

THE RED ASCENT

BY ESTHER W. NEILL

CHAPTER VII—CONTINUED

Richard sat one night on the edge of his high four-poster musing over these letters. What a tremendous power love had always been in the world. Why had he never given it any thought? Since his mother's death—and his memory of her was made up of trifling occurrences that a child's mind accentuates—he had never demanded love from any one. The Colonel had always been indifferent to him, Betty regarded him almost as a stranger. Until the last few months he had never entered into her life. Now she accepted his services as a matter of course. As long as she was provided with food and shelter, she was oblivious to the matter of his efforts. Poring over these old letters he began to speculate about himself, and to wonder idly if he were capable of great love for an individual. If he gave nothing how could he expect return? Was the fault his? If women roused men, wise, judicial men like his grandfather, to such desperate states of mind, to such foolish poems and prattle, why was he immune?

His thoughts were brought to an abrupt conclusion by Betty knocking on his door. "Aren't you ready, Dick?" "Ready?" he repeated, looking up bewildered. Betty stood in the hallway dressed in her grandmother's wedding-gown, hoop-skirt, lace veil, orange blossoms, white satin slippers, her face flushed into beauty, her nervous fingers struggling with the old-time silken mitts. "Betty child, I didn't know you."

"Isn't it great?" said Betty. "Don't I look pretty? I can't get in your door, these hoops won't let me. I'm going down in the parlor and practice moving around in them while you get ready, Dick." "Ready for what?" he asked. "Oh, Dick, don't say you're not going. It would just break my heart to miss the Fieldings' party tonight."

"Is it tonight?" he asked helplessly. "Why, Dick, you can't have forgotten so soon." "But I had, Betty. I had—my mind seems so small that I can't squeeze in more than one idea at a time. Here I am sitting up nights trying to take the Fieldings' money away from them, and they invite me to a party." "Pooh!" said Betty, of course they invite us. Jess Fielding would rather have us than anybody in the county."

"I don't see why," "There are times, Dick," she began smoothing her mitts over her thin arms, "when I believe you are stupid in spite of all your education." "No doubt about it," he agreed good-naturedly. "And this is one of the times," she continued. "Jess Fielding wants us to come because—well, it gives her a boost socially—we are the bluest-blooded people in this county." Richard smiled. "I don't believe she is such a fool," he said. "But she is," repeated Betty knowingly. "We want the best people at our parties or none at all." "And your definition of 'best,' Betty?" "Grandfathers," she answered unhesitatingly, "great-grandfathers, great-great-grandfathers." "Every man except Adam had those."

"Stupid!" said Betty, "stupid again. You know the traditions of this county as well as I do. Get into that beautiful uniform and come on. We'll make a little curtain mess. I cut up one pin cushion and one sachet bag to make them; black for you, white for me."

"But, Dick, you will have to dress—ruffled shirt—uniform." "I'd forgotten that, too," he said, "but I'll go the whole gait, I promise you, even if I do feel like a second-class hero in a melodrama." Betty went singing blithely down the stairs, and passed into the blackness of the parlor. Once there she felt her way cautiously to the mantel, and, having successfully located the match box, she lighted all the candles that stood in the twisted silver sconces. Two mirrors that hung between the windows at either end of the long room reflected the flickering lights over and over again. Betty seemed to walk in a labyrinth of rooms with twenty other hoop-skirted brides pirouetting for their grooms.

At last Richard came. Betty gave a little scream of delight. "Colonel, Colonel," she called, "come and see us! Come and see! Dick, look at yourself in the mirror! I believe you are the handsomest man I ever saw. Your shoulders are so broad and you are so tall, so perfectly proportioned, and those gorgeous buttons. Oh, I don't wonder that girls go crazy over brass buttons!" "Betty," he said laughing, putting his hand over her mouth, "you're trying to make amends for dragging me out tonight. I feel like an idiot. Don't make me look like one."

The Colonel came limping across the hall. "What's all this?" he said. "What's all this commotion about?" Betty dropped him a curtsey, her wide skirt spread out like an inflated balloon. "We are going to the Fieldings' masquerade ball." "Taking up with that trash, eh?" "She invited us," said Betty defensively, the laughter dying out of her eyes. "I'm sure she is an educated girl, and she's been everywhere, seen everything, knows all kinds of nice people."

"H'm," said the Colonel, pulling at his gray goatee, "the country's money mad. The Fieldings are as common as dirt." "I feel quite at home in dirt," said Richard. The Colonel turned. There was no mistaking the look of startled wonder on his face. "Where—where did you get those clothes?" "Is it tonight?" he asked helplessly. "Why, Dick, you can't have forgotten so soon."

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the coal mines. The grimy workmen toiling in the low-roofed chambers underground had built up this palace with their products, but now the rich inmates must not be offended by the sight of the dirty, sweating mass of men who had supplied them with these luxuries. Close-branched cedars had been planted to screen off this view of the valley, trellises of roses walled in a sunken Italian garden, which in the old days had boasted only a few somber box bushes. But now it was riotously ablaze, and tonight even the trees along the driveway seemed to blossom forth miraculously, strung with tiny electric bulbs of different colors.

Betty gasped with delight as the buggy wheels, scraping the new iron gateway, passed into this wonderland. "Did you ever see anything so beautiful in all your life?" she said clasping her brother's arm in an ecstasy. Look at the house, Dick. Why, it's twice as big as it used to be. What can one girl want with so many rooms?" "She doesn't live alone?" he asked quietly.

"Only a governess or chaperon, a little old lady by the name of Miss White." "Miss Fielding didn't call her that." "I know. Jess Fielding calls her Prunty, or some such pet name. I wish we had started earlier," I believe we are the last to arrive." As they neared the brilliantly lighted house a man in livery came forward to take charge of old Pedro, who was wheezing from his leisurely walk up the hill. Betty threw off the linen duster which she had worn over her voluminous dress, and, adjusting her little curtain mask, told Richard to do the same.

"We haven't any wraps," she said, "so there is no use going into the dressing-room. Look at all the people on the porch. If you don't put on your mask now everybody will know you." "Since nobody knows me anyhow," began Richard. "Oh, Dick, please act a little perturbed."

"My dear Betty, what's that?" "Act as if you were at a party. Be gay. Don't—don't act like a monk in a monastery." He laughed. "Did you ever see a monk in a monastery?" But his question went unheeded. She ran lightly up the steps. A satin-coated courtier in a curly wig stood in the doorway. "Who are you?" he asked. "A bride without a groom answered Betty saucily. "Then I'm the man you're looking for. Come dance with me. You can't speak to your hostess because she's masked like the rest of us. I'll propose to you if you'll tell me your name."

Betty whirled away into the maelstrom of dancers; Richard followed her as far as the hall, uncertain of himself now that he was no longer needed. This life was not foreign to Betty; these young men and girls were her friends, her neighbors. She slipped back into gayety, after the long, tiresome winter, with an ease and energy that showed Richard what the deprivation of it meant to her. For fully half an hour Richard stood half-hidden behind some tall palms, forgetful of his awkwardness as he viewed the unusual scene in front of him. All sorts and conditions of people seemed gathered together in the big flower-decked room. Characters from his favorite fairy tales; characters from history and romance. Puritans wearing their pointed hats, austere-looking goddesses, cowboys, Indians, sailors, soldiers, devils, mingled before him with the fascinating incongruity of a dream.

Mr. Pickwick balanced himself upon a window sill, while Red Riding Hood regaled him with some cookies that she carried in a splint-bottomed basket. Robinson Crusoe was dancing blissfully with Queen Elizabeth; George Washington was pulling Bo-Peep's long wavy curls, and Oliver Cromwell was laughing heartily at something that Cinderella had just whispered in his ear. When the music stopped for a brief interlude, Richard heard a hissing, crackling sound at his side. He looked down. A girl in a strange red and yellow costume stood beside him. Her hair fell about her shoulders, and seemed a part of the diaphanous gauze of which her dress was made. Suddenly she threw up her arms, and by some trick he could not understand, her long flowing sleeves flew upward until she looked as if she were enveloped in a spiral flame.

"I can't ask you to dance because I don't know how," he began half apologetically. "I'm glad you don't," she answered. "I thought you liked dancing." "I think it's silly for a man." "Then why do you do it?" "Because everybody does." "Is that a reason?" "I thought it was. Come sit down on this bench and tell me who I am."

"I don't know." "Don't you care?" "How can I?" "Dear me," she sighed, "I thought you were scientific." "What has that to do with it?" "Doesn't science necessitate curiosity?" "We call it the spirit of investigation," he said. "Have you always been indifferent to women?" "I haven't known any."

"You are not telling the truth now," she said. "I thought I was." "Don't you care to know any?" "I thought I didn't." Again her arms shot upward, the soft gauze waved about her head, she spun around until she seemed a pillar of flame. "I'm Fire—Fire—Fire," she said in a low, rhythmic voice, "and you are a man of ice. Suppose—suppose that I should try to melt you?"

The spirit of harlequin caught him at last. "I'm armed against all dangers," he cried, and drawing his sword he pinned her trailing dress to the floor. "Now you cannot get away until you tell me who you are." "I like my mask," she said. "Mine is fearfully hot," he said. "She caught the bit of silk before it landed in the tangled jasmine vine. "It was no disguise," she said, crumpling it in her hand. "I have been away so long I thought I had passed beyond all remembrance."

"Not beyond mine," she whispered. Her tone bewildered him. "If this is flirting," he said blunderingly, "I know nothing of the game. You will find me as awkward as a Hottentot." The girl laughed. "Don't you find me interesting?" "Take off your mask, and I'll tell you." "I prefer to keep it on." "Then you don't want your question answered?" "I have intuitions."

"And what do they amount to?" "They tell me that you will go home and think about me; it is a good beginning." "The beginning of what?" "Of your learning the game." "But I don't want to learn it. I haven't the time." "You think that now." "I'll think it always." "Your manners are not good," she admitted. "Try to forget me and see if you can." "Why shouldn't I?" "Because you never had a woman talk to you this way before." "Is that why you do it?"

TO BE CONTINUED

look sharp, Mrs. Lynch, or I'll be a rival of yours. Nothing else is left to me." "Now, now," remonstrated Betty. "That's very queer talk from a healthy youngster. If you aren't in a hurry maybe you'll turn back with me, and set the fire going—I'm dog-tired." And Betty affected a weariness much heavier than she felt.

"Sure I will," the girl returned heartily, taking the basket. "I only ran out to be away from 'em." Betty unlocked her door, the while a portly grey cat purred a welcome around her feet. "Small blame to you to be lonesome, Kit," she said compassionately. "But the fire on the supper will soon be to your liking."

The girl got the fire going, and in the light Betty's little home looked very cosy. It was all red and white, white walls and brightly painted furniture; there were green plants in the window, and gay little pictures on the walls. "I'll run for the milk now, Betty," said Annie Allen; and the kettle will be boiling when I come back."

"Ay, an' the blessing o' God be with you, asthore," returned Betty. "An' she muttered it lowly, raising her eyes to a picture over the mantel, where the Mother of Sorrows clasped patient hands over the sword that pierced her heart. "Blessed Mother of the Lord, watch over her! She's good, an' very good, if she only got a chance."

She set her tea to brew, and drew the table in front of the fire; and from the doorway, as she returned with the milk, Annie Allen viewed her old friend's comfort with wistful appreciation. "If they'd only have sense at home we could be as comfortable as you, Betty," she said sadly. "God help us, girl, my comfort is but small," returned Betty. "Take your supper now, an' we can talk afterwards."

After supper Betty asked gently, as they sat by the fire, "Did she go after you again, asthore?" "And not a penny due to me. And when my mistress refused to advance me any more money, she turned me out and gave the woman abuse, and round and round she went from sending blame the mistress for not being able to keep a girl with respectable people belonging to her any day."

Betty was silent. The girl spoke but bare truth; but oh, the pity that a child should be driven to speak so of a mother, and worse pity still that a mother should so ruin her child's prospects!

It might be supposed that the old woman's harborage of Annie Allen would rouse the ire of Annie's mother, but it was not so. Annie was of no consequence in the eyes of her family when she was not earning money, so she was permitted to spend a few days with Betty. On the old woman's advice she entered another—and a rather inferior—situation, and the manner of her going saddened her friend. The girl was naturally neat, and when preparing for a new situation she gave much time and thought to a general smartening-up of her outfit. This time she crammed everything in a jumble into her box, seeming not to care what impression she gave.

"She's letting her feet slide from under her," was Betty's homely way of expressing it; and many a prayer did the old woman offer up for the ill-used girl. In her spare time Betty would read the weekly newspaper; and one wet evening she brought it home and settled down for an hour's relaxation after a weary day. On turning the page a familiar name in a short paragraph caught her eye. It told of the sale of an old family mansion to Sir Robert Ferguson, who had lately returned from diplomatic service abroad. It would be remembered that Lady Ferguson was the only daughter of the late Viscount Wygram, and sister of the present Viscount, with whom she and an unmarried daughter were staying at present.

Betty put down the paper and gave herself to memory of the past. Well she remembered the only daughter of the late Viscount—as well as she remembered her own youth! She saw herself at the ironing-table in the Castle laundry, and the Hon. Sybil Raleigh, with her chestnut head bare, coming to the door to give some order concerning her laces. A slender, stately girl, with a complexion like the camellias in the greenhouse, and bright hazel eyes that could wither one with their scorn, or bewilder one with their sweetness.

She saw a sunny hillside, with green bracken waving up its side, and purple heather cringing and crackling in the summer heat on its level summit. She saw her brother Tom carrying baskets up the hill for the grand folks' picnic, and herself hurrying at the last moment with some trifle that had been forgotten. Tom was in his grave in far-off Indiana those twenty years, but Betty's old heart felt again the thrill of that day's pride in his comeliness. He was graceful and free-limbed as the deer in the park, blue-eyed and black-haired, with a boyish smile as heartening as the sunshine. That smile soon faded for his sister, yet her memory lingered over it as she thought.

Graver grew her musings as she remembered the first time she had seen Tom and Miss Sybil in familiar conversation and how fiercely he had resented her questions. Then that evening that she stalked her brother through the Castle grounds, crouching behind a shrub to overhear the reckless plan that she must frustrate. The panting run home for some money, the bursting into reserved compartment, her sullen resolve to accompany Tom and Miss Sybil in their elopement! She had clung to the young lady's arm, threatening to make a scene at the next stopping-place, with the result that the elopement ended in a fiasco, and the two girls returned to Castle Wygram within an hour of their starting.

No outsider had heard a word of the business; but Tom never forgave his sister. Yet it was altogether for his good, thought old Betty with grim humor, for he did not know Miss Sybil nearly so well as she did! He went off to America very soon after; and in a year Betty had contracted as foolish a marriage as his would have been. Must be 'twas in the family, she thought bitterly. With an impatient gesture she threw memory away from her, and wondered what Miss Sybil looked like today. An old woman, of course, only three years Betty's junior. What grandeur there would be in the new house—what plenty, what crowds of smart servants! An idea shot through her dreamy musing, shaking her with a new excitement. She stood up restlessly as the suggestion buzzed like a bee in her brain; then casting her eyes up to the pictured face of Our Lady of Sorrows, she calmed her agitation and went deliberately on her knees. She said no word, only laid bare her soul before those loving eyes; and presently the idea settled down quietly into a resolve.

The next day was Friday, a dull day in her business; so she dressed herself carefully in the decent mantle and bonnet that she kept for Sundays and set out for the railway station. It was a mild spring day, the sky horizon blue, and the breeze light and soft; so Betty rejoiced in her outing, though well aware that refusal of an urgent request might be her lot in the next few hours. She got out at a small station, two miles from her destination. She had no need to ask her way, for her feet were on familiar ground; though all the gold of earth would not have bribed Betty to walk again

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in her old age the paths so beloved in her youth. She was doing it for something infinitely more precious than the gold of earth—the safeguarding of an innocent soul.

She walked up the lime-shaded avenue to the Castle without glancing to either side, and waited until a leisurely footman answered her ring. "Her ladyship is in," he informed her. "I cannot say if she will see you, though."

As he spoke, a young lady, swarthy, squat, and well past her girlhood, came down the broad stairway. The footman conveyed Betty's request, and she turned and spoke kindly:

"Is your business pressing?"

"It is, Miss," replied Betty. "I don't trouble her ladyship without good cause."

"Show her into the breakfast-room," said Miss Ferguson, turning upstairs again. Betty sat down to wait, thinking that if the young lady was Miss Sybil's daughter she had not brought much of her mother's beauty with her. Presently the door opened, and a stately, lovely woman entered. Her russet-brown dress was of the same rich tint as the hair which waved across a smooth white forehead; her eyebrows were glossy brown, and a faint pink relieved the pearly fairness of her complexion. Betty stood up and stared. Could this radiant vision be the woman who was but three years younger than herself?

The lovely vision moved across a patch of spring sunshine in front of the wide window; and then Betty knew, and up from her honest old heart a full tide of contempt arose. And, being but an old peasant it is probable that her feeling became visible in her face, for the blandly gracious manner of the lady took on a shade of hauteur.

"You wished to see me," she began, motioning Betty to a chair, and seating herself in the shadow of the window draperies.

"I took that liberty, my lady," returned Betty. "I suppose there's no chance at all that you remember me?"

My lady shook her head. Betty kept bravely on. "I was Betty Flanagan when you were Miss Sybil Raleigh, my lady."

My lady started up in instant remembrance. "Why, my goodness!" she cried, holding out her hand. "I'm really glad to see you, Betty. You are well, and comfortable, I hope?"

"Very well, and comfortable enough, I thank your ladyship," replied Betty. "It wasn't of myself I came to talk, at all. It was to ask your ladyship to befriend a friend of mine, for the sake of old times."

Her ladyship's careless cordiality vanished instantly: bestowing favors or accepting responsibilities was not much in her line. When Betty had laid Annie Allen's case before her, she shook her head.

"I fear it is out of the question, Betty. I am getting my establishment together, indeed, but my servants must be fully trained. I should not care to ask my housekeeper to bother with beginners. And you say this girl's people are so very horrid."

"They're nothing to brag about," Betty owned grimly. "An' she'll be nothing to brag about no more than 'em, if a helping hand isn't given to her this very minute."

My lady rose from her chair. "I fear your plan is impossible," she said languidly.

Betty rose also, and drew her wily old figure up till her eyes were on a level with the lady's.

"I think, my lady, that 'twas a good job for yourself that a hand was put out to turn you off the wrong road when you were about her age," she said deliberately, letting her glance linger on the enamelled complexion, the painted lips, the chestnut toupee, and the tired old eyes that gave the lie with such appalling directness to the whole silly counterfeit of youth.

"An' the world would think so, too."

Lady Ferguson met the look, and heard the quiet words, and her half-hidden eyes opened suddenly, while a shiver went through her figure.

"I'll be bidding your ladyship good-morning," said Betty Lynch; and she was out in the hall when my lady overtook her. In five seconds there flashed before those haughty eyes a lurid picture of the consequences of exposure of that wild folly of her girlhood: her cynical husband's sneer, the comments of her friends, the utter ruin of her plain daughter's matrimonial chances! The hand she laid on Betty's shoulder shook pitifully; and Betty Lynch, with a Heaven-aspiring heart of gratitude, contrasted her own wily old muscles and keen eyes and the gallant spirit that years and grief had failed to subdue, with the stiffness of her ladyship's figure, the fumbling of her useless hands, and the panic of her small soul when its cotton-wool wrapping was roughly disturbed.

"Just wait a few minutes, Betty. We may come to an understanding."

The understanding was that Annie Allen was allowed to enter her ladyship's service as underhousemaid in the ensuing month; and Betty, having partaken of a dainty luncheon, was driven to the station in her ladyship's carriage. There also had been a tactful offer of money, which Betty had respectfully refused. Yet, when she got back to town she called in to the leading drapery, and asked the

proprietor to supply her young friend with the necessary outfit, giving her own word as security for honest payment.

"Anything in the shop," was his ready reply; and suitably equipped, Annie set out to prove herself worthy of such good friends.

She spent two diligent years in Lady Ferguson's service, at the end of which her monthly letter to Betty contained some pleasing news. She was about to be married to Sir Robert's gamekeeper; they were getting a nice house, but would be expected to care for a number of fowl; and her ladyship wanted to know if Betty would come to live with them, as her advice would be invaluable to a town-bred girl.

Betty, in her sixty-fourth year, was beginning to grumble a little at the weather; so she considered that it would not be a bad thing to be independent of its vagaries for the rest of her life.

And no one, seeing the neat and comely old woman amongst the fowl in the green field behind the game-keeper's cottage, and noting the deep respect of her bow to the lady who leaned forward on a stout parasol, and whose sight was becoming very dim, indeed, would ever imagine that between this pair of highly respectable old women there had so lately been a matter of blackmail.

SUFFICE MORALITY

The greatest and most insidious enemies of a good thing are those who, either by some perversion of judgment or for some selfish purpose, misuse it and thus discredit its legitimate uses in the eyes of a superficial public that is not able to distinguish properly between use and abuse or between the genuine article and a clever counterfeit. In this manner the institution of private property has fallen into ill repute with many who, seeing the glaring and shameless abuses to which it has been turned, regard individual ownership as the source of all our social evils and demand its complete abolition.

In a like fashion, religion is being seriously injured by the ill-advised and indiscreet efforts of men who either make it the cloak under which they promote some pet scheme or who, disregarding vital matters of morality, identify it with certain external observances on which they insist as the test of true religiousness. Under the hands of these, religion is twisted and distorted into an ungainly thing that nowise resembles the original, but wears a repellent and forbidding aspect.

Religion, first of all, is an inspiration, a power that kindles the soul and expands the heart. It is not a whip that is held over men all the time, driving them like unwilling slaves. It does not enforce an outward morality by narrow restrictions or a system of taboos. It takes hold of the heart, puts into the soul of man a love of the good and makes him obey the Commandments from an internal, joyous impulse which transforms his whole conduct. It need not invoke the law; because it has higher and more potent sanction and richer and more enticing rewards. It is not confined to external practices such as legislation can enforce; but it gets at the very springs of human action and purifies the unregenerate heart. Religion is not mainly negative and destructive; it is chiefly positive and constructive. It is not prohibition. It is inspiration. They wrong it who make it a thing that gets into our way and hinders us at every turn we take.

More repression results only in surface morality which in reality is little better than downright hypocrisy. Men have a keen eye for these things. They argue that, if religion can give us nothing more than the outward appearance of decency without a real conversion of the heart, it does not amount to much. Consequently they begin to view it with distrust and disfavor. No one has brought greater reproach upon religion than the religious worker who is satisfied to cleanse the outside of the cup and who does not take the trouble to see that the inside is also purified. No one disgraces the honorable calling of a minister of religion more than he who inveighs solemnly and intolerantly against external abuses, but who fails to condemn sin and vice in its more refined, but for that not less destructive, forms.

It is much easier to have a law enacted than to change the hearts of men. It is also more spectacular and ensures greater publicity. But there is little use in laws if they are not backed by the moral sentiment of the community. Such moral sentiment can only be brought about by education which is a much more tedious and arduous work than legislating. Much of this agitation for outward morality and surface respectability has the evil effect of withdrawing our attention from the real evils that are gnawing at the vitals of our society. It produces a pleasing state of self-deception and closes our eyes to the corruption that is spreading beneath the surface.

To thunder against cigarettes, prize fights and Sunday baseball and to make the avoidance of these things the very essence of religion and the perfection of morality, and at the same time to speak only in hushed whispers, or not at all, of such foul violations of God's law, as divorce, birth control, disrespect for

parental authority and hasty marriages, is certainly misplacing the emphasis and creating false standards of morality. The ardent champions of such a surface morality render an evil service to society and bring suspicion upon the religion that sanctions measures so inadequate to protect the welfare of the social organism and to secure righteous behavior. The frequent appeal to the police club shows that we have lost faith in the spiritual forces and that we are trying to substitute external control for inner restraint. On that road we will not get very far. Nothing but the thinnest veneer of morality can be secured by external means, a veneer that cracks and wears off very quickly when the real test comes and leaves exposed to view the hideous underlying corruption.

—Catholic Standard and Times.

EVERYBODY HAS A CROSS

Everybody in this world has a cross of some kind to bear. It may be one lying unseen in the silence of the heart's profoundest depths; or it may be one that is painfully visible to all. To some God gives but one great cross to bear; on others He showers what seems like a multitude of smaller ones. But, great or small, or one or many, the cross is there, and must be carried. Some bearers wreath their crosses with the sharp thorns of repining and discontent; others with the soft blossoms of patience and hope. It is largely a matter of choice, resting with the bearer, but it is the revelations of our experience that he finds his cross lightest who has learned—bitter though the lesson be—to smile with others at his own miseries.—Woman's Catholic Forester.

SAVED BY SHADOW

REMARKABLE TESTIMONY OF JESUIT WHICH UPSET VERDICT OF JURY

Omaha, Nebr., Oct. 13.—This summer the completion by Father William F. Riggs, J. S. astronomer and physicist, of his twenty-fifth continuous year on the staff of Creighton University, gave occasion for brief mention in the press of a practical astronomical feat which at the time of its accomplishment attracted notice throughout the country and abroad.

In 1910 a man was being tried in the criminal court at Omaha, on the charge of having deposited with a malicious intent, on the porch of a prominent citizen, a suit-case containing dynamite. The suit-case had been found at 2:50 o'clock Sunday afternoon, May 21. Two girls, aged eleven and seventeen, testified that a little before three o'clock, they had seen in the neighborhood of the house, a man answering the description of the accused, carrying a suit-case like the one found. Counsel for the defence learned that the girls were supposed to have seen the man after coming from a church a mile away, at which they had posed twice for the camera. He obtained copies of the pictures and a shadow on one of them suggested that the time of the photograph might be determined by an astronomer. If the time were later than ten minutes before three the girls' testimony would be invalidated.

Father Riggs, being consulted, took careful measurements with the help of a surveyor, and making calculations by four methods, arrived at results none of which differed by more than fourteen seconds from the mean, which was three o'clock, twenty-one minutes and twenty-six seconds. He testified at the trial that, allowing a broad margin, the picture had been taken within one minute of 3:21 p. m., and the vote of the jury was split.

In the second trial the prosecuting attorney saw that it was necessary to belittle the astronomical evidence, and by sarcasm and joking at the expense of scientific men in general, he kept the jury in continuous laughter, and obtained a verdict of guilty, with a sentence of fifteen years in the penitentiary.

The defence appealed to the Supreme Court of Nebraska, which decided that the condemnation had been made on insufficient evidence; and in preparing for a third trial, the prosecution, turning to science, which it had ridiculed, asked G. D. Swezey, professor of astronomy at the University of Nebraska, to make another computation of the time. After the professor, with entirely independent measurements and calculations arrived at a result that differed by only twenty-nine seconds from the time given by Father Riggs, thus falling decidedly within the one-minute margin, the prosecution was abandoned.

Naturally the trials and the testimonies had engaged the public attention. The first anniversary of the taking of the photograph had been partly cloudy, but when the second anniversary approached, Father Riggs, writing in the daily press, predicted confidently that the shadow would again be in the same spot at twenty-one and one half minutes after three o'clock, and he invited all who would, to come to the place and verify his prediction. A press photographer snapped the shadow, first one minute before the time, then exactly at the moment designated, then one minute later, and whereas the first and third pictures showed the shadow unmistakably below and above the original position, the second picture made it evident to the most sceptical and unscientific critic, that Father Riggs' calculation had not missed the precise point of time by more than a few seconds.

A TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE

This small but highly practical triumph of science was reported and commented on not merely from coast to coast, but in foreign countries and in foreign tongues. The pictures were reproduced in the daily papers and in scientific publications, while articles under the titles of "A Shadow in Court," "Saved by a Shadow," and similar captions, entertained readers of English and other languages in all parts of the world.

This is probably the most notable of all the directly practical services which Father Riggs has rendered

by means of astronomy, but the occasions have been numerous on which he has given valuable, though less vital assistance to persons who have applied to him.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOV. 12, 1921

MR. HOCKEN'S "LITTLE LEARNING"

The Canadian Club of Toronto two weeks ago gave His Grace, the Archbishop, an opportunity of presenting the grounds on which Separate School supporters base their claim for an adjustment of the assessment law that will permit Separate Schools to obtain an equitable share of taxes on public utilities and of corporation taxes where the proportion of stock held by Catholics cannot be determined. In the praiseworthy desire of hearing both sides of the question the Club, a week later, listened to Mr. H. C. Hocken present the case for those opposed to any measure of relief for the present anomalous and unconstitutional condition of things.

We cannot say that the Canadian Club of Toronto were happy in their choice of a spokesman to reply to the Archbishop. Here is one good reason: On July 18th last Mr. H. C. Hocken, in a letter, over his own name, to the Toronto Star, made certain specific charges and allegations on the very subject now very properly engaging the attention of the Toronto Canadian Club.

On July 20th Archbishop McNeil, over his own name, wrote to the Star utterly refuting Mr. Hocken's charges, exposing the inaccuracy of his information, and not idly charging but proving to the hilt that Mr. Hocken and his associates in Toronto were actually guilty of the very worst charge that he had falsely imputed to the Bishops.

Mr. H. C. Hocken has ever since been discreetly and eloquently silent. He has neither withdrawn his false accusations nor attempted to substantiate them; he has never denied the legalized robbery of Catholic taxes in the matter of the Toronto street railway, nor has he attempted to justify it. One might think that, in the circumstances, Mr. Hocken would have hesitated to accept the invitation of the Canadian Club to reply to the Archbishop. However, he probably relied on the proverbial short memory of the reading public. It is noteworthy that he carefully refrained from refreshing the memory of his hearers, for he was still silent as the grave about the previous tilt when he was unhorsed.

In the Globe of Nov. 2nd Mr. Hocken is thus reported:

"Reviewing the history of the establishment of Separate schools, the speaker declared that Separate schools in Ontario were secured in the first instance in 1838 when the Quebec members of the then Parliament failed to adhere to an undertaking entered into between Upper and Lower Canada. The undertaking was, he said, that no matter affecting either of the Provinces should become law unless assented to by a majority of the representatives of the Province affected. The Ontario representatives of that day did not cast a majority of their votes for the establishment of Separate schools in Ontario, yet it carried by votes of Quebec representatives."

Some one having defined a crab as a small, red fish that walks backwards, a French scientist remarked that a crab is not necessarily small, it is not red, it is not a fish, and it does not walk "backwards," otherwise the definition was all right. So with Mr. Hocken's "history," Separate schools were not secured in the first instance in 1838; there was never any undertaking entered into between Upper and Lower Canada such as Mr. Hocken

describes; there was consequently no failure to adhere to such an undertaking on the part of Lower Canadian members; and the implication that Separate Schools were foisted on Ontario by Quebec is historically untrue and politically mischievous; we had almost said malicious, but we do not know how far Mr. Hocken's distortions of history may be honestly and ignorantly held as true.

Dr. Hodgins in his History of Separate Schools in Upper Canada points out that the introduction in 1841 of the principle of Separate Schools into our School System "was owing principally, as pointed out, to the well-intentioned, but misdirected zeal of those who sought to influence the newly elected and mixed Legislature of the time, to make the Bible a class-book in the Common Schools."

The Hon. William Morris, speaking in the Legislative Council on the Common School Bill of 1841, held strongly that the Protestant version of the Scriptures must be a part of the Common School curriculum even if "the children of both religious persuasions must be educated apart; for Protestants never can yield to that point, and, therefore, if it is insisted upon that the Scriptures shall not be a class-book in Schools, we must part in peace, and conduct the education of our respective Bodies according to our sense of what is right."

The Hon. Peter B. DeBlaquiere, also a Protestant, on the other hand saw the injustice and acknowledged the utter impossibility of the acceptance of such schools by Catholics. He declared that,—"To attempt the introduction of the Holy Scriptures, as received by Protestants, as a class book in the Common Schools, when Roman Catholics were to be educated in the same School, was worse than useless; it was oppressive; it was dangerous; and it must arrest all progress in education." Dr. Hodgins writes: "It is a matter of fact, that up to 1841, no Religious Body, or other persons, mooted, much less advocated, the necessity, or desirability, of Separate Schools, as part of a general system of education."

So the question of Separate Schools was literally forced on Catholics by Protestants who were determined to make the Common School system distinctively Protestant. That is its origin, and the date was 1841 not 1863.

It is hard to believe that Mr. Hocken is not dishonest and malicious in saying that there was an undertaking between Upper and Lower Canada with regard to what was known as the "double majority." This was a contention sometimes made that the Government should have the confidence and support of a majority in both sections of the Province of Canada in any government measure.

John A. Macdonald did not admit the principle; he expressly disclaimed it in a speech in the Assembly, May 26th, 1856, years before, according to Mr. Hocken, Separate Schools were foisted on us by "the failure in 1863 of the Quebec members to adhere to the undertaking entered into between Upper and Lower Canada."

George Brown rejected the contention as fatal to his cherished principle of Representation by Population.

In 1858 Mr. J. E. Thibaudeau, Member for Portneuf, introduced a motion declaring,

"That in the opinion of this House any attempt at legislation which would affect one section of the province in opposition to the votes of the majority of the representatives of that section would produce consequences which would be detrimental to the welfare of the province and give rise to great injustice."

This motion was opposed by the Government of which John A. Macdonald was the Prime Minister. After a protracted debate the resolution was defeated by a vote of two to one, Messrs. Brown, Dorion, Mowat and other members of the Opposition voting with the Ministry against it.

This, be it remembered, was in 1858, five years before the shameful breach of faith charged by Mr. Hocken—the failure on the part of Quebec members "to adhere to the undertaking entered into between Upper and Lower Canada!"

Canadians know little of Canadian history, more's the pity; but there must have been some members of the Toronto Canadian Club

who knew that Mr. Hocken's distortion of history was malignant, or, that Mr. Hocken was colossally ignorant of the subject he discussed before them.

Here we may very appropriately give a quotation from a speech by Sir John A. Macdonald, delivered, by the way, about eight years before the time that Mr. Hocken says, "Separate Schools were secured in the first instance" through the perfidy of Quebec members.

It is taken from Sir Joseph Pope's Life of Sir John A. Macdonald and according to his biographer "presents his views on the subject [of Separate Schools] very clearly."

"I have called the attention of the people to the fact that the 19th clause of the Common School Act became law long before I was in the Government at all; so that the merit of it, or the blame of it, is not with me, but rests entirely with the Baldwin-La Fontaine Administration, as it was brought in under the auspices of Mr. Baldwin particularly, that pure and honest man of whom I always love to speak, though we were opposed in politics. And if it be asked why we do not repeal it, I answer, in the first place, that it is one thing to give a right or a franchise, and another thing to deprive people of it; and in the second place, we have the indisputable evidence of a disinterested witness—a man who cannot be suspected of any leaning towards Popery—I mean Rev. Dr. Ryerson, a Protestant clergyman himself, at the head of the common school system—a person whose whole energies have been expended in the cause of education—who states deliberately to the people of Canada, that the Separate School clause does not retard the progress or the increase of common schools; but that, on the contrary, it 'widens the basis of the common school system.' If I thought that it injured that system, I must say that I would vote for its repeal tomorrow. You must remember, also, that Lower Canada is decidedly a Roman Catholic country—that the Protestant population of Lower Canada is a small minority, and if Protestant schools were not allowed there, our Protestant brethren in Lower Canada would be obliged to send their children to be educated by Roman Catholic teachers. Now, I don't know how many Protestants or how many Roman Catholics I may be addressing, but I say that as a Protestant, I should not be willing to send my son to a Roman Catholic school, while I think a Roman Catholic should not be compelled to send his to a Protestant one. In Lower Canada the teachers are generally the Roman Catholic clergy, and, of course, it is their duty to teach what they consider truth, and to guard their pupils against error. But the system in vogue there is more liberal than even ours, in that it not only permits the establishment of Protestant schools for Protestant children, but allows the whole municipal machinery to be employed to collect the rates to maintain them. In discussing this subject, I have always found that when it is fairly laid before the people, they always, by their applause, signify their approbation of the consistent course of the Government in regard to it."

The lucid presentation of facts, the statesmanlike grasp of essential conditions in this speech by the most outstanding figure amongst the Fathers of Confederation, the tone as well as the matter we commend to the latest exponent of the history of Separate Schools.

We have felt it necessary to go into this subject at some length, for the malevolence of the paragraph that we have quoted above from Mr. Hocken's "history" is patent,—or the ignorance it betrays is, in the circumstances, incredible.

We shall next week deal with other statements in Mr. Hocken's address.

LADY LAURIER

Fifty-three years ago Zoe Lafontaine married Wilfrid Laurier and for half a century was a help meet unto the man whose name will ever illumine important pages in Canada's history.

And that is a fairly complete biography of a valiant woman. For Lady Laurier was the valiant woman of the Scriptures in whom the heart of her husband trusted. And to her he often paid grateful and glowing tribute as "a good soldier," a good woman and a good wife.

Though not a public woman in the modern sense of the term, Lady Laurier participated in many activities of women's organizations irrespective of creed or race, while she was keenly interested in the Federation des Femmes Canadienne Francaise and the Catholic Women's League. It was only the day after attending a luncheon of the latter that she was taken down with what proved to be her last illness.

But it was by the charm of her gracious personality that she exercised the greatest influence in dispelling prejudice and promoting good will. Her influence over the career of her distinguished husband though immeasurably great can never be fully told.

The concluding words of MacKenzie King's tribute are peculiarly appropriate in their simplicity, dignity and truth:

"Reunited in death, as they were ever united in life, the names and the memories of Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier will ever be cherished throughout our Dominion as a national possession, and greatly revered wherever the history of our country is read."

THE CHURCH AND DISARMAMENT

On November 11, the third anniversary of Armistice Day, the Conference on the Limitation of Armament will open in Washington.

Every Catholic, every Christian, should earnestly pray that God by His Holy Spirit may guide the deliberations of the delegates, for on their decisions depends the mending or ending of our present civilization.

On April 29 Congressman W. Bourke Cockran addressed the House of Representatives on a joint resolution on the subject of disarmament. This resolution House Joint Resolution 84 which Mr. Cockran asserted exactly expressed his views, declares that "the whole industrial fabric from London to Tokyo is in imminent peril of entire collapse," and that "it is now clear that the world must disarm and disarm immediately, or the world must perish inevitably." Congressman Cockran is a Democrat. Congressman Frank W. Mondell, Republican leader in the house, speaking a fortnight later, said: "Unless disarmament is agreed to, the next conflict might easily cause a large part of the world to revert to barbarism." In the Senate on May 24 Senator Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama (since named as one of the representatives of the United States at the Conference), declared: "If this burden of military preparation must continue for two generations, then, in my judgment . . . it will destroy the present civilization of the world." A committee of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, headed by the president of this great business organization, was sent to Europe to study conditions and report to the membership. In September it presented a printed report of twenty-eight pages which concludes: "Any student of world affairs cannot escape the conclusion that each of the nations, including the United States, cannot continue to expend so large a part of its entire revenues, derived from taxation which is now almost unbearable, in preparation for future war, if the present civilization is to continue." Last month the American Federation of Labor also issued a statement in which that body declared: "The limitation of armaments is a good thing. It will save the great nations of the world from threatened financial collapse."

In foreign countries the gravity of the situation is disclosed in most definite terms by recognized leaders. Viscount Grey, accepting the freedom of Glasgow, says: "I am convinced if we have another war in the next twenty years it will destroy civilization in Europe." Viscount Harcourt asserts that "the limitation and reduction of armaments is essential to the moral and financial solvency of the world and civilization." Former Premier Luzzatti, of Italy, finds the present world situation "more dangerous and frightful than in pre-war times." Premier Briand of France, announces in the French Senate that France must seek every means to limit armament "in order to diminish the frightful charges that weigh upon the people." Baron Hayashi, the Japanese ambassador to Great Britain, announces that competition in armament is "not merely foolish, but tragic." That labor in other countries coincides with the views of labor in America

is shown in a statement made by J. H. Thomas, general secretary of the National Union of Railway Men of Great Britain, who says: "A race for more armaments must lead to one of two things—bankruptcy or an explosion."

Reason for the unanimity of portentous predictions is not difficult to find. Senator Underwood did not have to look far to discover it when he was addressing the Senate on disarmament.

"I do not know," he said, "who placed on the wall the diagram which is before us, but I do know that the figures it contains are substantially correct, and there the burden of war faces the Senate of the United States."

These were figures showing the percentage of disbursements annually by the United States to be as follows:

For legislative, executive, and judicial branches of the Government, 3.19 per cent.

For public works, including rivers and harbors, the Panama Canal, and public buildings, 2.91 per cent.

For public health and education, 1.01 per cent.

For past wars and plans for future wars, 92.83 per cent.

But the United States is not alone in this flouting of common sense, this defiance of the natural as well as the spiritual law that what things men sow those also shall they reap. If this country is spending on armaments and maintenance cost and salaries for the Army and Navy in 1921 almost six times what it was spending in 1912, France is spending more than six times, Great Britain more than three and a half times, and Japan more than three times as much as they spent before the War.

That way madness lies. One of the hopeful signs for the outcome of the Conference is that leaders in all the nations are approaching more nearly the Catholic concept of civilization and discussing conditions more and more frequently in the light of eternal justice, which is the ideal of the Church, and less frequently in terms of political expediency.

By a peculiar perversity the rulers of the nations have long assumed that the teachings of Our Lord and the suggestions of His Vicar on earth are not practical.

When, in August, 1917, Benedict XV suggested the substitution of moral right for the material force of arms, he said: "Out of this shall arise a just agreement for a simultaneous and reciprocal diminution of armaments, according to rules and guarantees to be laid down hereafter, without impairing, however, the force needed for the maintenance of public order in each State."

Today men from the leading nations are gathering to discuss just such an agreement. It has taken four years, during which the burden of taxation for armaments has pressed heavily on the backs of those least able to support it, for the world to realize the practical value of the suggestion made by the Vicar of Christ.

Benedict XV sought to remedy a condition; Leo XIII sought to avert that condition in words which were prophetic to the very letter. In his Encyclical Letter of June 20, 1894, twenty years before the outbreak of the Great War, he said:

"We behold the condition of Europe. For many years past peace has been rather an appearance than a reality. Possessed with mutual suspicions, almost all the nations are vying with one another in equipping themselves with military armaments. Inexperienced youths are removed from parental direction and control, to be thrown amid the dangers of the soldier's life; robust young men are taken from agriculture, or ennobling studies, or trade, or the arts, to be put under arms. Hence the treasures of States are exhausted by the enormous expenditure, the national resources are frittered away, and private fortunes impaired; and this, as it were, armed peace, which now prevails, cannot last much longer. Can this be the normal condition of human society? Yet we cannot escape from this situation, and obtain true peace, except by the aid of Jesus Christ."

The world tried other means of escape; the increase of armaments continued and ten million lives and untold billions of dollars were expended in the delusion that a reduction of armament was not practical. After more than a

quarter of a century such a reduction is regarded by all thinking men in the world as the only practical solution of the problems of the nations.

THE INITIATIVE; THE REFERENDUM; THE RECALL

By THE OBSERVER

I. THE INITIATIVE

The labor and farmers' parties in Canada are all committed, directly or indirectly, to the three far-reaching and sweeping innovations above-mentioned; the initiative, the referendum, and the recall. The Canadian Council of Agriculture has adopted the principle of these three changes in the Canadian Constitution; and subsidiary councils and conventions in the various provinces, consider the platform laid down by that Council as forming a general policy for the farmers' political movement all over Canada.

The Labor Party, or parties, are also committed to these changes; and in some cases, labor candidates are nominated on joint tickets with nominees of the farmers' conventions.

The present general federal election is the first in which a federal party proposed radical and sweeping changes in the Constitution of Canada. Heretofore, political parties have agreed on one thing; namely, that our Constitution was a good one; sound in principle; and based upon many centuries of constitutional experience and development. Now, for the first time, the Constitution itself is challenged. In this election, we are not only going to elect members of Parliament; we are going to decide whether the whole system and nature of our parliamentary institutions are to be changed.

I am going to illustrate this, by means of a brief account of these three proposals; and first, of the Initiative.

The Initiative is either direct or indirect. In the direct Initiative, a certain per centage of the electors can petition for a certain law; and that law must then be submitted to the people at a poll. For instance, a taxation act; the customs tariff act, for instance. If we had the direct Initiative system, with, say, a 10% petition, then, a petition signed by 10% of the electors would call for a poll at any time for a reduction of 50% all round in the tariff; or for a repeal of the whole tariff, or for free trade. The petition being duly signed and presented, Parliament, under the direct initiative would have nothing to say; the legislation petitioned for would have to be presented to the people at a poll held for the purpose; a referendum.

The only difference between the direct and the indirect Initiative is, that under the indirect system, Parliament, on receiving the petition, could enact the legislation asked for, and no poll would be held. But if Parliament does not pass it, the poll must be held. Thus, under either the direct or indirect Initiative, the main point is, that laws are to be passed, or repealed, at the polls; their value or worthlessness, their wisdom or their folly, their justice or their injustice, judged by the masses of the people, as they drop their ballots; and their votes make laws or repeal laws.

I do not understand how such a change in the Constitution can commend itself to so solid and calm a people as the Canadian farmers. I do understand why radical, fire-eating, capitalist-hating, Socialists are wildly in favor of the Initiative. They dream of legislative schemes which are not likely to be passed by any parliament; so they want to write their schemes into bills; work up enough interest to get a 10% petition; and then have a referendum to see whether the people will vote for or against the Revised Statutes or some part thereof.

Now we are asked to believe that all British and Canadian statesmen up to this time have been fools; and that Parliament is an absurd institution; that the proper place to make important laws is at the polls; and that the rank and file of the electors are just the right persons to decide whether a chapter shall be cut out of the Criminal Code, or a schedule removed from the Customs Act.

Anyone who wants to believe that is, of course, free to do so. For my part, I find it impossible. I can imagine how deeply the great fundamental laws of Canada would be pondered, and how much wisely they

would be judged, around the doors of some leaky shed where ballots were being dropped in a box; while scores of people waited in snow or rain for their turn.

If we are going to lose our sense of values, of comparisons, of proportion let us at least try to keep our sense of humor. At the same time, this is not by any means a joke. The Farmers, and Labor Parties hold to the Initiative as a method of making and repealing laws. They propose this very radical change in the Constitution of Canada. They propose this paralysis of Parliament.

They propose more than that, too: The Recall. That is matter for another article.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE CANADIAN Club of Toronto invited Archbishop McNeil to discuss the Separate School question before them, which he did with his accustomed clarity and moderation. It was of course the prerogative of the Club to hear both sides of the question, but it cannot be complimented on its selection of an advocate for the other side. We go further, and say that the choice of the editor of the Orange Sentinel cannot be easily understood unless Mr. Hocken is really representative of whatever opposition there is to needed amending legislation with regard to Separate Schools.

THE KINGSTON despatch which appeared in all the daily papers a week ago to the effect that the Penitentiary there was never so crowded will not have afforded much consolation to those who would have the world believe that Prohibition is the one and only solvent of crime. Was there, indeed, ever a time in the history of Canada when crimes of the graver sort were so rife as now? Canada's experience in this respect is duplicated by that of the United States. When will men learn that the seat of all crime is in the heart and will, and that to overcome this tendency in the race legislative enactments will not suffice? The true remedy, as the Catholic Church has never ceased to proclaim, lies elsewhere.

AND to illustrate the feeble grasp the sects are coming more and more to have of the fundamentals of Christianity, a Methodist minister steps into a pulpit and tells an audience of men seeking light on the grave social problems of the time that he "didn't care too figs for the Church's doctrines and philosophies." That is, that conduct is independent of belief, and that no matter with what earnestness and solemnity the Founder of Christianity proclaimed certain given truths it doesn't matter "two figs" to the shallow theorists of the hour. Josh Billings once said that "politeness is dreadful simple if you take the ceremony out of it, but in sifting out the ceremony, you often sift out the politeness"—a saying which might be applied very aptly to the give-and-take sort of attitude of the great body of non-Catholics to religious truth now-a-days. They do not seem to realize that in rejecting dogma they are making of religion an empty sham.

THE CANADIAN CHURCHMAN, the organ of Canadian Anglicanism is much exercised over the Baptist attitude towards "church union." The Baptists, it seems, claim to be the only authorized custodians of the Gospel, and will have no dealings with the proscribed Samaritans of other denominations. "We have something that belongs peculiarly to the Baptist church, which no one can persuade us to give up, and as we can persuade no other communion to accept it, therefore we will refrain from even discussing the subject of union," is the Churchman's paraphrase of the Baptist stand-pat policy, and it makes the comment that "no matter what is the mind of Christ the Baptist church is going to plough its own furrow, and Christianity means Baptist or nothing," the prelude to the fatuous remark that "the Church of Rome takes the same position." The fact that the "Church of Rome" comes down through the ages as Christ's own appointed representative cannot be supposed to weigh with our Anglican contemporary, but common sense should suggest to his editorial brain that whereas the Catholic Church has existed from the beginning and is confined to no country, the Baptist organization is but a sect of yesterday.

The London letter of the Catholic Herald of India has this pleasing reference to the latest addition to our Canadian hierarchy: "And apropos of Canada that popular Army Bishop, Bishop Couturier, who is bilingual speaking French as well as he speaks English, is now on his way to his new sphere of action in Alexandria, Ontario, to which diocese he has been appointed. He left for Montreal almost immediately after the Dominican Centenary celebrations. The new Bishop is a member of that distinguished order, and his numerous decorations show up very strikingly on his black mantle. He saw a good deal of active service both in Egypt and France during the War. He is still a young man and looks full of activity and strength as he has proved himself to be. He was very popular with the troops."

FROM AN ARTICLE in the Christian Guardian descriptive of the collection of "Wesleyana" recently presented to Victoria College, we learn that John Wesley published a treatise on "A Short Method of converting all the Roman Catholics in the Kingdom of Ireland," the method suggested being the giving to Ireland of a "superior clergy," the Catholic clergy being superior in his judgment to the "Church of Ireland" (the Anglican Church in Ireland) rectors. So that, even in Wesley's day, the day of persecution and penal enactment, when education in their case was a crime, the superiority of the Catholic clergy was manifest even to one so far removed from any suspicion of friendliness as the founder of Methodism.

BOY LIFE

"THE BOY AND HIS HOME"

(Adapted from J. S. Kirtley's "That Boy of Yours") In the midst of his greatest excitements and enjoyments there ought to be a perceptible pull at his heart strings in the direction of home; and there will be, unless there is something very much the matter with him, or the home; and if the trouble is with him, it probably began with the home. There was presumably a welcome for him when he first took his place as a member of the family. That welcome must await him whenever he returns from work, or play, or school. If his arrival is greeted with complaints and nagging about what he has done or has not done he will make his arrival as late, his departure as early and his absence as long as possible; and he will take his permanent departure as speedily as circumstances will permit. If he is regarded as a useless cog in the machine he is apt to throw it out of gear. He is very susceptible to suggestion and will usually become what he is treated as being, whether he is so at first or not.

There is a story of a boy who heard that home is a type of heaven and instantly made up his mind never to go to heaven if it was in his power to escape such a calamity. He had had enough of that kind of heaven. The boy has his own ideas of what a home should be and they may be wrong, but those who are making his home for him have to work with his ideas as well as their own; and even when his are inaccurate they indicate some of his real needs and are worth knowing.

But when his home is about right and has gotten at him in a right way from the start, it will be the most fascinating place anywhere to him. Everything is there, love and welcome and appreciation and understanding of him, and discipline and worship and fun and laughter, everything but his boy friends and the athletic grounds and some other such things; but he knows that he can bring his friends there at suitable, and even at some unsuitable times, and, while he can't exactly bring the ball games and the ice-fields and his other sports into the home, he can bring the spirit of all his sports with him.

And when he goes out into the great world, to try his fortunes, it is not because he loves his home less but because it has prepared him for his career and he feels its power all the more. One of the noblest impulses he will ever cherish will be the desire to reflect credit on the home that made him. All this is on the assumption that he has had the fortune to get a good home, at the drawing, for it seems somewhat like a lottery.

He is a distinct part of the household and is entitled to a definite place in it where he can be monarch of all he surveys. It is mighty comfortable for him to know that there is one room where he is at home with himself.

He is also entitled to a position in the household, as well as to a place in the house, and his standing must be in their understanding. If he gets the right standing he is willing to do a lot of running for the benefit of the family. It is not enough to say that he must work because someone else is the bread-winner and he ought to be willing to do something.

Manual labour has mental and moral value: and when special talents are utilized it gives a special training for his life's work. Drawing, painting, music, modelling, writing, reading aloud, reciting,—these, too, may have a productive place in his home life. But he has to be allowed to be his own self and to do what he can do. When Tom's mother and Joe's mother brag each on the other's boy and nag, each her own, each is entirely unworthy of her boy. Besides a boy must be doing what he is to be doing in the future and getting ready for it—interesting and intelligent work.

His place in the home is not in the centre, nor on the throne, but by the side, or under the wing, of the head of the home. He is a boy, but only a boy. He holds the future, but he must be held at the present. He is not to be a pig, an overfed pet, nor a pig, overfed pork; nor a despot, an over-indulgent dependent. When a boy rules the home he ruins himself, he is to be adjusted to the family life and not the reverse. He may be a born ruler, but it is to be under regents till he comes into his own inheritance and learns how to rule.

But in that subordination, he is entitled to find respect for his personality, his talents, his individual tastes, his elemental and God-given right of choice, on the proper exercise of which his efficiency in life depends. Even from the start his will must not be over-riden, but stimulated and steered. If there is a clash between his will and that of the household head, all that the latter can do is to set forth the penalty of the wrong choice and let him have all the facts of the case before him in the decision. Let him know that the penalties cannot be escaped, then let his own volition work it out.

The plans for him must be positive, constructive, optimistic, sympathetic; not negative, nor destructive, nor gloomy, nor autocratic. Those plans must be adapted to him and must adapt him to the home people. He and his father can do team work, as he assists with manual or mental or mechanical labour—with the typewriter, or at book-keeping or garden-making or farming, and yet obedience must often be exacted of him, without explanation or option, and he must know what authority means.

Ordinarily, when his sense of partnership with his parents has been intelligently and practically nurtured, he gets discipline and delight, efficiency and satisfaction, out of it. It is a whole university in embryo, with technology thrown in. Even the care of pets is of great importance in teaching him gentleness and unselfishness and sense of responsibility. They make use of the whole boy in that way. His imagination comes to the aid of the family. To call a boy good for nothing and lazy just because he dreams is a degradation of the one who says it. To accuse him of doing a given wrong is to suggest to his imagination that form of wrongdoing. To give him the sense of appreciation is to suggest that he must be worthy of appreciation.

True respect for him is discriminating and requires self-respect in his parents. No normal parent may blame him for the things that merely indicate maturity or for the evil results of bad home influence. Respect for him makes certain hours luminous—the home-coming hour, the meal hour, the play hour. On those hours life's high lights must gleam.

A BELOVED CHAPLAIN

BLIND WAR VETERAN KNOWS "BUDDY'S" LAUGH

A totally blind World War veteran sat last week among the exhibits at the American Red Cross convention in Columbus, Ohio, when he heard at some distance hearty laughter.

"That's Father Duffy's laugh and voice. I'd know it anywhere. Lead me to him." "Bless my soul, if it isn't Marty Corcoran," said the "fighting chaplain" of the 16th New York, as he clasped the blind man in his arms. "An old buddy of mine from Astoria, L. I."

Corcoran had been blinded at Chateau Thierry. Spectators applauded and women were visibly affected by the tableau of the stalwart clergyman and his blind companion.

"ULSTER DIFFICULTY"

ITS HISTORICAL BASIS

The Irish Bulletin Dr. Boulter, an Englishman who was Protestant Archbishop of Armagh from 1724 to 1782, writing of the agitation raised by Dean Swift against "Wood's Halfpence," said:

"The worst of this is that it tends to unite Protestant with Papist, and whenever that happens, goodbye to the English interest in Ireland for ever."

That sentence epitomizes the so-called "Ulster Difficulty."

In tracing the causes of the present hostility of four counties in the North East of Ireland to the National movement for independence one is brought back to the reign of Queen Elizabeth when six Irish counties were planted with settlers hostile in racial feeling and religious persuasion to the Irish people.

The six counties originally planted did not include Antrim and Down which are now the centre of the "Ulster Difficulty" but did include Donegal, Tyrone, Fermanagh and Cavan, and of which are today Republican in majority. But these plantations—accomplished by the simple expedient of massacring the Catholic population or burning their homes and driving them overseas—are too well known to students of history to need detailed description here.

The plantations failed in four of the six counties and in large portions of the remaining two, Derry and Armagh. When one set of planters had lost their hostility to the mass of the Irish people others were brought over. But these also were in part absorbed by the nation, and the political distinction between North East Ulster and the rest of Ireland had to be sustained by constant drafts of new settlers. It was in these later plantations that the Catholic families in Antrim and Down were expelled, their lands confiscated and handed over to Protestants brought from Scotland. Within a century these Protestants had become the leading spirits of the separatist movement in Ireland, and in 1782 at Dungannon, Co. Tyrone (now part of the Partition area), a convention of Irish Volunteers representing the majority of the Protestants declared for the legislative independence of Ireland.

"UNCONSTITUTIONAL AND ILLEGAL"

On the 15th of February, 1782, the Dungannon Convention resolved "That a claim of any body of men other than the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland, to make laws to bind this kingdom, is unconstitutional, illegal, and a grievance;" and later in its sittings resolved: "That we rejoice in the relaxation of the Penal Laws against our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, and that we conceive the measure to be fraught with the happiest consequences for the union and the prosperity of the inhabitants of Ireland." But this union threatened disaster to the "English interest" and the British Government set about to prevent it by whatever means were available. Religious bitterness had been cultivated by false stories of massacres of Protestants by Papists sedulously circulated by British agents and pamphleteers. There massacres, of which there is no historical record, but to which there is a great deal of historical reference, "occurred" whenever the Protestants and Catholics seemed about to establish friendly relations or whenever the British Government had no other argument with which to meet the claims of the Irish nation. Protestants were thus conveniently massacred in 1641 when Cromwell needed the assistance of English opinion in his Irish campaign, in 701, in 1765, and since the latter date plots by the papists to exterminate the Protestants were "discovered" with indefatigable zeal by British agents in London, usually when no suspicion of them existed among the Irish Protestants themselves. By such means the British Government created in Ulster a non-Catholic minority terrorized into daily expectancy of extermination by the unarmed and disfranchised Catholic majority. The Protestants—the largest element in the planted Protestant population—were not receptive of this anti-Catholic propaganda for the very good reason that, though they were not subject to the full rigour of the Penal Laws, they were penalized for their religious beliefs. The Protestants, indeed, made common cause with the Catholics against the Government from which the Penal Laws emanated.

THE RISING OF 1798

The legislative independence which Grattan and his party had won in 1782 tended more and more towards a national union in Ireland and the disappearance of religious differences. The Presbyterians of Antrim and Down decided to establish Ireland as a Republic and were the moving spirit of the Rebellion of 1798. They organized, in conjunction with the Catholic separatists, the three Catholic provinces. The British Government, foreseeing that this organization would lead to an Ireland united in the common cause of independence, decided to provoke the Insurrection before the plans had been completed and to revive violent sectarian disorders wherever possible. The policy took some time to mature but it was carried out according to plan. The Insurrection broke out prematurely and immediately the religious hatreds carefully nurtured in the North were given full rein. A Yeomanry, comparable in every particular with the Ulster Special Constabulary of today, was formed from the Orange lodges, which represented a minority of the Irish Protestants, and was then used, not only against the Catholics and their Presbyterian allies in Ulster, but against the Catholics in the other three provinces. The frightful excesses which accompanied the suppression of the '98 Rebellion are traceable in many instances to this Yeomanry just as now the Ulster Special Constabulary have almost outdone the Black and Tans in their murders, assassinations and long sustained pogroms against the defenceless Catholics of the North East. While the country was lying crushed by the ferocity with which the rising had been suppressed the Union was carried. As in the present case of Partition no Irish party supported the policy of Union with Great Britain. Even the Orange lodges protested against it as a disastrous measure.

was preached to the Orange mob, not by its own leaders, but by English Tories acting through a Convention of Landowners held in Dublin. The bloody riots recommenced and once again the British Government stood aside and gave a clear field to those unwittingly carrying out its policy. The same situation recurred in 1911 when Mr. Asquith's Government began the "hypocritical sham" of giving Ireland Home Rule. The Ulster Protestants armed and drilled openly. They threatened the authority of the British Parliament itself. But the British Parliament did not interfere. Sir Edward Carson, who later became a Cabinet Minister, attended by the present Lord Chancellor of England reviewed the Ulster Volunteers and encouraged them in their resistance to British law; the British Unionist Party provided funds for arms and made speeches of incitement. Arms bought at Hamburg, Germany, were run into Ulster under the noses of the British Admiralty, and the British military officers at the Curragh mutinied in Ulster's favour. Again it was from England and English political leaders that the Protestants of North East Ulster received their orders.

NO IRISH DEMAND FOR PARTITION

During the whole of this period the Ulster Protestants never once put forward the demand for Partition. They were opposed to the policy of Home Rule, but they never conceived an Ireland divided into two fragments to suit British policy. Even their English allies and instigators made no separate claim for them. Mr. Walter Long, who up to a few months ago was a member of Mr. Lloyd George's Cabinet Committee on Irish affairs, declared in the Spring of 1914 at a Convention of Unionists in Dublin: "The proposal to separate Ulster from the rest of Ireland was the most ignominious and cowardly suggestion for the solution of the Irish problem that had ever been brought forward; it was not Ulster that needed special treatment; under any settlement of Irish affairs Ulster was strong enough to protect its own interests; not Ulster but the scattered Unionist minority in the other parts of Ireland required special provisions for their protection."

BUYING OFF THE PRESBYTERIANS

Immediately after the insurrection the British Government set about buying off the Presbyterians. "A Plan for strengthening the connection between the Government and the Presbyterian Synod of Ulster" was drawn up by Lord Castlereagh. This "Plan" was nothing more noble than the subsidizing of the Presbyterian Clergy. Dr. Killen, the high priest of the Irish Presbyterians, makes it clear that the "generosity" of the British Government was purely political in its purpose. "The Government," he says, "was chiefly actuated by those purely secular considerations which ordinarily have weight with prudent and calculating statesmen." The royal grant, he declares, would make the Presbyterian Clergy less dependent upon their flocks and consequently less likely to give any contentment to the spirit of faction or sedition." Dr. Killen then quotes a British Cabinet Minister writing to the British Viceroy that a "principal object" in subsidizing the Presbyterian clergy was "to make them more dependent and render them more amenable" to British policy. The effect sought was achieved. Dr. Killen reports that the subsidy was "received with satisfaction and gratitude" and adds, "It has been ascertained that Presbyterian ministers amply repay the State for their endowment inasmuch as the districts under their pastoral care can be governed without the aid of military." By these subtle means the British Government converted the Presbyterians, who in 1798 were foremost among Irish republicans, into the fanatical anti-republicans which today they declare themselves to be. The subsidy was followed in 1869 by the disestablishment of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Ireland which strengthened the bond between the Presbyterians and the British Government.

ENGLISH LEADERS ORGANIZE BELFAST RIOTS

By the time Gladstone introduced the Home Rule Bill of 1886 the leaven had completely worked. The Protestant population of Ulster had since 1798 been united by British policy into opposition to the wishes of the majority of the Irish people. Yet the riots in Belfast which synchronized with Gladstone's Home Rule campaign were not the natural expression of this opposition. They were organized there as now in England. Lord Randolph Churchill, father of the Mr. Winston Churchill who ten days ago predicted "civil war" for Ireland if the nation secured a recognition of her independence, went to Belfast accompanied by Sir Stafford Northcote, an ex-Cabinet Minister, to organize Ulster's resistance to Home Rule. It was he, not any Ulster leader, who preached the policy: "Ulster will fight and Ulster will be right." The "fight" took the form then that it takes today. Armed mobs attacked the Catholics in the streets, Catholics were driven from their work, Catholic homes were wrecked and looted. The riots went on from week to week and instead of any effort to suppress them the British Government actually withdrew its forces from the city and justified the pogroms to the British public. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, then Chief Secretary for Ireland, answering the charge that the riots were instigated from England, said the Orangemen "were urged on to riot" not by English political leaders but "by loyalty and religion." Gladstone again brought in a Home Rule Bill in 1893 and again the policy of "Ulster will fight"

of their desires. HELP COMPLETE HOLY SOULS BURSE! J. M. FRASER. QUEEN OF APOSTLES BURSE. Previously acknowledged \$2,180 80 ST. ANTHONY'S BURSE. Previously acknowledged \$1,256 14 Miss N. Halford, Maidstone 25 00 IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BURSE. Previously acknowledged \$2,537 43 COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED BURSE. Previously acknowledged \$588 50 ST. JOSEPH, PATRON OF CHINA, BURSIF. Previously acknowledged \$2,056 59 BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSE. Previously acknowledged \$328 05 ST. FRANCIS XAVIER BURSE. Previously acknowledged \$290 80 HOLY NAME OF JESUS BURSE. Previously acknowledged \$240 00 HOLY SOULS BURSE. Previously acknowledged \$1,142 76 LITTLE FLOWER BURSE. Previously acknowledged \$722 84 SACRED HEART LEAGUE BURSE. Previously acknowledged \$1,919 07 A. S. Walkerton 1 00 M. L. G. G. Montreal 1 00 Imelda Fitzsimmons, Trout Creek 8 00

A MISREPRESENTATION CORRECTED

The Roman correspondent of La Croix, of Paris, informed the French journal that the interview supposed to have been given by Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of State, to Professor Bonaiuti was a pure invention of the press. In this mythical interview, which caused something of a sensation in many circles, the Cardinal through Professor Bonaiuti, was supposed to have expressed his views on some of the most difficult questions with which the Holy Father has now to deal. Such problems as the relations of the Vatican with the Quirinal, the Italian Popular party Zionism and Palestine, the "White Internationale" had been discussed. Professor Bonaiuti himself personally informing the responsible editors of the Osservatore Romano that while he recognized in the interview attributed to him, the substance of a conversation he had with the editor of the Secolo, he had never intended to formulate the thoughts or views of the Papal Secretary of State, and that in fact he had not seen the latter for several months. The Osservatore adds to its comments on the subject the official denial that any person belonging to the editorial staff of the Secolo was ever received by the Cardinal Secretary of State. The incident must once more put American readers on their guard when there is question of interviews and audiences either with the Holy Father himself or with the higher authorities in the Vatican.—America.

St. Augustine teaches that there are only two kinds of love—the love of God, which leads to the renunciation of self; and the love of self, which leads to the renunciation of God. They are like the plates in a pair of scales; whatever was taken away from one was added to the other. St. Augustine's definition is the most lucid exposition of the matter, as it is the surest test of the genuineness of our love.

TWO KINDS OF LOVE

The Roman correspondent of La Croix, of Paris, informed the French journal that the interview supposed to have been given by Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of State, to Professor Bonaiuti was a pure invention of the press.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

DEVOTION TO THE DEAD

"He that is a friend loveth at all times, and a brother is proved in distress." (Prov. xvii. 17.)

There are several misconceptions widely prevalent concerning devotion to the souls in Purgatory. It is often regarded as a recent devotion sprung up in these latter days, as May being the month of Mary. Again, it is regarded as the devotion for nuns and women and children, as if men had something more important to remember and trouble about. And, lastly, there are those who speak flippantly about Purgatory, and who declare that they will only be too satisfied if they ever get there! Let us find answers to all this from the Saints of the early ages and the days of the Faith—Saints who compel attention and respect from the name they bear as doctors and illustrious writers of the Church.

In all the most ancient forms of Mass express mention is made of prayer and sacrifice for the dead. Tertullian declares that the custom came down from Apostolic times. St. Cyril of Jerusalem in his "Instructions" says: "We pray for all among us who are departed this life, believing that this will be the greatest relief to them, for whom it is made, whilst the holy and tremendous Victim lies present." St. John Chrysostom also says: "To pray for the faithful departed in the tremendous mysteries was decreed by the Apostles." St. Ambrose preaching at the funeral of the Emperor Theodosius—whom once he had rebuked and penanced and who had repented—says: "I loved him, and therefore I follow him into the country of the living. Neither will I forsake him till by tears and prayers I shall bring the man whither his merits call him, unto the holy mountain of the Lord." Again the same Saint preaching on Valentinian the Younger: "Give the Holy Mysteries to the dead. Let us, with pious earnestness, beg repose for his soul. Lift up your hands with me, that at least by this duty we may make some returns for his benefits. No day shall pass upon me over in silence, no prayer of mine shall ever be closed without remembering you. You shall have a share in all my sacrifices."

St. Augustine writes: "Nor is it to be denied that the souls of the departed are relieved by the piety of their living friends, when the Sacrifice of the Mediator is offered for them, or alms are given in the Church." But St. Augustine did more than write or preach about it; we know how lovingly he fulfilled the duty. St. Monica, his mother, when dying had said to him: "Lay this body anywhere; be not concerned about that. The only thing I ask is that you make remembrance of me at the altar of the Lord wherever you are." At her burial, the sacrifice of our ransom was offered for her. "I pray for the sins of my mother," he writes; "hear me by the remedy of our wounds, Who hung on the Cross and sitting on the right hand, intercedes for us. Forgive her, forgive her, I beseech Thee, Who hast promised mercy to the merciful" ("Confessions," lib. 9, c. 13).

More powerful, indeed, than their words are the examples of the Saints; and coming down from these remote ages to the glorious monastic time of Cluny and Citeaux, let us seek proofs there for devotion to the souls in Purgatory.

St. Odilo, Abbot of Cluny, in the year 998, was moved by God's grace to institute in his monastery the commemoration of "All Souls." It seemed so natural to him that celebrating one day "All Saints," that the next day prayer should be made for "All Souls" waiting and longing to join the Saints in heaven; and whose hour of bliss could be so accelerated by the prayers, Communion, and Masses of the devout. "All Souls' Day" soon was known and adopted from abbey to abbey, from cathedrals to parish churches, till shortly the voice of Rome spoke, and it became the universal practice of the Church. From Odilo's love and pity for the suffering souls, what a harvest, for nine hundred years, of graces and blessings has been gathered by the Church for its poor children in Purgatory!

St. Bernard likewise gives us an example of devotion to the dead, and how pleasing it was to God. After his mother's death, he resolved daily to recite seven Psalms for the repose of her soul. He was only young then, but he persevered for a time. One night, however, wearied and somewhat remiss, he omitted the prayers for his mother. Next day the Abbot St. Stephen called him and asked: "Whom did you commission yesterday to say the prayers for your mother?" God had revealed the neglect of his pious practice to his superior! for absolutely no one knew either of his practice or its neglect. How pleasing to God, then, are prayers for the departed, that a miracle should be worked to warn Bernard lest he should grow careless! This rebuke was never forgotten, and throughout his life St. Bernard was a devoted and zealous friend of the souls of the faithful departed.

A little boy gives us another lesson on this same subject. Peter Damian was left an orphan at an early age, and one of his brothers gave him a home, if a home it could be called, for his biographer tells us that Peter was treated not like a

slave, but as a beast! As soon as he was able, he was sent to tend the swine. His life was one of abject poverty and neglect. One day he found a piece of money—a silver coin. Picture what that was to such a boy! A fortune! It would seem; perhaps he had never had a penny of his own before. What pleasure would that coin represent to a half-starved, bare-footed boy. And what did he do with it? Peter took the money to the parish priest, and asked him to say Mass for his father's soul! That simple fact proves two things: First, that in those days the poor were instructed about Purgatory, for Peter must have heard of it on Sundays in the church; and, secondly, that the poor then, as now, love to have Masses said for their dear departed ones. We cannot say that his fame and sanctity had this act of charity and self-denial for its foundation; but it is consoling to remember that the first thing we learn of the great Benedictine monk, St. Peter Damian, Cardinal and Archbishop, was that, even as a boy in dire poverty, he gave his all for a Mass for the dead.

Let us reverence, then, this devotion for prayers for the dead, as one of the earliest and even apostolic practices of the Church: to reverence it as favored by the lives of the greatest Saints; and as a practice that will obtain mercy for us, because we ourselves have been merciful to others.

A last word to those who speak lightly of Purgatory. This is no new thing; and we find such men rebuked many hundred years ago. St. Casarius of Arles, who died in 542, speaks of such. "A person may say I am not much concerned how long I remain in Purgatory, provided I may come to eternal life. Let no one reason thus. The fire of Purgatory will be more dreadful than whatever torments can be seen, imagined, or endured in this world. And how does anyone know whether he will stay days, months, or years? He who is afraid now to put his finger into the fire, does he not fear lest he be then all buried in torments for a long time?" And venerable Bede asserts: "The fire of Purgatory will be more intolerable than all the torments that can be felt in this life." And St. Augustine writes: "Those souls suffer by wonderful but real ways more than our imagination can represent."

Alas! those who think little of Purgatory now will realize its punishments when it is too late. As they despised it in life, and as they neglected to show mercy to others, when they were on earth, it will come home to them when they are helpless there "that a hard heart shall fare evil at the last" (Eccles. iii. 27.)

RELIGIOUS REVIVAL IN FRANCE

(From a Universe Correspondent in France)

In an article in the Revue des Deux Mondes the Vicomte Georges d'Avenel gives the results of a very interesting investigation which he has undertaken among the French dioceses to ascertain the true proportion of practising Catholics in France. He comes to the conclusion that the number of real Catholics has greatly increased, and that this increase had already begun before the War. That the younger generation of Frenchmen, who are largely inspired by the reaction against the mismanagement of public administration under the Republic, as directed by numerous anti-clerical Governments, is largely Catholic in its outlook is well known; but the figures which M. d'Avenel has collected apply to the general mass of the population. He draws attention to the undoubted revival of Catholic organisation and propaganda in which people of all classes are now proud to take a conspicuous part, whereas a decade ago there was a widespread sense of self-consciousness and disinclination to appear to be associated with any sort of religious activity.

Most remarkable is the fact that this religious revival has been particularly noticeable in the towns, and that the various organisations, such as the Catholic Young Men's Associations and the Catholic trade unions, are now prospering in districts which were formerly notorious for their anti-clericalism. In the Cathedral of Sens, for instance, there are now 75,600 communicants every year, as compared with 35,000 ten years ago, and in the town of Auxerre the number has increased by 40,000 within the same period. Do these figures mean that the minority who have retained the practice of religion have become more devout, or that the revival is really spreading among the mass of the people? The figures for Paris, where six million Hosts are consecrated every year, cannot indeed be interpreted as showing anything more than that there is a devout minority of one-tenth of the population who go to Holy Communion frequently, since the great majority neglect the Sacraments altogether. At St. Sulpice, for instance, which is a devout quarter of the city, there are 10,000 people who go to their Easter duties out of a total of 39,000 in the parish, but at Sainte Marguerite there are only 6,500 out of a total of 96,000.

But there is no doubt whatever that in all the towns of France there is a rapidly extending religious revival. M. d'Avenel declares that his own researches show that

"in Burgundy, as well as in Normandy; in the Orleanais, as well as in Champagne; in Limousin, or in Roussillon, or in Lorraine, the ecclesiastical authorities all report in the same terms that from since some time before the War the number of men who practice their religion has steadily increased." The old reluctance to take part in any Catholic organisation has generally disappeared; it is no longer thought "bad form" to be connected with Catholic activities; and the young generation especially is eagerly taking part in every sort of Catholic organisation. New associations and organisations are constantly being founded and extend from town to town, and they never lack for funds. Paris alone subscribes a million and a-half francs every year to the parochial collections and the special collections amount to scarcely less. But more important than this generous subscription of money is the universal expression of the new and determined will of the people themselves in their various organisations—whether it be the Catholic railwaymen or the employees of the large stores, or the shop girls or the Catholic Young Men's Associations—to make public profession of their Faith and their convictions.

There is no doubt, says M. d'Avenel, that the number of practising Catholics in France is enormously larger today than it was, not only in the year 1890, when Taine published his estimate of their strength, but at any time during the second half of the nineteenth century. In 1847 a well-known priest, the Abbe Petot estimated that not more than two millions out of a total population of 32,000,000 French people went to confession. That may have been a pessimistic estimate, but in the days of the Second Empire the Abbe Bougaud—who himself became a Bishop afterwards—wrote that he knew a certain Bishop who made inquiries on being appointed to a diocese as to how many of his people made their Easter Duties, and found that there were barely 37,000 out of 400,000. And Mgr. Dapanoup, in a pastoral letter written in 1851, that there were scarcely 45,000 out of 350,000 souls in his diocese who made theirs. That was in the diocese of Orleans, where today the number of Easter communicants is more than 100,000. And according to the statement of the present Bishop, the number of frequent communicants is nowadays fifteen times as large as it was not long ago.

A certain diocese in Normandy recently, on making an inquiry into the state of religion in its 420 parishes, discovered that out of 278,000 people it could count 121,000 as Easter communicants; but that figure is undoubtedly above the average for the whole of France. M. d'Avenel, in arranging the statistics collected in the course of his inquiry, divides the French dioceses from which he has received detailed information into three groups, of which the first comprises 27, the next 28, and the third 18. In the first category he places those dioceses which he describes as devout, in which the majority of the women go to Mass and make their Easter Duties, and in which roughly half the men go to Mass and a quarter of them make their Easter Duties. The second group comprises the dioceses which he describes as lukewarm, in which the majority of women go regularly to Mass, but only half of them make their Easter Duties; while only a third of the men go to Mass and between twelve and twenty-five per cent. go to their Easter Duties. The third group he describes as indifferent, since in them only a minority of the women go to Mass and less than twelve per cent. of the male population make their Easter Duties. He adds that while these latter dioceses must justly be called indifferent, they cannot be described as definitely anti-religious, because they nearly all retain the practice of having their children baptised, and being themselves married and buried in the churches.

These 67 departments, says the Vicomte d'Avenel, include a total of 28 million souls, and the figures relating to them may therefore be reasonably considered as typical of the general state of religion throughout France, apart from Paris and the department of the Seine, which between them include some 41 millions of people; since the 6 millions who are thus not accounted for by the returns on which the estimate is based include dioceses of each category, as, for instance, the strongly Catholic districts of Nantes and Bayonne, or the indifferent dioceses of Chartres or Limoges. He concludes as follows: "We may therefore calculate that for the whole of France, apart from Paris and the three restored departments of Alsace-Lorraine, out of the 34 million people of both sexes who live under the French Republic, some 10 millions are practising Catholics; between 16 and 17 millions keep more or less in conformity with the teaching of the Church, but only by fulfilling one part of the duties she imposes, by attending Mass on Sundays; and only 7 or 8 millions, among whom are a group who are definitely hostile, live without practising the Church's teaching in any form, and, although they have been baptised, are Christians only in name."

Aim at a perfection, but remember that even the sun has spots.

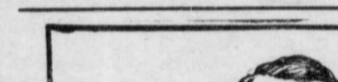
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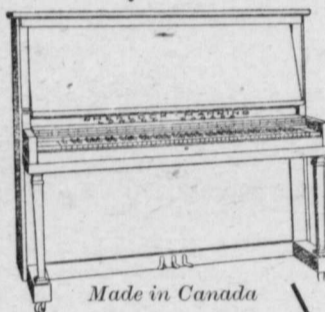
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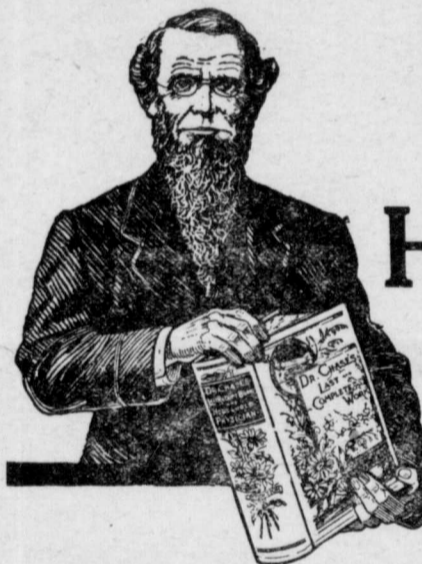
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

OUR DEAD

Nothing is our own: we hold our pleasures Just a little while, ere they are fled; One by one life robs us of our treasures; Nothing is our own except our Dead.

UNKNOWN WARRIORS

Westminster Abbey, whose gray walls have witnessed so many striking and historic ceremonies, in connection with the known warriors of civilization, during the past week witnessed the unique ceremony of the decoration of an Unknown Warrior whose deed will go down in history among the records of the brave and the strong.

Humble though he may have been by birth or vocation before the call of country carried him into the midst of a world of strife, today he lies side by side with kings and queens with generals and poets, with sculptors and writers, with the gentle and the proud.

pass by should bend the knee. Forgetting the old adage of Epictetus: "A little soul for a little bears up this corpse which is man," they have become great in their own esteem.

Men of brave deeds bear the burden of their successes far differently. Witness the old Roman general preparing to take his own life in the event of the failure of his enterprises, on the anniversary of his birth boasting that he would never live to see defeat.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

HEART GARDENS

Hearts are gardens, where we sow Every day such tiny seeds, And it rests with you, dear heart, Whether you reap flowers or weeds.

What we sow that shall we reap, Seeds of peace or discontent, Seeds of helpful, kindly deeds, Seeds of days and hours ill-spent.

Seeds of love and seeds of hate, Seeds of right and seeds of wrong, Seeds that we must reap with tears, Seeds we garner with a song.

ST. FRANCIS

In the days when the Christian world was roused to enthusiasm by the splendid heroism of the Crusades, St. Francis was not beneath men of the world in heroism.

THE WATCHFUL SHEPHERD

The efforts of the Holy Father for the welfare of the Church and society in every part of the world are well illustrated by the following facts, picked almost at random from the ceaseless round of the activities of the Pontiff.

WOMEN REQUEST PRESS TO MINIMIZE NEWS OF CRIME

Washington, D. C., October 17.—One of the most important resolutions adopted at the annual convention of the National Council of Catholic Women held here this week was that which called upon the press of the country to reduce to a minimum the publication of crime news.

EARN THIS

THIS GIVEN—THIS VIOLIN, BOW, TUNING PIPE, ROSIN AND SELF-INSTRUCTOR

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FRAGRANCE

—The aroma of "SALADA" TEA betokens the perfection of the leaf. Famous for 30 years, Salada never varies the excellence of its quality.

A WORLD MESSAGE

On October 17th the church celebrated the feast of a new Saint. On this day in the year 1690, St. Margaret Mary, the herald of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, died at Paray le Monial.

QUEEN OF PEACE THE PATRON OF BELGIUM

Brussels, Oct. 13.—Through the initiative of His Eminence, Cardinal Mercier, two years ago Catholic Belgium offered a solemn homage of gratitude to the Heart of Jesus for the liberation of the country.

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