

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXVII.

## The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1917

### THE SPUR OF SUCCESS

Few of us, here below, have attained perfection, and all the best of us can do is to approach an excellence we will never be able to attain. Nothing is without a flaw, and to ascribe impeccability to anyone is only an indication of our own inability to detect the drawbacks. And it is the same with things as with persons. Youth may possibly labor under the delusion that the world is the best of all possible worlds, but experience knows to its sorrow that it is not quite. Youth believes in love, but age has outlived its illusion and puts up with habit. Even our self-conceit deserts us, and every honest man will confess that although he started with high hopes and may even seem to the envious to have attained all that was most desirable, still he will admit to himself that he has fallen far short of his standard. The position he has attained is a poor reward. The wealth he has accumulated, while it brings a certain pleasure in doing good to others less favored, does not give all the enjoyment that was expected from it. The social triumphs are a hollow pageant. It is the same with all our efforts. We are ever dissatisfied with the very best that we have done. And yet this feeling is not only the pang of failure, but it is the spur to success. The man who is quite pleased with his performance, the man who is quite content with his lot in life, the man to whom his work is perfect and whose conscience has no reproach for him, the smug man who thinks he has achieved everything, achieves nothing. It is the man who feels the defeat, who suffers from the "little less" and knows that it is "world's away," that does, that achieves, because he is on the path, if not to the perfect, to the better, while the man who is satisfied is on the road to the worse.

### EVERYWHERE

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### THE IRISH CRISIS

#### WIDE DISSATISFACTION IN ENGLAND OVER LLOYD GEORGE'S HANDLING OF THE MATTER

Special Cable to The New York Times

London, Friday, March 9.—British complacency endured a series of rude shocks yesterday. The Dardanelles report showing the haphazard fashion in which the late Government entered upon that costly adventure was one. The Irish Nationalists' appeal to another tribunal, consisting of the American President and the Premiers of Canada and Australasia, against an alleged breach of faith by the head of the present Government was another. Sir Edward Carson's ominous or lugubrious—both adjectives are applied to it—speech on the submarine menace and hints of famine was another.

All three came at a psychological moment. Though criticism of the present Government is still restrained, dissatisfaction has been growing latterly by leaps and bounds. The light cast upon the careless methods of the old Government may prevent an explosion of discontent at the impetuous methods of the new. But there are mutterings which some observers regard as indications of an approaching storm.

#### CABINET'S METHODS CRITICISED

James Myles Hogg, M. P., who has gained a great reputation in Parliament as a judicious critic in the House, yesterday suggested that there was more bustle than business about the new War Cabinet, and even The Round Table, a quarterly review which looks with very favorable eyes on Lloyd George, admitted that the new system of government left much to be desired, and that a good deal could be said in favor of the old procedure.

One sign of the times is that the Northcliffe press, which only a few weeks ago was clamoring for men for the army, is now demanding that men be put to the plow instantly. Neville Chamberlain's national service scheme is receiving hot shot from some of the newspaper artillery.

None of the Northcliffe papers up to the time of filing this dispatch has ventured to commit itself to editorial opinion on the Irish question. Lord Northcliffe presided at a luncheon at which Sir Edward Carson spoke yesterday, and the past relations of the two gentlemen lead to the assumption that when The Times "thunders" and The Mail "screches," as an English writer recently put it, they will both ostensibly support the Ulster attitude. The betting last evening, however, was that Northcliffe's organs would not sing Lloyd George's praises for his handling of the situation.

Up to the present, at any rate, the Prime Minister has not got a good press. Sir Henry Dalziel's Pall Mall Gazette is cold in regard to Lloyd George, and commands Asquith's suggestion. The Evening Standard flatly says the Government made a mistake, calling Lloyd George's performance decidedly disappointing. To say that the public is disappointed is only to hint at its real feeling.

In some quarters it is considered a mistake that has been made by the Irish Party in addressing its manifesto to President Wilson. An appeal to the Colonial Premiers would have been admitted, though grudgingly, and the Nationalist Party's prerogative to explain its attitude to Irishmen in the United States who have so largely contributed to its funds also is conceded. One suggestion made in the lobbies of the Commons to-day was that Redmond missed a golden opportunity when he failed to make an appeal to the people of England, Scotland and Wales.

#### A GALLANT DAUGHTER OF A GALLANT FATHER

"Blood will tell": it has told once again. On February 21 the daughter of a Civil War veteran happened in the vicinity of Madison Square Park, New York City and in the words of the New York Sun this is what happened:

"Stephen Kerr was haranguing a crowd in Madison Square Park recently on birth-control when a young woman passed, listened and stopped. When she had caught the full drift of Kerr's remarks, which included an attack on the Roman Catholic Church for its opposition to birth-control, she could restrain her indignation no longer. She demanded if there was not a good American

coward and the "impossible." That work is responsible for most of the shirking. A commander-in-chief in the present War, who gave a command to take certain trenches, was told it was impossible, and answered wisely: "It is general who do the impossible I want."

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## THE WATERS OF CONTRADICTION

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE  
Author of "Cardome," "Borrowed From the Night"

## CHAPTER XII—CONTINUED

"It troubled her, ever since I can remember, the fear that she would not have good clothes when she was dead," said Milly, in a driven voice. "She used to say that all her people had gone to the grave decently clad, but she would have to wear one of those ugly shrouds they keep in the undertaking shops for the paupers. O, Mrs. Long! There have been some things so—so hideous!" cried the girl, swaying against the wall, her hands now clutched across her breast, her face haggard and old looking. "She would talk of that on spring mornings when the peach trees were in bloom and I had a freshly ironed frock to wear to school; and she would talk of it on lonesome, wet autumn evenings when everything was—oh!"

One hand went up to the thin throat and Mrs. Long sank into a chair at the foot of the bed and began to weep behind her handkerchief.

"She had so little," continued Milly, thrusting her emotions back into the cave in which they had hitherto been hidden, "and I believe that when she was a girl it was different. But she did not seem to mind her present loss so much as the fear of the greater loss, as she considered it, before her. I know her constant talk of it and the seeming certainty of its fulfillment made life more bitter for poor father. And so, when Miss Cora got the school for me the first term, I saved every cent of the money and bought everything she now has on for her, and that summer I made them up. She could not have been more grateful if I had given her a fortune. It brought father happiness, too, for he loved her more than himself. Of course her fear would not have been realized while I lived," concluded Milly. "But I could not make her think so, and so there was only this left for me to do. I have always been glad I did it."

Mrs. Long said nothing. She had heard all of Milly's words, and was dimly conscious of their meaning; but what filled her mind was the cry of the misery of her whole life, which had been wrung from the ashen lips. Well she knew she was the first who had heard it, and in imagination she felt what this sublime repression must have cost the child, the girl, and the woman. No wonder, she thought, the human frame should stand there before her frayed, worn, fragile, with the soul constantly tearing against it for liberation from such a state of being; and less cause was there for surprise in the absence of all grief in the heart over the death of the woman she had earlier called her mother. Forgive her, the girl might have done for the anguish she had helped bring her, but feel for her the sentiment that would call up a tear or a sigh, she could not with the bleeding corpse of her own happiness chained to her memory.

Becoming aware, after a while, of the silence in the room, Mrs. Long withdrew her handkerchief and gazed for a moment at the girl standing against the wall, her great dark eyes fixed vaguely on the still figure on the bed.

"Milly," she then said, slowly, "is the story which she told Arthur true?"

"Yes," she answered, listlessly.

"Have you proof other than her words?" inquired Mrs. Long.

"I have the certificate of my parents' marriage, my grandfather's book containing the date of my birth, their death, the name and address of my uncle, and a paper written by herself confirming the story. There are some other things, among them the letter which she wrote to my grandfather on reaching Lexington, and which was sent back by the lawyer. Yes, I have sufficient proofs, and besides, father confirmed the story, and he would not tell a falsehood."

"Why then, Milly, did you continue here, living this miserable life, when you could have returned to your own station, put away forever the wretchedness of this?" asked Mrs. Long.

"The other children were married then—they would have been alone—they were poor—and father could not work—they needed me."

Her answer came in disjointed sentences, and after a fleeting glance at the questioning woman, the truthful eyes had been turned away.

"But Milly," pressed Arthur's mother, "had you gone to West Virginia and secured your property, you could have taken them there to live with you. You could still have been a daughter to them and given them more comforts than you were able to do here, and with less expenditure of your strength. At the same time you would have released yourself from an existence which I now see was terrible for such a nature as yours. Milly, have you truthfully answered me?"

The great dark eyes came back, wavered for a moment as they met the ones so like Arthur's; then the trembling knees sank under her frail weight. As she sank on the floor, she said brokenly:

"I have not."

"Can you not?" asked Mrs. Long, her motherly heart aching for the girl crouching on the floor. When no answer came, she said:

"Milly, will you tell me, his mother? Is it because of Arthur?"

Her answer was the dropping of the thin brown face into the thin brown hands. A mother seldom meets such a confession with equanimity, especially when the child is her first born son. But all ungenerous feeling was swept from her heart, as she thought of the wonder of this girl's love; so perfect and pure it had never made one demand for itself, so silent that never once had the idea of its existence crossed the mind of its object, and yet so all-pervading and powerful that he had rested on it unconsciously and had never known heart-longing, even though parted from her, his mother.

"Milly," she said, very gently, very tenderly, "come to me, little girl!" and with a gush of the only happy tears she had ever known, Milly flung herself into the outstretched arms of Arthur's mother.

## CHAPTER XIII

At the days following the funeral wore away, and Milly did not break the silence between them regarding the story of her birth, nor give any indication of intending to seek his advice regarding her inheritance. Arthur was at first surprised, and then perplexed. Thinking that her natural reserve withheld her from approaching the subject, he opened the way that must have led to it, but either through lack of perception or because of remarkable astuteness in avoiding it, she always missed the opportunity. When he heard from one of the trustees that she had applied for her former position in the school, he was driven to seek counsel with his mother.

Yes, Milly had spoken to her, Mrs. Long said. Her father shrank from leaving here, where his wife was buried, and as Milly could not go without him, she must perform her work. It would not be for long that she would be detained here, for the old man was hastening to join his loved one. There was time enough for her own affairs, Milly had said. The least she could do for him was freely to give these days to him; and Mrs. Long bade her son not to trouble himself about the matter at present. If Milly's claims were what she believed them to be, a year could not make any material difference, and by that time she would be relieved of all obligations to those with whom fate had drawn her.

Singularly enough Arthur found it not difficult to follow his mother's advice, for Milly and her affairs, unusual as the latter were, occupied a secondary place in his attention, for which fact blue-eyed Lucy Frazier was accountable. His visits to her were being paid with a regularity that was driving Aunt Jenny to the verge of distraction because of the superstitious belief, as they were causing Mrs. Frazier an annoyance which threatened eventually to work more harmfully than the combined malice of the spirits whom the negress feared. With the wit of an adept in the practice of feminine art, Lucy obeyed her mother in regard to Jasper, and at the same time secured her own pleasure by frequently seeing Arthur. While the latter was aware of the calls of the former and her frequent little excursions with him, Jasper was totally ignorant of the visits paid by Arthur. Had he not been thus ignorant, he would have withdrawn, for there was too little of his heart in this seeking of the girl's society, to permit him to assume the character of a rival to his friend, who, in addition, was bound to him by the ties of relationship. Lucy realized this, and felt there existed no demand upon her honor or friendship to enlighten him. Moreover, the old haunting scene of Arthur's hatred of her Yankee race and birth could not be entirely shaken off, and while it remained, always should doubt have a lurking-place in her heart. When the awful time, of which this doubt was the foreshadow should come upon her, she could not be quite alone who had the unexciting friendship of Jasper Long to turn to. Thus Lucy reasoned, as women before and since have done, adding thereby to the world's misery.

Arthur appeared to divine this doubt and it always angered him. It was not what he wanted, and he was one to grow unreasonable when his desires were thwarted. If during this period he had once met his conscience face to face, he would have admitted that Lucy was justified in so regarding him. He had entered on this friendship of later days at the instigation of the, very hateful, in whose existence she held that lingering belief; nor could he, had such a moment of meeting been his, have truthfully declared that she had no ground for that belief to stand upon. Was it the blending of races so dissimilar that had wrought this miracle on the countenance of their offspring? But though it seemed to be before him in the reality of flesh and blood, the beautiful face had not the power to move him.

Then the dark beauty of her face and the unfathomed mystery of her gloomy eyes made appeal to him, and he vaguely wondered which parent in this did she resemble, the proud Virginian mother, or the father who had died by his brother's hand? Or was it the blending of races so dissimilar that had wrought this miracle on the countenance of their offspring? But though it seemed to be before him in the reality of flesh and blood, the beautiful face had not the power to move him.

Were they dead, he then asked himself, the uncle and aunt who had had the little child they had grown to love so strangely snatched away from them? If they were living, would they recognize her and welcome her when he took her home?

When he took her home? The words seemed to touch a spring that swiftly shut off his world of musing and left him thoroughly aroused. When he took her home! Who had said he was to do this? Swiftly his thoughts ran over the past weeks, seeking the voice that had spoken them, the hour of their utterance. He could recall nothing, and yet they could not have come into his mind without having been suggested, could not have been accepted as a thing to be accomplished without long argument and convincing proof of the duty laid upon him to do so.

He take Milly home! What rank folly in the thought. What was she to him that any one should ever have

must doubt nothing. And, though as many generations of Lucy's mothers had ceased to veil their eyes, he was one of those who held they must still veil their minds.

Naturally the intercourse of two so

divergent in almost every view,

must have been tumultuous; and often Lucy, turning from the door through which he had passed, vowed never again to see him, and, as Arthur strode homeward through the starlight, he as often made the same declaration. The dawning of another sun, however, threw a different light upon the subject, the discussion of which had thrust them apart in anger; or the passage of days full of the ache of separation brought them to the realization of their folly and each other, because of a disputed theory whose existence or results in no way affected their lives.

After such a quarrel, whose violence was so great it might justly be regarded as fatal, Lucy came upon Arthur, standing by the white privet bush above the stream. It was late in the evening, that mystic, fleeting, unreal time when night stands tip-toe on the hills to unlock the gateway of the stars.

Her father and mother had gone to the adjoining county to attend the fair, taking the two younger children with them. Joe, who had driven them to the train in the morning, had shortly after sunset departed for Beechwood to meet them. Half way there he had encountered a neighbor who told him the engine had been overturned as the train was leaving the fairground, entailing a delay of at least two hours. To save his Lil' Miss anxiety, Joe had turned back to relate to her what he had heard, then hastened to the town, for he had a countryman's uncertainty in regard to the arrival and departure of steam cars.

As she watched the carriage departing the second time, Lucy felt it was incumbent on her to carry the intelligence to Aunt Jenny, who was always uneasy when Joe drove the horses at night. She wore a simple white gown, caught at the waist with a broad blue sash, and thrust into her hair a spray of sweet verbenas broke from the border of the flower bed while passing. As she came down the hill the fragrance of the flower was borne to Arthur, standing by the brook.

All day he had been assailed by the thought of their estrangement, and, when evening sent him to the lonely house, the longing for reconciliation grew into a mastering force. He tried to read, but the stillness of the library was oppressive. He went to the parlor, but the grave or smiling faces of his ancestors, looking down on him from the wall, seemed to mock him.

"Fool!" they said, "to come here,

of all places, with your misery!

Here where we danced and sang and made merry, here we whispered words of love and plighted our marriage vows, here where our children played at our hearty hearthstones and where later we smiled upon their youthful loves."

Here his father had lain, in the solemn state of death, and here, in so short a time afterward, his mother had given herself to another. Worse than the silence of the library were the memories of the long parlor filled with the rich sunset light from the many deep-set windows. Thought of his room repelled him, while the rear veranda looked upon Milly's lowly home, on whose doorstep he knew, as was her custom, she was sitting.

Why should he not join Milly, he asked himself. Her low voice, responding to his words, would allay the fever of his heart, and her quiet presence subdue the tumult of his mind. He recalled her story and remembered that the girl sitting there in the former home of one of his father's slaves was like himself, the inheritor of an ancient name, and, unlike him in this, heir to great possessions. Instead of returning to claim them, she kept her humble, painful position for the sake of a bereft old man. The heroism of the girl rose before him. He bowed before it, but notwithstanding his veneration, it could not draw him to her.

Then the dark beauty of her face and the unfathomed mystery of her gloomy eyes made appeal to him, and he vaguely wondered which parent in this did she resemble, the proud Virginian mother, or the father who had died by his brother's hand? Or was it the blending of races so dissimilar that had wrought this miracle on the countenance of their offspring? But though it seemed to be before him in the reality of flesh and blood, the beautiful face had not the power to move him.

He would walk a little further up

the valley, which was so still, so

soothing. Nowhere had he ever met such an odor as filled this hollow at eventide. As a boy, when playing here with Lucy, the strangeness of it had often brought a sensation of fear to his heart as he thought that Uncle Major's explanation might possess something of truth, and the spirits of the dead Indians were offering prayer and incense to their gods from the green knoll upon which the log house stood.

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gods from the green knoll upon which

the log house stood.

Tough now he knew the natural

cause of the refreshing scent which

seemed to fill his being, he could not

but wonder that it should be found

almost overpowering in this spot, and

so scarcely perceptible in other parts

of the deep valley.

From the deep valley he gazed

down the stream, where now the white privet grew?

If he had done this, he had certainly

done a sinful thing; and because of

the poetical bent of his mind, Arthur

felt that the God whom these

untutored children of the forest wor-

shipped, under however rude a form,

by however rude a rite, might not

have turned a deaf ear to their cries

for vengeance upon the one who had

stolen their temple from them and

desecrated it especially when that

one stood higher in the scale of being

and held truer conceptions of the

Divinity than that both acknowledged.

Well, if he had wronged his red

brothers, he and his descendants had

paid the penalty. While they had

prospered in one way for a time, they

had lost in others. Loved father

and promising son had been suddenly

called to fill untimely graves. Tender

mothers and loving daughters had

suffered the loss of these, and woes

more deep. With every joy the house

had known, there seemed to walk a

deeper shadow. For long they had

been regarded as a marked race, and

now of it only he remained.

made on each appearance. On one occasion a gentleman who was waiting to see me when Mrs. Hart was in my waiting room, insisted upon knowing her address, when he talked with me, and subsequently sent her a ten-dollar bill through the mail. It was to ease his conscience, he said. He was successful in business and living comfortably. The mute evidence or poverty and suffering in the face of Mrs. Hart could not be banished from his mind, nor could he eat or sleep comfortably until he had done something to alleviate her condition.

In the passing years Tim Hart, big, rough and noisy drunkard, had not changed. His family was denied fully three-fifths of his income. The settlement houses the St. Vincent de Paul Society and private agencies contributed to the keep of the family, although little Mrs. Hart had never sought public aid, except dispensary treatment. Gratefully she accepted those services, without which the home would have been broken up and the children placed in institutions. Johnny was fifteen now and ready to go to work. Billy was fourteen, and a place was open for him, too.

One day Tim Hart himself came in, the first time he had ever consulted me. He was very coarse and moved stiffly. He told me that five days before, on a bitterly cold day, when he was very heavily clad, with mittens on his hands, and partly intoxicated, he was trying to step on board of a barge at a pier where he was employed, when he slipped and fell in the water. A strong tide was running, and he was sucked downward and under the pier. He felt himself, going down, down. Then he came up, but completely out of sight of the men on the pier above, who were ready with ropes, watching for his reappearance. Again the mighty traction of the swirling water drew him under. Down, down he went, until he realized he was about to drown. Suddenly he prayed, directly to the Lord. "Dear Jesus," he said; "save me and by the Holy Name I'll never drink again."

Instantly he felt a terrific force lift him up from the overwhelming water. He was fairly shot up from the depths and thrown partly out of the water, directly under where the men above were standing with ropes. Two lines were just at his hands. He grasped them, curled his arms around the lines and was hauled out of the water. When I reached the top floor of the Madison street tenement, I found the little woman unlocking a door and about to enter the rooms. I asked her in which part the Harts lived. "I'm Mrs. Hart," she said.

ful death. It is one of the most distressing maladies known to man. I told Tim Hart he could not do any more rough or strong work that it might kill him. Sudden death might follow violent exertion. The most that medical treatment could do for him was to alleviate the pain of the attacks somewhat, and, if he had freedom from exertion and anxiety, perhaps, his life might be lengthened.

The man naturally said: "If I can't work, I'll lose my job. What will you do?"

"Well, you did not think much of the case of your family during your years of drunkenness," I said, rather coldly, "and you thought mighty little of the family when you broke your vow and began to drink again."

Hart grew pale. "I'll lose my job," he murmured. But he took the prescriptions and went out. I wrote to his employer to tell them that if they could give him lighter work it would benefit him. I explained the case in the letter.

Hart was given the same wages as before, but he no longer had to do hard work. He supervises the other men and records their time. At the end of the week the cashier sends for Hart's wife and pays to her \$17.50, the weekly wages of Tim Hart.

Twice, three times, in some weeks and even oftener Tim Hart is seized with a terrible pain, a pain like a burning needle, that shoots through his left chest and seems to strike into his very heart. He turns deadly pale as he staggers with his hand against his breast. He feels the shadow of death upon him. He gasps for air, he murmurs, a faint prayer. And, after five to twenty minutes of intense agony, during which he would have welcomed death, the pain passes gradually, the death pall lifts and he is relieved. He does not know the hour or minute when this attack will come. It strikes him in the street, on the pier, in his house. Again and again he has felt death grasp him with deadly cold hands, take the breath from his body, make him cold, almost pulseless, slip him into the door of the great beyond, then slowly allow him to come back to life—and to terror.

Tim Hart's family is not suffering. His boys are working. His wages are given to his wife. Day by day Tim Hart drags on. Day by day he waits the hour of the summons. He goes to the pier, knowing that at any moment he may be stricken with death or the near death that he dreads worse than death. A hundred times Tim Hart has suffered and almost died. A hundred times Tim Hart has come back, gasping and suffering from the doors of death. And still he does not die.

Tim Hart broke the vow he made in the moments of supreme despair, when he appealed to the Sacred Name for rescue. And now, not Tim Hart's family, not any one else, but Tim Hart alone, suffers the penalties for the broken resolution. That is the punishment of Hart—Dr. S. Macmillan in Catholic News.

## A SERMON ON SAINT PATRICK

### PRAYER THE SECRET OF HIS STRENGTH

Far back, almost in the dawn of our era, when Theodosius ruled in imperial Rome, and St. Sirius sat in the chair of Peter, a Christian youth of Roman parentage, was seized by a band of Irish raiders, who had swept down on the coasts of Gaul, and sold by them as a slave to a chieftain in Ulster, Milchog by name. The leaven of the Gospel had not yet purged even Europe of slavery, much less of war. For six weary years he suffered and toiled, but his trust, and love, and deep reverence for God never flinched. He became a saint, and it is in his honor that we meet here today. The very existence of America was unknown in his day, yet, on its soil, from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Plata, wherever a knot of Irishmen can be brought together, the name of St. Patrick is revered and blessed, in song and speech and prayer today. For no saint has left a deeper trace in the memory of the race he influenced than the apostle of Ireland. David in Wales, Andrew in Scotland, Augustinus in England, are now mere shadows of a shade; whereas the name and fame of Patrick live, on Irish lips, and in Irish hearts, all the world over. The shamrock we wear in his honor to day is an emblem of our love and fidelity to the faith he planted and the fatherland he may be said to have thereby founded and united. A race, like an individual, is judged by its ideals, i.e., practically speaking, by its creed. The Irish are said to be moody and fickle as their ever-changing skies; yet for more than fourteen centuries they have clung with unshaken tenacity to the standard of belief and duty preached by St. Patrick. And what nobler or higher was ever put before people?

His name (Latin for nobleman, as he truly was) and fidelity to his teaching are often flung in contempt at his children. But it is their glory, not their shame. To the Jew and Greek the world owes its highest form of religion and civilization; yet, on account of the oppression to which they were subjected, those grand old names are now often synonymous with usurers and chief; whereas, the worst reproach that can be made against Ireland as a nation is her lack of worldly goods and worldly wisdom, to both of which for centuries she was denied access.

Whence, it may be asked, the influence of St. Patrick? How comes it that a Roman stranger is so

lovingly enshrined in the hearts of the people of a land where he once lived and toiled as a slave. No doubt it was partly due to his own character, and partly to that of the people he turned to Christ. The laborer and the soil were matched. The reaper was strong and the harvest was ripe. Saints are God's agents in doing God's work, but the message they carry must be freely received. On both sides we see "the finger of God," and "it is wonderful in our eyes." No philosophy, no form of human wisdom, or merely human religion, produced a saint or converted a race, in the true sense of the word. Saints grow on one soil only, and nations are gathered by their influence into one fold only, that of the true Church. God equips the saints, His messengers, with gifts and graces and similarly fits the people to receive them. But both must respond to God's call. Both may fail away. Lucifer and Adam were holy, but lapsed from grace. Now, the duty of a saint, as it is to cultivate personal holiness first, ere attempting to raise others to their own height. This is what St. Patrick did. He first, and indeed all through life, perfected himself, and next, he tried to lift up the Irish race toward his own moral level; and succeeded in doing so; in other words, we have to see God's work in his own soul, and next God's work, through him, in the souls of others.

I do not in the first place, mean to catalogue his virtues, natural or otherwise; but rather touch briefly on the spirit of St. Patrick that made these virtues grow and expand. Two leading characteristics marked this spirit, viz., love of prayer and the love and practice of penance. They are more needed today than ever. For want of them holiness is everywhere shrinking in the heart of man. Grace abounds, it is true; opportunities for piety lie in abundance at every one's door; yet few appeal to God in fervent prayer, and many try to forget, doubt or disbelieve in Him. The craving for bodily comfort and gross material pleasures is "extinguishing the spirit." Selfishness in its worst form often rules us. Hence the lesson of St. Patrick's life.

He first comes into view in the year 387, when, with "thousands of others," he was taken captive and sold as a slave. The iron grip of imperial Rome was relaxing and in the border provinces ordered life appeared doomed. Raiding bands, by sea and land, had all their own way. Human life, property and honor lay at their mercy. Patrick's parents were both probably slain, his two sisters made prisoners and himself a helpless victim in the hands of pirates.

Nowadays anyone may lead a holy and virtuous life, if he chooses; then it seemed impossible, humanly speaking. It was a time to try one's faith in God. He seemed to have forsaken the world and given it over to evil fiends. God appeared to be far away in the heavens. The devil was free. But Patrick's piety was neither selfish nor superficial. It was deep and solid. He had lost his father on earth, poor youth, but he clung all the more hopefully to his Father in heaven. Earnestly and heartily his soul rose to God in prayer. Day and night the pious youth sought and found help, light and comfort in this holy practice. Prayer was his sole resource, even spiritually. There was no church, no Mass, no sacraments, no priest, no fervent crowd of fellow-worshippers, or even fellow-believers. He was alone among scoffers and idolaters. But he believed in God, and he clung to his God with all his heart, and voice, he "rose up and went to his Father." On the cheerless slopes of Slemish, or the dismal swamps and miry bogs around, in foul weather or in fair, by day or by night, his trustful spirit communed with God. In those cruel days labored no rights, masters no duties. His work was hard and unceasing, his fare the coarsest, his garb torn, thin and scanty. His sad and cruel lot would have driven most souls to despair, or brutalized and degraded them. But it only served to urge St. Patrick to pray and have recourse to God all the more fervently. "To whom else could he go?" "On whom else could he cast all his care?" save "on Him who has care of all." Hear how he describes his daily life on the barren uplands of Slemish. "On coming to Ireland I was daily tending sheep, and many times in the day I prayed, and more and more the love of God, and his faith and fear grew in me, and the spirit was strengthened, so that in a single day I have said as many as a hundred prayers, and in the night nearly the same. And I dwelt in the woods and on the mountain, and before the dawn I was summoned to prayer by the snow and the ice and the rain, and I did not suffer from them, nor was there any sloth in me as I see now, because then the spirit was burning within me."

Prayer ever is and must be a marked feature in all souls that "walk with God," but it was especially characteristic of St. Patrick. Nay, it is a gift that he seems to have handed down to his children, as anyone can testify who has heard them pour forth their souls to God in country chapel or moorland cabin, or when sickness or sorrow fall in their families.

Prayer made our saint a giant in spirit. It was the source of his strength, the secret of his success as a saint and an apostle. Quite as much as we need to "put on this armor of light." The gloom and darkness that shroud the spirit world is as dense as in his day. The

mysterious problems suggested by nature, by life, by death, by the mind and heart of man, are still unsolved. Light must come from above and in prayer we seek to get it. Apart from this soul without prayer is a soul without God. St. Patrick was a man of God! "fistula Spiritus Sancti," "an organ of the Holy Spirit," because he was "a man of prayer." When thwarted, or sorely tried, or puzzled at God's strange ways, he did not rush, as so many nowadays, into unbelief or despair, but cast himself on God, and in prayer, "cried all the more." Prayer was to him life, and in death, as it should be to all, an opening of the heavens and drawing down into the troubled soul the peaceful dove of the Holy Spirit."

The next great feature in his character was his spirit of penance. Self-denial is the very basis of piety, but in St. Patrick it rose to the highest pitch of asceticism. Man is a blend of matter and spirit, body and soul. Both are from God, and one would think they should act in harmony, each with its rights and claims, duly ordered. But we live in an anomalous world. There is a divorce between pleasure and virtue. Ease, indulgence, comfort mostly go with sin and luxury; whereas virtue is often left out in the cold. Pain and grief and sorrow and self-restraint are usually the condition of its practice. Life does not always bring the good a pleasant saunter "through the real," but a hard and weary exile. We know, it is true that virtue will one day have its reward; but meanwhile "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent only bear it away." Unless you do penance," says Our Lord, "you shall all likewise perish."

The crowning glory of St. Patrick is to have been God's instrument in raising the ideals of Celtic Ireland up to the standard of the gospel; and the spirit he infused still broods over the island. His deep faith in the living God, his keen sense of justice, his love of prayer, his utter carelessness of wealth and bodily comfort are still marked features of the race. He prayed that "gold and silver might never fail in Ireland," and it was in this shape God answered his prayer. What wealth can be compared, after all to a sunnny mind and an easily conctended heart? From a Christian standpoint, surely, in the words of St. Vincent of Paul, "Man is never so rich as when he is like Jesus Christ," or as the poet expresses it:

"If thou art rich, thou art poor; For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows, Thou bearest thy heavy riches but a journey, And death unlodes thee."

Though St. Patrick's work was rapid, it was thorough. After the lapse of fifteen centuries of storm and flood, and with a hostile garrison entrenched in her midst, and enriched from her spoils, the Church in Ireland, the building reared by St. Patrick, shows no signs of decay. The light of the faith he planted burns as brightly as ever. There has been no wilful apostasy. He still holds his people in the hollow of his hand. "Though dead, he yet speaketh."

Few apostles live to see the full results of their labors. They plow and sow, while others reap the harvest. In faith and love, they tread their lonely furrows, trusting to God to "give the increase" in His own good time. Not so with St. Patrick. Under his magic hand Ireland grew up in his one lifetime into an island of saints. On reaching Ireland he found the land "in darkness and the shadow of death." Long before his death he could say, in the words of Isaiahs, "The earth is filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the covering waters of the sea" (Isaiah xi. 10). He thus writes in his "Confessions," "Wherefore in Ireland they who hitherto had no knowledge of God, and up to this time only worshipped impure idols, have lately become the people of the Lord, and are styled the sons of God. The sons of the Scots and the daughters of princes are seen as monks and virgins of Christ" (ch. iv, sec. 8).

Toward the close of his life he saw in a vision "the whole land, as it were, like a great furnace, whose flames reached to the sky, and he clearly heard the voice of an angel saying: 'Such is now the state of Ireland in the sight of the Lord'" (Life of Morris, page 261).

"Before long," says Jocelyn, "there was no desert, no spot or hiding place in the island, however remote, which was not peopled with perfect monks or nuns," so that throughout the world Ireland was justly distinguished, by the extraordinary title of the Island of Saints.

Even bodily St. Patrick was no loser by his austere and prayerful life, as his hundred and twenty years prove. Old age was his sole malady. He was Hale in body and sound in mind to the end: "He who loses his life" for God "will find it," in spite of worldly wisdom. His spirit still haunts the land. For well nigh fifteen centuries pilgrim's feet have trodden the rugged sides of Croagh Patrick and the rocky shores of Lough Derg, showing that prayer and rigid austerities are not a dead letter in the land that St. Patrick converted

So much for the character of the laborer. A word next on his work and the field in which it was carried on. It is remarkable that the ground in which he was called to labor was neither stony, nor thorny, nor rocky, but "good soil and meet withal for the seed of God's word." In nature not all grounds are fitted for all growths; no more is every race fitted for gospel teaching. A certain tone or elevation of character, a certain degree of culture in short, is a necessity. "Nihil per salutem" in grace or in nature. Rough human virtues prevailed in the island, and predisposed to ready acceptance of St. Patrick's message. There can be no doubt that conjugal

fidelity, maiden modesty, respect for women, and a fairly well-ordered social life were the rule and not the exception. The Breton laws, lately unearthed and published, show that justice prevailed between man and man, and had already taken concrete shape in a code. The ornaments and weapons so numerous in Irish and other museums, show a good knowledge of the arts. War, and slavery, and piracy no doubt existed as in the rest of Europe but less common and not so ruthless. This existence of bards—a class devoted to the cultivation of music and poetry, softened the rude, warlike manners of the race. The country, too, under the predominant tribes of the "Scots" was rapidly advancing to political unity.

Since St. Patrick breathed his last, some fifteen centuries ago few countries were subject to so many vicissitudes as Ireland; but his work remains. All else has gone, yet the Church of Christ is still there, fresh and young as ever. Wave after wave of invaders, Danes, and Normans, and Saxons, have swept over the land, destroying or changing all, but the fabric reared by St. Patrick abides. Every vestige of his promising institutions have disappeared—laws, languages, political hopes; yet his voice is still heard and his work still goes on in her midst.

Let us hope that this influence and power will keep Ireland one in nationhood as it made her one in religion. In life he welded her warring clans into one united spiritual commonwealth, that grows into, as it has ever since remained, one of the fairest provinces of God's kingdom on earth. Peacefully, and united, and tolerantly it has managed ecclesiastical affairs. Is there any reason to suppose it should act less wisely or less justly in civil? Let us pray God that all this may come about peacefully, harmoniously, speedily. And while praying that the nation may be restored to its God-born rights, let us not fail to take to heart individually the lessons taught by St. Patrick's holy life.

He died a saint because he lived a saint. A lesson and a warning to us all in his trite truth, "Qualis vita, finis ipsa," i.e., "as our life, so our death." Next, he was personally good, pure, holy; therefore, was his work for others blessed and powerful. He sanctified his own soul, therefore did God through him sanctify others. We are not meant to live for selfalone. Whether we wish or no, we profoundly influence others, few or many, for good or for evil. We are all "sowers of seed." We are all moral magnets. "Virtue" or "vice" go forth from us. Let us, then, like St. Patrick, do God's work and not the devil's. Let us build up the Church in our own souls—sanctify ourselves by use of means at our disposal. By prayer and self denial St. Patrick kept the grace of God alive in his soul, even in a pagan land. Let us do so in a Christian manner; and thus live and die worthy children of St. Patrick—Rev. William Graham, in the Homiletic Monthly.

Truth is always veiled in a kind of mystery.—Henri Fabre.

## RENNIE'S FARM GARDEN Pure--New Seeds

Improved Beefsteak Tomato (enormous size). Pkg. 10c, 1/2 oz. 35c, oz. 60c.  
Copenhagen Market Cabbage (high class early). Pkg. 10c, 1/2 oz. 40c, oz. 75c.  
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Wardwell's Kidney Wax Beans (market sort). 4 oz. 15c, lb. 55c, 5 lbs. \$2.40.  
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1/2 oz. \$1.40.  
Ringleader Sweet Table Corn (ready in 60 days). Pkg. 10c, lb. 35c, 5 lbs. \$1.50.  
Cool and Crisp Cucumber (bears all season). Pkg. 5c, oz. 15c, 4 ozs. 40c.  
New York Lettuce (immense solid heads). Pkg. 10c, oz. 25c, 4 ozs. 70c.  
Market-Maker Golden Globe Onion (big cropper). Pkg. 10c, oz. 25c, lb. \$2.10.  
Yellow Onion Sets (select Canadian). Lb. 35c, 5 lbs. \$1.76.  
XXX Earliest Table Marrow Peas. 4 ozs. 15c, lb. 40c, 5 lbs. \$1.00.  
Jumbo Sugar Beet (for stock feed). 4 ozs. 15c, 1/2 lb. 25c, lb. 45c, 5 lbs. \$2.20.  
Perfection Mammoth Red Mangel (very large). 1/2 lb. 25c, lb. 45c, 5 lbs. \$2.20.  
Canadian Gem Sweet Turnip (good keeper). 4 ozs. 20c, 1/2 lb. 35c, lb. 70c, 5 lbs. \$3.40.  
Improved Greystone Turnip. 4 ozs. 15c, 1/2 lb. 27c, lb. 50c.  
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High Grade Gold Nugget Yellow Flint Field Seed Corn. Bush. \$3.35, 5 bush. \$16.25.  
High Grade Wisconsin No. 7 White Dent Seed Corn. Bush. \$2.85, 5 bush. \$13.75.  
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LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1917

### HOPE DEFERRED

Once again Irishmen at home and throughout the world will celebrate the feast of Ireland's apostle and patron saint with good reason to remember the long black record of English misgovernment. That great Irishman, Sir Horace Plunkett, gave the sound and statesmanlike advice that "Anglo-Irish history is for Englishmen to remember, for Irishmen to forget." A section of Englishmen, still of great influence in the Government, do not remember—indeed have never learned—and seem fatuously determined not to allow Irishmen to forget.

"Each generation of Englishmen," John Redmond wrote in 1911, "have comforted themselves with the reflection that they were righteous men, though their ancestors governed Ireland infamously. No Englishman justifies the government of Ireland in the sixteenth, seventeenth, or eighteenth century, and even the Englishman of the latter part of the nineteenth century condemns the government of the men of the earlier part. But the truth is that no generation of Englishmen can plume themselves on their administration of Irish affairs. Ignorance and ineptitude are the characteristics of the English rulers of Ireland of every generation; yet Englishmen talk of Irish ingratitude and sneer at Irish grievances. What does Ireland now want? Pitt asked Grattan in 1794, and 'What does Ireland now want?' is the stock question of English statesmen of the twentieth century. Englishmen constantly forget that they are the original wrong-doers, and that they have never acted so as to obliterate the memory of their misdeeds. Englishmen love national independence, but cannot conceive how other people should have this feeling too."

But England was in the relentless grip of a comparatively small privileged class who practically monopolized the functions of government and ruled the people of England as well as the people of Ireland always with an eye, first of all, to their own interests and privileges. The English people have been slowly but steadily emerging from this modern phase of serfdom and with the powerful, generous and sustained aid of Ireland's representatives in Parliament have put themselves in the way of achieving democratic self-government. The aid generously given by the Irish was essential to the success attained. Lecky says: "A majority of the Irish members turned the balance in favor of the great democratic Reform Bill of 1832, and from that day there has been scarcely a democratic measure which they have not powerfully assisted. When, indeed, we consider the votes they have given, the principles they have been the means of introducing into English legislation, and the influence they have exercised upon the tone and character of the House of Commons, it is probably not too much to say that their presence in the British Parliament has proved the most powerful of all agents in accelerating the democratic transformation of English politics."

Since Lecky wrote, that influence has been intensified and multiplied. And to crown their work in this respect their help was decisive in passing the Parliament Act by which a Bill passed in three successive sessions by the House of Commons becomes law in spite of its rejection by the House of Lords. Up to this time the House of Lords was the

impregnable fortress of English class privilege, the insuperable barrier to democratic progress and social reform. By virtue of Parliament Act this oligarchical institution will no longer thwart the public will and make representative government a sham.

And all this time what was the part played by North East Ulster? Ever since the foundation of the Orange society the passions and prejudices of these unfortunate people have been pandered to and played upon by the Ascendancy class, that ugly, parasitic growth on the national life of Ireland. And they, in turn, served their political masters faithfully, yes fanatically. As the Globe appositely remarks:

"From the first Reform Bill down to the controversy over the party of the Lords this Ulster minority has been the tool of the feudal classes and the persistent foe of democratic progress."

In the face of all this, in the midst of the struggle of democracy and liberty against junkerdom and despotism, while the greatest of wars is being waged for the rights of small nationalities against brutal imperialism, England's radical Prime Minister and central figure of the War tells the House of Commons, tells Ireland and the world, that the Irish Self-Government Act, which has been approved over and over again by a majority of the people of Great Britain as well as of Ireland, which has received the royal assent and bears the King's signature is only "a scrap of paper," until the petted Irish tools and dupes of the feudal classes consent to its adoption! Thank God there are men in England and throughout the Empire who feel keenly the shame and disonor thus forced upon them.

Here we shall quote The Globe not only because it puts the case tersely, clearly, fearlessly, but especially because we believe it reflects the sentiment and convictions of the great majority of the self-respecting people of this self-governing Dominion:

"As the London Liberal newspapers point out, in offering a truncated Ireland the Premier was offering something the Nationalists could not possibly accept. Equally unanswerable is the contention of The London News that the responsibility for a settlement of the Irish problem rests on the Government and not on the Irish people. The question of Ireland is not a problem of Empire only. In these days of war the fate of the smaller nationalities of Europe has become a world issue. Britain cannot, even if she would, avoid the judgment of other nations and other peoples on the results of her rule in Ireland. So long as Ireland is governed from Westminster so long must Britain bear the responsibility for the condition of Ireland."

"Britain must go into the coming Peace Conference with clean hands and a clear conscience. The Irish question must be settled before the Allied powers discuss with Germany and Austria-Hungary the future status of the small Slav nationalities now under Teuton rule."

"What stands in the way of a just settlement of the Irish question? It is idle to talk of the partition of Ireland when neither party will accept this solution. On this question Sir Edward Carson is hopelessly at variance with his own constituency, Dublin University. It is irritating to suggest that Ireland must wait for the fulfilment of British promises until the Ulster minority gives its assent, unless the same principle applies to British legislation. Did the Unionists consider the Nonconformist minority in England and Wales when they forced upon it the iniquitous (?) Education Act of 1902 and filled the jails with passive resisters? Did Mr. Lloyd George listen to the objections of minorities when forcing through his social reform legislation? What is the complaint of Nationalist Ireland? It is one that affects the honor of British statesmen. The complaint is that by the aid of Irish votes the Liberal party carried through its monumental schemes of social reform; that by the aid of Irish votes it invaded Wales and disseminated the State Church; that by the aid of Irish votes it destroyed the veto of the Lords and removed what Mr. Asquith declared to be the last obstacle to the granting of Irish self-government; that, having made use of the Irish vote in British domestic politics to effect a social and political revolution. Mr. Lloyd George now tells Irish Nationalists they can get no help from him or from his Government in fulfillment of British pledges."

The situation in Ireland has not been improved by Mr. Lloyd George's speech. He has laid down the principle that no minority must be forced to submit to a form of government of which it does not approve. He asks Ireland to accept principles of government which he himself has denounced when applied to British affairs. To the veto powers of the hereditary and unrepresentative Peers Mr. Lloyd George opposed the inalienable right of a free people to govern themselves. Shall less be done for Ireland than

has been claimed and successfully asserted on behalf of the British democracy?

"The solution of this question of Ireland must not be subject to the reactionary doctrine of minority rule or the veto of a governing class. Britain must set her house in order. The settlement of the Irish problem is too closely bound up with fundamental issues in this War to be side-tracked or ignored."

Some time after the formation of the late Coalition Government a Canadian, prominent in public life, shrewdly wondered whether Lloyd George was robust enough a radical to withstand the atmosphere and influences of the social classes who were beginning to lionize him, and who would with equal readiness adopt or destroy him; or whether, like Chamberlain, he would succumb to their blandishments. Perhaps it is too soon yet to answer; but if the radical Premier feels his present thick coat of pharisaism at all comfortable or supportable, even as a "war measure," he is ripe for adoption.

Had Lloyd George, dictator by the will of the people, had the courage and the statesmanship to use his exceptional powers boldly, to set right an age-long wrong, he would have achieved the master-stroke of the War and enlisted unreservedly on the side of the Entente Allies the unconquerable moral force of the civilized world. As it is, the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick is the portion of Ireland; but it is infinitely more desirable than that apparently chosen by the man who spurns the ladder by which he climbed to the premiership of England.

Ireland will recover, Ireland will win; that unconquerable spirit which has sustained her for centuries leaves no room for doubt as to her final triumph. But instead of the glorious page of history that Lloyd George could have been largely instrumental in writing there is left for posterity to explain away an ignoble page stained with ingratitude, treachery, and that shameless and cynical inconsistency which we try to convince the world is exclusively Prussian.

### THE CAPITAL LIFE

The Banks, the Insurance companies and the Trust and Loan companies control practically all the accumulations of capital in the country. In round numbers, but well under the actual figures, the Banks have at their disposal a billion dollars, the Insurance and Trust companies two billions. To this vast reservoir of capital countless Catholic streams contribute their quota; but Catholics have an infinitesimally small voice in its control.

Mature consideration of this condition of things suggested the obvious remedy. Catholics of high standing, great influence and wide experience in the business and financial world felt impelled, in order that a reasonable proportion of the country's capital should be under Catholic control, to establish the Capital Life Assurance Company and the Capital Trust Company. In this there was nothing to which non-Catholics could reasonably object; and as a matter of fact no such objection, reasonable or unreasonable, has ever been made by them. As well might they object to Catholics entering into competition with others in any line of business, great or small.

We are not, however, far enough removed from the time of the odious penal laws against Catholics not to feel some lingering remnants of their degrading effects. So—however incredible it may appear to self-respecting Catholics—we occasionally find that such commendable enterprises as the Capital Life and the Capital Trust represent are regarded with a certain amount of disfavor by timorous co-religionists whose forefathers must have had more than the ordinary unhappy experience in penal days. The children of even such as these must be taught that they are free men in a free country. The success of the Capital Life, besides the attainment of the objects in view at its foundation, may have no small influence in this direction.

From Canadian Insurance, a journal devoted exclusively to insurance matters, and one, therefore, whose expert opinion carries weight, we clip the following editorial comment:

"That excellently managed company—the Capital Life—had a good year in 1916. It increased its net premiums by \$16,261; it reduced its expenses by \$6,969; it increased its new business by \$81,378 over the 1915 figure. The actual new business was \$810,596 in sums assured, and the increase in business in force was \$339,756, which is better than the

average experience. The total assets were \$338,428 at the end of the year invested to produce 6.22% interest. It would be difficult to find a company which has had such an excellent record as the Capital in the same stage of its career, and we cannot but think that its management is extraordinarily capable."

### THE SUPERANNUATION OF TEACHERS

We have at different times very

strongly supported the proposal to

form a superannuation fund for the

teachers of this province. Now that

the Bill is before the Legislature it

may be useful to say that maturer

consideration, and fuller discussion

but deepens our conviction that the

proposed action is wise, useful, neces-

sary. Any such measure at this date

in the history of insurance can not

fail to be placed on a sound actuarial

basis both as its provisions and its

administration. It will therefore

provide safe insurance against old

age or incapacity to a body of men

and women whose services it is almost

insulting to praise. In grateful

recognition of those services the

Government, by the proposed act,

will pay half the premium necessary

to establish the superannuation fund.

The measure should receive the

unanimous support and assent of the

Legislature.

—

### THE CATHOLIC HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND: THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS

The author of this very interesting book has already two valuable works relating to the history of Catholic Scotland to his credit; and by the publication of this third volume he has put Scottish Catholics and their descendants under a further great obligation. The author is a monk of the order of St. Benedict, and before the outbreak of the War was stationed at Fort Augustus in the Highlands. He is now a chaplain with the Fleet, and the prefatory notice is dated on H. M. S. Agincourt.

This gifted and lovable man was cut off at the early age of forty-six. No man of his day was so well versed in the folk-lore of the Scottish Celts; and scholars frequently sought him in his almost inaccessible retreat. Neil Munro, the famous novelist, has written a beautiful account of his visit to Father Allan, and has paid a deserving tribute to his rare gifts. One can well regret with Father Blundell that an extended biography has not been written of the apostle of Eriskay, who, scholar as he was, might have moved, had he wished, among the most cultivated circles, but preferred to live his life among his fisher-folk in a lonely wind-swept island in the Atlantic ocean.

There are many other portions of "Catholic Highlands," on which we would like to dwell; but it is better that the reader should go to the book direct. It can be procured by applying to The Procurator, The Abbey, Fort Augustus, Scotland. Price, five shilling and four pence.

— "The Catholic Highlands of Scotland," by Dom. Odo Blundell, O. S. B., F. S. A. (Scot.) Edinburgh, Sands & Co.

### PERPETUATING NATIONAL SENTIMENT

Saturday will be St. Patrick's Day. The shamrock will, of course, be in evidence; for the wearing of the green is becoming quite popular now.

There will be plays and concerts, some Irish and some a poor imitation. There will be an interchange of picture post cards whose technique is scarcely suggestive of the artistic temperament of a nation that produced the Book of Kells. "All Praise to St. Patrick" will be sung as usual and there will be eloquent orations; but we fear that the one word profanity will, in many places, properly qualify the outward celebration of Ireland's national feast day.

We cannot, it is true, expect the present generation to be as interested in matters pertaining to Ireland, or to be as profoundly stirred by emotion on her Saint's day as were their grandfathers and grandmothers to whom the sight of the little shamrock or the sweet notes of Irish melody recalled memories of the past, brought back the lights and the shades of other days.

There are those who contend that it is better for Irish Canadians to disassociate themselves from the traditions of the past and to devote all their affections and energies to the land of their birth. Canada is our native land in the sense that we were born here; but it does not conform in all respects with the definition of L'ordre. "Our native land," says he, "is not its government. It is the soil that saw us born, the blood and the homes of our fathers, the love of our parents, the souvenirs of our childhood, our traditions, our morals, our liberty, our history and our religion." In the case of the French Canadians, Canada supplies all these motives of devotion; for they have had a glorious history of over three hundred years,

sentenced to death if he again returned from his banishment; but on each occasion he at once came back to his field of labour. In 1704, whilst lying prostrate with fever in a miserable hut in Glengarry, he was discovered by some English soldiers, who carried him off to the Castle, where he was thrown into a dungeon, and where, after receiving the vilest treatment, he was allowed to perish.

He had been thirty-four years on the Highland Mission, and during the greater part of that time his principal residence was Glengarry and its

siles by "Box." It must be remembered too, that in "Barnaby Rudge" Dickens has given to the world for all time what someone has called a "classic memorial of Catholic sufferings," during the incendiary Gordon Riots. In that book the author makes clear that he has no sympathy with the hounding of Catholics or of others on the ground of religious belief. His tribute to St. Elphege, the martyr, and to St. Charles Borromeo, the social reformer, should also be remembered to his credit.

## ABOVE AND beyond all this, however, is the service Dickens rendered to the Little Sisters of the Poor.

Upon the invitation of Cardinal Wiseman the Sisters had settled in his diocese and were devoting themselves as they have everywhere, and through their entire career, to the relief of the poor and suffering.

This was in 1851, the very year of the fierce anti-Catholic excitement we have been describing. Their early experiences in London, therefore, were not happy. They were jeered at in the streets, and at the height of the turmoil were obliged to disguise themselves when going abroad. It was some six months later that Dickens, during a sojourn in Paris, visited the Little Sisters in the Rue St. Jacques and on his return to London he wrote and published in *Household Words*, a glowing tribute to them and to their work.

The whole article, as illustrative of his receptivity to good impressions of this character, and of his genuine sympathy with the poor and with those who ministered to them, would repay re-publication, but space forbids. Suffice it to say, that the tribute in *Household Words*, coming at such a time, was of great service to the Little Sisters. For Dickens was then at the height of his fame, and what ever he wrote was widely copied and quoted. When we feel incensed, therefore, at the crude expression in his novels, reflecting upon our mother, the Church, or upon her ministers it will be worth while to recall this incident of the Little Sisters, showing as it does, we think, that Dickens' errors were of the head and not of the heart.

## ON THE BATTLE LINE

## IN ASIA

The advance of the British in Mesopotamia and of the Russians in Persia is the welcome war news of the importance of which it would be difficult to exaggerate.

Russians are closing in on the Ottoman forces in Asiatic Turkey. A Russian force is now moving westward on Bagdad from Sakkiz, which is within twenty-five miles of the Mesopotamian border. Advancing southward from Turkish Armenia, another Russian force attacked the Turks twenty-six miles northwest of Erzincan and captured the enemy's fortified positions. Blowing these up, together with Turkish ammunition supplies, the Russian raiding party returned in safety with some prisoners. Erzincan was captured by the Russians in July last. It was a phase of some military importance to the Turks, with large barracks and army stores. It is connected by road with Trebizond, the Russian base on the Black Sea.

The Mesopotamia advance has been assisted materially by the breach between the native Arab tribes and the Turks. The quick advance on Bagdad by General Maude's forces and the demoralized retreat of the defenders of Kut-el-Amara are attributed in private advices to New York to the wholesale desertions of the Arab auxiliaries. The Turks are now menaced not only by the British and Russian advances, but also by strong forces of Arab cavalry, who are harassing the flanks of the retreating Turks. These Arab forces have been organized by the British as their allies, a fact of tremendous significance in its bearing on the future of Asiatic Turkey. Various tribes, under the leadership of the Grand Sherif of Mecca, have united their forces against Ottoman rule. Mecca is now in their possession.

## THE SUBMARINE

The British food situation is really serious, according to Sir Edward Carson, who forecasted still more drastic restrictions on imports. "Stick it out" is the motto set before the country by the First Lord of the Admiralty. "The people's food is really threatened," was the opening note of his speech at the Aldwych Club, London.

## GERMANY'S FOOD PROBLEM

The food crises in Germany is more serious than Berlin is willing to admit. In the Prussian Diet a Socialist member, Herr Hofer, stated that "the mortality among elderly people is increasing at a terrible rate." He also declared that epidemics are spreading, owing to the lowered vitality of the underfed people, that suicides are increasing, and that parents are killing their children rather than see them suffer

the pangs of unsatisfied hunger. These conditions are due largely to the unfair distribution of food, and to a great extent must be attributed also to the necessity imposed upon the military authorities of keeping the armies supplied. At all hazards German rulers will avoid famine conditions in the trenches. Few soldiers will fight on empty stomachs.

Globe, March 10.

## T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

## THE IRISH QUESTION

OPINION OF HOUSE AND PRESS EVEN IN UNIONIST CIRCLES FAVORS IMMEDIATE SOLICITUDE

Special Cable to THE CATHOLIC RECORD

(Copyright 1917, Central News)

London, March 10.—The greater part of public attention has centered during the past few days on the Irish question. Never since the early days of the War has an internal political question so greatly puzzled the thinking men of the United Kingdom.

The uncertainty of the decision of the Government in regard to the Irish has kept the greater part of the English press dumb and this uncertainty has been prolonged by the illness of Premier Lloyd George, who, standing amid the cold blasts, alternating from sea and mountain, beside the grave of his old uncle, caught a bad chill and was confined to his bed for a couple of days.

Further uncertainty was caused by the visit of the premier to France in preparation of the great new offensive on the Western front in the Spring and other overwhelming cares of government, which prevented Lloyd George from the serious tackling of the question.

Up to the last moment, the realization of the gravity of the situation and the uncertainty of its issue has compelled that almost unbroken reticence upon the part of the newspapers, which was so remarkable a fact in this phase of the Irish struggle for freedom.

However, a few days before the advent of the parliament debate on the question, Liberal papers began to break their prolonged silence and with one accord pressed the Government for an immediate settlement of the dispute.

The opinion of the House of Commons also steadily grew in favor of a settlement once and for all on this great question and even Unionist circles and Chief Secretary Duke was known to be strongly of the same opinion.

At a meeting of Mr. Asquith and his colleagues, the same view was expressed, Asquith holding strongly that without an immediate solution things were bound to go from bad to worse, in Ireland's affairs as placed in relation to the welfare of the United Kingdom.

Irish members of the House of Commons, returning from Ireland, brought back the same tale of a country seething with discontent and for the moment chiefly concerned in hitting back at the Government in return for the horrors attending the executions of several of the leaders of the masses.

The situation has been further complicated by the prolonged illness of Leader Redmond, who has suffered a serious relapse from an attack of influenza and only managed to return to London from Brighton, with great difficulty. He insisted upon being present at the debate on the Irish question, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends.

In the meantime there has sprung up a suggestion which emanated from a member of the ministry some months ago which intimates that the question is impossible of solution in Parliament owing to the insuperable division of opinion between the Irish parties and the aggravated temper displayed upon both sides.

In Ireland itself, it is proposed to overcome this difficulty by lifting it out of Parliament and transferring the decision to a strong body of men, consisting of the great figures in the British Empire, including some of the Colonial Prime Ministers and such like as Lord Shaftesbury.

To put the Home Rule act into immediate operation, after making such modifications, apart from the Ulster difficulty, as required to meet the present conditions, is now necessary because of the entire change in the financial situation, which has been created by the great sum spent by Ireland since the outbreak of the War which has transformed her deficit of peace time into several millions, contributed to the Imperial taxation above the cost of the services of the Imperial Government in Ireland.

This idea has caught on with extraordinary rapidity and after days of secret consideration by various groups, has begun to be circulated by the newspapers.

The Irish party, however, has remained entirely outside of these conversations and has refused to take any responsibility for such a course, or, indeed, for any policy, except that of immediately putting into operation the Home Rule act.

It is reported that the Carson group had adopted a similar policy and that some of their party gave a strong negative to the question, so that finally it proved an obstacle to the settlement of the problem at this moment.

Every party has become so discredited by the abject failure of the late ministry and especially of Asquith and Lloyd George to carry through the settlement last July, that

this failure was regarded justly by Ireland as another example of the refusal, so often repeated in the history of England, to fulfil her pledges.

This has added to the feeling of exasperation which is felt all through Ireland, and the executions which have recently occurred have added fuel to the smouldering flames of discontent; and the Irish party, though it has carried out its pledges at great personal political risk, against overwhelming odds, has shared in the general loss of prestige that comes from failure, even though that failure has been created by others.

In fact, the whole policy of partition has become more and more discredited and thus has made it impossible for any Irish Nationalist to accept the terms which were made last July. Indeed, those terms were killed and buried by Asquith's and Lloyd George's failure to carry them through to completion last year.

This is an attempt to explain the extraordinary tangle into which the vicissitudes of the British parties, and the weaknesses of the successive British ministries, as well as unrest in Ireland, have brought the Irish problem.

These entanglements have rendered difficult, if not impossible, the settlement of the problem at this moment, but still I do not abandon the hope of reconciling Ireland and strengthening the position of this country in the peace conference which will come after the close of the great War, in which, with the assistance of the President of the United States, the map of Europe will be so changed as to recognize the rights of the weaker nations.

And in the meantime, two other great problems which are gradually solving themselves are being watched with the closest interest by the United Kingdom.

Of these two, the one in which Great Britain, and through her the others of the British Isles, is more closely concerned in the immediate present, is the gradually weakening of the German U-boat panic. Despite all of the assurances of the Admiralty that Germany would not succeed in her threat to "starve" England, the masses were fearful.

This feeling, however, is being daily dissipated through the reports of the sinking and capturing of the enemy's submarines by England's navy and by the great number of vessels, carrying both supplies and passengers, which daily enter and depart from British and Irish harbors.

Then too, the feeling of confidence that the threat of a blockade was mostly "bluff" has been increased by the remarkably small average of vessels destroyed by the heralded great fleet of German U-boats, all of which leads one to believe that the number of submarines possessed by Germany was far less than thought at first.

The second great question here is when will the actual opening of hostilities between the United States and Germany occur. Everywhere one hears this question brought up as a topic of the liveliest interest.

The failure of the United States Senate to pass the "armed ship bill" is viewed by thinking people in Great Britain as an almost unbelievable thing. Astonished and dumbfounded we can only wait, trusting in the ability of the President of the United States to steer his country clear of the obstructions thrown into its way by a few men.

## THE SPIRIT OF SERVILITY

The Catholic Register

THE CATHOLIC RECORD, of London, Ont., has an editorial contributor whose articles are signed *The Clever*. They are the work of a keen and shrewd observer of life among our Catholic people, one who has evidently given much thought to their needs, and who is zealous for their best progress.

He has lately been discussing some of the obstacles to that progress, and in an article in last week's issue (March 3) he deals with two that are very deep-seated and very deplorable. Those which he discusses in the article just referred to are the spirit of servility and the tendency to individualism—the latter as manifested in "parochialism," or that spirit which is the reverse of Catholic, and again in the failure of parents to encourage, and of sons to undertake, the duties of marriage and the establishment of a home.

All that he says on these subjects is timely and vitally important. For the present we wish to refer to the first of the obstacles dealt with—the spirit of servility—or of which the writer says:

"It is a spirit that has been bred in the bone through long centuries of persecution in which our forebears were deprived of their civil and religious rights. We are only beginning to adjust ourselves to the more favorable conditions in which we live.

In many communities Catholics are manifesting a more manly spirit of independence and a sense of civic responsibility; but evidences of the cringing attitude are yet, alas, only too numerous. How often it happens that when a family meets with prosperity and gets, as the saying is, 'a little up in the world' they ambition to get into Protestant society? We might excuse them for striving to gain admission to a social set that could lay some claim to blue blood and culture; but not unfrequently the new circle that they have entered is in point of intelligence and refinement, not to speak of morals, much inferior to their former associates.

If a Catholic offers himself for some public office, his laudable ambition is apt to be frustrated by the votes of his co-religionists who resent the audacity of his thinking himself fitted for the position, for which he is perhaps better qualified than any who are opposing him. Apart from the spirit of jealousy, there is manifested here a lack of the spirit of public responsibility."

We suppose there is not a village, town, or city in Canada having a mixed Catholic and Protestant population, in which the social tendency of Catholics referred to in the first of these paragraphs is not manifested. It is a great evil. It is not only that it is a source of serious disaffection to those Catholics who rightly regard their religion as the greatest of all possible honours, but that in those addicted to it utterly kills, or at least reduces to a state of feeble-mindedness, scarcely distinguishable from death, all zeal for the faith, all interest in Catholic progress or Catholic activities of any nature.

Logicians tell us that from a negative argument one may not draw an affirmative conclusion, which only means that because it was not mentioned by Augustine it does not follow that some sacrament now known to us was entirely unknown to him. The reception of extreme unction was the natural preparation of the soul for an eternal journey, and, notwithstanding the chief objectives of his professional career, and present events have only increased its importance in his eyes. The Anglo-Saxon countries have submitted to the influence of empiricism and numerous are the spirits which cover, in the name of agnosticism, their disdain for the realities of metaphysical order. Others, disciples of Kant, seek in a nebulous idealism, tinged with subjectivism and monism, a limit to the aspirations which raise them above the region of pure sensible experience. The events of the last two years have shaken souls, and caused the need of the ideal to become more imperious.

Is anyone surprised to find jealousy treated as a manifestation of the spirit of servility? A little reflection will remove his surprise.

Jealousy is one of the most common vices of the servile; and it may remain long after the spirit that has given it birth has itself driven out. Catholics suffer severely from its outcroppings. Who has not observed the frequent difficulty of harmoniously conducting a Catholic society?

The antagonism of some two men or some two women will upset things. Persons each really desirous of doing good will refuse to work together. One will oppose any project that the other suggests. From the lowest to the highest we find this wretched spirit in operation. Even a little business enterprise will furnish endless instances of its action.

"We know that we have passed from death to life because we love the brethren." Do we ever pause to ask ourselves how we stand this test? "See how those Christians love one another!" We furnish edification to those whose eyes are so keenly directed upon us? Our examinations of conscience ought surely not to neglect this important matter.

## NOT NEW

The papers of the central west have lately carried flaring headlines announcing that the Catholic Church was to take a stand on divorce and birth control. Why any managing editor should have allowed his reporter and his headline to set in large type, as if a new sensation, nothing of the doctrine and morality taught by the Church since her foundation he might be led to believe that an innovation was being intro-

duced and that former legislation was to be modified, if not entirely abrogated. Going no further than the headlines, the reader would be tempted to suppose that divorce and the other inquiry had previously been tolerated in our circles.

By way of diversion, we once heard a sincere member of another community argue that many of our practices were modern perversions because there was no mention of them in the early history of the Church. When the mother of St. Augustine was passing to her heavenly reward, though her son details in his "confessions" the circumstances of her demise, he does not allude to any administration of the sacrament of extreme unction. Hence the objector concluded that sacrament was unknown to the gifted child of Monica and its adoption by the Church was an indefensible corruption of the teachings of Jesus.

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We return, then, to the lately heralded policy of the Church against divorce and birth control. Why any managing editor should have allowed his reporter and his headline to set in large type, as if a new sensation, nothing of the doctrine and morality taught by the Church in such offenses against the moral law is quite unintelligible. Possibly, upon the sup-

position, that the world has run mad over such subjects the papers may have regarded as worthy of special emphasis the time-hallowed stand of the Church for purity of family relation. But Catholics are well aware that no innovation has been introduced, for the Church has set her face as flint against the filthy demands of corrupted humanity, demands which are now smiled upon by many who claim the name of Christian. F. in the Guardian.

## CARDINAL MERCIER

## MANIFESTS HIS INTEREST IN THE SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY OF ST. THOMAS

(C. P. A. Service)

Brussels, March 1.—Cardinal Mercier has written an interesting preface to an English edition of his "Manual of Philosophy," which is to appear in a few days. After thanking the translator for his labors, he says that the formation of a philosophical course has been one of the chief objectives of his professional career, and present events have only increased its importance in his eyes.

"The Anglo-Saxon countries have submitted to the influence of empiricism and numerous are the spirits which cover, in the name of agnosticism, their disdain for the realities of metaphysical order. Others, disciples of Kant, seek in a nebulous idealism, tinged with subjectivism and monism, a limit to the aspirations which raise them above the region of pure sensible experience. The events of the last two years have been very gratifying and shows the deep interest which our Catholic people take in the work of the missionary in foreign lands. . . . I bless you most cordially and all your labors, as a pledge my earnest wishes for your greatest success in all your undertakings." I entreat you to continue the support of my struggling mission, assuring you a remembrance in my prayers and Masses.

Yours faithfully in Jesus and Mary,

J. M. FRASER.

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## FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. N. M. EDMOND  
FOURTH SUNDAY OF LENT

## EFFECTS OF HOLY COMMUNION

*"Jesus took the loaves, and when He had given thanks, He distributed them."* (John vi. 11.)

The miracle which Our Lord wrought on the occasion recorded in today's Gospel is constantly being wrought, only on a much larger scale. Is He not season after season multiplying the loaves and fishes to feed the multitudes of the earth? Is it not He Who gives increase when the few bushels become thousands? Is it not He that multiplies the scaly inhabitants of the deep so that the constant draughts of the fisherman exhaust not its riches? Because of His compassion, as on the occasion of His multiplication of the loaves and fishes in the desert, He is constantly repeating these wondrous miracles of which, on account of their familiarity, we take so little notice. Since, then, His compassion induced and daily constrains Him to do so much for the bodies of the multitude, why should we be slow to believe that He has done at least as much for their souls?

Are we, the multitudes of this earth, not in a desert? Are we not on our way home, and liable to faint on the way if the proper nourishment be wanting? Has He not taught us after He had wrought the miracle of the desert, how pre-eminently superior the food of the soul that He would give would be to that which He has given for the body? Has He not warned us against catching at the shadow and leaving the substance when He said: "We are not to labor for the meat that perisheth, but for that which endureth unto everlasting life, which is the Son of Man will give you."

The spiritual food which on this occasion He promised, and which He afterward gave, is the most holy Eucharist. This is the nourishment which the souls of the multitude need on their way to their eternal home. Without it they will faint in the way. Our compassionate Lord saw this, and He wrought the miracle of miracles, as St. Thomas calls it, to give us the food for our souls. The body must have its food or life will not remain in it; so must the soul. This is her food by excellence. "The bread which I will give is My flesh for the life of the world" (John vi. 52). By this bread, the flesh of Jesus Christ, the life of the soul is preserved, and she is strengthened and enabled to grow in virtue and sanctity. The effects of this divine food upon the soul are similar, as we may understand from John vi., to the effects of ordinary food with respect to the body. Hence Our Lord was pleased to give it to us under the appearances of Bread and Wine. It is even more than food, it is a medium which is sure to heal.

All are aware that it would be a most grievous sacrifice to receive this divine food in a state of mortal sin, that is to say, when the person is conscious of being in such a state. It is possible, however, for a person to be in that sad state without having a consciousness of his condition. Supposing this to be the case of one who receives Holy Communion, Jesus in the Sacrament remits the sin. Irreconcilable is the opposition between Him and mortal sin. To dwell, therefore, with mortal sin in the soul, He, the God of all holiness, could not. To abandon the soul in the invincible ignorance of her sad state, He, the God of all mercy, would not. Hence He drives from the soul His and her enemy. This is in keeping with the ways of God in the old law, when, rather than allow the ark of the covenant to remain under the roof with the idol where it had been placed by the people unconscious of their fault, He destroyed the idol. Thus you see that by this Sacrament mortal sin is remitted, but only indirectly. It is also a most powerful antidote by which the soul is preserved from mortal sin, a truth clearly taught by the Council of Trent (Sess. 13, chap. 2.) Whilst its remission of mortal sin is only indirect, the remission of venial sin in this sacrament is direct. No good Christian will hesitate to deem it his duty to be free not only from mortal sin, but also as far as possible from venial, especially deliberate and habitual venial sin, when he receives Holy Communion. Still this is not rigidly exacted. Because should it so happen that the communicant, otherwise well prepared, has the stains of venial sin on his soul, this sacrament will efface such venial guilt. Every Catholic knows on the authority of Jesus Christ, handed down to him by the one true Church for whose infallibility Christ has pledged His divine word, that when he confesses his sins to an authorized priest, and with worthy dispositions, be they ever so great or numerous, their guilt and the eternal punishment for which they call from God's justice are remitted. But whilst this is so of the eternal punishment, it is not always the case that the temporal punishment due to these sins is likewise remitted in confession. This may be, or may not be, or may be in part remitted according to the dispositions of the penitent. One of the very consoling effects of the Sacrament of the Eucharist is, that in so far as it increases divine charity in the soul, it remits the temporal punishment due to mortal sin. This remission will be in proportion to the degree of our charity, and the latter will be greater or less according to our dispositions in receiving

urging it—our real hope of saving, or of trying to save, our people, of becoming a sober nation, a drinkless, saloonless nation, our real hope of shaping into one, united, sober America the many who have come to our shores from foreign climes in search of liberty and the means of a livelihood, our real hope, I say, is in encouraging in our boys' and young men habits of total abstinence. The young man who learns to like water as a beverage is far less likely to fall under the curse of drink than he who is restrained by law from procuring the liquor to which he has been accustomed. And there is a universal movement in our preparatory schools to teach the young the dangers that arise from the use of alcohol, to form them into organizations and pledge them to sobriety.

The practical fruit of our reflections on this day's Gospel should be to arouse in us a burning desire to receive this Bread of Heaven, and to partake of it with such dispositions as will insure for the soul the largest measure of its divine benefits. And especially during the Lenten season does the Church seek to arouse this our spiritual appetite. The worthy and frequent reception of the Sacraments constitutes a most important part of our Lenten observances. Listen to the voice of our Mother. Last Sunday she sought to deliver us from the dumb devil and open our lips to a worthy confession of our sins. To-day she exhorts us to the most worthy reception of Holy Communion. Following these her admonitions, our Lenten observances will nourish and strengthen our souls to eternal life.

## TEMPERANCE

## TOTAL ABSTINENCE

REV. JOHN G. BEANE, PRESIDENT OF CATHOLIC MOVEMENT, ON MODERATION IN DRINKING

Rev. John G. Beane, President of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, has contributed the following striking summary of the prohibition movement to the Catholic press:

We know that amongst those who drink intoxicating liquor many lead lives of self-control, at least as far as the observation of the proprieties is concerned. Drink may not conquer them. They may not become total slaves. The physical and moral degeneracy that accompanies the drunkard, the loss of social standing and fellow-confidence, is not so marked in the moderate drinker. He preserves the outward marks of good health, and seems to show no weakening of the higher moral part of himself. He has admission into the select circles of society, is credited with a broadminded spirit, and is a good mixer. He seeks excitement, stimulation, without any apparent serious results. And we admit that there are thousands of self-controlled drinkers—self-controlled for the present at least. But we cannot go farther in our admission—that they are always self controlled, or will continue to be.

## INFLUENCE OF EXAMPLE

Now a modern drinker is apt to look upon himself as proof of the fact that drinking is not necessarily harmful. But he is a most dangerous man in a community, especially if he be a successful man, a man of high standing, a man after whom others pattern their lives. His influence over them is for evil, because he breaks down the barriers of sobriety which surround them. Weak young men follow his social example, his drink habit. He may have control over his appetite; but he may deplore drunkenness, and wonder why all men cannot drink as he does. His weak clerk follows his example, but he does not control himself. He may be cast upon the streets, indignantly repulsed by his employer from whom he learned the evil habit. And shall the moderate drinker be excused from all blame?

The intemperate temperance advocate who raves and curses intoxicating drink, draws pictures of the extreme brutality of the drunkard, and the degradation, shame and poverty of his family, makes no impression, on the mind of the boy who sees his father drink, but has never seen him intoxicated. He is liable to think that it is safe to adopt his father's rule, and to regard the temperance advocate as a fanatic. But the boy may not have the strength of mind that his father has. He may not have the will-power to keep his hands firmly on the reins of that wild horse of liquor. The bad example of that father may open to the son the degrading life of a drunkard, without faith, without morals, without hope of eternity.

And even though the habit of drink be not inherited—and science has not proven conclusively that it cannot be inherited—the example is imitated; and the result is the same,—the taint grows and increases in the offspring. The father, in his moderation, and let me add, in his selfishness and lack of realization of the effect on his son, becomes a scandal—a stumbling block over which his son falls, perhaps never again to arise. Beyond the doubt there are in hell the damned souls of drunkards whose curses cry out for vengeance against the parents whose bad example started them on to the road to perdition. And think you that those cries are not heard? Think you that God does not visit His wrath on those to whom He had entrusted the souls of the scandalized damned?

HABIT OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE  
In spite of all that may be urged in favor of prohibition—and I am not

## THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY

The feast of Saint Joseph, which the Church keeps on Monday, March 19, may well serve to emphasize anew not only the dignity and blessedness of the home, but particularly the duties devolving on those who compose the Christian family.

It is to be noted that our Lord spent thirty years of His life upon earth in the sacred intimacy and privacy of the House of Nazareth, and only three in His public ministry. The keynote of that hidden life is found in the simple declaration: "He went down to Nazareth and was subject to them."

Our Saviour Himself thus gave the example of obedience to parental authority. Joseph, though only the foster-father of the Saviour, doubtless presided over the Holy Family, and poverty of his family, makes no impression, on the mind of the boy who sees his father drink, but has never seen him intoxicated. He is liable to think that it is safe to adopt his father's rule, and to regard the temperance advocate as a fanatic. But the boy may not have the strength of mind that his father has. He may not have the will-power to keep his hands firmly on the reins of that wild horse of liquor. The bad example of that father may open to the son the degrading life of a drunkard, without faith, without morals, without hope of eternity.

Chief among these is the growing paternalism of the State in respect of children, with the consequent weakening of parental authority even in the minds of parents themselves and a corresponding lessening of filial respect and obedience on the part of children.

The parent cannot cede his right nor shirk his responsibility in respect of his child. However extensive may be the State's activity in regard to the education of children, the parent, in the last analysis is alone responsible to God. His care and watchfulness must increase rather than diminish in view of the present illogical and exaggerated relation which the State has assumed towards the child. Yet this attitude of the State has deluded many parents. They do not realize that their own authority is prior to that of the State, and they cede to the State rights and duties which they

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themselves can and should exercise and fulfill.

Children, on their part, are quick to take advantage of any lessening of parental authority. "Against the experience, the sagacity, the gravity and decorum of the gray haired, the youth of this age tumultuously rebels! Deference! Submission! Honor thy father and thy mother! Not if they know it! The spirit of the age is a spirit of levity, frivolity, scorn and scoffing. 'Let no man despise thy youth,' was written by Saint Paul; now it might be said let no man despise thy old age."

It behoves Catholic parents to guard jealously their heaven-sent rights and to fulfill with care and watchfulness their duties towards their children. Authority is the basis of family life; its proper exercise makes for family union and affection. The world today calls for the destruction of home life; but the House of Nazareth, which knew the blessedness of the family life of Jesus and Mary and Joseph, will ever be potent as the great exemplar of the Christian home.—Provident Visitor.

## GOD SAVE ALL HERE

There is a prayer that's breathed alone  
In dear old Erin's land;  
'Tis uttered on the threshold-stone  
With smiles and clasping hand;  
And oft, perchance, 'tis murmured low,  
With sigh and falling tear,  
The grandest greeting man may know,  
The prayer, "God save all here!"

In other lands they know not well  
How priceless is the lore  
That hedges with a sacred spell  
Old Ireland's cabin door;  
To those it is no empty sound  
Who think with many a tear  
Of long loved memories wreathing round.

The prayer, "God save all here!"  
Live on, O Prayer, in Ireland still,  
Live on for evermore,  
The echoes of her home to fill.  
When uttered at her door,  
And guarding by its holy spell  
The soul and conscience clear,  
Be graven on each heart as well,  
The prayer, "God save all here!"

## WHAT THE ANGELUS MEANS

"I was walking along the street one day with a Protestant acquaintance, and when the Angelus rang he said: 'Why does that bell ring so often, disturbing people all the time?' I told him that it was the Angelus. He inquired: 'What is the Angelus?' I said: 'It is a reminder of the fundamental basis of the Christian religion, the Incarnation of our Divine Lord. In the Protestant Bible you have it: 'Hail Thou that art highly favored.' In the Catholic Bible it is: 'Hail Full of grace. The Lord is with thee.' The Church has added the beautiful petition: 'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us, sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.' Then we recite the second part of the Annunciation. Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done unto me according to Thy word.' Then follow the 'Hail Mary' and 'Holy Mary'. And the third part of the Annunciation then comes. And the word was made flesh and dwelt among us, followed again by the beautiful 'Hail Mary', etc. He said, 'I think that is perfectly beautiful, and I shall never hear that bell again without remembering why it rang.'" —Sacred Heart Review.

Man's conscience is the oracle of God.—Byron.

Fields are won by those who believe in winning.—T. W. Higginson.

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## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

SAY IT WITH A SMILE  
If you're worried over something, And your temper's sorely tried: With cares and tribulations You seem overwell supplied, Don't fret and fume and sputter, With a rise of angry bile, But when you speak, talk softly, And say it with a smile.

There may be moments, some times, When bowed with weight and care, A visitor who bores you Don't rage with inward anger; You'll live a longer while If when you're talking with him You say it with a smile.

If people come to ask you For charity or aid— To help inter some brother Who'sneath a shroud is laid— E'en if you can't afford it, Don't argue and revile, But if you must refuse them, Why do it with a smile.

The world is full of shadows— Don't add unto its gloom; But try and light with gladness E'en the shadow of the tomb. If you've little luck or money, High you're wealth of joy will pile, If when you speak you always Will say it with a smile.

## "YOU CAN'T DO IT"

Don't be discouraged by croakers who, without wisdom or experience, tell you that a certain thing cannot be done or that you are sure to fail if you attempt it. Don't let them bluff you. Get the advice of people who know, take every care to insure success, and then, if the venture looks good, try it. It is usually better to try and fail, than never to have tried at all. And usually, if you have used good judgment, you will not fail, the croakers to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Many people do not have enough confidence in their own judgment to back it vigorously, courageously. They allow every adverse criticism to unsettle their decision and turn them from their course.

Multitudes of men to-day who are either utter failures or only half-way successes, plodding along in mediocrity, might have done splendid work if they had only learned to trust their own judgment.

No matter what you do, some one will differ with you, criticise, find fault, or tell you that you should have done just the opposite.

I never knew a person to get very far in any direction who never dared to act upon his own judgment, who was always consulting others, relying on other people's opinion as to what he should or should not do, what he could or could not accomplish.

"You can't do it," has made more men with good ability fail, or kept them in mediocrity, than almost any other thing.

"You can't do it," will meet you everywhere in life. At every new turn you propose to take you will find some one to warn you away, telling you not to take that road, that it is "impossible" to go over it, or else that it will lead to failure.

Depart from precedent in any line; try to do things in a new way, to adopt new methods, new machinery, new devices, and the slaves of precedent, worshippers of the old and the tried, who are always in the majority, will tell you not to do it, that it is a foolish expense, a doubtful experiment.

Whenever an employee decides to start out for himself "You can't do it" will be dinned-in his ears by those who really believe they are his friends.

"You can't do it," said young Wanamaker's friends when he proposed to start into business for himself, giving half of his entire capital as salary to one first-class clerk. "You can't do it. It is not business. You will fail."

"You can't do it," confronts the ambitious strugger whenever he attempts to get ahead, to better his condition. "You can't do it," has kept tens of thousands of poor boys from getting a college education; has kept innumerable men from developing their inherent strength and measuring up to the limit of their natural ability.

"You can't do it," has immeasurably retarded the progress of the human race. All the progress that has been made was made in spite of the "You can't" philosophy. The "impossible" has been accomplished by those who scouted it, trusted their own judgment, and faced boldly forth on their own strength.

It is all a question of self-reliance and courage. These are the miracle workers.

"You can't do it" doesn't phase those who believe in themselves, who are made of winning material.

## THE EXPRESSION ON OUR COUNTENUANCE

Our face is the index to our character, our thoughts, our interior self. We gradually come to resemble our ideals, the things which most occupy our minds. Hope or fear, joy or sorrow, success or failure eventually reproduces itself in our expression of countenance, in our manner, in the atmosphere we carry about with us, in our personality. The thoughts we habitually harbor, whether optimistic or pessimistic, hopeful or despairing, sad or merry, will write their record in our faces exactly in accordance with their nature.

Did you ever realize that your face is a perpetual advertisement of what is going on inside of you? People can tell pretty well by your expres-

sion what sort of stuff you are made of, whether you are the master or the slave of your passion or moods. They can tell whether you are optimist or pessimist, whether you have been in the habit of winning or of losing in life's battle. They can tell by the hope or the despair in your look which way you are headed.

If you are looking for a position, or struggling to get on your feet again after some great loss or misfortune, look in the mirror and study your expression. Try to realize how much it has to do with your chances of success. Picture to yourself the effect it is going to have on the people you interview, whether it is going to prepossess them in your favor or cause them to dismiss you without even giving you a hearing. Even though you may have cause to be sad, chase away your sadness with a smile. Win back your own confidence, your courage, your self-reliance by a brave, sunny, smiling face. Your appearance will affect yourself in the same way that it affects others. You cannot afford to allow courage and confidence and cheerfulness to be eclipsed by your sadness.—Catholic Columbian.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A LITTLE KERRY SONG  
There's grand big girls that walks the earth,

An' some that's gone to glory,  
That have been praised beyond their worth  
To live in song and story.  
O! one may have the classic face  
That poets love to honor,  
An' still another wear the grace  
O' Venus' self upon her;  
Some tall an' stately queens may be,  
An' some be big an' merr'y—  
Och! take them all, but leave for me  
One little girl from Kerry!

Sure, Kerry is a little place,  
An' everything's in keepin':  
The biggest heroes of the race  
In little graves are sleepin';  
An' little cows give little crame,  
For little fairies take it,  
An' little girls think little shame  
To take an' heart an' break it.  
Och! here's a little Kerry lad  
That would be O! so merry,  
But if your little heart he had,  
O! little girl from Kerry!

T. A. DALY  
THE BOY WHO WAS READY  
The boy's line was perfect. With heads erect, chins tucked in, and backs as stiff and straight as broomsticks they turned a splendid square corner and filed triumphantly into Room Five. Sunshine Miss Fay did not smile at her faithful little pupils, however. Her dimples were all ironed out, the twinkle in her eyes had vanished, and worst sign of all there was a genuine cross-cross frown between her eyes:

"How many boys are ready to do something hard?" she demanded.  
Twenty-four hands flew up. (There were just twenty-four boys in the school.)  
"Good!" exclaimed Miss Fay. "We can't play in Mr. Foster's field any more, boys. The principal got a letter from him last night. Now I want you boys to remind the little fellows to stay in the school-yard. I haven't forgotten how you stopped the snow-balling last winter, and I shall count on you to help me."

The boys of Room Five tried to smile back loyally, but it was hard work. There wasn't any playground near the school, but for years the boys had spent their recesses in Mr. Foster's field, which was big enough for two baseball diamonds with room to spare for other games.

Everybody was unhappy the first recess. The children were crowded in their own yard, and all they could do was to sit or stand around. Phil Rice, Bob Lowe, Tom Whitney, and several other boys sat on the steps and looked longingly at the woods in the distance.

"Let's go for a walk right after school," proposed Phil.  
"Let's," agreed everybody in the group.

Phil, Bob, Tom and Jamie were the first boys out that night. They waited a moment for Chester who always mixed the "e" and "i" in receive. As soon as he had written ten times in yellow chalk on the blackboard he joined them and the little troupe started off.

They followed Parker's Brook for half a mile. Phil gathered specimens of any flower he didn't know, and Bob picked an armful of black elder berries for the painting lesson the next day. Tom tried to catch a fish with his hands and tumbled in head first. He was used to ducklings and laughed the loudest of all.

Suddenly Phil stood still. His head was thrown back and he snuffed the air like a hound. "I smell smoke, he announced. The others shook their heads. But Phil stood his ground. "It's up in Mr. Foster's woods. Let's run up and see."

"Don't bother," argued Chester, "if we go up there we won't have time to go through the cave."

"Mr. Foster is as mean as dirt," sputtered Tom, "and I'm not going on his land for one."

Phil didn't say a word, but sniffed the air again and started to make his way through the tangle of vines and bushes. The other boys looked after him a moment and then followed on. It was hard climbing. The bank was steep and the way was obstructed by a growth of briars and brambles.

Phil kept on doggedly and the others pressed on after him. They stopped a minute at the summit to get their breath, but Phil's eyes shone like lamps. "There it is," he shouted, "come on, boys!"

It was only a little fire, but it was burning brightly. In a few minutes it would have been beyond the boy's control. Now they ground it under their heels, and soon the bright flames were conquered and only a heap of black ashes remained.

"Good for you," said a gruff old voice, and Mr. Foster came in sight. "I smelled that fire a mile away, but my legs aren't as good as my nose. I thought the woods would be gone when I came."

He looked at the boys keenly. "I didn't know boys were so useful." He fumbled in his pocket and drew out a shabby old purse.

"We didn't want any money," Phil said promptly, "but we'd like the right to play ball in your lot again."

"You've earned it," said the old man. He scribbled a few words on his pad and gave it to Phil. "Give this to your teacher tomorrow." So at the next recess all the boys of the school got together. "Hurrah for the Boys of Room Five!" they shouted.

Every boy cheered until he was obliged to stop for breath, and then Chester climbed the fence and waved his hands. "Three cheers for the boy who was ready and saw his chance," he shouted.

So the boys started cheering all over again until Phil sensibly reminded them that the recess would be over and the new football untried.

—Mary Davis, in S. S. Times.

## "CATHOLIC PROTESTANTISM"

Brother Gregory, T. S. A., in The Lamp

How Protestants are more deeply-thinking and more spiritually-minded type long for Catholicism is being attested more and more every day by their utterances. One of the latest of these has recently appeared under the above caption in the Constructive Quarterly, written by the Rev. Dugald Macfayden, a prominent English Congregational Minister. And whilst he tries to find this "Catholic Protestantism" in his own denomination he fails to see that the Church he is identifying as most nearly approaching his ideal is not Protestant at all, but that he is describing, as though it were something not yet attained, a condition which is really a commonplace to every practising Catholic. In describing his ideal of worship he says it "should be an intense and concentrated expression of a church's belief that it is then and there in the presence of God and that its worship is a real transaction between the people present and the God in whom they believe. Everything we know of God should have weight in determining the character of worship. If God is a God of order, it should be orderly. If He is a God of infinite Love, worship should be cheerful as when children come to a Father. If He is waiting to give us all the gifts of an infinite Lover and Giver, there should be opportunity for receiving such gifts and bearing witness to their reception. If He is a Holy God whose wrath rests on wrong doing, there should be room for confession and penitence. If He is full of intelligence and thought, there should be enough stimulus for thought to make men intelligent."

Could any Catholic describe what he has when he attends Holy Mass in any better terms? Why then, with able and intelligent Protestants earnestly searching for what we possess, hindered only from finding it oftentimes by the fact that we do not seem to know our own possessions or by our failure to proclaim them to the world at large, should we not more earnestly endeavor to spread our faith?

Centuries of separation and of great prejudice have alienated us from our brethren, but let us not lose any opportunity that comes our way to dispel that prejudice or to point the true way to Him Whom their souls so earnestly desire to know and serve. A great responsibility rests upon us, and while our gifts may not be great, even the man of "one talent" was condemned for his failure to use it, and when we stand before our Judge we may be called into account very seriously if we have neglected to "let our light shine."

"Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet him Through thy neglect, unfit to see His Face."

## "A BIT OF A PRAYER"

One morning a laborer on his way to work stepped into his parish church for a moment to say "a bit of a prayer." Twenty minutes later, just as he was about to descend into an excavation, an explosion occurred; the laborer was hurled back from the mouth of the pit, and escaped with only slight injuries. "It was the bit of a prayer," he said simply; when surprise was expressed that he had not been killed.

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—Mary Davis, in S. S. Times.

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The Catholic Record  
LONDON, CANADA

## CATHOLIC Home Annual FOR 1917 BETTER THAN EVER

## CONTENTS

Contains a Complete Calendar, also gives the Movable Feasts, Holy Days of Obligation, Fast Days and Days of Abstinence. The Festivals of the Blessed Virgin Mary, by Rev. John E. Mullett. The Day of Reckoning, by George Barton.

Rome, by Cardinal Gibbons. Catholic Maryland, by Ella Lorraine Dorsey.

Ecclesiastical Colors.

The Wings of Eileen, by Mary T. Wagaman.

South America, by James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D.

Fount of Divine Love, by Lady G. Fullerton.

A Chain of Circumstances, by David A. Driscoll.

Helena Desmond's Marriage, by Marion Ames Taggart.

Saint Philip Neri, by Rev. James F. Driscoll.

Christie is Called, by Jerome Harte. Charity.

It has helped us fight our battles, it has helped us have our fun, it has helped us melt the races that have settled here in one

For the cause of human freedom and the joy of things to be

When the woes of Ireland vanish and God's justice sets her free;

It has helped us build our cities, it has helped us win our race,

It has helped us with its courage to rise up and take our place, And we've felt in all the battles and the things we've had to do

The strength of the amalgam of its spirit and its flesh.

The singing of old Ireland—and it's singing us to day

The Ireland of wild roses and the heath abloom in May,

The strength of hearts come over to be hearts of ours awhile

And help our own land blossom with the golden Irish smile;

The hearts, indeed, you're helping, through your more than hundred years,



## DEATH OF RELIGIOUS

At Inverness, Nova Scotia, the death occurred last week of Mother St. Mary Georgina (nee Mary Josephine Clarke) superior of the Congregation de Notre Dame convent in that town. The deceased was born at Orwell, P. E. I., in 1862, and was professed in Montreal in 1886. After spending some time teaching music in Montreal and New York, she was appointed superior of the Inverness Convent where she remained for twelve years until her unexpected demise last week. The fatal illness was of short duration. A severe attack of la grippe was followed by pneumonia and despite the greatest efforts of doctors and nurses she passed away. Her peaceful death, for which she was prepared by a reception of the last sacraments, was a fitting reward for her useful life.

The funeral was one of the largest ever seen in Inverness—an immense crowd having assembled to pay tribute to her whose labors so frequently edified them. Solemn Requiem Mass, at which Rev. A. L. MacDonald, the pastor, was celebrant, was offered up for the repose of the soul of the late superior. The funeral sermon preached by Rev. R. L. MacDonald was a masterpiece. He reminded his hearers of the conflict between the world and Christ, and extolled the work of those who die to the world by religious profession, and follow in the footsteps of the Master. He paid a touching tribute to the worth of the deceased religious, and pointed out that even though the noble and charitable heart was stilled forever, her works would live as an example and an incentive to others.

The burial took place at Inverness. Among her near relatives are Brother Elias of Montreal, Sister St. Denis of Toronto, and Mrs. J. A. Macdonald, Cardigan. May her soul rest in peace.

Resignation is the footprint of faith in the pathway of sorrow.—Anon.

The sufferings borne in setting up a good work draw down the graces necessary for its success.—St. Vincent de Paul.

Prayer is the wing wherewith the soul flies to heaven, and meditation the eye wherewith we see God.—St. Ambrose.

## DIED

FALLON.—At Westford, Ont., Feb. 4th, 1917, Miss Sarah Fallon, after a few days' illness, aged sixty-eight years. May her soul rest in peace.

LUNNEY.—At Chippewa Falls, Wis., on Monday, Feb. 12, Mr. Patrick Lunney, formerly of Pakenham, Ont., aged eighty years. May his soul rest in peace.

Died, Feb. 27th, at Ridgewood, N. J., Sister Rose Bernard, in the twelfth year of religious life, sister of Father Ryan, of Whitby. May her soul rest in peace.

Died, at St. Joseph's Hospital, London, March 3rd, 1917, Sister Dositheus (Margaret Meehan) of St. Joseph's Community, in her sixtieth year and in the forty-sixth year of her religious life. May her soul rest in peace.

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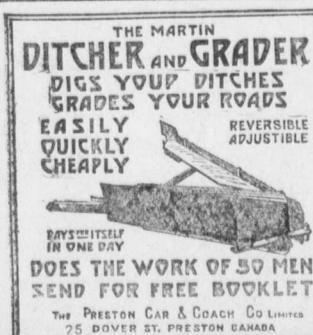
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## TEACHERS WANTED

WANTED AN EXPERIENCED NORMAL SCHOOL teacher to act as principal in Catholic Separate school No. 6, Sherwood, Renfrew county, in the village of Barry's Bay. Duties to commence after Easter holidays. Applications and qualifications to Martin Daily, Sheriff of Barry's Bay, Ont. 2003-4

ARTHUR TOWNSHIP: one holding a second class professional certificate. Duties to commence after Easter holidays. Applications and salary, to Patrick Costello, R. I. Rothsay, Ont.



## MARY PROTECTED THEM

At Trafalgar, when the English fleet was going into action, two Catholic bluejackets stood together while waiting orders to open fire. One sang out to the other: "Bill, let's kneel down and say a 'Hail Mary'; we shall do our duty none the worse for it."

And forthwith amid the scoffs of their messmate, these two gallant tars knelt down and greeted the Lady with the Angelic Salutation.

Twice during the action was a certain gun manned, and each time every soul attached to it was sent into eternity with the exception of Our Lady's clients, who came out unscathed.

The saddest thing in the world is to feel that we are alone; the best thing in the world is to feel that we are loved and needed.

## THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

The Home Bank was established as a savings bank sixty-three years ago and it now does a very large volume of business among thrifty depositors



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and possibly you will not detect this imitation until the tea-pot reveals it. Demand always the genuine "Salada" in the sealed aluminum packet, and see that you get it, if you want that unique flavour of fresh, clean leaves properly prepared and packed.



To City, Town and Village Dwellers in Ontario.

## Keep hens this year

EGG and poultry prices, the like of which have seldom or never been experienced, certainly make it worth anyone's while to start keeping hens. By doing so you have fresh eggs at the most trifling cost. At the same time you have the splendid satisfaction of knowing that you are doing something towards helping Britain, Canada and the Allies achieve victory this year.

Increased production of food helps not only to lower the high cost of living, but it helps to increase the urgently needed surplus of Canada's food for export. It saves money otherwise spent for eggs and poultry at high prices, and saves the labor of others whose effort is needed for more vital war work.

The Ontario Department of Agriculture will give every possible assistance by affording information about poultry keeping. Write for free bulletin which tells how to keep hens (address below).

A vegetable garden  
for every home

Nothing should be overlooked in this vital year of the war. The Department earnestly invites everyone to help increase production by growing vegetables. Even the smallest plot of ground, when properly cultivated, produces a surprising amount of vegetables. Experience is not essential.

On request the Department of Agriculture will send valuable literature, free of charge, giving complete directions for preparing soil, planting, cultivation, etc. A plan of a vegetable garden, indicating suitable crop to grow, best varieties and their arrangement in the garden, will be sent free to any address.

Address letters to "Vegetable Campaign," Department of Agriculture, Parliament Buildings, Toronto

Ontario Department of Agriculture  
W. H. Hearst, Minister of Agriculture  
Parliament Buildings

Not wanting things material is better than having them.—Anon.

THIS WASHER  
MUST PAY  
FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but I didn't know anything about horses much.

So I told him I wanted to try it out before I bought it. He said "All right, just pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't good."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse might be bad. So I said "I'll just have to wait for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although it was a very nice one.

Now this set me thinking. You see I made Washington Machine "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may be able to afford my Washington Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never known, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, though it is not fair, I am going to make a man pay for my Washington Machine for a month, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now I know what one of these "1900 Gravity" Washers will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I have sold over half a million in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented could do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" machine does it so quickly that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes, fray the edges or break buttons, the way all other machines do.

I have sold over half a million through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will sell with my "1900 Gravity" machine with a wash tub and a few clothes.

Now I know why people ask me to speak for me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you my "1900 Gravity" Washer on a trial basis. I'll take it out of my pocket and if you don't want the machine after you've used it for a month, I'll take it back and give you 90 cents a week, send me 50¢ a week till paid for. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50¢ a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money, until the machine is paid for.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book on my "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

Show me whether you prefer a Washer to operate by hand—Engine Power—Water or Electric Motor.

Our "1900" line is very complete and cannot be fully described in a single letter.

Address letters to M. D. MacLean, Nineteen Hundred Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont. (Factory: 79-81 Portland St., Toronto.)

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## WAR LOAN

## DOMINION OF CANADA

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INTEREST PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY, 1st MARCH, 1st SEPTEMBER.

PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST PAYABLE IN GOLD.

## ISSUE PRICE 96.

A FULL HALF-YEAR'S INTEREST WILL BE PAID ON 1st SEPTEMBER, 1917.

THE PROCEEDS OF THE LOAN WILL BE USED FOR WAR PURPOSES ONLY.

THE MINISTER OF FINANCE offers herewith, on behalf of the Government, the above-named Bonds for Subscription at 96, payable as follows:

10 per cent on application;  
30 " 16th April, 1917;  
30 " 15th May, 1917;  
26 " 15th June, 1917.

The total allotment of bonds of this issue will be limited to one hundred and fifty million dollars, exclusive of the amount (if any) paid for by the surrender of bonds as the equivalent of cash under the terms of the War Loan prospectus of 22nd November, 1915.

The instalments may be paid in full on the 16th day of April, 1917, or on any instalment due date thereafter, under discount at the rate of four per cent per annum. All payments are to be made to a chartered bank for the credit of the Minister of Finance. Failure to pay any instalment when due will render previous payments liable to forfeiture and the allotment to cancellation.

Subscriptions, accompanied by a deposit of ten per cent of the amount subscribed, must be forwarded through the medium of a chartered bank. Any branch in Canada of any chartered bank will receive subscriptions and issue provisional receipts.

This loan is authorized under Act of the Parliament of Canada, and both principal and interest will be a charge upon the Consolidated Revenue Fund.

Forms of application may be obtained from any branch in Canada of any chartered bank and at the office of any Assistant Receiver General in Canada.

Subscriptions must be for even hundreds of dollars.

In case of partial allotments the surplus deposit will be applied towards payment of the amount due on the April instalment.

Scrip certificates, non-negotiable or payable to bearer in accordance with the choice of the applicant for registered or bearer bonds, will be issued, after allotment, in exchange for the provisional receipts.

When the scrip certificates have been paid in full and payment endorsed thereon by the bank receiving the money, they may be exchanged for bonds, when prepared, with coupons attached, payable to bearer or registered as to principal, or for fully registered bonds, when prepared, without coupons, in accordance with the application.

SUBSCRIPTION LISTS WILL CLOSE ON OR BEFORE THE 23rd OF MARCH, 1917.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA, March 12th, 1917.

Delivery of scrip certificates and of bonds will be made through the chartered banks.

The issue will be exempt from taxes—including any income tax—imposed in pursuance of legislation enacted by the Parliament of Canada.

The bonds with coupons will be issued in denominations of \$100, \$500, \$1,000. Fully registered bonds without coupons will be issued in denominations of \$1,000, \$5,000 or any authorized multiple of \$5,000.

The bonds will be paid at maturity at par at the office of the Minister of Finance and Receiver General at Ottawa, or at the office of the Assistant Receiver General at Halifax, St. John, Charlottetown, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary or Victoria, or at the Agency of the Bank of Montreal, New York City.

The interest on the fully registered bonds will be paid by cheque, which will be remitted by post. Interest on bonds with coupons will be paid on surrender of coupons. Both cheques and coupons, at the option of the holder, will be payable free of exchange at any branch in Canada of any chartered bank, or at the Agency of the Bank of Montreal, New York City.

Subject to the payment of twenty-five cents for each new bond issued, holders of fully registered bonds without coupons will have the right to convert into bonds of the denomination of \$1,000 with coupons, and holders of bonds with coupons will have the right to convert into fully registered bonds of authorized denominations without coupons at any time on application to the Minister of Finance.

The books of the loan will be kept at the Department of Finance, Ottawa.

Application will be made in due course for the listing of the issue on the Montreal and Toronto Stock Exchanges.

Recognized bond and stock brokers having offices and carrying on business in Canada will be allowed a commission of three-eighths of one per cent on allotments made in respect of applications bearing their stamp, provided, however, that no commission will be allowed in respect of the amount of any allotment paid for by the surrender of bonds issued under the War Loan prospectus of 22nd November, 1915, or in respect of the amount of any allotment paid for by surrender of five per cent debenture stock maturing 1st October, 1919. No commission will be allowed in respect of applications on forms which have not been printed by the King's Printer.