no real hold over the vast majority of the people of England.

We knew, however, that at least one section of the Anglicans were anxious for "Reunion," and that their leader, Lord Halifax, was inclined to admit that the Primacy of the Pope—the supreme power of teaching and ruling the Universal Church—was a Divine right. That was a very big advance.

Then we knew that there was more interest in religion at this moment than at any other time since the Oxford Movement, and that the results of giving a decent presentation of the Faith to inquirers honestly seeking the truth were wonderful.

Then again, in particular, we knew that there were thousands of men, bitterly disillusioned by the War, utterly convinced of the hopeless inefficiency of Protestantism in a crisis, yet with some faith in Christ still left, who would be Catholics did they but know the Church.

PROTESTANTISM FADING AWAY

It was said very frequently that the mass of modern Englishmen and women were pagans. He did not think that was true. The soul of England was a palimpsest—a manuscript on which Catholicism was over-written with Protestantism. But that Protestantism was fading away fast.

"If England's soul were taken hold of now," said Father Pius "it could be filled again with the Old Faith before rationalism and materialism could cast an eternal blight on it."

"Would it not be terrible if the Church which conquered the paganism of Rome, that beat the heresies and all the powers of hell, that made Europe, that gave England all that is best in her, that came back to England after the national apostasy, that is still the organism through which God energises—would it not be terrible if it were to remain at a standstill or to die once more?"

"Would it not be terrible for Lancashire men and women, and Irish men and women, if with the heroism of their own martyrs to inspire them they set down with folded arms while there was work to be done that an angel would glory in?"

PERILS OF REJECTION

The prophets told us that Europe was going to pieces. Certainly any

man who looked at Europe today would find reason enough for this riot of pessimism.

"But whether the prophets are right or not, there is one thing absolutely certain, the Catholic Church will not decay, because she has eternity and the Divine life within her.

"If Europe drives her out she will find a home in Africa or Asia. She will still remain God's organism for saving the world, with the same amazing life that has characterized her through the centuries.

"Any nation that continues to reject her will do so at the peril of its temporal as well as its eternal life. And God help the nation that rejects her twice.

"If I were an Englishman I should be a violent Catholic even on purely patriotic grounds," declared Father Pius. "But I refuse to believe that we are not going to make progress in England. I do not believe that God's special Providence in resurrecting the Church in this land is going to be balked."

"TRUTH CAN WIN"

"On the contrary, I believe that the great enthusiasm for the Sacraments will radiate grace even outside Catholic circles. I believe that as the tendency of the best Continental thought is coming back to the Church so it is to some extent in England, and will be in far greater measure in the future.

I believe that the C. T. S., the C. E. G., and the C. S. G. are doing enormous work now and will make even greater efforts for the cause. I believe that the Church will grow because it is philosophically true, historically true, theologically true, and that truth can win in England as it did in pagan Rome.

"I believe it, too, from purely supernatural reasons, which I have kept to the last.

"This is a time when movements are ruled and guided by personalities: Lenin in Russia, Mussolini in Italy, Mgr. Seipel, the great priest who saved Austria, Mr. Lloyd George, and so on.

THE VENERABLE DOMINIC

"Before I came here I knelt by the body of one of the greatest men who ever walked the earth, the Venerable Dominic of the Mother of God, Passionist. His name, please God, will one day be St. Dominic."

Father Pius then told the story of the Ven. Dominic's great love of England and her people even from the time when he was an Italian peasant boy. Dominic had come in 1816 and shocked Protestant England. He was laughed at, stoned and jeered at, but he had gone on. He who had refused the great De Lamennais in Rome had come in the Habit of St. Paul of the Cross and received John Henry Newman into the Catholic Church.

He had died in 1849 at a lonely railway station with apparently little done.

"But do you think he is dead?" asked Father Pius. "Why, he is drawing hearts to himself from the ends of the earth, especially during the past year. He is attracting thousands to his tomb, and the yearning for his Canonization is growing daily.

"Just think what it would mean if we had a canonized Saint at the head of the Catholic Forward Movement; if we had a man whose body was broken with labors for England, whose mighty heart embraced all England, whose great soul watches over England.

"Forward, then, under Dominic, for the conversion of England."

ANCIENT COPTIC VERSION OF FOURTH GOSPEL FOUND

London, Eng.—A remarkable Coptic version of St. John's Gospel, dating back to very early times, has been discovered in Egypt, according to information now made public in London.

This discovery was made in an old Christian cemetery containing Coptic tombstones and Roman graves, which had apparently remained undisturbed for about thirteen centuries. A broken jar was dug up, and inside it was found a small bundle, which on being unrolled proved to be papyrus leaves covered with a Christian inscription in the Coptic writing.

After careful examination by Sir Flinders Petrie, one of the greatest living Coptic authorities of the day, the find has been declared to be the text of the Gospel according to St. John written in Coptic by a scholar. The conclusion arrived at by the experts is that this papyrus should be placed somewhere towards the close of the fourth century or the early part of the fifth century—roughly, somewhere about the year 400 A. D. Thus, so the experts declare, it will be the earliest existing manuscript of St. John's Gospel in Coptic, and one of the oldest documents that give anything approaching the complete Gospel in any language.

This ancient document consists of forty-three leaves, written on both sides. It is proposed to publish a version with the Coptic and an English rendering in parallel

columns, as well as the photographic reproductions of the eighty-six pages. This document has been placed in the care of the Bible Society in London, at whose offices it will be on view to scholars and others interested in this remarkable find.

CHURCH IN IRELAND BENEFITS BY GENEROUS BEQUESTS

Dublin, Ireland.—Few Catholic laymen have bequeathed so much money to Catholic and charitable objects as the late Mr. Edward Martyn. He left in his will \$15,000 to the Bishop of Galway towards the erection of a Cathedral in Galway, \$25,000 to the same Bishop for charitable purposes; \$15,000 to the Conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul at the Pro-Cathedral, Dublin; \$10,000 to the Superior-General of the Christian Brothers in Ireland; \$5,000 to the Catholic School of Medicine, within the National University of Ireland; \$10,000 to the Gaelic League to be expended in promoting and sustaining the cultivation of the Irish language in the Irish-speaking districts.

In his lifetime he endowed the choir at the Pro-Cathedral, Dublin, to the extent of \$50,000. By his will he gave a legacy of \$15,000 to the choir. He left \$25,000 to Mr. Vincent O'Brien, organist at the Pro-Cathedral.

The entire of the residue of Mr. Martyn's estate is bequeathed to the Archbishop of Dublin towards the erection of a Catholic Cathedral in the city. It is expected that the residue will amount to a very substantial figure. Already various large sums have been left for the same purpose. The problem of providing a Cathedral worthy of the metropolis has now assumed practical shape. Certain property must be acquired before the work can be started. Only the attitude of the Protestant Bible Society, which owns a site parallel with the Pro-Cathedral is in doubt.

If the necessary ground is procurable a great Cathedral opening on O'Connell street will in the near future be an architectural feature of Dublin.

AIR HERO WAS MAN OF FAITH

Paris, France.—The grief felt by the entire country over the loss of the great dirigible, Dixmude, which disappeared in a storm and was presumably struck by lightning somewhere over Sicily, is mingled with a feeling of admiration for the courage of the unhappy commander of the ill-fated ship, Lieutenant du Plessis de Grenedan, and for the Christian resignation of his family.

When his father received the sad news he said: "My son had vowed his life to his country. I am broken with grief, but I do not complain. There could be no progress in aeronautics if men did not risk their lives. I hope that misfortunes such as this will discourage no one." M. du Plessis is the dean of the Catholic Law Faculty of Angers.

His son, whose mutilated body was found by Italian fishermen off a port of Sicily, was an aeronaut of great merit, and it was under his command that his dirigible won the world record for duration a few weeks ago. He had a special reputation for bravery among his comrades, and as his body is the only one which was recovered, some airmen have wondered whether he perished by sacrificing himself in the attempt to save his crew.

He also was a fervent Catholic, deeply attached to his faith. As a naval officer he served as a voluntary stretcher bearer at Lourdes, and only recently, in fulfillment of a vow made for the recovery of his sick wife, he made the pilgrimage from Toulon to Lourdes and back on foot.

A PEACEFUL AND HAPPY IRELAND

The cable has to some extent ceased its burden of news as to Ireland and we hence conclude, political matters are shaping themselves in this "distressed Isle" to a peaceful end. A writer in the December (1923) number of the Round Table, a Quarterly Review of English politics tells us of a pleasant ending of all Ireland's troubles. One would like to quote more of it, but we give the chief points, hoping they are based on a true condition of Irish affairs at present and ought to please every lover of the "Isle of Saints and Scholars." The writer says:

"No picture of Irish life at the present time would be true were the improvement in the general tone of the people not noted. There is a cheerfulness which did not exist three months ago. People have begun to talk again about the ordinary affairs of life. The gloom has largely gone. Laughter is more frequent. You can see the change in the street, in the theatre, in the home."

That's a hopeful picture and we pray that it is not too highly colored.—R. C. Gleaner in Catholic Columbian.

CATHOLIC NOTES

London.—The University of Durham broke away from a tradition of long standing when it conferred an honorary degree on Dr. Maria Montessori, a Catholic.

London, Jan. 23.—The Catholics of Great Britain are highly appreciative of the appointment of a Catholic as Minister of Health by Premier MacDonald. The new minister is John Wheatley, well known among Scottish Catholics as an ardent social reformer.

A project is on foot to complete the building of the basilica of the Sacre Coeur on the hill of Montmartre. The main building itself is finished, and it is now proposed to remove the temporary buildings used as dependencies of the church covering the adjoining ground.

The population of the world is now estimated at 1,646,491,000. Classified according to the different religions there are a total of 564,510,000 Christians. The chief subdivisions of the Christians are the following: Catholics, 272,860,000 (16.5%); Protestants, 171,650,000 (10.4%); Oriental-Orthodox, 120,000,000 (7.7%); There are 1,081,981,000 non-Christians (65.8%).

Tabulated results of the 1921 census, which have just been made public, show that Catholics in Czechoslovakia are still in an overwhelming majority, notwithstanding the defection of the so-called Czechoslovakian National Church. Out of a total population of 13,611,349, there are 10,884,860 Catholics, according to the census. The figures have been published by the State Statistical Bureau of the Czechoslovakian Government.

Paris, Jan. 12.—The Armistice, the fifth anniversary of which was celebrated last month, was signed on the day of the Feast of St. Martin, Bishop of Tours, who is one of the patrons of France. A Catholic paper, in pointing out this coincidence, also brought to notice the fact that in the crypt of the Basilica of St. Martin, at Tours, among the numerous ex-votos placed on the walls, there is a small marble tablet bearing these simple words: To St. Martin Foch, Marshal of France, November, 11, 1918.

London, Jan. 21.—Sir John Covington, former Consul General in England for Montenegro and distinguished convert to the Catholic Church, died last week. He was eighty years old. Sir John was an officer of the French Academy, and of the Royal Orders of Serbia and Montenegro, and the Red Cross of Spain, and also was Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and Knight-Commander of Our Lady of Conception of Villa Vicosa. He was knighted in 1902.

The Rev. Father Nicouleau, S. M., Chaplain of the Retreat for lepers at Mokogai, Island of Fiji, Oceania, has contracted leprosy says Catholic Columbian. Father Nicouleau will spend the remainder of his life as a patient at the leper settlement. Makogai has a Catholic population of eight European nursing Sisters, eight native Sisters and about one hundred lepers. The only European woman who is a patient is a nun of the Sacred Heart Order who has contracted the disease. She lives in a small cottage by herself.

Paris.—Abbe Hermet, an archaeologist of the Aveyron, recently brought to light at Grafesengue, a rich collection of potteries which had been deeply buried and which have been identified as dating from the days of the Gauls. M. Dottin, dean of the Faculty of Letters of Rennes, has now announced to the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres that he has been able to decipher the inscriptions on these potteries the entire list of the names of the ordinal numbers of the grammar of the Gauls. This is the most important addition to this grammar which has been made in many years.

Paris.—The parochial ministry of foreigners, in the diocese of Paris, to which Mgr. Chaptal has been especially assigned, is constantly organizing something new. In Paris as in all the large cities of the world, there have been established special churches for the English, Polish, Spanish and other Catholics, for the Greek Melchites, etc. A new church has now been opened in the rue de Sevres for Catholics of other nationalities for whom there is no national church in Paris. This church has confessors who speak every language.

The Holy Father has appointed Canon David Keane, P. F., to the See of Limerick in succession to the most Rev. Dr. Hallinan who died some months ago. The Bishop-designate, who has been parish priest of Glinn was at Ballyroan, Co. Limerick, and received his education at St. Coleman's College, Fermoy, and St. Munchin's College, Limerick. Ordained in 1896, he was appointed to the staff of St. Munchin's College, of which he was subsequently president until 1920, when he was appointed parish priest of Glinn. In December, 1919, he was appointed a Canon of the diocese of Limerick. His collegiate career at Maynooth was distinguished.

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FABER
Author of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc.
CHAPTER LX.
CORNRY O'TOOLE IS SATISFIED

The little village of Dhrummacool seemed to have lost its identity in the gala place which it had become—it was so utterly unlike its former staid, quiet self. Excitement ran so high within it, owing to the many strange events that were taking place—Miss Berkeley, regarded as the angel of the little district because of her kindness to the poor, turning out to be the daughter of an English lord, and about to wed young Carroll O'Donoghue, the darling and idol of all his tenantry; then Carroll's sister—equally loved with himself, though she was not noted for the gentleness which marked her friend, Marie,—about to marry Marie's brother, now bearing a title, and the possessor of a vast English estate, and better than all, reported to have become a Catholic in faith and practice. In addition to these startling facts, there was still another; that of Father O'Connor being now Father Berkeley, and the son, also, of this great English lord. People wondered somewhat if the wealth which report said was now his would make any difference in his simple style of living. In a little while they were answered; and the aid which poured into every impoverished cabin, which provided for the sick and the ignorant, which lessened not a mite of the economy of his own household, told of one who in wealth, as in poverty, would follow in his Master's steps.

Both weddings were to take place on the same day. Father Meagher, assisted by Fathers Berkeley and McShane, was to perform the ceremony in the little parish church of Dhrummacool; immediately after, the bridal parties were to start for London, in which city Walter Berkeley—now holding his father's title of Lord Heathcote—and his wife, who would be Lady Heathcote, intended to make their home during certain seasons of the year.

So it was little wonder that the whole village of Dhrummacool was aroused, and in such a state of joyous excitement that even Ned Maloney, the miser, who was yet alive and pursuing his ostensible trade in his general shop, was noticed by parties who entered his dingy place to be more gracious than usual—it might be owing to the stir given by approaching events to even the little business he conducted. Disgusted and alarmed by the deception practiced upon him regarding the first and only race in which he had ever engaged, he had, on recovering his horse, availed himself of the first opportunity to sell the animal, and to discharge the groom, Arty Moore.

The only viege that was somewhat lengthy was that of Tighe's Vohr.

"Faith, Moira," he said one day, just a week before the eventful day of the weddings, "it's a burnin' shame, after all me good behavior, that Father Meagher won't as much as tip me a wink to let me know that he's aware o' me impatience in this matter o' our courtship—he jist purtinds to be noticin' nothin'! an' the same toime sure the widge o' Dhrummacool can see that 'im dyin' about you. Now it's hard to be thrated in this manner, an' I have it to yersel', Moira, if I haven't been as sober, an' as dutiful, an' as attentive for the past two months as you'd wish me to be—haven't I left off all me wild thricks?"

"Indeed you have, Tighe!" said Moira warmly; "and I undertook to tell uncle something about it last night."

"An' what did he say, darlin'?"

"And Tighe leaned forward with bated breath to catch her answer. "Why, he said that you had jist been tested enough yet—that I must wait until you were more settled down, and until he could be sure that you would abstain from liquor."

Tighe leaned back in his chair, disappointed and crestfallen. Well now, that's mighty hard, wid me heart breakin' for you the way it is! but never mind; it's far off God sinds, an' mebbe He'd sind a bit o' luck to us afore the wake is out."

"His hope was realized, for on the evening of that same day, meeting Carroll and Clare together and unaccompanied—as on most other occasions they were,—by the young Lord Heathcote and Marie, Tighe stopped them to ask a favor.

"Granted before you ask it, Tighe," said Carroll laughingly, "even to the half of my estate, my faithful fellow!"

"No, Mr. O'Donoghue, it isn't anything loike that I want; it's to ax you to get something for me that will make me happier than the whole o' yer estate could do. You see, Masther Carroll, me heart is breakin' wid love o' Moira Moynahan, an' Father Meagher thinks I'm not staidy enough to get her, though I've been on me good behavior so strict that I didn't as much as give one crooked luk this while back. Now, mebbe if you'd give Father Meagher this character o' me, an' at the same toime puttin' in a coxkin' word to hip the masther, an' mebbe if Miss O'Donoghue would do the same, things would come right for poor Moira an' me."

Carroll laughed heartily, and Clare joined him in the burst of merriment. "Why did you not tell me this before?" he said.

"Belkase I thought his riverence, seein' me efforts to do better, an' me melancholy loks, would take pity on me, an' tell me from himself that I might have Moira."

"Well, well, Tighe, make yourself content—I think I can manage it for you."

"Thank you, Masther Carroll; you were never yet wantin' in settlin' a difficulty!" And Tighe's Vohr departed, so light-hearted that his joyful spirits would find vent in a merry refrain. That evening he was summoned to Father Meagher's study.

"Now, Tighe," said the priest, assuming a severity to make his words the more impressive, "if I consent to your marriage with my niece Moira, remember that I shall be confiding to your care the only, and to me the dearest, relic of my family—as in young and guileless, and unfit to cope with the trouble which an unsteady husband would bring upon her."

"I know that, yer riverence, but marriage'll make a man o' me." And Tighe's Vohr straightened himself, and looked with clear, frank eyes into the priest's face. "It will be the dearest task o' me loife, yer riverence, to protect ivery hair o' her head."

"Well, Tighe, if you will promise to be as true to her interests as you have been to those of your young master, Carroll O'Donoghue, I shall be satisfied."

"Oh, thin, I can swear to that, yer riverence—you'll never have cause to regret givin' Moira Moynahan to Tighe's Vohr!"

"Then God bless you, Tighe; and may He ever keep you faithful to Him!"

The priest's hand was raised in blessing, which Tighe, deeply affected, knelt to receive. Then Father Meagher said:

"Send Moira to me—I have something to say to her."

With a light heart he sought the young girl, and in the exuberance of his joy, when he had told her the good news, forgetting that he had not yet the right which alone would make Moira grant him the privilege, he would have caught her to him and pressed a kiss upon her forehead, but she, with instinctive delicacy, drew herself back:

"You forget, Tighe, we are not married yet."

"Thru for you, darlin', an' I loike you the better for yer modesty."

But when she had gone, and he was alone with Shaun, feeling that he must give vent somehow to his wild emotions, he caught up the dog, much to the animal's astonishment, and gave to it the embrace he would have fain bestowed on Moira.

"Shaun, agra! sure we were niver in such luck; marriage afore us, an' oceans av joy! Oh, how'll we contain oursel's at all, at all?"

And Shaun was hugged until the poor brute, fond as he was of his master, fain would free himself.

Had Carroll O'Donoghue his wish, he would have had the wedding of Tighe's Vohr occur at the precise time of his own, but Father Meagher refused to have it so, saying that it would be better, and that the young couple themselves would prefer to have a very quiet ceremony when the other bridal parties had gone to London. So it was arranged; and the important day arrived on which four faithful hearts were to be united.

The ceremony was quiet and simple, devoid of showy costumes and magnificent wedding favors; the ostentation consisted rather in magnificent gifts to the poor, in lavish hospitality to the tenantry; and true blessings went up from simple, earnest hearts, and grateful God-speed, which bore an omen of good in the very manner of their utterance, followed the wedded couple.

Never were there too more beautiful brides—the very simplicity of their costumes enhancing physical charms, which derived not a little of their beauty from the loveliness of the pure souls within.

Father Berkeley was the last to receive their adieux, and to his sister he turned for the final embrace. He held her to him; it was the first time his mortified heart would permit him so fond a caress.

"Marie!" he whispered, "to your noble sacrifice is due all our happiness. Heaven has well rewarded your devotion to duty. May He in whose footsteps you have sought, to follow ever keep and guide you!"

One kiss upon her forehead, one more touch of his beloved hand, and he turned away, while she, weeping with joy and gratitude, stepped into the carriage in waiting.

The quiet little wedding ceremony which Father Meagher desired for his niece was performed, and Tighe's "best man" had been Corny O'Toole. Tighe, however, had stipulated with Corny that he must permit himself to be dressed in accordance with Tighe's taste, and the latter man, too happy in the prospect of an opportunity to be near Mrs. Carmody, willingly assented. The result was that Corny appeared to better advantage than he ever had done before, although pretty Moira, excited as she was with joyful anticipation, could not help laughing at his odd little figure, and wrinkled, ill-featured face.

Cathleen Sullivan and Mrs. Kelly, with fragile Bartley Donovan—the latter growing more fragile, and at the same time more beautiful every day—were also present, with many of Tighe's old friends and acquaintances.

At the repast which followed the ceremony, Father Meagher presided, and a merrier party had never assembled. In the midst of a temporary lull which had followed the ebullition of mirth caused by one of Father Meagher's excellent witty stories, the company were suddenly and amusingly electrified by Corny O'Toole—who had contrived to be seated next to Mrs. Carmody—rising and saying with his hand on his heart:

"I never meant to have you remove your affections from the cold grave of your lamented husband; if it is any satisfaction, ma'am, to have them remain there, Corny O'Toole is not the man, no, Mrs. Mollie Carmody, Corny O'Toole is not the man to ask you to remove them!"

The words, the look, the attitude of the little man, together with Mrs. Carmody's flushed and indignant face, convulsed the assemblage. Roar after roar shook the table, in the midst of which Father Meagher's hearty laugh could be distinguished; he remembered the episode of Mrs. Carmody's love-letter, and it made his mirth the heartier, while Tighe's Vohr, laughing as loudly as the rest, thought within himself:

"Poor Corny has proposed to me mother at last, an' I'm afeerd he's got his final answer."

Quiet was restored at length, and Mr. O'Toole humbly saying that, as he now was convinced of Mrs. Carmody's sentiments, he would no longer annoy her by an offer of himself, that indignant lady consented to pardon him; and when he explained further to the company how the unbounded admiration which, from his earliest manhood, he held for Mistress Mollie Carmody, would descend unchanged with him to the grave, she deigned to be exceedingly friendly, thus cheering the little man's heart, and the perfect peace and pleasure of the party were restored.

On their short wedding trip to Tralee, Tighe and his pretty young bride were one day confronted in the street by a couple whose faces were familiar to Tighe, and the sight of which brought back some of the amusing incidents of his life. They were Joe Canty, the sporting man, and the fair, stout Widow Moore. Evidently from their manner to each other they were husband and wife; and Tighe, looking at them with a roguish twinkle, was met by a glance of haughty contempt from Canty.

"I supposed he learned all about the thrick I once played on him," said Tighe to Moira, "an' that's the reason he gev such a luk when he passed." And thereupon Tighe told the whole story of the thrick which had resulted disastrously for Mr. Canty, concluding with a humorous detail of the deception regarding the Widow Moore which he had practiced on the soldier Garfield, and Moira was so convulsed with laughter that she was obliged to lower her veil.

Weeks passed, marked by no sad event save the death of Bartley Donovan, and that was so like the end of some fair, youthful saint, that even those who loved him best could scarcely regret his demise. With his hand in Cathleen's, with his eyes fixed upon her face, he had said with one of his exquisite smiles:

"Do you think I shall see that Heaven you used to tell me so much about—and that dear God, and his blessed mother?"

His lips and his eyes had closed simultaneously with the utterance of the last words, and with one gentle sigh he had died.

Father Meagher, hardly thinking that the end was so near and yet prompted by a singular impulse, had brought him the *Vaticum* scarcely an hour before. Mrs. Kelly would no longer detain Cathleen from the desire of her heart—to consecrate herself to God in religion; and as the good woman herself had been offered a permanent and lucrative position in the home of Carroll O'Donoghue, and nothing now remaining to be done, she herself gladly availed herself of the opportunity. Marie, or Mrs. O'Donoghue, on being told of Cathleen's desire, insisted on furnishing a magnificent dowry.

Mrs. Carmody had taken the place of Moira in Father Meagher's household, and Corny O'Toole was quietly living his old obscure life in Tralee; but he sometimes cheered himself by visit to his Dhrummacool friends.

Tighe and Moira were the happy owners of a pretty little home on the O'Donoghue domain, and Shaun, faithful Shaun, as devoted to his master as ever, had a most honored place in the household.

One morning the whole village was electrified by the news that Maloney, the miser, had been found dead in his bed. "Died without prate or docther!" was the conclusion of every announcement of his death made by the simple folk, and accompanied by a look which told their horror of such an end. More money than even people dreamed he possessed was found in his wretched abode, and having no one to claim it, it reverted to the government.

We leave them all at last—the friends whose fortunes we have accompanied so long—happy in the reward of that virtue which sacrificed no duty, and which never forgot its allegiance to Him who even in this world so lovingly rewards goodness, and so justly punishes crime.

FINIS

FATHER REARDON'S FIRST MASS

The Widow Reardon had not spent so much time over her toilet since she was the blushing colleen that "bowed over" the dashing Dublin barrister some thirty years ago. That was Dan Reardon's way of expressing what had happened when he first met her.

"You simply bowed me over, Nellie," he assured her afterward in such tragic tones that the girlish figure at his side was convulsed with merriment at the expense of the young giant towering above her.

Those were bright days, and for some years no misfortune came to mar the happiness of the young couple. But, like the wolf lurking around the campfire, death was hiding in the shadows of the domestic hearth. Dan Reardon was the victim.

Mrs. Reardon was a brave little woman. When grief threatened to overwhelm her, faith came to her rescue. Soon she was able to face calmly the problem of securing a livelihood for herself and her two children on a bank account of good wishes. Dan Reardon had lived well and died poor. Sympathy for his widow was not lacking, but little practical assistance was forthcoming from her friends. She bitterly realized that she was left to face the issue alone and unaided.

This was the beginning of a life of sacrifice that is not chronicled in history, save in the Book that contains the golden record of the saints and martyrs. None but the Crucified could understand the daily immolation of those long bitter years. None save the Father of Orphans could measure the depth of suffering that nightly welled up from that heroic mother's heart.

Some such thought now passed through Mrs. Reardon's mind as she brushed a few silent tears from the faded blue eyes that had once looked so hopefully on the world.

"Mother, when will you ever get so long?" I have been waiting ever so long."

The voice was followed by the entrance of a young girl whose likeness to Mrs. Reardon unmistakably proclaimed the relationship.

"Mother, dear I believe you are getting giddy," she laughed, as she came up behind her mother and observed the unusual care with which the gray hair had been combed under the new bonnet.

"Of course I am giddy this morning, Moira, darling," she answered with a little catch in her voice that made the young girl impulsively throw her arms around the frail figure.

"But why are you crying, little mother, when we are all so happy?"

"You are crying yourself," answered her mother. Then they both laughed.

At length they were on their way to the cathedral to witness the ordination of the young ecclesiastics from the Seminary of St. Sulpice. Soon after they had taken their seats the great organ pealed forth the "Veni Creator."

The hymn was then caught up by the procession of the seminarians slowly marching up the aisle toward the altar. Even the most indifferent spectator was moved on beholding that large body of white-robed youths about to consecrate their young manhood to a life of sublime sacrifice.

Two by two they came, bearing in one hand a lighted taper while the other held the book from which they sang. The scarlet robes of the priesthood with which they were soon to be invested were borne on the arm of each. The combination of light and color presented an aspect at once beautiful and devotional, typifying as it did the red of sacrifice, the white of innocence, and the light of Faith which made both possible.

On all this the Widow Reardon looked as if on a vision from heaven. Not until Moira pressed her arm did she realize that part of this glory belonged to her. But could it be true? Yes, here he was, the same innocent face that had smiled up at her from his mother's knee, the same golden curls that her mother fingers loved to twine. There, too, was a living replica of her dead lover, but with such a light on his countenance as had never graced the comely features of Dan Reardon.

The mist before her eyes shut him off from her sight. But she heard the solemn tones that challenged each candidate for the Sacred Office, heard the firm answer and the step forward that preluded a life of sacrifice. With a mother's instinct she whispered a prayer for each, then her heart almost stopped beating.

"Daniels Reardon diaconus * * *?"

"Adsum!"

She did not know the translation of the answer, but she spelled it into a meaning of her own. It mattered little if the language was unknown to her when the voice that spoke it was that of the blue-eyed babe who had first whispered to her the magic name of mother.

As the impressive ceremony drew to a close, Moira suddenly noticed that her mother's face had grown deathly white. In answer to her anxious query, her mother whispered with a reassuring smile: "It is nothing." Little did the devoted girl dream that she had interrupted a renewal of her mother's oft-repeated prayer: "To live to see my boy a priest." It was repeated now

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at the instance of a violent pain that had threatened to steal her senses during the past half hour. But now, as she had witnessed the end of the ordination, she could keep up no longer. With the smile still on her face, her last conscious look was exchanged with her son as he passed down the aisle in his scarlet robes "a priest forever." Tenderly they bore her to the sacristy. Gently they made way for the white-faced young priest who was to begin his ministry on his ordination morning by anointing his dying mother.

"Per istam sanctam unctionem," each word from his grief-stricken heart came as if freighted with the love of a lifetime. To the kneeling ordinandi they seemed to take on even an imperious meaning, as with bowed heads and tear-dimmed eyes they felt the power of a priest's plea at the gates of eternity for his mother's soul.

At the hospital the doctors gravely shook their heads, and one of them, taking the young priest aside, said:

"This is very sad, my dear young friend—very sad."
"Will she recover?" curly interrupted Father Reardon.
"While there is life there is hope, you know and—er—miracles still happen."
"Which means briefly that nothing but a miracle will save her life?"

The doctor bowed as he answered "Nothing."
"God's will be done," said the priest.
Moira entreated her brother to postpone his "First Mass" until Mrs. Reardon became better, or at least until she regained consciousness. She had been told that her mother would never be conscious again, hence she wondered when her brother insisted that he would say his First Mass the following morning.
Like to the First Priest's vigil was Father Reardon's preparation for his First Mass. With few intermissions, he knelt all night long in his room, feeling as much as human beings can feel the Agony in the Garden. All these years he had looked forward to this coming day. Not until this moment did he realize how completely he had dissociated himself from the "crowning glory." It was always his mother—how she would look—how she would feel—how happy it would make her. It was to have been a glorious return for all her years of saving and sacrifice. "To see see you on the altar," was all she had asked, and now at the last moment this one consolation of her sad life was to be denied her.

"Oh, God—Master, not this," he rebelled in the first moment of his agony. Then he prayed as never before, until at length the grace of his ordination again possessed his soul with the "peace that surpasseth understanding."

Slowly and reverently he performed the sacred rites. Only once did the assistant priest remind him that he was delaying longer than the rubrics prescribed. It was at the moment when the Word became Flesh in his cradled fingers. Small wonder that he unduly paused, for to him it seemed that heaven and earth themselves stood still. Having completed the solemn sacrifice, he descended from the altar prepared to meet the trial in store for him.

Scarcely had he vested when the sexton whispered to him: "They want you at the hospital, Father."

"Did they say why?" he asked with supernatural calmness.
The sexton hesitated. "Speak out. What was the exact message?" questioned Father Reardon.

"The phone was not working well, so I did not catch the details."
"For God's sake, man, what did you catch—tell me!"

"Father Reardon at once—passed away suddenly—seven-twenty. That is all I could understand and—"

Father Reardon was gone. On the way to the hospital he said the post missam prayers, resolutely keeping from his mind two distracting thoughts—his mother was dead—she died at 7.20, the moment of the consecration!

He entered his mother's room so quietly that he did not attract the attention of its occupants. At the bedside was Moira, gently straightening the pillows that helped to support the half-reclining form of his mother. On the other side of the bed stood the doctor. Then he looked at the pale face on the pillow. Doubting his senses, he drew near, but not until the blue eyes opened, and the voice he loved called, "Dan, my boy, my boy!" could he admit to his bewildered brain that his mother lived. Falling on his knees, he kissed her radiant face, then raising his hands, his first "Benedictio Dei" was pronounced over the silvery head that had planned and prayed for this hour.

Arising, he was confronted by the doctor. "Well Father Reardon," he said, extending his hand "the miracle that we spoke of has been wrought."
"Your patient is better," answered the priest, with a happy smile.
"Better," repeated the doctor, "she is well, perfectly cured. The coma passed away suddenly at 7.20—so I telephoned you immediately. It is most astonishing!"

"Do you know of any medical reason or scientific precedent to explain it?" asked the priest.
"No, nor does anyone else. It is an out-and-out contradiction of all

natural results in similar circumstances." The young priest knelt in silent thanksgiving. He had made the sacrifice of the dearest thing he held on earth. Like Abraham, he had offered his beloved to his best Master, and his obedience had won the restoration of his obligation from a generous Lord.—Rev. G. Cross.

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THE INCOMPATIBLES

Certain Protestant ministers are clamoring for what they call a new "interpretation" of the Creed. They say that this is necessary in order to gain the sincere attachment to Christianity of many who are now indifferent to its message. There seems to be a rather widespread sympathy with their views. It is strange, however, that no one seems to have put this demand to a practical test. Is it true that the people wish to have religion rationalized? Do they really refuse to accept anything on the authority of the Church or the Bible? Do they reject the miraculous? The Modernist says that honesty demands that certain cherished beliefs must now be considered as pious myths. But is this the feeling of the people?

A retired clergyman of the Episcopal Church, the Rev. S. D. McConnell, who has been a Modernist all his life, tells us that he is bound to admit, even though the fact was at first very unwelcome to him, that people do not want Modernism at all. In his retirement he has had abundant opportunity to study the matter. He has made it a habit to attend all kinds of churches. He finds that there are three reasons why a Protestant goes to church. One goes because he thinks it right to attend public worship. But he takes part in it with mechanical indifference. He finds Protestant worship tedious. A second goes to hear sermons. But he can only hear a really good sermon in about one dozen churches in such a large city as New York. Elsewhere the preaching is a bore. A third goes for "Catholic" reasons. He is attracted by the "mystery" of worship. Unfortunately, the usual Episcopal service is not mysterious. A few ritualistic churches draw a crowd, elsewhere there is nothing to satisfy him. All these classes of churchgoers are more or less dissatisfied. The result is that very few Episcopalians attend church regularly. And this is not on account of a demand that they must believe in the Virgin Birth. Quite the contrary. It is because no provision is made to satisfy the human craving for a mystical union with God, which Dr. McConnell believes to be the fundamental motive for all worship.

On the other hand Dr. McConnell has not failed to compare the attendance at Catholic churches. He explains the crowded Masses by saying that Rome gives people what they need. People do not want truth; they want mystery. We trust that we are not doing him an injustice but this is what seems to be his meaning for he goes on to say that there are two incompatibles. The first is to offer a worship that satisfies the understanding, the other is to gratify an instinct which craves for union with God. The Episcopal Church is hesitating between these incompatibles. It seems as though she were drifting towards Sacramentalism; that is, she is becoming more "Catholic," and consequently less "rational."

But why call these two things incompatible? Has Dr. McConnell forgotten his philosophy? Why not satisfy both the understanding and the will? It is here that the heroic is always disclosed. It is always with him a choice of things where there need be no choice. Why cannot Divine worship be both rational and emotional? It is positively untrue to say that Catholics go to Mass merely because they obey an instinct. Indeed, this is easily disproved. The High Mass with its solemn appeal is never so popular as the Low Mass, even although the latter entails more sacrifice. Why do people prefer to get up early to assist at a plain Mass, rather than stay in bed longer to assist at one that is surrounded with more "mystery"? Dr. McConnell makes

the mistake of the casual observer who thinks that Catholics go to Mass to hear the singing or to watch the ceremonies. There could not be a greater mistake.

What Dr. McConnell and all the Modernists lack is faith. Modernism is really another word for loss of faith. It is quite true that man craves for a mystical union with God. But this union must be rational as well as emotional. It is ridiculous to confine an act of the reason to the acceptance of some truth which can be proved by experimental investigation. It is highly rational to believe things on authority. There are things that can only be known on authority and amongst these are things that have to do with God and religion. There can be no rational religion without faith. And there can be no faith without authority.

The Modernists with all their learning cannot tell us about heaven. They cannot tell us about the mysterious union of the soul with God. These things are beyond human investigation. They can only be known on authority. But this does not make it irrational to believe in them. We can only believe in them because we think that God has revealed them. It is only through the miraculous that they can possibly be revealed. Did we know them by human means they would cease to be matters of faith. How can we have a religion without faith? That is the childish thing that Modernists are trying to do. They are trying to build a tower of Babel by which they can look into heaven themselves without the help of God. The results will always be confusion.

It is rational to believe that God has spoken to us by the Fathers. It is rational to believe that He has spoken to us by His Son. It would be very irrational to think that He then abandoned us to the wisdom of human "Doctors of Theology." No. He promised that He would never leave us. He promised us the Holy Ghost to lead us into all truth. The Catholic Church is not, Dr. McConnell supposes, a shrewd human organization that catches the crowd. It is rather the answer to his enigma. It is the single organization that satisfies all the religious needs of men. Since the day of Pentecost there has been no need for the philosopher to envy the devotion of the worshippers at a pagan shrine where the head could not follow the heart. The greatest minds of all time have knelt with the Wise Men at the Crib. What Dr. McConnell has found incompatible has long since been made compatible by the Catholic Church.—Catholic Standard and Times.

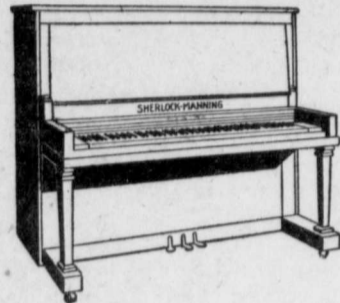
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LONDON, SATURDAY, FEB. 16, 1924

BISHOP MANNING AND THE MODERNISTS

Thoughtful Catholics do not rejoice in the disintegration of Protestant Churches and they see with deep sorrow the growing tendency on the part of ministers to reject altogether the supernatural in religion. Though they may not have the fulness of truth one would have to be blind not to see the influence for good exercised by those retaining their belief in Jesus Christ the Eternal Son of God and the Saviour of mankind. Half a loaf is better than no bread in religion as in other things to which the homely proverb may apply. It is then with a great deal of interest and sympathy that we read Bishop Manning's sermon dealing with those Modernist clergymen of his who vociferously claim the right to deny from their pulpits the basic facts of Christianity. He does not temporize; he does not evade the vital issues raised; he states clearly and unequivocally that "are matters of life and death to the Christian religion."

But we shall let this Protestant Episcopal bishop speak for himself. He begins by referring to differences of opinion on minor questions which were within the sphere of liberty; "but the questions before us now are different."

"They touch the very soul and centre of our faith as Christians. They relate to the person of our Divine Lord Himself, His supernatural birth, His bodily resurrection, His ascension into Heaven. Men are right in feeling the importance of the present questions. These are not matters of doctrinal detail or opinion. They are matters of life or death to the Christian religion. They are the basic facts upon which our faith in Christ rests, without which the Gospel would cease to have reality or meaning."

We know many of our readers will be glad to have the Bishop quoted rather than condensed or summarized, so we shall quote the essential passages.

"In these recent discussions," says Bishop Manning, "three questions have been clearly raised:

"1. Does this Church believe and teach the Gospel of Christ as divinely given from Above, a supernatural revelation from God, which is vital to mankind, and on which the hope of the world depends? Or does this Church regard the Gospel as the product of human reason and speculation?"

"2. Are the ministers of this church under obligation to uphold and teach the Christian Faith as contained in the Creeds and the Scriptures? or are they engaged only in a search after truth and commissioned to teach whatever their own private opinions may dictate?"

"3. What latitude of interpretation have we in our acceptance and teaching of the Church's Creed, and is there some necessary limit to what may legitimately be called interpretation?"

Here it must be admitted that the questions are clearly and fearlessly stated; they are quite as clearly and fearlessly answered:

"No one can be in any doubt as to the answer of this Church to the first question. This Church believes and proclaims the fact that 'the Jesus of history is none other than God and Saviour, on Whom, and on faith in Whom, depends the whole world's hope of redemption and salvation.'"

"With the Apostles, with the New Testament, with the whole Christian Church from the beginning, this Church believes that it was the Eternal One Himself, 'God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God,' 'Who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man.'"

Here Catholics will recognize the Catholic faith stated in Catholic terms. Intimately familiar, also, will be the following:

"To reject the supernatural from the Gospel is to reject the Gospel itself. Our religion as Christians is not a matter of mere belief in doctrines, or of assent to intellectual propositions. It is a matter of relationship with the risen and reigning Christ. This is the very meaning of our religion. We believe in Jesus Christ, crucified for our sakes, risen and ascended. We believe in Him not only as He was here on earth, but as He is now at the right hand of God.

off from her own past and from fellowship with the rest of the Anglican Communion, she would repudiate her heritage as a part of the one Catholic and Apostolic Church throughout the world."

From all of which it is manifest that Bishop Manning does not shrink from clearly defining the Christian faith. That in itself is consoling in view of the fact that too often his Church speaks with a stammering and uncertain voice or is silent altogether when vital questions are in issue, taking refuge often in that dubious boast of "comprehensiveness." The great difficulty is that the Episcopal Church like the parent Church of England has adopted more or less wholeheartedly two antagonistic principles: the Protestant principle of Private Judgment and the Catholic one of a Church founded and commissioned by Jesus to teach in His name and enjoying according to His promise the guidance of the Holy Spirit of God who abides with her forever.

These principles are not only incompatible, not only antagonistic but necessarily destructive of each other.

Bishop Manning has clearly defined the faith of his Church; and we rejoice to read precisely what every Catholic believes with regard to our Lord Jesus Christ, the Creeds and the Gospel.

But the clearer the Bishop's definition the more imperative is episcopal action. Failure to act now will be a graver scandal than the denial of Christian truth by the Modernist ministers in the first place. Such inaction when "matters of life or death to the Christian religion" are at stake would be a confession of impotence or a betrayal of the trust confided to one who believes that he is legitimately charged with the office and duties of a bishop.

WOODROW WILSON

Six years ago President Wilson was the central figure of the world. All nations and peoples and tribes and tongues turned toward him with hope and confidence, with love and reverence. For he was the prophet of the new freedom, the new reign of right and justice which should forever and everywhere prevail over tyranny, injustice and wrong. Politicians and diplomats and those in the seats of the mighty may have regarded him with suspicion and fear; but the common people of the world looked upon him as their prophet and political savior. Their hearts had thrilled in response to his eloquent and noble vindication of their ideals of freedom and justice. Great as the head of a great nation wealthy and powerful in a war-broken world, and infinitely greater as their spokesman and champion wielding their invincible power in the cause of right, Woodrow Wilson seemed destined to bring to the world a new and better political order.

Then failure or apparent failure hurled him from the high place his ideals had won for him. Wounded in the house of his friends, his inadequate plan for world peace rejected by his own people, broken in health, if not weakened in mind, he passed into obscurity.

Mistakes, of course, he made; he was human. But it has always seemed to us that the greatest, the one fatal mistake, was to go personally to the Paris Peace Conference. From Washington he would have exercised a power over the Paris deliberations infinitely greater than he did by his presence in Paris. Some one writes:

"Wilson was in Paris the same man he was in Princeton, Trenton, Washington. Only like the giant in ancient Greek mythology, he had lost part of the strength he had sucked from his home soil and therefore could be overcome and conquered in a to him alien element by people who were far from being demi-gods like Hercules, who lifted up and in the air crushed to death Antaeus, who with his feet on his own ground was invincible."

He failed to achieve all he proposed. That was an impossible task. But he succeeded in a measure that history will appreciate; that the world is already beginning to appreciate.

"Wilson felt, thought and spoke as before him never did the head of a great State. The poorest and mightiest, hushed and awed, hearkened to his word that seemed to sound from the threshold of a new era of purified political morality.

This will come, because it must come."

When it comes history will record the mighty influence of Wilson's ideals in bringing it to pass. The heartfelt recognition of his greatness by his own countrymen is something much deeper than what his death would have called forth had not the seed of his high ideals and noble effort taken root in the hearts of his own people. Only so also may we account for that recognition which was world-wide.

Countless tributes to Wilson's work filled the press. From them we select, as of especial interest to our readers, one or two from his Catholic fellow-countrymen: Alfred E. Smith, Governor of New York, said in part:

"Woodrow Wilson has passed to his great reward. . . His lofty ideals and his high conception of public duty will always remain a lesson and an example to the youth of all the world until eternity dawns upon it.

"He gave his life to the great Republic just as valiantly as did the men who fell on the field of battle at his command. . .

"His memory will live forever and his deeds will ever make bright pages in American history. A nation bowed in grief receives its consolation from the universal belief that Almighty God in His wisdom and in His mercy solves for the just man all the mysteries of death as life everlasting."

Bishop Molloy of Brooklyn in the course of his appreciation said:

"We recognize the passing of a noble character, who, in accordance with his honest judgment, consecrated his splendid intellectual and moral powers to the welfare of his beloved country and to secure the priceless benefit of justice and peace for all mankind.

"Time alone will afford, of course, a clear and true appraisal of his statesmanship, but we, who have enjoyed the appreciated privilege of being his contemporaries, may give present testimony to his lofty idealism, purity of motive, sincerity of conviction, and unswerving devotion to faithful fulfilment of duty."

It may well be that the death of Woodrow Wilson will mark the resurrection and new life of his nobly conceived ideals of world cooperation and world peace.

hooch in a flask. The hooch and the flask are temporary excesses similar to those which have marked all revolutions. They will pass—as the guillotine did in Paris and the Red Terror in Russia. But the freedom they have won will remain; out of which will grow a franker, freer, more self-reliant womanhood. Such progressions are written all over the pages of history for those who will to read."

To be half drunk, therefore, and half naked, and to be free from supervision and to do as she pleases without shame and without thought, are not very reprehensible in the eyes of this writer who is admitted to the columns of a paper which circulates in the homes of thousands. What does he mean, exactly? Does he mean that these things are not active means of temptation both to the "flapper" and to her male companion? Or, does he mean that such temptations are of no importance? Does he mean that the sins of lust are of no importance? Does he deny all past human experience which has made it the commonest of all human knowledge that indecent exposure, the lack of reticence and modesty, in speech or in action, are the natural and proximate occasions of the sins of impurity.

Sometimes we think that such writers are careless as to what happens to the morals of the young. If they are not, they show a very strange lack of appreciation of facts which are well known to even the most ignorant people who live in a world which is full of evil. Just consider the folly, if it is no worse than folly, of this writer. We know nothing about him. He may be aiming at the promotion of free love for all we know; the devilish work is going on all over the world; but we shall take him to be as honest as a man may be supposed to be who lives in the world and talks as he talks.

We shall, then, suppose that he imagines that when a young girl goes out at night half drunk, and half nude, in the company of young men who are as eager as she is for "freedom," the situation is adequately summed up as he sums it up. But, we may ask, when did the demon of human lust agree to be restrained by a half drunken "flapper" in the arms of a half-drunken man? When did it become possible or likely that weak human nature would be restrained under such conditions?

When we think of those obvious reflections, we are tempted to think that such writers have in their heart no real regard for purity; feel no obligation to place themselves on the side of decency and virtue. If we go too far in that, the alternative conclusion is not such as can be pleasing to a man who thinks enough of himself to try to inform the public on public questions. For, if such writers are not dishonest and if they do not favor sin, and despite virtue, they are under the influence of an ignorance so profound and so comprehensive that they are wholly unfit to have their existence in a world which is so full of evil and of the results of human wrong-doing.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

In the course of a discussion by an anonymous writer in the latest issue of the Edinburgh Weekly Scotsman on the ethics of the raffle and other speculative money-raising schemes we find this choice morsel: "The promoters of a raffle are *pro tem* Jesuits. The cause is good, therefore the end justifies the means." Which is but one more testimony to the vitality of a lie.

CANADIAN HOUSEKEEPERS may be interested in knowing what a Scots-woman with some experience in Western Canada thinks of them. Writing to the Edinburgh Weekly Scotsman she expresses herself after this fashion: "The Canadian kitchen, both in the town house and on the larger farms, is generally a very comfortable place; the mistress often spends part of her morning there, even if she keeps a maid, for in Canada, especially in the West, the housewife does a great deal of the daily work herself. She does not mind what she puts her hand to, no matter what her social position"—a fact, one would say, very much to the credit of the Canadian housewife.

"THE WIFE of an important member of a Provincial Government," she goes on to say, "will open the door to her visitors, and will quite frankly admit at her dinner party to her many guests that she is responsible for the cooking."

Under the different social conditions which have so long prevailed in the Old Land, it need not be wondered at that this should be considered matter for remark. That under the rapid processes of change which the great War set in motion it will continue to be so is quite another question.

A DOCTOR's wife in Winnipeg, she tells her countrywomen, who had gone out to Canada some ten years ago, said she found it much easier to run her good-sized house there than in England, and when asked why replied: "I think it is due partly to the fact that we all, my husband and the two boys, as well as myself, share in the work. My husband does all sorts of things here that he never thought of doing at home, and no one thinks the worse of him. He stokes the furnace, shovels away the snow, chops wood, and if I have to be out in the middle of the day he puts the dinner on the table. Then the boys take it as a matter of course that they shall clean the boots and knives before they go to school. And there is practically no dirt or dust in the house. We burn hard coal or coke in the furnace, and have no open grates. No Englishwoman probably can conceive the difference this makes."

AFTER SKETCHING in a graphic and interesting way social and economical conditions in the North West the Scotsman writer concludes: "The English housewife who wishes to succeed in Canada has much to learn from her Canadian sister who is methodical in her ways, quick—perhaps an unkind person might call her bustling—and very strenuous. She knows her job, and because of this, housekeeping is not a burden and a worry to her. She will often work hard all the morning, and enjoy herself all the afternoon; she will cook, wash, mend and make clothes, but she is never a drudge, and rarely a butterfly."

WHAT is described as "one of the most charming meetings at the Vatican for many months" was the audience granted by the Holy Father to the President and Council of the Milanese section of the Italian Alpine Club. As Don Achille Ratto, the reigning Pontiff was an active member of the Club for many years and regarded as one of its most fearless climbers. Although now having the weight of the Church upon his shoulders, and confined to the limits of the Vatican, he has lost none of his keenness for the mountains. It will be remembered how interested he was in the Mount Everest expedition of last year, and that, mindful of that interest, its participants later sent him a memento in the shape of a piece of rock, suitably chiselled and inscribed, from the highest point reached by them, which was also the highest point of the earth's surface yet reached by man.

TO THE members of the Milan delegation the Holy Father discoursed for some time upon the benefits of mountain climbing. He told them how it elevated the mind, enlarged its knowledge of nature, and brought man's soul to realize the majesty of the Infinite. It was indeed evident from his every word, as a member of the Club afterwards stated to the press, that Pius XI. loves the mountains now no less ardently than when he set out with two others to climb the Matterhorn and, later on, Mount Blanc.

CONVERSION to the Faith has certainly not lessened Gilbert Chesterton's penchant for paradox or gift of satire. "Need newspapers talk nonsense," was the subject of a recent address delivered by him at New-castle. "If there could be a paper," he said, "that consisted entirely of open and avowed nonsense it would be a glorious institution, much more valuable than many of the papers that exist, and affect to instruct the public."

THE METHODIST Mission in Rome has fallen upon rather evil days. The Roman people seem to have fully awakened to the real purpose of its propaganda, which is an insidious form of proselytism. Premier Mussolini has formally forbidden the erection of their projected temple on Monte Mario, a hill directly overlooking the Vatican and St. Peter's. Such project, the Government considered an insult to the Holy Father and to the Catholic people of the city. The prohibition therefore has proved to be very

popular with the Romans, the effrontery of this American sect having got upon their nerves. It has been in Rome since 1870, but notwithstanding the millions lavished upon it the "converts" it has made, says a Roman correspondent, could be hidden under a blanket. Now we are told the Premier has set himself to investigate the activities of that other proselytizing body, the American Y. M. C. A.

ON CALLING ONESELF A CATHOLIC

Joseph Clayton, F. R. Hist. S., in February Catholic World

As late as the nineteenth century the Church of England was still proud to label itself "Protestant," and visitors to St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, may see in the south aisle the statue of Bishop Middleton, and note the inscription beneath: "First Protestant Bishop in India." Middleton was sent out to India by the Church of England and labored in Calcutta in his calling. He did not imagine that he was a Catholic bishop, and nobody at that time suggested that the excellent man was other than a good Protestant. The words beneath his statue—"First Protestant Bishop in India"—were carved in all honesty, conveying an item of news of historic interest.

Then came a time when earnest men of good repute in the Church of England found that in their reformed Book of Common Prayer much of the Catholic Faith was yet enshrined. On the strength of the decent order of service and the fact that the English Reformers had adopted the Episcopal form of church government, the Oxford High-Churchmen decided that the Church of England was both Protestant and Catholic: Protestant in its rejection of papal supremacy, its denial of the doctrine of transubstantiation, its dislike of the popular devotions of Catholic Christendom; Catholic in its loyalty to the defined creeds of the early centuries and in its adherence to an episcopate.

But nowadays members of the Anglican communion will be called "Catholics," and at the suggestion of being Protestant feel either bitterly reproached or grievously insulted. In England we have even a federation of "Free Catholics," Protestant non-conformists, Congregationalist and Unitarian for the most part, anxious for the restoration of sacraments in the public worship of "Free Churches." Of course, neither Anglo-Catholics nor Free Catholics pretend to any uniformity of doctrine and discipline. Indeed, they speak and write quite frankly of the varying degrees of Catholicity within the Anglican communion: of this man as being "more" Catholic than his neighbor, the "moderate Catholic" in the next parish. (The Christian who is moderately Catholic may be likened to the moderately honest man, the moderately virtuous woman, and—the moderately good egg.)

The point is, do we become Christians and Catholics merely by so styling ourselves? Is anything else required? Am I a Catholic because I see my way (as the phrase goes) to accept certain items of Catholic truth and to profess a belief in various articles of the Catholic Faith? Can any number of men and women of their own accord and at any time start a Catholic Church as they might start a social club or philanthropic institute? Am I free to select such doctrines of the Catholic Church as commend themselves to my private judgment and to reject the doctrines that do not commend themselves to me; and, while so selecting and rejecting, to call myself a Catholic? How much of the little of the Catholic Faith must I believe before I can call myself a Catholic?

These questions may be briefly summed up: Do I make myself a Catholic or am I made one by God's admitting me to membership through His accredited ministers? Or to put it another way: Is the Catholic Church created by men, or are men made Catholics by the Church?

DIVORCE NOT POSSIBLE IN FASCIST ITALY

One of the striking political occurrences of the day is the attitude of the Roman Senate in again re-affirming the sanctity of the marriage laws in Italy. At present the Senate is considering the reform of the Codex, the corpus of Italian civil law. One day last month the Minister who is in charge of the matter in the Senate, the Hon. Oviglio, expounded the attitude of the Mussolini Ministry in terms that left no chance for misunderstanding or misconception. The discourse of the Minister in question was remarkable for two very clear utterances, which are indicative of the straightforward policy of the Government. He said that the indissolubility of marriage was a sentiment so rooted not only in the laws of the country but also in the hearts of the people, as to permit of no effort, direct or indirect, to allow divorce to be introduced into Italian legislation; and he further said that the family was an institution surrounded by religious sanctions and that its integrity should be protected and

safeguarded with the same jealousy and care as the integrity of the nation itself.

RT. REV. MGR. FRENCH

The following letter from Rome creating the Rev. F. L. French Protanatory Apostolic recites the reasons for conferring this great honor on the well-known War Chaplain:

PIUS XI, POPE

Beloved Son, speaking of you in terms of the highest praise, the Bishop of Pembroke, Our Venerable Brother, Patrick Thomas Ryan, tells us that in the year 1916, while the terrible European War was still raging, you moved by the Christian charity and forgetful of your own comfort, volunteered for service in the corps of military chaplains, and discharged your duties so well therein, that you were, with the advice and approval of several Canadian Bishops, placed at the head of the chaplain service of the Canadian Army in France.

JUSTIFIED IN HAILING DAWN OF PEACE

"The world seems justified in hailing the dawn of reconciliation and final peace," said President Millerand on New Year's Day in replying to Mgr. Ceretti, Papal Nuncio, spokesman for the Diplomatic Corps at the New Year's reception in the Presidential Palace.

The optimistic character of the President's words was in strong contrast with the material conditions under which the new year opened in Paris.

Mgr. Ceretti and the French President both referred to the vicissitudes of 1923, the representative of the Pontiff pointing out, however, that these might have been much worse.

"Human solidarity," he said, "has shown itself stronger than selfish actions. To ward off the dangers that were foreseen and to repair the evils that had surprised them, men of good will have welded the sacred union."

That, he added, was what gave the best reason for hope in the new year.

President Millerand, as usual, received all the leading public officials, beginning with the Presidents of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. All the Marshals of France called to shake hands with

the Chief Executive as did all the leading army officers in Paris.

Members of the Government, with Premier Poincare at their head, called at the palace and remained to luncheon, after which the functionaries of the City of Paris and the Department of the Seine and the members of the Diplomatic Corps were received.—The Antidote.

THE PASSING OF SOME LEARNED WRITERS

Death has been busy with those who wielded their pen in the field of Catholic letters—Father Talbot Smith, whose voice was as eloquent as his pen, Maurice Francis Egan, and the other day, Monsignor Tobin, whose pen graced the pages of the Catholic Guardian of Little Rock, Ark.

Some years ago I had occasion to write a little note to Father Smith, and in answer he replied, "Never be afraid to say a little word of commendation for the Catholic writer, for it comes like dew to his parched soul, that has to bear many an affront." Not so long ago, after he left New York, we endorsed the brief note written years before and pleasantly asked him more mature convictions.

He took it in good cheer and replied humorously that like the schoolboy boasting of the mumps, he had it "worse" than his companion, because he had it on both sides of his face, while his companion was afflicted on only one side.

One dreads to allow at least a few words about Maurice Francis Egan to be penned, knowing so many true and able journalists who have been spread on the pages of secular as well as church papers—but one can not allow his memory to be forgotten, even in this space, for he was really worthy of the honor of every Catholic and above all those who strive to do something for Catholic letters.

It seems ages ago, since we first met him, he was then very enthusiastic about his services as assistant editor of McGee's Illustrated Weekly—I wonder if any reader can recall that promising publication that died so young.

Egan, was quite level-headed, even then, as to the future of Catholic letters and his views were matured and enlarged by his association with the staff of the Catholic Review, another able journal that lies buried in the large cemetery of Catholic journals.

It was my opinion, that then and in after years while teaching at Notre Dame, that he became convinced that his work was outside of the rough hurly-burly of weekly journalism. What a number of books he did give to us. When one stops a moment to recount them, one wonders at his patience and perseverance.

I think he showed great diplomacy and good American sense in his handling of Dr. Cook at Copenhagen, and also the Ford Peace Expedition, while he was our representative at Denmark. It was through his efforts that after years of negotiations, the Danish West India Islands were transferred to our country.

One of the Danish papers says: "His death is a personal loss to all of us. It is as though we were mourning one of our own greatest sons." He did much for the Church in his public life in Denmark, where the faith is commencing to be restored after the long night of Lutheranism. Even in the realm of public life, he was brave enough to say:

There was need of change in our system of appointing men to consult and diplomatic services and there was need of an experienced diplomatic corps, not made up of rich men who contribute the campaign fund, or rich men who want a four-year holiday abroad, or of men who are given a diplomatic plum to gratify an ambitious Senator.

That was brave to say in the very teeth of those who came under his censure, but as the New York Times says:

"Maurice Egan saw a great deal and seemed to read everything. He couldn't help having a host of friends. He was a brilliant and useful man and citizen, constitutionally incapable of being, even for the shadow of a second, a pedant, a sprig or a bore."

Peace to his memory and may his rest be in Holy Zion.—R. C. Gleason in Catholic Columbian.

FAMOUS RUSSIAN "MADONNA" SAFE IN MOSCOW

Moscow.—Dr. Igor Grabar, artist, historian of art and director of the Tretyakoff Gallery at Moscow, has issued a statement most interesting to lovers of sacred art.

This statement regards the Vladimir Madonna, whose safety has been a much mooted point during the recent disturbances in Russia. Dr. Grabar says that the great icons are safe. The jewelry which formerly adorned them has been removed and the Madonna as she now stands has the face of the Madonna as she was depicted in the Twelfth Century.

The greater part of the picture is of the fourteenth Century, dress and sandals especially. Dr. Grabar is satisfied that there is nothing beneath them, though there is a trace of an original hand near the neck of the Child, evidently beneath the outer painting.

Vladimir is the only city in Russia where any remains of Twelfth Century architecture exist. In one of the cathedrals Dr. Grabar has found a fresco dating from the Twelfth Century which will open a new chapter in the history of art. The

photographs shown of it bespeak wonderful composition, great naturalism and portraiture which can only be compared to the most famed portraits of the National Gallery. Dr. Grabar plans to publish a monograph on his discovery.

GERMANY

MESSAGE AND LETTER OF CHANCELLOR MARX

In the message to the Kolnische Volkszeitung Chancellor Marx reviews the year 1923 as one of the saddest in German history. The severance from Germany of the Ruhr industries, followed by the financial collapse, led to a degree of misery among the people such as is unrecorded in the annals of recent world history.

He gratefully recognizes the help that has been extended from abroad to lessen this suffering and speaks of the heroic efforts that will be made to rescue German finances by governmental savings, the dismissal of public employes, and extreme tax levies upon property.

But above all, Germany, he said, stands in need of the world's moral support in its struggle for existence, since "an atmosphere of hatred and distrust" still presses heavily upon it and leads to conditions that render a true peace impossible, a peace such as Germany earnestly desires with all the world.

The German people, he adds, are not seeking revenge. They know they have lost the War and "must therefore bear burdens such as in the history of the world were never before imposed upon a conquered nation."

But they may hope "at least that with the new year an end will be put to the continuation of the War by other means, the efforts to tear German unity asunder and to allow the German people to suffer and starve in economic misery."

They hope that the nations of the earth will heed their cry for a true peace that the blessing of the Almighty may rest upon the coming times and generations.

In a telegram sent to the Holy Father at the end of last year the German Chancellor says:

"I beg your Holiness to permit me to express my warmest thanks in the name of the German Government, for the active intervention of your Delegate, Mgr. Testa, who succeeded in procuring the pardon or earlier liberation of about three hundred exiles and political prisoners. The work of charity carried on in the occupied German territory, through intervention or direct aid extended to the needy and afflicted by the Roman Church, under the guidance of your Holiness, is a mighty consolation for the German people in the heavy visitation that has befallen them is consequence of the War."

We see, therefore, the beneficent activity of the Holy See continuing today, as in the days of the War. For the Vicar of Christ, as for Christ Himself, there is not French or German, but all are children of the same Heavenly Father and wherever suffering is the greatest his heart goes out most tenderly for its relief."

These are golden words to be set in the history of the Church's charitable activities in the days of war and of its aftermath.—America.

CROSS GIVEN FRENCH NUN

PRISON ATTENDANT FOR 52 YEARS HONORED BY GOVERNMENT

(Raymond De Nys in Le Petit Parisien)

Crosses of justice are of two kinds. There are those which are placed, on gray mornings, over the graves of the executed, and there are those awarded as decorations for services rendered in law.

Sister Leonide receives the cross of the Legion of Honor because, for more than half a century, she has served as attendant upon women prisoners at St. Lazare; also because to this woman in particular was assigned the duty of guarding women spies during the War.

Of these spies seven were condemned to death. Four were executed: Marguerite Francillard, the Tichely and Aubert women, and, notorious of all, Mati Hari, in many books of which the dancer was the heroine—"The Spies of Paris" by Emile Massard; "The De Defeatists," by Louis Dumar; "The Goat With the Feet of Gold," by Charles Henry Hirsch; "Mare Nostrum," by Blasco Ibanez, and "The Mystery of the Life and Death of Mati Hari," by Gomez Carrillo—the figure of Sister Leonide was introduced; she was most often referred to as "petite sœur Marie."

Sister Leonide has borne her long service well. Her age would be difficult to guess, such is the lightness of her step, the clearness of her complexion, her good humor, energy, and a voice that is still steady and clear even at painful moments.

"So, you have been here fifty years?" I asked.

"Fifty-two years and six months," she answered, laughing. "I came here when I took my vows."

"And you knew at that time that you were to serve in prison for life?"

"I knew." There was no indication of melancholy or regret. All about us—even in this reception

room where some attempt at cheerfulness has been made—the atmosphere of sadness weighed upon the visitor. The stairway and corridor are dark and the courtyard is damp with rain. Sister Leonide smiled.

THE PRISONERS IN DEATH HOUSE

"Perhaps you can imagine the things I have seen here," she began gently.

Up until the war period, except for one Spaniard executed for espionage in 1900, there was perhaps little of a sensational nature. But after 1916—

"Four times," said Sister Leonide. "I went to the death house at Vincennes. Every evening, when the condemned were awaiting a commutation—for they hoped until the last—they asked me: 'Do you think I may sleep without fear tonight?' And naturally, though I knew the contrary, I answered: 'Yes—sleep.'"

"The day before her death—it was Sunday afternoon—I asked Mati Hari to dance—just a few steps. She did it gladly. When they led her from her cell here to take her to Vincennes I was with her. She took my arm and I held her hand. You can never tell what they may do—at the last minute."

The newspapers related how, after the execution, "petite sœur Marie"—Sister Leonide—removed a ring from the dead dancer's finger to send it to one of her friends.

"That was not true," she said. "Imagine my doing a thing like that! In the first place, Mati Hari wore no rings. And then she would never have dared to ask me to do that."

A few friends came forward to congratulate Sister Leonide. She had taken the red ribbon from her breast and put it away. "I do not feel," she said, "that I have the right to wear it."

UMBRIA

PASSIONIST RETREAT ONCE NOBLE CASTLE

Dublin, Ireland.—Father Cagney, C. P., writes of a visit which he paid recently to beautiful Umbria. Umbria is the garden spot of Italy, delighting the eye of the tourist as he gazes on cities or towns "perched picturesquely and peacefully on the tops of hills or sides of mountains and giving the impression of gray historic antiquity. The view as one ascends some bold eminence is enchanting. A veritable patchwork of vineyards and oliveyards are dotted round and there with hoary hamlets or humble peasant cottages. It is truly a dreamland to the spell of which no one is insensible."

There is a Passionist Monastery nestled here among these quaint landmarks and pleasant declivities. The exact location of the retreat is known as Montecosco. A Preparatory College governed by the Fathers of the Congregation here trains boys from their early years. The boys are dressed in uniform and welcome all tourists and strangers to the spot.

This villa, of surpassing beauty, was once owned by Count Ricci, who after the death of his good wife, listened to the inspiration that he in the history of the Church's charitable activities in the days of war and of its aftermath.—America.

These are golden words to be set in the history of the Church's charitable activities in the days of war and of its aftermath.—America.

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izing how God had permitted him to share in a great missionary work. In this comfort he died, surrounded and assisted by those who loved him as their best friend and benefactor and who would keep his memory ever in benediction.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

WHAT OF OUR ZEAL?

The zeal of the missionary has its origin and continued strength in the love of God. Have we ever asked ourselves whether there is anything in our Catholicity which has any of the qualities of the faith and devotion inspiring him? Some are so lacking in these great virtues that they hear of the missionary's work only to give him cold pity or still more cold indifference. Their real trouble is lack of confidence. Having no idea of what Our Divine Lord meant when He said "fear not, I have overcome the world," they wonder why anyone should really believe that the missionary work of the Church can be effective. Happily, not all, however, are so easily discouraged or value so little the great divine virtue of charity.

A missionary tells his story of the Western plains where there are but thirty-five families in half a county. Some are actually forty miles from a church. The missionary drives every Sunday, when weather at all permits, twenty miles between his little mission churches, to say Mass for the people of his parish. And he writes us wondering how he will be able to pay his own expenses, not indeed because the people are not generous, but simply because crops are bad and prices very low. His people have a district that in some years has given phenomenal crops, but at present, because of lack of rain, is almost barren. Naturally the number of his parishioners is dwindling. They are compelled to leave, but of course the missionary cannot go. While any remain he too must stay at his post.

"And so, kind reader," he writes, "during the winter months when you enjoy all the luxuries of life, let your thoughts wander west to one who on that very day may be facing the cold blasts of winter in an effort to care for the spiritual need of souls. And when you relish the best of meals, think of one who perhaps at that moment is preparing food in order to keep life in the body. When you walk a few blocks or ride a few miles to church, think of the one that has to travel twenty miles in the shivering cold for five or six hours to offer up the Holy Sacrifice for fifteen or twenty people.

There is a place eighteen miles from here where I say Mass once a month for three people. Not only think of all these things but act. I remember after a certain simple invention had been placed on the market several years ago, one man remarked that the invention was so simple that he should have thought of it himself. So with you. Not only think of what others have done, but act; help the Extension Society, for without her aid many of the churches in poverty-stricken communities would be closed.

It is surprising what the presence of the priest means to a community, and how he is respected by Protestants as well as Catholics after the barrier of prejudice has been broken down, if it exists. Some of the priest's time is spent getting acquainted with people regardless of color, race or creed, and thus preparing the way so that the gospel of Christ can find a fit abode in their hearts. While in a restaurant one day a travelling man sat down beside me. No sooner had he done so when a conversation was begun.

"Fine day for traveling," said I. "Very nice," was the reply. "Who are you traveling for?" "He told me," then added. "Who are you with?" "Almost dazed by the question, I answered, 'I am a Catholic priest, traveling for the Catholic Church.'"

Thus an acquaintance was formed and now every time he comes to town he calls to have a chat if I am home.

And the influence required by the Catholic Church depends to a great extent upon just such incidents as this in the life of this missionary. The "smoker," as everyone knows, is the clearing house of every sort of gossip, good and bad. No question is more to the fore than the position of religion, and above all, the work and aims of the Catholic Church. It is not an incalculable loss to her when bigotry succeeds in arousing sentiment through the spread of absolute falsehood or distorted half truths which stir up hatred that there is no one at hand to defend. Catholics who gain the confidence of those generally opposed can attribute their success to the proper explanation of their faith and the real objective of the Catholic Church.

The success of the Church depends wholly upon the work of her priest-hood. The faithful Catholics who benefit by his ministry edify their neighbors through the practice of the virtues she teaches and fosters. Thus everyone knows by the life she manifests exactly what the Catholic Church stands for and in the day of trial her children can appeal to something that everyone knows through long experience with her ministers. And at once

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There are many who never reflect on this important phase of the life of the Church. Souls sunk in indifference or blighted with the disease of heresy are not cured in a moment. They require both the enlightening teachings of divine truth and the showers of grace that come through the offering up of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the prayers and sacrifices of faithful souls. It is only through the missionary that these benefits can be had.

So the missionary goes on in the name of God, animated with a zeal inspired by love of Our Divine Lord, Who sustains him. What excuse have we who will not at least take enough interest in his great work to give a helping hand? If we cannot be missionaries as he is, why not at least share in his holy work by doing something for Extension, to which he turns in the hour of difficulty and trial for help that is a vital necessity.

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EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

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REVIVES DEVOTION TO BOY-MARTYR

ST. JULIO'S BODY REPOSES IN ANCIENT CHURCH OF VIENNA

In the first years of the Eighteenth Century the Imperial Court of Vienna received as a gift from the Holy See the relics of the Child Martyr, St. Julio, who was a victim of the first persecutions of the Christians at Rome.

The body of the little Saint, as also a lamp and a glass vessel containing his blood, found in his tomb in the Roman Catacombs, were preserved for some time in the Imperial Treasury of Vienna. In 1746 the Empress Maria Teresa sent the relics, still enclosed in the original casket, as they had come from Rome, to the Jesuit Father, Antonio Cito. In the Italian Church of Vienna the relics were exposed to public veneration.

FIRST EXPOSITION

At Christmas of that year the relics, which had been placed in precious reliquaries were exposed for the first time in the church of the Jesuits, "Am Hof." On the following day, the Feast of St. Stephen, Protomartyr, with great pomp, amid a vast throng of people, the relics were translated in procession back to the Italian church. Following the translation a solemn triduum was held, closing December 28, the Feast of St. Julio and the Holy Innocents.

For many years the devotion remained alive among the Viennese, especially among the children, who were devoted to St. Julio, the Boy Martyr. Numerous cures of children were obtained through the intercession of the Saint and were registered by the custodians of the church. Many Masses were celebrated at the desire of the faithful at St. Julio's altar. A second altar was erected in 1749.

Bishops and Archbishops and many cities testified their special devotion to St. Julio. In 1751 the Archduke Joseph, afterward Joseph II., paid his homage at the altar of St. Julio edifying all his followers. In those days also many parents gave the name of Julio to their boys and had pictures of the Martyr in the nurseries. Pietro Metastasio, a famous poet of the time, while living in Vienna, composed a hymn glorifying the Saint. This hymn was widely disseminated among the people and even translated into many tongues. The body of the poet reposes near the Church of St. Michael where also has reposed the body of St. Julio since the year 1774.

The translation of St. Julio's body followed the suppression of the Jesuits decreed in 1773, by which decree the relics lost their proper custodians. The Empress, Maria Teresa desired that the body of St. Julio should be placed in the Church of St. Michael as the parish church of the Court.

IMPETUS TO DEVOTION

For a time the devotion to St. Julio languished, particularly after the suppression of the Society of Jesus. But by the providence of God a tremendous impetus has been given to it in recent days.

The recent transfer of the Church of St. Michael from the Barnabite Fathers to the Salvatorian Fathers has caused a revival of the cult to the Boy Saint, Julio. Among the faithful an increasing interest in his life and martyrdom has sprung up. In this glorification of St. Julio there is every evidence to indicate that he will take his place in these troubled days as one of the special Patrons and Protectors of childhood and of youth.

On the feast of St. Julio celebrated recently in Rome and Vienna with special ceremonial, many knelt to pray at the shrines consecrated by the heroic sacrifice of the Boy-Saint.—The Pilot.

BURSES

FOR THE EDUCATION OF PRIESTS FOR CHINA

"The labourers are few. (Luke x. 2.)

Each complete bursar of \$5,000 will assure in perpetuity the education of a priest to labour for souls in China, a perpetual, living monument to the charity of our well-wishers and friends.

Rev. J. M. FRASER, M. A. P., China Mission College, Almonte, Ontario.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE CRY OF THE DREAMER

I am tired of planning and telling
In the crowded hives of men;
Heart weary of building and spoiling.

And spoiling and building again.
And long for the dear old river
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor

I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity
For the burdened and the rich;
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh, the little hands too skilful,
And the child-mind choked with weeds;

The daughter's heart grown wilful,
And the father's heart that bleeds!
No, no! From the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the wood's low rustle
And the meadows' kindly page.

Let me dream as of old by the river,
And beloved for the dreamer's sake;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

OUR GREAT GIFT

When we understand our religion
and meditate upon the richness
of the gift we possess, we realize the
advantage to ourselves of allowing
some of the things we cannot take
beyond the grave to slip through
our fingers for the benefit of our
poorer brethren.

The river mirrors the colors of the
sunset sky, and becomes a picture
an artist would love, but the most
insignificant little stream can take
to itself a little of that celestial
beauty. No matter how unimportant
you are the most glorious things
in the universe, love and faith and
hope, are for you as much as for
anyone.

Never look forward to the accidents
of life with apprehension;
anticipate them with a perfect hope
that God, whose child you are, will
deliver you from them according as
they come.—St. Francis de Sales.

SOME YOUNG MEN FAIL—WHY?

Here are ten typical cases:

1. Always postponed his task.
2. Grumbled, complaining others did not do their share and blaming his mistakes on them.
3. Was not adaptable; wanted to work on one sort of job only.
4. Undependable except when watched and checked.
5. Too lazy to work hard when he thought he could "get by" by taking his work easy.
6. Always late in coming to work.
7. Did well at first and was promoted; promotion made him "bossy" and unwilling to be directed by others in the office.
8. (A Plumber) did good work when it was where people could see it, but when it was to be in the ground and covered up, he did work that had to be done again by others.
9. He revelled at night and was stupid and sleepy all next day.
10. For the sake of his dead father I strove to make a man of him. I offered him a room in my home, with every chance to get ahead, but he decided that he wanted to see the world, and he is still seeing it on foot.—The Casket.

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS A HANDICAP

In the first place, what is self-consciousness? It is the fear of making an unfavorable impression.

Now, fear, according to modern theory, tends to invite the thing feared. A man learning to ride a bicycle fears he will run into an approaching automobile, becomes rattled, and heads directly for it; and similarly, one learning to steer his way through life fears he will run into unfavorable opinion, and does so.

Certainly it seems that self-conscious persons are continually beset by small social misfortunes. If you are afraid of saying the wrong thing you are the more likely to say it (or to think you have); and if you are afraid of spilling your tea you are the more likely to spill it, and to break the cup and spoil the rug into the bargain. These are matters of equilibrium—physical, mental and perhaps, spiritual.

Obviously it is impossible to think of two things at once. One cannot then, think simultaneously of oneself and of the matter in hand, whatever it may be. Thinking of self definitely destroys our efficiency. The cultivation of the power to concentrate the mind on any given subject is, therefore, an important part of the cure, and it is no less important that a listener concentrate than that a speaker do so. This applies as much to conversation as to the lecturer and his audience. A "good listener" is almost always popular and almost always intelligent. The study of man is not only the proper study of mankind, but is mankind's most interesting study. If you are self-conscious you are not sufficiently engaged with this study, and should give it more attention.

Another point: Self-consciousness is contagious. A person not

normally afflicted with it may temporarily contract it in the course of efforts to put a self-conscious person at his ease. Almost everyone has at times a touch of self-consciousness, but those afflicted are too much engaged with their acute consciousness of self to read the subtler signs of the same malady.

Big men never try to be impressive. I have been so fortunate as to know many big men, from Roosevelt down, and without exception I have found them genuine. No less than the rest of us, important men enjoy wholesome, friendly contacts with their fellow beings, and nothing is more likely to repel them than the exaggerated deference which is sometimes shown them by artificial or self-conscious people.

Of all elementary rules of life, none seems to me more important than that contained in a maxim consisting of two words echoed by sages from Diogenes to Pope.

The maxim is, "Know thyself," and "Be thyself" is its implied concomitant.—American Magazine.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MR. CLANCY'S VIEWS ON THE PAST AND PRESENT

At Clancy's house there's no such thing as lipstick or rouge or jazz, to fling its stupid, weird, nerve-racking strain;

That he hates such foolishness is plain.

All nonsense, he says each whim or fad, That he is not catering to them, he's glad;

Or the frivolous things for which men pay—

Massage and face treatments, every day.

Why are the beauty shoppes flourishing so?

That's what Clancy wants to know. None of his daughters have bobbed hair,

Flimsy dress, or knees that's bare; His womenfolk do not fritter away His hard-earned money on bargain day;

He says 'tis enough to make men swear, How much of it the matinees share.

Or the pleasure resorts, where in maddening whirl

The banners of evil their colors unfurl.

Mr. Clancy's ideas may not meet accord,

But I think he is right, upon my word;

His old-fashioned notions on home and dress

Would save our young folks much distress;

For the sweetest charm of womanhood

Are her modest ways, be it understood.

They help to guard both home and heart,

Wherein a mad world has no part;

Music and art and laughter swell The home where Clancy's family dwell;

True motherhood, good sense, is seen,

Reigns where Mrs. Clancy rules as queen,

Rules with love, wherein is blent No earth-born jaded sentiment.

Let our women then more careful be

To train loved ones religiously;

Buy clothing of cotton instead of silk;

Less bakery stuff and more of milk. Such is the gist of Clancy's plan.

Believe it or not, he's a very wise man.

A hearty welcome awaits me I know

Whenever to Clancy's house I go.

A LOVELY TRIBUTE

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt said at a dinner in Oyster Bay:

"The more children a woman has, the more unselfish she is sure to be. Let me tell you a story."

"A school-teacher said to a little boy:

"James suppose your mother made a peach pie, and there were ten of you at the table—your mother and father and eight children—how much of the pie would you get?"

"A ninth, ma'am," little James answered.

"No, no, James. Pay attention," said the teacher. "There are ten of you. Ten, remember. Don't you know your fractions?"

"Yes, ma'am," said little James, "I know my fractions, but I know my mother, too. She'd say she didn't want no pie."—Catholic Sun.

GRAMMAR MADE EASY

David Tower, an old-time master of the Adams school at Boston, wrote the following verse as a guide for students:

A noun's the name of anything, as school or garden, hoop or swing. Adjectives tell the kind of noun, as great, small, pretty, white or brown.

Three of these words we often see, called articles—a, an, and the. Instead of nouns the pronouns stand: John's head, his face, my arm, your hand.

Verbs tell of something being done, as read, write, spell, sing, jump or run.

How things are done the adverbs tell, as slowly, quickly, ill or well. They also tell us where and when, as here and there, now and then.

A preposition stands before a noun, as in or through a door. Conjunctions sentences unite, as kittens scratch and puppies bite.

The interjection shows surprise, as "Oh, how pretty." "Ah, how wise!"

GOUNOD'S REPLY

Camille Bellaigue tells the following anecdote in the Revue des Deux Mondes:

"In the papers left by Gounod, I found the following note, dated April 28, 1869: 'Tomorrow is the First Communion of Henry de B—'. I am going."

"He came. After we had come out of the Church of St. Thomas d'Aquin, my father went up to the great artist whom he had known intimately since childhood.

"Dear friend," he said, while holding me by the hand, 'this is my son. He already loves music. Will you add to all the blessings he has just received by giving him your blessing of beauty?'"

"Gounod then exclaimed: 'My child, today I am not worthy to undo the latchet of your shoes. Today you bear God in your heart, and it is for you to bless me.'

"Then, suiting the action to the words, he knelt on the pavement before me. I did not know what to say, and at first I blushed."

WITH WILLING HEART

A small boy was sent to church by his father with a nickel and a dollar bill in his pocket.

"You are to put what you please in the offering box, my boy. Listen to the sermon and make your offering in accordance with the impression made upon you."

The boy had returned. "Well, what did you put in the box?" his father asked.

"The nickel. I was going to put in the other when I remembered what the clergyman said in his sermon."

"What was that?"

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

Once grasp that the Catholic Church is Christ's historical expression of Himself; once see in her Eyes the Divine glance, and through her face the Face of Christ Himself; once hear from her lips that Voice which speaks always "as one having authority;" and you will understand that no nobler life is possible for a human soul than to "lose herself" in that glorious Wisdom which is His Body; no greater wisdom than to think with her; no purer love than that which burns in her Heart, who, with Christ as her Soul, is indeed the Saviour of the world.—Mgr. Benson.

A Gambler's Chance

WHEN a man delays taking insurance he is gambling on his chance of living out his expectation of life.

When a man with a wife and children gambles on his chances of life and death, he should remember that the safety of his helpless dependents constitute the stakes. If he loses, it is they who will pay. And every day adds to the risk.

Write us for Mutual literature, and make that appointment—now.

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A household remedy avoiding Drugs. Creosote is vaporized at the bedside during the night. It has become in the past forty years the most widely used remedy for whooping cough and spasmodic croup. When children complain of sore throat or cough, use at once.

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It has been the aim of this Bank, since its inception, to be something more than a mere repository for funds. Its policy has always been to render a service both personal and interested to all its clients. Perhaps this fact accounts for the remarkable and steady growth of the Imperial Bank during the last 48 years.

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Will it be "Rain or Shine" To-morrow?

This wonderful prophet tells you the answer to-day. It's a beautiful miniature house, stucco finish, size 6 1/2 x 7 1/2, decorated with deer head toy thermometer, bird on perch, etc.—not a toy but a scientifically constructed instrument working automatically, reliable and everlasting. The witch comes out to foretell bad weather and the children for fine weather, eight to twenty-four hours in advance.

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This perfected Weather Prophet will prove to you it's superior over other cheaper models.

Send postpaid to any address for only \$1.25 or two for \$2.20. Tell your neighbor. Don't miss this chance. Order to-day.

AGENTS WANTED.
GRANT & McMillan, Dept. W. R. 5, 387 Clinton St., Toronto

Make More Money Out Of Your Farm!

Here is a library of helpful suggestions, which may easily be worth several hundred dollars to any Ontario farmer, and he can have it without a cent of cost.

Read the list of bulletins and pamphlets giving valuable information on over sixty subjects about farming in Ontario. These books are written by experts who are specialists in each subject treated.

They show the farmer how to make more money out of his farm and they help him solve his problems of breeding and feeding.

They show him how to deal with pests, insects and weeds. They bring to the farmer the latest discoveries of the laboratory, the research bureau and the experimental plot.

These bulletins are to the farmer what the medical journal is to the doctor, or the law reports to the lawyer.

A farmer can keep posted on all the latest discoveries, just as the lawyer or doctor does.

The Department of Agriculture asks the Ontario farmers to write for any bulletin in this list and it will be promptly mailed free.

In addition to the list of bulletins, there are sixteen annual reports, as follows:

BRANCHES OF THE ONTARIO DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE:

Live Stock Branch.
Fruit Branch
Agricultural and Horticultural Societies.
Agricultural Representative Service.
Co-operation and Markets Branch.
Vegetable Division.

Dairy Branch
Farmers' and Women's Institutes Branch
Statistics and Publications Branch
The Ontario Agricultural College.
The Ontario Veterinary College.

The director in each branch invites the co-operation of the farm public in the fullest degree.

ANY BULLETIN OR REPORT MAY BE SECURED.

Any bulletin or report listed may be secured free of charge by any Ontario farmer upon application to the Ontario Department of Agriculture, Parliament Buildings, Toronto. Bulletins may be ordered by name or number, but please ask for reports by name. PLEASE BE SURE TO STATE EXACTLY WHAT BULLETINS OR REPORTS YOU WISH, TO PREVENT WASTE IN DISTRIBUTION.

Ontario Department of Agriculture
Parliament Buildings, Toronto

HON. JOHN S. MARTIN, B.A.
Minister of Agriculture.

Frank Parks Was Saving Fifty Dollars A Year---

One day Frank Parks casually reviewed the entries in his bank book—and made a startling discovery.

He was saving about fifty dollars a year; True, he was young—only twenty-four; and, living at home, his responsibilities were few.

But only fifty dollars saved in a year: The natural desire to save more money brought this young man to interview a North American Life representative and to-day he holds a North American Life Endowment Policy and finds saving easy.

Shortly after his forty-fourth birthday, this policy will bring him \$5,000 cold cash. In the meantime, he approaches his forthcoming marriage with the feeling that he has already played fair by providing protection for the woman he loves.

Our booklet "Twenty Years Ahead" tells how you can follow Frank Park's example. Write for it.

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Send me your booklet, "Twenty Years Ahead."

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Address.....
Occupation..... Age.....

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LIST OF AVAILABLE BULLETINS

Published by the Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto

175. Farm Underdrainage Operations.
194. Apple Orchardling.
198. Lime Sulphur Wash.
210. Strawberries and Raspberries.
219. The San Jose and Oyster Shell Scales.
220. Lightning Rods.
222. Currants and Gooseberries.
224. Greenhouse Construction.
226. Plum Culture.
229. Smuts and Rusts of Grain Crops.
231. Vegetable Growing.
239. Potatoes.
240. Bacterial Diseases of Vegetables.
241. Peach Growing in Ontario.
242. Diseased Mouths: A Cause of Ill Health.
243. Nature Study or Stories in Agriculture.
249. The Pear in Ontario.
250. Insects Attacking Fruit Trees.
251. Insects Affecting Vegetables.
252. Preservation of Food: Home Canning.
255. Tuberculosis of Poultry.
256. The Wintering of Bees.
257. Diseases of Fruit Trees.
261. Wheat and Rye.
262. Sugar Beets.
263. Bacteria: Friends and Foes.
266. Butter Making and Cheese Making.
267. Farm Water Supply and Sewage Disposal.
268. Farm Crops: Experiments at O. A. C.
269. Hay and Pasture Crops: Grasses, Clovers etc.
270. Jugging Vegetables.
271. The Apple Maggot.
274. Sheep.
276. Bee Diseases.
277. Motor Transportation in Rural Ontario.
279. Community Halls.
284. Milk Production Costs.
245. Flour and Bread Making.
287. Silos and Silage.
288. Farm Management—Part V.
389. The Cabbage Maggot.
290. The Rural Literary and Debating Society.
291. The Production and Marketing of Ontario Cheese.
292. Farm Poultry.
293. Feeding Young Live Stock.
294. Grafting Fruit Trees.
295. Eur pean Corn Borer.
296. Sweet Clover.
297. Colony Houses for Swine.
298. Soil Surveys.
299. The Bacon Hog.
300. The Care of Farm Implements.
301. The Brood Sow.
302. Insecticides and Fungicides.
303. Mushrooms.

SPECIAL (Without Serial Number):
Debates and Plays: Stevenson.
Co-operative Marketing: Sapiro.
Food for the Family.

Free to Ontario Farmers, but an average charge of 10c. each (including postage, now required to be paid) for the above bulletins, and 15c. for Annual Reports, is made to INDIVIDUALS LIVING OUTSIDE OF ONTARIO.

SPIRITIST'S PUBLIC CONFESSION

TELLS OF TRICKING SCIENTIST

Vienna.—A bombshell has been thrown into the camp of European spiritism by the public confession of the medium, Ladislav Laszlo, that all of his so-called materializations and other alleged spiritualistic manifestations were achieved through trickery.

Laszlo, whose fame as a medium spread all over Europe, although he is only twenty-three years old, made his greatest bid for success by his demonstrations before Dr. Schrenck-Notzing, the famous professor of Psychology from Munich.

Some years ago Laszlo appeared in Budapest spiritist circles as a "speaking medium." He regaled his hearers with alleged communications from the spirit world and amused them with conjurers' tricks which were accepted as supernatural manifestations.

"I attempted," he says, "to form parts of the body in accordance with the illustrations and photos in Professor Schrenck-Notzing's books out of strips of gauze and cotton-wool mixed in goose-drippings. In order to divert attention from the fraud, I also used the following trick: Knowing the phosphorescent qualities of insulating-linen, I pinned a piece of this material to the bottom of my chair.

When Laszlo began these manifestations, his fame spread rapidly. "When Professor Schrenck-Notzing came to Budapest," Laszlo declares in his confession, "the control became more severe. I did not run the risk involved in performing a materialization at the first performance, I contented myself with addressing the distinguished guest in the name of the ghost, saying: 'I salute you, brother, for having put yourself in the service of the truth. For opening the way thus, you will receive heavenly rewards instead of earthly laurels.'"

"When he took a seat near by in order to watch me closely, I smuggled a ball of the prepared paste into his left pocket before the next performance and at the proper moment fetched it out. I became uneasy lest the professor might notice that the paste had left grease spots, but he was so delighted with the performance that he didn't pay any attention to it."



This famous household cleaner and disinfectant is now made in Crystal Flakes instead of powder. It is the best household lye on the market. Use it for cleaning and disinfecting sinks, closets, drains, etc.; destroying vermin; softening water; making soap; cleaning floors, greasy pots and pans, etc.; removing paint, etc.

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Laszlo declares that in making his confession he is animated entirely by fear of the inevitable detection of the fraud he has been practicing. He says he believes it preferable to earn a small livelihood honestly rather than to profit further by these audacious deceptions.

Laszlo has asked the Budapest police for protection because, he says, there is reason to believe that the spiritists will try to revenge themselves for what they regard as his treason.

PRAGUE CATHEDRAL TO BE COMPLETED

St. Guy's, the Gothic Cathedral of Prague on the beautiful Hradcany, Castle Hill, which was begun in the middle of the fourteenth century but of which, owing to the Hussite wars and the subsequent turmoil, only the sanctuary was finished at the time, now nears completion. In 1859 a committee was formed which up to the present has succeeded in building the nave with the two front spires. The great central tower had been left unfinished. Now notice has been given that after Epiphany, 1924, the more solemn services will for several years be transferred from the Cathedral to the Basilica of St. George. In the meantime the great historic edifice will be gradually completed.

It is noticeable that when the Y. M. C. A. held their third congress at Bratislava in Slovakia, December 8-10, 1923, the Government was officially represented and Mr. Benes, the Foreign Minister, sent an effusive message. On the other hand Catholic undertakings are taken notice of only when this is unavoidable in a State with a population more than eighty per cent. Catholic.

EXPEDITION CONFIRMS CAPTIVITY IN EGYPT

Definite confirmation of the Biblical account of the captivity of the Israelites in Egypt has been unearthed by a University of Pennsylvania expedition to the Jordan, according to Dr. Clarence S. Fisher, head of the party, who has returned.

The verification is written on a stone monument of Rameses II., excavated by the expedition at Beisan, the Beth Shan of the Bible. Dr. Fisher regards this monument as "one of the most interesting ever unearthed by archaeologists."

"It was in a small inner room of a fortress buried beneath successive layers of other fortresses and towns that we discovered this monument and another of Seti," said Dr. Fisher. "The Rameses II. stone is being brought to the museum in Philadelphia."

THE TURNING OF THE TIDE

The return to religion is becoming more and more a fact in Europe. In Belgium it has been going on for some time, and Mussolini seems to be almost a lay leader of the movement in Italy. "You are right," he said to a Belgian professor, "to emphasize the preponderant role of Catholicism in life of nations. The strength of Italy, her joy and her marvelous chances for the future are due to Catholicism. I have frequently proclaimed it. I shall proclaim it whenever I have the opportunity. Catholicism, by its doctrines and its precepts of renunciation, penance, sacrifice, mortifications; Catholicism by its asceticism persuades men to combat themselves within

themselves and in combating themselves to develop their deeper energies; or, more exactly, Catholicism trains men to prepare and assure the triumph of their best energies, those that make heroes and saints. It is thanks to our Catholicism that we Italians have preserved the spiritual vigor, the spiritual nobility, the spiritual fecundity which takes the place of the material wealth which we lack and which, by the way, makes us fit to conquer it."

OBITUARY

JOHN FRANK CAMPBELL

On Wednesday, Jan. 24th, 1924, the death occurred in Hamilton, of John Frank Campbell of 53 Howard St., Toronto. Deceased had been in ill health for some time and was on a vacation to his father's home when he died.

Mr. Campbell was born in Hamilton and was the eldest son of Mr. Peter Campbell of 218 McNab St. North. He had lived in Toronto for the past twenty years during which time he had resided at the home of Mr. Fred Beale.

Of a generous and affable disposition, Mr. Campbell had made many friends in both social and business circles. He was an accountant and, at the time of his death, was connected with The Standard Reliance Co., having held previous positions with The Canadian Birkbeck Co. and M. S. Brohm & Co.

VOTIVE CHAPEL TO BLESSED VIRGIN

Rome will have great international shrine. Following closely on the interest aroused by the appeal to all the Catholics of the world to help in building the great Shrine of the Sacred Heart which is to be erected in Rome as a votive temple for world peace comes the announcement that the Eternal City is also to have a great international shrine dedicated to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

According to a statement in the Osservatore Romano, the idea of erecting such a temple followed the realization that in Rome, where piety and the unbounded generosity of Christians have raised churches of unique grandeur and beauty, there has never been a church dedicated to the Heart of Mary, and that it is eminently fitting that in the city which is the center of Catholicity there should be raised a church which would be a fitting tribute to the Mother of God and of men, worthy of her greatness and of her loving kindness toward her children.

The plan of the church follows the great construction of imperial and papal Rome. It will be circular in form, traversed by a Greek Cross, on the arms of which will rise four magnificent chapels. Short flights of steps will give access to these chapels, through arches representing the triumph of the Gospel. The great central rotunda will have a diameter of 42 meters and will be surrounded by a gallery connecting the chapel, the apse, the main entrance, the secondary entrances and the baptismal font. The interior height, to the top of the cross, will be 106 meters.

The Holy Father wishes the temple to be magnificent and monumental, worthy of Rome. His Holiness examined the plans in person and added the final touches with his own hand.

Neither the difficulties which lie in the way of the execution of this project nor the tremendous sums which it will require, have arrested those who inspired this great undertaking. In an audience granted to the Reverend Nicola Garcia, Pope Pius said:

"We do not ignore the grave difficulties of the work, but considering its great necessity, we trust and shall always continue to trust in Divine Providence which will not abandon us. We are in the position of Saint Charles Borromeo when he proposed to build the famous Sanctuary of Our Lady of the Rho." The plans were drawn by the architect Pellegrino Tibaldi, and many people considered them to be impossible of execution on account of their great sumptuousness. The Holy Father refused, however, to

listen to those who advise that the plans be reduced to more modest proportions, saying that "it is a great imprudence to allow oneself to be conquered by the first difficulties; and in works having to do with divine worship, we must begin with great magnificence, leaving to posterity and above all to Divine Providence, the task of completing them."

The Congregation of the Sons of the Heart of Mary have been called upon by the Pope to carry on the campaign for the erection of the new church. This congregation, which was founded by the Venerable Anthony M. Claret, Archbishop, has three thousand members, and at the recent General Chapter the full support of the Congregation was pledged to carry out the wishes of the Holy Father.

His Holiness Pope Pius XI. has made a first donation of 100,000 lire toward the building fund, and this has been quickly followed by a second donation of 94,000 lire which had been presented to him by a pious friend of the Holy See.

His Majesty Queen Victoria of Spain is also greatly interested in the building of the International Shrine to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and has voluntarily assumed the active presidency of the Spanish national committee and has given orders for the organization of a board of directors to carry on the campaign in Spain.

NEW BOOK

"Go To Joseph." Our Unfailing Mediator. Considerations on the Life and Virtues of St. Joseph with Examples for Each Day of the Month. By Very Rev. Alexis M. Lepicier, O. S. M. Cloth, with Frontispiece, Net. \$1.75; postage, 10 cents.

The same zeal and piety manifested by this learned author in his "Jesus Christ, the King of our Hearts" and "The Fairest Flower of Paradise" is also apparent in this his latest contribution to devotional literature. Taking up one by one every important step in the life of the illustrious Patriarch, Father Lepicier focuses our attention upon it, making it yield its utmost truth and lesson, at the same time enriching it with his vast Scriptural, theological and mystical lore. The book is divided according to the days of the month, supplying a meditation, example and prayer for each day and has an appendix containing the popular prayers to St. Joseph, as also his feast days.

For Sale at the CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

Trust in God; distrust thyself; act with propriety; pray with sincerity; use small things, and shun the great; hear much, say little; be silent as to things hidden; learn to spare an inferior, to yield to a superior, and to bear an equal.—Beveridge.

DIED GIBBONS.—At North Temiscaming, on January 19, 1924, Mrs. Patrick Gibbons, formerly Miss Sarah McHugh of Quyon, Que. May her soul rest in peace.

BEST.—A well known former resident of Hamilton, Ontario, Mrs. Dunlay Best, died at her residence, 222 Waverley Ave., Port Huron, Michigan, on Friday, January 25th, 1924. Surviving are four daughters Mrs. Annie Davis, Mrs. Alice Laidlaw, Mrs. P. J. Hennessey and Miss Elizabeth Dunlay and one son Edward J. Dunlay. The funeral took place Monday morning, January 28th, at 8:30 at St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, Ont. Interment took place at Holy Sepulchre Cemetery.

TEACHERS WANTED

QUALIFIED teacher wanted for S. S. No. 15, Emily, County Victoria. Duties to commence Feb. 1st. Salary \$1,000. Apply to Joseph Corbett, Sec. Treas., Downeyville, Ont. Phone Dunfermline.

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THE principles upon which a bank is founded, the number of years it has been in operation, and the policy followed during those years—these features, combined with its present standing, form the criterion of the strength of the bank.

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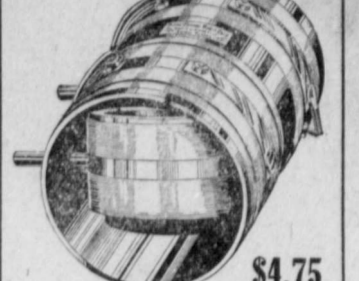
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