

The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1916

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NOW

Good people tell us that the great work is to keep the children off the streets. By all means. Let us shelter them from the jargon of rowdies and education at street corners. But can we hope that boys and girls who work in shop and factory will be satisfied to pass their leisure time in tenements which smell to Heaven, or play lawn-tennis in areas which are cluttered up with refuse. Would this prospect allure ourselves? It is very easy to give advice which would be taken by the ideal youngster. But these ideal ones are few and rather tiresome. If the average boy cannot get movement and variety and entertainment at home he is going to seek it on the pavements. Not being ideal what else is there for him to do?

So we are confronted with facts, and the only way to deal with them is not by preaching, but by achievement, by eliminating the streets as essential to amusement. Make them your brethren in very truth, and the street danger will be no longer a menace. Take hold of them now while they are free from the conventionalities and prejudices of civilized life.

WHY

Some of us who should be in the high classes of spiritual progress are in the kindergarten stage. We have the same text-books, the same Master as the advanced pupils, but we are never graded. We listen attentively, and yet we repeat our lessons in the babbling and inadequate utterances of childhood. We talk and work forgetting that the results that endure, the only permanent success can come only from the principles that are taught in the Master's school, and that an effort to give the principles soul-room would help us out of the kindergarten.

The harboring of spite, the habit of gossiping, of judging, the horde of mean little things that crawl in and out absorbing our vitality, debar us from enjoying the peace and happiness that springs from self-conquest. A victory over ignoble impulse, the cultivation of the habit of forgetfulness is worth more than many hours of empty prayer. The spirit of generosity is of fair dealing with the Lord.

AT OUR DOORS

There is no need of going far afield for adventures. There are things strange at our doors, and even people when subjected to close range observation reveal unsuspected sources of delight and information. And it is so inexpensive and easy—merely putting away our habits of thought, getting out of our environment and seeing things as they are.

We may be prosaic, set in our ways, severely practical, which is about the last thing we could wish our worst enemy, for dreams are the only realities; but if we go forth with open minds we shall return wiser, doubtless, more sympathetic and more useful.

Suppose, for instance, that you endeavor to get in touch with the lads who sell newspapers. You cannot help seeing them—little wisps of fellows who are out in all kinds of weather, and who, despite the handicap of environment and of scanty food, are serene and smiling. But they belong to the family. They are our brethren and the children of our own Father in heaven. If we think more of the earthly than of the Divine things, we shall regard them as aliens, to our lasting discredit and detriment. Safeguarding them is not by any means exclusively the business of the priest. The Catholic who does not interest himself in the promotion of God's glory should sit down and have a talk with his duties and responsibilities.

These lads can be assisted into substantial citizenship. If we fail in our duty other agencies may gather them in and mould them according to their own fashion; and then we wash our hands, declaring ourselves the while innocent in the matter and wend our way to a euvre party in

aid of something or other. But let us remember that these lads may have something to say against us on the day of reckoning.

So what are we going to do about it? It is our business. A little interest in this behalf is a very good investment for them and ourselves. We can organize them. We can entertain them occasionally, and get them into a night school. We can show them that they are ours—not merely the flotsam and jetsam of the city streets, but our little brethren on whom we are privileged to bestow sympathy and love.

It seems to us that work for Christ is at our doors. To wrap one's self up in money-making, in one's family, in one's comforts, and take no share in saving the souls of the children of poverty, is to be a poor and contemptible Catholic.

LOOKING UPWARD

Art, literature, religion have been giving utterance to the common faith in a future which was to complete the imperfect present. The dreamers have often lacked the power that the workers have supplied; without vision the toilers have failed to compass the decreed end. Both need the joint impulse; must gain in fitness, gather wisdom from failure, grow more sensitive to the purpose of the whole, cherish unity in community of feeling. Sympathy must outgrow mere fleshly hungers; a finer bond than selfish interest must make the many one.

THE COMING SPRING

This is not the dream of the optimist only. The Divine spirit of change works in ever-widening circles. Far off the full attainment of human perfection seems; yet the heart's promise will be fulfilled. At this crisis of violent conflict and sweeping calamity we must fall back upon primal truths and reinvigorate them by fresh consecration. We are too prone to fix our gaze on second causes, overlooking the stream of tendency which is bearing mankind forward to a consummation which surpasses the shrewdest calculations of earthly ends and means. The "research magnificent" is no new thing; it has not been left to speculators to give it an impetus in thought or in action. The centuries reveal its growing power, its clarifying experience, its more exalted aims. The Fountain that opened in Palestine long ago is not dried up; its waters deepen and brighten as they flow. Autumn glooms and decay overspread Europe now. It will be Spring by-and-by.

"INFAMOUS WORK"

Under the above heading, the French-Canadian daily, La Patrie, in discussing editorially the activities of a group of agitators in this province shows that all French Canadians are not of the Bourassa-Lavergne type.

"During the month of September, the English lost on different battle-fronts 119,549 men; they lost 127,945 during the month of August, and 59,675 during the month of July, the first month of the Somme offensive. In three months the losses of the British army amounted, therefore, to 307,169, or almost the total number of the Canadian military forces.

"During the same period the Canadian troops were also in the thickest of the battle and hundreds of our fellow-citizens have fallen each day upon the field of honor.

"We have no information on the losses undergone by the French army, but they have certainly been very heavy. Communiqués from Berlin, which are not criteria of truth, have informed us that the losses of her Allies, in the Somme offensive are heavier than those of the Austro-Germans.

"And it is this moment when the heroic armies of England, France and Canada are intrepidly shedding their blood for the common cause that certain demagogues have chosen for resuming an anti-patriotic agitation and seek with more insistence than ever to point out to the population of our province that we are not concerned in this war, that we owe nothing to England, that all we have to do is to remain peacefully at home and to wait for the prize of victory, which the Allies are buying at the price of such terrible and painful sacrifices.

and the inevitable consequence is that a crowd of our fellow-citizens are the dupes of a clever collection of sophistries.

"Will this infamous work be allowed to go on with impunity, while our brave boys in the firing line vainly wait for the reinforcements which would strengthen their spirit and hasten them on to victory?"

LANGUAGE VS. PATOIS

Sir Max Aitkin has fairly won a special unpopularity in the Province of Quebec by saying, in his book, "Canada in Flanders," that some of the Quebec soldiers "switched off from English to the French-Canadian patois." Sir Max is informed with pugnacity by a dozen newspapers in French Canada that he was not fully aware of his environment while he was in Montreal, and that the language spoken by the people of Quebec is French.

The fact that careless or illiterate people may say "icit" for "ici" or "oual" for "oui" or "plait" for "plein" is not sufficient to condemn the prevailing language of the Province. There are men in Ontario who say "have went" and "would have come," men and women who say "wuss" instead of "worse," and "orspital" instead of "hospital." We judge the speech of our people by the conversation of educated folk and conclude that our language is English. There may be vowels which we do not pronounce as broadly as would an Oxford Don, but we do not speak a dialect or a patois such as may be found in the remote confines of Zummezzert or Coom'erland.

Similarly the Province of Quebec speaks French with a few slight individualities, due perhaps to climate. The public address of any member of the Legislature or member of Parliament, of any advocate, notary, physician or priest, of any business man, will be as good French as any audience anywhere deserves to hear. Probably the French of the Quebec Legislature will compare favorably in grammar and construction with the English of the Ontario Legislature.—The Toronto Daily News.

QUEBEC, CANADA AND THE EMPIRE

From The Presbyterian, Toronto

The Province of Quebec is out of harmony with the rest of the Dominion with regard to the prosecution of the war. The fact is undeniable that the French-Canadians of that Province have not enlisted in anything like the same proportion as their English-speaking compatriots in the other Provinces. The disproportion can be partially explained. To some extent it can be explained away. There is a measure of truth in Mr. Bourassa's contention that the readiness to enlist is in inverse ratio to the degree in which the individual is rooted in the Canadian soil. In the English-speaking Provinces, the British born enlist most freely, next to them the sons of the British born, and next again those who are Canadian for several generations back. Now the French people of Quebec are all Canadian born, as were their fathers, and grandfathers and great-grandfathers; therefore, in considering the question of their enlistment they should be compared not with all the volunteers from the other Provinces, but with those of Canadian birth and ancestry. When this is done the comparison is not so unfavorable to them.

Again, it is fair to remember that the great bulk of the population in Quebec lives in rural communities where the reaction of the outside world is much fainter than in towns and cities, and where the contagion of a popular movement is less keenly felt. Even in Ontario the enlistment from the country districts has been smaller proportionately than from the towns.

Undeniably also, the friction caused by the bilingual question in Ontario has had its effect. In the state of feeling which has been developed, the very fact that Ontario was urging enlistment and finding fault with Quebec for its poor showing would tend to check rather than to encourage recruiting in the latter Province. But when all this has been said, we have not yet stated the whole case. The most important factor has still to be noted. Among Canadians of British descent there is a sentiment which the French-Canadians do not possess. When the Mother Land is menaced the compelling summons which comes to English-Canadians, and to which they respond, is the call of the blood. There is no such call to the French-Canadians. They are loyal to British rule, but their loyalty is passive. They know that years ago Canada passed by conquest from France to Britain; they accept the situation; but they are not enthusiastic about it. Perhaps a little bitterness left by the sting of defeat remains even to this day. And therefore, when a large number of English-Canadians feel themselves under no obligation to fight for "Britain's rights and Britain's king," it is not surprising that a much larger number of French-Canadians should feel the same way.

Now all this is unfortunate for Canadian unity. Among the many problems that will press for settlement when the war is over will be that of the future relationship of the Mother Country and the Dominions overseas. Whether the present form of connection, loose but strong, illogical but effective, will give way to some sort of federation, no one can now tell. But one thing is certain: whatever its constitutional form may be, the British Empire—let us rather say the British Commonwealth—will endure. Each nation in Britain, Ireland, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa—will have its own loyalty, but each will be loyal also to the great and splendid whole. What a calamity it would be, if in this larger outlook, Canada should not be united, if, in the matter of British as distinguished from Canadian loyalty, the large and important French-speaking element in our population should manifest an irreconcilable opposition or at best, a sullen acquiescence.

There are individuals and groups, whose views are reflected in certain newspapers, who are moved to indignation and anger as they mark the indifference and, in some cases, the opposition with which the carrying on of the war is regarded in Quebec, and as they reflect upon the general attitude towards the British Crown and realm which such indifference indicates. The anger is useless, and the talk of violence which one sometimes hears is foolish and wicked. The French attitude is unfortunate; it is unjustifiable; but it is partly explicable and we believe it can be changed. But it cannot be changed by violence. After all, a good many thousands of the French-Canadians have enlisted for the war, and no battalions have done finer work at the front than theirs. The surest way to kill every liberal and progressive element among the French-Canadians, and to alienate the soldiers of Quebec from their brother Canadians who have fought beside them in France and Flanders is to institute a racial crusade.

There is a better way. Let it be noted that in districts like northern New Brunswick, where the French and English populations are mixed, the French have enlisted as freely as the English. Why? Because they know and understand. They have learned the British point of view and have caught something of the British spirit. That tells the tale.

We cannot create in the French-Canadian the instinctive British sentiment bequeathed from sire to son; but we can substitute for it another sentiment, founded upon reason and fortified by a sense of practical advantage, and by pride in the institutions and possessions that are the common heritage of all British citizens. In order to do this we must ourselves be true to the best British traditions in our dealings with the minority. While defending our own rights we must not be indifferent to theirs. In short, if we wish to see the splendid Canadian patriotism of our French compatriots crowned by a British patriotism the way lies through better mutual understanding, through freer intercourse, through generous dealing, through patience, sympathy and goodwill.

THE BARBARISM OF KULTUR

From The London Daily Chronicle

The public are familiar in outline with the story of the barbarous Lille deportations; but the English translation of the French official papers (published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton) fills it in with much terrible detail. The figure which has been quoted for the number of deportees—25,000—represents those from the three towns of Lille, Roubaix, and Tourcoing alone; whereas the depositions show that at different times large numbers of women and others have been deported for labor purposes from many other places. The whole business would be a gross infraction of international law, even if it were humanely carried out; it has, in fact, been carried out with calculated inhumanity. As part of their policy, and in order to increase the suffering inflicted on the populations, the Germans deliberately kept secret the destination of their victims; but information as to the employment of many has come through. Some have been put to work in mines; others in factories making war material such as sand-bags, others in agriculture; and not a few within the fire-zone exposed to French shells. The methods of compulsion have been as brutal as the tasks. We read of men being hung from trees by their arms; of women and girls (in numerous instances) being beaten with a cat-o-nine-tails; of others, who refused to do war-work, being tortured by being forcibly deprived of all sleep. In their transportation and housing promiscuity, indecency, and squalor have been regular features; and many of the women were put to employments, where they are wholly at the mercy of the brutal German soldiery. The unrelieved blackness

of this terrible tale is only deepened by the fact that much of what occurred was done after twenty months of war, and not in the hot blood of invasion but in the cold blood of occupation. So far as the world knows, not a single neutral Government has protested—surely a very notable silence in its way.

NEW CATHOLIC PEER FOR ENGLAND

LORD CLIFFORD OF CHUDEIGH TO TAKE PLACE IN HOUSE OF LORDS

(C. P. A. Correspondence)

London, Sept. 11.—Lord Clifford of Chudeigh is on his way home to take up the position to which he has been called by the death of his brother. The new Catholic peer has spent most of his life in New Zealand and Tasmania, going to the latter island some thirty years ago on account of his health. He has large farming interests there, and also commercial interests, and it has taken some time to settle his affairs in England. He will probably bring fresh colonial ideas into the House of Lords, if the English climate permits him to continue his duties in this country as peer of the realm. Catholics are anxious to see if he will become a Catholic factor in public life.

OUR ROSARY

At no time since the dawn of Christianity has the world so needed the spirit of Christ. Nearly the whole world is at war.

In Europe there is a condition that has no parallel in history. The number of lives that are being sacrificed is appalling. No mind or heart can conceive the misery that is being brought to countless women and children. It will take a miracle of God's grace to wipe out the hatreds that are being engendered. In our country there is war almost as horrible as that in Europe. There is hardly an industrial center that is not a center of strife. Crime and lawlessness are increasing each day and the sanctity of the family, which is the one real cornerstone of society, is being destroyed by a disregard for marriage. The unborn children murdered by unnatural parents are crying for vengeance.

The press and pulpit plead for a remedy. Arbitration, stringent laws, a better sense of the brotherhood of man, are being dinned into our ears. There is only one remedy, a return to Christ. When men and nations will follow the example of Him Who came on earth to be our model we can look for a return of that peace and good will He brought to earth. In the Rosary, which is our special devotion during October, we will find inspiration and grace. No prayers will bring us more swiftly to the knowledge of what Christ means to us.

We make our solemn profession of faith as we gaze on the Image of Him Who died that we might be saved. In the beautiful prayer that was taught to us by the Incarnate Son we appeal to our common Father. In that prayer we acknowledge heaven the brotherhood that binds all men together. We pray as one great family, friend and foe united, that the Kingdom of God may come to earth and that God's will may be done by us even as it is done by the angels that wait around His throne. If God's kingdom reigned, if God's will were done there would be no enemy, there would be no war, there would be no misery. When we ask for pardon we repudiate all hate of our fellow man. If selfishness and greed could be overcome, if we would follow the inspiration of God's grace to read us not into temptation, the great cause of conflict between man and man, between nation and nation would no longer exist. When we have said these prayers with our hearts in their meaning we are ready to join with all mankind in giving glory to the Triune God. Surely the prayers of the Rosary should make men realize their common Father and the Christian charity that is their heritage from their elder brother.

During our prayers we have been meditating on the Life of Christ. There is brought home to us all that He has done for us. We see Him as an Infant in His Mother's arms. Our heart goes out to the Boy in the Temple. We follow Him in His awful agony. We see Him whipped at the pillar and crowned with thorns. Our heart almost breaks when the heavy cross is placed on His shoulder and He begins the long journey to Calvary. In wondering awe we gaze upon His disfigured face and when His last sigh is spent we can only wonder in silence that God should so love His children. There is the remedy for all the sin and sorrow of the world. There is the one sure preventive of war and strife. Human effort may help but the spirit of Christ must be back of it.

The Christian world has been twice saved by the Rosary. The Rosary can save it now. During the month of October keep your beads close at hand. In your spare moments let them slip through your fingers in prayer. The Queen of the Rosary will help. She knows the longing of

her Divine Son. Her prayers will be united with ours and the peace of Christ will dawn over the world.—Intermountain Catholic.

THE USE OF LEISURE

At the recent meeting of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, held in New York, Dr. Walsh delivered a splendid address on the Guilds of the Middle Ages. Speaking of the use of leisure he said:

The trouble is that like a child with a new toy our generation does not yet know what to do with its leisure. We are ready to do anything that will help pass the time and so all sorts of cheap amusements and trivial reading, and then as these pass, occupations of various kinds with a sensuous appeal succeed them until what ought to be a healthy diversion of mind has become dissipation. Here is where the most important social problem of the modern time lies.

We must devote ourselves to helping our generation use its leisure properly. As I have said, the proper use of leisure means much more than merely the rejuvenation of bodily strength and powers. The objective of the present time seems to be to make it a period of rest. On the contrary it should be a period of active occupation of mind, and above all, of artistic taste and feeling, so far as that is possible for the individual. When leisure is thus occupied it becomes the source of great intellectual and artistic achievements. The right use of leisure means more for a generation's accomplishment, if we can judge by the past, than all the people's occupation of mind with the serious business of making a living.

The old guides took up this problem of regulating the amusements of the people, but, above all, providing appropriate entertainment for them. In doing so they accomplished much for future generations by awakening the interest of the public in things of beauty and so encouraging the work of the artist and the poet until these were capable of doing things that were to be a precious treasure for all time. Here is the message that our time needs. The abuse of leisure may be the most serious thing in the world. Let us not forget that the Romans, who, in the midst of the luxury and refinement of the Imperial times collected Greek art and affected at least a liking for Greek literature, who made their houses beautiful with art objects that had been obtained from Greece and who lived lives of luxury and occupation with whatever they wished, were the ones who went to see gladiatorial contests with the shedding of human blood and the brutal killing of animals in the amphitheater, and, above all, were the spectators when the Christians were thrown to the lions. Refinement does not protect against moral degeneracy, but, on the contrary, sometimes actually seems to foster it, when the body is constantly thought of to the exclusion of the care for the mind and the soul that rational beings must have.—St. Paul Bulletin.

COUNTRY SUFFERS BECAUSE OF NO REGARD FOR AUTHORITY

Outlook, Aug. 30, 1916

"We take this occasion to express our appreciation of the service which that Church is rendering to the people of this country, and our indignation at the scurrilous, wholesale, and malignant attacks levelled against it in certain quarters by unscrupulous partisan opponents. We accept neither the authority nor the theology of the Roman Catholic Church, but this does not prevent our honoring those who do accept that authority and that theology, and who are using them as instruments to develop the higher and better life of the American people. The spirit of faith, hope, and charity is in all American churches—Roman Catholic and Protestant, Jewish and Christian. But in them all it is found to use Paul's figure, 'in earthen vessels.' He who can see only the earthiness of the vessel, and cannot discern the spirit of reverence and service within, shows himself blind to the great spiritual realities, and this whether his attack is levelled against the Roman Catholic Church, the Protestant churches, or the Jewish synagogues.

"The danger of this country is not from too much subordination to authority, but from too little regard for it; its peril is anarchy, not despotism. The methods which the Roman Catholic Church are using are not those which we should choose; but he is singularly indifferent to the facts of the life who fails to see that the Roman Catholic Church through its varied ministers is exercising an influence for temperance, thrift, self-sacrificing service, and devout reverence—foundations of the Republic—upon a large proportion of the population who are reached by moral and inspirational teachings very slightly, if at all, from any other quarter."

CATHOLIC NOTES

In Austria, the Catholic population of the Archdiocese of Vienna is about 2,600,000.

The late Patrick Murray, of New Haven, Conn., willed the residue of his estate; \$100,000, to the poor of County Down, Ireland.

A \$500,000 memorial to the late Dr. John B. Murphy, a noted surgeon, is to be erected in Chicago. It is probable that the memorial will be in the form of an institution for surgical research.

The Rev. John F. Mullany, M. R., of the Church of St. John the Baptist, Syracuse, N. Y., who was widely known as an author and as a contributor to leading magazines, both secular and religious, died on Sunday, September 24.

The Most Rev. J. Aalen, D. D., Archbishop of Madras, and the whole Catholic community of Southern India, have been honored by the appointment of the Archbishop to a seat in the Madras Legislative Council.

The War Department has made a rough estimate that the punitive expedition and the measures taken to prevent raids on the Mexican border have already cost more than \$100,000,000. The expense is now about \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000 a month.

Hon. Peter F. Tague, of Massachusetts, under the leave granted him by the House to extend his remarks in the Congressional Record, inserted the speech of His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell, of Boston, before the American Federation of Catholic Societies, at New York, August 20.

Speaking of the Index, the Apostolic Delegate, the Most Rev. John Bonzano, D. D., said: "There certainly is nothing about the Index, to support the absurd contention that the Church is opposed to modern literature. The Church is opposed to unclean literature. But the Church to-day, as in the ages past, fosters literature, as she fosters all the arts."

Cardinal Mercier will be sixty-five years old on November 22nd next. On that day Belgians throughout the world are preparing to honor him as a patriot and churchman. In a little booklet recently issued by friends of the Cardinal and sent to all parts of the neutral world occurs this passage: "No one knows what the future has in store for Cardinal Mercier, but he will at all times be equal to his task. The whole world admires him, and Belgium in particular is proud of her great son."

Rome, September 14.—In view of the recent aerial bombardments of Venice, Pope Benedict has renewed to Austria-Hungary his recommendation that during the war, churches, monuments and art treasures be spared. This wish of the Pope will be urged also by Monsignor Vilfredi Pozzo, a prelate well acquainted with high Italian personages, who will soon go to Vienna as Papal Nuncio. Monsignor Pozzo will fill the vacancy caused by the elevation of Monsignor Scapielli to be Cardinal.

The wounded in France seem in a special manner to belong to the clergy and the Sisters. In Paris alone and its suburbs 955 beds have been placed at the disposal of the wounded in 11 Catholic hospitals, 487 beds in 8 sanitariums, 2,189 beds in 20 educational establishments, 954 beds in 18 settlements, 1,058 beds in 21 religious communities. In all 5,835 beds have been set aside for the wounded soldiers by Catholic institutions in the Diocese of Paris, and out of 12,700 beds which the three societies of the Red Cross have in Paris and the suburbs, 6,200 are cared for by religious.

The former Lady Victoria Pery, daughter of the Earl of Limerick, now Mrs. James C. Brady, is a recent convert to the Catholic faith. She was formerly a member of the Anglican Church in Ireland. Mr. Brady's first wife was one of the victims of the Westport wreck several years ago. She was a Catholic also, and left two children, who are being brought up Catholic. Mr. Brady himself, however, has never been a member of the Church. His mother was a Protestant and the children were brought up Protestants. Nicholas Brady, the brother of James C. Brady, became a convert to the Faith some years ago.

At the last quarterly conference of the clergy says the Chicago New World the Most Rev. Archbishop announced that one hundred and thirty-five new students had entered the Quigley Preparatory Seminary this year, that over one hundred scholarships had been founded or were in the process of foundation and that nearly one-half of the amount, over one hundred thousand dollars, had been actually paid in. He expressed his gratitude to the priests for the interest and the zeal they had shown in the support of this newest work of religion in the diocese, which, he said, he felt had not been surpassed anywhere else in the country. The detailed plans are nearing completion and it is hoped that within a month or six weeks excavation work will begin on the new buildings between Rush Street and the Lake Shore Drive.

MOONDYNE JOE

THE GOLD MINE OF THE VASSE

BOOK FOURTH

THE CONVICT SHIP

VIII.

FACE TO FACE

The convict ship, with all sail set, before a strong quarter breeze, ploughed heavily round the South of England, and then spread her arms like a sea-spirit as she swept majestically toward the deep southern seas.

No need to moralize afresh on the weird contrast between the tall ship, nobly and beautifully breathing the waves, and the hideous secret she bears within—

"Who, as she smiles in the silvery light, Spreading her wings on the bosom of night, Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky, A phantom of beauty, could deem That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin. And that souls that are smitten lie bursting within!

Who, as he watches her silently gliding, Remembers that wave after wave is dividing Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever, Hearts that are broken and parted for ever? Or deems that he watches, aloft on the wave, The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?"

The first few days of the voyage are indescribably horrible. The hundreds of pent-up wretches are unused to the darkness of the ship, strange to their crowded quarters and to each other, depressed in spirits at their endless separation from home, sickened to death with the merciless pitch and roll of the vessel, alarmed at the dreadful thunder of the waves against their prison walls, and fearful of sudden engulfment, with the hatches barred. The scene is too hideous for a picture—too dreadful to be described in words.

Only those who have stood within the bars, and heard the din of devils and the appalling sounds of despair, blended in a diapason that made every hatch-mouth a vent of hell, can imagine the horrors of the hold of a convict ship.

About a week out from England, the Hougoumont went bowling down the Atlantic, and across the Bay of Biscay. The night was cold and dark, and the strong breeze held the ship steady, with every sail drawing.

Mr. Wuyville and Sheridan, the latter of whom had come on deck for the first time since the vessel sailed, in warm great-coats, walked the lee side of the poop; while the captain, also heavily wrapped, paced the weather side, glancing now and again at the sails, and taking an occasional look at the course.

"You have got over your sea-sickness?" asked Mr. Wuyville. Sheridan laughed. "You forget that I am a sailor, Mr. Wuyville," he said. "I had another reason for keeping my room."

Will Sheridan, for months past, had often been on the point of telling Mr. Wuyville the whole story of his life, his love for Alice Walmesley, and her terrible suffering for another's crime; but the moment still had gone by, and he had never broached the subject. He longed to speak his warm gratitude to the wise friend who had intervened in Alice's reason and life in Millbank.

Mr. Wuyville never dreamt that Sheridan and Alice Walmesley had known each other. He did not know that on the deck at that moment stood Sheridan's deadliest enemy, within five yards of the man he hated, and who mortally hated him.

"I will tell him all now," were the words in Sheridan's mind; and he turned to Mr. Wuyville, and took hold of his arm. They paused in their walk, and stood at the foot of the mizen-mast.

At that moment, the captain went toward the wheel, and bent his head to look at the compass. The strong binnacle light fell full upon his face, just as Will Sheridan stooped and laid his hand on Mr. Wuyville's arm.

The face in the binnacle glare was straight before Sheridan. His eyes were arrested by it as by a spectre; his hand closed like a vise on the arm of his friend.

"God Almighty!" The words rushed from his heart in a hissing whisper. Mr. Wuyville was astounded, but he could not even surmise the cause of Sheridan's tremendous excitement. He had seen the face of the captain as it remained for a moment in the strong light; but he did not connect this with his friend's emotion. He waited for Sheridan to speak.

Instead of speaking, Sheridan watched the dark figure of the captain as he passed from the wheel to the weather side of the poop, and paced slowly up and down. Then he drew a deep breath, tremulous with aroused passion.

"Who is that man?" he asked, in a low voice, after a long look. "That is the captain," answered Mr. Wuyville. "Let me introduce you, Captain Draper!"

The captain walked toward them. Sheridan remained just as he had been standing. "Captain Draper, let me introduce you—"

"Stay!" said Sheridan, laying his hand on Mr. Wuyville's breast, "one moment."

He strode to the binnacle, seized the lamp, and returned with it in his hand. When he was within two feet of Draper, he threw the light full on his own face, sternly turned toward his enemy.

"Now!" he said, "now, introduce me!" The sight of the terrible face struck Draper like a physical blow. His breath came in a short gasp, and he staggered back till he leaned against the mast. He never said a word.

Sheridan turned the glare of the lamp upon him for an instant, then snatched it rapidly away from the repulsive sight. At that moment, with the veil of darkness suddenly torn back, Draper's face was ghastly, and his attitude full of terror.

Will Sheridan replaced the lamp in the binnacle, and walked straight to his own room. Mr. Wuyville was profoundly astonished and puzzled at this scene. He remained on deck for an hour or more after Sheridan's abrupt departure; but he did not speak to Captain Draper. He passed his side of the poop in gloomy silence.

For an hour of fearful torture to Draper, for like most scoundrels who are cowards, he suffered over and over again the agonies of shame and exposure which he knew he had earned. But, like this class, too, he always planned his conduct, even his words, beforehand. As soon as the appalling interview had passed, and he found himself personally unmolested, his adroit and subtle mind began weaving the warp and woof of a devil's plot that should make him the winner in this contest now begun.

He looked at Wuyville, who stood gazing out on the sea, and asked himself, "Does he know?" And he speedily ran over the signs, and concluded that Mr. Wuyville knew nothing of his relations to Sheridan. He remembered that Wuyville had called him to be introduced to Sheridan, and he had noticed the surprised exclamation with which Wuyville had observed Sheridan's extraordinary conduct.

The midnight eight bells sounded, and the mate came to relieve the captain from his watch; but Draper said he could not sleep, and would remain on deck an hour longer.

In that hour, he was alone on the poop; Mr. Wuyville had gone below. Draper, looking down through the glass roof of the dining-room, saw that a bright light was burning in Sheridan's room. As he looked at the light, secretly and alone, a desperate hatred burned in his heart, like poison. The years of his guilt were melted down into that one hour, and they took the form of a blighting curse. Could malediction have murdered Sheridan, he would have been withered to death by the baneful light of Draper's eyes.

But the hatred of a man so naturally evil as Draper is apt to turn into practical injury. The coward who bates is never at rest; he will either malign his enemy with foul words in secret, or he will dig a pit for his feet. It is only many men who can hate and hold their tongues.

As Draper paced the deck, towards the end of the hour, his tread actually became stealthy and fearful, as if he dreaded lest the nature of his thoughts might be read in the sound of his steps. Slowly and carefully he turned the circumstances over in his mind. Wuyville certainly did not know of his relations with Sheridan. Sheridan himself had evidently been surprised at the meeting. Only one knew; none else had any interest in knowing. That one must be silenced, or—be Draper, must face disgrace. Once before, Sheridan had eluded his design; but this time—and, as he concluded his walk and plot together, he glared at the light in Will Sheridan's room, like a serpent in the outer darkness, this time there would be no mistake or hesitation on his part.

IX.

HOW A PRISONER MIGHT BREAK A BAR

The days slipped into weeks as the Hougomont sailed southward down the great commercial highway of the Atlantic. The mild airs of the warmer latitudes surprised and delighted those who had only known the moist climate of Britain. As the vessel sailed close to the island of Pico, one of the Azores, the deck was crowded with gazers on the unknown land.

It was the forenoon of a lovely day. The sun shone with radiant splendor on the soaring peak and purple cliffs of Pico. The island seemed to most of those on the ship like some legendary land of fairy lore. They had never seen any country but England, and they had never before heard even the name of this important-looking place.

On the bow of the convict ship, standing on the raised deck, which was the roof of the punishment-cell or compartment, stood three men, looking up at Pico. Those three, from the day of the ship's sailing, had been drawn together by inherent attraction; and now, among all the queer new friendships of the voyage, there was none stronger than theirs. And yet they were very dissimilar, inwardly and outwardly.

One was a tall man, solemn-faced and severe, dressed in sombre garments; the next was a small man, mild of face and manner, clad in old-fashioned sailor's blue; the third was a very black man, whose hair stood upright on his head when he removed his immense fur cap, and whose body from throat to feet was clothed in furs.

Strange it was, that this seemingly discordant trio, Mr. Haggert, Officer Lodge, and Ngarra-jil, had developed a mutual attraction, each for the other; and, after a few weeks at sea, had spent almost their whole waking time in each other's company.

They did not converse much, if any. Ben Lodge did not quite understand Mr. Haggert's solemn scriptural illustrations and heavy comments; Mr. Haggert did not pay much heed to Ben Lodge's dreadful tale of carnage in the Chinese bombardment; and neither of them understood Ngarra-jil, nor did he comprehend a word they said.

Yet they passed day after day in each other's company, leaning over the vessel's side or sitting on the sunny fore-castle.

The presence of Officer Lodge on board needs explanation. Two days before the convict ship sailed, Mr. Wuyville walked into the lock-up at Walton-le-Dale, followed by Ngarra-jil.

Officer Lodge met him with a mild, every-day air, and, pointing with a backward motion of the hand toward the cell, informed him that it was "henpy."

"Have you any relatives or others depending on you?" asked Mr. Wuyville, falling into the matter-of-factly simplicity of the little policeman.

"No, sir; no one as can't get along without me. I've lived here alone for fifteen year. I don't know a man, though, in Walton to take my place. There's a deal of trust in this office, sir; a deal of trust."

"What property do you own here?" asked Mr. Wuyville. "The donkey and water-cart is mine, though the village gave 'em to me. That's all the property."

"I need a careful man to oversee a settlement," said Mr. Wuyville. "But he will have to go to Australia. He will be comfortably placed, much more so than you are here; and his engagement will be permanent. I came to offer the place to you—can you come?"

"Yessir," said Officer Lodge, as quietly as if he were asked to walk down the street. "Do you want me to start now?"

"It is now noon; I will return to London on the 2 o'clock train. Meanwhile, I will walk through the village." Turning to Ngarra-jil, Mr. Wuyville said in his own language, "You can remain here."

Mr. Wuyville walked straight to the old home of Alice Walmesley, and lingered a long time in and around the deserted and decaying cottage. There was a warm feeling in his heart, a new and happy growth, as his eyes fell on objects that might once have been familiar to Alice Walmesley.

As he left the place, to return for Officer Lodge, it seemed as dear to him as if he had known and loved it all his life. He turned toward it, as he walked down the road, and there was a quiet gladness in his face.

"She will leave it all behind," he murmured. "There shall be no picture of its wretchedness in her memory."

He passed to the courthouse. Officer Lodge and Ngarra-jil were sitting in the office, silently looking at each other. At first, Officer Lodge had spoken to his companion; but Ngarra-jil had answered only by a gruff and unintelligible monosyllable. They then had subsided into perfect silence.

"Are you ready?" asked Mr. Wuyville. "Yessir," "Come."

They went to the railway station, and took their seats for London. Officer Lodge and Ngarra-jil sat opposite each other, and continued their acquaintance in the same silent fashion which had marked its beginning in the station-house.

On board the convict ship, they had attracted the lonely Mr. Haggert, who, in a patronizing manner at first, joined their company.

As these three stood near the bow of the Hougomont, looking up at the purple cliffs of lofty Pico, there rose an extraordinary commotion on the deck, among the convicts.

That morning two men, the worst and most disorderly characters in the ship, had been locked up in the punishment-cell. They had first been sentenced to work at oakum-picking; but they sat within the bars idle, staring out at the crowd of convicts on deck, and singing and shouting. For this they had been again reported, and the officers had now come to take them out for further punishment.

The officers stood waiting for him who had the key of the barred door; and he was searching vainly in his pockets. After a while, it was evident that the key had been misplaced or lost. The officers could not open the barred door.

The two culprits within were the first to understand this, and they set up a howl of derision. They danced about in their den, cursing the officers and snapping their fingers at them through the bars.

At length a dreadful idea struck one of the desperate wretches. His eye had fallen on the heap of loosely-picked oakum inside the bars. With a yell he seized an armful of the inflammable material and threw it far within the cage, against a heap of tarred rope ready for picking.

The officers stood outside, watching the fellow's action with alarm. When he had gathered all the oakum into a pile, he drew from his pocket a lucifer match, and flourished it before the officers' eyes with a grin of triumph and devilish meaning. His brutal associate within the bars upon whom the meaning of the preparations broke suddenly at

sight of the match, gave a wild shout of delight and defiance. "Damn you!" he cried, shaking his fist at the powerless warders, "you can't help yourselves. We'll set fire to the ship before your eyes!"

The dreadful threat struck terror into the convicts on deck, who began to huddle together like sheep. The officers looked into each other's pale faces, dumb and helpless. One of them caught hold of the massive bars of the door, and shook them with all his force. He might as well have tried to shake down the mast.

Yelling with delight at their power the two miscreants within piled up the pyre. Then, he who held the match selected a dry place on deck to strike it. He bent down on his knees, and covered his action from the eyes of the officers.

In another instant he sprang to his feet, holding a blazing rope of loosely-twisted oakum. With a laugh that rang through the ship, he applied the torch to the pile of oakum, and the yellow flame licked up the ready material with fearful rapidity.

At sight of the flame, a cry of alarm rose from the huddled convicts, who were shooting down the incendiaries.

It was too late. Had they used their pistols before the match was struck, they would have acted in time. To slaugter the wretches now was to insure the conviction of the men, who might have become terrified at their own danger, and have quenched the blaze before it had seized the ship.

One of the officers placed the muzzle of his pistol to the ponderous lock of the cage, and fired. The bullet destroyed the lock, but did not force it. At the moment with a cry of success, an officer dashed through the crowd and seized the lock. He had found the key!

But it would not turn in the shattered wards. The bullet had wedged everything together, and the bolt had become a rivet.

By this time the flames had swept over the pile of tarred rope, and had fastened on the beams overhead. The pitch bubbled up between the seams of the deck, and dense volumes of smoke poured through the bars.

The alarm had spread to the convicts below, and an awful sound of horrible hearts was heard.

The officers dashed wildly to and fro. Some of the ship's crew had begun to work with axes on the roof of the cage, which was a heavily-timbered deck. The fire began to roar with the dreadful sound that denotes the untamable power of approaching conflagration.

At this moment, Mr. Wuyville came forward, and with one glance took in the whole scene. Every one gave way for him as he strode to the cage. The convicts prayed him, "No!" the ultimate appeal of terror-stricken men.

He stood an instant looking at the fire—saw the mortal danger. In ten minutes more, no earthly power could subdue the flames.

"Shall we open the hatches and let the convicts come on deck?" asked the pallid chief warder, the key in his hand.

"No!" shouted Wuyville with such sudden force that the man staggered back in dismay. Mr. Wuyville looked at the lock, and saw its condition. He shook the bars with amazing force.

A gust of flame and smoke now rushed through the bars, and drove every one back, even Mr. Wuyville. He rushed forward again; then turned to the officers, who had retreated to the foremast, and called them to him. Net one moved—they were cowed.

Another instant, and a tall man pushed through the crowd, and stood beside Wuyville. It was Mr. Haggert. Their eyes met for an instant. They understood one another.

"What do you want?" asked Haggert, in a low, steady voice. "The silk curtains from the dining room—quick!" answered Mr. Wuyville in the same tone.

Next moment, Haggert was clearing a lane for himself through and over the crowd. He disappeared toward the rear, and they kept the way open for him. In half a minute he flew back, in each hand a long red silk curtain, torn from the cabin windows.

Mr. Wuyville stood waiting for him, holding in his hand a heavy iron belying pin, which he had taken from the rail. He took one of the curtains, twisted it into a rope, and pushed one end through the bars. This end he brought out four bars off, and around these four bars he wound both curtains, one after the other.

When the curtains were entirely wound in this way, he inserted the heavy iron rod between the folds, at the two central bars, and began to turn it over end after end like a lever. The first turn made the silken rope rigid; the second strained it; the third called out all the muscular power of the man. But there was nothing gained.

Mr. Wuyville turned, and looked toward Haggert, who approached. Both men seized the iron lever, and pulled it down with all their force.

"This is the convict's trick," said Haggert, as the paused for breath. Mr. Wuyville made no reply; but continued the tremendous leverage. There was a cry from the convicts; they saw the massive bars yielding—

the two outer bars bending toward the centre under the terrific strain. Once again the upper end of the lever was seized by both men, and with a united effort of strength pulled and pressed down. The next turn was easily made; the mighty bars had bent like lead in the centre and then broken, leaving two gaps wide enough to allow the entrance of a man.

When this was done, Mr. Wuyville and Mr. Haggert fell back, while the burning cage, smothered the flames with wet sails, smothering which they trampled out the fire.

The vessel was saved, and not one minute could have been spared. In the wild uproar that followed, each one giving vent to the pent-up excitement of the moment, Mr. Wuyville, turning in the crowd, met the eyes of Haggert, earnestly fixed on his face. He had often observed his watchfulness before; but there was another meaning in his eyes today.

Without a word, Mr. Wuyville put out his hand, which Haggert grimly seized.

"Thank you," said Mr. Wuyville. "That's not right," said Haggert; "you have saved all our lives."

Mr. Wuyville negatively shook his head, with his usual grave smile, and was about to pass on. Mr. Haggert slowly let go his hand, still looking at him with the same strange expression. They had parted a few paces, when Haggert strode after Mr. Wuyville with a new impulse, seized his hand once more in a grip of iron, and met his eye with a face working in strong emotion, every possible reef in his immense lips quivering with suppressed feeling.

"Forgive me!" he said; and without another word he dropped Mr. Wuyville's hand, turned, and strode off to his room by the other side of the ship.

That night, when the excitement had died, and the usual quiet had been restored, Mr. Wuyville and Sheridan walked the poop for hours. Mr. Wuyville made no mention of Haggert's strange conduct.

Toward midnight they went to their rooms. The extraordinary events of the day had kept them from talking about Captain Draper, though the subject had been for days uppermost in both minds.

When Mr. Wuyville entered his room, his eyes fell on a letter, fixed endwise on his table to attract his attention. It was addressed to him. He opened it, and took out a photograph—the portrait of a convict in chains. There was no other enclosure.

On the back of it were written these words, in Mr. Haggert's handwriting, dated four years before: "This is the only photograph of the man known as Moondyne Joe. It was taken in Western Australia just before his last escape from Fremantle Prison. All other photographs of this prisoner have unaccountably disappeared from the prison books."

Mr. Wuyville gazed a long time at the strange present. Then he laid it on the table, locked his door, and walked meditatively to and fro his narrow room. At times he would stop and take the picture from the table, look at it with deep attention, while his lips moved as if he were addressing it.

At last he took the portrait, tore it to pieces, and, opening the window of his room threw the pieces into the sea.

TO BE CONTINUED

AMERICAN SENTIMENT AND AMERICAN APATHY

By Agnes Reppel in The New York Times

Sentiment! There is enough of it in the United States to fill all our own orders, to stock Europe, and to leave a surplus for Asia and Africa. We have choice varieties for every State in the Union; something warranted to please the genial South, the sensitive North, the complacent Middle West; and we have a mixed orange-pekoe blend which the whole country absorbs with gratification. Candidates, Congressmen, political bosses, orators upon every subject under heaven deal with sentiment to the exclusion of realities, and with fantasies to the exclusion of facts.

There is one most popular watchword, good every day in the week, and in every township of the Republic "We are at peace." "We are at peace with the whole world." The more we think about it the more self-congratulatory we become, the nobler and better we appear in our own eyes. We talk about our ocean boundaries as if we had wisely and with farthought created them, as if they were dikes which we had built to protect the sacred soil of freedom.

We ask no paltry questions, such as "With whom should we be at war?" "Who wants to be at war with us?" "What should we be at war about?" We refrain for obvious reasons from dwelling too closely upon our relations with Mexico. If there are moments when the ingrates of the nobler Mexican footballers (whom we armed) wound our souls, and if there are other moments when the ingratitude of the arid Mexican acleist (whom we placed in power) vexes our understandings, we stifle our scruples and appease our humiliation with the comfortable reflection, "We are at peace." It has been an uneasy and expensive peace, embracing many of the disadvantages of war; but we can, if we try, wax sentimental over it, and that is an inestimable gain.

Consider the frame of mind which finds expression in six snug verses,

published in The Survey, set to the soothing music of "Auld Lang Syne," and called "The Land Where Hatred Dies."

War-racked and torn from sea to sea, The Old World bleeding lies; God called America to be The land where hatred dies.

No tangled web of ancient wars Her prayer for peace denies; Great seas protect her fertile shores, The land where hatred dies.

Unwayed amid a world insane With wild alarms and cries, Now may she calm in strength remain, The land where hatred dies.

So France, fighting with her back to the wall for her homes and her freedom, is insane Belgium, who held her work and her honor more sacred than safety is insane. England, defending the principles of democracy to which—in theory—we stand committed, is insane. But America, coining her millions out of the war, giving little and getting much, building up her trade, and speculating dispassionately upon the art treasures which will be yielded up to her by impoverished Europe, America is the land selected by a partial Providence to play her safe and congenial role.

The assumption that the Almighty means us to do what we mean to do, that He is a silent partner in our game of life, is a base form of self-delusion. The New York State German Catholic Central Verein said in its report before the Central Verein convention in August:

While we most deeply regret that the hand of God rests so heavily upon mankind, we cannot deny to ourselves pleasure and satisfaction at the success of the German people. This is being too much at home in Zion. That Germans should rejoice over the success of German arms is reasonable and right. No one expects them, or desires them, to feel otherwise. But their polite regret at the pressure exercised by Omnipotence seems somewhat out of place. It was not the hand of God which burned the churches of France and Belgium, which desecrated the altars unutterably sacred to all Catholics, which shot the priests, and carried shame to convents. Something fell heavily upon roofless church and ravaged home. Something falls heavily to-day upon the starving children of Poland and the deported women of Lille. But in the name of all that is holy, let us not call it the hand of God!

If the United States is a land where hatred dies, why are our industrial disputes settled by strikes to the accompaniment of violence? Are the soldiers who fire from trenches inspired by hatred, and the rioters who fire from curbstones inspired by brotherly love? How much blood has been spilled, how many "social war" crimes have been committed, how many workmen have been maimed, how much property has been destroyed in fifty years of strife between employers and employed? Is acquisitiveness a nobler sport than patriotism? Is caste a stronger bond than country?

When in August a body of 400,000 men "held up" a nation of 100,000,000; when the safety and prosperity of the country were put beyond the control of arbitration, and when a panic-stricken Congress, and when a panic-stricken Administration, and with the consent of a panic-stricken Senate, threw the railroad's purse to the highwaymen, The Times headed a column with these lines:

"Strike Would Hit City Babies First Railway Workers to be Appealed to in Name of Humanity to Run Milk Trains."

"Appealed to!" "In Name of Humanity!" Last winter the United States was appealed to by the Germans who asked that we should persuade England to lift the embargo on milk from German children should suffer. But England and Germany are at war. They make no pretense of fraternity. If American men are to be "appealed to" to permit American children to live, it is in justice rather than hatred which dies in "God's own land."

We are also moderately discouraged to note that the "tangled web" of European war enmeshes us more than it has any right to do. A list of the outrages committed in American plants, on American docks, and on boats carrying American cargoes would stagger our belief in neutrality. The intricate plotting of foreign conspirators has kept our Secret Service on the jump, beguiled and baffled our detectives, and given our newspapers a new and animated field of action. "Bomb Plots" have long been a familiar feature of our morning news; and now that Robert Fay, former Lieutenant in the German Army has escaped from our feeble attempts to detain him they are likely to be more numerous than ever. Satan's proverbial facility in providing mischief for idle hands to do has been exemplified by the unholly activities of the North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American employees. Three hundred bombs, destined for thirty ships sailing from American ports, is a large order and might suggest to pessimistic minds that something in the nature of hatred had survived our envenerating climate. The explosives placed under the Youngstown plant, the incendiary fire in the sugar ship Ingham, the incendiary fire on the cotton steamer Bankdale, the explosion of dynamite at Seattle—these are merely individual features of a vast conspiracy as insolvent as it is infamous. Every deed of violence

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planned and executed by an alien, and aimed at the commerce of the United States, is more than a crime against our laws; it is a defiance flung full in the face of our Government.

There is much in the great war to arouse high and keen emotions. There is much to awaken pity and to inspire humble reverence of soul. But it is worthy of note that no one incident has so loosened the flood-gates of American sentiment as the execution of Sir Roger Casement—

"Sir Roger Casement, Martyr," as he has been styled not only in the German press, (and Germany has made enough martyrs to understand the meaning of the term.) but in the neutral newspapers of the United States.

The raising of the standard of revolt by the Sinn Fein in Dublin was a lamentable rather than an ignoble deed. Liberty was the watchword of these rebels, the delay of Home Rule was their grievance, the contemptuous animosity of Ulster (which had grievances of its own) was the sting within their breasts.

We can always understand the smoldering resentment which flares into rebellion. But that there should have lived a British subject who, under the stress of any grievance, would have allied himself with Germany is incredible.

To day before the foeman's frown He stands in Elgins' place Ambassador from Britain's crown, And type of all her race.

If Irishmen in the United States can reverence nothing British, let them honor the memory of two Irish soldiers, Private Patrick Moran of the Connaught Rangers and Private William Devlin of the Munster Fusiliers.

And now, at this stage of the game, along comes Professor Munsterberg, who has dropped the threatening tone of his earlier manifestos, who makes no allusion to the "crushing power" of the German vote, which, less than two years ago, he wielded like a battle-axe over our heads, and who sings sweetly with a siren note of the love which Germany, England, and the United States are coyly concealing from one another.

But Captain Fryatt stood up and was shot because he had done his duty. Doing one's duty is such a plain and simple thing that no one is prepared to wax sentimental over or over its consequences.

because something of the same kind may one day befall a Yankee skipper. But it does not occur to German or American pressmen to call Captain Fryatt "idealist and martyr."

To some minds the image of a sea Captain gallantly defending his ship from assault is an inspiring one. This is what we should expect an American sailor to do. To some minds the image of the same Captain captured many months later, and shot in cowardly revenge for his bravery, is more poignant than the death of a dozen traitors.

And the United States? Well, we too have our grievances and our aspirations. We too are a democratic country, with a healthy memory for friendship and for wrongs.

True, she will probably refrain, when she is our ally, from blowing up our cargoes. These are graceful concessions. Pacifists and sentimentalists may make the most of them.

Some plain facts by Brann's iconoclast. A. P. A. orators and editors spend most of their time and energies trying to prove that the Catholic Church is opposed to education for the masses.

As proof of their sincerity Catholics pay their taxes to the state for the purpose of supporting Public schools in which Protestant children are educated, and levy a special school tax against themselves in order to give their children what they consider proper religious training.

Parish schools cost American Catholics \$10,000,000 per annum. But for these schools Protestants would be paying more taxes and it would cost many additional millions to provide buildings for the pupils now attending religious schools.

of their masters, with no knowledge permitted them of their destinations, with no possessions save scanty bundles of clothes and household utensils, and with no pretense of protection from possible ill-treatment and shame.

Another point overlooked, and very naturally overlooked, by Professor Munsterberg is that Great Britain is a democratic country. The temper of the people must always be reckoned with.

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of the fact that pupils of both systems must meet each other in competition for honors in every field of endeavor, reveals the utter absurdity of the A. P. A. contention.

Each system needs the other. Competition is good for both, and tends to raise the standard of education and make Public and parish schools far better than either would be without the other.

No Catholic would handicap his child by giving it an inferior education, and neither would a Protestant. The state is forbidden to establish any church or interfere with the religious rights of the individual.

Both Public and parish schools fall far short of perfection, but their graduates never find the instruction they receive a handicap in the battle of life.

THE CATHOLIC EDUCATION DID NOT PREVENT JOSEPH TUMULTY FROM BECOMING PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, NOR DID IT PREVENT THE LATE DR. JOHN B. MURPHY OF CHICAGO FROM BECOMING THE GREATEST SURGEON OF OUR TIME.

In the fourteenth century she established the Universities of Rome, Dublin, Cologne, Heidelberg and others. In all the centuries of the Christian era her priests have been recognized as the best educated men of their day.

Among the master painters of the world she placed the name of Raphael, Murillo, Rembrandt, Rubens, and Da Vinci.

Among her immortal poets we find the names of Dante, Dryden, Pope and Shakespeare. It was Shakespeare that Ingersoll said, "The imagination had a stage in Shakespeare's brain, whereon were set the scenes that live between the morn of laughter and the night of tears, and careless shadows and the tragic false and true, the joys and griefs, where his players bodied forth the deeps of life."

AMERICA OWES MUCH TO CATHOLIC EXPLORERS—the torch bearers of civilization. Without their names and record of gallant deeds the story of this republic could not be told.

Catholic education never made a traitor to the Stars and Stripes. This fact is sealed by the blood of Catholics shed upon every battlefield of the Republic from Lexington to Manila Bay.

Guardians of Bigotry who seek to prove that the Catholic Church is an enemy of education must invent their evidence. It does not exist in any authentic record.

MINISTER PRAISES THE JESUITS. Dr. Robert R. Mott, Methodist minister and general secretary of the international committee of the Y. M. C. A., speaking in the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Boston, said among other things: "I cannot but admire the Jesuits for their sagacity and ability in administering the affairs of their Church."

"Jesuits are like statesmen. And we need statesmen among the missionaries of China, Africa and Turkey. These countries are honey-combed with great and serious social problems. We must have statesmen to meet and handle the great racial problem, especially in Africa, where there is great danger now that the gulf between the whites and the blacks will be the grave of Christianity."

"The rarest thing in our missionaries is common sense. Statesmen like the Jesuits of the Catholic Church are needed on the Protestant Missionary boards."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

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The Catholic Record

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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1918

IN MORE THAN ONE SENSE GERMAN WORLD-DOMINION IS LOST

Dominating the modern world in all that the world gloried in calling modern, it was not, perhaps, so surprising that Germany should dream of imposing by force of a mighty and irresistible militarism her Kultur on the world for the world's good.

There is nothing more certain than that Germany enjoyed before the war world-dominion in the realms of "modern thought." In science, in history, in ethics, in religion, she imposed those evolutionistic theories which had become the philosophy of life and the substitute for religion in that world which scorned the past, arrogantly ruled the present and claimed exclusive possession of the future.

Seen in the naked barbarism of their logical development in Germany's world-politics, Nietzsche's ethical principles are now held up to scorn in the English-speaking world. Before the war, however, the Rev. Henry Herbert Williams, M.A., Fellow, Tutor and Lecturer in Philosophy in Hertford College, Oxford, thus wrote of Nietzsche:

"Perhaps the one European thinker who has carried evolutionist principles in ethics to their logical conclusion is Friedrich Nietzsche. It has been a true instinct which has led popular opinion as testified by current literature to find in Nietzsche the most orthodox exponent of Darwinian ideas in their application to ethics. For he saw clearly that to be successful evolutionist ethics must involve the 'demoralization' of all ordinary current morality. He accepted frankly the glorification of brute strength, superior cunning and all the qualities necessary for success in the struggle for existence, to which the ethics of evolution necessarily tend.

And though his own ethical code necessarily involves the disappearance of sympathy, love, tolerance and all altruistic emotions, he yet in a sense finds room for them in such altruistic self-sacrifice as prepares the way for the higher man (Webermensch superman) of the future."

Nietzsche is not widely read it is true, but his principles are read daily in newspapers, in current literature, in modern fiction, in reviews and magazines; and are not seldom heard from progressive, modern pulpits. Contempt for the past and the lessons of history is justified in the eyes even of the man in the street by the expressed or tacit assumption that the evolutionary principle applies to civilization, social progress, religion, ethics and everything else. Nietzsche did not find this widely accepted modern school of philosophy, but scholars will find in him, as Professor Williams says, "the most orthodox exponent of Darwinian ideas in their application to ethics." Nietzsche is the scholarly and thoughtful interpreter of that modern philosophy of life which is almost universally accepted outside of the Catholic Church, and which finds its logical and inevitable development in Germany's policy of world-politics.

One of the mighty consequences of the War, (assuming Germany's decisive defeat) will be to shock the thinkers of the world into re-considering the principles they had so widely accepted, and to dethrone Germany from her dominant position in the world of thought.

In the current number of the Atlantic Monthly we have a significant evidence of what may be expected to be very much more pronounced in the future.

Extracts from letters of certain English scholars are here published. C. S. Sherrington, the sixty year old

Professor of Physiology in Oxford, perhaps the foremost physiologist in England, writes that one of the effects of the War is that Bernard Shaw's plays are dead; "they so bore us now that it is difficult to trace in what their interest ever lay." Yet in pre-war times Bernard Shaw was a prophet of modernism. Now his Superman goes into the discard along with Nietzsche's.

Keith Lucas, distinguished amongst the younger group of physiologists at Cambridge, writes:

"It is my own conviction that in science as much as in politics this is a fight for freedom." Mr. Lucas asserts that "authority" in science was carried to such ridiculous extremes in German Universities that for instance a Professor of Science smashed the apparatus of a subordinate because he had dared to test a question not suggested by his superior; in another case results of an investigation could not be made known until after leaving the University where the professor held opposing views. And he naively thinks that "the country where 'It is easy to see' and 'We must assume' take the place of observation," where "professors set up a hierarchy of science" would become "more and more a drag on the real progress of science."

These are encouraging signs of the times, and more encouraging still as indications of the future. For in no department of scholarship, did Germans enjoy such undisputed leadership as is indicated but not circumscribed by that much-abused term—science.

In another sphere, but an important one also, the remarks of A. V. Hill, a mathematician as well as a physiologist, are not less interesting and significant:

"There are in this country a lot of d—d nincompoops who are always braying about their rights and never reflecting on their duties, and I personally hate them as much as I hate the people who have 'conscientious objections' to doing their duty."

This scholarly Englishman on account of his breezy style and the fact that originally these letters were not intended for publication, may perhaps be acquitted of treason to the spirit of Modernism which after the war—and please God the victory—will find fewer champions than when it was condemned by Pius X.

THE TEMPORAL POWER

In discussing an objectionable and offensive—though perhaps not intentionally so—article in a local newspaper on the Temporal Power we gave last week some extracts from historians which may help to give an idea of the condition of things when the Popes exercised a temporal power in Europe greatly for Europe's good and essential to the creation and promotion of European civilization. Theologians there were who claimed that right for the Pope by virtue of his office as head of Christendom. That was not, nor is it now, a doctrinal teaching of the Church. But the Popes of the Middle Ages had a perfectly valid title to the temporal jurisdiction they exercised over Europe. And that was in modern terms the unquestioned "consent of the governed." If Europe or the civilized world—whose boundaries are not now those of Europe—realizing the aspiration of many enlightened non-Catholics, should succeed in setting up an international tribunal which should be freely and unreservedly accepted by all civilized nations as the Court of last appeal in international disputes, the jurisdiction of that tribunal would rest on no firmer basis than that of the Popes in the Middle Ages.

No educated Catholic is afraid to discuss the question of the temporal power of the medieval Popes; nor are there wanting non-Catholic, even anti-Catholic historians who pay generous tribute to its beneficial effect on the development of European civilization. Only those with whom uninformed prejudice takes the place of historical reading speak contemptuously of the temporal power in that sense of the term.

But Catholics are not fools; they as well as others know that that age has gone by. No Catholic dreams of imposing on nations or their rulers of the present day the Papal jurisdiction freely accepted by an undivided Christendom. Had the Reformation never taken place it would not follow that mediæval conditions would now prevail. No, the quickening, the vivifying influence of the Church which created Christian civilization and guided Europe through long centuries of development would have con-

tinued to be its informing spirit had not the revolt of the sixteenth century arrested that development by the confusion, division and unrestrained nationalism which it introduced. European history, the history of civilization, would have been different but it would not have stood still. But things are as they are; the Pope cannot depose the Kaiser in the twentieth century. And it is amusing to hear people whose custom it was to condemn the Pope now denounce him for not exercising in some way the jurisdiction of which they glory in having deprived him. It is not the Temporal Power in that sense, however, which is meant in the absurd rumor which was the occasion of the Advertiser's illuminating article on the Temporal Power.

The Pope's independent sovereignty over the Papal States is also sometimes referred to as the Temporal Power of the Pope.

That the Pope would arrange with Germany and her allies, even if they emerged triumphant out of the present struggle, for the restoration of his temporal sovereignty is absurd on the face of it. The reasons that impelled His Holiness to remain absolutely neutral in the War, despite protests and pressure from both sides, are the very reasons why he would not be so short-sighted as to tie up so vital a question with the outcome of the struggle.

And the question is vital; for the Pope as head of a spiritual empire embracing all nations and races, whose limits are the ends of the earth, should be, must be in a position to have free and untrammelled intercourse with any or all of them. Since the beginning of the war two powers England and Holland have appointed representatives to the Holy See. The significance of this fact should penetrate even anti-papery prejudice. Prussia has long had a representative at the Vatican; so also has Russia. If these States have a right to establish diplomatic relations with the Holy See they have a right to have such intercourse safeguarded from even the appearance of interference. And the Pope should be free not only to communicate at all times with his people, but with the national governments to which his spiritual subjects owe civil allegiance. Any limitation of these rights are limitations of the freedom not only of the Holy See and Catholics generally but also of the freedom of the civil governments of the world.

The Vatican has the traditions of long ages of diplomacy. Rome can wait; she is the Eternal City. To believe that the Pope, painful though his position is, would seek alleviation through the jealousies or ambitions, success or failure, of any of the belligerent powers is to write oneself down a fool or an ignoramus.

The independence of the Holy See is a question imperatively demanding solution; but it is a question transcending national rivalries, a question that will sooner or later be settled by the sense of justice, the political wisdom, and the love of liberty which we may hope will animate a civilization purified as by fire by the trials and sufferings it is now undergoing.

FRENCH SOCIALISTS AND FRENCH CATHOLICS

During the bitter trials of the Church in France few, indeed, of our lovers of liberty raised their voices against the tyranny to which it was subjected. "Clericalism" was a good and sufficient reason for persecution. On the other hand Socialism was generally treated with marked consideration. M. Hervé, the high-priest of international socialism, could preach anti-militarism and insult the French flag without incurring censure, but the "reactionary" clericals deserved confiscation of property, denial of civil rights and exile from their native land.

During the summer international French Socialists foregathered with their German brethren in Switzerland and have hence become known as "pilgrims of Kienthal." These and their followers endeavored at a recent Socialist congress to have French Socialists re-open international relations with their German brethren. After a violent debate the congress rejected their proposal; and by a vote of 1,824 to 1,075 affirmed its resolution to continue its support of national defence.

The astounding thing about this is that 87 per cent. of the Socialist delegates voted against it.

Now let us glance at the unpatristic, reactionary, clerical attitude,

H. de Gallhard-Bancel, Catholic Deputy in the Catholic La Croix, advocates the distribution for popular reading of the Yellow Book dealing with the barbarous German deportations of civilians from the occupied portions of France.

"We forget quickly in France; after an outcry of indignation, it would be well, as that our soldiers should have before their eyes this additional proof that it is in truth for their homes, for the lives and honor of their wives and daughters, of their mothers and their sisters, that they are fighting."

"This would be the reply to the 1,075 Socialists who gave their approval to the sorry pilgrims of Kienthal, and who are ready to fraternize with German Socialists and clasp the hands reddened with French blood."

French Catholics, laymen, priests and nuns are showing France and the world that "reactionaries" and "clericals" are at least as devoted to their country as the cliques of anti-clericals and socialists whose political supremacy in France can never be revived.

AGNES REPLIER

Amongst the present-day essayists in the English language Agnes Replier is easily the foremost.

Elsewhere in this issue we reproduce from the New York Times Magazine her masterly article on "American Sentiment and American Apathy." Read it. We believe that this distinguished American writer interprets aright the best American thought and sentiment. Even though we did not agree with her—which we do most heartily—we should keenly enjoy the pungent criticism, the pitiless scorn, the sure grasp of standards of judgment, the irresistible sweep of impassioned conviction which carry the reader from beginning to end with increasing interest and deepening sympathy.

Miss Replier is a Catholic, a graduate of the Sacred Heart Convent, Torresdale, the recipient of the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Letters from the University of Pennsylvania, and of the Lecture Medal from the University of Notre Dame.

THE PASSING OF THE PARTRIDGE

We strolled recently through well-known woods where as a boy we had heard so often "The mad, mad mad rush of frightened wings from brake and covert start." With the exception of the occasional chirping of a squirrel or chipmunk, the cawing of a solitary crow as it winged its way above the trees, or the cracking of the dead branches under our feet, no sound met our ears. All was silent as the grave. The life seemed to have gone out of the leafy groves, that life that we have known and loved so well.

Now this is said by way of allegory. The same is true of many a country parish. The life has gone out of it. The farmers that remain have larger bank accounts than of yore and their homes are much more pretentious. They travel now, not infrequently, in automobiles instead of in the family democrat; but there is not the same happy, care-free spirit among them that enlivened the social evenings and the parish gatherings of the past. It is a strange phenomenon that with all the advantages, material, social, intellectual and religious, that the farmer of today enjoys or might enjoy, there is especially among our Irish Catholics a desire to abandon the land, a longing for the city, a sort of contagious wanderlust that has decimated many a fair parish.

The seriousness of the situation has given rise to a back-to-the-land propaganda that has the earnest support of not a few of our bishops. Something may be done to induce ex-farmers to return to the land; but we doubt if it is wise for a city-bred man to undertake farming. It takes but a few years to make a lawyer, a doctor or an electrician, but it requires a much longer time, especially in this country of mixed farming, to produce a competent tiller of the soil. The farmer's son, before he is in his teens, has begun to acquire a knowledge of his profession and, as a rule, he has reached his twenty-fifth year before he is qualified to take charge of a farm.

In this case we are supposing that the boy loves farm life. He might be born and brought up on a farm, but if country life has no charms for him he might at the age of thirty be as unfitted for the business as if he had been raised on the Bowery. "I understand," said a proud father to a professor, "that my son took Latin from you." "No," was the reply, "he was exposed to it but he did not take it." The same applies to the boy on the farm. If his interest is not aroused, time will not render him any more proficient.

If we are to increase our holdings, or even hold what we have, we must make farm life attractive for the boys. Now one of the things that will arouse, perhaps more than anything else, the ambition of a young farmer and make him satisfied with his lot and even rejoice in his good fortune, is a cheerful, intelligent, sympathetic co-worker in the person of his wife. Many a man has sold his farm because his wife, instead of being an aid to him, was a continual hindrance by her lack of sympathy and discontented spirit. There is no doubt that the ideal wife for a farmer is a farmer's daughter; but there are many types of all, the one who has "just grown up" on the farm because she was born there. Her schooling was very meagre and her education ended when she left school. She has no ambition to improve her mind. Her conversation is as slovenly as her kitchen. She is careless about her personal appearance, except when she expects callers and then she appears in her Sunday best. The one word slattern describes her. She may make a good, faithful wife but she will scarcely be an inspiration to her husband or help to raise the status of the country home.

Then there is another type from whom the young farmers should devoutly pray "O Lord, deliver us." She has been away to school. She sings a little; she plays a little; she paints a little (not plain painting); she recites a little and reads novels a great deal. She appears in the latest creation of dame fashion even sooner than her city cousins. Farm work she detests; in fact she dislikes work of any kind. There is a popular fallacy that links the biased young man with the city streets, and innocent, simple-minded youth with the concession. Parallel to this is another fallacy that associates the spoiled daughter of ease with the fashionable suburb, and coyness and sweet simplicity with the country. As a matter of fact the spoiled daughter is as frequently found beneath the coal oil lamp as under the electric chandelier. She is interested in the farm only as far as it affords her comfort and luxury. She tolerates the boys of the neighborhood because they give her a good time. Her ideal of a husband is a rich young man whose wealth would assure her an easy existence, who would be good looking and of polished manners and always dressed a la Chesterfield. But in case he did not materialize she might condescend to accept the hand of a well-to-do young farmer, who would not trouble her too much about such little details as cows and chickens, and who would clearly understand the honor she had conferred upon him by deigning to become his wife. Don't be a slave, young man. Better a mortgage with a willing helper than such an incubus.

Our third is the ideal type. Have patience and we will show you her picture next week.

THE GLEANER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

IN HIS sermon at the opening of the latest Anglican Synod in Canada, the Archbishop of Algoma, discoursing upon the principle of authority, said: "I believe that the loss of faith in the traditional authority of the Church is behind most of our divisions. . . . I deem it our bounden duty, therefore, as the representatives of the Anglican Communion, to recognize that the principle of traditional authority in the historic Church is the true safeguard against untrammelled individualism and against the sectarian spirit which stands for it."

THERE CAN be no doubt that the Archbishop stands upon unassailable ground so far as the statement of principle is concerned. But it would take a greater than he to vindicate the Anglican Church's own attitude towards it. Authority as the basis of religious belief was shattered into fragments for the Church of England at its very birth, and from that day to this compromise and comprehen-

siveness have been the principles of its being. It is, indeed, the boast of Anglicans that it is so. Authority in matters of faith can never issue from a mere human tribunal and throughout its history as well as in its origin the Anglican church is indubitably human. Who ever heard of the Church of England or of the Archbishop of Canterbury giving a decision in a matter of faith? If Archbishop Thorneley wants the principle of authority in religion he should not shut his eyes to its only seat and centre.

IN ENGLISH exchanges we read of a very interesting and very unusual bequest made by the widow of the Anglican rector of Prince's, Rishborough, the lady herself having also died an Anglican. The bequest consists of her late residence, Bardolph House, with its spacious grounds, forming together one of the most attractive spots in that part of the country, to the Catholic Bishop of the Diocese in which it is situated. The house is to be used as a permanent home for thirty girls, and the residue of an estate of 9,000 is also to be handed to the Bishop for its maintenance. The testator, as stated, was not a Catholic, but her faith in the wisdom and economy of Catholic management is evident.

ONE OF THOSE touching and inspiring stories of which the present war has been prolific comes to us from the titanic struggle before Verdun, L'Abbe Emmanuel Van Parys, chaplain, and Lieut. André Mouzon, of the Artillery, are bracketed together in the French Honor Lists for conspicuous bravery in carrying out a most difficult task. Some gunners operating in an exposed position had suffered greatly from the concentrated fire of the enemy. Father Van Parys and the Lieutenant volunteered to go to their assistance, and after hair-breadth escapes succeeded in reaching their objective, only to find all the artillerymen killed and the shells still falling thick. In such a tornado of fire escape was impossible, but the two stayed on to perform the last rites over the fallen soldiers and were themselves soon killed in the very act.

REFERENCE TO Verdun recalls the fact that three French Bishops took part in that heroic struggle. When it became known that members of the episcopate had laid aside the mitre and were sharing the soldiers' perils in the very thick of the fighting, a wave of emotion spread throughout France. It had been so long the fashion with an infidel government to impugn the loyalty of the bishops to the civil government that this intelligence came to many as a great awakening. Tens of thousands of Catholic priests and Protestant ministers are taking part in the war on both sides and in various capacities. In Italy a Bishop is at the head of the army chaplains and is with General Cadorna at the front, but for the most part the military authorities have allotted the higher clergy to service in the hospitals, or in the numerous charitable undertakings which the great conflict has rendered necessary. It is in France only that Bishops are performing active service under the hail of shells, and sharing the dangers and tribulations of the private soldier. Before Verdun they have been in the trenches, in the mud and in the gore, sharing in the deeds of heroism and glory which have characterized the brave sons of France throughout.

It is pointed out as indicating the change that has come over France since the abolition of the Concordat, that whereas in the past the Bishops were for the most part men of advanced age, following upon the insistence by the Government of the rule of seniority for the advancement of the clergy in rank, now the average is considerably reduced. When the Concordat was abolished Pope Pius X. immediately adopted a scheme for the rejuvenation of the superior clergy and with the passing of the older Bishops many priests of thirty-five years and younger have been raised to the episcopate. The ending of the Concordat, while it entailed much suffering and great material loss upon the clergy of France, also brought many blessings, and not the least of these was the restoration to the Holy See of the power to make its own selection of Bishops, untrammelled by State or secular considerations. What would have been impossible, therefore, under the old regime is the stepping down into the military ranks of many of the

younger men who now worthily direct the Catholics of France.

THUS IT happened that when the War began a remarkably large number of French prelates laid aside the purple and, in top-boots and short coats, hastened to the recruiting centres to offer services of a personal and practical kind. Three of them, as above stated, are now representing their high order on the firing line before Verdun and on the Somme. Two of them have just passed their thirty-second year, and the third is not yet thirty-six. Their presence, as may be well understood, has been productive of the most desirable results, and has aroused the greatest enthusiasm among the men, bringing home to them as nothing else could, that their Bishops are veritable shepherds of souls and withal flesh and blood like themselves. This circumstance with the many others that have shed lustre upon the priesthood of France during this life and death struggle cannot fail to have a lasting effect upon the destinies of the nation when peace is once more restored.

THE EFFECT which the heroic defence of Verdun has had upon the course of the War, and upon people of every shade of origin and belief cannot at this stage be adequately estimated. That among the English-speaking races the feeling towards France has undergone a complete and radical change is evident in the utterances of the press and of influential personages everywhere. One of the most graceful and honorable expressions which we have met with appeared in our Canadian contemporary, The Presbyterian, a few weeks ago. Referring to the insinuation of an unnameable organ of religious animosity in Toronto to the effect that a prospective enactment in the Province of Quebec providing that sub-titles of motion picture films should be in both French and English, was but an insidious attempt to force the French language upon Ontario, The Presbyterian had this to say:

"Such apprehensions are probably unfounded. Ontario is not likely to be in such luck. If by chance the printed matter on the picture films were given in English and French what a splendid opportunity it would give the English-speaking people of Ontario, in a pleasant way and without expense, to learn something of the language of two million of our fellow-citizens, the language of the noblest of our Allies in the present war—heroic, unconquerable France!"

The sentiment is as true as it is honorable to our contemporary.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

The authorities of the German War office are preparing the people of Germany for news of the fall of Monastir. It is announced that the Nidje range overlooking the Cerna is held by the Serbs. An official report from Paris states that the Allied troops are now crossing the Cerna in their advance on Monastir from the east, while in their attack from the direction of Florina they have reached a point twelve miles from the city. Unofficial reports state that the Serbs are now north of Kenali, and only six miles from Monastir. Their successes and the general situation on the Balkan front have convinced King Constantine that Germany can safely be defied, and is unable to send to the Balkans the 800,000 man promised and needed to retrieve the situation for the Central Empires. As the greatest of all living exponents of the doctrine of "Safety first," Constantine will, therefore, speedily emerge from under the barn.

Documents found on dead and captured Germans become more significant daily. The outstanding feature of almost all of them is condemnation of the German air service. While vast sums are being spent on the building and maintenance of Zeppelins which are of little or no fighting value, in the hope that they will terrorize the United Kingdom, the German troops on the firing line are suffering frightful losses because of an insufficient supply of aeroplanes for scouting, directing artillery fire, and attacking infantry on the march and supply depots, as the rival airmen do. British semi-official reports state that for every German that crosses the British lines to discover what is going on behind them two hundred British machines cross the German front. These aeroplanes are now taking part in the fighting, and from a height of a few hundred feet are using machine gun fire with deadly results upon the German infantry holding the trenches. The insufficiency of the enemy's artillery is also frequently spoken of in these captured documents. There seems no reason to doubt that in the volume and efficiency of gun fire and in the accuracy of its direction the British and French are now markedly superior to the enemy.

The advance of the Italians into Southern Albania appears to have been made without meeting serious

opposition. The Bulgars, who last fall marched across the Albanian Mountains almost to the gates of Avlona, are now too busy elsewhere to defend their positions in Albania.

The Greeks, who pushed troops into the region in the hope of securing title by occupation, have been ejected, and Italy holds a strip of Albania extending for sixty miles along the coast by about twenty in width.

The Rumanians make no claims of decisive victory yet, but the Allied army has taken thirteen cannon during the past twenty-four hours and five officers and one hundred men. Heavy fighting continues along the entire front.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

IRELAND RETURNING SLOWLY BUT SURELY TO POLITICAL SANITY

Special Cable to the Catholic Record (Copyright in Central News) London, October 7th.—In summing up opinion concerning the war, I can only say that the contrast between the pronouncements of Lloyd George and the Imperial German Chancellor, Von Bethmann Hollweg, has enormously increased optimism here.

My information from Ireland is that there has been an increasing rally of all the stable and sane forces to the side of the Parliamentary Party, but effervescence among the younger sections of the population is still strong.

All of this is unnecessary, as, in my opinion, there is no need for a serious increase in the military strength of this country. This I also believe to be the opinion of all sane English leaders.

The opening of Parliament finds the Parliamentary position and the position of the Parliamentary representatives practically the same as before.

The task which Mr. Duke has before him is not an easy one. No body feels that more than he does himself. In his favor is his undoubted sympathy with Ireland and with her national aspirations.

On the other hand, there is no denying that the state of Ireland is far from satisfactory. The resentment against the executions, the wholesale raids, the large number of prisoners and the retention still in English jails of many of the persons thus arrested—all these things have created an exasperation the fierceness of which cannot be exaggerated.

things; the first is by keeping up military rule, and the second is by the Chief Secretary throwing himself on the good sense and the good will of Ireland and restoring constitutional government.

Here is a sample of one of these methods. There was a convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians called for a town in Donegal; interference was threatened, at least in the papers, against the meeting which was of a perfectly proper character, and interference actually did take place with regard to arrangements made for excursion trains.

In the meantime, things are not helped by the outrageous and unexhausted campaign against the Irish Party. Everybody of any sense in any party in Ireland knows that the one bulwark against anarchy in that country is the maintenance of the constitutional movement which means of course the presence in the Irish Party as its mouthpiece and guardian.

Like so many English people, the Wimborne have been captured by Ireland, and they were in despair for some weeks after they had to give her up. They were offered in the meantime the dazzling position of the Vice-Royalty of Canada, but they never abandoned the hope of returning to their work in Ireland.

Then again there comes the unexpected in Irish politics. For years a crusade has been carried on against the Party mainly by one man and one newspaper. The Irish are a thrifty people, and the fortunes of this campaign have been largely influenced by the fact that its organ can be bought for a halfpenny.

The bestowal upon the members of the British Parliament of the salary of £400 a year did a great deal also to injure the Party. It awoke new appetites and new rivalries—most of which of course had to be disappointed; it excited some envy; and above all, it gave critics an opportunity of suggesting that the salary was the underlying motive of the members of the Party.

You will judge of the excesses to which the attacks of the Irish Party have gone when I tell you that it has been seriously suggested that the main reason which now actuated the counsels and acts of the Irish Party was the small salary of £400 per year.

On the other hand, there is no denying that the state of Ireland is far from satisfactory. The resentment against the executions, the wholesale raids, the large number of prisoners and the retention still in English jails of many of the persons thus arrested—all these things have created an exasperation the fierceness of which cannot be exaggerated.

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Ireland's best friends, and would have placed themselves in collision with one of the leading principles of all democratic forces in England, and without these democratic forces Ireland would never have been able to win her many reforms during the last quarter of a century.

To some extent Ireland is still in a transition period between the excitement and resentment of the Rebellion and the restoration of her ordinary sane attitude.

My recent information from different parts of Ireland leads me to the conviction that the justification of the Irish Party is proceeding at a largely accelerated speed. Meetings are being held in almost every part of the country, speeches and resolutions have been made vindicating Mr. Redmond from the virulent attacks to which he has been subjected.

MOVEMENT FOR LARGE FAMILIES IN FRANCE

As the first accomplished work of an association lately established in Paris, Association de la Plus Grande Famille, the results of a very interesting contest were announced at a meeting held on June 5, under the presidency of M. Carton de Wiart.

LABOR'S REVOLT

This is the happy age which sneers at the past, and boasts its own perfection. It is also the age in which the laborer is forced to fight for his right to live with the decency that befits a man.

Let it not be said that these wage-slaves are working under a "free contract." This contention is urged, but what chance has a single, ignorant laborer, to carry his case successfully against a hundred-million-dollar corporation, backed by the most skillful legal practitioners in the community?

Now, however, parents of large families conscious of having paid, even above measure, the war's tax in blood, cherish the hope that when peace is restored, they will be no longer treated with contempt.

This association, all of whose members are parents of at least five children, which drew from Leo XIII. the following eloquent condemnation:

There underlies a dictate of natural justice, more imperious and ancient than any bargain between man and man, namely, that remuneration ought to be sufficient to support a frugal and well-behaved wage-earner.

The religious note is by no means wanting. At the opening of the first meeting, M. Isaac, the President, who has been of great assistance in many Catholic activities in Lyons, read a letter from His Eminence, Cardinal Amette, attesting his sympathy and encouragement for this Association.

Of course the vast majority of those who set this movement on foot are Catholics. A large number of them belong to the great manufacturing

districts of the north of France, where strong faith is proverbial and large families are numerous. At a banquet held after one of the meetings, it was found that the 58 present had 422 children.

A very welcome aid to these activities has been given by the establishment of the Lamy Foundation. M. Lamy, Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy, has lately set aside a fund of 500,000 francs with the view of founding an annual prize for large families.

Fully convinced that it is for the highest interests of France to restore the fecundity of our race, that the most efficacious guide in this duty is religion and that every Frenchman ought to hasten the resurrection of our national life, I wish to aid some of those parents who with willing hearts undergo daily privations in order to see the "home rich with children."

Socialist papers, as might be expected, objected that this foundation should be reserved for Catholic families and laid the blame at M. Lamy's door in a most offensive way.

It was not my plan to trap such as might make of their fecundity a vile commerce. My intention is to make life more easy for those who, with the most noble disinterestedness, do their duty.

Who will ever gainsay that assertion? M. Lamy?—L. M. De Vaumas, in America.

THE STAGE AND THE CLERGY

The promoter of a film or play of the variety known to the man on the street corner as "shady," likes nothing better than a eulogy signed by some simple clergyman or aspiring uplifter.

"The Church," writes the decadent Mrs. Forest, "merely sketches the cold thin outline of humanity's passion in its appeal to its reasoning power of discrimination between right and wrong, while, on the other hand, the Stage takes into its picture of appeal all the vivid coloring of truth, etc."

"I know four pages more of that rot; none of that for me," said Dick, as he put the letter into his breast pocket.

THE LATE J. J. HILL

WHY HE HELPED EDUCATE YOUNG MEN FOR THE PRIESTHOOD

"Some of you may wonder why, I, who am not a member of your Church, should have undertaken the building and endowment of a Catholic theological seminary, and you will pardon me if I tell you plainly why.

The root of the evil is not to be sought in the science of economics. It runs deeper. The world today, seeking material success, has rejected God, and in His place adores the "least created spirit," Mammon.

It does not regard him as a man, with a man's needs and aspirations, but as something necessary for the conduct of trade and commerce. On its side, it pays as little as it can,

and the worker takes what he can get. That is "business." It is also folly and crime; folly, because it is leading to a revolt in which capitalism will suffer severe losses; crime, because it is defrauding the laborer of his just wage.

As the great Pontiff says, this condition of affairs is "shameful and inhuman." It cannot be remedied by eight-hour laws and minimum-wage commissions, valuable as these agencies undoubtedly are.

KINDNESS

Let us be kind. The eyes that shine to-day, Tomorrow may be closed in death's long sleep; What vigils of regret our hearts may keep!

RETURNING

Miracle of miracles! The great war is drawing the atheists and scoffers of France back to the Church! This is no fairy tale or effort of the imagination, but positive downright fact.

When peace has been declared we shall have won a victory over ourselves as we shall have won it over the Germans. It is always possible to come to an understanding with Paris.

The Catholic Sentinel (Portland, Ore.) makes a timely suggestion when it says: "The reopening of the school year suggests the indoors and study, and those of us who are unfortunately no longer in school should accept the suggestion and do some studying on our own account.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND DIVORCE

The London Tablet, referring to divorce laws in this country, expresses admiration for Monsignor Russell's recent pronouncement. It says: "A serious attempt is being made in the United States to secure a uniform divorce law for the whole country."

Some of you may wonder why, I, who am not a member of your Church, should have undertaken the building and endowment of a Catholic theological seminary, and you will pardon me if I tell you plainly why.

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light of religious truth and to show to all men that there is no conflict between scientific or physical truth and Divine Revelation, I felt called upon to devote a portion of this world's goods with which I have been blessed to the work of educating for the priesthood men who will be able to preach down the spirit of unbelief, and to stand as shining lights along the pathway that leads to heaven.

MATTHEW ARNOLD ON THE CHURCH

In spite of all the shocks which the feelings of a good Catholic have, in this Protestant country inevitably to undergo; in spite of the contemptuous insensibility to the grandeur of Rome, which he finds so general and so hard to bear, how much has he to console him, how many acts of homage to the greatness of his religion may he see if he has his eyes open!

The discipline of sorrow has a high educational value. More than anything else it purifies the sources of life and forms character.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Tsichowfu, China, Dec. 11, 1915. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going.

Previously acknowledged... \$7,909 25 Mrs. Ann Grant, London... 2 00 A friend, Nfld... 5 00 A Subscriber... 10 00 Mt. Carmel, Ont... 2 00 M. G. B., Toronto... 10 00 Ladies' Auxiliary, St. Peter's Branch L. of C., Port Hood, N. S... 10 00

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Church has never granted. The limits of her power extend to ascertaining this fact. Was there a true sacrament of marriage from the beginning? It is her duty to decide on the question of fact. She declares when there has been a marriage in fact; but to give the right to a second marriage is beyond her jurisdiction. Christ has decided that. When there is a true marriage in the beginning, neither Bishop nor Pope can invalidate it. God has spoken, leaving no discretion to any earthly power. All laws of discipline made by the Church can be dispensed with by the Church; but the Church did not make this law of marriage, hence she can not dispense with it for "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. N. M. REDMOND
EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
PENTECOST

THE SACRAMENT OF PENANCE A
MOTIVE OF GRATITUDE

And the multitude seeing it, marvelled, and
glorified God who had given such power to men.
(Matt. ix. 8)

The power which excited the
admiration and called forth the
gratitude of the multitude, is daily
exercised in our midst. We fre-

Him to repeat and continue His
former liberality. Circumstances
sometimes dispense us from many
penitential duties, but gratitude is
inconsistent with no circumstance.

TEMPERANCE

STOP DRINKING

To stand at a bar and buy alcohol
promiscuously for a row of acquaint-
ances is not a sign of thrift or a true
manifestation of friendship. But the
whole question of intemperance is a
question of character. Many a sod-

RAILROAD DISCONTINUES SALE
OF LIQUOR

The Delaware and Hudson Rail-
road Company has discontinued the
sale of alcoholic beverages on its din-
ing cars, according to an announce-

ALCOHOL AND HEALTH

There is nothing so dependable as
the law of average. Throw up a
penny three times and it may come
down heads every time, or tails every

Science has found that every one
of the vital organs of the body is
impaired by alcohol. Also, that the

ARE YOU A WELL-INFORMED
CATHOLIC?

"There is a great need to-day of
a well-instructed and well-informed
Catholic laity," says a writer in St.
Anthony's Messenger. "This is the
day of the laity. To this class may be
applied in a broadened sense the

You may overcome the prejudice of
the day by preaching the sermon of
good example, by letting the light of
your own exemplary lives shine and

STUDIED CATHOLICITY
TO COMBAT ITS
TRUTH

SINGULAR CONVERSION OF ONE
WHO HELD ILLOGICAL
PREJUDICES

"I'd rather be a Jew than a Cath-
olic."
I said it most vehemently, and
most sincerely and seriously I meant
it. For Jews I had considerable re-

Did I not have some Catholics
among my friends? Of course not.
Did I ever read any of their books?
Oh! I knew plenty about them—in
fact, all that was necessary; of course
I have not read Catholic books! No,

To-day the great majority of my
friends are Protestants, some of
whom, while politely repressing their
opinions in my presence, hold exact-

Perhaps my conversion was slightly
singular, for I began to study the
Catholic faith merely to prove I

It was when my "joining the
Church" was close at hand that a
relative of mine who was a Catholic
I had often heard of. I was a great
admirer of a prominent Presbyterian

Protestants, with an inconsistency
which I felt to be only equalled by
the daring impudence of Rome, ac-

A great deal of arguing, a great
deal of trouble, and I became absolutely
certain, once and for ever that I believed

More struggle, more difficulty, and
constantly a fiery controversy with a
learned Catholic clergyman. I pro-

Gradually I came in on some
points; I accepted purgatory and
confession. I was more "army

Not long ago I read in a daily
paper that some one said in many
Ritualistic churches all that re-

not believe that! Verily, it was a
"hard saying." And yet that sixth
chapter of St. John troubled me, I
read it over and over, and I read it

I could no longer put off my an-
swer to that question, "Will you go
away?" The final conviction
swept over me—I "believed" and
was sure that I had found the truth.

Every moment you now lose is so
much character and advantage lost,
as, on the other hand, every moment
you now employ usefully is so much
time wisely laid out at prodigious

English or an American chief bishop,
instead of the one in Rome. For
fashion has much to do in this case.

I shall close with these words of
St. Augustine: "Too late have I
known thee, Beauty ever ancient and
ever new." They express a great

Every moment you now lose is so
much character and advantage lost,
as, on the other hand, every moment
you now employ usefully is so much
time wisely laid out at prodigious

Bovril
makes
other food
nourish
you

Bovril makes other foods nourish
you. It has a Body-building power
proved equal to from 10 to 20 times
the amount of Bovril taken.

THE SECRET OF EFFECTIVE
PREACHING

When Montaigne was presented to
Charles XII. of France, His Majesty
condescendingly remarked, "I have
read your essays, and I like them."

Polish and purify your
Cooking Utensils with
Old Dutch
The Hygienic Cleanser
Image of a woman and a can of Old Dutch Cleanser.

That early morning dose of
ENO'S
FRUIT SALT
—is responsible for many a man's
good health and business efficiency.

INFANTS-DELIGHT
TOILET SOAP
The Complexion Makes
All the Difference
Image of a woman's face and a box of soap.

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Heart of Jesus of Nazareth, meditations on the
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of the Sacred Heart."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WHY SOME CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN GO WRONG

(By Michael Zimmer, Warden Illinois State Penitentiary in Extension Magazine)

When we read the accounts in our daily papers of the crimes committed in our larger cities, and when we visit our penal institutions, we are surprised and shocked to note the overwhelming predominance of young men—yes, even of mere boys not yet out of their teens—found among the malefactors. This is a subject for serious consideration, and a great many well-meaning people are constantly endeavoring to ascertain the reason why so many of our young men go wrong.

A great many different reasons are assigned as explanations for this deplorable fact. Aside from those who try to analyze all crime by attributing it to a physical debility or a mental deficiency, overlooking entirely in their reasoning the moral weakness of our people, there are a great many social workers who, according to their own particular fad or fancy, judge pertinaciously the causes of the evils they witness and endeavor to apply the panacea.

Thus we find the ardent prohibitionist places the blame on drink; the educator considers ignorance the cause of the wrong-doing of our youth; the settlement worker ascribes it to environment; the eugenicist says heredity is the cause of the wave of crime which is sweeping over the land.

No doubt these causes play great roles in the downfall of our youth, and undoubtedly are general contributing circumstances, but we also see that even where these self-same causes are missing, a great number of our boys still go astray. There seems to be another evil which lies at the root of all these, and that is the fact that our boys are inadequately prepared primarily to take up the strenuous battle of life.

They have been neglected during the formative period, during the impressionable years of adolescence, and when they really begin to lay the foundation of their future career. A boy's education is not completed by the time he generally leaves school, because it is just then, more than ever, that he needs careful, loving guardianship and instruction.

When he places the quiet havens of the school and home behind him, when he goes out into the world to win his own way, he must do this alone. His emancipation from the restrictions of the schoolroom brings him then a new liberty, and unless he is taught how to use it, it may very easily, and in a great many cases does, become confused in his mind and gradually develops into license.

When the boy enters his new life he is surprised to note how different are the practices of his associates from the principles he learned in school. There he was taught to be truthful and honest, he had been imbued with a love and respect for purity and virtue. And now, in this new world about him, he learns from the conversation and example of his fellow workers—yes, even his employers—that in order to be considered a man, he must be able to join in the whirl of pleasure about him, he must be able to relate his experiences. He is told that the Commandments were written for women and children, that in order to be the equal of his business associates he must lay aside those old-fashioned ideas and take a different view of life.

He is led to believe that the little deceptions and acts that he had been taught to think were dishonest, and which he witnesses in his daily dealings with the men about him, are evidences of shrewdness and business acumen, that to be strictly honest and truthful in every-day business is unprofitable, and he is thus in danger of being gradually led away from his standards of morality.

He comes to acquire the vices of men, vices which they consider accomplishments. As he is led deeper along the path which leads to drinking, gambling, etc., he finds that it is impossible for him to earn honestly sufficient to keep abreast of those with whom he is associated.

At this crisis the tempter approaches him—he wavers—slips—falls is apprehended in due course—and finally embarks upon his downward course. If this boy had had the assistance of one in whom he could have confided with candor and entire frankness, how different would have been his story! The priest and teacher may preach and teach the correct principles, but it is for our parents to show by their lives how these principles must be put into practice.

If we would save our boys, the fathers must realize their sacred obligation to walk side by side with their sons, shoulder to shoulder, and point out unerringly the pitfalls they may encounter in their path of life. This seems to me to be one of the crying needs of our day—more companionship and cordial, hearty good fellowship between father and son, which, in my opinion, will keep many a young man from going wrong.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS THE WHITE LILY (By Isabel Burke, Cork, Ireland, in The Columbian)

He lay on a miserable bed of straw, his young life ebbing pitifully away. Poor little Michael, he had been ailing on and off as long as ever he could remember and he was not yet twelve years old. Alas! the seeds of consumption were firmly rooted in his frail body, it was now but a matter of months. The only one belonging to him in the world, his sister, Nellie, to whom his dying mother gave him in charge when he was yet a tiny lad, worked hard in a factory to support them both. She even took in needlework at night, so that she might be able to procure a few delicacies for her sick brother.

talked to it as though it were a human being. It knew all his secrets, his troubles, his hopes—the sorrows of a lonely, suffering child-life.

September was on the wane, the evenings were growing shorter. The little room seemed so dull in the gloaming. The lily, like some majestic taper, was the one bright spot around. Michael gazed on it lovingly. Suddenly an attack of coughing shook his weak frame, he was gasping and battled fiercely for his breath. The beautiful prayer of St. Gertrude rose to his lips. "Holy Mary," he prayed inwardly "give me breath and strength to pray." Soon he got ease, and as he murmured the prayer of St. Gertrude, a bright halo of light stood over the lily. Amazed, he looked at the flower, somehow the light seemed to envelop it so that he could only see it as through a mist. From the heart of the lily something was rising, so dazzling that he could scarcely look at it. As it gradually developed he recognized the face of Our Blessed Lady. She had a crown of gold on her head and was looking at him with such a loving smile.

Over her head were written, in letters of gold: "Behold! the pure white lily of the bright and peaceful Trinity." His own lily had disappeared, but God's pure Lily stood in its place. He lay awe-struck, entranced, feasting on the glorious vision before him. Nellie came in, and seeing him so still said: "Michael, darling, what is the matter?" Getting no answer, she got frightened and ran to the presbytery close by for Father Pat. When she returned and had lighted the lamp, the good priest looked at Michael.

"He is not dead, Nellie," he said, "but he is exhausted after one of those terrible fits of coughing." As he spoke, Michael murmured: "Oh, where is she, my beautiful white lily?" Then seeing the priest he said excitedly: "Father, Our Blessed Lady was here, she looked at me with such a loving smile and was calling me. Hear my confession now and give me the last Sacrament, so that I may meet her pure and spotless with Jesus on my breast."

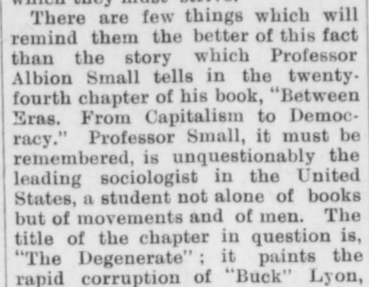
"That night he slept so peacefully that Nellie thought he was better. When the first shades of dawn appeared on the horizon, to her amazement, he got out of bed and with an almost supernatural effort lifted the lily on to his bed. "Nellie," he said, "Our Lady is calling me, look, don't you see her there, and the angels all around her? Nellie, kiss me, put your arms around my neck." With tears streaming down her cheeks, she kissed the dear little pinched face now beautiful with the light of heaven reflected on it. "Hold my hand, Nellie, until Our Lady comes, I will pray for you in heaven. Don't cry. I see her now. Good-by, darling sister." As he uttered those words his pure soul passed into God's keeping.

CHOOSING A SCHOOL AN AUTHORITY SPEAKS The school time is now at hand. In many of the cities of the country, perhaps in the majority, lessons have already been resumed. The children have returned to their classes for a half day at least. The parents have made their decision as to the education of their little ones.

The hierarchy and the vast majority of the clergy would welcome eagerly the wider spread of the lay apostolate. It means for the work to be more thoroughly organized; for those who are fitted for it by natural gifts and by training to have it placed before them as a job worthy of a red blooded Catholic man's best efforts; and for those who are deterred from it by circumstances or lack of aptitude to view it with sympathy.

DR. CADMAN'S BROADMINDEDNESS Reports from the Mexican border and particularly from the 3rd Regiment of Brooklyn re interestingly writes Valerian in the Brooklyn Tablet. The Rev. Parker Cadman, a Congregational minister, is the regimental chaplain, and the Catholic soldier boys tell us that he goes around personally amongst them, saying, "if you are a Catholic go to Mass. If you can't go to Mass at least read the prayers at Mass out of your prayer book, and if you haven't one at least say your beads." No wonder that this broadminded minister is well liked by his soldier boys.

"I FEEL LIKE A NEW BEING" "FRUIT-A-TIVES" Brought The Joy Of Health After Two Years' Suffering



MADAM LAPLANTE 35 St. Rose St., Montreal, April 4th. "For over two years I was sick and miserable. I suffered from constant Headaches, and had Palpitation of the Heart so badly that I feared I would die. There seemed to be a lump in my stomach and the Constipation was dreadful. I suffered from Pain in the Back and Kidney Disease.

I was treated by a physician for a year and a half and he did me no good at all. I tried "Fruit-a-tives" as a last resort. After using three boxes, I was greatly improved and twelve boxes made me well. Now I can work all day and there are no Headaches, no Palpitation, no Heart Trouble, no Constipation, no Pain or Kidney Trouble and I feel like a new being—and it was "Fruit-a-tives" that gave me back my health."

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A FALSE IMPRESSION

In the statement issued after Justice Greenbaum's decision exonerating Father Farrell and himself from Mayor Mitchell's accusations Monsignor Dunn disposes of the impression prevalent in some quarters that the Catholic charities of New York ever opposed complete investigation. That impression was left in many minds at the time of the hearings by the Strong commission. Even Catholic editors labored under it for a time. It was the purpose of Mitchell and his henchmen to leave that impression; and to a certain extent they succeeded with those who were not familiar with the various angles of the controversy. Says Monsignor Dunn:

"There was never a time when those in control of our Catholic institutions refused to allow a thorough investigation of the homes. They welcomed the visits of the members of the local board of charity answered every inquiry willingly and fully and followed all the suggestions made, though many of them were futile and foolish. Yet the professional uplifters, when it served their purpose, presented reports of conditions which had no foundation in fact.

"It was only when the plan of calumny had reached a point that the entire community was shocked at the designedly false statements in the newspapers, supplied by these Christian gentlemen, that an effort was made to answer the slanders and inform our Catholic people on the true facts. It is undisputed that the press articles and headlines in the More pamphlet, which was financed by Commissioner Kingsbury, falsely stated the testimony taken before Commissioner Strong, and yet Mr. Mitchell in various form repeated them over and over again, for a purpose which it is not hard to suspect.

"For our effort, we were brought before grand juries, the Strong commission, the Thompson committee and finally in the open court forced to show that we had the rights of citizens and were privileged to use them, even in so good a cause as the defense of our noble Sisterhoods, who had been held up to ridicule and contempt before the community."

The efforts of Mitchell and his professional uplifters to crush Catholic charities in New York, which were now under indictment for their criminal methods. The mayor escaped by one vote. His public disgrace is perhaps a sufficient punishment for him.—True Voice.

POPE BENEDICT XV. AND THE GREAT WAR

CARDINAL SECRETARY OF STATE LOOKS FOR RESUMPTION OF DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS WITH FRANCE

All the contending nations of Europe are anxious to get some expression from the Pope respecting the European war. In the current issue of the London Tablet appears the interview which follows:

M. Edouard Heisey, a representative of the Journal, has been accorded an interview with the Cardinal Secretary of State, for the exactitude of the report of which the Paris paper is able to give the assurance that it has been "formally approved and confined itself to giving without discussion or comment the views of the Pope in presence of the conscience of France." The following is a full translation of the report given by the Journal:

INTERVIEW WITH CARDINAL GASPARRI
Cardinal Gasparri, on seeing me, welcomed me with a smile and began:

"You know that the Holy Father, after certain interviews of unhappy memory, resolved to receive no more journalists during the war. I also took the same resolution, but reassured by the loyalty of the Journal, I feel sure that it will faithfully report my words."

"Your Eminence, I understand, lived in France for a long time, and so could know and form a judgment of her"

IN PRAISE OF THE FRENCH CLERGY
"I was thirty years of age when the Bishops who founded the Catholic Institute of Paris, offered me the chair of Canon Law and the Public Law of the Church. I left Paris at the age of forty eight years, when Leo XIII. sent me as Delegate Apostolic to Peru, Bolivia, and at the Equator. This means that I gave to France the best years of my life. During that long period which, alas! passed so quickly, I learned to know and to love France. Especially did I learn to know and esteem the French clergy, from Cardinal Richard

who honored me with his fatherly benevolence, to the country curies who join the most solid priestly virtues with so much practical good sense. In this horrible war you have not, I think, had any cause to complain of your clergy.

"Their conduct has been the death of many prejudices. The old religious war-cry, 'Clericalism is the enemy,' which is plain to everybody. Certainly, Gambetta would not repeat it. The patriotism of the French priests has once again received its baptism of fire, and henceforth no one can have any doubts of its reality. That cannot but have important consequences for the future of your country."

"May I ask Your Eminence if, among those consequences, you regard it as possible that there may be a resumption of relations between France and the Holy See?"

THE QUESTIONS OF DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS
"There you touch on a delicate question. I may say in all simplicity that for me who love France so well, the day of the rupture of those relations was one of the most painful of my life. You ask if I think a resumption of them possible? Most certainly I do. We should on our side be delighted; but everything will depend on the French government. Whether it will desire it I do not know. When peace is made all the belligerent peoples will have a pressing need of repose and tranquility which will silence at least for some years many domestic quarrels, and France particularly, after having admired the splendid conduct of her clergy, secular and regular, will not, I think, have any desire for religious persecution. Will there, for example, be any new eviction from French territory of the religious who returned to France in response to the call that the country was in danger? I do not think so. No French Government will do it, and France, as I know her, in her chivalrous spirit, would not allow it. Now religious peace will never be complete without a resumption of diplomatic relations with the Holy See. After the war, moreover, the points of contact between the civil power in France and the ecclesiastical authorities, far from disappearing, will multiply more and more, and a government which has really at heart the interests of the republic will have no wish to sacrifice them to an anti-clericalism which has had its day. Here, I think, you have some reasons which should allow Catholics to hope."

THE IMPARTIALITY OF THE HOLY SEE
"I thank Your Eminence for what you have just said. Could you add a few words on the views of the Holy Father in regard to the war. You know that—"

"I know that on this subject our enemies are circulating a number of foolish notions in France. Yet the views of the Pope are very simple and clear. First of all, he desires and calls with many prayers for the reestablishment of peace, a just and lasting peace, and so one which is oppressive to no nation and which takes account of such of their aspirations as are recognized as just and realizable. Otherwise we should not have peace, or at any rate not a peace which would be lasting. Whilst waiting for this peace, and in spite of what may be said, the Holy See preserves absolute impartiality between the belligerents—could it do otherwise?—and with a special benevolence for the Catholic nations, precisely because they are Catholic, which have suffered most; France, Poland and that Belgium, which is all the closer to the Holy Father's heart because it has been tried the most. This impartiality is absolute, but not inactive, for the Holy Father, without thought of trouble or expense, and without any distinction of religion or race, has done all that he could to alleviate the suffering caused by this horrible struggle. Thanks be to God, the result is satisfactory. I hope, your, sir, will believe that the Secretariate of State, under the vigorous impulse of the Holy Father, is just at present no sinecure. Even for the immense correspondence entailed by the searching out of prisoners and missing men, and the informing of their families, we have had to mobilize the services of monks and the good nuns. You are certainly aware that our chief initiatives of a general sort have been crowned with success, as well as those which have for their object the wounded, the hospitalization in Switzerland of the sick and less severely wounded, and now the hospitalization of civilian fathers of families who are interned, etc. I do not speak of other measures, either of a general or a particular sort, which still await solution, but which we hope to carry out successfully. There, in a few words, you have the views and work of the Pope in these tragic times through

which we are passing. The facts are well known, and the Holy Father has explained himself in the most solemn documents. I do not think I am mistaken in saying that all reasonable men approve of our conduct. And when warlike passions are once appeased, we shall calmly await the judgment of history."

"Would Your Eminence be good enough to allow me one word? It is true that the Holy See, as a power international by its very nature, could not throw itself into the struggle. No one thinks that. But from the highest moral authority in the world one expected to have a word in condemnation of certain procedure employed in this war."

ABOVE THE BATTLE
"This is the complaint that has been made to us and that has been repeated with amazing levity by some of the great journals. The Holy See has condemned violations of justice; it has also, in the Consistorial Allocution of January 22, 1916, and other solemn occasions, recalled the belligerents to the observance of the laws of warfare. Ought it, could it go further and condemn by name in particular cases? It will be no surprise to you to learn that the accusations, coming from all quarters, are recriminatory. The Holy See being impartial, must, if it wishes to stand forth as the judge of such acts, follow the same rule for all. A judge, even if somewhat careless, must before pronouncing sentence make an inquiry and ought at least to hear the accused in accordance with the elementary principle of right: 'Audiatur et altera pars.' And this would be all the more necessary in contentious questions like these, on account of the high authority of the judge, the gravity of the case, the inflamed state of people's passions and the complexity of the circumstances. But is this practically possible? Even if we, as investigators, could reach the accused party, he would probably, with more or less politeness, show us the door, deny the charge, or furnish us with explanations which we could not verify. This, of course, is speaking generally. It would be very easy for me to confirm this reasoning by examples and to apply it to particular cases. But is not the course we follow the better one, that of keeping ourselves outside and above the battle, which allows us to do good services to all and even slowly and quietly to bring the belligerents to give up such and such a procedure either altogether or in part? We do not always succeed, but we are successful in some cases, and the little we gain means so much the less evil on earth. I can see that you are at this moment thinking of the deportations in Northern France. Yes, we have taken up that matter also, but I hope you will not press me about it, for I cannot give you an answer. All I can say is that we are still busy with it."

In signifying to me that the interview was at an end the Cardinal added:

"You can say this to French Catholics: that the Holy Father does not forget them in his prayers, that he keeps his love for them, and that he is ever mindful that France in her long and glorious history won the beautiful title of oldest Daughter of the Church. And, in spite of certain appearances, I am sure that she herself remembers it also."

LETTER OF CONDOLENCE

REV. T. MCCARTHY, C. F., TO MRS. CYR, WESTVILLE, N. S.
Flanders, Aug. 7, 1916
To Mrs. Mary Cyr, Westville:

Dear Mrs. Cyr.—It is with deep regret that I write you a few lines to let you know something of the death of your dear husband, which sad event occurred last evening. I buried him this evening in the military burying ground beside many of his brother heroes.

Your husband was in the front line of trench when he was hit by a German shell, rifle or grenade in the back of the head and he died a few moments afterwards. His death was instant and his sufferings short. I know full well what a shock it is to all those near and dear to our gallant boys, but after all is said, what greater tribute can be paid to any husband or son in this world, than the motto placed over the grave of a valiant patriot: "He died for his king and country." While you suffer grief of heart at the loss of one whom you will see no more and whom you had chosen for your companion through life, there is great consolation in knowing that no man died for a juster cause. Never was there a nation that rallied to arms like an army under a more holy and sacred cause, because we are fighting for Christian civilization and all that it stands for.

Rest assured, then, that while you mourn the loss of a beloved and devoted husband each of us mourn with you in the loss of a devoted friend, a pleasant companion and a gallant soldier. He was at Mass and the Holy Sacraments only two weeks ago, and there is every reason to hope and feel that he has his celestial reward with his heavenly Master in the kingdom of His glory. Expressing to you my profound sympathy in your hour of grief and praying God to have mercy on his soul, I will conclude, hoping these few lines from the chaplain who laid to rest your dear husband may be a source of consolation in your hour of bereavement.

Believe me, dear Mrs. Cyr, to be Yours sympathetically
(REV.) T. MCCARTHY, C. F., Capt.
P. P. C. F. I. B. E. F., France

MARRIAGE
MCGOY HANLON.—The marriage took place very quietly on Tuesday morning, Sept. 26th, in the Church of Our Lady, Guelph, of Mr. John Edgar McGoy, formerly of Linwood, Ont., now of Grand Coulee, Sask., to Miss Katherine Hanlon, of Guelph.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. F. Hanlon, S. P. M., of Brooklyn, N. Y., brother of the bride, while Rev. J. S. McGoy, of St. Patrick's Church, Hamilton, brother of the groom celebrated Nuptial Mass.

DIED

GILMARTIN.—In Minto, on Sept. 10, 1916, Mr. John Gilmartin, aged eighty years. May his soul rest in peace.

MCCAUL.—On September 18th, at the residence of her sisters, Misses Pender, 108 Augusta Street, Ottawa, Elizabeth Mary Pender, beloved wife of M. J. McCaul of the Dominion Railway Commission, Calgary, Alta. The funeral took place on September 23rd to St. Bridget's Church, thence to Notre Dame Cemetery.

NOT OPPOSED TO PUBLIC SCHOOLS

It is wrong to say that Catholics are opposed to the Public schools. They are not. They think the Public schools excellent in many ways but they hold that the Public schools do not go far enough. Secular education is a very desirable thing, but Catholics want religious teaching as well, for religion is to Catholics infinitely more important than anything else on earth.—Southern Messenger.

It is said that the first ten Bishops of beleaguered Verdun, in France, were Irishmen.

The aim of everything here is the making of men, the training of soul, mind and body for the life to come. The discipline is severe, the suffering is sharp; but the pains are only "growing pains," as we grow "unto the fullness of the stature of the perfect man." Instead of denying pain, or unduly shunning it, or bearing it with grim determination, Jesus would have us consecrate it, transmute it into a blessing, so that we can say, "It is good for me to have been in trouble, that I might learn Thy commandments."

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