

The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1915

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OUR "BIT"

The immediate duty of the hour—a duty which is emphasized by the unparalleled exigencies of the present European crisis—should be to study economy, not in any narrow spirit, but as men and women who realize more keenly than ever that vast issues hang in the balance awaiting a decision in which we all ought to take part. Those who are called to bear arms in this conflict of true and false ideals hazard their lives as well as their fortunes: all must pay the price in pain and privations which we who stay at home can but faintly realize. Their material needs and those of their dependents must be fully met: no generosity can be too profuse, no self denial too great to compass the objects which they are promoting by their courage and endurance. No word of discouragement should at any time be allowed to pass our lips or to flow from our pens. Every true and generous phrase helps to sustain faint hearts and dreary lives. Let us keep back nothing. Many moons ago The Widow's Mite acquired a value and importance when it was made the vehicle of passionate conviction and ardent affection. There is no place for "the nicely-calculated less or more." That our deepest interests are at stake we know, but in such a cause it is not well to weigh consequences too closely. Happy are they to whom it is given to renounce all, to follow the high white star of duty wherever it leads, to follow the glory of a resolve that is nourished from unseen sources, for—

"Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way."

BROTHERS ALL

None of us can deny the existence in our country and community of many needless social services. We may not have fostered any distinction so marked as that separating in Germany the swagger-Prussian officer from the despised civilian. Our spirit of personal independence and our national freedom of speech would not tolerate such flaunted disparities. But we have a complicated network of nicely graded snobishness that is all our own, and that often involves a subtle offensiveness, which foreign people cannot readily understand. We allow strongly implied inequalities to exist for which there is no defence, and the war is helping to show the hollowness of the pretensions on which these inequalities are based. The inherent and common dignity of manhood is scattering social subterfuges as a strong sun dispels an unhealthy miasma. We are learning to pay "proper respect" to manhood rather than to supposed positions, rank and riches.

In the British Isles there has always been a strong strain of individual independence, quiet and staunch, which Canada inherits, but we also have a good deal of social assumption from above and a certain amount of servility from below, and it has not diminished in recent years, for we have had no modern Thackeray to lash our snobishness suitably, and no Dickens to show how love, fidelity and possible nobility of spirit form a common groundwork for human character. But the war is showing it to the great damage of all paltry social vanities. First of all the lesson has come to us from the trenches. Everything the country has heard from the line of battle and from the danger-strawed deep hastened the same story. Although there is no organization of mankind that shows a greater respect for grading than the Army or the Navy, whose demand for instant obedience is imperative, though layer after layer of men who have a right to give orders which may mean risk to life, and, though we might think that under such a strain, tension would arise, nothing of the kind has happened. On the contrary we have seen the services welded into one great harmonious whole, and cordial feeling submerging all the official bonds.

If ever the name of "Tommy" was too familiar, for full respect, that time has gone, and it is now wholly a name

of affection. It is recognized as by right a gentleman. He is one of ours. It is not the uniform that is acknowledged, it is the man. Now, all this must surely have a great and wide effect in breaking down fictitious barriers, which small and false social ambitions have so often set up. Every one who has ever known the working class has been well aware that right through the whole ranks was a sterling manhood similar throughout in its fixture, brave and true, whether clad in finest broadcloth or toughest tweed, whether expressing itself in rough blunt speech or in the latest affectations of slang, whether smoking twist tobacco or Havana cigar, and that when the call to play the man came the response would be prompt and sure! But everybody did not know this; it was not always present in the social mind. Now there is a new bond of common trust, faith, and understanding.

DOWN TO REALITY

The fact is that war brings men down to the bedrock of primitive wants. The satisfying of hunger, protection from cold and wet, time to sleep and renew physical strength, watchfulness against danger—these were the earliest needs of mankind, and they are the primary needs in war. The human qualities that best served the first man are also the qualities which make the finest soldier—bravery, comradeship, standing by a chum in the hour of danger, the faithful co-operation towards a common end which implies obedience, cheerful endurance in face of difficulty and risk, the sinking of individual feeling in the general honour of the clan or regiment. Such conditions as are met with in war, simple, elementary, strenuous, bring out the fundamental virtues of men far more readily than the conventions of a fastidious society which is pleased to consider itself "advanced." Men may not know the formal rules of the game of life as it is played in times of leisure and safety by those who have little to do that is of real importance, but they understand instinctively the great and pressing demands of fidelity, unity, loyalty and pluck in moments of supreme crisis, when life is in the balance; and the sight of this makes us feel how insignificant are differences of breeding, style, and knowledge of social usage, compared with the similarity of men of all social grades in manly worth. Of course, when the war is over we shall go back to our social conventions and re-erect the old barriers. We shall make little mental distinctions between the officer who came into his position as a sort of birthright and the officer who won his position step by step from the ranks by his prowess.

LEST WE FORGET

We shall think more of the want of fine taste and smooth speech and nice habits in those who are in less repute socially than ourselves, and we shall proportionately forget the latent nobilities of character possible to the poorest. But the whole lesson of the war, so far as social appreciation is concerned, cannot be lost. All sane and sensible souls will remember gratefully how the war displayed the abounding virtues of the multitude of men and women, brought nations together one in aim, one in mutual understanding, one in sacrifice—a brotherhood that had ceased to cast glances askance at any of its sections, that had discarded its distrust, and was welded by a warm glow of feeling into a unity which recognized no social disparities.

THE SIMPLIFIER

Superficially the war in Europe is a great simplifier of life. It abruptly releases millions of men from all responsibility and all doubt. For them there are no longer perplexing choices among several possible lines of conduct. They do not have to worry about the effect—to-morrow or next week or next year—of what they do to-day. Only one line of conduct is open to them, and that is of the simplest possible pattern. They are to do what ever the commanding officer tells them to do. Implicit obedience to persons with certain insignia on their coat-sleeves comprises for them the whole prob-

lem of existence. They are reduced to one dimension. They can act only in one way, and that way is chosen for them. To many of them, no doubt, this condition is welcome enough. Struggling with one's environment is a harassing occupation. The ruthless decrees to struggle, and struggle intelligently or succumb, is exactly what makes life so difficult. It seems easier to give it all up and just take orders from the first person who wears a shoulder strap, or from the first lazy or vicious prompting in our own minds; in other words, to be just so many automatons, giving up self-direction, shunting off responsibility and taking the first order that comes along.

DIE OF STARVATION IN STREETS OF MEXICO

CONDITIONS IN THE REPUBLIC RIVAL THOSE IN STRICKEN BELGIUM

It is to end such conditions as are described below that President Wilson this week sent warning to the rival leaders of Mexico to settle their differences or be prepared to have them settled by the United States.—London Free Press.

Mexico City, May 28.—(Via Vera Cruz)—All the horrors that have gone before in Mexico City since the revolution began are heavenly in comparison with the unprecedented famine that has now befallen this cut-off-from-the-world capital.

While the revolutionists of the wretched country are roaming up and down the railroad lines, sacking, ravaging and destroying with the ferocity of locusts, Mexico City, severed from the still remaining areas of production as completely as from the ports, is literally and rapidly starving to death.

RIVALS BELGIUM

The scarcity of food supplies of the first necessity, which began itself to be felt keenly in the early days of the unforgettable second Carranzista regime, has now reached a stage of famine unequalled elsewhere in the world, except possibly in Belgium, and certainly nothing in Belgium can be worse than the suffering and starvation in Mexico City.

MEXICO CITY

The population of the capital is approximately 500,000. If all the cereals in the cellars of the Spanish commission merchants were commandeered to-morrow by President Carranza for the relief of the hungry men, women and children of the poor and middle classes, it is doubtful if each family would receive enough rations to last them seventy-two hours. The reason is that the food supplies within the city have been practically exhausted and the so-called armies, which possess all the lines of communication to the states of Michoacan, Queretaro and Vera Cruz are confiscating all the incoming corn, frijol and other foodstuffs for their own precious stomachs.

BEGGARS EVERYWHERE

Under foot everywhere in the streets of the capital are the most insistent beggars in the world. Since the food situation became acute their number has increased a hundredfold. They infest the central thoroughfares; every doorway is littered with them. In front of the restaurants and clubs they cluster like flies and fairly swarm around the well-dressed patron, importuning him with their pitiful appeals until he scatters his cartons among them.

The majority of the beggars in the streets of Mexico these days are little mothers, so shriveled with hunger that their skins come to look like cracked leather. Their clothes are ragged. Money, food, anything that they clutch for as ravenously as the street dog does a thrown bone. Here they have literally taken the place of the street dogs, for they long since ate them.

Then there are the cripples, which the revolution triumphant has produced so numerously in every city, town and pueblo in Central, as well as Northern Mexico. They, too, crawl about in shreds of clothing, begging for centavos.

STARVING CHILDREN

And in every street in the central part of Mexico City roam packs of half-naked, incredibly filthy children, who are forever darting in and out of the throngs, crying to the skies for something to eat.

When the starving peons are no longer able to shuffle about the streets, plucking you by the sleeve, entreating you to give them alms, they crawl into the doorways—half a dozen huddled together like dogs—and in the morning the city carts come along and, just as rubbish is collected in an American city, the bodies are picked up and carried away.

Twice this week the starving women of the city have swarmed into the Chamber of Deputies, where the delegates to the so-called soberana convention (the sovereign

convention) were exciting themselves into frenzy over petty phrases for embroidering a new constitution and receiving from the depleted treasury 50 pesos a day for their extraordinary volubility.

PLEAD FOR CORN

In the middle of his peroration on the complete reconstruction of human society yesterday afternoon the most eloquent talker in Mexico, Antonio Gama, the representative of General Zapata, was stopped by an inrush of nearly a thousand famished women, who had failed to get any corn at the improvised distributing station in nearby Calle Tacuba. Even Gama and his fellow thespians were given a few real sensations by the tragically monotonous moan of the famished women "Corn! Corn! Corn!" in the name of the Virgin Mary, help us!

Finally the soldiers cleared the elegant building of the intruders and the delegates resumed their opera bouffe. And the women with the protruding cheekbones and the empty baskets hung about the front of the Chamber until, with shots in the air, the soldiers scattered them in headlong flight.

CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN KILLED

Father Finn, a priest of Irish parentage stationed on the Yorkshire missions until last November, when he was accepted as a navy chaplain, is the first British chaplain to give his life while performing his duty in the present war. He proceeded with a large Catholic contingent to the Dardanelles and was killed during the recent heavy fighting.

Cardinal Bourne has issued an appeal to the other members of the Hierarchy for priest volunteers for naval and military chaplaincies. From the Westminster Archdiocese alone one hundred and forty-five priests have already gone out to the front, and though there are many other priests on the mission who have volunteered the Cardinal is anxious not to cripple the Church at home by removing too many priests, without hope of speedily replacing them.

He therefore appeals not only to all the dioceses to give priests, but especially to the members of religious orders. In answer to recent questions in Parliament regarding the supply of the needs of Catholic soldiers it was stated that the War Office was ready to send one Catholic chaplain with every unit in which Catholics predominated. The Cardinal states many more priests will shortly be needed.—Church Progress.

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE

What non-Catholics owe to the Catholic Church was the subject of a recent sermon by the Rev. A. M. Courtney, Methodist minister, of Chillicothe, O. If there were more men with the honesty and candor of the Rev. Courtney bigotry would be ashamed to show its face.

"The Protestant Church," said the reverend speaker, "owes all that is best in it to the Catholic Church."

"If I could destroy the Catholic Church to-morrow as easily as I could turn my hand I should not do so, for it has a great mission to perform and it performs it as the Protestant Church could not do. It finds a place for every person, be he the religious enthusiast, the worker for mercy, the distributor of charity or the recluse. It places these persons where they may do the most good. Its writers and theologians, Thomas Aquinas, for instance, are a font of inspiration to all Christianity."

"Patriotism owes much to the Catholic devotional literature. I admire, also, the firmness of the Catholic Church in asserting her authority. We ought to thank God that in many regions the Church can hold masses for men, whose sudden release from this bondage would threaten society. I honor the Catholic Church for its enforcement of the marriage vow and staunch opposition to divorce. Lax divorce laws are the nation's curse."

"It has only been a few years since the Methodist Church began building hospitals. The Catholic Church built houses of mercy at the beginning of its foundation, and its devoted and faithful Sisters are the admiration of the world."

"The Catholic Church will never disintegrate. Dynasty after dynasty has fallen into dust, and the lines of the Popes go on. And it will continue to flourish; and in the ages to come should Macaulay's New Zealander stand on London bridge and view the ruins before him, he would still find the Catholic Church."

"The conflict against evil in the future should be under authority, under organization, under competent direction, and the tendency is that way. There is a spirit of unification abroad; it is incipient, but it is there. We ourselves as Protestants owe our best church music to the Catholic Church. The fact is that of the six hymns sung at the service Sunday evening all but two were written by Catholic writers."—Intermountain Catholic.

MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART

This beautiful month of June is set apart in a special manner in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. No human heart can comprehend the love that filled the Heart Divine. "Sweet heart of Jesus be my love" is a common Catholic expression. The person who does love the Sacred Heart all burning, who tries to live as our Blessed Lord would have him live, must have almost reached the perfect life.

During this charming month of June, when all nature smiles, when trees and shrubs are dressed in gala attire, when Mother Earth is clothed in her garb of green, when blooms send forth their sweet perfume, we look from Nature up to Nature's God and we see in the great beyond the Sacred Heart of our Divine Master. We see Him with outstretched hands telling us to "come." We see at His right hand the Blessed Mother, our heavenly intercessor, pleading that we may not forget our duties, our obligations. We see, too, saints and angels beckoning us on to the home not made with hands. Ah, we can more! Those of us who have lost, for a little while, the dear ones who were loaned to us by an all-wise Father, can see them. We see the sweet face of the babe and other members of the family, innocent and free. At the time these were taken from us the blow seemed harder than we could bear; but time, that mighty healer, has shown us the wisdom of it all, and we thank God that He has done what He has.

Oh, Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord, do Thou keep us in the path that leads to life everlasting; do Thou be ever near to us in the struggle that is necessarily ours; help us always to live so that when it comes our turn to die we may be taken into Thy sweet embrace, there to be with the hosts of the saved forever.—Buffalo Union and Times.

PRIEST SURVIVOR

RELATES THE STORY OF THE LOSS OF PRIEST COMPANION

One of the assistants at the Requiem High Mass for those at Queens-town who died on the Lusitania was the Rev. Charles Cowley Clarke, of the diocese of Clifton, near Bristol, England. Father Clarke was a passenger on the vessel, and the last person known to have seen Father Basil W. Maturin before his death.

"Father Maturin and I," said Father Clarke, "were lunching a few minutes before the ship was torpedoed. Nobody afterward could have the smallest hope of finding any particular person. When he left the dining saloon he went his way and I went mine. He was lost and I was rescued. By chance I happened to find myself on the promenade deck as the liner listed to starboard. I had fallen on the slippery deck, which was then at an angle of 45 degrees, and entered one of the boats with a crowd of firemen and third-class passengers. I never saw Father Maturin again."—Church Progress.

THE MEASURE OF TRUE GREATNESS

At the great field Mass held in the Philadelphia Navy Yard, Rev. Dr. Corrigan said:

"The measure of a people's greatness is not to be found in mere united forces, but in the oneness of their vision and in the power of their inspiration to maintain their united efforts on the high plane of a God-given destiny. We Catholics are deeply convinced of this high mission of this land we love. We believe that the principles of our religious faith are the very principles upon which this nation must be strongly founded if she is to accomplish her splendid task for the human race. Such a destiny makes it absolutely necessary that in times of world-wide crisis this nation stand ever on the high plane of justice sanctified by charity. In the hours that try men and search the heart of a people making manifest the basic motives underlying national life we expect America to be found ever inspired by the lofty ideals that called her into being as an independent people."

"Such a nation to be found true to this high and noble standard must place the basis of its public opinion in the right conscience of its individual citizens. Its opinions must be the expression of its deliberate choice of what is just and true and honorable, both in its domestic activity and in its dealings with the other nations of the earth. Such right public opinion must never, therefore, be the result of a deceptive or at least an irresponsible propaganda of any part of the public press. Men must set their faces sternly against allowing their thinking to be done for them by any group of men representing no matter what theory or party. In matters of serious citizenship our personal liberty, so gravely won for us by those whose memory we keep to day, becomes of most doubtful value unless it is God-fearingly dedicated to the responsible

seeking of our conscientious duty before God and man. Such a standard, at once the crying need of our country and the sacred command of our holy faith, is the only one worthy of this great Republic. Faithful to it, what power for good, what influence for right and justice will this, our country, be throughout the world! And the world does look to us for just such a triumphant standard."—Catholic Columbian.

RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY

The so-called Guardians of Liberty are made up of two classes, the bigots and their dupes. There are many men among them of fair minds and honest hearts who have been deceived by the bigots and who will come out all right as soon as they begin to see how mean and un-American it is to persecute men for religion's sake in this late day of toleration and fair play.

As for the other class, the bigots, as Christ said of the poor, we have them always with us. They have existed in all ages, countries and religions. Bigotry is only religion gone to seed. "Bigotry," said The Chicago Herald a few years ago, "has no eyes, ears, brain nor heart, but is a mouth." It has no eyes to see, no ears to listen to the virtues of others, no brain to understand, no heart to feel for their rights. It is all mouth and its mouth is seldom quiet. Bigots are like boils, they will break out sometimes. They say that boils do good. Perhaps bigots do also, but it is hard for one who suffers from either to appreciate it.

But as boils are said to cleanse the blood, as storms purify the air, so let us hope that this spasmodic uprising of narrow-minded cranks may teach the men and women of the United States how harmful such movements are to the peace and prosperity of our country. We Catholics walk the streets of our country openly. The searchlight of public criticism can be turned upon us at any hour of the day. After more than a century of undivided loyalty to country are the Catholics of this country to be attacked by midnight assassins? If there is any one willing to believe the stuff these nameless nobodies say of us, he is welcome to do so.

At the same time all good citizens cannot but deplore a movement which is calculated to do immense harm in stirring up religious rancor in our country and setting friend against friend, neighbor against neighbor, who should be working shoulder to shoulder for the welfare and prosperity of our common country.—Truth.

HALL-CAINE'S SHOW UP

A "best seller" of yesterday is not soon forgotten. Long after such a book has been supplanted by others, more startling and daring, its title is easily recalled as one recalls the face of a friend or acquaintance. It is probably for this reason that "best sellers" are frequently put on the film.

Now, several of Hall Caine's novels became "best sellers" in their day, nobody knows why. His plots, as a rule, are not artistic. His moral teaching is seldom beyond reproach. His carelessness with regard to details of history and geography is proverbial.

Hall Caine's shortcomings and absurdities appear most glaringly in such of his productions as have appeared upon the screens. There we arrive at a truer valuation of him than we could ever get by merely reading his novels.

Only recently his "Eternal City" was filmed at a great cost. Pictorially, it is a triumph, many of the views having been taken in Rome.

But to Catholics it is an impious travesty of everything they hold sacred. The head of Christendom is portrayed as the leading actor in a bold conspiracy, brazenly conniving at a felony. Later on, he pardons the murderer of the story, although he has shown no signs of repentance. Only a little less glaring is his utter disregard for the rigid conventions of the Vatican. Although all the world knows the formalities attending a visit to the Vatican, he shows us every one walking in and out at will. On one occasion it is even turned into a hospital. The wicked baron's mistress fights her way directly to the Pope's private apartments in order to be shriven by him. Utterly regardless of the fact that the Pope is a prisoner in his own palace, Hall Caine pictures him to us as walking around the city like any private individual. This film is ridiculous in so far as it portrays utterly impossible conditions. Besides this, it is an insult to Catholics and an unwarranted wounding of their sensibilities.—The Rosary Magazine.

Next to the consolation which Catholics find at the foot of the altar, and to the joys of the family circle, I know of no greater pleasure than that of conversing with intelligent and good-hearted young people.—Ozanam.

CATHOLIC NOTES

On a recent Sunday Bishop Shahan of the Catholic University confirmed sixty converts from Protestantism in St. Patrick's church, Washington, D. C.

In Tian tsin, there is an Order of native Chinese Sisters, known as the Sisters of St. Joseph. This Order was founded by Bishop Dolaplace, and at present numbers seven houses in the five vicariates of North China.

At Beda College, Rome, the other day, fourteen former Anglican clergymen were ordained to the priesthood. One of the number, Father John Cyril Hawes, destined for Australia, was received into the Church at Graymoor, N. Y., by Father Paul, S. A.

Press despatches from Rome recently state that Pope Benedict confirmed the appointment of Right Rev. Edward J. Hanna as Archbishop of San Francisco. The Consistorial Congregation recommended the appointment of Dr. Hanna.

The Angelus has begun to ring again in the quaint Essex town of Dunmow, after a lapse of centuries. A powerful "bell bar" has been hung in the Church of Our Lady of Dunmow, and the Angelus was re-inaugurated on the Feast of the Annunciation—the true Angelus Day—with modest ceremony.

The name of King Charles I. has been added to the list of Church of England saints, by the Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury. But before the new "saint" is placed in the Anglican prayer-book he must be sanctioned by Parliament. "Is that likely?" queries the London Tablet.

"The number of priests giving their whole time to the Forces is nearly 3 per cent. of the clergy, regular as well as secular, of Great Britain," says the London Tablet, and yet still more are needed. Cardinal Bourne has appealed to the Bishops to send the names of priests fitted for the work, who can be spared.

Plans are now under way to erect in Washington a magnificent modern structure for the needs of the Knights of Columbus of the district of Columbia, and worthy of the capital of the nation. The order was established in Washington eighteen years ago, with a membership of forty-five; to day it embraces five councils, with a membership of 2,002.

Baron Johan Liljencrants of the Swedish nobility, was ordained in the Cathedral of Baltimore on May 29. He had recently finished his studies at the Catholic University of America, where he received the degree of Bachelor of Sacred Theology. He sang his first Solemn High Mass in St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, Washington, D. C., on May 31.

Authoritative figures relative to the number of Jesuits in the French Army give it as 552. Of these 285 are priests, 247 scholastics, and 70 lay brothers. Of the priests 83 are chaplains. Of the entire number 317 bear arms, 188 are in hospital work, 38 were killed. The Cross of the Legion of Honor has been given to 5, 4 won the Military Medal, and 22 received honorable mention in Order of the Day.

Calling attention to the fact that when Lieutenant Gladstone fell, the man next to him was Second Lieutenant Harold Francis Lynch (Stonyhurst) the London Tablet says: "This last association, accidental and slight as it is, between the grandson of Gladstone and an Irishman, nearest of all to him when he drew his last breath, has a historic appropriateness of its own."

Rev. Timothy Dempsey of St. Patrick's Church, St. Louis, Mo., is still adding to the various charitable institutions which he is conducting in the district around his church. His latest enterprise is the establishment of an eye, ear, nose and throat clinic at his Day Nursery, No. 1209 North Sixth street. The clinic is open on Saturdays and Mondays from 8 to 5 p. m. There is also a baby clinic, with a pure milk station, which is open on Wednesdays from 2 to 5 p. m.

Second Lieutenant Hugh Bernard Neely, who was killed near Ypres, April 25, was a member of a convert family, and had been received into the Church in 1913. He was a devout Catholic, and only a week before his death, he wrote to a friend: "Sing high, sing low! I was able on Sunday to get to Mass and Holy Communion at a church just behind our lines. That was good—and what would have done your heart good to see was the great church packed with British 'Tommys' . . . I am very well, quite fit, and happy."

Frederick W. Wemmerberg of Boston College won the first prize of \$100 in the ninth national contest of the Intercollegiate Peace Association held at Mohonk Lake, N. Y., on May 20. There were six contestants, representing every part of the country and chosen by three elimination contests, the six being adjudged the best of about four hundred representatives of twenty-four States. The award was made after a speaking contest before the members of the conference on international arbitration.

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CARDOME

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

BY ANNA C. MINOQUE

CHAPTER I

Cardome stood red-walled among its pine trees, a picture of country quiet and prosperity. The gently undulating fields of waving blue-grass, broken at intervals by long clover meadows, stretched away to where flower gardens and shrub-dotted lawns marked the beginning of the village of Georgetown, whose slender spires and occasional domes blended mistily in with the belt of woodland that made a purple southern horizon.

Through Cardome's fertile pasture lands wound the Elkhorn, adding much beauty to the view from the mansion, where Virginia Castleton, from her place on the side veranda, had twice lifted her eyes from the quaintly bound volume lying on her lap, to gaze dreamily on the river's rippled surface. Twenty summers had passed over her head, and each had added rarer charm to the beauty of her face, brought richer gifts to heart and mind. There was not a gentleman in the three adjoining counties who had not, at some time, responded to the toast, "The Fair Virginia!" and not one but would have gone valiantly to his death to prove his devotion to her and to what she so finely represented—grace, beauty, and pure womanliness.

Virginia reigned supreme at Cardome. Related to neither its master nor mistress, having on their affection only the claim of a dead friend's child, she was as a daughter of the house; the two handsome sons, now at an eastern college, were not dearer to the old Judge and his wife.

She had returned from a month's visit in Versailles only the day before, and Cardome was beginning to regain its tranquillity after the excitement and jubilation of her coming. Soon the summer guests, relatives and friends, would arrive, and there was a ripple of expectation in the atmosphere that made reading a little difficult for Virginia that morning. The book was one received by the Judge during her absence, a book written at Cardome—from its foundation, more than a half century before, the hospitable haven for litterateurs and artists. As he had placed it in her hands that morning, before going to his little brick office at the foot of the side lawn, he had assured her that she would find between its covers much that was original and instructive. But neither the title-page nor the brief introductory note appeared to offer confirmation of the Judge's encomium, and she was prone to gladden her eyes with the sun-kissed face of the Elkhorn, showing between the wide opening of the trees, and to listen to the sound of busy feet and the occasional laughter of the slaves, that came from the house.

A horse's hoof beats coming in an easy, light gallop over the white road below, sounded through the summer stillness. The trees edging the road hid the rider and his steed, but the fall of the plated hoofs on the wooden floor of the bridge, a moment later, told the direction whence they were coming. Seldom an hour but many such galloping feet crossed the bridge, bearing riders to and from Georgetown, and Virginia felt no special interest in this horseman, not even when he turned in at Cardome's stone pillared gateway.

"It is one of the Judge's clients," she thought, waiting for the rider to appear around the clump of young cedars that hid the entrance from her view.

The next instant horse and rider flashed across her line of vision. The horse, whose black coat shone in the sunlight, and whose glossy neck did not require a light rein to keep it in its proud curve, came up the gravel drive as he had covered the stone road, and turning like a racer where the way curved toward the Judge's office, stopped, at a slight motion from his master's hand, directly at the doorway. The two great dogs which lay on the low veranda before the office rose as the rider swung himself from his horse, and advanced to greet him in a friendly fashion. The watching girl saw that he was young, tall, and well formed.

The knock on the office door, while not loud, was decisive, and corresponded with the fall of the feet on the veranda, sending the ring of silver spurs to her across the side-lawn where the one flower-bed lay in the center of greenward, circled by a broad gravel walk. The door was opened quickly; and before it closed she caught the Judge's cordial tones giving his visitor welcome; then silence again reigned. The dogs took their old position near the plain wooden supports of the veranda roof, and with their heads erect, stared at the black horse, which, had he been chiselled out of stone, could scarcely have appeared as immovable. With the temper his eyes and arched neck proclaimed, he should have been pawing the earth, impatient of delay; as it was, he stood almost without the movement of a muscle, awaiting his master's return. The dogs dropped their heads on their forepaws the rest and sunshine to drowse the horse, or at least make his neck release its proud curve; but he kept his statue-like position until, half an hour later, the door opened and the master appeared. The Judge accompanied his visitor and clasped his hand warmly at parting. Vaulting lightly into his saddle, with the slightest movement the young man turned his horse's head, and waving his hand gracefully toward the Judge rode away in a gallop, as he had come. The Judge looked after the retreating figure until the cedars hid him, then went back to his office, while Virginia strained her eyes for a last glimpse of the steed and his rider. She thought she knew all the young gentlemen who lived sufficiently near to pay the Judge a call this early in the day, yet here was one with whom she was unacquainted; nor could she remember having heard that there were any strangers visiting in the neighborhood.

"Who can he be?" she mused, drawing her fine black eyebrows together in a puzzled frown; the more she thought, the more intense became her interest in the stranger and the greater her curiosity to learn his name. It was not yet 10 o'clock, and she knew the dinner bell alone would bring the Judge from his office, where, morning after morning, he sat engaged in straightening out the difficulties of half the legally distressed county, the other half being promiscuously distributed among the lawyers of Georgetown.

When he voluntarily retired from the office of county judge, bestowed upon him term after term by the unanimous vote of the people, John Todd had fully determined to give up all legal work and spend the remainder of his days in the repose his years of public service had earned. He had mapped out for his afternoon of life a line of literary pursuits, with, as interlude, intercourse with the congenial men and women he would then be able to gather around him more frequently in Cardome. But a widow came one day to the wide hall door with a piteous tale of injustice; and the next court's sitting saw its ex-judge at the bar, pleading the cause of the poor woman against one of the town's richest citizens. Next a friend who had appealed to him in grave trouble drew him from his seclusion; another came with a similar story, and another; then in a moment of inner illumination, the truth came to Judge Todd—that he may not do what we wish with ourselves; so he built the little brick office, announced that he had reconsidered his decision, and began again the practice of law.

To his office came rich and poor, young and old, seeking advice, and always legal, receiving assistance not always rendered before a jury. Gradually he was drawn back into politics, which he had also forewarned; and while refusing to enter into any contest himself, he threw all his old-time energy into the conflict where a friend needed him or his party demanded the service of its supporters. Yet often in moments of victory, whether legal or political, he wished instead for the quiet ways, and turned from congratulatory voices to listen to the whispering in his heart that would draw him far from the tumult and the crowd. His sense of duty prevailed, however, and regularly at 9 o'clock, his two dogs by his side, he went down the broad walk which led to his office door; and there only clients were supposed to disturb him.

Virginia was well aware of this unuttered law, yet as she sat in the sunshine with the last echo of the black horse's hoofs dying on the air, she was debating whether the Judge would be annoyed if for this once it were broken, and she invaded his sanctuary. She should not care to meet the keen blue eyes if the abaggy brows were drawn above them in a frown; but she thought he could scarcely grow offended with her so soon after her return to his home, so, rising from her comfortable seat, she tripped lightly down the wooden steps, pausing as she passed the bush to gather a moss-rose. Then, lifting her dainty summer skirts, she went forward and tapped lightly on the door; but without waiting an invitation, opened it and cried playfully:

"Ho, Sir Advocate! May this client enter?"

Judge Todd looked up quickly; instead of the frown she half expected, he smiled and said:

"Does she come for legal advice?"

"Verily, she doth," rejoined Virginia; whereat the Judge rose and, bowing with gravity, bade her enter, while he drew forward a comfortable chair.

"What service can I render the fair Virginia?" he asked, looking very solemn, but with a twinkle in his blue eyes, bright as two bits of azure sky.

"I seek your advice on an intricate question," said Virginia. "When may a woman not exercise her prerogative of asking questions?"

"Never!" immediately replied the gallant Judge, and joined the girl in her laugh. "Well," he then asked, noticing the volume she held in her hand, "how do you like Vinton's little work?"

"Ah, Judge," she said, "what made your friend write such a gloomy book?"

"I should not call it gloomy," was the reply, "unless you so call truth. How far have you read?"

She leaned forward, and laying the open book on his desk, pointed with one tapering finger to the first line on the third page.

"You should not judge a book by its opening paragraphs," he said. "If you had read a little further you would have come upon a strong and uplifting thought. Listen to it."

"You are forgetting my prerogative," put in Virginia, who had not

desired just then to hear the thought her friend considered so superior. "To be allowed to ask questions implies that they will be answered. You have not told me how it happens your friend came by such sombre ideas at Cardome."

It was noticeable that when one thus alluded to Cardome, which the Judge loved almost as his own flesh and blood, a change, swift as it was beautiful, would show on the old face. That sudden illumination came now, and instead of replying to her words, he said:

"Virginia, I never heard but one say 'Cardome' as you say it; and that one is dead."

"That is because I love it as he did," she answered quickly, knowing he referred to her father. "I sometimes think, Judge," she went on, "that in dying he poured out the love he felt for this place, his friend's home, on my young heart. His last words to me were: 'May it ever be to you, Virginia, as it has been to me, indeed, Cara Donna!'"

"Oh! may it ever, ever!" said the Judge, fervently, looking into her fair young face.

Often through the bitterness of the years that followed did Virginia recall those words, that hour, the little office, its shelves of law books, with the young mosses she had between her fingers pouring its rich fragrance over the unlighted place.

"What made him gloomy?" asked the Judge, presently, reverting to her question to relieve the moment's tension. "Child, I do not find him so; but then, I have forgotten what it is to feel young. Don't you know I shall be sixty next Monday? A man at sixty finds nothing gloomy when he is told that we weave our webs only to destroy them ourselves, or have them destroyed for us. He pities the fingers that must take up the broken strands, and is grateful for such uplifting hopes as my friend here gives." He turned his eyes to the open page, but Virginia, anticipating his intention of reading it aloud for her, asked:

"Is your friend coming back to Cardome?"

"He writes that he will see me and Cardome again, but when he does not know," answered the Judge. "His checked career is closing as inauspiciously as it began," and he proceeded to tell her of the life and work of his literary friend. Gradually, however, and diplomatically, Virginia brought him from the past to the present and gossiped of the coming guests, some of whom would be with them on the morrow. Then with the suggestion—

"None of your many clients seem to have remembered you this morning!" She felt that she had him at a place where, as a matter of course, he would refer to his one visitor. But, for the first time since her entrance, he seemed to remember that it was office hours and that the moments thus passing belonged to others.

"No," he replied, "but I have plenty to keep me employed; and he glanced toward the pile of documents on his desk. Virginia smiled to herself and asked carelessly:

"Who was that young gentleman who called on you this morning? I do not remember ever having seen him."

"I do not believe you have met him. That was Henry Clay Powell of Bourbon, son of Walter Powell, your father's friend."

A silence followed the words. The Judge's eyes rested unconsciously on the dying mosses Virginia held lightly, and she looked, as unconsciously, at the Judge's white head, mentally repeating the name. Finally she asked:

"He did not come from Bourbon to-day did he?"

"Oh, certainly not," said the Judge. "He is stopping in the neighborhood, with a friend of his father. His father is a relative of ex-Governor Powell, and his mother was a cousin of Henry Clay. Now that makes him a kin of yours," he concluded, a smile on his face.

Virginia laughed. "If all my Clay relatives could be got together, the big front lawn could not accommodate them," she said. "However, I don't claim relationship with all bearers of the name, since I have come to know so many who are a discredit to it."

"Henry Clay Powell is not of those," said the Judge, slowly. "He is, in every respect, worthy of the name he bears."

"Will he remain long here?" asked Virginia.

"I do not know how long after Monday," replied the Judge. "I have asked him to take dinner with us Monday, my birthday, you remember, and which Love insists shall be kept as a holiday on the plantation. It's well she stopped this side of a barbeque," and he laughed softly.

"You deserve all the respect we can show you!" cried Virginia, the love she felt for this man, who had been to her father what David was to Jonathan, brimming her eyes.

The fall of a horse's feet was heard on the drive. "A sure enough client coming!" exclaimed the girl, rising quickly. "For your advice, Sir Advocate, here is a rose!" and she laid the flower on the open book.

The sweetest payment I have ever received," said the chivalrous old man, escorting her to the door. As he opened it they met a tall gentleman crossing the narrow veranda, whose greeting Virginia returned distantly, while the Judge said, warmly extending a welcoming hand:

"Why, Dallas! Good-morning. I am glad to see you."

CHAPTER II.

Virginia walked slowly back to the house, her heart entertaining a feeling of annoyance against the newcomer as strong as it was unreasonable. Once she and Dallas had been, in the general acceptance of the world, fairly good friends; but that was when he was paying his devotions to pretty Miss Menefee; and now that his devotion had been transferred to herself, she found him intolerable as the man she likes as an acquaintance often grows hateful as a lover. It was two years since—honorably or dishonorably, for Miss Menefee was reticent on the subject and the truth of the affair was not known—their engagement had been broken off, and he had immediately become one of the "Fair Virginia's" admirers. He had never made an open declaration of his love, but she felt that he was only biding his opportunity; and there came over her at times a chilling realization that Fate would play into his hands, and that she would be powerless to resist. In such moments it seemed as if the finger of her Destiny were plainly raised before her eyes, and pointed toward Howard Dallas.

Yet he was not an ill-favored man; rather the contrary. He was tall, and if not as well-proportioned as the majority of Kentuckians, lack of bone and muscle in his case produced a grace of appearance inclining to the artistic; which impression was heightened by the contour of his face, the sleepy expression of the almond-shaped hazel eyes, and the soft chestnut hair, worn rather long and brushed back from his low square forehead. His manner was not less pleasing than his person. Educated, urbane, wealthy, the head of a sociable home, he took his rightful place in the elegant society of the neighborhood, and many a young girl envied Virginia his unregarded devotion.

Virginia was not given to self-analysis, so she did not seek below the surface for the mainspring of her dislike, growing the stronger with his persistence. As plainly as she could, she strove to make him understand that she had nothing for him, not even her friendship. Howard Dallas read every word of her action, and he set his even white teeth, while he repeated a vow he had made long before. Those who knew him best could tell when he made a vow he kept it.

"He's like the wrong end of a gun; better not be fooled with it," said Virginia's best friend, Phil McDowell, who edited a paper in Frankfort and rode to Cardome twice a week to discuss politics with the Judge over their cigars and talk for an hour afterward with her, as they sat together on the moon-lighted veranda. How much he meant of this light, pleasing talk it were hard to say, for he was like his own Kentucky River, which shows a clear, smiling surface, but with an under-current opaque enough to hide its channel from curious eyes, leaving it doubtful if beneath golden sand or rise up jutting rocks. There was a column, however, in his paper in which little poems of good literary workmanship appeared from time to time, whose sentiment touched Virginia because of the pathos of the truth they revealed. At first she had teased Phil to tell her the author's name, and finally he stated that the column was under the editorship of a friend, who also wrote the verses she so much admired; but that he could not reveal the identity of his associate.

"He is very shy. He would die of confusion if he thought any one suspected he wrote poetry," he had said, and when the poor fellow trusts me so implicitly I cannot betray his confidence."

"Why don't you bring him over with you, some day?" she had urged. "He need not know that I have been apprised of the fact that he is a poet."

Phil promised to give his friend her invitation, but when next he came to Cardome he was, as usual, alone.

"I could not get the post to come," he explained to her as they sat on the southern veranda full upon them. "He has heard of that sorcerer, the 'Fair Virginia,' and dare not venture within her domain, lest her beauty would transform him into a singing-bird to a dog, fawning at her feet."

She turned her blue-gray eyes full on the man by her side, and said, after looking at him for a moment:

"Perhaps a man thinks he pays a woman a compliment when he likens her power to Circe's. All of us do not find it such, for we know that often man's blindness makes the transformation, not the woman. A man should not permit himself to be changed from a singing bird into a dog."

Phil regarded the moon for a full minute silently; then he said, slowly:

"That is so. But the post will keep himself on his own lone tree. He sends you this message, however: That his songs have given you a little pleasure makes them priceless in his eyes."

"I think," said Virginia, "your poet knows how to flatter as well as how to sing."

"No," he answered her gently, "his definition of a poet is truth-teller, light-bringer. It is a long call from that to a flatterer."

But later there had come to Virginia a doubt as to the existence of the post, or rather she had a fear that she had discovered him, and that her singing-bird was leaving his tree. As she returned to the veranda that morning she saw the Frankfort paper lying on the little wicker stand which held her work-basket. As her eyes ran over the columns she caught

a paragraph which stated that Henry Clay Powell, of Bourbon, was a visitor at Willow-wild, once the home of his ancestors. Willow-wild lay between Cardome and Frankfort, and after many years of desertion was now occupied by an unknown gentleman, who lived alone, but for two servants, in the old house. He had from the first held himself back from his neighbors with an aloofness which they respected; for assuming that he had retired from his own home to sever intercourse with society, they forbore thrusting theirs upon him. He had now been at Willow-wild for two years, and this was his first visitor.

As Virginia sat absorbed in her reading, a slave girl, with a small tub of water balanced on her head, emerged from the library. This was Mandy, the irrepressible, the Judge's wife called her; but the Judge believed that only the spirit of infernal mischief could father the pranks which she, in seeming innocence, would play. A step elevated the library above the veranda. Now Mandy missed it and fell, sending the contents of the tub in a sudden shower over the floor, upon which she also came down heavily.

"My gracious!" cried Virginia, springing up and retreating toward the hall, "what have you done now, Mandy? As the negro made no motion to rise, she asked kindly across the wayry space, "Have you hurt yourself?"

"Law, no Miss 'Ginia!" she answered, "but I've just skered out of my life to git up an' 'pear afore old Abe." (Abe was the butler, and between the two there was enmity.)

"You seed," she continued, placing her hands on her fat sides, for inward laughter was convulsing her. "Abe, he jes' da minit got de poach' tro, scrubbed it till de paint mos' come off, an' he's feul thing layin' in stob tub de poison which 'stroy his work. I heard him swab feulful at de end fur jes' lookin' 'cross it," and rolling her eyes until only the whites were visible she added: "Dat accordin' angel, what Miss 'Ginia told us 'bout las' Sunday, must be pretty busy a keepin' up to ole Abe's tunes."

"Sweep off the water Mandy," said Virginia, "and he will not know anything about it." But the girl only laughed impudently.

"You doan ketch dis chille cleanin' ole Abe's poach'. I jes' leave dat watah for a sprin' pa'ly for him, w'en he comes 'long in his blue coat an' brass buttons. Syre, de Law, dan he's comin'!" She bounded to her feet, snatched up her tub, and was down on the veranda steps and well around the house before Abe appeared in the doorway which opened from the "Court."

"Who's done gone on 'spilled my poach'?" he cried, not seeing Virginia standing in the door.

"Oh, Abe, I'm so sorry," she said stepping forward. "But it was an accident. Poor Mandy missed her step coming from the library, which she had been cleaning, and fell. Your poach' did look so clean and pretty too; but if you bring me a broom, I will sweep the water off," she added, for she saw the old negro was becoming angry. The words appeased him, and he waved his long arm chivalrously.

"Yoh go 'way dah, Miss 'Ginia!" he said. "Yoh 'tink I've gwine to let yoh wet dem lil' feet ob yohn? No, m'am! and rolling up his blue trousers and divesting himself of his brass buttoned coat, he was soon at work with mop and broom.

"Mandy was afraid you would be angry with her, Abe," Virginia went on, "and I was certain you wouldn't be when you heard it was an accident."

Down in his heart there was a suspicion it was only a part of Mandy's mischief, but "Miss 'Ginia's" word was always as Gospel to the negroes, and the greatest liar on the plantation, telling at the "quarters" the most wonderful of his falsehoods, found his story never questioned if he had the forethought to remark, in introduction, that "Miss 'Ginia" had told it in his hearing.

Presently Mrs. Todd came from the hall, and laying her hand affectionately on the girl's arm, said:

"I forgot to tell you, Virginia, that I had note the other day from Mrs. Powell, informing me that a young cousin of hers from Covington, I think she said, is at the Park to make it her future home. I waited until your return before calling, and then forgot all about it until a little while ago. We had better go this morning, for I am expecting Cousin Alice and Bessie on the evening train. Run off, dear, and change your dress, while I order a carriage. We can make it before dinner, can't we?"

"Oh yes, Aunt Love, easily," said Virginia, hurrying away.

Thirty years before, when she was the belle of Versailles, Mrs. Todd was known among her friends as "Lovely Idalla," not alone for the beauty of her face, but also for the amiable qualities of her heart. When she married the Judge, who was ten years her senior, and came to rule in Cardome, she found that her title had preceded her, only he had poetically shortened it to "Love."

But her first ten years of married life had been crossed by a sorrow which left its lines on the wife's young brow and made the white hairs to outnumber the brown ones, that sorrow which never leaves the heart of her who has watched the coffin-lid slip between her agonized eyes and the faces of her dead children. Three years had passed since the last pattering feet had grown strangely still, and another little grave had been made in the Todd lot in Georgetown Cemetery, when twin boys came

to the bereaved hearts; and as their years rounded on joy came back to Cardome, which had at last heirs to its proud possessions. These were the sons, within one year of their majority, whom the mother's heart was impatiently waiting the morning to bring from an Eastern college.

"In my heart," said Mrs. Todd, as the carriage rolled down the pine-guarded drive on its way to the Park, which stood back in gloom and solitude (from the White Sulphur turnpike, "I feel sorry for the young girl who has come to make her home at Mrs. Powell's."

"Perhaps it will be different now that she is here," rejoined Virginia. "Mrs. Powell will surely not ask her cousin to sink into her own isolation. Perhaps the old time gaiety of which I have heard you speak will be renewed."

Mrs. Todd shook her head. "Never, while the Park is ruled by those hands," she said, and a shudder ran over her comely face and seemed to penetrate her very tones. Virginia remained silent, for she knew that none of the elder people cared to speak of the tragedy which the early life of Mrs. Powell had known. Things were not right, they knew. There had been love, disloyalty, perhaps, and it was said, revenge, but their thoughts or suspicions were kept from the young; and if they spoke of these things to their companions, it was now with piteous charity. Yet the community could never shake off the remembrance of the lone mistress of the Park, who lived among them, and yet had voluntarily and determinedly put herself apart from them. There was, also, an uneasy feeling that the ears which were supposed to hear little else than the moaning of her majestic trees, or the chatter of her slaves, were in some way informed of the smallest happenings in their world; that the neatly gloved hands, ever lying idly in her lap, were invisibly working among them, and that something in their hearts told them that working was not for good.

"De debbill' in dem wooden hands!" Virginia's waiting woman had once exclaimed, talking of the mistress of the Park; and when chided for such a remark, she had repeated solemnly: "De debbill' in dem wooden hands, Miss 'Ginia. I've neash fifty dan yoh air, honey, an' I've seed some dat workin' an' it was de debbill' workin'."

Recollection of these words went with Virginia that morning over the smooth road, under the still branches of the trees that made shady the rolling lawn of the Park, and they seemed repeated in her ears as the grave, white haired negro ushered the unexpected visitors into the second parlor, where Mrs. Powell sat. A volume was on the table before her, but a small slave stood by her chair to turn its pages; for the hands, neatly gloved, lying in her lap, were useless; they were wooden hands. She rose at the entrance of her callers, and greeted them, but without moving forward, for those hands had no welcoming clasp to give.

When they were seated she bade the boy summon her cousin. "Of course," she said to Mrs. Todd, "it is she you called to see. Yes, I know what you would say," she continued, before her visitor could reply: "I fear I have neglected my social duties, but there are so many things to attend to on the plantation, and all else must give way to them."

That was her never-failing excuse for her retirement; for the pride that had ruined her own life, and others, would not allow her to admit to the world that Fate had chosen her and left her a bankrupt, thrown upon the utter mercy of Time.

"You see, I have made a change again on the side lawn," she said, looking out of the window that opened toward the south. "The old arrangement was, after all, the better one, and I find myself more satisfied now that its familiar face shows again through the window. I think it prettier to have your flowers in view of your best apartments. That was one of the many things I liked about Cardome; the flowers were not kept in one place, like a merchant's display in a shop window, but were made to show around where they would be most effective. I suppose you have not changed the arrangement?"

"You know the Judge thinks Cardome and all its appointments too perfect to admit of change," replied Mrs. Todd, with a laugh. "Every thing is still as it used to be."

"The Judge is well, I suppose?" inquired Mrs. Powell. "And the boys, also?"

Mrs. Todd replied that they were, adding happily: "The boys will be home to-morrow."

"And I suppose the gay doings will begin?" said Mrs. Powell. Then, as if for the first time becoming aware of her presence, she turned her small, piercing eyes on Virginia, and remarked, after a moment's close scrutiny:

"Virginia shows a more striking resemblance to her father with each passing year. Do you remember him?" she asked of the girl.

"Yes," said Virginia, a shadow crossing her eyes.

"He was too noble a man for child or friend ever to forget," said Mrs. Todd.

A sinister smile played around Mrs. Powell's thin lips, but she made no reply; but after a moment's silence, she said: "I wonder what is detaining Clarisse? Or, perhaps, keeping one's callers waiting is counted good manners in Cincinnati."

"I thought she was from Covington?" remarked Mrs. Todd.

"She was born there, but is, it seems to me, an Ohioan both by education and mode of living. She will make her home with me if she finds it agreeable," Mrs. Powell went on to explain. "I should be glad to have her remain with me, so I trust my old friends, for my sake, will give her my place among them." This was said with the proud, quiet dignity of one who might have "lapsed from a noble place," but who never forgot that she could receive no favors, that what she desired to ask was only her due.

"Ah, no!" said Mrs. Todd, quickly, "your place is yours always. But we will give your protegee the one next yours, the one that a daughter might look for from the friends of her mother."

No appreciation of this answer appeared on the ironlike, thin, wrinkled face as she looked from her guests toward the window, showing the nodding pine roses and a bed of young forget-me-nots.

"I shall give a lawn fete soon in her honor," she said, in the same even metallic tones; I suppose I may count on your assistance on that occasion? As she spoke the door opened and her protegee entered, enuol on face and in manner.

In the narrow circle in which she had hitherto moved, Clarisse Sears had been called a beauty; but this tribute she might not expect here where a finer, more classic type prevailed. Her hair was black and lustreless. The heaviness of the lower jaw corresponded with the fleshy forehead in proclaiming a vapid character, slow and ponderous; the woman who crushes into a flower garden as if a stone flagged yard were beneath her feet, heartlessly picks a rose to pieces and cruelly holds it butted by its delicate wings. The eyes were remarkably large and well-formed, of a shade between dark hazel and brown; but their whites showed a slight yellowish tinge that a Southernerner looks at askance. Her manner was listless, which might have been attributed to ill-health or indolence.

It was evident that she considered herself somewhat in advance, practically and theoretically, of the people among whom she had about decided to cast her lot, and Virginia was surprised into amusement on several occasions during the brief call by evidences given of this superciliousness. As she and Mrs. Todd drove away from the Park, and the latter asked what she thought of Miss Sears, Virginia replied, with a shade of annoyance in her tones:

"I wish the dear Sisters had her at Nazareth for a year, to teach her manners and the ordinary requirements of polite society."

TO BE CONTINUED

BIG CHIEF AND LITTLE CHIEF

AN INCIDENT OF RESERVATION LIFE

By James Escott

Indian summer? Well yes, that is could live with any degree of comfort under that torrid sun as best down prairie. We are at least two miles from the nearest station and in the center of a seemingly boundless prairie. Alone? Let us see. A small cloud of dust is disappearing in the north, the direction of the reservation, and that is all. "Let's stop," said my companion, reining in his tired pony.

"What! are you crazy," I panted, "stop here under this sun! Man, are you in your senses?"

"How far have we come?" and Brother James looked back wearily over his shoulder in the direction of the railroad.

"Two and a half miles at least," I answered, drawing in my own steed and inwardly anything but pleased with the delay. "Why? You're not going back, so soon?" this in my most sarcastic tones. "Give the place a trout before you judge. What would they think of you giving up before you even got to it. You volunteered, didn't you? Besides your superiors have sent you, and—"

"Father, please don't. I know all that; but I never knew, I never anticipated anything like this. Five miles of this jolting and—"

"Oh, ho! you'll soon get used to that," I broke in encouragingly, "I admit it's a sore point at first, but—"

"And this sun—"

"Only during summer, my boy; we have twenty below around Christmas."

Brother James shifted his position—he had done so a thousand times since we started—and turned again in the direction of the mission.

"This will never do, Brother," I said, making a pass with my whip at his pony's flanks, which set the little beast off towards home, and Brother James had nothing to do but follow.

We had scarcely settled down to a swinging pace, when my companion, who, with head sunken upon his chest, was several lengths in the rear, cried out:

"Stop, Father!"

I was tempted not to heed him, but the tone of the command had something strange in it, and I turned my head just in time to see him slide off his pony and fall on his knees in the tall grass.

I was at his side just as he lifted from the tall grass what, to the initiated, would seem but a large bundle of birch bark, but which to the missionary meant another little soul cast out to perish, and in all probability unbaptized.

"Poor little thing," said Brother Jim, looking down into the bright black eyes that opened to meet his.

I took the little creature from his arms and, without a word, hanging it like a great cocoon at my saddle, rode away at good pace that the astonished Brother forgot all his troubles in his endeavors to keep up with me.

As I laid the bundle of bark on the vestment case the girl darted forward and, with eagerness, snatched at a piece of shining metal suspended from the infant's neck by a piece of fish-bone.

"Hm," I said, "Catholic! Strange it should have been deserted. We must baptize it conditionally."

I was just wondering what name to give the little founding, when a familiar voice near me asked, in a low, anxious tone:

"Do you think it will die, Father?" Without answering or showing my fears, I said in a cheery voice:

"I found him, brother, so you must name him. What will it be? James?"

The good brother hung his head. "I came near leaving him to perish. You put the heart into me to keep on."

After a moment's reflection, I said: "We take our names out here from some accident of early life."

"So! Then call him James Faint Heart," said Brother Jim. "Allright! Then here goes! James Strongheart."

Thus it happened that, with the old man and the little girl as godparents, we proceeded then and there to make a Christian of "Little Chief Strongheart."

Life at an Indian reservation may be pleasant enough for the descendants of the kings of the forest, but one bred among the conveniences and intellectual companionship of large cities, it requires no ordinary amount of courage to resign one self to the simple, almost crude manner of living adopted by these remnants of a once numerous people.

A log hut of but one room, the simplest of furnishings and monotony of daily menu, are a continual source of inconvenience, not to say real discomfort, for the city bred white. Brother James had sacrificed much to devote himself to the new mission. The first-breaking of community ties was trying enough, but grace had made that sweet. Nevertheless, we have seen how he almost gave up at the first sight of the deserted Western prairie, and this temptation to abandon the life was not the last.

As he rose each morning a strange feeling of aversion towards these dull unresponsive red men came over him, and visions of all the good he might now be accomplishing at some large city parish school or college would, by their brilliancy, cast a gloom over the many little distasteful duties of his day. At such times he invariably went back in memory to that first temptation to despair, and he would say to himself, "Who knows but some poor wretch's salvation depends on my remaining here."

The thought, though far from convincing, was enough to make the present duty more bearable, and call forth an act of sincere resignation.

Besides his regular class in grammar and arithmetic which occupied the morning hours, Brother James took care of the dormitories, watched the boys at their meals, and kept them amused during recreation, joining in the quieter sports, and seeing to it that their wild natures did not carry them too far. The days were full of activity, and the good brother slept without rocking, indeed, too soundly, as the event proved.

Three years of mission life had passed, and Brother James had grown used, if not resigned, to his vocation. Young Strongheart, whose Indian blood had stood the harsh shock of the rough floor of a befriending cabin, whether he had been taken by an old squaw whose only ray of sunshine he had proved. By some strange providence the little fellow never realized this orphan condition, and would insist that the image on his medal was that of his mother, who would one day come to claim him.

It was calling time, and as Brother James strode up and down the long rows of beds giving a pull here and a pinch there, all the while ringing a large dinner bell with his right hand, he came upon an empty cot, the coverlet was neatly spread, the locker empty. "Joe White Crow," he said to himself, "poor boy! So the big chief has run away; I half suspected it."

There was no small excitement in the mission when it got around that Joe White Crow, the only surviving son of the late Sioux Chief White Crow, had grown tired of reservation life and broken away.

Joe was but twelve years old, but well matured and full of that war-loving nomadic spirit of his father, the big chief. Brother James could only find pity in his heart for the runaway, and it was with a prayer that their search might be vain that he handed the boy's name over to the government officials.

Besides, the young chief had won his heart by his frank ways, and with his departure a gloom impossible to dispel settled over the whole school. It was while taking a few moments' rest after the dinner hour and endeavoring to become resigned to the boy's departure that the news of another sad event was brought to poor Brother James. One of the boys came running in to tell him that little Strong Heart had been kidnapped and that his adopted mother was inconsolable at the loss.

There is no better salve to a troubled breast than to spend itself in healing the wound of another's afflicted heart. And so it was that, in tending his poor words of consolation to the bereaved mother, Brother James found relief in their common sorrow. Indeed, so passionate were the sentiments of revenge which found expression in the words and gestures of the distracted mother that he found it necessary to speak in a manner quite contrary to his personal feelings, thus forcing himself into the practice of his preaching.

It was Thursday, and so he had been free to spend the whole afternoon with the disconsolate woman. It was not till after the regular community supper hour that he returned to the mission and, sick at heart, was about to retire straightway to his room, when he remembered that he had not reported to his superior the day's happenings, so he turned down the narrow corridor at the end of which was Father Superior's room. With his eyes cast down and dejection showing in every line of his face, he passed along.

"Well now, Brother Strong Heart," said a cheery voice close to him. There was his superior smiling mischievously at him. Brother Jim was thinking only of the past events, and being in no mood for joking, answered peevishly but respectfully:

"You know, I suppose, Father, all that has happened?" "Yes, Brother, and you shall come with me to-night on a real sick call."

"How so?" "At seeing the crestfallen look, 'I suppose you want to excuse yourself.'"

"I was going to ask leave to go to my room and have Brother Jonathan take the boys to night. But I'll stay up and go with you if you wish, Father. I guess I am more disheartened than tired."

Father Superior stood reading the dejected countenance before him a minute or so, and then said, slowly and gently:

"You may go to your room if you care to, Brother. I really think it will be better to come along and see the example of patience my poor sufferer has been giving for years. Now, as you like, Brother, what will it be?"

It was pitch dark when we set out on the call. Brother James, on the same little shaggy pony that had brought him from the station three years before, went first, holding a lantern. The way was now over rough, miry wagon roads, now along circuitous foot paths, both alike winding in and out among the deserted log huts and summer tents of the Indians.

We made a halt finally before a large seemingly deserted log cabin. Brother James handed over the ponies to the care of a tall, sullen Indian who kept staring at us till the door closed. We found ourselves in a large bare room, in the corner of which, seen by the uncertain light of a candle, were the only occupants of the place. An Indian squaw, evidently the object of the visit, was stretched full length on the floor with no covering save a rough blanket. Beside her crouched another figure which, upon our entry, rose and, with a low whining noise, passed out through a rear door, never once glancing in our direction nor so much as letting its face be seen.

As we approached the sufferer she rose somewhat from her rude bedding, and revealing a face scored and withered, mumbled in Sioux, "Lakota iyapi sholya wo?" "Do," replied the priest. The wearisome sorrows of the past twenty-four hours were obliterated from Brother James' mind as he stood near that patient sufferer and listened to the low responses made in her own tongue while the father administered the last rites. They moved to the feet of the sufferer. The father drew back the tattered blanket, Brother Jim knelt down and leaned over holding the Holy Oils conveniently near. For a moment his attention was fixed on the father's hand, but as he followed the motion his eyes fell upon a sight that made his blood run cold. He rose with a shudder and turned his head away. The father, too, had risen, replacing the blanket.

As their eyes met the father leaned over and whispered: "Poor soul. How she must have suffered, and never a word. I knew the disease had eaten into her arms and chest, but this—"

Again he spoke to the dying woman. Brother Jim then and there made a resolution that heaven heard with joy.

They were on their way home now, having stayed until the end. What a peaceful passage that had been. The poor creature's body, all but eaten by a fearful disease, made no

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struggle for life. Life was now a living death, and death but a beginning of life.

"Good night, Father," was all Brother James trusted himself to say as they entered the hall of the mission house. "I have learned a lesson of patience this night."

"And your reward is to be given in advance, Brother," answered the Father, smiling at poor Brother Jim who stood puzzled beneath the swinging hall lamp. The Father took both his hands in his own and said kindly:

"I thought it was better to let you alone with your reflections and resolutions, but now let me tell you something that will make you happy. We have seen little Strong Heart's mother on her way to heaven, where she is now, no doubt, praying for us. She was not only Little Strong Heart's mother, but the mother of another of your friends, Joe White Crow, who, by the way, is now with his little brother upstairs in the dormitory."

"The story is too long to tell all here. Chief White Crow, as you remember me telling you, left the reservation three years ago, placing Joe with us. He did not tell us that he never intended to come back, but so it really was. For upon the birth of our little Strong Heart the child's mother was stricken with a terrible disease, which made living with her such a burden to the chief that he left her and the infant with some pagan relatives and departed. He has never been seen since. The poor mother begged her husband's relatives to have the infant baptized and placed in good hands, but the result of their fidelity you were just in time to forestall."

Brother James hung his head. "Joe," the Father went on, "was not allowed to see his mother, who received little or no medical aid, and not until two days ago did he dare to go near her. On his arrival last night he found her alone and dying. She told him of her desert, and besought him to bring her little boy to her before she should die. With all the astuteness of his people from dates and other circumstances, as well as by the miraculous medal which Little Strong Heart was so proud of Joe discovered that he was his brother. Without waiting to inform his child's adopted mother he had literally stolen him and brought him to their dying mother."

The Church stood out against a powerful Nero, a Domitian, a Trajan, a Marcus Aurelius, a Septimius Severus, a Maximin, a Decian, an Aurelian, and a Valerian and a Diocletian. These conquered the world and made it tremble at their power but the twelve illiterate fishermen, sent by the humble Man of Nazareth, were invulnerable to all their most cruel and diabolical acts. The doctrine which the apostles preached was not taught by man, and hence by man it could not be destroyed. The tiny seed which they planted and watered by their blood, has taken root and spread its branches into every part of the world.

The Catholic Church has witnessed kingdoms and empires rise and fall. She has seen nations grow and develop and spread their mighty power abroad, mature and at last sink into ruins. And all the while she has marched proudly on. Mighty rulers have had their day, and ruled over men and countries, and in course of time have died and are forgotten. The Church, however, has outlived them all.

Social upheavals that have shaken and awed the world have taken place, like the bloody French revolution. Times when as if hell itself was hurling forth its mighty power in a supreme effort to ruin the Church and to draw all men back to paganism. Times when the bravest blanched, and the weak lost courage and despaired, yet through it all was heard the words "Why do you fear, O ye of little faith?"

And when the voice added "Peace, be still," the awful storm subsided, and men asked "Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array?" (Cant. vi, 10). It was the Catholic Church. Having suffered, perhaps, but still "the Church of the living God—the pillar and ground of truth" (I Tim. iii, 15).

Again the Church witnessed and passed through the troubled times of the so-called Reformation. A time when man in his pride rose up against authority and cried out: "We will not obey the ancient Barks whose seats are in little skulls upon the sea of life alone. They were dark years and many thought the Church was overthrown. Yet it was not so, for indeed

"Truth crushed to earth, shall rise again. The eternal years of God are here; But error, wounded, writhes in pain, And dies among her worshippers."

No! We should not grow discouraged at the scoldings of the enemies of Christ. Rather should we endeavor to show our love stronger toward the Church and toward her ministers. Rather should we increase our activities for good in proportion as they increase theirs for evil. The progress of the Church here in America is a matter for joy and sincerest congratulation. While the bigots rave, the good well-meaning Protestants see the great and noble work which the Church is doing and witness the zeal of her priests, bless the disinterested work of the hospital Sisters, and repudiate the villainous campaign now carried on against them.

How many non-Catholics have felt as did Montalembert when he solemnized the priesthood thus: "I have looked upon this singular spectacle, which the Church of Jesus Christ alone has been able

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

IT HAS SEEN THE MIGHTY RISE AND FALL

Long years have passed since there was such a concerted, persistent, scientific and methodical attack upon the Church as exists at the present time. France, for centuries the most devoted and docile of her children, the country which for so long a period furnished missionaries to carry the gospel of Christ into every part of the world, is now vigorously opposing her. Mexico, the home of the Church for decades, is now like a youth among the Hottentots, who endeavors to prove his manhood by beating his mother. And even America, that sets forth the crown of glory, has to some extent also entered the lists against her.

We who witness the activities in divers ways of the bigots of our day are liable to take a pessimistic view of the whole situation. We are exposed to be led into thinking that the Church is losing her hold on the hearts of men, and may suffer greatly from the asperation heaped upon her. This temptation will be allayed, if we gaze into the vista of history, and into Sacred Scripture, and read what is there said of her. We stand as one in the belief that Jesus Christ is very God, as well as very man, and what He said would remain through-out eternal ages. His words are not as those of a man, who will pass away, but My word shall not pass away. He founded no system that in later times could be reformed. He said nothing that future science or higher criticism could cast away, but He enunciated truths that must and will endure through time and through eternity. The words which He uttered among the hills of Galilee are as true in our own day as they were then. He gave the Church which He founded a solemn promise in the words, Upon this rock I shall build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Surely He foresaw all that His bride would suffer through the malice and hatred of men, and He prepared His Apostles in the warning: "The servant is not above his master; they have persecuted Me, and they will persecute you."

The wave of opposition and persecution now beating against the Church, while it may do harm in one place, will redound to her honor in nine. It will strengthen those who are weak in their religion. It will arouse Catholics to a keen sense of responsibility. It will cause men who believe

"'Tis a base Abandonment of reason to resign Our right of thought." To think and to look into matters for themselves. They will seek truth and in doing so will be led into the Church. Again, this opposition will keep the guardians of the watch tower alert to the dangers which surround their flock. It will demonstrate in an eloquent manner, the power of the press, and it will lead Catholics to support and maintain theirs in order to defend and propagate the truth. Finally, it will be the means of extending the kingdom of Christ over the whole world, and into those parts in which the Church is but little known, as did the primitive Christians, who, persecuted in Jerusalem, separated and carried the gospel into Phenicia, Syria, and the Isle of Cyprus. Thus it has ever been that persecution has turned out to be of benefit to the Church, and in the end her enemies have had to repeat with Julian, "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!" Bearing this in mind we may rest assured that we have nothing to fear.—W. Majella Gavin, in The Missionary.

THE CHARM OF THE CHURCH

"This is why the man of imagination; this the philosopher, too, will also have a weakness for the Catholic Church; because of the rich treasures of human life which have been stored within her pale. Who has seen the poor in other churches as they are seen in the Catholic churches? Catholicism, besides, envelops human life; and Catholics in general feel themselves to have drawn not only their religion from the Church; they feel themselves to have drawn from her, too, their art, poetry and culture. If there is a thing specially alien to religion it is divisions. If there is a thing especially native to religion, it is peace

to produce—that of a priest; young, imposing, attractive, austere, virginal and virile, loving all that is good, great, holy and generous—a man of courage, of liberty and of honor, as well as of fervor, of penitence and of holiness. At the end of a long life, I must confess that it is the most noble and most beautiful spectacle which it has been given me to behold here below."

Thus far the lives of our good Catholics have demonstrated in an eloquent and substantial manner what their faith means to them and what their Church demands of them. No one could have gazed upon the last parade of the Federated Catholic Societies, held in Baltimore, without thanking God that he was privileged to be a member of such a Church. It was a wonderful sight, grand, elevating, and inspiring. No one could look upon those lovely and angelic faces of the boys and girls, sweet rosebuds plucked from the fair garden of innocence, without feeling optimistic of the future. Without feeling that, with such recruits, to become the men and women of tomorrow, our country would have citizens of which it could be justly proud, and our Church members who would do her honor. As they marched proudly by, within the shadow of the cross and flag, emblems of their patriotism and faith, one could not help exclaiming, "These are the coming citizens of our country, these are to carry on the great work which our nation and Church have set about to do. May God keep them spotless until the dawn of never-ending day."

As no man can remain an isolated member of society, he must be a power for good or evil. Our Catholic men banded together in such grand associations as the Knights of Columbus, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Foresters, and others, have by their efforts and example exerted untold influence for good. They have clearly shown that they are, together with all good men, irrespective of creed or nation, guided by the sublime code of the Unerring Lawgiver, and gradually leading us toward that blessed day, when all will understand the import of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

It has been said that the Catholic Church is the only religion that has remained unshaken through the centuries. This is true, for the Church has always been a living organism, growing and developing in accordance with the needs of the world. It has always been a source of strength and comfort to its members, and a beacon of hope to the world at large.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

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INTERNATIONAL CHARACTER OF THE HOLY SEE

The conditions that obtain in Europe, though embarrassing to the Holy See, emphasize its international character.

A well informed writer in the New York Sunday Times has a very interesting article entitled, "The Pope will stay in Rome," in a recent number.

The reports circulated in the Times press to the effect that the sympathies of the Holy Father are with Germany, Austria-Hungary and Turkey "have received," he notes,

To what extent this importing of pro-German, pro-Austrian leanings to the Holy Father is without foundation has been shown during the past week by his stern refusal to intercede for the rector of an Italian village near the frontier who was sentenced to death by court martial after conviction of communicating information to the Austrian enemy by means of a wireless concealed on the roof of his church.

Benedict has not hesitated to issue instructions to the Italian parish clergy to assist instead of obstructing the authorities in their work of mobilizing the military and naval defenses of the Holy See on the ground that every good Catholic should be a good citizen, and patriotically fulfill his obligations and duties as such to the State.

Only ten days ago the Pope published in his official organ, the Osservatore Romano, and in the form of a letter to the Dean of the Sacred College, Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, the allocation which he had intended to deliver at the Consistory which was to have taken place this month but which had to be postponed until after the war.

Benedict has likewise elsewhere expressed his horror at the great loss of innocent life—especially child life—caused by the torpedoing of the unarmed Lusitania off the coast of Ireland, and has converted his palace at Castel Gandolfo into the Santa Marta annex of the Vatican into hospitals for wounded Italian soldiers.

Surely all this—and much more could be advanced—should suffice to relieve Benedict of the imputation of any leanings toward Germany, Austria, and Turkey, rather than to stricken Belgium, his own native Italy, France, Great Britain, and their allies.

The comment on interested Teutonic misrepresentation which finds ready acceptance where prejudice prepares the way, though interesting and an evidence of well-informed and unprejudiced judgment, is not the most interesting part of a Veteran Diplomat's article.

He avers that a plan is under consideration to obviate the difficulty arising from the withdrawal from the Vatican of the diplomatic representatives of the Teutonic allies. It is simply to request the other belligerent powers also to withdraw their representatives.

This project does not date from yesterday. For it formed the sub-

ject of much negotiation and of a number of long interviews at Albano between Prime Minister Salandra and the late Cardinal Agliardi before Christmas, but at a time when the probability of Italy's being drawn in to the war on the side of the powers of the Triple Entente became apparent.

Under the terms of the provisional arrangement the Pontiff 1. Admitted the impossibility of the continued residence at Rome and unrestricted action there of the diplomatic representatives of powers with whom Italy was at war—representatives who, by reason of their diplomatic immunities, were exempt from the jurisdiction of Italian law.

2. The possibility of restricting the action of the Austrian Embassy and of the Prussian and Bavarian Legations by interning the members thereof in one of the Pontifical palaces, such as the Vatican, the Lateran, or Castel Gandolfo was likewise excluded.

3. The complete independence of the Holy See, its entire spiritual freedom, and the inviolability of the exterritoriality of the Pontifical palaces are reaffirmed both by the Italian Government and the Papacy.

4. An agreement with regard to the adoption of certain measures of general order to be extended to all the diplomatic representatives accredited to the Holy See by foreign powers, both hostile and friendly to Italy. These measures would be in harmony with the absolute neutrality and complete impartiality of the Papacy in the present war, since they would restrict and suspend the diplomatic privileges of the representatives accredited to the Vatican of all the belligerent nations.

5. In this way the Holy See maintains its complete independence toward the Government of Italy and toward all foreign powers.

Article V. of the Law of Papal guarantees states that the Sovereign Pontiff shall Have the use of the Apostolic palaces of the Vatican and Lateran, with all the edifices, gardens and grounds annexed thereto, and dependent on them, as well as the Villa of Castel Gandolfo, with all its belongings and dependencies.

The plain intent and meaning seems to be that the Italian nation could never alienate these palaces and annexes; but unscrupulous politicians have interpreted the article as meaning that the Pope has no right to alienate the said palaces, museums, libraries, etc., on the ground that these belong to the nation, the Pope having only "the use" thereof.

Hence our writer justly observes: "The agreement of Cardinal Agliardi and of Prime Minister Salandra negotiated last winter, and containing a renewed recognition of the inviolability of the exterritoriality of the Pontifical palaces by the Italian Government, is therefore of extreme importance, as emphasizing anew the ownership of the Vatican and of its contents by the Holy See; and an acknowledgment thereof by the Italian nation, in the person of its Premier, and of his Cabinet.

The world will be wiser in many ways when peace is again restored to it; but amongst all the lessons of the War none will be impressed more deeply than that of the necessity of international good faith. The masterly because absolutely honest, single-minded and straight forward diplomacy of the great Pope who has been called to fill the Fisherman's Throne in these troublous times will bring to an end an anomalous condition by securing international recognition and international guarantees of the independence of the Father of all the faithful.

If the information of a Veteran Diplomat is correct, then it is evident that the Italian Government will facilitate instead of obstructing this desirable and necessary solution of a problem which will never be settled until it is settled right.

THE U. S. NOTE TO GERMANY

Startling was the resignation of Mr. Bryan and also his reason for resigning. Senator Borah, a Western leader in the Senate, had already predicted war between the United States and Germany inside of sixty days.

When we have in every township, in every square mile of every township, a farmer who is thoroughly in touch with all our agencies for the betterment of agriculture, when the helpful suggestions of the latter will have been carried into practical effect by farmers here, there, everywhere, then shall we have the amelioration of agricultural conditions which these institutions are designed to bring about.

Something the papers do not emphasize is the offer of the United States to mediate between Britain and Germany in the matter that gave rise to the present situation. The United States has protested against England's blockade of German ports, a blockade which is a departure from international conventions as hitherto understood and practised, and which is given by Germany as justification for her submarine warfare on British shipping.

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RURAL LEADERSHIP

Millions of dollars are spent—each year for the betterment of agriculture in Canada. There is a Federal Department of Agriculture, and there is a Department of Agriculture for each province.

Then there are numerous short courses. The Summer School will put the clergyman in touch with all the opportunities afforded by the College.

Our programmes of the School in detail will be issued later on. In the meantime for further information write G. C. Creelman, President O. A. C., Guelph.

Arrange your vacations so as to take in this School. Clergymen may secure information through Archbishop Neil McNeil of Toronto; Rev. R. A. Hiltz, Dr. J. G. Shearer, Dr. T. Albert Moore, Confederation Life Building; Rev. P. K. Dayfoot, 182 Collier St., Toronto; Rev. W. T. Gann, 33 Victor Ave., Toronto, or by watching the various church papers for further information.

GERMANY NOT THE ONLY FAITH BREAKER

Our press rings the changes on Germany's breach of faith with regard to Belgium. It may not be generally known even to the omniscient and dogmatic moulders of public opinion that at the Congress of Vienna the five great powers of Europe pledged themselves to see that the Papal States should be kept intact and inviolable.

The first paragraph of the Advance Notice reads as follows: These who are interested in Rural Life will be glad to learn that the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, has made plans to run a Summer School for Rural Leaders.

In 1870, however, every one of the five powers repudiated the pledge to safeguard the independence of the Pope. To prevent the spoliation of the Holy See war was not necessary. A word would have been sufficient.

That word was not spoken. English papers sent up a chorus of approbation of the forger of the Ems telegram. England applauded Mazzini and Garibaldi. Faithless to a common trust they lost all trust in each other. They armed until the people groaned under the burden imposed by armament on land and sea.

Well, again we shall have a Congress and a European readjustment. It is safe to say that one of the most certain and secure conditions of peace will be the international recognition of the independence of the Holy See.

ABOUT BOOKS AND READERS

The Catholic press is not entirely without blame in this matter of creating and fostering a demand for Catholic books. People should be able to look to the columns of their weekly paper for light and guidance in the selection of their reading matter.

Students will be accommodated in the College Residence at \$5.00 a week, room and board. The rooms are furnished with single beds and all applicants will be required to bring pillow, pillow-slips, sheets and towels.

When we have in every township, in every square mile of every township, a farmer who is thoroughly in touch with all our agencies for the betterment of agriculture, when the helpful suggestions of the latter will have been carried into practical effect by farmers here, there, everywhere, then shall we have the amelioration of agricultural conditions which these institutions are designed to bring about.

We do not see any objection to a Catholic book finds its way to his desk does untold injury to the very cause he professes to serve. For no amount of praise can elevate mediocrity to the level of genius, and the reader who has been beguiled by the reviewer's recommendation into the purchase of a worthless or indifferent book, turns in disgust from the notices of Catholic publications.

In the May Columbiad Dr. O'Hagan has a very thought-provoking article on this subject of Catholic reviewers. We sometimes forget, he says, that the Catholic Church is being fashioned, humanly speaking, by that silent intellectual work of which we are unfortunately disposed often to take no notice.

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NOTE AND COMMENTS Since the "June Wedding" has, in the English-speaking world at least, become something like a time-honored institution, the month's recurrence may be deemed a fitting occasion for indulging in some reflections on the history of the ring, recognized throughout Christendom—and beyond it—as the symbol of the lasting union of the wedded pair.

IF, OBSERVED a well-known historical and antiquarian writer a few years ago, a lady in this generation were asked on which hand the wedding ring should be worn, she would probably answer with some surprise: "Why! on the left hand, of course!"

It has in our day become so much an accepted tradition that the left hand, and the left hand only, is the proper one for this purpose that surprise over such a query would be considered its natural accompaniment.

Father Herbert Thurston, S. J., who has given the matter some study, avers that said great-grandmother worn the ring on her left hand, which is perhaps doubtful, she would at least have heard her elders speak of a time when the ring in the marriage service was placed by the groom not upon the left, but upon the right hand of the bride.

THE JESUIT antiquarian proceeds to summon several such witnesses to his aid. One of them may be cited here. There are still in existence some of those rare little books used by priests in England, Ireland and Scotland in Penal times for the administration of the Sacraments.

WE HAD intended to touch upon other ceremonies of the marriage service but space and time for the moment forbid. Suffice it to say that as we now know it the service is quite unique in that it is the only surviving relic in England and in this country of the once splendid uses of Sarum and York.

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with Holy Water in the form of a cross and the bride-groom taking the ring from the priest's hand, and holding the right hand of the bride in his own left, shall say, etc., etc. . . . Then the bridegroom shall place the ring upon the thumb of the bride, saying: In the name of the Father. Then upon the second finger saying: and of the Son. Then upon the third finger, saying: and of the Holy Ghost. Then upon the fourth he shall leave the ring."

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ceremonial had to be curtailed to the absolutely essential, when ecclesiastical education could only be obtained on foreign soil, and English students were trained not in one but in many different countries, it was inevitable that our forefathers in the Faith should seek strength and cohesion by the closest possible union in ritual as well as in doctrine with the centre of Catholic truth.

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"THE COUNCIL of Trent," he continues, "which had addressed itself among other things to the correction of liturgical extravagances, had begun a movement which resulted in the issue of a series of authoritative service books—a Missal, a Breviary, a Pontifical, a Cereemoniale, and last of all a *Rituale*. But seeing that matrimony was a Sacrament in which not the priest, but the contracting parties themselves were the ministers, and necessarily used their own vernacular, the Fathers of the Council had wished that in this Sacrament especially the laudable customs of each diocese should remain unaltered."

ON THE BATTLE LINE The War news is distinctly more encouraging this week. The French maintain their successful offensive. The Russians whom we thought practically hors de combat for some time to come, have turned and inflicted a smashing defeat on their over-confident enemies.

ON THE EAST Can the Russians come back? They can. They do. They have been coming back all week, although it was only yesterday they made report as to their victories.

ON THE ITALIAN FRONTIER Of the serious nature of the advance on Trieste there is no doubt. Heavy fighting is taking place on the Isonzo. The Italians will not push far beyond Monfalcone till there is no longer danger of the Austrians coming down the hills northeast of Gorizia and striking at the Italian left wing.

ON THE WEST LINE So doubtful has the German position become in northwestern France that the authorities in Berlin are throwing great new bodies of troops into the field there. From Holland come reports that the Belgian rail-

JUNE 10, 1915

ways are congested with troop trains. One correspondent estimates that half a million Germans are en route to the front.

THE DARDANELLES

In the Dardanelles there is progress, but it is slow and costly. An unofficial report from Athens contains the statement that after successive attacks the Allies have succeeded in occupying two heights which dominate Maldoz, and that fighting there continues day and night.

THE SUBMARINES

To-day we read the heading, "Eight More Vessels Sunk by Germans."

PULPIT COMMENT ON THE "LUSITANIA"

Writing of the utterances of the non-Catholic pulpit about the "Lusitania" horror, the Ave Maria says: "Unrestrained denunciation of the German government was the keynote of most of the sermons that we have seen preached."

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

GERMAN BARBARITIES

Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., who is a member of the Committee appointed by the Government to investigate the conduct of the Germans in Belgium, speaking at a recruiting meeting at Egham, reminded his hearers that if an invasion took place we should have a repetition of the horrors which had taken place in Belgium and had shocked the conscience of the world.

A GRAVEYARD CRUCIFIX

Sergeant Fred Lovelidge, 7th Battalion King's Liverpool Regiment, in an interesting letter to a friend in Preston, giving an account of life in the trenches, says: "I am writing this in a dug out in the support trench, having left the firing-line after twenty-four hours of it."

A FRENCH PRIEST AND AN IRISH SOLDIER

Private T. Higgins, 1st Leinster Regiment, describing in a letter to us how he was wounded at La Bassee, tells how he crawled to a ruined

house about fifty yards away. He continues: "There I met a French woman, who laid me down and gave me a glass of water."

There I met a French woman, who laid me down and gave me a glass of water. On opening my coat she found on me my rosary beads. In broken English she asked me, was I an R. C.?

MR. J. REDMOND AND THE TERMS OF PEACE

Mr. T. P. O'Connor has an article in some of the leading New York papers in which he quotes a number of opinions on the question of peace terms which he has gathered from representative men.

HOW POLAND IS SUFFERING

Some idea of how Poland is suffering at the hands of the Germans may be obtained from a letter written by a wounded German soldier of Von Hindenburg's army who has returned to Berlin.

"That the country is suffering unspeakably from the war is certain. Conditions there are considerably worse even than in Belgium and Northern France, because the fighting armies have repeatedly advanced and retreated, and in so doing have purposely and systematically devastated the country."

WITH THE IRISH GUARDS

Private John Browne, of Kilnamartyra, of the Irish Guards, has written home, and, speaking of the part of the war in which he is, says: "This is a splendid country. All grand, rich land, and very thickly populated."

MUSIC IN THE TRENCHES

"Eye-Witness" at the British Headquarters has the following on the influence of music to relieve the continuous strain on the men in the trenches: "The psychological value of music, to which allusion has already been made, is no new thing."

A GREAT DEED

The following appears in a message from the Morning Post's special correspondent in the North of France on Saturday:

What stories our men will have to tell of the bayonet charges in Flanders. None of the stirring deeds in the historic wars of the past can exceed them in heroism, nor in that splendid dash which is one of the proudest qualities of our soldiers.

We are still warriors. Upon one occasion, for instance, an O.M.T. Rugby man was hard pressed. He was surrounded by Germans. As he expresses it, he had forgotten all he ever knew about bayonet drill, and was giving them the butt. His position was precarious when he heard a roar behind him: "Play up, Park," and in tore a well-known London forward, his tunic off, his shirt sleeves rolled up, thrusting and swinging right and left. He accounted for six, his rescued friend says, before the rest broke and ran before that berserk rush. Both are well and hearty.

THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL OF AMERICA

CLIFF HAVEN, NEW YORK ANNOUNCEMENT OF BOARD OF STUDIES FOR 1915

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK

Sixth week—August 1 to 6. Morning lectures, 9:30.

A series of five reviews of some of the greatest novelists and poets of the Victorian Period of English Literature, by Frederick Paulding.

Aug. 2. Charles Dickens, the Great Optimist, and a dramatic interpretation of the principal scenes of his immortal story, A Christmas Carol.

Aug. 3. The Power and Pathos of Charles Dickens, as exemplified by interpretation of chapters from Bleak House, Dombey and Son, Oliver Twist, David Copperfield.

Aug. 4. The Great Satirist, William M. Thackeray, and dramatic interpretations of scenes from his masterpiece Vanity Fair.

Aug. 5. The Distinctive Genius of George Eliot, with the contrasts of her power and humor, as exemplified by dramatic interpretations of scenes from Adam Bede, Silas Marner, and The Mill on the Floss.

Aug. 6. The Contrasts of the Lives and Work of Alfred Tennyson and Robert Browning, with dramatic interpretation of some of their most famous poems.

11:30. Five lectures on the Economic Interpretation of History, by J. J. Hagerty, Ph. D., Professor of Economics of the Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.

Aug. 2. The Relation of the Historian to the Economic Interpretation of History.

Aug. 3. The Relation of Economic Geography to the Economic Interpretation of History.

Aug. 4. Socialism and the Economic Interpretation of History.

Aug. 5. Wherein does the Economic Interpretation of History fail?

Aug. 6. Continued. Evening lectures, 8:15.

Aug. 1. Church and Charity, Lecture by Rt. Rev. M. J. Lavelle, LL.D., V. G. of New York.

Aug. 2. Lecture: The Relations of Labor Unions to Church and State, by Hon. Frederick W. Mansfield, formerly Treasurer of the State of Massachusetts.

Aug. 3. Illustrated lecture on The Subway System of New York City, by Hon. Edward E. McCall, Chairman of the Public Service Commission of New York State, First District.

Aug. 5. An evening with Victor Herbert, conducted by Victor Herbert.

Aug. 6. Illustrated lecture on The Early California Missions, by Edward B. Shallow, Ph. D., Associate Superintendent of Schools, New York City.

Aug. 7. Language as a Science and its Study.

Aug. 24. Classification and Relationship of Languages.

Aug. 25. Language as an Index to Civilization.

Aug. 26. Language as a Social Function.

Aug. 27. Language in Flux: Words and their Meaning. Evening lectures, 8:15.

Aug. 22. Lincoln, the Ideal American, by Rt. Rev. John L. Reilly, LL. D., P. R., Rector of St. John's Church, Schenectady, N. Y.

Aug. 23. University Extension, by John H. Finley, LL. D., President of the University and Commissioner of Education of the State of New York.

Aug. 24. Frederick Ozanam, a model Catholic Layman, by P. S. Cuniff, Watertown, Mass.

Two song recitals by Miss Margaret Heveran, of Rochester, N. Y.

Aug. 26. Popular classics, including well-known excerpts from opera and favorite lieder.

Aug. 27. Tenth week—August 29 to September 3. Evening lectures, 8:15.

Aug. 29. Family Gathering. Two illustrated lectures by Rev. James F. Irwin, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Aug. 30. Devotional Shrines in United States and Canada.

Aug. 31. Patriotism of American Catholics. Piano Recitals.

Sept. 2 and 3. Two evenings with composers of piano-forte music, by Miss Grace Hofheimer, of New York.

Aug. 17. The Child: The root of the problem.

Aug. 18. The Parent: The crux of the problem.

Aug. 19. The Teacher: The critical element of the problem.

Aug. 20. The State and the Problem.

11:00. Five lectures on The Racial Background of European History, by the Rev. Robert Swickard, S. J., Professor of History at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

Aug. 16. Introductory lecture: Race; Race and nation; Racial characteristics; Great races, in history; Migrations of races and nations; Race prejudice; Superiority of races.

Aug. 17. Latin nations: Important place in history; Constituent elements; Characteristics; Their contributions to civilization; Their so-called "decline."

Aug. 18. The Celtic element in Europe: Early history of the Celts; First migrations widespread—far wider than what are now known as Celtic lands; Celtic elements in many modern European nations; Characteristics and influence.

Aug. 19. Teutonic or Germanic nations: Fusion with other races in Germany, Austria, France, Belgium, Spain, England, Italy and other countries; influence in history; Present position.

Aug. 20. Slavic nations: Vast extent and numbers in Russia, Austria, Germany and Balkans; Peculiarities; Political achievements and aspirations. Conclusion: The European nations contributing to America; Racial questions in the European War; Race and Religion.

Aug. 15. Annual concert. Evening lectures, 8:15.

Aug. 16. Lectures on The Banking System of New York State, by George Van Tuzl, President of the Metropolitan Trust Company of New York City, formerly Superintendent of Banks of New York State and author of the Van Tuzl Banking Law.

Aug. 17. Lecture on The Revenues and Expenditures of the Federal Government of the United States, by Hon. John J. Fitzgerald, Member of Congress from Seventh New York District, and Chairman Committee on Appropriations of the House of Representatives.

Two illustrated lectures on Travel by Miss E. Angela Henry, Associate Editor of the Catholic Union and Times, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Aug. 19. Switzerland and the Hospice of St. Bernard.

Aug. 20. Jerusalem and Oberammergau. Ninth week—Aug. 22 to 27. Morning lectures:

9:30. Five lectures on Education by John A. Haaren, Ph. D., Associate Superintendent of Schools, New York City.

Aug. 23. The Study of Pedagogy.

Aug. 24. The Aim of Education.

Aug. 25. The Beginnings of Education.

Aug. 26. The Course of Study.

Aug. 27. Vocational Training.

11:30. Five lectures on The Life and Growth of Language, by Prof. Arthur F. J. Remy, Ph. D., of Columbia University, New York City.

Aug. 23. Language as a Science and its Study.

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UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE

The following are the results of the students of St. Michael's College, in the examinations of the University of Toronto. Out of a total of 115 students who wrote 111 succeeded in making their years. The subjects in brackets after the names indicate that supplemental examinations must be passed in those subjects.

FOURTH YEAR

General Course—Clarke, Miss M. E.; Coughlan, Miss A. T.; A. A. Dea; Miss E. C. Johnston; R. W. McBrady; Miss M. Power; Miss G. Ryan; D. J. Sheehan (Hist.); J. J. Sheridan; J. E. Tansey; J. B. Walsh. Philosophy—L class: A. T. Lella. II class: 1. T. S. O'Connor; 2. F. A. Hammond; 3. M. J. Nealon; 4. J. H.

Poock; 5. D. J. Drohan; 6. J. J. Redden. III class: T. J. McGuire; G. J. Maher; A. Malone. (Eng.) D. J. O'Neill, (Eng.) J. J. Sullivan.

THIRD YEAR

General Course—E. E. Bunyan; Miss M. G. Burns; J. P. Collins; W. Hatrick; Miss I. Long; Miss N. T. Madigan.

Moderns—I class, Miss A. McQuade; 5. Miss B. T. O'Reilly. English & History—II class Miss E. F. Duffy.

Philosophy—I class, C. P. McTague; 2. J. J. McCarthy; 3. H. R. Ellard; 4. S. J. Armstrong. II class: T. J. Gallivan; J. H. Payette. Transferred to General Course: J. J. Garvey (two subjects).

SECOND YEAR

On active service; W. J. McNabb; General Course—J. J. Barker; A. A. Brown (1. math.); J. M. Clair; J. B. Collins; Miss E. Dowdell; Miss M. G. Flanagan; T. F. Forestell; Miss M. G. Gondron (Gal. Knowl.); T. A. Guittard (Eng. Ger.); Miss A. M. Kelley; J. L. McBride; J. A. McDonagh (Lat. Rel. Knowl.); Miss H. M. Mullins; J. P. Murphy; J. O'Brien (chem.); Miss E. M. Quigley (Rel. Knowl.); Miss M. E. Smith; A. V. Traynor; T. B. Traynor; L. P. Woods.

Moderns—1. class, L. J. Arland; 111. class, Miss C. M. Smyth. Philosophy—1. class, 1. L. A. Marle; 2. J. C. Fitzgerald (chem.); 3. J. F. Corrigan and W. P. Smith (equal 11. class, 1. J. C. Feenly; 2. J. J. McCann; 111. class, J. W. McManamy.

Mathematics—11. class W. J. O'Veard.

FIRST YEAR

General Course—C. A. Dwyer; Miss K. M. Gilmour, (Fr. Mech. & Ph.); J. D. Healy (Fr. Math.); Miss M. M. Hodgins; L. D. Kelly (Lat. Fr.); W. J. Kirk (Fr.); Miss M. E. Korman; C. E. McDevitt; Miss M. E. McKeenan; Miss M. E. Madden; J. T. Moloney (Fr.); J. H. O'Loane; W. J. O'Shaughnessy (math. M. A.); O'Shea (Lat. Fr.); E. L. Rush; Miss F. W. Walsh.

Senior Matriculation—M. F. Doyle (Ge.); N. M. Anderson (math. An. Hist.); J. Nicholson (Fr.); T. F. Kelly (math. An. Hist.); Miss A. L. McLellan (An. Hist.); J. J. O'Connor (Fr. Biol.); J. E. Ronan (Gk.); J. Shannon (Fr.); J. R. Tansey.

Classics—III class—J. B. Morrissey. Moderns—I class—J. B. Morrissey; 3. Miss M. Murphy; 5. Miss G. Twomey.

Transferred to General Course: Miss F. Bony (An. Hist.).

Mathematics—Transferred to General Course: M. B. Flannery.

Natural Science—II. class S. O. P. Sullivan.

PILGRIMAGES

TO MARTYRS' HILL NEAR WAUBAUSHERNE, ONT.

"Four miles from Waubausherne lies Martyrs' shrine, built on site of old St. Ignace Fort, where Fathers John de Brebeuf and Gabriel Lalumet were martyred by the Iroquois in 1649."

"Vastly grander visions of the beautiful and sublime in nature are to be met with within the confines of this great Dominion, but no spot on the wide expanse of this continent was hallowed by a nobler sacrifice for the Master than was consummated on this hilltop, two centuries and a half ago. There stood two Christian heroes whose life ebbed slowly away amid unspeakable tortures. Unlike the martyrs of old who stood in the great amphitheatres of Rome, awaiting death from the wild beasts of the arena, they had no friends among the onlookers to encourage them by voice or gesture. They stood alone in the wilderness of the New World with a few neophytes, sharers in their sufferings, among a howling band of savages, more ferocious than lion or leopard. And as the flames curled round their blistering and incandescent limbs, the smoke of the sacrifice ascended as sweet incense to the throne of the Eternal."

"In the past as many as 600 pilgrims arrived at the shrine in one day. Many who had come for a passing visit only, were so delighted with the beauty of the place, its bracing air, and the accommodation provided, that they prolonged their stay at the shrine for days and even for weeks, declaring that Martyrs' Hill, even as a summer resort, was ideal."

PROGRAMME FOR THIS SUMMER

1. The shrine will be re-opened on the 1st of July.

2. During the months of July and August, there will be Mass and sermon every day at 8:30 on week days, and at 10 o'clock on Sundays.

Prayer, rosary, and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament every evening at 7:30 during the week and at 8 o'clock on Sundays. Confessions will be heard at any time, and Holy Communion distributed to late corners at any time before noon.

3. Near the shrine there is a large dining room, managed by experienced persons, and a large new building containing 75 rooms and various halls for the use of pilgrims. The rates are 25 cents per meal and 10 cents per bed. For those who stay one week or more, \$5 per week, single room, or \$8, double room.

4. Martyrs' Hill lies on the Peterboro—Port McNicoll line of the C. P. R. Martyrs' Hill station is about half way between Coldwater Junction and Port McNicoll on Georgian Bay. From the station to the shrine there is a little more than a mile. Pilgrims may take the omnibus, which meets every train.

Special trains can be easily arranged for pilgrimages. Information as how to proceed in the organization of such pilgrimages may be had from station agents.

In all cases, that is either for individual or large pilgrimage, it will be essential to write a few days beforehand to the Director, Waubausherne, Ont., to state the exact date of arrival of trains and the probable number of pilgrims, so that the preparations may be made for their reception. Letters should be directed to Rev. F. Maynard, S. J., Waubausherne, Ont.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

ANNUAL REPORT

That old and powerful institution, the Merchants Bank of Canada, comes forward this year with a balance sheet for April 30th, the closing day of its fiscal year, which is not only the strongest in its history but one of the strongest ever presented by a commercial bank in Canada. The immediately realizable assets (cash included) which were held at that date represented no less than 46 1/2 per cent. of the bank's liabilities to the public. The cash items alone—current coin and Dominion notes—were \$15,425,949, or twice what they had been a year ago, and bank balances and cheques, deposits in Central Gold Reserve and in the circulation fund, and high-grade securities increased this amount to \$38,421,571; last year these items totalled about \$25,200,000, or 36.9 per cent. of liabilities, which was a very good showing as things stood then. The business of the bank has expanded notably through the year, its deposits on notice being over four millions in excess of 1914, and its total public liabilities three millions greater, being now about \$71,769,000, the Capital and Ret. Fund are each \$7,000,000.

Profits are necessarily effected by the efforts to maintain so high a ratio of reserves. Net banking profits were \$95,431 as against \$1,215,694 last year, and these were further reduced by appropriations for patriotic donations, war taxes, and \$250,000 for depreciation of securities—the latter being subject to the probability that it will be considerably recovered in future years. The usual dividend of 10 per cent. (which is less than 5 per cent.) on the real investment by the shareholders, including the Ret. Fund) was paid, but there was no appropriation for premium or pension fund. The items relating to delinquent debtors (over due debts, real estate) are so small as to be

Thornton-Smith Co.

Mural Paintings and Church Decorating

11 King St. W. Toronto

negligible. Altogether the bank is in a most satisfactory condition.

PROCLAIMED FOR BREVARY

Rev. Father Albert, O. M. Cap., formerly of Ottawa, has been "proclaimed" to the French Army for his bravery in the trenches. A recent Bulletin des Armes says: "Abbe Gallot, chaplain to an infantry brigade, has given evidence of the noblest chivalry and of the most utter disregard of death, by bringing religious help to the dying and the wounded as far as the first line trenches, under a heavy fire and fierce bombardment."

Abbe Gallot is the well known Father Albert, O. M. Cap., formerly Superior of the Capuchin Monastery, Restigouche, Quebec, when he left for the war.—Intermountain Catholic.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowtu, March 22, 1915.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the corner-stone of the church in Taichowtu. The former church was too small for the crowds who are being converted in the city and neighboring towns. Even with the new addition of forty-eight feet and a gallery it will be too small on the big Feast. May God be praised who designs to open months to His praises in the Far East to replace those still in death in Europe. And may He shower down His choicest blessings on my benefactors of the CATHOLIC RECORD, who are enabling me to hire catechists, open up new places to the Faith, and to build and enlarge churches and schools. Rest assured, dear Readers, that every cent that comes my way will be immediately put into circulation for the Glory of God.

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER. Previously acknowledged... \$5,927 87 A Friend, Mt. Carmel..... 2 00

Merchants' Bank of Canada ESTABLISHED 1854 Paid-up Capital \$7,000,000 Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits 7,245,140 GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS 209 Branches and Agencies in Canada Savings Department at All Branches Deposits Received and Interest allowed at best current rates Bankers to the Grey Nuns, Montreal; St. Augustine's Seminary, St. Joseph's Academy, and St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto.

Capital Trust Corporation, Limited Authorized Capital \$2,000,000.00 BOARD OF DIRECTORS: President: M. J. O'Brien, Renfrew. Vice-Presidents: Hon. S. M. Parent, Ottawa; Denis Murphy, Ottawa; T. P. Fitch, Toronto; R. P. Gough, Toronto; A. E. Corrigan, Ottawa. A. E. Provost, Ottawa. Hon. R. G. Beasley, Halifax. W. P. O'Brien, Montreal. E. Fabre Surveyor, K. C., Montreal. Hugh Doherty, Montreal. E. W. Tobin, M. P., Bromptonville. Hon. Wm. McDonald, Cape Breton. Edward Gas, Winnipeg. Offices: 29 Sparks St., Ottawa, Ont. Managing Director: B. G. Conolly. Assistant Manager: E. T. B. Penndexter. A Safe Investment. We issue 5% Guaranteed Investment Certificates covering periods of from two to five years on which interest is paid twice each year. The Certificates are guaranteed both by our entire Capital and by mortgage and bond investments. Correspondence invited.

The Food That Will Suit Baby It is most urgent that the correct food be found for baby before the summer months present their many trials. Thousands of mothers, nurses, and doctors all over the world have found the 'ALLENBURYS' Foods not only entirely satisfactory for baby in normal times, but have testified to their supreme value in the trying summer time. The 'ALLENBURYS' 60-page booklet, 'Infant Feeding and Management,' should be read carefully by all mothers of young babies. It is sent, with sample of the Food, post free on request. The Allenburys' Foods Milk Food No. 1 From birth to three months Milk Food No. 2 From three months to six months Malted Food No. 3 From six months The Allenburys' Foods Company, Limited 66 Gerrard Street Toronto, Ont. 60

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. PEPPIERT
FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

"Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." (Luke 7, 8)

The miraculous draught of fishes, of which St. Luke gives us an account in today's Gospel, made St. Peter believe so thoroughly in our Lord's divinity that he sank on his knees in adoration, crying: "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man." These words are expressive of profound humility, St. Peter himself unworthily even to look at One whom this miracle revealed as the Son of God; he was not worthy to be so close to God, but the reverence with which he uttered these humble words shows that his most earnest desire was for Jesus to remain with him. St. Peter's example teaches us how sincerely we ought to acknowledge our misery before God, and how humbly we ought to confess that we are unworthy of His help, but at the same time we should implore Him not to look at our unworthiness, and in His infinite goodness and mercy to abide with us always.

"Depart from me, for I am a sinful man." This is the chief trouble of human life, that we can never be as good as we should be. We keep our good resolutions only partially; in fact if we were faithfully to keep even some of them, we should have made far more progress in virtue than is really the case. As it is, we make resolutions to-day, and forget them tomorrow; we are uncertain whether to keep or abandon them, and this constant wavering between two opinions robs us of inward peace and prevents our attaining to solid virtue. What we have many reasons for considering good to-day will tomorrow seem doubtful, and we shall discover just as many arguments against it as we now have for it, and so we waste precious time in a state of doubt, indecision and hesitation, and instead of becoming more like God, we grow more unlike Him. What wretched creatures we are in His sight. He never changes and we are always wavering between good and evil; He is always the same towards us, and we are so fickle in our love of Him! We ought to pray with deep humility for strength and determination to do right. Yet it is not merely our want of resolution that hinders our spiritual progress, but our faults and sins reveal to us our misery, since we have repeatedly offended God by them.

How mean and unworthy we are in the sight of God, Who is all-holy! In His humility St. Augustine exclaims: "Thou art good, and I am evil; Thou art justice, and I am unjust; Thou art light, and I am blind; Thou art the remedy for disease, and I am sick; Thou art supreme Truth, whilst in me is nothing but vanity." Sin is the chief misery of human life, for it separates us from God, hinders us from fulfilling our true destiny and brings discord into our soul. It plunges us into the things of this world, leads us astray, and makes us pursue vain shadows that finally always deceive us. It entangles us in what is earthly, and so we forget what is eternal.

No one but God can deliver us from this state of spiritual misery. From Him alone comes pardon; He alone can make us His children again. He alone can give us strength to amend our ways and overcome temptation. He will help us to conquer all our sins, and He will enable us to avoid them in future, no matter what temptations the fortunes of life may bring with them.

The misery of life is seen in the fact that everything is so subject to change. We make all sorts of plans and prepare for this or that state of affairs, and often all turns out differently, in a way quite contrary to our expectations. God controls our destiny; we cannot do so. How insignificant we are in comparison with God! We cannot say with certainty regarding the smallest event that it will occur in some particular way. God directs even the most trifling things so that they carry out His will, and we are not only unable to foresee His decrees, but we cannot understand in many cases how they can be beneficial, nor how our very hindrances can eventually lead up to the light. Our inability to comprehend God's designs makes us realize our own nothingness, and ought at the same time to fill us with boundless confidence in Him.

What our intellect fails to fathom, lies open before His all-seeing eye as conducive to our salvation; what causes us joy is really often a punishment, whilst what seems disastrous may be, in His hand, the seed of our truest happiness. Therefore we must leave things to Him, troubling about nothing save at every moment to do His Will, and thus the miseries of life will be transformed into joy and gladness in eternity.

AFRAID SHE WAS DYING

Suffered Terribly Until She Took "Fruit-a-tives"

ST. JEAN DE MATHA, JAN. 27th, 1914.

"After suffering for a long time with Dyspepsia, I have been cured by 'Fruit-a-tives'." I suffered so much that I would not dare eat for I received samples of "Fruit-a-tives". I did not wish to try them for I had little confidence in them but, seeing my husband's anxiety, I decided to do so and at once I felt relief. Then I sent for three boxes and I kept improving until I was cured. While sick, I lost several pounds, but after taking "Fruit-a-tives", I quickly regained what I had lost. Now I eat, sleep and digest well—in a word, I am completely cured, thanks to "Fruit-a-tives".

MADAM M. CHARBONNEAU "Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest stomach tonic in the world and will always cure Indigestion, Sour Stomach, "Heartburn", Dyspepsia and other Stomach Troubles.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Our present life is subject to many accidents and of short duration. The longer we live, the more does our vigour diminish; the further it seems to advance, the weaker it grows. Nothing is permanent, all is liable to change. Joy alternates with sorrow, happiness with grief, laughter with tears; sickness follows health, and death life. We have nothing lasting, and in this fact again we recognize our misery; One alone is unchangeable, the infinite, eternal God. Our life is great and worthy only if we cling to Him, love Him and remain in union with Him. Without Him we are poor, weak and wretched; with Him we are rich, strong and happy; without Him there is no progress in good, no forgiveness and correction of sins, no confidence amidst the fluctuating fortunes of life, and no refuge in death; with Him we can overcome sin and grow rich in virtue, whilst we trust all that concerns us to His care. Therefore let us love Him with all our hearts, never wavering; let us not be captivated by sin, not confused if we fail to comprehend God's designs; let us willingly endure the changing circumstances of life, for in this way only shall we rise above its miseries and live worthily; in this way only shall we weak mortals as we are, deserve some day to have God Himself as our exceeding great reward. Amen.

TEMPERANCE

NOT A PERSONAL BUT A SOCIAL QUESTION

A cardinal principle of the labor movement is that "A working man is not an individual only, but one of a class who must fight shoulder to shoulder with his fellows." If it is considered best for his fellow workmen to declare a strike, he must not exercise his personal liberty by taking a place they have vacated.

The liquor interests, on the contrary, are constantly emphasizing the personal side of drink. Personal liberty to eat and drink what one pleases is set forth in advertisements picturing the popular heroes of foreign people and their stand for liberty from foreign domination. The liquor interests represent restriction or prohibition of the liquor traffic as infringement of personal liberty.

But the alcohol question for the worker is not a question of the individual, but of the mass. "It is a social question," Alcohol makes the worker a traitor to himself and to his class," says a Socialist writer in Vorwarts, a Socialist paper published in Berlin.

The man who drinks is a disadvantage to the union because if he injures his health by drinking he puts an unnecessary burden upon the benefit funds of the union. Most American unions have clauses barring the intemperate from receiving sick funds, but the word "intemperate" is very elastic. It is usually taken to mean persons who drink enough to become intoxicated. Recent studies of the relation of alcohol to health show that short of intoxication it tends to weaken resistance to disease, making the drinker more liable to attacks of sickness than the non-drinker and longer in recovering; that it weakens the quick and clear judgment, sense, perception, and carefulness needed in avoiding accidents. In English benefit societies where abstainers and non-abstainers are kept in separate sections, the cost of sickness in abstaining sections is much less.

"Not to drink," says Froelich, "means, however bad the condition of anybody may be, more resistance and more strength to counteract the evil wrought by bad food, bad housing and overwork."

Thus the alcohol question is not merely an individual question, because one's welfare is to some extent dependent upon that of others, and because the class or community of which the individual is a part is affected by his good or ill condition. In the workahop the drinker's liability to accidents increases the risks to his fellow workmen. In the affairs

of his union the drinker is a hindrance to the degree in which he allows his discontent with unfavorable conditions to be allayed by the relaxing effects of alcohol. When the diseased craving, which soon sets in after the occasional drinker becomes an habitual one, passes to the more extreme stages, the drinker is in a state to become a menace to the public as well as to his family.—Sacred Heart Review.

WOULD FORCE NOBODY

"At a great Catholic meeting held a few years ago in Nottingham, Cardinal Manning thus forcibly expressed himself, amidst the repeated applause of his hearers, in regard to the coercion of non-Catholics in religious matters: "And here let me say in passing that I have seen, I may say, a challenge thrown out to us in this form: 'Catholics know that if they were in a majority, they would coerce their fellow countrymen in the matter of religious education. To that I say, absolutely, no, and I say no, as a Catholic, for this reason: by coercion you make hypocrites; you cannot make believers.'"

"If the English people were to come to me to-morrow and offer themselves to conform to the Catholic Church without Catholic faith, I should say, 'I will not admit one of you.' And if any man were to say that by acts of the supreme power of the legislature a Catholic majority may coerce the people of England into Catholic schools and Catholic churches, I should say that in doing so we would violate one of the most vital principles of the Catholic Faith. In order to be as brief as I can, I will give one, and only one, example. What is faith? The free, spontaneous act of the intellect and the will, accepting upon due and proper evidence the revelation of God. And you will observe that it is not only the act of the intellect, but in the act of the will. And the reason why multitudes of men reject the truth is not to be found in their intellect, but is to be found in their will. Our Divine Master said, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be condemned.' But can any one be condemned for an involuntary act, for an act that has no moral quality? Faith is eminently a mental act; it is an act of the will as well as of the intellect. And if to-morrow, by an act of legislative coercion, the whole people of England were to be constrained into conformity with the faith which I believe to be the sole faith, I should say, in the name of God, let no such legislative coercion ever be made."—The Missionary.

THE MISSIONS ARE UNMOLESTED

A notable decision has just been arrived at in Turkey which is the victory in the present war of the internationalism of the Catholic Church. When Turkey entered the conflict an order went out to close all missions carried on by the Franciscans in the Holy Land extending from Aintab and Marsoch in Little Armenia, to Palestine, some fifty convents and residences in all, on the ground that they were French. Mgr. Grannini and Father Cimini, Custodian of the Holy Land, have gone from Syria to Constantinople to plead the cause of the missions. In the Turkish capital, Mgr. Dolci, Apostolic Delegate, joined his efforts to those of the prelates already named, and they have happily succeeded in convincing the Sublime Porte that the Franciscan missions were not French establishments, but only under French protection. In consequence the Ottoman Government has given an order to the Valis of Adana, Syria, and Palestine that the Franciscan missions not yet closed are to remain open, and those that have been closed should be re-opened. It is to be hoped that the Holy Places, of which the Franciscans are the guardians, will benefit by this measure. Many of the Fathers on the staffs of the missions, who were of French birth and who have joined the colors of their native land, are being replaced by Friars of neutral nationality, chiefly Italian.—Church Progress.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS

We are going to sell 500 gross of our flowers in 30 days. We did the same last year. They are largely used for banners, patriotic purposes. Carnations in 1,000 lots, 1 cent each; Button hole roses, 1 cent each; Violet bunches, 2 cents each; large tissue paper fans, 1 cent each; Confetti, 1 cent a package. Act quick as the goods will not last long at these prices. Write the Brantford Artificial Flower Co., Brantford, Ontario, 1912-3

LOVEST THOU ME

Just after the miraculous draught of fishes that occurred during the first year of Christ's Public Life, St. Peter cast himself humbly at the Saviour's feet and told how unworthy he was of having Christ as a friend, and again some two years later, shortly after the marvelous haul of fish, the Prince of the Apostles was not afraid to ask even the Searcher of Hearts Himself to bear witness to the strength and sincerity of the love he felt for the Master. The attendant circumstances of both miracles likewise indicate admirably the strength and sincerity of the Master's love for Simon. Both times Christ was, of course, perfectly aware that Peter and the other fishermen had toiled the whole night long but had caught nothing. He realized too, how tired, hungry and discouraged they were. So He first relieved their immediate temporal needs. Before calling Simon to the apostolate, Christ filled with fish the boats of Peter and his partners. Prior to conferring the primacy on Simon He invited him and his followers to breakfast. While bringing to a successful issue matters of the highest spiritual importance, Our Saviour, be it noted, does not at all neglect temporal details of trifling moment. So when the Apostle reached the shore of the lake that Paschal morning ago, they found that the Master had ready for His "children" "hot coals lying, and a fish laid there on and bread," they heard Him bidding them add to the meal choice portions of their own catch and they beheld Him serving them Himself.

Having lovingly refreshed His guests with material food, thus making that lakeside breakfast beautiful by symbolize what He was about to do, the Good Shepherd commissioned St. Peter and all who should follow that Apostle in the pastoral office, to feed the lambs and sheep of the flock affectionately and carefully till time should be no more, completing and perfecting in this way the organization of the Church. Moreover, in asking Simon Peter before making him Chief Shepherd, "Lovest thou me?" Christ plainly showed that the main requisite He seeks in those who, whether priests or laymen, would assist in feeding the Lord's flock, is a strong attachment to Him. No one can offer the Sacred Heart effective reparation for others' disloyalty until he has first proved by the daily beauty of his life his own passionate interest in the success of the Master's cause. "Lovest thou Me?" is the question Christ is constantly putting to each Catholic. Happy is he who can answer sincerely with St. Peter, "Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee," for the spectacle of such a man's practical piety "edifies the Church" and feeds generously the Good Shepherd's flock.—America.

POPE BENEDICT SADDENED BY CONFLICT

"The hour which we are traversing is painful, but our prayers will go out more frequently than ever to those who have in their hands the fate of nations," is a declaration made by Pope Benedict in a letter to Cardinal Vannutelli, published in the Osservatore Romano, the Vatican organ. The Pontiff recalls his first encyclical in which he urged the belligerent nations to make peace, but points out that his voice was unheard and the war continued until the "terrible conflagration has extended to our beloved Italy."

The Pontiff says he wanted to hold a consistory early in June to discuss with the sacred college matters of importance concerning the government of the Church, but unfortunately the distressing events made this impossible. "While our heart bleeds at the sight of so much misery," the Pope

writes, "we have not neglected to continue our work for relief and the diminution of the deplorable consequences of war." The Holy Father then recalls his

efforts for the exchange of wounded prisoners unable to fight again. The needs of the soul, he writes, especially afforded all chaplains called under the colors or attached

to the Italian army in any capacity. The Pope then exhorts all Catholics to practice with him for three days a strict ecclesiastical fast and he accords a plenary indulgence applicable also to the souls in purgatory.

Continuing the Pope writes: "I wish that the echo of our voices might reach to all our children affected by the great scourge of war and persuade all of them of our participation in their troubles and sorrows. There is little of the grief of the child that is not reflected in the soul of the father."—Intermountain Catholic.

His Wife Was Like an Icicle

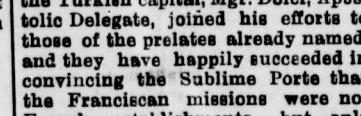
All winter long she suffered from the cold. One day in March she said to her husband, "If you really love me, Tom, you'll have that antiquated heating system downstairs chucked out and a good one put in." And that's what sent Tom Gates out to our plant to learn about

it is 111% less likely to get out of order. Those are but two features briefly told. But such facts cannot fail to set you thinking. So you might just as well relieve your mind. Put your name and address on a post-card request for our "Home Heating" booklet. It will only take a minute or two of your time—time never better invested. And you'll get full particulars about the Safford system by return mail.

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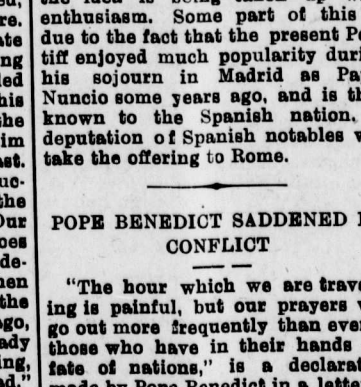
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efforts for the exchange of wounded prisoners unable to fight again. The needs of the soul, he writes, especially afforded all chaplains called under the colors or attached

to the Italian army in any capacity. The Pope then exhorts all Catholics to practice with him for three days a strict ecclesiastical fast and he accords a plenary indulgence applicable also to the souls in purgatory.

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A Clean Mouth Promotes Health

Oral hygiene is quite properly focusing the attention of the medical profession as well as the laity. A noted authority is quoted as saying: "There is not one single thing more important in the whole range of hygiene than hygiene of the mouth."

In the process of sterilizing the mouth—destroying disease germs—dependence may be placed on Absorbine, Jr. This germicidal liniment has made good under severe laboratory tests and is a germ destroyer and preventive is becoming quite general. It is unlike the usual germicide because it is non-poisonous, and is safe and harmless to use.

Prof. J. D. Hird, Biological Chemist, Washington, D. C., after an extensive laboratory examination of Absorbine, Jr. reports: "Four or five drops of Absorbine, Jr. to an ounce of water is sufficient to thoroughly cleanse the mouth and teeth of injurious bacteria, without injurious action on the teeth." (Complete report mailed upon request.) Sold by most druggists at \$1.00 per bottle or sent post-paid by the manufacturer, W. F. Young, P. O. B., 299 Lyman's Bldg., Montreal, Canada.

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She Tells How She Did It

A well-known Society Lady, who darkened her gray hair by a simple home process, made the following statement: "Any lady or gentleman can darken their gray or faded hair, stimulate its growth and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To half pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, 1 small box of Orlex Compound and 1 oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be purchased at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair every other day until the gray hair is darkened sufficiently, then every two weeks. This mixture relieves scalp troubles and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair. It does not stain the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. It will make a gray haired person look 10 to 20 years younger.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

ON BUSINESS METHODS

By Joseph P. Cooney, S. J., in The Queen's Work

Turning over the advertising pages of a widely circulated weekly I happened upon an advertisement about razor strops. It ran something like this: "You have been having trouble with your razor. Let us send you free for ten days' trial this strop, and you'll forget about your razor. Return this strop if you don't like it—free. We couldn't afford to make this offer but that we are supremely confident that 99 out of 100 will never send it back. Sign this coupon, and send it. Write now."

This advertisement struck me, not by reason of its originality, but as a representative sample of modern business methods. Thousands of advertisements are put forth every week based on the principle of the above—the principle of putting the goods into the very hand of the prospective buyer, but at no immediate cost to him. All that is asked is that he actually try the goods. He is gently hurried into such trial by the time limit of ten days or so, given him. And if the trial is made, the sale is made ninety times out of a hundred. This is a good business method because it is satisfactory to the buyer. It approaches him honorably; does not try hypnotic tactics to force a sale. "We won't say a word," the distributors promise. "Just try the goods. They'll talk to you for us." And with a good article, only one out of a hundred will refuse to keep it.

From razor strops to souls is not, we may think, an easy transition. It does seem rather a high leap, but let us take it on the run. Why not apply this strop idea to souls? Why not use business methods in the only business of man while—the business of our salvation? "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Note the business atmosphere in these striking words. Loss, gain, profit, are the basic ideas in all the work upon our soul. "If you wish to save your soul," God says, "go into it as a business. Use business methods."

Does God Himself use business methods in His dealings with us? Yes, He does. Honorable, fair, broad, generous business methods. First of all, He offers to send you, free for trial, His grace, His gifts. You need, as everyone needs, some special help. You are in trouble, in grief. Some dark cloud of sin hangs over you; some insistent temptation harasses you into despair; some furtive demon follows you about, and fearfully catches at you. You are having trouble, and you would be free of it. Then use business methods. Let God send His grace to you. Return it if you will after you have tried it—really tried it. But once you have tried it, you will not return it, for you will find those other beautiful words singing in your heart: "My yoke is sweet, and My burden light."

This is all that God asks of us, to try His grace. "Taste and see how the Lord is sweet." And you will never after desire the fleshpots of Egypt. Deep down in your soul you know that this is so—that the Lord is sweet. Go back to the time of the days of your young innocence, compare that bright and happy time with the dark, dull years of sin that followed; the heavy gloom of mind; the stifling oppression of heart; the ominous glare of hell lighting up in flashes the gloomy cavern of our soul, where evil thoughts move ceaselessly back and forth, like demons in their native shades. And once upon a time fresh sunlight was over everything here, and God so near that you could reach out and touch Him with your hand. Oh, if it could be so again!

It can be so again. "Though thy sins be red as scarlet, they shall be white as snow." Try the Lord again, and see how near He is. Taste and see how sweet. One step and we are in the presence of God once more. One word from His grace, and all is well with us. Easy and simple, and very businesslike it is, this shaking off trouble and saving our soul.

And what do we say to this offer God makes us? What is our attitude toward Him? Are we beginning to say, "Yes, we will try, but not now?" Ah, that is not business. "Write now," we are told by the advertiser. "Come now," God says, "Now is the acceptable time, the time of salvation." But we prefer to stay down in the mine, suffocating to death, and will "not now" enter the cage that is lowered to raise us to the top. We will, but not now, means "We will, but we won't." God will have no further dealings with a mere pretender.

"It is too much trouble." Too much trouble to get out of trouble? Too much trouble to be free, to be masters in our own house? Too much trouble to be with God?

The real difficulty with us is—lack of nerve, lack of that genuine pluck and spirit of endeavor that will bring us to a business understanding with God. When the question comes up in our conscience of dealing fairly and above board with God, we go into a species of stage fright. We try to say yes and no in the same breath; we falter, and haggle and shuffle around the truth; we say with our lips that we welcome God, but with our hearts that He is a hard master; we reach out our hand to take the offer God makes us, but at the same time reach back with our other hand so as not to miss anything the devil has to put into it.

This is the kind of treatment God hates, and will not endure. If we are to do business with God, it is with Him and nobody else. And with Him is all or nothing. We cannot serve two masters; it must be either one or the other, either God or the devil, and the boy who thinks he is smart enough to have a little of one, and a little of the other, and get off safely with it, is a mere trickster who arouses the anger of God, and evokes the derisive contempt of the devil.

Be a boy who does an honorable business with God. He gives Himself entirely to you. You, in turn, see that you give yourself entirely to Him. Make a fair exchange—real none. Give the grace of God a real trial, even if only a ten days' trial. But don't try to cheat Him in the deal. Be a boy who dares to be himself, who dares to let God lead him; not a crying child whose mother has to drag it along the sidewalk, a ridiculous and uninviting object. Dare to walk right up to the deadly and widening chasm that separates you from happiness, and when you get there do not spend your time weakly looking down into the depths that make you dizzy. The leap you are to take is upward and forward. Then follow the climber's law. Look upward, and forward. Keep a cool head, a stout heart. Gather yourself for the spring—every bit of you, body and soul, boldly take the leap, and you will find yourself in the arms of God.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

AGNES' FIRST COMMUNION

It was the lovely month of June; the month of roses, of sunshine, and, above all, the month of the Sacred Heart. What a fitting time for the pure, innocent hearts of little children to be joined in that first sweet union with their divine Lord! The first Communion class of St. Joseph's waste to begin, on the morrow, its three days of retreat, the final preparation for the great day. A little group of girls was seated on the grass, under the big shade trees in the school yard. They had been discussing the coming retreat, and now the subject had turned to the pretty new dresses, sashes and hair ribbons they would wear on Sunday morning.

"You should see my dress," said Elsie Grant. "It is made of the softest goods, and trimmed with real lace." "Mother has made me the loveliest saah," said Susie Smith. "It has long ends, caught up with tiny rose-buds."

"I am going to have real silk stockings, and white kid shoes," said Anna Martin; "and a veil that mother says is as fine as a spider's web." "What are you going to wear, Agnes?" asked one of the girls. Little Agnes Murray had remained silent when the subject turned to dress, for she was to have nothing fine and dainty. Agnes Murray was the eldest of several children. Her father had died about three years before, and her poor, care worn mother had been obliged to support her little family by what work she could secure. Sometimes it was sewing; and when the sewing season was dull, she would have to resort to washing. Many more cares and privations had fallen to Agnes' lot than to these other girls, who had comfortable homes and well-to-do parents. Agnes loved pretty things, too, but she stifled the thought of aversion, as she remembered the coarse cotton dress and veil that she must wear. The remembrance of her poor mother's extra washing that had been necessary to buy even this, and the late hours that she had remained up, while the children slept, in order to make the dress, softened little Agnes' heart, and she resolved that not one envious thought should enter her mind.

It was late on Saturday afternoon. The little first Communicants had made their confessions, and were now gathered for the last instruction. Good Father Maurus, who had won the children's hearts, when on their baby days they had for the first time toddled off to school and Sunday school, stood in their midst. After he had dwelt for some time on the greatness of the sacrament they were about to receive, and the necessity of their hearts being pure and innocent, he said:

"Now, my dear children, to morrow you will receive our dear Lord in the sacrament of His Love. He will give Himself to you, and you in turn should give yourself to Him. Offer Him your hearts, and offer them, as it were, in a chaplet of flowers—the flowers of virtue. Surround your hearts with the lilies of purity, the roses of love and the violets of humility. If you will offer your hearts thus to Him, even the angel's adoration will not be more pleasing to Him."

Little Agnes remained on her knees before the altar long after the others had gone. She pondered the words of the good priest, and prayed to our Blessed Lady to help her receive her dear Saviour with love, purity and humility. The rays of the setting sun streamed through the stained-glass windows and lit up the fair head of the child. When Agnes returned home she helped her mother with the evening tasks. She prepared her little sisters for bed, and heard their night prayers. Their baby lips repeated the "Hail Mary" after Agnes, that their dear sister would make a good first Communion on the following day.

That night, as the soft moonbeams and the fragrance of the roses were stealing in her window, little Agnes fell asleep, and our Lord sent her a

most beautiful dream. It was the morning of the great day, and the little church seemed a very mansion of Heaven. The air was fragrant with the breath of flowers, and myriads of shining tapers gleamed on the altar. Through the open windows came the songs and twitterings of the birds, as they flew in and out among the ivy leaves that clung to the old brick walls. Then, from far away came the tones of heavenly music. It did not sound like the organ, but music that she thought must come from the harps of purest gold. As the golden strains came nearer, Agnes heard the sounds of many footsteps, and finally there came through the open doors of the church the little first Communion band.

Every child was in its place, just as they had been trained by Sister Mary Julian, and Agnes saw herself near the end of the procession. In its hands each child carried a bunch of flowers; some were larger, while some were quite small, and down in the depths of the flowers was each child's little heart. Agnes was surprised to see that her flowers were more numerous than any of the others. It was all her little arms could do to reach them. All were lilies, roses and violets, and Agnes knew that these were the virtues that good Father Maurus had told them about.

Now, Agnes discovered the origin of the heavenly music; for, dimly at first, and then more clearly, she could see the children's guardian angels. Their beauty dazzled Agnes and she could hardly keep her eyes from closing. The angels carried harps of gold, and now they played the beautiful and familiar little hymn, "O Lord, I am not worthy." For the children were approaching the Communion rail. Father Maurus was repeating the "Ecce Agnus Dei," when Agnes saw our dear Lord, Himself, descend the altar steps, and approach the row of little children. Never before had Agnes imagined a face like this. Kindness, gentleness and love lit up the divine features. Close beside the dear Saviour was our Lady, smiling in holy happiness upon the little band. When our Lord came to each child its little heart was offered to Him, with the lovely flowers of virtue. When it was Agnes' turn, our Saviour's face was more radiant than before, and as He received the little heart, surrounded by the blossoms of purity, humility and love, He turned to His mother and said:

"This is my chosen one." When Agnes awoke she could hardly realize that it had been a dream, so real had it seemed. Even the fragrance of the flowers seemed still in the air, and she could almost hear the strains of the golden music. That morning, during the holy Mass, the poor little dress was entirely forgotten. Agnes was by far the happiest of the little ones, for she was living again through her beautiful dream, but this time it was a reality.

Many years have passed. Agnes is now Sister Mary Agnes, of the Sisters of Mercy. It is her duty and privilege each year to prepare the little ones for the first Communion. No other seems so well fitted for the work as she, and no wonder, for had she not really seen the beauty and love of the Holy Eucharist when but a little girl?—Mary Mayer in Canadian Freeman.

LEST WE FORGET

Shane Leslie, in The London Tablet

Shane Leslie, writing in a recent issue of The London Tablet on the probable commemorations of the brave dead slain in battle, after this terrible European war is over, makes a very pertinent suggestion for the Catholics of Great Britain. He says: For the part taken by those dear and near to them, every mourner will seek to make appropriate and historical memorial. In an age in which heraldry had not lost its meaning or distinction, one could imagine a fleur-de-lys being added to the arms of all who have fallen in France, as the cross was added to the shields of Crusaders. In a Catholic age, Masses would be founded for their souls' estate, and altars, tombs erected throughout the great cathedrals of England. But alas! one realizes that the national cathedrals are not likely to be used in nearer accordance with the sentiments of their builders than as receptacles for regimental relics or as settings for the orchestral performance of "The Dream of Gerontius." Requiem Mass and Dirige psalm, not in phantasy, must be confined to the Catholic body, dearly as they would wish to share them with their fellows in the war. But we come to the possibility of an everlasting memorial being made to the sadly increasing roll of Catholic officers killed in action. One is almost impelled to ask if the great bricked Cathedral at Westminster was not destined to be built in time to enshrine their memory. In many respects a unique opportunity presents itself. In the course of no war have so many Catholics been killed in the service of England since perhaps the time of the Plantagenet wars in France, the loss during which is still commemorated by the Foundation of All Souls at Oxford. Never have so many hearts and hands ached to make one spot at least forever sacred to the souls of their dead. It happens that English Catholics at this moment possess one of the few uncompleted Cathedrals of Christendom, one of whose side chapels—dedicated to St. George and the English Martyrs—many would gladly

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join in fighting with marble and mosaic to the everlasting memory. It would not be too much to suggest how much beauty and interest would accrue to a chapel inscribed with the names of all Catholic officers who fall in the war, be they a hundred or five hundred, and all they might hope to see, the insignia of the great Catholic schools in which they were bred—upon the ironwork of its gates or the marble of its walls. A foundation of Masses to be in perpetuity for their repose would consecrate and eternalize the gift to the dead in a way that would not be possible for a secular monument. It would give an opportunity to many, who are at a loss what form of monument and where to build, to share in a general yet individual eulogium, which future generations would always associate with the national yet sacred character of the Cathedral.

Yet, are not the private soldiers as worthy of a like Catholic remembrance? They give all they have on earth, and all they might hope to see, and their families are not so well provided for much less so well able to erect or share in erecting any memorial to these humble heroes. In saying this, we do not forget that the loss of officers in the British army is greater than the like loss in any other of the armies; and that the Catholics are represented, as they have been in our various wars in the United States, out of all proportion to their actual number.

THE CARPENTER'S CAP

A nun relates this anecdote: "A carpenter was fixing some presses in our sacristy and the Sister who over-looked the work asked him if he was attentive to his religious duties. He replied, 'I have not time to do much, but I have never forgot one little practice taught me long ago by one of the holy priests who was a saint—Father Furness was his name. During a mission of Ann's Street he told us we need not go on our knees to pray, but we should from time to

time raise our hearts to God during our work and say: "My Jesus, I do this for love of Thee." I can never forget the impression the sermon of that holy father made upon me, and very often during my work I say the little prayer he taught us."

"This simple avowal explained something which had often surprised us—we noticed that this carpenter often touched his cap without apparent reason, but we were far from suspecting that he was breathing the little aspiration he had learned so many years ago from the zealous Redemptorist."

That intention would turn into heavenly gold the labors, meals, amusements and sufferings of every day. It would make them precious in the eye of God. It would lay up treasures that would make a competence for eternity. —The Child Apostle.

FORMER ANGLICAN CLERGYMEN ORDAINED IN ROME

From the Lamp On February 27 His Eminence Cardinal Pompili, Cardinal Vicar of His Holiness, in the Church of St. John Lateran, ordained to the priesthood the following ex-clergymen of the Church of England: Henry Edward George Rope, graduate of Christ Church, Oxford, received into the Church in 1907; Charles E. Whiteford, graduate of Merton, Oxford, received in 1910; John Cyril Hawes, graduate of King's School, Canterbury, and Lincoln Theological College, missionary in the Bahamas, 1908-1911, received at Graymoor on St. Joseph's Day, 1911.

At the same time the following converts were ordained to the deaconate: Walter Scott Hill, curate of St. Mathew's, Burnley, 1907-12; Peter Launcelot Pears, received in 1906; John Wilson Cosser, of Brighton, received in 1908.

Father Hawes left behind him at Graymoor an imperishable monument in that he drew the original plans of our monastic church on the Mount of Atonement as a thank offering to Almighty God and St. Francis of Assisi for his conversion to Catholicism. He has been adopted by the Bishop of Geraldton, West Australia.

RESPONSIBILITY OF FATHERS

As a general proposition the father's mind shapes the son's manhood, and the latter determines the boy's future. While the mother is the fountain of virtue, the father is the force that augments or checks morality. What the father does, rather than what he says, is the force that affects the son's mentality. Even as a babe in the cradle, the boy distinguishes between words and actions. The father's life is a lesson that the son daily learns and usually follows. The father remains the son's ideal until deception or unworthiness shatters the standard.

If the boy's mother is good and virtuous and the father is not, the boy argues that it is all right for girls to be virtuous, but not at all necessary or advisable for him. With the boy, the character of the father is the important thing. If this be deficient the Church and school have a herculean task to make a moral, intellectual and religious being of the boy. He can therefore best safeguard and promote the moral and material welfare of our Catholic boys by the head of each household realizing the importance of the position occupied by him and by living a moral, honest, courageous and religious life—such a life as does not nullify or vitiate the teachings of the mother, school and Church. If the father strives to know the right and acts in harmony with the best light that is in him,

even though he may be in error and his action wholly wrong, his honesty and purity of purpose will teach the lesson youth so greatly needs. It is the continual, never falling honesty of purpose that makes the man of character as well as the man of substance. It is the back sliding, side-stepping, faltering mental attitude that makes the moral pervert as well as the improvident citizen.

The future of our Catholic boys lies with their fathers. The fathers bear the same relation to their sons as does the sunshine to the planted seeds. They can draw out the best that is in them, or blight their moral and intellectual growth. If they are conscious of their high calling and are careful in their course, if they are willing to work and to sacrifice and are wary of selves and heedless of ease, if they are steadfast in their principles and uncompromising in sin, they need not be wealthy, educated or gifted to make their boys virtuous, intellectual, religious and prosperous men.—Exchange.

A SAINT AND FRIENDSHIP

It has been truly said that, of all the sentiments of which the human heart is capable, friendship is the most perfect, because it is also the freest, the deepest, and the most pure. In its highest form, it is essentially a matter of choice, not the mere natural result of propinquity, similarity of taste, temperament, or social condition.

Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom and boundless love, has ordained that, for each of us on this earth, there is one, or it may be several souls, for whom our own is made—souls predestined, if we will only seek them and chose them aright, to be our greatest happiness, as well as our strongest protection against evil. Sowers of those seeds of joy and edification, which are ultimately to blossom into fragrant flowers, brightening the rough places of our life's road, such friends are, in very truth, the best gift that Heaven can bestow.

"There is nothing better in this world than friendship," says La Bruyere; and Pere Laocordia even more beautifully expresses the same idea, when he writes: "A friend's affection is the most priceless treasure here below." One of the chief secrets of this bond is its mysterious power of actually transforming the character. No matter how firm our will, how acute our intelligence, how dominant our personality, friendship leaves its indelible marks; modifying opinions, penetrating the innermost sanctuary of the heart, and all unconsciously altering the entire outlook. In fact, the influence of a friend is practically incalculable; not alone by word and example, but in absence also, it unconsciously exerts its magic spell, till, in the end, it becomes the ruling guide of our lives.

Very necessary, therefore, is it, not only to strive to render ourselves worthy of a noble and true friendship, but to make our choice prudently and with care. "Choose thy friend amongst a thousand," says some wise man, and having chosen, show him fidelity, devotedness and implicit confidence. Confidence is the very cornerstone of friendship, as sincerity and trust are its foundation.

Fidelity, as has been said, is of the first importance, for an absolutely faithful friendship includes not only reciprocal confidence and devotedness, but an urgent desire to meet, in spite of all obstacles of time and distance, and the many inevitable changes that come with changing years. We may not say it; we may not allow ourselves even to think it; but when absence is no longer a pain; when we can "do without a friend,"

so to speak; when we make no effort to see him, then surely our affection is on the wane.—St. Anthony's Messenger.

HOME IS THE FIRST SCHOOL

Says the Paulist Calendar: "Will parents ever rid themselves of the notion that because their child is going to school their own responsibility diminishes? The home is the place to uproot the child's selfish tendencies; to eradicate mean, sneaky characteristics, to discipline false pride; and to blot out the dark spots caused by contact with the world. The child should be allowed to develop naturally under watchful eyes; he should be given practical lessons in honor and rectitude; given a proper realization of his relation towards others, that he may become deferential but not fawning; outspoken but never the source of pain. The school can never take the place or do the work of the home. Home is not merely a stopping place; it is God's workshop for the moulding of human beings into men and women. And although the child be fortunate enough to be placed in a good Christian school, it must still be borne in mind that the moral principles he hears in the class-room are mere abstractions for him, until they be applied, and become real and living in his life. And where can this be done better than at home, under the care of mother?"



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THE C. M. B. A.

REPLY TO DR. RYAN'S REVIEW OF THE RE ADJUSTMENT OF C. M. B. A. RATES AS PROPOSED BY M. BRODERICK, BRADFORTH

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: Would you kindly publish enclosed letter to Kingston Freeman as an answer to Dr. Ryan's criticism of my previous letter in the RECORD.

M. BRODERICK.

I have received a copy of the Catholic Freeman of Kingston, dated May 19th, containing a communication from the CATHOLIC RECORD over my name, dealing with the re adjustment of rates for the C. M. B. A. I would be thankful if you could grant me space to reply to some of the objections made in your criticism of it. While noting your favourable comment upon the letter dealing with certain set principles of insurance, and thanking you for it, I must review some of your objections to my proposition to the Grand Council of granting a flat rate of \$8 a \$1,000 insurance to members over fifty-three years of age, members under that age paying the rate adopted in 1907.

You state that you have examined it very carefully and must condemn it on account of certain erroneous methods in my system of figuring, and the proposition "must be regarded as unproved on that account," which is a very simple manner to dispose of it I must say.

If you have carefully examined it as you state, you should have been able to quote my deductions correctly, but the comparison of figures you quote in your letter are not fair because in one instance you do not quote my column of figures dealing with the present value of the N. F. C. and in another instance dealing with the N. F. C. rate per \$1,000, insurance you compare a column which has no bearing upon it at all, thereby distorting my proposal and condemning it in its entirety on account of your own errors of comparison, and with a wave of your hand you sweep it to one side on the ground that the figures were not obtained in the same manner as actuaries would use. Had you examined it closely you would have seen that the results obtained by my system were practically the same as the N. F. C. The slight difference being accounted for in another way which I will show later on.

You first criticize my using the term "adequate and sufficient" in support of my proposal on account of having the same meaning as actuarial solvency, stating that actuarial solvency, adequacy and sufficiency is the same applied to insurance and to business. While it is true, nevertheless, a society may have rates which would make them actuarially solvent based on a mortality table, and may become more than sufficient if the death rate dropped lower than what the rates were based upon, thereby making it more than sufficient at the same time being solvent; or vice versa. It was in this sense I used the words and I think it was quite proper to do so. For a concrete application I mention the act of the Grand Council of the C. M. B. A. Mr. Landis in his report to them in 1907 stated that in order to be solvent new members would have to pay the full N. F. C. rate. Notwithstanding, however, the Grand Council adopted a rate 5 per cent. lower than the N. F. C. rate, believing that it would be sufficient for the solvency of the C. M. B. A. In the same manner in my report I said it was not actuarial solvent but believed it to be adequate and sufficient for our society.

And according to your statement their action was justifiable because it has provided a full reserve of \$800,000, which you say is sufficient for their protection. If this is right may we not assume that the full N. F. C. rate, actuarially solvent as it is, provides more than is sufficient for the safety of the society; would it not follow then that the N. F. C. rate is too high? And have you not shown that a "part is as good as the whole." But actuaries say that it is the lowest rate that can be used and be solvent. You say that a rate 5 per cent. less is sufficient, or in other words, you prove the N. F. C. rate to be too high, and there condemn my proposition because I have not used the same system of figuring as applied by the N. F. C. actuaries. Personally I do not think the Grand Council acted right in giving new members a preferred rate of 5 per cent. There is no good reason why they should not pay the full N. F. C. rate. They became, one might say, preferred shareholders of the C. M. B. A. and they obtained all the benefits of our society, and assumed none of the disadvantages. True enough they created no burden, but if it was a mistake in the Grand Council adopting a rate 5 per cent. too low it should not be too late to rectify it. The extra surplus created by the additional 5 per cent. could be used for the benefit of the older members, and would accumulate during the lifetime of the C. M. B. A. an amount which would offset the deficit which a \$8 flat rate for all members over fifty-three years would create, and would be no injustice to the new members.

Now if you belong to the Grand Council and anxious to assist the old members out of their difficulty will you not use your ability and influence with them to reconsider the rate of new members and adopt the full N. F. C. rate as required by Mr. Landis' report? And if you could succeed in doing so and thereby enable them to see that the reserve on hand, and the lapses during the life

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time of the C. M. B. A., a higher rate of interest than 4 per cent on reserve, and the accumulation of the extra 5 per cent. from new members would be sufficient to offset the deficit which a \$8 flat rate would create, you would be doing one of the greatest acts of charity that could fall to a man to perform, and would bring on your head the blessings of several thousand members of the C. M. B. A., and their wives and children.

Mr. Editor, since writing the above part of my letter, I see in the CATHOLIC RECORD a communication from Dr. Ryan, Grand Medical Examiner, which is the same as the one in the Freeman. I had no idea who contributed to your paper until now. In fact, I thought that the Freeman had an Actuary on its staff.

I now have no hesitation in soliciting the assistance of Dr. Ryan on behalf of the old members of the C. M. B. A., being a Grand Councilor for a great many years and desiring the support of the old members to the position. If he would only help me to improve my proposed adjustment of rates, instead of condemning it I am certain it would be made practicable for all purposes.

It is quite a surprise for me to know that he made a distinction between Actuarial Solvency and sufficiency when he countenanced as Grand Councilor the adoption of the 5 per cent. reduction from the N. F. C. rate for new members of 1907; the N. F. C. rate being actuarially solvent and the C. M. B. A. rate being accepted as sufficient by them.

Good reasons could be given for the favoring of old members to the extent of 5 per cent. where censure is justified in the granting of it to new members against the advice of Mr. Landis.

Do you not think, Dr. Ryan (knowing how hard old members will be put to keep their policies) that the N. F. C. rate should be enforced in its entirety for new members, and the extra reserve it would create, according to your statement that new members have now a full reserve, along with the other means I have mentioned, would wipe out all the deficit formed by a flat rate of \$8 a \$1,000 members over fifty-three years. It would not be doing an injustice to ask new members to pay the full rate as recommended by Mr. Landis.

Now as to the grave errors I fell into in dealing with figures in a way not recognized by actuaries, I did feel that I was familiar with most of the errors usually made by inexperienced insurance critics, and also knew the system adopted by actuaries in computing rates, etc. They warn you that the expectation of life does not signify anything and should not be considered in estimates at all, but you never see an actuary's report that does not show expectation of life column put there I suppose as a trap for critics to fall into, and then condemn their figures. It must be somewhat of a surprise to Dr. Ryan to see that my estimate of present worth, etc., worked from a wrong basis as he states, comes so near to the present worth of the N. F. C., in fact much closer than he shows in his comparison of both columns. He did not quote at all my valuation of the present worth of the N. F. C., which was somewhat higher than the amounts they give, making the difference between the present value of contributions and the single premium much less than his showing made it, on account of using the same system on both, thereby increasing the present value of the N. F. C. The columns below show the fair comparisons.

Table with 4 columns: Age, Single Premium N. F. C. 4 1/2% as given by Barnard report, N. F. C. future contribution, Value of future contribution. Rows for ages 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45.

You see that column 1 and column 3 are compared by Dr. Ryan whereas column 2 and column 3 are the ones given by me in my estimates. As a matter of fact my dealing with ages up to fifty-three years was not necessary because members all pay a sufficient rate; but having figured them out to find if possible any overplus in the reserve created by the N. F. C. rate which could be used as an offset to the deficit for the members paying a \$8.00 rate over fifty-three years of age, and having done so, included them in my report, stating that while a surplus of \$245,000 was shown—I did not claim it was reliable surplus—so did not misrepresent it to the Grand Council. And because of this difference he condemns my proposition in its entirety; in reality the difference shown in column 1 and column 2 is mostly caused on account of figuring the first year premium in full and compounding it for the period of years at each age, whereas being paid monthly it should have been figured for half a year only.

But it is when he comes to Present Value of Single Premium of the N. F. C. rate for \$1000, as given by him, that he is at a loss to know how I worked it out, but he has compared my value of future contributions for members over fifty three years paying a \$8.00 flat rate with the Single Premium of the N. F. C. paying the full rate.

Table with 4 columns: Age, Present worth of payments at new rate, Single Premium N. F. C. 4 1/2% as given by Barnard report, P. W. of future contributions at \$8 flat rate. Rows for ages 55, 60, 65, 70.

and by subtracting column 3 from column 1 it shows the deficit created at each age per \$1,000, on a flat rate of \$8.

Thus what Dr. Ryan quotes as my single premium was really column 3, which is the present value of contributions for members paying a rate of \$8, at different ages. No doubt this was an oversight on his part. He states again "That Mr. Broderick assumes that the present value of the payments to be made by members is the same as if each member were certain to pay for a term of years equal to his expectation of life and no longer; and had I used the proper N. F. C. System, I would have found the present value of contribution at age twenty to be \$211.06 as against \$226.00 as shown by him."

It must be admitted that if figures quoted based on the expectation of life are so close to the requirements according to the N. F. C. rate that any excess in years over the expectation of life would be a distinct gain to the Society, and would make a lower rate than the N. F. C. practicable and sufficient. If the N. F. C. knew that the probability of life of members was five years more than experience shows their rate could be made lower than at present and be sound. Again he states that I assume that \$1 invested for two years plus \$1 invested for fifty years would be the same as \$2 invested for twenty six years. I do not assume any such proposition. I know that 2 premiums at forty years of age would not equal a premium of a twenty and sixty although the average is the same.

My report showed a deficit of \$175,000 based on policies being \$1,000. If however, half were \$2,000 policies it would increase the deficit to \$262,000, and Dr. Ryan claims that \$800,000 of the reserve belongs to members since 1907, which is right. This would make a deficit of \$562,000 as against one of nearly \$5,000,000 at present, if new members paid the full N. F. C. rate instead of 5 per cent. along with the lapses during the existence of our society. I am quite sure that the deficit would be entirely wiped away or reduced so that the members could all retain their policies. The Modern Woodmen of America with a membership of 1,250,000 adopted in 1912 a similar readjustment of its rate, giving a flat rate of \$8 to members over fifty-three years, and it is deserving of a very careful consideration by the Grand Council having the interests of old members at heart, knowing that the proposed rate will force thousands of them to give up their policies at an age when the obtaining of further insurance is impossible, thereby depriving their families of the benefits they looked for. If no certain societies have refused to sacrifice the interests of the old members how much more should the C. M. B. A.

And the Independent Order of Foresters in their re adjustment of rates would not consent to adopt a rate which would be prohibitive for old members and did not demand the "pound of flesh" for them.

Let us place ourselves in the poor man's position and calmly consider the situation from his standpoint, working in the fields or in the factory for wages hardly sufficient to properly maintain his home and clothe his children, sacrificing every month for the past thirty years some necessity

of life in order to keep his insurance policy paid up, so as to protect his family from absolute want in case of his death, the only legacy he has been able to provide for them, and then to have his hopes, his all, completely wiped out and dashed to pieces forever. On behalf of the old members and to allow all members to consider my proposition let the Grand Council have it published for them to examine, and decide if it should be "considered not proven."

Thanking you for your valuable space. M. BRODERICK Pres. Br. 23., Seaford, Ont.

CANADIAN EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

Foremost among the members of the Canadian Hierarchy who will participate in the Eucharistic Congress of Montreal, in July next, will be His Eminence Cardinal Begin and His Grace Archbishop Brochee. Cardinal Begin is Honorary President of the Convention, and besides addressing the monster meeting of clergy and laity to be held at Notre Dame Church on the opening night, July 13th, His Eminence will attend various gatherings of the Congress. Archbishop Brochee, who is the President and the moving spirit of the demonstration, will follow all the deliberations of the Congress and act in the same capacity as at the Congress of 1910. Ten other prelates will preach or read papers at the Congress gatherings. Auxiliary Bishop Hayes of New York is the only American prelate who has been invited to take an active part in the proceedings. His Lordship will deliver the dedication sermon, on Sunday, July 11th, when Archbishop Brochee will solemnly bless St. Patrick's new Congress Hall, the headquarters of the English speaking Section.

OLD PEACE TRIBUNAL

"The Holy See," says Edwin D. Mead (non-Catholic) in the Boston Advertiser, "at Rome was a continuous peace tribunal; and the sundry Marovingians and Carolingians and Plantagenets were never permitted to forget, amidst their rivalries, that there was a mighty international religious power above them, which reversed which would add bring them sharply to book if they went too far. The 'truce of God' was called with drastic power when turbulence became too menacing."

DIED

REARDON.—At his late residence, 391 Bell street, Ottawa, on Monday, June 7, Mr. John Reardon. May his soul rest in peace!

THE TABLET FUND

Toronto, June 8, 1915.

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: I thank you for giving space to the Appeal for the Tablet Fund for the Relief of the Belgians. So far I have received because of this appeal: Previously acknowledged.....\$798 81 Little Hugh Doyle, Rathburn, 1 00 Friends, Port Lambton, Ont., 4 00 In Honor of Our Blessed Lady, Cobalt,..... 1 00 Belgian Sympathizers, Westport,..... 5 00 Mrs. Wm. Jackson, McDonalds' Corners,..... 1 00 Mary and Frances Carthy, Kerwood, Ont.,..... 2 00 A Friend, Kinkora, Ont.,..... 1 00 Subscriber to the RECORD,..... 1 00

If you would be good enough to acknowledge publicly these amounts in the columns of the RECORD I would be very grateful. Respectfully yours, W. B. BLAKE, 92 Pembroke St.

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MERCHANTS' BANK OF CANADA ESTABLISHED 1864. Statement of Liabilities and Assets at 30th April, 1915. LIABILITIES. 1. TO THE SHAREHOLDERS. Capital Stock paid in..... \$ 7,000,000 00 Res. or Reserve Fund..... 7,000,000 00 Dividends declared and unpaid..... 175,710 00 Balance of Profits as per Profit and Loss Account..... 245,140 70 \$14,120,850 70 2. TO THE PUBLIC. Notes of the Bank in Circulation..... \$ 6,204,069 00 Deposits not bearing interest..... 12,692,061 44 Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date of statement)..... 50,037,101 89 Balances due to other Banks in Canada..... 933,204 92 Balances due to Banks and Banking correspondents in the United Kingdom and foreign countries..... 1,207,076 30 Bills Payable..... 696,100 26 Acceptances under letters of credit..... 696,100 26 Liabilities not included in the foregoing..... \$86,190,464 51 ASSETS. Current Coin held (see also deposit in Central Gold Reserve)..... \$ 2,693,330 53 Dominion Notes held..... 12,732,818 75 Deposits of other Banks..... 564,711 00 Cheques on other Banks..... 2,833,748 30 Balances due by other Banks in Canada..... 3,110 67 Balances due by Banks and banking correspondents elsewhere than in Canada..... 2,232,655 91 Dominion and Provincial Government securities, not exceeding market value..... 583,997 72 Canadian Municipal securities, and British, Foreign and Colonial public securities, other than Canadian, not exceeding market value..... 903,667 02 Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, not exceeding market value..... 4,968,195 58 Call Loans in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks..... 3,066,342 89 Call Loans elsewhere than in Canada..... 964,193 14 \$32,086,571 51 Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less Rebate of Interest)..... 47,401,858 68 Other Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less Rebate of Interest)..... 100,240 32 Liabilities of customers under letters of credit as per contra..... 690,100 26 Real Estate other than bank premises..... 118,816 77 Overdue Debts, estimated loss provided for..... 144,721 63 Bank Promises, at not more than cost, less amounts written off..... 4,166,147 94 Deposit with the Minister for the purposes of the Circulation Fund..... 335,000 00 Deposit in the Central Gold Reserve..... 1,000,000 00 Other Assets not included in the foregoing..... 141,407 40 \$86,190,464 51 K. W. BLACKWELL, Vice-President. E. F. HEBDEN, General Manager. Report of the Auditors to the Shareholders of the Merchants Bank of Canada In accordance with the provisions of Sub-Sections 19 and 20 of Section 56 of the Bank Act we report to the shareholders as follows:— We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books, Accounts and other records of the Bank at the Chief Office and with the books and records of the Branches and Agencies. We have checked the cash and verified the securities of the Bank at the Chief Office against the entries in regard thereto in the books of the Bank as on April 30th, 1915, and at a different time during the year, and found them to agree with such entries. We have also attended at several of the Branches during the year and checked the cash and verified the securities held at the dates of our attendance and found them to agree with the entries in the books of the Bank with regard thereto. We have obtained all the information and explanations we have required. In our opinion the transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have been within the powers of the Bank, and the above Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us, and as shown by the books of the Bank. VIVIAN HARCOURT, Auditor. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths & Co. J. REID HYDE, Auditor. Macintosh & Hyde. Montreal, 25th May, 1915.