

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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The Catholic Record

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IN THE DEPTHS

Mr. Paderewski's eloquence as a speaker and his virtuous as a pianist are reported to have netted \$12,000 for the Polish Relief Fund. But this is only a trifle in view of the heartbreaking needs of the Poles in the entire section which they inhabit. For them hope deferred truly maketh the heart sick. There is no word out of Berlin or Vienna or Petrograd to say what their fate will be. All talk of the early re-establishment of the Polish Kingdom under a Hapsburg Archduke has ceased. If for the moment the fighting has swept past, and over the bulk of the Poles, there is no assurance that it will not return. Meanwhile with winter approaching they must build upon the wreck of their homes and their farms as best they can. The world, for obvious reasons, has not found the Polish misfortunes so dramatically appealing as those of the Belgians, yet the need is if anything greater.

THE FEEDING OF BELGIUM

The story of the feeding of Belgium has been told only in fragments and impressions. For the first time the spirit and machinery of what is probably the greatest charitable enterprise in history have been systematically described in a special supplement of the New Republic by Mabel Hyde Kittredge, whose narrative, for all its avoidance of rhetoric, lays a strong hold upon the emotions. The problem has been one of bringing food to a people of seven millions besieged with armies. Be it said to the credit of nature that there is one task to which the spirit of self-sacrifice and the talents of efficiency will rally as quickly as to the call of war, and that is when the calamity of a city or a nation calls upon the pity of the world. Several generations have gone into the fashioning of the German "preparedness" which has awed the world. It should be a legitimate source of pride for us that only a few months of preparedness created the marching of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, which functions with a precision and effectiveness that the German General Staff cannot but admire.

The belief is commonly current that the Belgians themselves are doing little for their own salvation. Miss Kittredge's report shows this to be quite untrue. The only way in which Belgians have been remiss is in the flight of a large section of the well-to-do population during the early days of the panic.

Were these refugees to return, the benefit would be marked, materially and spiritually. But the prosperous citizens who have remained have given generously of their time and means. Ten million dollars have been contributed to the funds of the Commission by Belgians. The rich pay for their food, including a profit on it: the working classes of small means pay the actual cost: \$1.80 a month will keep one human being alive; the destitute receive food free. The actual task of distributing food and clothing is entirely in the hands of the Comite National de Secours—the Belgians themselves—which operates in 32,000 communal centres. This much should also be said for the conquerors of the country: that they have given every facility for the distribution of relief. The only special passes issued by the Germans for free movement throughout Belgium are those given to members and agents of this Commission.

BALKAN STATES

So much has been written of late about the Balkan States that we need not attempt to assess their claims. Certain it is that this war is fundamentally justified in view of the contempt which has been shown for them by the great Powers whose ambitious designs have broken the peace of Europe in so startling a manner. More to the point it is to note that the Scandinavian countries, to say nothing of Switzerland, could not long retain their freedom of action if the German fury were to prevail in the West. Denmark knows by bitter experience what it is to

suffer at the hands of a too powerful and unscrupulous foe—we had nearly written "neighbour," but remembering in time that the true meaning of that sacred word had no application to a jealous and envious man or nation. The query, "Who is my neighbour?" must for long puzzle the casuists of the German schools.

In 1864 Prussia and Austria were engaged together against Denmark. The German Crown Prince of Augustenburg proclaimed himself Duke of Schleswig-Holstein. Then Austria and Prussia assailed, and after eight months of fighting took possession of the two provinces, almost immediately falling out over the spoil. There ensued a struggle between the two conquering Powers, which ended in the triumph of Prussia at Sadowa. After that the new North German Confederation was formed, with the Prussian King as Emperor and Bismarck as Chancellor. Denmark could no henceforth be expected to regard the restless nation at her gates and on her borders without suspicion, qualified by fear.

HOPE AND PEACE

Autumn is with us again, with its dull vapors and reek of mortality. Chill winds blow across bare furrows, whispering of distant fields unharvested and trampled, blood-stained campaigns where the fruits of the earth should have ripened.

Woodworth wrote of the Highland reaper who sang of "old unhappy far off things and battles long ago." Alas, it is of a very present trouble our stories tell to day! The Reaper whose name is Death is busy gathering his harvest. Yet still the benediction of earth and sky remains with us; not all the crimes and errors of mortals can annul the promise of fresh peace and posterity which the Eternal causes to bloom perennially in our hearts. The joy of the morning, the satisfaction of noon-day, the solemnity of the evening hour, all are parts of the life-span which ushers in an unimsginable new day.

Some of us are directly involved in the sanguinary struggle upon which the eyes of the world are intently fixed. Our brothers and sons share the toils and dangers of the brave Belgians and the plucky Frenchmen, who are sustaining onsets and cruelties unknown to earlier civilizations. Our hearts are wrung by bitter tidings day by day. Loved ones are within the blazing zone, far from the soothing care of those who would so gladly minister to their needs. Those who have escaped loss and anguish so far must presently endure privation. They have to be gleaners in stubby fields, gatherers of unconsidered trifles in the hour of the country's need. All are enlisted, and that for an indefinite term. But faith and hope can nerve even the weak to serve by speech or act. We have great allies in this stand against a varnished barbarism. Without blasphemy or hypocrisy we may appeal to the Higher Court of Justice to support the cause which is not ours only—to that Power which sways the future, confounds the crafty devices of ambitious tyrants, and brings good out of evil. Out of the welter and chaos light will arise. The winter of our discontent will pass, as the bare and brown autumnal outlook is passing. Spring will come again; flowers will bloom afresh; the groves and hillsides will re-echo to the voices of singing birds. Life will once more banish death; and the nations, redeemed from the oppression of the Mailed Fist, will breathe freely, in an ampler ether, a diviner air of righteousness, pity and good-will.

CURIOS

The American Episcopalians are deliberating as to the advisability of sending missionaries to teach the South Americans. With all due deference to these gentlemen who are solicitous about the South Americans, we should like to know what they are going to teach. It may be that they mean to inform South America that one can believe anything save Catholic doctrine without being branded as an unorthodox American Episcopalian, which never promulgated a heresy or condemned a heresy. They may tell them that in their opinion St.

Paul's impassioned advocacy of the unity of faith was mere verbal juggling.

Vague and indefinite this Church is going afid to teach with "stammering lips of ambiguous formulæ" that mutually destructive, hopelessly irreconcilable opinions can be held without sacrificing fundamental truths. Bishop Cox championed apostolic succession, and Phillip Brooks was against it. Some Episcopalians ministers teach seven sacraments, devotion to the Mother of God, etc., while others cling to two sacraments and declare that devotion to saints is a vain thing repugnant to the word of God. And we might go on enumerating the divers brands of doctrine all housed in the edifice of Episcopalianism.

It seems to us that missionaries of a church that has never stirred the hearts of the multitude, but is found almost exclusively in cities where its adherents are chiefly rich worldlings and which is as uncertain in doctrine as it is feeble in action, might be asked some embarrassing questions by the South Americans. They might ask them about the inspiration of the Bible and point out that Rev. Heber Newton, an Episcopalian, assailed the authenticity and inspiration of the Scriptures. They might ask them who sent them. The Missionary Society. The South American would wonder why a missionary society, which not sure of its belief, should presume to ask him to yield his fallible judgment to the society's fallible judgment.

It has, of course, a bewildering variety of doctrinal wares, and you can do anything you like in it provided you go about decorously, but even this will not tempt anyone who knows that Christ's law must have a competent authority appointed to interpret and enforce it.

MORE PRIEST HEROES

FOUR OF THEM BRAVE DEATH TO GIVE RITES OF CHURCH TO DYING

Among the many deeds witnessed at the Union Box Company fire in Pittsburgh, on October 25, in which thirteen lives were lost, was the daring work of four Catholic priests, who braved death to enter the burning building to administer the last rites of the Church to the dying. A few minutes after the fire Revs. J. V. Sharp, P. J. Kittrick and J. W. O'Connell, of St. Peter's Church, and Rev. J. Quiller, of St. Andrew's Church, rushed to the scene from their parish houses.

Two of the priests went to the rear of the burning building and two to the front. Father Sharp scaled a ladder in the front of the building and entered. He was unable to stay very long on account of the suffocating smoke, but before leaving he gave conditional absolution to all the victims caught in the building.

When the priests were advised by Commissioner Walsh not to attempt to enter the building again, they stationed themselves outside the ambulance and when each victim was carried from the building they gave absolution.

During the fire six times, emerging unscathed six times, with a living, pulsating form as a reward for each entry into the furnace which was wiping out life, Peter Fallon, an Italian laborer, went back for his seventh rescue. Thirty minutes later firemen brought forth his charred remains and placed them where thousands of onlookers could—and did—pay homage to the memory of a hero. Fallon placed to his credit the lives of an even half dozen girls. He failed in his seventh effort. Last night his little family mourned their loss in an humble home on Lacock Street. Six other families blessed the name of Peter Fallon.—Boston Pilot.

FORMER MINISTER ORDAINED

On Thursday, the Feast of the Apostles, SS. Simon and Jude, Rev. J. R. Michael Edwards, T. O. R., was ordained priest in the chapel of St. Francis' Seminary, Loretto, Pa.

Before becoming Catholic Father Edwards had been an Episcopalian minister for over thirty years, during nine years of which he was in charge of churches in the villages of Brentwood, Central Islip and Ronkonkoma, L. I. In the spring of 1911 he was received into the Catholic Church by the former rector of Brentwood, Rev. John M. Kiely, who baptized Mr. Edwards in the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Brooklyn. Having completed four years of preparation, through prayer and study, Mr. Edwards was ordained priest by Right Rev. Eugene Garvey, D. D., Bishop of Altoona, Pa.—True Voice.

THE PEABODY FIRE

CARDINAL O'CONNELL'S WORDS OF HOPE TO THE AFFLICTED

Boston Pilot, Nov. 6

The parish of St. John at Peabody, Rev. Nicholas J. Murphy, rector, was visited by a terrible calamity Thursday morning of last week when the parish school was destroyed by fire and a score of the little ones lost their lives. Time and again the school had been emptied in two minutes, as recorded by those who were holding watches during the fire drills; the loss of life was chiefly due to the fact that several of the little girls in the frantic rush for the doors, when it was known that there was a real fire, fainted and blocked the hallway just at the front steps, so that those behind them could not escape.

There is no need to attempt to picture the scenes of awful distress of parents, the narrow escapes of the other children, the sufferings of some of the children who were severely burned nor detail the agonies and the heroism of the Sisters in charge who only left their posts of duty when all possible had been done for their pupils. The facts are too heart-rending to dwell upon.

SEVENTEEN LITTLE WHITE CASKETS

Probably never before in any church in the United States has there been such a lamentable scene as the array of seventeen little white caskets each containing the remains of one of the victims of the holocaust before the altar in St. John's Church at the time of the Solemn High Mass of Requiem, celebrated in the presence of the Cardinal, last Saturday morning.

Before the absolution, His Eminence, the Cardinal, advanced to the altar railing and said:

"I have come here to-day to take place in deepest grief and sadness along with the parents, stricken with sorrow beyond words, of the dear little ones who met their death in the dreadful calamity of Thursday morning; a calamity which has plunged into universal mourning the whole community; which has well nigh broken the hearts of the parents and has stunned me into a silence which I must break to-day to express comfort and consolation to those so sadly afflicted by this melancholy event."

"Every now and then, by no one's neglect, by the fault of no one, so far as human knowledge can reach, by what is purely and simply an accident, some awful catastrophe happens involving dreadful results to many; death, suffering and sorrow."

"We look about, examine and inquire—all the caution and care which human industry can apply have been exercised—everything has been done which circumstances require, of prevention—and yet the dreadful event happens."

"Certainly in this case, after official investigation, no one has been found blameless. The regulations of safety required by the law were fulfilled scrupulously; the Sisters, as usual, behaved like heroines, heedless of all danger to themselves, thinking only of the safety of the children. That to them is a common place; they are well used to that discipline, the heroism of self-sacrifice and the display of heroic courage in their thought of others. But it is easy to see that were it not for the perfect discipline of the school and the cool-headed unselfishness of the Sisters, the sorrow and grief of to-day would have been unspeakably more terrible to hear."

"What can one say in the face of such things? Where no one is to blame when all was done and more than ordinary human effort could accomplish, and yet the tragedy remains! I need not say it. You fathers and mothers know that what words fail to express, faith and hope make strong and clear. Search your Christian hearts, bring out today from that storehouse of confidence in God, in His all-seeing wisdom, His eternal Providence, the thoughts which in a moment like this must be your greatest strength, as they must also be the only answer to all your questions."

"Your little ones are with God. A moment and God had enfolded them in His loving arms and taken them back to Himself."

"Think for a moment, and let the light of faith turn your thoughts from this terrible grief to what you know is as sure as that grief—all the long-drawn-out suffering, all the sadness and disappointments, all the ills and illness of a whole lifetime—things, all of which, had they lived, their little ones would not escape, by the laws of human life—all these were narrowed down to a mere moment of suffering, a mere brief interval of terror, and God's happiness claimed them for an eternity of bliss."

"These sweet souls were unaligned; their innocence still was angelic. In a moment of trial all the suffering of mortal life was over, and they were in the loving arms of their God, their Father, and not for all that earth contains would they now leave the heaven which they possess forever."

"These are not words coined merely to console you, though God knows how I yearn to say something

that will assuage your grief and make you stronger under such a burden. They are the truths you know, the truths you live by, the truths without which you could not live another day. You believe them and that precious faith to day must be your highest consolation."

"Remember you are Christian fathers and mothers. Lift up your hearts to God—those hearts broken with grief and affliction—and say: 'My dear Jesus, I know in very truth what suffering is. I know what You endured upon the cross. I know what Your blessed Mother Mary endured at the foot of Your Cross. I do not entirely understand it all, but give me the power to understand; give me the strength to bear it for Thee. Dear sake, God's holy will be done.'

"God gave you your little ones. Who can read life's mystery without divine confidence and hope! Give them back to Him generously. Dry your eyes after a little while and look up to where your children are waiting for you—happy now; oh, so much more happy now than earth could make them."

"They have passed through the crucible of suffering—innocent, pure and safe; who shall say, for who now can know, how many less prepared than they will be spared an unprovided death, because of their pain and death."

"Life is all a mystery. Faith alone can solve it. Draw now upon that unfailing faith. Look up! God is above you and in His arms, safe for evermore from all sorrow and anguish and grief and disappointment, are your own beloved ones."

"Let not this terrible blow stun you—that were fatal—God will be nearer than ever to you, for they who suffer are always nearest Him."

"All the affection of a father's heart, hurt as yours is, I offer you. All the sympathy of understanding of one who realizes your affliction and the depth of your sorrow I bring to you. I wish I could only make you realize how, not only I, but your priests, your friends and neighbors and the whole community long to comfort and console you."

"But I can do more than all this—infinitely more. I can recall to your mind and hearts your firm faith and confidence in God. I can remind you of God's goodness and love in the midst of life's awful mysteries, and I can say to you as God's minister and representative: 'Weep not; they whom you love are with God.'

"To the Christian, though tears must flow, and though still the tears be heavy, that word of faith and hope is stronger than grief, and before it, in time all grief must pass. And this too will pass, but God's promises and God's love and God's mercy will remain forever to console and comfort you."

A RECENT CONVERT

M. J. W. Smith in Denver Catholic Register, Nov. 4

The Rev. R. Michael Edwards, T. O. R., formerly a newspaper man in Denver, later a clergyman of the Episcopal church for years, was ordained a Catholic priest last Thursday by the Rt. Rev. Eugene A. Garvey, bishop of Altoona, in the chapel of St. Francis' college and ecclesiastical seminary, Loretto, Pa. Father Michael has been a member of the Third Order Regular Franciscans for five years. He is over sixty-six years old. He was born in Maine on September 25, 1849, and was the son of Baptist parents. He was graduated from Trinity College in 1874, and was engaged in literary work for some years. For a long time he was an infidel, then met with his first conversions—to Christianity. It is said that his reason for becoming an Episcopalian minister was that he had fought God so long that he felt the necessity of fighting for Him. He was rector of the Church of the Holy Redeemer, Brooklyn, then of St. John's Long Island City, one of the most fashionable parishes on Long Island. After years as a minister, he was led into the Catholic Church through study. A most peculiar thing happened when he was converted. He resigned his charge, and his bishop learned that he was to become a Catholic. The bishop told him that any time he changed his mind again his Episcopalian parish would be waiting for him. It is said that this was the first time such an offer had ever been made.

Father Michael decided to join a Catholic religious order, but found this a little difficult at first due to his age. Finally he made applications to the Third Order Regular of St. Francis and was accepted. He has proved an exceedingly valuable addition to the community, for he is splendidly educated and unusually brilliant. Both physically and mentally, he has the vigor of a man in the prime of life. He is professor of Greek and Hebrew and an instructor in Scripture at the college. He is also censor of the students' magazine The Alvernia.

It was about twenty-six years ago that Father Michael lived in Denver. He spent two years in this city. He has lived in every state in the Union, and has had broad culture which always comes to an intelligent man thru extensive travel. He is a

former member of the Masonic order and is a widower. His wife was a scholar like himself.

NO PRO-GERMANISM IN IRELAND

DECLARATES SIR HORACE PLUNKETT

London, Nov. 2nd.—In an interview

Sir Horace Plunkett has given some interesting views upon the position in Ireland in relation to the War. "The popular sentiment," he states, "is slowly but steadily going in the right direction, chiefly because the people are gradually getting to understand why Ireland is at war." He draws a contrast between the position now and at the time of the Boer War. "Then resolutions were being passed in favor of the Boers. Kruger had his Irish admirers. Not so to the Kaiser. There is no pro-Germanism in Ireland to day. As to the latest Prussian attempt, of which we have read, to get hold of Irish thought and feeling, it will simply show that the Germans surpass the English in their inability to understand the Irish psychology."

RECRUITING AND COMPLIANCE

Coming to the question of recruiting and compulsion, Sir Horace was asked whether there would be grave political trouble in applying compulsion to Ireland.

"Life is all a mystery. Faith alone can solve it. Draw now upon that unfailing faith. Look up! God is above you and in His arms, safe for evermore from all sorrow and anguish and grief and disappointment, are your own beloved ones."

WHAT IRELAND HAS DONE

Sir Horace holds that in England there is a wholly wrong impression concerning the number of recruits in Ireland. Three considerations have to be taken into account, namely, the scarcity of agricultural labor, the effects of emigration, and the fact that a much greater proportion of Irishmen were in the army, or on the reserve, at the beginning of the War than of men from other parts of the United Kingdom. "If these things are borne in mind," he says, "we have not done so badly."

RECRUITING IN IRELAND

Lord Kitchener and the recruiting officers are calling for more and more men. The former has written a letter of appeal to the Lord Lieutenant praising the Irish for their gallantry and asserting that Irishmen will never allow their regiments to be left without reinforcements.

General Friend in a report to the Lord Lieutenant states that since the beginning of the war Ireland has furnished 81,000 new recruits.

Copyright
CARDOME
A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY
By ANNA C. MINOGUE
CHAPTER XXX

Mr. Davidson and Hal talked far into the night, and the conclusion arrived at from their conversation sent the sides man to Virginia early on the following morning. He found her alone, and notwithstanding the anguish that was racking her heart, calm and silent, setting up the barrier of her fine pride against the approach of even a friend. Impulsive to rashness, his tropical-nursed nature made it always difficult for him to deal with Kentuckians, who hide their deeper feelings, true natures, behind light, smiling gayety, or cold, still pride.

"I do not believe, Miss Castleton," he began, after an exchange of greetings, "that I ever told you that your father and I were fast friends?"

"You never did," she said, with gentle reproach in her voice. "Why?"

"Because no occasion presented itself, perhaps," he replied; "perhaps, because I wanted you to feel that I am your friend for your own sake first. I ask you now to look upon me as a man your father trusted, called his friend." He went on quickly, his voice growing tremulous, and believe that what I ask you to do he would not disapprove."

Under the questioning of her now troubled eyes, he continued, hurriedly:

"Of the conditions that you are building around your life, Colonel Powell, of course, knows nothing. Your unexpressed wish has been divined. He knows that he is to be saved from a death that is not the fortune of war, but the working of hate and revenge. He believes that this is, in some way, due to you. He wishes to see you, to thank you, and to bid you farewell."

"Colonel Powell wishes to see me?" exclaimed Virginia, and he caught tone in her voice that was an expression of deep joy or great fear.

"He is determined to see you!" went on Mr. Davidson, his impetuosity beginning to evince itself. "He will see you if he has to come here before leaving. We are surrounded by spies and traitors, and while Howard Dallas is powerful, he is not omnipotent. Once let Mrs. Powell get a hint of what we intend doing, she will raise such a hue and cry that Burbridge, to quiet her, will be forced to send an armed guard to the jail, or turn out a regiment in pursuit of the prisoner, if he has escaped. You can prevent his running this great risk by accompanying me to the prison this afternoon. Mr. Dallas will not refuse us the permission when he understands that nothing can turn Clay Powell from his determination to see you before leaving Georgetown. We have gone too far to lose all now."

"Are you certain you are counseling what my father would sanction, if he were here?" she asked slowly, looking into his eyes.

"Under the circumstances, yes!" he cried; "a thousand times, yes!"

She turned and ran for her woman.

"Send for Mr. Dallas," she said, as Chloe appeared. Half an hour later Howard Dallas was hurrying up the steps, for never before had Virginia Castleton sent a messenger for him and he knew not how to interpret her action. As he entered the room and saw Mr. Davidson, his brow darkened. Virginia bowed distantly to the man whose bride she was to be before the morrow should be as old as was that day, and Mr. Davidson recognized his presence by a cool greeting. If the three had not been so absorbed in their own affairs, they would have noticed that a large black hand was drawing back the portieres that heavily curtained the doorway. Virginia looked across the room to Mr. Davidson, who began curtly, for he feared his passionate nature would break from his control and make him fling himself on the man who was now Virginia Castleton's master, and crush the life out of those cruelly smiling, level-lidded eyes:

"I am the bearer of a message from Colonel Powell to Miss Castleton, who has referred me to you. Colonel Powell wishes to see Miss Castleton to bid her farewell. He will see her. So I deem it better for him, safer for all, that she should visit him in his cell, rather than have him come here."

Dallas's glance travelled over the speaker's face and made note of the scorn and detestation written thereon; then passed to Virginia, who stood opposite, one white hand resting on the carved back of a chair.

"Do you think this necessary? Do you think it advisable?" he asked, his voice and face softening somewhat, and because of this change she felt a fear of him, whom before she only despised.

"If I did, not would I have sent for you?" she asked haughtily. Instantly he underwent a change.

"You then wish me to give you permission to visit Clay Powell in his prison?"

"I do."

"Suppose I refuse?"

"But you will not refuse!" cried Mr. Davidson, stepping between him and Virginia, his eyes blazing, his face pale. "For were you to dare to do it, this day would not be an hour older before Mrs. Powell would know that you intend betraying her, and that instead of Clay Powell, as she supposes, another Confederate soldier shall bite the dust at her gates to-morrow. By God! I don't know

that I shall permit you to go any further with your damnable scheme, for no man's life is worth the price you are asking for it!"

"Did you not quit your star-gazing a little too soon, Mr. Davidson?" questioned Dallas, his fine, cruel smile accompanying the words. For an instant his hearer's face showed surprise, but in the next he was saying, as he advanced a step, eyes and voice threatening:

"Repeat that question, if you dare. Howard Dallas, and you will not be here to-morrow to receive Clay Powell's ransom!"

Dallas drew back, pallor showing under the smooth skin, a strange fear in his heart, as he remembered his father brought home dead from a duel. Mr. Davidson noted the change and smiled; then he said:

"I have many duties claiming my time. Will you write out the order for the jailer?"

With no other word, Dallas obeyed and silently handed the paper to Mr. Davidson, who went to where Virginia stood, saying:

"I shall call again this afternoon."

Then, as he bent over her hand, he added in a whisper: "Remember you are dealing with a villain in yonder man. Listen to my words and obey them as you would your father's could he rise from the grave to warn you. Do not, under any circumstance, under any pressure, under any threat, under any promise, marry him until Clay Powell's note, telling you that he is safe in Frankfort, is in your hands; nay, not until your eyes have read the words and your mind is fully convinced they are no forgery." Then with a bow to Dallas, he left the room.

When they were alone, the young man raised his eyes from the contemplation of the table to the woman standing by the chair, her face and attitude haughtily demanding why he should thus linger in her presence. He was not quite certain of her. He could not grasp the full meaning of that still, immovable scorn. One interview he had had with her, the day following her return to Georgetown in answer to his letter; and in his better moments, remembrance of that interview shamed Howard Dallas into a blush. But those moments were rare, of swift passage. One had come that morning as he had turned to her with his first question, and her reception of it had awakened all the pitiessness of his nature, which had not been modified by his after passage at arms with Mr. Davidson. He thought as he looked at her that he would give much to wring one expression of the pain in her soul from those curved lips, catch one signal of her pride's defeat from that still, cold face. He hardly knew how to attack her, she was so unlike other women; but as he watched her, he suddenly recalled the night of the fete at Mrs. Powell's when she had refused to walk alone with him to the little summer retreat. She was alone with him now, willing or unwilling, as she would be henceforth, when he wished; and she would hear him now, but not as she would have heard him then. He rose and deliberately crossed the room to where she stood, and though she never moved a hair's breadth, he felt her mad desire for flight, and it made him smile.

"You're a fool!" he sneered.

"Yoh's de one'll be do fe, w'en ole Mis' Powell seen's along de Linkum men an' dey make Mistah Powell fas' in his cage!" she remarked, with a laugh. Howard Dallas chancing to turn his eyes toward Virginia, caught the smile that lighted her face and under it he felt all the humiliation of the proceeding pouring over him like a torrent; and because she had seen him thus disputing and bargaining with a negro, he swore in his heart that if Mandy had demanded his plantation for her silence, he would give it to her sooner than permit that now fiercely hated woman to escape his vengeance, as she would do unless Clay Powell went free. He opened his pocketbook to count out the money, for the negro, but she laughed, and said:

"Die here child yain't gwian to take yoh ole papah dollahs. Yoh got to pay me in gold." And Howard Dallas went to the table and wrote her out a check. As he laid down his pen, he said:

"If you tell Mrs. Powell I will have you hanged."

"I swah god, I won't tell ole Mis' Powell," cried Mandy, and with a low bow and a grin she departed and Howard Dallas followed her.

Mandy went to the bank, and then, with her gold, returned home, where her worthless husband awaited her. She unfolded her bandana handkerchief and related how cleverly she had come into possession of the gold; but instead of acceding her the expected praise, her listener upbraided her, because she had not demanded a larger amount. "Ole Mis' would give you twice dat much," he added, as he showed his bluish gums.

"You ought to tell hub, too."

"I swah to Mistah Dallas dat I wouldn't," said Mandy the virtuous, "an' Mis' Love not to tell us w'en we swahed to do any'ing we mus' do."

"Mis' Love not tell yoh a good many otha' tings dat yoh don't min'," he sneered.

"Dat's so I an' if I'd a-minded hub, I wouldn't be livin, wit no ole pizen niggah!" she cried, flinging a convenient piece of stove-wood at his head, but which he missed by a quick dodge.

"Ise not 'flectin' on yoh, Mandy!" he said in conciliatory tones. "Dah yain't nobody clebaver dat yob."

"Some times, Mistah Dallas, de knife we spen's a heap of time a-makin' sharp is jus' de one'dat cuts coh han'. Yain't dat so?"

"Get out of here!" he cried, "or—"

"Yoh's gwian to say you'll put me out?" No, sah; you can't do it, an' Mandy don't do nuffin' now, she don't want to; an' she don't want to git out of here tell she's had hush say."

He had not the authority to enforce his command, nor would he

leave her here. She knew things he would not have. Virginia Castleton hear for half his fortune. He could only appeal to the ones who had the power to release him from the embarrassment of the situation.

"Miss Castleton, will you order this negro from your house?"

"She is your visitor, not mine," returned Virginia. "You should be able to deal with your accomplices without assistance from others." She glanced, as she spoke, from his angry face to the negro's grinning one, and for once in his life, Dallas found himself openly defeated, and he knew not which to fear more, what the white lady thought or the black woman knew.

"Come out into the hall, or to my office," he said, attempting to reach the door; but Mandy again interposed her ungainly bulk, saying:

"No, sah! I yain't gwian to stan' in hallways talkin' to white folks any more. Ise gwian to see 'em in da pahles, like dah skuls."

Dallas closed his teeth to keep back the curses, because of Virginia's presence; and after a silence, Mandy said:

"I'se got a little business wif yoh, Mistah Dallas. Yoh see, I jus' hap' to be in dis 'cinity w'en Mistah Davison's come. Now, w'en yoh see Mistah Davison's comin' 'roun' dis early in de mawnin', yoh can be mighty nigh sot'n somet'in' gwian on. So I jus' slipped in de back way. Nobody seen me, fo' niggahs yain't keerful of dah mistah's place no more sense day's got freedom. I know dis place, fo' yoh membah I ust to come here pretty often to spy on Miss 'Ginia an' de res' of de ladies, a fo' yoh sent me to prison. I listened 'hind de curtain to w'at Mistah Davison said 'bout Mistah Powell gwian to be let out of jail to-night an' his wantin' to see Miss 'Ginia; as he bought to, fo' dah yain't no pusson done more fo' I'm dan Miss 'Ginia."

The blood of the white man could not endure those last jibes from negro lips.

"If you dare mention that lady's name again," he muttered between his teeth, "I will—" and his eyes and bloodless face finished the sentence. Mandy grew suddenly subdued.

"Den w'en yoh come," she continued, "I seen you write de odah for Mistah Davison; an' den I jus' waited 'cause I didn't want to 'ruptyuh conversation," and the grin that overspread her face made it almost diabolical. "Now if ole Mis' Powell hear of dis, she'll break up yoh game. Mistah Davison said so. An' I know an' kin tell hub," she finished.

"Will you come to my office?" he asked, in a voice he strove to make calm.

"No, sah, I won't. You'll talk wif me here, or I'll talk wif ole Mis' Powell! Dat's all I got to say."

"How much do you want to keep your infernal tongue still?" he asked, beside himself.

"Two hundred dollars," she replied coolly.

"You're a fool!" he sneered.

"Yoh's de one'll be do fe, w'en ole Mis' Powell seen's along de Linkum men an' dey make Mistah Powell fas' in his cage!" she remarked, with a laugh. Howard Dallas chancing to turn his eyes toward Virginia, caught the smile that lighted her face and under it he felt all the humiliation of the proceeding pouring over him like a torrent; and because she had seen him thus disputing and bargaining with a negro, he swore in his heart that if Mandy had demanded his plantation for her silence, he would give it to her sooner than permit that now fiercely hated woman to escape his vengeance, as she would do unless Clay Powell went free. He opened his pocketbook to count out the money, for the negro, but she laughed, and said:

"Die here child yain't gwian to take yoh ole papah dollahs. Yoh got to pay me in gold."

"Tell me this," she commanded: "where did you hear it and whom does it concern?"

"Mandy heard it dis mawnin' 'twen Miss 'Ginia, Mistah Dallas, an' Mistah Davison's son; an' it's bout Mistah Clay Powell," said he.

"I will give you fifty dollars," she said, and there was a look on her face which made the ex-slave realize that the white woman was still his mistress. So he told her of Howard Dallas's carefully laid plan for the liberation of Clay Powell and the marriage with Virginia which was to follow. When he had finished, she said:

"I want you to take a message to the Union commander at Lexington. When you return I will pay you your money. I will make it seventy-five dollars instead of fifty, if the soldiers get here in time to prevent the escape of the prisoner."

Ten minutes later the negro, mounted on one of the fleetest horses in the Park stables, was galloping to Lexington with Mrs. Powell's letter to General Burbridge, in which, after laying bare Howard Dallas's treasonable plot, he detailed his plan for the marriage with Virginia which was to follow. When he had finished, she said:

"I want you to take a message to the Union commander at Lexington. When you return I will pay you your money. I will make it seventy-five dollars instead of fifty, if the soldiers get here in time to prevent the escape of the prisoner."

"Hub, I am an honest boy, and I never lie; I want to tell you that I am going to run away from home. I can't keep from committing sins, when I'm there and I won't go back. I won't go home again. I want the Sacred Heart to believe in me. You said I loved me. I'll get along somehow with the sellers, and I won't commit any more sins."

"He looked very small as he stood there, his cap in his hand, his dark eyes fixed on my face. This time he was bound to do right."

"But, son," I said, "you must not run off. You are too small and young to look out for yourself; I want you to go home, and I place you in the hands of God. Go home with my blessing."

"If you say that, father, and place me in God's hands with your blessing, it's a go—it has to be right; only I feel now as if I'd rather die than commit another sin."

TO BE CONTINUED

"Yoh's mighty glad, yain't yoh, mammy?" he cried. "But I know somet'ng dat yoh'd give yoh face, dat makes everybody skeerd of yoh, to hear. Oh-h, don't I know somet'ng good! An' ole Mis' would giv hub head to know it, too. Oh-h!"

"Now, my son, can I depend on you?"

"Father," he said, "I always keep my word; that's the only good thing I do, but it's business to keep your word."

"I smiled, and as I went my way I thought how uncanny and premature the answer was for such a little chap. All day he was on my mind, however; I grew absolutely anxious as 5 o'clock drew near. I was even at the door of the church when the town clock struck. Before the last stroke of 5 echoed on the air, my little Italian turned the corner and doffing his cap bounded up the steps. I shook hands with him heartily and led him into the church which was empty. We sat down in the last pew and I began to instruct him for confession. There was not a shadow of hesitancy or human respect in the lad's make up; he had led a hard life. He fairly startled me by his honest accusation of wickedness, but his honest accusation was so sincere, his contrition so real when I showed him the horrible wickedness of sin which he did not seem before to realize, that I gave him absolution and persuaded him to come again and prepare for his First Communion. He told me a pitiful tale of his life and when he finally promised to come, I knew he meant to do better. He came regularly, and after a time made his First Holy Communion. I persuaded him to this one belief, that God loved him tenderly and would always keep his arms around him, if he kept good.

"After his first Communion he vanished; and although I sent scouts in every direction he could not be found. I was in distress, for the lad had gone to my heart. I never had such a boy of nine so sharp and clever, yet so docile and so truthful. No matter what he did, it was out, on a moment's notice. His falls were due to his environment, and I was casting about to get him better quarters, if I could only find him. At last I met him squarely, one day in the street. He did not hang his head or run away, but off with his cap and looked me honestly in the eyes. He spoke first:

"Father, I've been bad and I was ashamed to come back!"

"He was so small for his age that his head scarcely reached my elbow, but I put my arm around him."

"We'll fix that, son," I said. "Come along with me, and you can tell me all about yourself."

"It's a bad tale, Father," said this little philosopher, but I've tried to do my best and had to give up. Neller can be good where I live."

"What does this mean?"

"Tremblingly the aged negro made reply, and then Mrs. Powell demanded from the man his secret.

"How much'll yoh give me fo' it?" he asked.

"What is it worth to me?" she replied.

"It's wort four hun'red dollahs," he answered.

"Tell me this," she commanded: "where did you hear it and whom does it concern?"

"Mandy heard it dis mawnin' 'twen Miss 'Ginia, Mistah Dallas, an' Mistah Davison's son; an' it's bout Mistah Clay Powell," said he.

"I will give you fifty dollars," she said, and there was a look on her face which made the ex-slave realize that the white woman was still his mistress. So he told her of Howard Dallas's carefully laid plan for the liberation of Clay Powell and the marriage with Virginia which was to follow. When he had

which there seems to be no forgiveness. All their youth and innocence destroyed forever. All the world at war, and every man's hand raised against his brother. Do you wonder why? It is because the world is full of doubts. Children are raised with scarcely any religious teaching, some with none at all. They attend schools where no word is ever spoken concerning their Crear. They hear certain beliefs expounded by one teacher, and denied by another. Nothing is sure—every man's opinion is mere guess work. Can you wonder that with this foundation of sand our younger generation is sliding farther and farther away from all that is good and pure, and is caught by every passing wave of vanity and foolishness? The Catholic faith moves serenely along, united under one Shepherd, teaching in this century the great truths that it taught when Christ walked with it in person, standing impregnable—truly a rock of strength—amidst the tumult around it. I love it for its courage, for its mystical beauty, for its infallibility, for its all!

His voice died away. He had forgotten his friend, forgotten everything but the vastness of his subject.

A long silence followed, broken at last by Tom.

"I, too, have studied life," he said, reminiscently. "I have stood by beds of pain and wondered what unseen Comforter could uphold them through such suffering. I have seen the shadow of death pass over a home, bearing its best loved one away, yet the flight of that soul was too beautiful for grief to mar. I have seen burdens laid confidently at the foot of the Cross, when every bead of anguish turned into an answered prayer. I have seen old age grow welcome as being one step nearer home. Young men and young women have been kept from paths of sin by the firm faith of home surroundings, and I have seen little children kneeling at the altar rail, like angels around the throne of God."

Will turned to look at his friend, but the touch of Tom's hand on his arm kept him silent. Tom went on: "I saw all this. I found out what hidden Manna these blessed ones partook of—I could scarcely believe it true. Even you, my once inseparable friend, had found a dearer Comrade, and my coldness could not shake your faith. So I sent for you, to tell you—can you guess?"

Will sprang joyfully to his feet. "Of course, I can guess," he shouted. "No more barriers between us—united by one faith! You will become a Catholic!"

Tom interrupted him. "No," he said. "Thank God, I lost no time. I am one."

ST. FRANCIS

For seven centuries, the name of St. Francis has inspired the tenderest thought and the most profound devotion. He in truth, was "not of an age but for all time." Intensely fervent, fanaticism never scorched his piety; severe to himself, he was ever considerate of others; self-sacrificing, he never paraded his life of abnegation or imposed it on others, so that even at this late day, his gracious record has been only partly written. Infidels, like Renan, who discounted his miracles, had to admit the splendor of his qualities, while kindred characters, as Thomas of Celano, could find in the life of Assisi's saint, so hidden is it, only a fraction of his great deeds. This fraction, however, has proclaimed his magnificent sanctity to the generations. Rich and poor, learned and ignorant, virtuous and vicious, all make a chorus of voices in announcing the undying worth of him whom many emulate and all admire.

In the obscure corners of the days of St. Francis, there is enough of sanctity to make a thousand saints. His gentleness was so far from weakness that its impelling power is felt to day; his love of poverty, so genuine, has made greed abominable; his piety, so radiant, contrasted strangely with the world, gloomy even in its brightest successes; his humility made vanity blush for its stupidity, for receiving almost worshipful reverence, his heart was grafted to Christ's with the thorns of His crown.

Not only have thousands of the members of the order he left to sanctify and ennoble mankind testified to the beautiful character of St. Francis by practicing his virtues, but men and women in the world have become intimates with the Seraphic Patriarch. In the fields of Tuscany, you may now see the farmer in his furrow wearing the habit of our saint and singing hymns of praise to the deathless character of his hallowed name. From Gregory IX to our greatest modern Popes, all looked lovingly at St. Francis. Leo XIII gives this tribute in his pithy period: "Francis undertook to place before the eyes of a decrepit world the image of the Christian ideal and made domestic peace, integrity of morals, public tranquillity, the legitimate use of private fortune, all those things which are the best foundations of social stability and civilization, flourish in Europe."

The great saint's usefulness died not with him. In this, our selfish time, big denials are an antidote to the worldly tenets of Socialism that would fail to make earth Heaven, instead of a stepping stone thereto.

What wonderful influence our saint diffused into departments foreign to his formal purview. Poetry, art and eloquence exalt him. Dante, in his divine song, was ever near Franciscan piety, so that now his monument adorns the yard of the Franciscan

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B13

Basilica, Santa Croce, in Florence. All his sublime stanzas bear testimony to his devotion to St. Francis. In Shakespeare we have the splendid creation, the Franciscan Friar, who more than any other character shows Shakespeare a Catholic, for none but a Catholic could so enter the inner sanctuary of a priest's mind.

In eloquence, Bossuet and Lacordaire drew their inspirations from St. Francis whose piety they copied in their lives.

Art, Giotto, the creator of the Florentine Campanile, called by Longfellow "The flower of Tuscany blossoming in stone," was Franciscan, while he, with Ghirlandajo and others cast the glow of their genius on the frescoed Franciscan churches of Southern Italy.

Thus does St. Francis mould every thing which aided and abetted material as well as soul progress, until in history he stands as the Colossus of the Middle Ages. Truly, the humbled exalted finds its best exemplar in the meek and majestic Saint of Assisi.—Catholic Columbian.

A DIVORCE RECORD

The United States is fast establishing an unavoidable divorce record.

When Justice Newburger took his seat at the opening of the present fall in special term, part three, of the Supreme Court, he was faced by a calendar of 193 undetermined divorce cases.

He was to be the patient listener to history after history of domestic discontent. The evidence of the French clergy at this critical time is one of the finest things in history. For years they had been treated with contumely by the Government of their country, and the country had tolerated their usages; within the last ten years they have been despised even of the funds accumulated from their own slender savings; the Bishop of Meaux himself had been driven from the historic mansion of the great Bossuet—now in process of conversion into a dreary museum—to find a humble abode in a by-street of the city. Have they balked? Have they watched with malign satisfaction the troubles which have befallen the nation guided by their enemies? Have they refused to work with the disturbers of their peace? Nothing of the kind. They have not only done with eager loyalty what the laws made by their oppressors demanded of them, even to the last sacrifice of all, but, in a hundred ways, they have rendered help neither enforced nor exacted, they have supported the *de facto* Government of France as it were a Government of their own choice, they have thrown themselves into every breach left open by the constituted authorities and without receiving or expecting a word of thanks have cheerfully yielded every place thus occupied to the returning authority which could claim it as a right.

The King himself gave the order to stop. He uncovered, got out of the carriage, and knelt on both knees in the middle of the street, and in a few seconds the Queen and others of the royal party were all kneeling by the side with the whole of their brilliant suite.

Alfonso XIII, placed his own carriage at the disposal of the priest carrying the Host, who, with the chorister boys and assistant bearing the bell, was thus conveyed to the house of the sick man and to the church. — Edinburgh Catholic Herald.

up and masqueraded in a way, sometimes, to provoke laughter, or pity, or regret. I must tell you what happened to me. I was walking through one of our parks and I saw these persons, of whom one was dressed according to the novelty of some fashion then coming in, and there followed behind her two plain working men. I heard one say to the other, "She only does it to be looked at!" Remember these words of just reproof. That is the estimate which is formed of fashion by the good solid sense of the English people. They pity and despise it. Our forefathers and the woman of another age did not bend and undulate with every wind that is wafted over the sea. They dressed and attired themselves as Christian women, taking counsel of their good sense, and attiring themselves as was befitting their station in life, without singularity of plainness, which is one of the affectations of vanity, and without a servile copying of fashion, which is the spirit of this world.—Cardinal Manning.

KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN

EDIFYING STREET SCENE IN MADRID

A characteristic little incident occurred on a recent Saturday afternoon in Madrid. It is the custom of the Sovereign to go in state with his family, the highest officials of his civil and military households, some grandees and ladies in waiting to the "Salve," which is chanted in the Church of Buen Suceso. Afterwards, followed by a brilliant escort of horse guards, the whole party drive through the principal streets and park of Madrid before they return to the palace.

They were doing this on that day, when suddenly they met the Host, which was being carried by a priest to the house of some dying subject of his Catholic Majesty.

THE KING'S HOMAGE

The King himself gave the order to stop. He uncovered, got out of the carriage, and knelt on both knees in the middle of the street, and in a few seconds the Queen and others of the royal party were all kneeling by the side with the whole of their brilliant suite.

Alfonso XIII, placed his own carriage at the disposal of the priest carrying the Host, who, with the chorister boys and assistant bearing the bell, was thus conveyed to the house of the sick man and to the church. — Edinburgh Catholic Herald.

The King, Queen and princesses returned to the palace in another carriage without an escort, as the King ordered his guards to accompany the carriage bearing the Host to the house of the sick man and to the church. — Edinburgh Catholic Herald.

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FIRST EDUCATOR OF AMERICAN NEGRO

CATHOLIC CHURCH PLAYED THIS ROLE, SAYS RECENT WORK

The Commonwealth of Georgia has further blackened its hitherto not too immaculate record by a piece of legislation which prohibits the teaching of negroes by people of white color, aimed directly at the work of the Catholic priests and Sisters among the black men of the South. In this action, Georgia is in complete accord with her past, which has been one continued struggle against the education of the blacks and against the efforts of Catholics in particular in that direction. As early as 1740 the teaching of negroes has been forbidden by that state, and this has been supplemented at other times by further legislation. (See "Digest of the Laws of the State of Georgia" by Marbury and Crawford, p. 488.)

This hatred of the negroes and the Catholics had in it a fatal logic, for it is influenced by the memory of the past, which shows the Catholics to have been the first in this country to have endeavored to raise the black people from their state of degradation to some stage of enlightenment. In the recently published interesting book by Dr. C. G. Woodson on "The Education of the Negro Prior to 1861" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1915), we have the record of this fact, and also the testimony that the Catholic Church ever consistently continued in this course, even in the face of violent race persecution.

"The Spanish and French missionaries," we read in the introduction, "set an example which influenced the education of the Negroes throughout America. . . . Being anxious to see the Negroes enlightened and brought into the Church, they courageously directed their attention to the teaching of their slaves, provided for the instruction of the numerous mixed breed offspring, and granted freedmen the educational privileges of the highest classes. Put to shame by this noble example of the Catholics, the English colonists had to find a way to overcome the objections of those who, granting the enlightenment of the slaves might not lead to servile insurrection, nevertheless feared their conversion might work manumission." (p. 3) "It was not until the French provided that masters should take their slaves to church and have them indoctrinated in the Catholic faith, that the proposition was seriously considered by many of the Puritans. They like the English, felt sufficient compunction of conscience to take steps to Christianize the slaves lest the Catholics, whom they had derided as undesir-

able and friendless, it was O'Reilly, then a successful and honoured citizen of this country, who helped him. No thought of revenge enters into the souls of the truly great.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE COURAGE OF CONVICTION

We all like the man who has the courage of his convictions. We may not agree with them, we may take them from a different viewpoint and arrive at a different conclusion, but we admire in him frankness, honesty, sincerity. He is not afflicted with the sense of fear or the humiliation of human respect. He is rather saturated with the truth contained in the words of a writer: "Human respect is a concession to nothingness." Human respect amounts to nothing, is a figment of the mind, unless it has back of it divine authority.

We must not offend against charity in our human relations, for charity is the highest law, but with charity in our hearts and in our practice to all we need not fear to proclaim to the world our convictions. All the Saints of God had the courage of their convictions, nor were they ashamed to publish with humility and contrition their past transgressions. St. Augustine in his Confession opened up the lascivious career of his earlier life, when he was in the prime of his manhood—no one can read them without profit—for they are the outpourings of a soul converted to God. St. Teresa confessed to a vicious and uncontrollable taste for novels. St. Monica related with compunction her troubles with a mother in law and how she once had fallen into the sin of intemperance. We might multiply examples from the lives of the Saints.

A courageous Christian cultivates the virtue of humility; a Christian under the influence of human respect is on the road to vanity and pride. Humility at bottom means truth, and a courageous Christian will always be glad to openly profess the truth. A writer in "The Catholic Convert" says apropos:

How inimitable would the saints have been for poor human nature had they not been finally ransomed themselves! Thanks be to God, they let us as well as the formulae of the divine medicines prescribed for the cure of their follies and extravagances. Once cured, they have remained cured, and we have only to read their self revelations to realize the odium of concessions to nothingness, by way of human respect. This accomplished, we shall, with a firm hand, apply the caustic of correction to that pride which apes humility."

Surely the published confessions of a Newman, Brunetiere, Brownson and Benson have done an incalculable amount of good. "Let your light shine before men," especially when you can point out the darkness which you have left behind.—Intermountain Catholic.

GENEROUS DEED

A recent press despatch from Pittsburgh chronicles an act of justice and disinterestedness on his part of Bishop Canevin. The late George Vilasick, of Millvale, Pa., having bequeathed \$5 to each of his four children, leaving the rest of his money (amounting to \$8,000) to St. Anthony's Church for the purchase of a bell, the Bishop promptly presented a petition in court, asking permission to execute a quit-claim to the children of the deceased for the entire sum. He said that they needed the money much more than the church needed a bell.

The judge who granted the Bishop's petition declared that it was unprecedented in his experience. Those who know Bishop Canevin need not be told that his action was just what might have been expected of him.—The Missionary.

THE NAME "CATHOLIC"

The habit of Catholics alluding to themselves as "Roman" Catholics is un-Catholic and indefensible, and leads often to deplorable mistakes. The Church certainly is "Roman" in that the city of Rome is the centre and seat of her authority, but she is first of all "Catholic," and to that august and venerable name no other body on earth can rightfully or reasonably lay claim. The name and the attributes are marks of the true Church, and her children alone, therefore, and none other, are Catholics. To be ignorant or unmindful of this, and to countenance in any degree the term applied to them by Protestant as part of the conspiracy to appropriate a name that does not by any stretch of the imagination belong to them, is to speak mildly, an unfortunate and indefensible practice. Sanction is thereby apparently given to the insidious habit so

similar incident is told of John Boyle O'Reilly. When the man who testified against him on his trial and who was in some measure responsible for sending him for years to the prison colony at West Australia, came to Boston in later years, needy

much in vogue among Anglicans especially, of dividing Christendom into "Roman Catholics, Greek Catholics and Anglican Catholics"—a practice that is without warrant or precedent to ecclesiastical history. We are Catholics purely and simply—a truth that should be kept ever in mind.—Truth.

Recipe to Stop Dandruff

This Home Made Mixture Stops Dandruff and Falling Hair and Aids Its Growth

To a half pint of water add:

Bay Rum.....1 oz.
Olive Compound.....a small box
Glycerine.....4 oz.

These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any druggist that you like. Mix them together in a jar. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until all the mixture is used. A half pint should be enough to rid the head of dandruff and kill the dandruff germs. It stops the hair from falling out, and relieves itching and scalp diseases.

Although it is not dye, it acts upon the hair roots and will darken streaked, faded, gray hair in ten or fifteen days. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes hair soft and glossy.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1915

ONE GOOD RESULT OF THE WAR

The effect of the world-war on
world conditions is a subject fruitful
of prophecies. The facile prophets,
however, can not agree as to whether
this is a war which shall end war or
the first of a series of wars surpassing
in magnitude anything that has
occurred in the history of the world;
whether it will prove that Christianity
is a failure, or demonstrate to
nations and individuals that the
teaching of Christ points the only
way of salvation. It is confidently
predicted that socialism will emerge
triumphant; and with equal confi-
dence it is asserted that socialism
will have received its death-blow.

As a general rule the War—in its
causes as well as in its results—has
been treated in a superficial way.
Certain causes, certain condi-
tions lay on the surface. But
deeper lie the real causes and
conditions. Back of militarism and
commercial rivalry, behind the
theories of socialists, monarchists,
autocrats, bureaucrats or democra-
tes is the great fact of human nature.
To be wrong here is to be radically
wrong. This error vitiates the most
democratic as well as the most auto-
cratic theories of government. Be-
cause it lies at the very root of
things it is more important than
anything and everything else.

Fifty years ago Cardinal Newman
wrote:

"To consider the world in its
length and breadth, its various his-
tory, the many races of man, their
starts, their fortunes, their mutual
alienation, their conflicts; and
then their ways, habits, govern-
ments, forms of worship; their
enterprises, their aimless courses,
their random achievements and
acquirements, the impotent con-
clusion of long-standing facts, the
tokens so faint and broken of a super-
intending design, the blind evolution
of what turn out to be great powers
or truths, the progress of things as
if from unreasoning elements, not
toward final causes, the greatness
and littleness of man, his far-reaching
aims, his short duration, the
curse hung over his futurity, the
disappointments of life, the defeat
of the good, the success of evil, physical
pain, mental anguish, the prevalence
and intensity of sin, the pervading
idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary,
hopeless irreligion, that condition
of the whole race, so fearfully yet ex-
actly described in the Apostle's words,
'having no hope and without God
in the world'—all this is a vision to
dizzy and appal; and inflicts upon the
mind the sense of a profound mystery,
which is absolutely beyond human
solution."

"What shall be said to this
heart piercing, bewildering fact?
I can only answer, that either there
is no Creator, or this living society
of man is in a true sense discarded
from his presence. Did I see a boy
of good make and mind, with tokens
of him of a refined nature, cast upon
the world without provision, unable
to say whence he came, his birth
place or his family connexions, I
should conclude that there was some-
thing mysterious connected with his history,
and that he was one of whom, from
one cause or another, his parents
were ashamed. Thus only should I
be able to account for the contrast
and the promise of his being. And
so I argue about the world: if
there be a God, since there is a God,
the human race is implicated in
some terrible aboriginal calamity.
It is out of joint with the purposes
of its Creator. This is a fact, a fact as
true as the fact of its existence; and
thus the doctrine of what is theologi-
cally called original sin becomes to
me almost as certain as that the
world exists, and as the existence of
God."

In learning that darkness of the
understanding, weakness of the will
and a strong propensity to evil are
the effects of original sin, the Catho-
lic child is seized of a mighty truth
which goes far to solve the problems
of the history of the human race.
The submerging of the doctrine of
original sin and man's free will in
the rising tide of irreligion and in-

fidelity has given rise to the tendency
to look to legislation to eradicate the
effects of original sin and to correct
the abuse of free will. The most
radical and advanced exponents of
this new scheme of salvation are the
Socialists. Frankly atheistic, they
regard the material happiness of this
life as the all and end-all of exist-
ence. They would end all unhappy-
ness by an equitable distribution
of wealth. Then, according to their
intellectual leaders, they would
abolish all restraint or regulation of
human freedom which receive their
inspiration from ages of Christian
civilization.

Deeply significant, therefore, is an
article in the New York Times enti-
tled "Intimacy with War Destroys
Writer's Socialism." It is an inter-
view with Arthur Gleason, interna-
tional Socialist, on his return after several
months at the front as stretcher-
bearer in Belgium. He tells us that
before his experience he was "thor-
oughly an internationalist," and
adds:

"All I have come to believe in
right and wrong, to believe that one
side in a war is right and the other
wrong. And so I have got a sense of
the worthlessness of nationalism."

It is with his conversion to the
belief in original sin, however, that
we are most concerned:

"All our modern philosophy," he
said, "had blurred our perception of
the thing that is called sin. The
Germans gave to us a sense of the
reality of original sin. When I saw a
girl of twelve, who had been one of
many used as shields by the advanc-
ing Germans, dying from bayonet
wounds in her back; when I saw a
woman of eighty with a bayonet
thrust through her thigh—then I
knew that there was original sin.
All nations are guilty of this war,
but Germany is the guiltiest of all,
because Germany carried its sin to
the nth power, while the rest of us
were only in the A B C's of sin."

"By original sin," said this ex-
-white disciple of Karl Marx, "I mean
a natural tendency toward evil which
is common to all humanity. Our
chief manifestation of original sin
is commercialism, with its two
branches, industrialism and imperi-
alism. And commercialism carried
out logically, as the Germans are
carrying it out, results in murder."

"We got badly sidetracked about
militarism: we thought that mili-
tarism was something imposed on a
people from above, something arbit-
rarily established by the Kaiser and
his General Staff. Now, militarism is
nothing of the sort. Militarism is
simply the will to power carried out
to its logical conclusion, and given
weapons. And that is simply a man-
ifestation of original sin."

"You see," he said, "before the
war we were all busy creating a
new ethic. We were cutting off the
old values and the war is restoring them."

"Germany has revealed us to our-
selves, and revealed every nation to
itself. . . . And so Germany has
done the world a service. It is good
for the world to recognize its offence
in a conspicuous offender."

Mr. Gleason may not yet have
grasped the full doctrine of original
sin and its consequences; but it is a
remarkable thing that actual con-
tact with the War has driven the
present-day Socialist to the same
conclusion which the history of the
human race forced on the acutest
mind in England a half century ago,
and which he expressed in his own
eloquent way in the passage quoted
above.

If the War restores the apprecia-
tion of the old values of eternal
truths there will be less concern
about new ethics, less fevered desire
to reconstruct human society while
leaving out of consideration the
basic fact of original sin. It is not
too much to hope that the divorce
of education from religion, morality by
legislative enactment, and other
folly like that which gave O'Leary
the Victoria Cross, they are felt to
have a poor show in the dispatches
or descriptions of the official eye-witness.

Still, when all is said, the response
of Ireland notwithstanding all diffi-
culties is regarded as excellent and
the avoidance of such errors as may
have been made in the past, it is be-
lieved, will make easy what remains
to be done."

When Canada's 8,000,000 shall
have accomplished as much as Ire-
land's 4,000,000 we shall be in a
better position to point the finger of
shame at Irish shirkers and slackers.

Let us be content to do little if
God sets us at little tasks. It is but
pride and self-will, which says "Give
me something huge to fight, and I
should enjoy that; but why make me
sweep the dust?"—Charles Kingsley.

That there are slackers and
shirkers in England may safely be
inferred from the chorus of com-
plaint raised by conscriptionists
about the failure of voluntaryism.

A despatch dated London, Oct.
20th, found its way into obscure
corners of some of our papers, and
failed altogether to appear in others.

We clipped it for just such an
occasion as has arisen:

London, Oct. 20.—Immediate steps
will be taken by the British authori-
ties. The Evening News understands
to restrict the sudden rush of able-
bodied Britons of military age to
the colonies, to the Islands of Jersey
and Guernsey and to Ireland in order
to escape military service.

"It is perfectly obvious," the news-
paper says, "grave damage will be
caused to the relations between the
mother country and her dependencies
if hordes of slackers are allowed to
pour into Canada, Australia and
India, which have given their best
blood for the Empire."

Now these "hordes of slackers"
were not Irish, or they would hardly
rush to Ireland to escape military
service.

It was pointed out that emigration
had fallen off in England as a suffi-
cient answer to the charge of the
Evening News, and other English
papers.

In the columns of the RECORD, Aug.
14th, Columbia cited some eloquent
statistics. In the first six months
of 1914, before war was thought of,
emigration from Ireland totalled
12,909. For the first six months of
1915 the total Irish emigration was
4,011.

Good Irishman that he is, Columba
quoted the official figures to refute
the lying and slanderous despatches
that would brand Irishmen generally
with cowardice. While the despatch
above quoted showing that "able-
bodied Britons of military age" were
fleeing conscription was published, it
was all, only in an obscure corner of
our papers, the refutation based on
the fact that official statistics show a
decreased emigration from England
was given prominence on the first
page.

The great English Daily, the Man-
chester Guardian, protested against
the calumny on Ireland implied in
prominence given to the news item
about the Irish emigrants.

The Associated Press correspond-
ent states that Major-General
Lovich Friend, commander of the
forces in Ireland, has announced that
the enlistment in Ireland of 81,000
men for the infantry. The letter
continues:

As the percentage of rejections for
unfitness has been as high as 50 per
cent, the total number from Ireland
who offered themselves for service in
the army was about 160,000. Ireland
at the outbreak of the War had more
than her proportion of men in the
army and in the reserves and this
total has been described by the highest
military authority in a public
letter as "magnificent." There must
be added to it also Ireland's recruit-
ment for the navy, to which a sub-
stantial number of men have gone.

It is 80,000 Irish volunteers have been
rejected as physically unfit if may
be that amongst the Irish emigrants
there were none at all who wished to
escape military service. Emigration
from Ireland is no new thing. The
fact that it fell from 18,000 during the
first six months of 1914 to 4,000 in
the first six months of 1915 is a pretty
strong indication that, this year,
able-bodied Irishmen, instead of
emigrating, are enlisting.

The red-tape of the War office, as
might be expected, enshrines irritating
prejudices which the English people
have long outgrown. The Associated
Press correspondent adds:

"Ireland was chilled, too, by action
on the part of the military authori-
ties such as that which refused to
allow the Irish division to have its
own colors. Even yet, though the
colonies and the Ulster division have
distinctive badges, the other Irish
divisions have not.

There is also a feeling that the ex-
-exploits of Irish regiments at the front
have not had all the publicity they
deserved. Except for individual ex-
-exploits like that which gave O'Leary
the Victoria Cross, they are felt to
have a poor show in the dispatches
or descriptions of the official eye-
witness.

Still, when all is said, the response
of Ireland notwithstanding all diffi-
culties is regarded as excellent and
the avoidance of such errors as may
have been made in the past, it is be-
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ASSISTING AT VESPERS

Whilst the whole world bears witness
to the faithfulness of Catholics in
hearing Mass on Sunday, it is unfortunately
true that they deserve but little praise for the way in which
they attend Sunday evening Vespers. Of course there is a vast difference
between the two services. The Mass is the great central act of Christian
worship. There is a strict obligation of assisting thereto. On the other hand, although Sunday Vespers is a public office of the Church, attendance
thereto is an exercise of private devotion.

THAT IS very nice, but it is somewhat discounted by the underlying
imputation of "interference" in the case of the two services. It is perhaps
not unnatural that Mrs. Snow should
look with somewhat jealous eye upon the more fruitful results of the
Catholic missionary, and when, after
recounting the work of St. Francis
Xavier, she goes on to say that "thirty
years later Japan was overrun with
Romanism," which by the way
seems to be as necessary to them as
pepper and salt to the dinner table.
Here is one which combines tribute
with insinuation. "When one re-
members the furloughs our C. M. S.
missionaries have," writes Mrs. Snow,
"and compares them with the periods of work given by
Romish missionaries, who go out
never to return (italics of original),
one cannot help admiring their
devotion."

MEANWHILE, history becomes big
with the unfolding of the race's
destiny. Just a year ago it became
apparent that the temporary wash
had exhausted its vitality, and as
months went by the face of the
Christ gradually took form and color.
Now, it is said, it stands out with all
its original brilliancy—tragic, beau-
tiful, solemn, holding some deep
meaning and significance, which the
Turk, reminded of the fifteenth cen-
tury prophecy, and confronted with
the march of events in the great
War in which he has become
engulfed, regards with superstitions
awe. Can it be that the fatal gloom now hanging over Europe
portends the fulfillment of the old
seer's prediction? That is a solution
which still lies deeply embedded in
the bosom of time but which, who
can doubt, is more clearly indicated
day by day in the converging march
of the Allies. But, spurred on by the
possibility which is thus opened to
his gaze, the Turk gathers his re-
mainning strength and continues
fanatically the struggle which to all
present appearances, will be his last
—so far at least as his dominance in
Europe is concerned.

ABOUT THE VENERABLE WALLS OF THE CHURCH OF SAINT SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE

The Military Expert in the N. Y.
Times, Nov. 7, makes the following
statement. It is well to remember
that the N. Y. Times and its military
experts are strongly pro British.

Nov. 15th finds us in press.

It is reported that there are 150,000
French and upward of 25,000 British
in Southern Serbia. In view of
what has happened during the week
this seems impossible. There are
certainly not more than 200,000 Bul-
garians engaged in the campaign
against Serbia, and these are
stretched out from Zajecar to the
Greek frontier. It is impossible to
believe that almost an equal number
of the Allied troops are concentrated
against Serbia in the fifteenth century.

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chester Guardian, protested against
the calumny on Ireland implied in
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might be expected, enshrines irritating
prejudices which the English people
have long outgrown. The Associated
Press correspondent adds:

"Ireland was chilled, too, by action
on the part of the military authori-
ties

When Colonel Young described the scenes above mentioned, in the course of his lecture, one was enabled to understand the feelings of the audience. The first plain reference to the Catholic Church was followed by a single, hearty, unexpected burst of applause. This was instinctively caught up by a few people here and there in the large hall. But, as regards some others, those laudatory remarks of the speaker concerning the Catholic Church, her devoted ministers and heroic nuns fell like a burning spark on a frozen surface. A few faces flushed with shame or envy, a few others stared aghast, as though the eloquent speaker had been praising Turks, Hottentots or the natives of Nigeria.

But it was, indeed, inspiring to hear a Protestant lecturing to a non-Catholic audience, on a subject not directly Catholic, and yet paying such a beautiful tribute to the Catholic Church, to the self-abnegation of her ministers and to the courage, love and purity of her incomparable virgins. Colonel Young is certainly to be congratulated on his beautiful and true, yet plain and unostentatious attitude toward the Church. He belongs to that class of Americans whose number, thank God, is predominant, who follow in the foot steps of the Father of Our Country and of the founders of this great Republic.

Men who understand the full meaning of their citizenship, firmly believe that in religious bigotry, intolerance and narrow-mindedness there lurks great social and political danger, and that in proportion as these feelings wane in the same proportion unity and love shall grow and reign, in order that all, no matter of what color, race and creed, may be blended into one just and powerful people.

INDESTRUCTIBLE

"The gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Such was the promise made by our Lord when He gave the key of the Kingdom of Heaven to Peter. The promise implies an enemy on the side of hell against the Church, and this is seen in the cunning devices, satanic power, and other pernicious means which Satan uses in his attempts to destroy the Church. The Church, of course, can receive injury, as history abundantly shows. Many may, for instance, like Damas, lose the world and fall away from the faith. Whole societies in the Church may be suppressed, and some branches of the Church may be destroyed, as is seen in the case of many of the Christian communities in Asia Minor. The Church may be attacked, despoiled, abused, her priests slain or exiled, her religious outraged and put to shame, as in Mexico; but the Church as a whole can never be destroyed. Satan, tyranny, revolution, infidelity and paganism may rage, but they can accomplish nothing. The Church of Christ being founded upon a rock, built up by Christ Himself, "holding forth the word of life" as the authorized interpreter of the will of God, will victoriously defend and preserve herself against everything as long as the ages of the world shall endure. Look at this, for instance: During the year 1914 in the United States, 9,888 parishes of Catholic churches expended \$79,064,000 for new work, repairs and maintenance of the churches under their direction; 994 presidents of colleges and seminaries expended \$3,976,000 for new work, improvements, repairs and upkeep of the colleges under their direction; 5,488 pastors in charge of parochial schools paid out for new work, repairs and maintenance \$16,464,000 for the schools under their direction; 284 managers of Catholic orphan asylums expended \$852,000 for new work, repairs and upkeep of the asylums under their direction; 115 managers of homes for the aged and infirm expended \$345,000 for new work, repairs and upkeep of the homes under their direction; 509 directors and superintendents of Catholic hospitals expended \$4,072,000 for new work, repairs and upkeep of the hospitals under their management.

This indestructibility of the Church has been well described by the Protestant church historian, F. M. Farrar:

Harder, deadlier, more varied, more prolonged was the contest of Christianity with Paganism. From the first burst of hatred in the Neronian persecution till the end of the third century the fierce struggle continued—fierce, because meek, unobtrusive, spiritual as the Christians were, they yet roused the hatred of every single class. Paganism never troubled itself to be angry with mere philosophers who aired their elegant doubts in the shady xystos or at the luxurious feast, but who with cynical insouciance did what they detested and adored what they despised. They were unworthy of that corrosive hatred which is the tribute paid to the simplicity of virtue by the despair and agony of vice. But these Christians, who turned away with aversion from temples and statues, who refused to witness the games of the amphitheatre, who would die rather than fling into the altar flame a pinch of incense to the genius of the Emperors; who declined even to wear a garland of flowers at the banquet, or pour a libation at the sacrifice; whose austere morality was a terrible reflection on the favorite sins which had eaten like a spreading cancer into the very heart of their nation's life; these Christians, with their unpolished barbarism; their unphilosophic ignorance, their stolid endurance, their detectable purity, their intolerable meek-

ness, kindled against themselves alike the philosophers, whose pride they irritated; the priests, whose gains they diminished; the mob, whose indulgences they thwarted; the Emperors, whose policy they destroyed. Yet, unaided by any opposed by all, Christianity won. Without one earthly weapon she faced the legionary masses, and tearing down their adored eagles, replaced them by the sacred monogram of her victorious labours; she made her instrument of a slave's agony a symbol more glorious than the latrines of consuls or the diadems of kings; without eloquence she silenced the subtle dialectics of the Academy, and without knowledge the encyclopedic ambition of the Porch. The philosopher who met a Christian Bishop on his way to the Council of Nicaea stammered into a confession of belief, and the last of Pagan Emperors died prematurely in the wreck of his broken powers with the despairing words, "Vicit Galilaeus!" —The Missionary.

HAVE PITY!

November, the saddest month of all the year, is set aside by the Catholic Church for prayers for those who have passed away. The terrible War in Europe, and the passing of fair October, the month of crimson and golden hillside, remind us of the fact that soon the will wave aloft their branches to the mournful accompaniment of the first signs of Winter. November is fitly set aside by the Catholic Church as a special time or commemoration for the departed ones, who have gone before us. But first, amidst the radiant glory of completed harvest time, she holds solemn festivals in honor of those of her sons who have already obtained the crown of their labors. The feast of All Saints, as it were, closes the festival of the year—paying tribute to those who have already arrived on the eternal shore, and at the same time holding up the glorious hope of eternal recompence to those of her children who are yet fighting the battle of the years.

There is still another portion of her triumphant kingdom—the vast, sad suffering realm of Purgatory. The holy souls have indeed come to their November. Mourning is the wail of those imprisoned ones: "Have pity at least you my friends! You whom I have known—with whom I have worked—you who belong to my own land, to my own city, to my own household, have pity!" And ever on the still air is borne the refrain "have pity!" until it dies away in a sob of silence.

When the November of our own lives comes how we shall rejoice that we relieved these holy souls, for they will surely not forget us in our hour of suffering. When most of all we shall need the help of true friends those liberated spirits will plead for us, for it is written: "Give and it shall be given you. Good measure and pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall they give into your bosom. For with the same measure that you shall mete withal it shall be measured to you again."—The Tablet.

THE PLEASANT SIDE

When the Rev. Wilfrid Moor, curate at the Anglican Church of All Saints, London, was received into the Catholic Church, the other day, his former superior, the Vicar of All Saints, did not, as some Anglicans might have done under like circumstances, yield to the temptation to say something bitter either about the new convert or about the Catholic Church. In stead, in his parish paper, the Vicar expressed great sorrow at the going of Mr. Moor, who, he said, "has made this decision at the cost of great pain to himself, and he has written in terms of the deepest affection for All Saints and of the deepest appreciation of the life in which he has shared for seven years. We who have been his companions," continued the Vicar, "are feeling the loss of his presence and of the charm of his society more than we can say. In devotion and in the strictness of his life he has set us all the highest example, while the striking ability of his preaching was felt even by those who least agreed with him. Mr. Moor will shortly take steps to enter the ministry of the Roman Catholic Church, and in this instance it is a priest of great promise who is making the change. I pray God that since the Bishop and all of us have tried to do our best in a difficult and painful matter there may be little bitterness. There is none in the minds of those who are most closely concerned."

A somewhat similar attitude toward conversion to Catholicism is chronicled in the Denver Catholic Register, in the case of the father of the Rev. Carl Jones. Father Jones, who is now a priest in San Francisco, was converted while a student at the University of California, of which his father, a retired Baptist clergyman, is now the librarian. When the young student went to his father and told him that as a result of his studies he had decided to become a Catholic, his father replied: "Well, you don't give up everything of what you believe. The only thing is, you add a little more. You are on the right road. Go ahead."

When the young man was ready to be ordained to the priesthood some of his friends wondered whether his father would attend the ordination. "You could not keep him away with a shotgun," the young cleric

told them. And he was right. The Baptist clergyman was among the most interested witnesses of the sacred ceremony.

So much appears in print about the irreconcilable attitude of Protestant friends and relatives to conversions to Catholicity, that it may be well to present. We commend the philosophy of Father Jones' father to earnest Protestants who are disturbed at conversions among their relatives and friends.—Sacred Heart Review.

A PROTESTANT ON MISSIONARIES

CAPTAIN LINDLEY'S TESTIMONY CONCERNING THEIR WORK IN CHINA

In an essay entitled "Religion in China," published in the "Churchman's Shilling Magazine" (London), Captain Augustus F. Lindley, author of "Tipping Tean Kwob," "The History of the Taiping Revolution" and other works, pays the following tribute to the Jesuits as missionaries.

"Apropos of the Jesuits, I cannot refrain from noting here the devoted zeal with which they unceasingly prosecute their labors, though I may not at the same time undertake to defend their doctrines. * * * I cannot but admiringly record the fact that however deeply one may penetrate to the interior of China there will be found a Jesuit or traces of him, where other sects of Christianity are not, never have been and never will be, unless, indeed, they go to work in a different manner from any procedure at present practiced. Many a time have I been pleasantly surprised, at the out of the way parts in the far inland regions of the vast Middle Kingdom, by suddenly stumbling upon a priest of Rome, with shaven head, but wearing an orthodox pigtail à la Chinese, which, however, was usually somewhat scant and undignified. Dressed in the costume of the natives and speaking their difficult language, regardless of exposure, persecution, danger and disease, these zealous men devote themselves to the sacred objects of their calling with a self-abnegation and heroism never surpassed.

"Often nothing but their eyes and the sudden salutation in French, Italian or, rarely, English would disclose to me beneath the outlandish garb of the native the apostle of the Society of Jesus. Perhaps the bent of their education prepares them better to meet and parry the subtle sophistries of the Chinese; perhaps they so far outdistance all Protestant missionaries through not being overburdened with a wife and a quiver full of conjugal pledges, the which state of double blessedness seems to create a gravitating tendency towards settling down luxuriously at comfortable treaty ports, protected by British bayonets, and, by the way, it must be soothing and reassuring—that latter state of affairs—to the exiled missionary's nerves, when the mail is being made up, and he sits down, probably safely within sight of the steamer, to indite that valuable epistles recording his labors among the idolators in order to gladden the hearts of the society at home.

"Well, the Jesuit is a different man. He gives his every thought and energy to the work before him, giving up kith, kindred and country for ever, to labor on among the heathen till such time as He who gave him life shall take it back again. Truly this martylike sacrifice of self, in its glorious if passive devotion, is sublime."

INFIDELITY A FAILURE

Let us take a hundred years. This is fair. Let us appeal to the records and ascertain what is the historic expression of those times. French atheism and English deism had flooded two continents with the writings of Voltaire and other infidels, and in thirteen years 6,000,000 copies of their works were sold. A reaction and taken place against the Catholic Church which often had seemed allied with political oppression, and even the sects, lacking in missionary energy, had felt the attacks of infidelity. There was a universal shout for liberty, and America responded. The founders of this republic were not against Christianity, but they were opposed to a State Church. Washington was a firm believer in Christianity, and singled out Catholics for praise for the aid they had given in establishing the republic. Yet there were many prominent infidels, at whose head was Thomas Paine, a man of great intellectual power. Infidel clubs were organized throughout the country. Duelling was a national vice, and a typical duellist was elected vice-president of the United States. Profanity, intemperance and Sunday desecration held high carnival. These are the children of infidelity. Infidelity had control of almost all of the American colleges. Yale, Princeton and William and Mary's were filled with students who loved to be called by their classmates, Voltaire, Diderot and D'Alembert.

But consider present conditions; infidelity has not held its own, and Catholicism has been making mighty strides. The colleges of this country are to day in the hands of the men who claim to be Christians, while new institutions established by Catholics are dotting the land in every direction. Out of 14,000 graduates from Harvard within the last ten years only two declared

themselves to be sceptics, one an atheist and one an agnostic. There may have been more, but shame kept them silent. One hundred years ago there were but twelve denominational colleges, and now there are over 400, the property value of which is estimated at \$100,000,000. In the last thirty years, out of 40,000 college students, 80,000 were in colleges that professed to be Christian. Infidelity has not now a single college, although it has sought to capture some that are Christian. It is undoubtedly true, however, that in many of the denominational colleges infidelity is more or less taught by the professors, and scepticism, rationalism and socialism are undermining the faith and morals of students who were fortunate enough to be brought up in Christian homes. On the whole, nevertheless, infidelity holds less ground in men's minds in day to day than at any previous era of our life as a nation.—The Missionary.

told them. And he was right. The Baptist clergyman was among the most interested witnesses of the sacred ceremony.

So much appears in print about the irreconcilable attitude of Protestant friends and relatives to conversions to Catholicity, that it may be well to present. We commend the philosophy of Father Jones' father to earnest Protestants who are disturbed at conversions among their relatives and friends.—Sacred Heart Review.

FRANCE

RELIGION : THE MINISTRY

The Abbey of St. Denis has lately been the scene of a remarkable manifestation of faith on the part of French Catholics, who have just concluded several days of prayer for France. One day was given over to prayers for the wounded; another to prayers for the soldiers in the field; a third to prayers for prisoners; a fourth to prayers for widows and orphans and for the repose of the souls of those killed in battle, and so on. While this scene was enacting at St. Denis, Le Journal was suggesting that the Cathedral of Reims be secularized and made a memorial monument to the heroes who have been killed and will be killed in the War. Catholics have not yet been heard in this regard. Just as present the latter are discussing the reestablishment of some kind of diplomatic relations between France and the Vatican. Opinions are much divided on the subject of the ways and means of bringing this about. Many demand an official representation at the Holy See, insisting that this is necessary because of some religious problems now existing, and others which will come into existence at the close of War. Other Catholics believe official representation impossible, fearing that the Government will never consent to a resumption of relations with the Vatican; hence these Catholics have suggested an unofficial representative, a layman, chosen by a committee of bishops delegated by the hierarchy for this purpose. In this way it is thought that a permanent bond between French Catholics and the Vatican can be established. Needless to say the Holy See has had no part in the discussion.

The new Ministry was formed by Briand on October 29. The real reason for the change has not been made known. Viviani announced that Delcasse had resigned for reasons of health, but on interpolation refused to produce the letter of resignation. In the debate that followed, Painlevé demanded that information about the Balkan campaign be given to the Chamber; this too was refused; Viviani resigned, and this Ministry was formed: Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, Briand; State, Freycinet; War, Gallieni; Marine, Lacaze; Finance, Ribot; Interior, Malvy; Commerce, Clemantel; Public Works, Sombat; Justice, Viviani; Colonies, Demarque; Public Instruction and War Inventions, Painlevé; Agriculture, Meline; Labor, Metin; Minister of State without Portfolio, Bourgeois, Combes, Guesde, Denys Cochin; General Secretary of Foreign Affairs with a seat in the Cabinet, Jules Cambon. Evidently an attempt has been made to placate all factions: Radical and Catholic are to sit side by side, probably not for long, however. There are several very old men in this Ministry. De Freycinet is eighty seven years old, Combes is eighty, Meline is seventy seven, Ribot, seventy-three; Bourgeois, sixty-four.—America.

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LIGHT ON MEXICO

In the Outlook of Oct. 18, Edward L. Bell, in the second of his articles on the Mexican situation, among other things tells us the following as to the effect of the revolution on the lot of the Mexican peon:

"Sadder than any other feature of this entire Mexican business except our own culpability is the present state of the Indian peon. The African slave trade of two centuries back offered no picture more sublime in its wretchedness. A million years of tyranny under a czar or a shiek could produce nothing comparable to the grovelling misery which thirty months of exploitation has brought to these so recently inoffensive, kindly people. For the deliberate viciousness of this work, if for no other of their innumerable crimes, Carranza, Villa and their ilk deserve the bitterest and most humiliating punishment the sternest justice can provide."

This is the much heralded "emancipation of the peon" of which we have heard in connection with the revolution—the supposed basic reason for the necessity of an uprising of the present kind. Like many of the fine phrases which have been uttered by the robbers and despilers of Mexico and their friends, it means the very opposite in practice to the idea intended to be conveyed to the impartial mind. A day of reckoning in regard to the affairs of the southern republic is

sure to come, and perhaps then the peon will be relieved of his terrible sufferings and his hypocritical "champions" severely punished.

One of the matters continually harped upon in connection with the Mexican situation is the supposed ignorance of the people in that country and the fact that this state of affairs is due to the degraded influence of the Catholic Church. The following short quotation from a recent article on the Mexican problem gives a new and entirely different view of the real condition.

"Catholic schools," we read, "also there were in plenty, although they were not recognized as rightfully existing. By the Constitution of 1857 and the laws the Catholics had no right to teach. Ten years of stable government following the course of affairs as they existed in 1910 would have reduced the illiteracy of Mexico's poor population fully 10 per cent." (The Outlook, Oct. 18, 1915, p. 372)

This reveals the Church in its true role, as the educator of the people. The anti-Catholic government, based on the "liberal" principles predominant in our day, has handicapped the Church in her work of enlightenment in every possible manner especially in the passage of laws forbidding Catholic education. In spite of this, the Church has continued in her work of popular instruction, and in return receives to day from ill informed and self-sufficient writers and "thinkers" the opprobrious titles of "oppressor of the people" and "the cause of the people's ignorance." A little learning, particularly in professional chairs and editorial sanctums, is a dangerous thing! —N. Y. Catholic News.

SOMETHING LACKING

An English Protestant dignitary, writing some years ago in a High Church periodical on the past and present condition of missionary efforts in India, found little hope for Protestant missions unless they could enlist the help of a body such as the Christian Brothers. Dr. Gore, the well-known Anglican Bishop of Oxford, pays a hearty tribute of admiration to the Brothers and to other Catholic teaching institutes in his recently published book, "The War and the Church."

"You know that many besides Macaulay have reproached our English Church for lack of self sacrifice, and have contrasted it with the Church Rome, in which they have seen altogether more of the same heroic spirit which belongs to soldiers. They have not denied us the glory of kindness and goodness and faithfulness and all the circle of domestic virtues; only they have not seen in us the school of the heroic spirit—the school of sacrifice. Now, in part, these reproaches belong to an older day. * * * Nevertheless there is truth in the reproach aimed at us. * * * The Roman Church has been magnificently helped in the maintenance of religious education on its own lines, because it has been able to draw upon a vast store of voluntary sacrifice. Men have been found in multitudes who feel that they have the vocation to be teachers for Christ's sake and His little ones, and who, without hope or prospect but their work and their faith, have given themselves for teachers, wanting nothing for it but their bare living. There is hardly anything in modern Christendom nobler or more successful in attaining its end than the institution of the Christian Brothers, and the woman's teaching orders do not fall behind them. Why have we never struck anything like this store of deliberate and joyful sacrifice, with all our talk about the supreme importance of religious education? There has been something lacking!"—Providence Visit or.

I did not find him on the field; I searched the ward of whitewashed walls. Where black-robed Sisters kindly words Cheer on the souls, the Saviour calls. I paused beside a form I knew, I heard him murmur "Jesus Mild" And held close to his wounded breast. The image of the Crucified.

My weary spirit felt repaid, Thought I—a prayer can save, con-

tinued to the Harbour....

A life—then as our end is near, That little prayer will save a soul.

Tis midnight hour, Thanksgiving Eve.

And I will let my spirit rest, Before Thy Sacramental Throne.

To thank Thee dearest, Jesus blest.

—KATHLEEN GUERNON O'BRIEN, Montreal

Your Savings

The War has already brought great changes. National leaders in all countries are urging the practice of Thrift. The Prime Minister of Great Britain said recently: "There remains only one course to diminish our expenditure and increase our savings."

What are you going to do with YOUR SAVINGS? You cannot keep your cash in a stocking. You must either put it in a Bank; invest in a Bond or Stock; or purchase Life Insurance with it. Some men will do all three.

By Putting YOUR SAVINGS INTO LIFE INSURANCE

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. PEPPER
TWENTY-SIXTH SUNDAY
AFTER PENTECOST

"But while men were asleep, his enemy came and overwheled cockle among the wheat." (Matt. xiii, 25)

The enemy, who came to sow cockle whilst the men were asleep, reminds us of another of our Lord's sayings: "Watch ye and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." (Matt. xxvi, 41.)

Vigilance and prayer are the best means of resisting the enemy when he comes to tempt us; it behoves us especially to be on our guard against him.

In what frame of mind ought we to await the coming of temptation? In order that our foes may not assail us unawares, we must always remember that, as long as we live, we shall never be free from temptation. We are reminded of this in Holy Scripture where we read: "Son, when thou comest to the service of God . . . prepare thy soul for temptation." (Eccles. ii, 1.) All who have ever seriously resolved to serve God, have been subject to many grievous temptations, as we see from the lives of the saints. St. John Chrysostom says: "Of those who have been dearest and most pleasing to God, there never was one without grievous temptations, although it might appear to us that this was not the case."

For this reason we ought not to lose courage when we are tempted, nor fancy that God has forsaken us; on the contrary, temptations are a proof of His love, as He wishes to secure our salvation by means of them.

It is only when we are tempted that we can show plainly that we love God and goodness more than anything else. As Blosius says: "A pilot is seen to advantage when directing a ship, a hero on the field of battle, a brave man in adversity, and Christian virtue in time of temptation." Trees send their roots more deeply into the earth, the more they are shaken by storms, and, in the same way, virtue is made perfect in weakness. Our own weakness becomes very plain to us when we are tempted, and our recognition of it makes us humble, and leads us to distrust ourselves and trust solely in God. Humility lies at the root of all virtue, and whatever intensifies it, strengthens our spiritual life. Just as a seaman loads his ship with heavy ballast to keep it steady and prevent it from being dashed against the rocks by the waves, so God sends us temptations to steady us and keep us down, so that we may not be puffed up by any good qualities that we happen to possess, and so come to ruin.

St. Gregory Nazianzen remarks that God orders things in a wonderful way for us to be frequently tormented by temptations, since man might imagine himself strong in his own strength, unless in the depths of his heart he were conscious of his weakness. When temptation falls upon him, and he is tortured and, as it seems, excessively exhausted by it, he sees that humility is the only protection against it, and so the very thing that made him fear to fall causes him to begin and stand firm.

Temptation forces us to cling to God, and to have recourse to Him with confidence, knowing that He loves us. If we use it aright, it leads us to love Him more.

It increases also our charity toward our neighbor. Those who have not learned by personal experience of temptation how great human weakness is, are apt to judge others too harshly and mercilessly. In spite of all his goodness and piety, a man who had never been tempted could not use due leniency and charity in judging his neighbors, and his severity and sternness, far from assisting the tempted and sinful, and bringing them back to God, would only plunge them yet deeper into sin. This is beautifully expressed in Holy Scripture in the words: "What doth he know that hath not been tried?" (Eccles. xxvi, 8.)

It is only when we ourselves suffer temptation that we can advise and help others, partly that they may avoid what might imperil their salvation, and partly that they may have recourse to the best means of overcoming their temptations.

We must not lose courage when we are tried, but fight bravely, and in this way alone we shall obtain the wisdom and strength necessary to enable us to be of service to others and help them to work out their salvation.

Finally we ought not to forget that our struggles to resist temptation win for us a rich supply of merit.

As St. Paul says: "He that striveth for the mastery is not crowned except he strive lawfully." (II Tim. iii, 5.) The crown of everlasting life is composed of the merit won by resisting and overcoming temptation.

St. Ambrose gives us most encouraging advice, when he tells us not to fear temptations, but to rejoice in them and say: "If we are tempted, we are mighty, for then crowns of righteousness are being woven for us as conquerors." When you are tried, remember that your eternal reward is being prepared for you.

It is indispensable to our salvation that we should be tempted—in what frame of mind ought we therefore to await temptation? The answer can easily be supplied from what I have already said. It would be reckless folly to go out of one's way to look

A LIFETIME OF SICKNESS

Worn Out, Thin and Miserable Until She Took "Fruit-a-lives"

PALMSTON, June 20th, 1914.
"Stomach Trouble and Distressing Headaches nearly drove me wild. Some time ago, I got a box of "Fruit-a-lives," your famous fruit medicine, and they completely relieved me. To-day I am feeling fine and a physician, meeting me on the street, asked the reason for my improved appearance. I said, "I am taking Fruit-a-lives." He said, "If Fruit-a-lives make you look so well, go ahead and take them. They are doing more for you than I can."

Mrs. H. S. WILLIAMS.
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c.
At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

for temptations, but on the other hand, if it assails us, it would be silly and harmful to lose courage and to fancy that God had forsaken us.

In times of trial let us remember St. John Chrysostom's words, for he tells us that temptation is good evidence of God's care for us. When it is present, God is not far away. Hence when it comes upon you, acknowledge calmly and without disturbance of mind your own weakness; look at the depths to which you might fall, if you were not upheld by God's almighty hand; humble yourself before God in your heart, but at the same time call upon Him with childlike confidence to help you, and rely upon Him, trusting absolutely in Him. He is the protector of all who trust in Him, and we need fear no defeat, as long as He is on our side. No matter how great or how violent a temptation may be, we can, like St. Paul, be sure that He "will make also with temptation issue, that we may be able to bear it." (I Cor. x, 13.)

Let us be firmly convinced that the devil will have power over us only to the extent permitted by God, in order that we may be tried for our good.

Humble, but unwavering confidence in God, is the disposition with which we may fearlessly encounter temptation.

Let us always be ready to exclaim:

"If I trust in the Lord, I shall not be overtaken. Even if armies in camp should stand together against me, my heart shall not fear; if a battle should rise up against me, in

order that we may be tried for our good."

Nothing but "true confidence in God can give us the courage necessary in our struggle against temptation, and this confidence we should awaken daily and hourly in our hearts.

No matter how often and how much we are tempted, let us never doubt God's willingness to help us. We have only to lift up our hearts to Him in childlike trust, and we shall be saved, and thus each time of temptation will be not a snare for our destruction, but one of those glorious moments when the crown of life everlasting is being prepared for us. Amen.

TEMPERANCE

WOMEN AND DRINK

Writing to the London Times, Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, President of the Association of Lady Visitors to Prisons, says:

"A remarkable document has been placed in my hands, and I think the contents should be known to the public. It is a petition for the closing of public houses during the War, and is signed by five hundred women lately discharged from Holloway Prison. These unfortunate persons attribute their downfall solely to intemperance, and consequently plead for the only means known to them to save others from a like fate.

As a comment on this pathetic effort it may be mentioned that there is a general opinion among governors and chaplains of prisons that the early closing of public houses since the War began have effectively diminished the number of commitments for drunkenness, and at Holloway, where London women are received, this is especially noticeable."

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WHEN TOWNS GO "DRY"
An interesting fact is that the "disastrous results" to business so sure to follow the passing of the saloon as predicted by the liquor men, do not occur. In the "Sahara" districts prosperity flourishes; business is as good as before, generally better. Illegal sales of liquor have been reduced to a minimum. Moral and social conditions are vastly improved. The predicted "enormous increase in taxes" is bugaboo. Comparisons of wet towns with dry show practically no difference in taxes, though often a slightly lower rate prevails in the dry towns, despite the fact that there are no license fees coming into the treasury! The slight increase in the tax rate sometimes co-incident with the dry regime can often be accounted for by other causes. Extensive improvements are sometimes responsible for this.

TWO GOOD TEMPERANCE MEASURES

There are two laws regarding the sale of intoxicating drinks which, if rigidly enforced, would remove most of the evil effects of the saloon business as now conducted and make the saloon almost as respectable as the soda fountain.

First, the law now on the statute books prohibiting the sale of intoxicants to minors should be enforced. At present the saloon keeper is the judge of a person's age and, naturally, he does not cheat himself very often.

Second, there should be an anti-treating law such as went into effect in London recently. Violations are punishable by a fine of \$500 and six months in prison. The authorities have given notice that these penalties will be inflicted without mercy.

Any person having much experience with saloon customs will vouch for the fact that the removal of the treating habit will also do away with most of the evil of the present saloon business.—Sacred Heart Review.

Dr. Jackson's Roman Meal is Food, Not a Fraud

Many so-called cereal foods are frauds. To prove it, try to live entirely upon them for a few days. Many live entirely upon Roman Meal. A recent letter from California says: "Dear Dr. Jackson: 'A friend of mine has lived on Roman Meal for thirteen months. His case had been pronounced hopeless. He is now in perfect health.' No fraud here. Roman Meal is scientifically balanced by an expert dietitian. It's the perfect food, and positively relieves constipation. Ask your doctor. Make it in porridge, pancakes, gels. At grocers', 10 and 25 cents."

MOTIVES OF CREDIBILITY

Weighing the faith of the Apostles on intrinsic evidence given them by Christ, there can be no doubt of its reasonableness, and the solid foundation upon which that faith rested. For faith, which is a gift of God, grace to incline the will and illuminate the understanding, is necessary, and whilst the Apostles enjoyed this supernatural gift, they also had a certainty of the truth of Christ's divine mission from extrinsic evidence, namely the works of Christ. "If you believe not Me, believe My works."

Foreseeing the many obstacles they would have to contend, especially after His passion and death, He wished to impress the certainty of that faith on their minds by appealing to their natural reason as the object, not of divine, but of human faith. This human faith does not of itself suffice, but human faith is all that is needed to be proved by arguments, and all that any one pretends is proven by the motives of credibility. On these motives of credibility Christ, His miraculous works, Christ depended when appealing to man as a rational being, and especially to His Apostles to whom He made special manifestations of His divinity.

Accordingly He becomes transfigured before them, becomes self-luminous, and emitted rays of heavenly light which dazzled the eyes of the Apostles who were so ravished by the sight that they were beside themselves and knew not what to do or say. St. Peter is so transported with joy and happiness, that he exclaims, confessing His divinity, "O Lord it is good for us to be here."

Yes, such were the beauty and splendor with which the Body of their Divine Master was clothed,

and such the unspeakable happiness and joy the heavenly vision imparted to the Apostles and especially to their chief, that they would live forever in its enjoyment even on the summit of that bleak and rugged mountain. All they needed for their supreme happiness was the presence of their transfigured Lord and Master. "And His face did shine as the sun and His garments were as white as snow."

Christ had indeed placed on their shoulders a heavy cross, and doomed them to a life of labour, sufferings and persecutions. He told them that they should daily deny themselves, and suffer for His sake, that, because their mission was to oppose and condemn the false principles of the world, they should be hated, persecuted and martyred. But by this one glimpse of His divine nature, He more than compensated them for all their sufferings and sacrifice, and convinced them that the trials and tribulations of this world are not to be compared with the glory that should be one day revealed to them.

If this mere glimpse of the beauty of the Divinity had so enraptured the Apostles, what must it be to stand in the full flood of light and glory that ever flows from the Trinity, and in which the Saints are, as it were, ever bathed. If that brief and transitory vision of the Divine Nature, on that desolate mount, so transported the Apostles that they became senseless, and began to talk like little children, what must it be to contemplate God face to face in all His eternal glory, majesty and brightness, and to enjoy His company and that of all His Saints and Angels in the courts of heaven through all the ages of eternity.

And this is what Christ, our Lord promises to all His true followers, to all true Christians. Those who daily deny themselves, take up their Cross and follow Him. He assures us that if we spend the few years of our lives here in obedience to His will, in carrying His yoke and burden, which He promises to make light and sweet for us, He will reward us with an everlasting happiness which "neither eye hath seen, nor ear heard or the heart of man conceived."

What a noble and generous offer, and how different from that offered by the world. The world demands all our time and attention, and is not satisfied until we become its slaves, and in its slavery our health, our strength, our all are wasted, and when we can no longer serve it, it rejects us, casts us from it and leaves us without hope, consolation or reward.

"And behold there appeared Moses and Elias talking with Him." Here was another great proof for the Apostles of the Divine Mission and authority of Christ. He always declared that He was the Messiah, the great Redeemer promised by God, and foretold by the prophets, and here now stands before them Elias the greatest of the prophets, bearing testimony by his presence to the truth of His statement. Again He constantly declared that He came to fulfil and perfect the Old Law, and behold Moses, the great Lawgiver confirming His declaration. What greater proof of His divinity did they want? What more trustworthy testimony could they have for the divinity of His mission than that of those two most illustrious personages held in such high estimation by the whole Jewish nation? Yet lest all this may not be sufficient to establish the faith in the minds of His chosen Apostles that faith which He saw would be so necessary for them. He caused the Eternal Father Himself to proclaim in tones of thunder from the highest heavens that He was His only begotten Son. "And behold a voice out of the clouds, saying, Behold, this is My beloved Son, hear you Him."

What more could they desire? What more uncontested proof could He give them than this seal and sanction of His Eternal Father? Having thus established the faith of His Apostles, He descended with them from the summit of the mount and said to them, "Tell this vision to no one until the Son of God is risen from the grave," and thus ended this glorious and heavenly scene in Mount Thabor.—INTERMOUNTAIN CATHOLIC.

AMUSEMENT OVERDONE?

Are we not in danger of overvaluing this idea that what people need, who word hard, is amusement? What is the Sacred Heart Review. Are there not other relaxations for the tired mind and muscle? A writer in the New York Sun makes a sensible comment on the feverish search for a good time:

Amusement is a good and necessary thing, but it can be overdone. When we hear again and again that there should be municipal dance halls to which working girls can repair in the evenings, it seems strange that a chance should never be given them to collect their thoughts a bit. If they perform manual labor, why not at least an occasional evening at home with a book from the nearest branch library?

The hunt for a "good time" has stamped its impress of hungry innocence on too many young faces. We might well lay a little more stress on the value (and satisfaction too) of restraint, mental, moral and physical.

Turn Feed into Money
Make your hens work for you this winter. Now, when you see that they get all the nourishment and all the ring-making elements from their food. Put them in fine health and add them to digest their food by supplying

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SHE PATIENTLY BORE DISGRACE

A Sad Letter from a lady whose Husband was Dissipated

How She Cured Him With a Secret Remedy



"I had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery and privations due to my husband's drinking habits. Hearing of your marvelous remedy, I wrote to you for a cure of drunkenness, which I could give my husband secretly, I decided to try it. I procured a package and mixed it in his food and coffee, and as the remedy was odorless and tasteless, he did not know what it was that so quickly relieved his craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly, and was now have a happy home. After he was completely cured, I told him what I had done, when he acknowledged that it had been his saving, as he had not the resolution to break off of his own accord. I hereby advise all women afflicted as I was to give your remedy a trial."

FREE—SEND NO MONEY
I will send free trial package and booklet giving full particulars, testimonials etc. to any sufferer or friend who wishes to help. Write today.

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THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WHAT IS SUCCESS AND HOW TO GET IT?

A MESSAGE FROM CARDINAL GIBBONS
TO THE BOYS OF AMERICA

At Baltimore an old man boarded the train. As he walked slowly, very slowly, down the aisle, heads turned to follow his progress, and people touched each other and whispered. As the old man passed, it could be seen that under his tall silk hat he wore that something not usually worn by old gentlemen riding on trains, for, showing below the rim of the hat was a line of vivid scarlet.

The porter, more than ordinarily solicitous, assisted the old gentleman into his chair. Then the old gentleman removed his hat and—he was wearing a tiny, round scarlet cap!

Now, there are only three men among all the hundred million of inhabitants in the United States who are permitted to wear such a cap. It is a mark of honor, of distinction, of exalted position—the badge of a Cardinal of the Catholic Church. The old gentleman was His Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore.

Cardinal Gibbons settled his spare frame comfortably and opened his newspaper—just like any ordinary traveler. Above the top of his chair showed that flash of scarlet, arousing curiosity. What sort of man was this James Cardinal Gibbons? How did his voice sound? What did his smile look like? What would he say if addressed? It was a curiosity that would be shared by every boy in America if he could sit in that car and watch. . . . So I decided to find out for him.

The porter carried my card to His Eminence; returned immediately, grinning so that every one of his thirty-two white teeth glinted joyously.

"Ho say, sah. He say he be glad to talk wif you."

I think that was characteristic of Cardinal Gibbons—that he would be glad to talk to me, or to any casual traveler who asked the privilege for Cardinal Gibbons is a man who loves men, who studies men, who likes to talk to and understand and sympathize with men. . . . So I walked down the aisle to his side.

He looked up and smiled. That is important. Perhaps you have seen pictures of the Cardinal—they are grave, very dignified, a trifle austere. They do not show the Cardinal of the smile. Right away any boy would have known His Eminence was a man who wanted to know, the sort of man who is valuable to boys as a friend and as a companion. . . . The Cardinal smiled, and his grey eyes twinkled as he extended his hand.

"You work with boys?" he said. "That is a fine thing—one of the finest things. You must be very glad your work is with boys. Won't you sit down?"

His face became grave, thoughtful.

"I suppose you would like to have me say something to your boys, is that it?"

"The boys would appreciate it very much if you would," I told him.

Then he began to speak, as he spoke I watched his face, particularly those grey blue eyes with the shrewd, wise, kindly lines about them. I watched the expressions come and go.

Nature fulfilled by grace is not less nature, but is supernaturally natural—Coventry Patmore.

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in those eyes as the Cardinal sent his message to you. They are not young eyes—but they are not old eyes. They are eyes that have seen many wonderful things, many sad things, many glorious things—and have remembered everything and stored it away to be used. To be used for the benefit of mankind.

"It is an old, old saying that the boy is the father of the man," said the Cardinal, "but I wonder if boys have ever stopped to wonder what it means. . . . It means that the boy is the most important thing in the world. Think of that. Let me have the boy to work with and train and I don't care who looks after the rest of the world—for in a few years the boy will be the rest of the world. The boys of to-day are the men with responsibilities—the men who are doing big things to-morrow. They should remember that."

The Cardinal laid his slender hand on my knee.

"What is success in life?" he asked, and then answered his own question. "Success is nothing more or less than doing well the things we have to do every day. Success is duty performed—that is all. There can be no greater success than that. The boy who does every day the little things he is set to do, and does them well, has succeeded. When he becomes a man he is still a success if he performs his every day tasks and duties faithfully. There may be no fame, no sounding of trumpets for him, but he is a success."

Now he smiled again, his eyes twinkled almost mischievously.

"Fame is an accident, anyhow," he said, "it doesn't matter. Fame is pleasant, but, after all, is it a bit more pleasant to be famous than to be a common man, unknown, perhaps with a knowledge that the duties that have lain before him have been done?"

"What qualities, Cardinal Gibbons, do you consider most desirable in a boy? What qualities, show him to have real promise for the future?"

"Faithfulness, plodding, perseverance, persistence in doing whatever is set for him to do. These things will gain him success where genius would fail—unless it is that sort of genius which is nothing more than infinite hard work. That is the best genius—hard, steady, careful work.

"I wish every boy could understand that. I wish every boy could know that success does not mean fame or wealth, or that the world should set to talking about you. I wish every boy could know, and believe, that the way to success is by plodding effort. One plodding, hard working, faithful boy is worth to the world much more than the boy with flashes of genius. The boy who will plod, who will concentrate his effort, is on the surest road to success."

I rose to go. The Cardinal extended his hand again. "I'm glad," he said, "you glad, to be able to talk a little to all of your boys. Good-bye."

He smiled again—that shrewd, humorous, wise, kindly lovable smile.

"I wish, sir," I said, "that the boys could hear you say it, and see you while you are saying it."

"I wish so, too," he said.—Clarence B. Kelland, in "The American Boy."

— Coventry Patmore.

— Covent

NO COMPROMISE WITH HERESY

Recently a correspondent asked the readers of America to believe in the sincerity of the religious conviction of Anglicans. This appeal may be acted on, provided we remember that such sincerity is founded on error, and that the tenacity with which members of the Anglican or any other church cling to error, no matter what may be its subjective characteristic, is something that in itself is wrong. It is not inconceivable that they do not see, either by reason of ignorance or traditional prejudice, that they are rejecting Christ's doctrines and so insulting the Divine Majesty; but their excuse does not change the fact. It is some palliation for the insult, but the insult remains. The heretic may be well meaning, and devoted to Christ; but this is in spite of his heresy; heresy itself must always be held in abhorrence. It is with heretics and heresy as with sinners and sin: we may love the individual, but we must hate the evil.

Anglicans have protested against the reluctance which the Catholic Church has shown to meet their overtures of peace. They have held out the olive branch, but the Church has not been willing to accept it. This has caused both pain and surprise. They think they are so much nearer to others, and they hold with us so many more of what they call the "fundamental doctrines"; yet our attitude toward them is scarcely less cold than that toward those who are worlds removed from Catholicism in spirit, practice and belief. Our attitude, however, is logical. It is a necessary consequence of our absolute loyalty to Christ. He demands complete submission to His Word, an unrestricted acceptance of the whole of His revealed doctrine. Therefore His Church, both in her hierarchy and in her members, demands the same. There can be, and must be, no compromise with heresy.

Heresies are alike in this, that they reject the Word of Christ. This is the head and front of their offending, the long and short of their error. That they reject, some of them more of the Divine Word, and others less, is a question merely of detail. They are at one and on a par in the fundamental mistake that they are unto themselves the arbiters of their own belief. Doctrines that appeal to them they accept, of the rest they will have nothing; and thus at their own sweet will they pick and choose between Christ's doctrines, building their faith not on the rock of Divine Revelation but on the shifting sand of their own weak understanding. Thus the Anabaptists, for instance, find themselves in accord with Christ on the necessity of good works, but in disagreement with Him on the matter of baptism. They hold baptism to be a mere figurative rite; Christ's view of it as a Sacrament and a channel of supernatural grace they do not approve. Quakers are with Christ in laying great stress on the necessity of the interior life, but they set up their judgment against His in the matter of the ministry of teaching. Lutherans reverence Christ's words in so far as they are committed to writing, reserving meanwhile to themselves the right to understand them as they please, but they have nothing but scorn for that Word as hardened on, according to Christ's own directions, by the living voice of divinely constituted teachers, and officially interpreted with infallible truth by the Christ-appointed medium of the Apostles and their successors.

So, too, is it in a measure with the Anglicans. They have "certain tremendous convictions, such as the necessity of Apostolic Succession, the Real Presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, the Eucharistic Sacrifice . . . and innumerable others"; but they repudiate Christ's doctrine of the Papal Supremacy. They are nearer to Christ than are the members of certain other sects, at least in the sense that they have the consolation of believing a greater number of His saving doctrines. Unfortunately, however, this greater proximity still leaves them outside the Fold; in the essential act of heresy they are as far away as the rest. For they, no less than the others choose from among Christ's doctrines accepting and rejecting at their pleasure.

Christ said, "Going therefore teach all nations . . . Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you" (Matt. xxviii: 19-20). Now one of the things that Christ commanded was the universal headship over the Church of St. Peter and his successors. This the Anglicans reject. They will not admit it. They will not observe it. They refuse to believe it. To other things that Christ taught they are willing to give assent, but that the Pope is the Rock, the foundation stone on which Christianity is built; against this they set their face. They were not present when Christ said to Peter: "And I say to thee: That thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build My Church." And like St. Thomas, they say, "I will not believe." Because of His affection for His brave follower, but more especially because of His desire to add circumstantial proof of His Resurrection, the Saviour did condone to the arbitrary laying down of conditions on the part of His doubting Apostle; but He rebuked the attitude of doubt and said, "Be not faithless but believing." Thomas believed everything except the Resurrection, and he was called faithless.

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two under the pontificate of Pius X, commemorated the founding of the great regional seminary of Castanzaro and of that of St. John Lateran. This year, the first of His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV, no special event is commemorated, the reverse of the medal bearing the arms of His Holiness and the words: "Summi Sacerdotium Auspicatus III. Non. Sept. A. MCMXIV."—Church Progress.

PARCELS FOR THE FRONT

Post Office Department, Ottawa, Can. The public is urged to exercise every care in packing parcels for the troops, as careful packing is absolutely essential to ensure delivery of the parcels in good order.

Parcels sent abroad require a higher standard of packing than is necessary in the Canadian Parcel Post, and this applies with even greater force to parcels for the troops. Those which are inadequately packed run great risk of damage or loss of contents.

Thin cardboard boxes, such as shoe boxes, and thin wooden boxes, should not be used; nor does a single sheet of ordinary brown paper afford sufficient protection. The following forms of packing are recommended.

(1) Strong double cardboard boxes, preferably those made of corrugated cardboard, and having lids which completely enclose the sides of the boxes.

(11) Strong wooden boxes.

(111) Several folds of stout packing paper.

(IV) Additional security is afforded by an outer covering of linen, calico or canvas, which should be securely sewn up.

The address of the parcel should be written in ink on the cover preferably in two places.

The address of the sender of the parcel should also be stated in order that it may be returned if undeliverable. The contents of the parcel should be stated in writing on the cover.

In the case of parcels sent to the Mediterranean Force, they should be very strongly packed. They should be as nearly round as possible, and well packed with shavings, crumpled paper or similar protective material. The outer covering should consist of strong linen, calico or canvas, and should be securely sewn up. The use of wooden or metal boxes with square corners, is undesirable, as parcels so packed are liable to injure other parcels in transit. No perishable articles should be sent, and anything likely to become soft or sticky, such as chocolates should be enclosed in tins. Parcels merely wrapped in paper or packed in thin cardboard boxes, such as shoe boxes, cannot be accepted.

EDITH CAVELL

By John O'Keefe, in the New York World
Sun glint and gun glint, and sweet
eyes clear of pain,
And on the head of a woman dead
the red cross made by Cain!

ADDRESSING OF MAIL

In order to facilitate the handling of mail at the front and to insure prompt delivery it is requested that all mail be addressed as follows:

(a) Regimental Number

(b) Rank

(c) Name

(d) Squadron, Battery or Company

(e) Battalion, Regiment, (or other unit) Staff appointment or Department

(f) CANADIAN CONTINGENT

(g) British Expeditionary Force

(h) Army Post Office, LONDON, England

Unnecessary mention of higher formations, such as brigades, divisions, etc., strictly forbidden, and causes delay.

That drop in a murrain.

Then wherefore should we pause
and weep?

For one more woman slain ?

Clear soul and dear soul, white as
the clouds that fly;

But on the cheeks the rose that
speaks, "No pale girl coward
I!"

For once she knew of mercy's
knell.

When, in a shuddering sea,
The Lusitania's fragile shell

A scorpion stung in glee.

"A thousand in the sea-deeps
dwell!"

What is one here?" asks she.

Proud head! Unbowed head! O
eagle's crest and dove's

Where now you lie beneath the sky
the wide world weeps and
loves !

There is a hawk that hunts on
high,

On town bred geese to dine.

A thousand says he from the sky,

With ne'er a warning sign,

"Behold!" I hear the martyr's cry;

"What is one death like mine?"

Red breast and dead breast,
the trembling flowers beneath!

Your white hands sow, row upon
row, a crop of dragon's teeth !

FIRST MEDAL OF PONTIFICATE

Some days ago Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State and Prefect of the Apostolic Palace, presented to His Holiness models of the first commemorative medal struck in this pontificate. Every year a medal is struck for the feast of SS. Peter and Paul and copies in gold, silver and bronze are presented to His Holiness before being distributed among the cardinals, members of the pontifical court and all engaged in the apostolic palace.

On one side the medal contains the likeness of the Supreme Pontiff; on the other, as a rule, a record of a striking event of the year. The last

Scripture, however ingenious, will be admitted with difficulty when they depart from the common opinion of the fathers." The most scientific fathers wrote in approval of Galileo's discovery; and yet "enlightened" people of the present time talk of Galileo as a martyr to science, and quote the phrase, "Er pur se knows" (and still it moves), which was never uttered by Galileo.—T. J. Lyons in Truth.

DIED

MCKENZIE.—At New Waterford, N. S., on Wednesday, Oct 20, 1915, Mrs. Catharine McKenzie, relict of the late Allan McKenzie of Port Hood Mines, aged sixty eight years. May her soul rest in peace.

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A list of Holy Days, Fast Days, Days of Abstinence, Calendar, and other useful information.

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Journeys of the Blessed Virgin, by Rev. Patrick J. Sloan.

The Walking of Audrey Marr, by Mary T. Waggoner.

California-old and New, by E. Mannix.

Grandmother's Silver Earrings, by Anna T. Sadlier.

The Road Beyond the Town, by Rev. Michael Earls, S. J.

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