

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

### IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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IRELAND'S DEEP GRIEF

To one who has had long experience of America, of American moods and moods, America's quick sensations and quick forgettings, it would be a matter of considerable surprise to note how the grief for Griffith and Collins persists in this little island. For the proverbial nine days of a sensation nine weeks has to be substituted in Ireland—some would say nine months. Wherever you go—into city or hamlet, into hall or hut, into busy mart, or the remotest mountain cabin, you will hear the affectionate, the tender, the pitying talk of the two great ones that are lost to Ireland. Every Irish newspaper and periodical you lift, too, seems still to be teeming with articles about, and reminiscences of, the lost leaders. It is markedly noticeable, too, that the greatest lament is not for the greatest of the two men. Arthur Griffith, who was such a man as is given to any nation only once in several generations, is less lamented than is the forceful, dynamic Collins. The reason, of course, is that Griffith was the quiet thinker, the silent builder, the retiring man of few friends—while Collins, with his big force, his quick action, his geniality, his personal magnetism, filled the role of the typical hero that the multitude is always waiting to hail. Probably nothing could illuminate more the place that Collins filled in the popular imagination than a picture published by one of the London Daily Illustrated papers—a picture showing a cockney newspaper seller standing on a busy corner with a bundle of papers under his arm, and placard held in front of him on which are the words in great letters "Michael Collins shot dead!"—and a little Irish girl, a passer by, knelt on the curb in front of the announcement telling her beads, while the curious and amazed London crowd passes around her.

#### COLLINS'S GOOD SENSE

What was the secret of this man's allurements for all of us? asks one writer in the press. And then he goes on to tell. It cannot be expressed in words, any more than the charm of a beautiful woman, or "hands" in the daring rider of a thoroughbred. His physical prestige was superb. I heard the mortuary doctor discourse admiringly on the perfection of his giant young frame. He was so gay and brave—even of late when the shadow of rue and sadness crept into his shy and whimsical smile. And Mick was of the new Irish school of "practical politics." "Get on with the work," was the Collins slogan. In London and Dublin he had been in touch with realities, and he had learned that in a world like this an adversary must be agreed with and met halfway if any progress was to be made at all. Listen to the creed as he gave it:—"We have to build up a new civilisation," he told "Young Ireland" with true Collins directness, "on the foundations of the old. And it is not to political leaders that our people must look, but to themselves. The strength of the nation will be the strength of the whole people. We must have a political, economic, and social system in accordance with our national character."

#### WORK NOT TALK

One of the London Irish who knew him long in Irish societies in the English capital throws interesting side-light upon Collins's character as well as his activities during his London days. While he was working for a livelihood in London, says this man, he had not forgotten Ireland. In certain circles he was known as an indefatigable worker in the task of endeavouring to win independence for his country. He was always practical. He placed little value on talk. His force of character was even then very apparent, and his capacity for work and the ability displayed by him in all things struck one as extraordinary. Work, good work, not talk, was always his motto.

He was gruff, but he was genial. One might have a row with him and might pitch him to Kingdom come, and he might do the same, but one could never really fall out with him. All his old London comrades will remember this particular trait. When the Irish Volunteers were formed in London in 1914, he was one of the hardest workers amongst those who kept them going. At the beginning there were about 600 on the roll, but as time went on and the authorities became interested in the movement the membership dwindled to the "faithful few." And Michael O'Coileain was amongst that few, working, working, working. Always working, and always the gayest of the gay.

#### AN ATHLETE

In addition to his serious activities in London he was very prominent in G. A. A. circles. He was a member of the Geraldine Hurling

and Football Club, West London, and represented it on the London County Board for some years. He did not care much for football, but he was a strenuous hurler. When the London Irish won the Hurling Championship of Great Britain and Scotland, in 1918, he played near each other on the left wing, and had many a wordy argument, before the match was finished, as to what each should have done with the ball on some particular occasion. But it was all mock-serious. Outsiders took him to be rough, and almost unapproachable. His comrades loved him.

He was an all-round athlete, taking part in many running, jumping and weight-throwing contests. For these things he must possess a number of medals and prizes. But it is as a hurler that the London Irish have the most vivid recollection of him. The Geraldine and Davis clubs were deadly enemies as far as hurling was concerned. They played many a rough match in Lea Bridge grounds, North East London. He was not a polished hurler—more like a Clareman, in this respect, than a Corkman—but whenever arose real necessity for a spurt on the side of his team, he became a kind of small cyclone which nothing could withstand. He used to manage to impart his wild dashing spirit to the remainder of his team, with the result that, often, they converted almost certain defeat into sudden victory. This was the real Collins. He possessed the quality of unconquerableness, and by his example, more than by exhortation, he got other men to rise out of themselves and to accomplish wonders. In necessity he was great.

Michael Collins was a prodigious worker, was most abstemious in his habits, and has gone on for fourteen hours with no more nourishment than a couple of cups of tea and a few slices of bread and butter and biscuits. He was not only a devout and earnest Christian, but he was exemplary. During the negotiations in London he was at Mass every morning. Physically he was a giant whose wonderful frame and vitality, as well as lofty spirit, nothing could weaken or subdue.

#### FAITH AND COURAGE

Collins's final break with the comrades-in-danger, with whom he had worked and striven during the fearful years of the Terror, was a supremely painful experience for him. One of his comrades of those days tells that only those who knew him can realize the terrible ordeal of mind he suffered when the final decision had to be made—a decision which demanded faith and courage and self-effacement. To find himself opposed in arms to Harry Boland, to Cathal Brugha, to Eamonn de Valera, to Tom Hales—those loved comrades of earlier days! He was loyal Irishman enough to make the decision—as he was courageous and wise enough to efface his own feelings and to sign a Treaty of Peace with England. Peace! In those latter days he only too well knew he was a "marked man." Only a few days before his death he remarked to the agent from the country in which his great soul was born and was finally extinguished: "My life is not worth a week's purchase." To another friend he wrote two days before his killing, "let them all come—we should be able to stand up to such gentlemen as we did to other gentlemen of the same persuasion for two or three years."

#### THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

Some of the bitterest fighters in the Republican camp today are women. Most of these women are of a sincerity that would drive them to sacrifice themselves before they would yield one point of principle. But collected around these stirring women there are quite a number of the kind of women who adopt any cause that will give them chance to become conspicuous. These latter court the cause so long as they can feed their vanity upon it—but at the same time do not desire to be called upon to suffer any great risks. The same distinction held also throughout the days of the Terror in Ireland. Then there were in the cause women and women. Of Michael Collins, and these second class of women, Arthur Griffith told a story to a number of his followers gathered in the Government buildings in Merion Street—just a few weeks before his death. He told the story not for the sake of a story but to drive home an argument that he was making in support of his policy. The story was that in the most acute days of the "Black and Tans" and the Auxiliaries' regime in Dublin, Michael Collins and Richard Mulcahy, who were practically chased from post to pillar, had come almost to the end of their tether. Griffith knew seven ladies upon whom he thought he could absolutely rely to provide temporary lodgings for the harassed fugitives. They were people dying to get a chance of showing their earnestness. Accordingly, he approached them and explained the situation, by no means un mindful

of the risks and dangers attaching to it. The six ladies, who were leaseholders, each in turn professed the greatest eagerness and willingness to afford shelter to Messrs. Collins and Mulcahy, but they could not possibly endanger the liberties, if not the lives, of their husbands. The unmarried lady was the only one that would take the risk, but knowing, as Mr. Griffith did, and as both Collins and Mulcahy did, the unscrupulousness of the Castle gang at the time and how their lust for defamation, as well as revenge, would be gratified by finding such men as those they were looking for hiding in the house of a defenceless woman, her generous offer was declined.

But the dramatic part of President Griffith's story was this:—Turning half way round in the room he pointed his finger to one of the groups:—"There," said he, with deep emotion in his voice, "is the man who gave shelter to Collins and Mulcahy in that hour of dire need—and his name is not known in Irish politics even now."

SEUMAS MACMANUS,  
Mount Charles,  
County Donegal.

## NEW ARCHBISHOP ENTHRONED

MGR. JOSEPH MEDARD EMARD JOYOUSLY ACCLAIMED AT THE CAPITAL

Ottawa Morning Journal, Sept. 21

The joyous chiming of bells from the towers of the cathedral church, the Basilica; the presence of thousands of citizens massed at Union station, along Sussex and St. Patrick streets, and the approaches to the church edifices; the spontaneous acclaim and cheers which came from all sides, coupled with the solemn impressive and colorful ceremony of the triumphal entry of His Grace Mgr. Joseph Medard Emard into his new field of apostolic and pastoral endeavor as Archbishop of the Metropolitan See of Ottawa last evening.

Leaders of the Church and State, citizens prominent in the public life of Canada and the Capital were present at the Basilica to pay a tribute of esteem to the new Archbishop and express their homage to his leadership. The interior of the Basilica, one of the finest exemplifications of Gothic architecture in Canada, lent itself admirably to the simple but impressive ceremonial that was enacted within its walls during the evening. The ceremony of enthronement which started at 9 o'clock was preceded by His Grace's solemn entry into the church by the main portals.

Headed by the cross borne by a choir boy, the procession wound its way from the Archbishop's palace to the Basilica. In the procession walked the white surpliced regular clergy, seminarians and members of various religious orders, Dominicans in white and black, sandaled Franciscan monks in roped-girded robes, Oblates, Redemptorists and Mariist Fathers in their black cassocks, leading churchmen, the Papal delegate, Mgr. Pietro di Maria, Archbishop-elect of Bologna, their brilliant robes of deep red and purple, the members of the Ottawa diocesan chapter. His Grace accompanied by Mgr. L. N. Campeau, Prothonotary Apostolic, and Mgr. J. Dorais, Vicar-General of Valleyfield, followed, while the members of the diocesan chapter of Valleyfield brought up the rear.

As His Grace took his seat on the gospel side of the main altar, Mgr. J. O. Lebeau, chancellor of the diocese, advanced and read in Latin the Papal bulls appointing His Grace to the Archbishopric of Ottawa. After the reading of the Papal bulls His Grace was escorted to the epistle side of the altar, and, kneeling, recited his profession of faith and allegiance to the Church. This part of the ritualistic ceremonial concluded, His Grace was led by the hand to the archiepiscopal throne by His Excellency the Papal delegate, Mgr. Pietro di Maria. At that very moment His Grace was vested with the full powers of Archbishop of Ottawa.

Addressing the new Archbishop in French and English, His Excellency the Papal Delegate told His Grace that his appointment was the reward of his great labors in the diocese of Valleyfield. His Grace would find work to accomplish in Ottawa but he would also find a devoted, laity and zealous and obedient clergy to support him. Replying to the Papal Delegate's address, His Grace spoke of the conflicting emotions that had gripped him on this memorable day. A few hours before, he had taken leave of his people of Valleyfield in whose midst he had labored for 30 years. Arriving in Ottawa, he had met with a most touching and impressive reception at the hands of the members of his new flock. His Grace referred to his interview with His Holiness Pius XI. and his command to him to go to Ottawa. After the words of the Pope, the kindly words of welcome delivered

by his accredited representative in Canada afforded him the greatest consolation. His Grace stated that he brought all his heart and soul to Ottawa.

Dwelling on the needs of the diocese and the fact that the diocesan chapter was reduced in numbers, His Grace said the Archbishop required a complete staff of counsellors. He then announced the appointment of the following priests to the diocesan chapter and the conferment of canonical rank upon them: Father Sylvio Corbell, Principal of the Normal School, Hull; Father J. H. Touchette, parish priest at Casselman; Father Walter Cavanagh, priest at Almonte; Father T. P. Fay, parish priest of St. Brigid's; Mgr. J. O. Lebeau, Chancellor of the diocese, and Father Raoul T. Lapointe, curate at the Basilica. Coincident with these appointments, His Grace announced the elevation of Mgr. L. N. Campeau, parish priest of the Basilica, to the rank of Vicar General of the diocese, and the appointment of Father Lapointe as parish priest of the Basilica, in succession to Mgr. Campeau.

#### ADDRESSES READ

The addresses on behalf of the French and English speaking Catholic laity of Ottawa were then read by Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Speaker of the House of Commons, and Hon. Charles Murphy, Postmaster General in the King Government. The addresses breathed a most cordial welcome to His Grace and an unequivocal expression of filial attachment on the part of the Catholic laity. Both addresses were admirably worded.

Replying first in French to the address read by Hon. Mr. Lemieux, His Grace said he had noted Mr. Lemieux's first words of greeting were a cordial welcome to Ottawa. These words would remain engraved in his heart because they expressed the truth. He wished to thank Mr. Lemieux for having accepted the task of extending him a formal welcome. He thanked him particularly for having voiced that welcome in terms so truly Christian and Catholic. The address showed that the writer of the address possessed the science of his religion, something that was pleasing to find in a man of the world engrossed with many occupations. His Grace then referred to his early associations with Mr. Lemieux and said his present exalted position in the service of the State was a reward for his talent, labors and conduct.

His Grace remarked that he came to Ottawa with the firm intention of performing his full duty. He had made great sacrifices in leaving his dear people of Valleyfield, but he had noted on the very moment of his arrival here a strong wave of sympathy which had deeply affected him. While called upon to make sacrifices, he was inheriting a splendid succession in the diocese of Ottawa whose history went back many years. He had studied the life of his predecessors. He had noted the apostolic zeal of a Guiguès, the administrative wisdom of a Duhamel, the charity and kindness of heart of a Gauthier. He felt he was coming to continue in a field so well cultivated, the labors of his predecessors in office.

Continuing, Archbishop Emard touched lightly and caustically upon the cleavage that has existed between French and English speaking Catholics of the diocese over the language and school question. Success in the past, he said, had been founded on union. If success was not so marked, it was because the bond of unity had weakened. It was necessary to strengthen the links in the chain. "I feel," His Grace said, "that I have the right to speak to you as a father on this occasion. There is work to be done to achieve. We must all set to work. You of the French speaking language must remain children of France and French as your forefathers were." This last remark of His Grace undoubtedly had reference to his resolve to assist in the preservation of school and language rights claimed by French Canadians in Ontario.

#### ADDRESS IN ENGLISH

The Archbishop's address in English was brief. He referred to the address by the laity of Ottawa, agreeing that his sacrifices were many in being transferred from Valleyfield to the Ottawa diocese. "However," said His Grace, "it will be my endeavor while here to feel and act the same toward the people of this diocese as if I were still in Valleyfield."

His Grace spoke of his recent visit to Rome and his first visit to the Vatican, when the Pope informed him that he was to take charge of the Ottawa diocese.

"You shall go to Ottawa," he said. "I could not resist. It was my duty to obey and coming here is a teaching of what the Church of God requires of me. We must do what is commanded to us by our superiors." However," continued the Archbishop, "what my heart was for Valleyfield it now is the same

for Ottawa. I belong to you. I am yours, truly in Christ."

In concluding, His Grace stated that he had received a cablegram from the Pope, extending the blessing of the Sovereign Pontiff to all of the diocese in Ottawa.

The solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at which His Grace officiated brought the ceremony to a close.

The next morning after Pontifical High Mass addresses from the clergy of the diocese were read in French and English, Archbishop Emard's replies were eloquent and impressive.

## BISHOPS' PROGRAM

MICHIGAN SENATOR USES EXTRACT AS TEXT FOR SPEECH

Detroit, Sept. 14.—The closing rally in Orchestra Hall in the campaign of United States Senator Charles E. Townsend for renomination was the occasion of an address by the Senator in which that portion of the Bishops' Program on Social Reconstruction relating to co-operation and co-partnership was used as a text for the discussion by the candidate of the relations of capital and labor.

At the outset of his speech the Senator read the following extract from the document submitted by the Administrative Committee at the National Catholic War Council:

"Nevertheless, the full possibilities of increased production will not be realized so long as the majority of the workers remain mere wage-earners. The majority must somehow become owners, or at least in part, of the instruments of production. They can be enabled to reach this stage gradually through co-operative productive societies and co-partnership arrangements. In the former, the workers own and manage the industries themselves; in the latter they own a substantial part of the corporate stock and exercise a reasonable share in the management. However slow the attainments of these ends, they will have to be reached before we can have a thoroughly efficient system of production, or an industrial and social order that will be secure from the danger of revolution. It is to be noted that this particular modification of the existing order, though far-reaching and involving to a great extent the abolition of the wage system, would not mean the abolition of private ownership. The instruments of production would still be owned by individuals, not by the State."

The Senator said he desired to recommend the most earnest consideration of this proposal by both capital and labor. After exhaustively discussing the proposition the senator quoted the late Franklin K. Lane's assertion that "revolutions come from great land holdings."

"Similarly in modern civilization," commented Senator Townsend, "revolutions springing from great holdings of industrial capital, may be expected to occur unless the inherent desire in every human being for ownership or part proprietorship is satisfied. To fulfill this desire; to encourage habits of thrift which warrant the fulfillment of the desire, and to cultivate all the virtues that accompany the development of a stronger, higher citizenship, should be the purpose of every business man who possesses any progressive spirit at all."

The Americanism of the future, the senator said, must be the complete answer to bolshevism and socialism.

"In my humble opinion," he concluded, "the grandest manifestation of Americanism will come with the advent of industrial justice founded on co-partnership between those who now own and manage business and those who now are wage earners. With this missing link supplied, private enterprise will go triumphantly forward to greater rewards than have ever come in the past."

## CHRISTIAN WORKMEN

By Rev. Dr. Wilhelm Baron von Capitaine

Cologne, September 1.—Determination to restore the fortunes of Germany through hard and faithful work was expressed at the Tenth General Congress of the Christian Metal Workers' Union held recently at Fulda. Franz Wibber, national president of the German unions in a public address declared:

"Some days ago it was said by one high in authority that it is tragic to stand at the death bed of a great people. I say here today that the German people must not die, and will not die if we decide not to permit it. A people possessing the culture of the German, is still of great importance even in adversity. It has still a moral power if it will stand united and unanimous and if every man will do his duty."

M. Michaud, representing the French metal workers declared that it is futile to attempt to restore the world by hatred, saying that only

through mutual good will and cooperation could a satisfactory adjustment be reached. The workman, M. Michaud said, is the sufferer in all conflicts and it is upon his shoulders that the burdens of governmental policies must be borne.

Representatives of the metal workers unions in France, Holland, Austria, and Hungary attended the congress. Ministers Gisbart, Hirt, Siefer and Stegerwald, a number of members of the Reichstag, and the mayors of several cities were present.

## PRIEST MEDIATOR

Paris, September 7.—The strike in the Audincourt-Valentign-Beaulieu industrial basin the largest industrial center in Franche-Compe, has been settled after six weeks, during which thousands of men were out of work. The settlement of this strike is of more than passing interest, for it was due to the efforts of a Catholic priest, Abbe Jacquot, pastor of Audincourt.

The majority of the strikers were Socialists, and when a group of them met the priest on the street a month ago, they greeted him by singing the "International." The employers, Messrs. Peugeot are Protestant and radical, and yet both sides finally appealed to the Catholic pastor to put an end to their differences, and it was he who brought about the reconciliation.

Fearing lest he be considered a Bolshevist by the one side or as a supporter of capital on the other, Abbe Jacquot refrained from taking any part in the industrial dispute until a group of workmen of their own accord, invited him to attend one of their meetings at the House of the People, and express his views. Strangely to say, his address, given at the House of the People, before several thousand men and women, from a platform draped with the red flag, was received with an almost religious silence, interrupted only by applause. And yet he did not speak as a strike agitator. After outlining the doctrine of the Church in regard to necessary relations between capital and labor, he pointed out that there is an indispensable principle of authority in any concern in order to maintain harmony and order. He also spoke of just wages and social peace.

His audience applauded even when he blamed the strikers and denounced some of their exaggerated claims and their violence.

From the House of the People he went to a meeting of the employers and factory heads, where he spoke in the same vein. These conferences, first at the House of the People, and then at the administrative offices, were held for several days, after which certain necessary concessions having been granted by the employers, the strike was declared off, and work was resumed to the satisfaction of all.

## PRESIDENT HARDING PRAISES CATHOLIC CHARITIES

Washington, Sept. 15.—Expressing regret at his inability to attend the opening of the National Conference of Catholic Charities, President Harding said in a letter received by Bishop Shahan today:

"I can not too strongly express my good wishes for the forthcoming Conference, for I have long known of the splendidly organized and efficient charitable works conducted through the Catholic organizations of the country. I feel that the efficiency and practical quality of the work of this kind which has grown up in our country constitute impressive testimonies to that fine humanitarianism which we claim as an American characteristic."

## ANTI-CATHOLICS CALL CONGRESS

London, Sept. 9.—English Protestantism of the more aggressive kind is beginning to wake up to the fact that the Catholic Church in England is making very great progress.

To combat this advance of Catholicism, and also to put down Anglo-Catholicism, the United Council of Protestant Societies is organizing a congress at Westminster in October, when schemes will be produced for counteracting the "active and aggressive propaganda" of the Catholics as well as the Anglican High Churchmen.

This does not mean that all the Free Churchmen are going to unite in an anti-Catholic propaganda campaign. It means merely that the most narrow of the fanatical Protestant Anglicans, with perhaps a sprinkling of Free Churchmen, are about to make themselves unpleasant. It implies no threat to the Catholics, since the time has long gone by when these campaigns of fanatical frightfulness attracted the sympathy of more than a few misguided maiden ladies and a handful of retired army officers—

from which classes most of the support of extreme Protestantism seems to be drawn.

## CATHOLIC NOTES

The Most Rev. Martin John Spaulding, seventh archbishop of Baltimore, founded the American College at Louvain in 1857.

New York, Sept. 11.—A aggregate of eight hundred years devoted to education and social service was celebrated at Mount St. Vincent-on-the-Hudson when sixteen religious, members of the Sisters of Charity, commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of their entrance into religion.

Fort Worth, Tex., September 12.—The Rev. Joseph Meiser, Catholic priest of Olfen, Tex., is in a critical condition at his home there as a result of a flogging administered by eight unmasked men. The priest is suffering severely from many cuts, bruises and abrasions. Indications are that no particular efforts will be made by the civil authorities to apprehend the perpetrators of the outrage.

Cologne, Sept. 1.—The attendance at the Passion Play at Oberammergau this year indicates the widespread interest that is taken in this Catholic spectacle presented by the Bavarian peasants. Visitors from practically every nation on the globe have witnessed the performance. Several from China and Japan have manifested unusual interest and have remained to see three or four performances of the play.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 18.—Sixty five missions are being given by the Oblates of Mary Immaculate in the northern part of the United States and in Canada for the period beginning this month and ending with January, 1923, according to an announcement made by the Rev. L. F. Tighe, provincial of the order. Missions are being given in eleven States, reaching from Maine to Washington, and there will be one mission in Ontario, (St. Mary's, London.)

New York, September 15.—Dr. Moritz Stoehr, a Catholic professor of bacteriology at Mt. St. Vincent College is the inventor of what is termed a "music typewriter" by the use of which musicians will be able to record their compositions as played. He has also patented a portable keyboard which can be placed over the regular keyboard of a piano to produce music in another key than that in which it is originally written.

Portland, Ore., September 15.—Formal approval of religious education in the Public schools is contained in a resolution adopted here by the House of Deputies of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Under the plan suggested by the deputies, religious instruction would be given as a regular part of the school curriculum by teachers of any denomination designated by the parents. It would be given, however, only in those cases where the parents so requested.

Washington, September 18.—A special issue of the "Annals" of the American Academy of Political and Social Science devoted entirely to the subject "Industrial Relations and the Churches," has just been issued. The editors in charge of the volume are Dr. John A. Ryan, director of the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Council; and F. Ernest Johnson, research secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

New York, Sept. 18.—A bronze tablet in memory of the twenty former students of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin at Mount Loretto, Pleasant Plain, Staten Island, who died in the War, was unveiled in the Church of SS. Joachim and Anne on the occasion of the thirteenth annual reunion of the alumni. The presentation was made by Sergeant William Heidelberg, a former pupil and was accepted by the Rev. Malick J. Fitzpatrick, rector and director of the institution.

Munich, September 1.—St. Peter's, the oldest church in Munich, is celebrating its 700th anniversary this year after an eventful history during which it has been remodelled in practically every style of architecture known to Christian Europe. Originally built in the Roman style in 1222, it was restored at the end of the thirteenth century along Gothic lines. Some years later it was again remodelled, this time in the style of the Renaissance and finally some rococo ornaments of a later date were added to the interior.

Evansville, Ind., Sept. 10.—Funeral services for Colonel Daniel E. McCarthy, who was chosen by General Pershing as chief quarter-master of the American Expeditionary Force during the World War and who was the first man of the A. E. F. to reach France, were held last Tuesday from the Church of the Assumption. Col. McCarthy died in Chicago after an illness of five months. He was a veteran of forty-one years' service. Born in Albany in 1859, he was graduated from West Point and served in the Indian campaigns in Dakota and later in the Spanish war.

HER IRISH HERITAGE

BY ANNIE M. P. SMITHSON

AUTHOR OF "BY STRANGE PATHS" CHAPTER VIII CHRISTMAS TIDE

Early the next morning Mary Carmichael was kneeling outside of one of the confessionals in the church where the nurses of St. Columba's attended for daily Mass. Mary had her regular confessor to whom she had gone for the last two years, but he was not attached to this church. She was particularly sorry that she could not go to him this morning, but had she done so she would have been late for breakfast at the Home, and so it was not to be thought of. She felt a little nervous in spite of her almost unrealistic happiness—as she knelt there waiting for the priest.

It was a few minutes after seven o'clock, and Mass was being celebrated at the High Altar, and also at two of the side altars. The church was fairly full, and there was a constant stream of worshippers coming and going, and Mary watched them idly. She was trying to concentrate her mind on her prayers, trying to prepare for her Confession, but found it almost impossible to do so. She had hardly closed her eyes during the night but had found herself going over and over again the happy hour in St. Paul's Surgery—feeling once more his arms around her, his kisses on her lips. It had really come to her at last—this great, this unbelievable happiness at which she had only allowed herself to glance now and then. Sleep kept her away all night, and she only fell into an uneasy doze as it drew towards morning; then soon after six o'clock she rose and dressed herself and took her way to the church for Confession. She had been to the Sacrament of Penance as usual on the previous Saturday and this was only Tuesday, but to Mary, the fact that she had allowed a man to hold her in his arms and to kiss her—even though that man was her future husband—made it necessary for her to get Absolution before she could receive Holy Communion. And she would not have missed receiving on this morning for a great deal—this the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, the end—and oh, what a fitting end, to her Novena.

"Oh, Mother Immaculate," she whispered with shining eyes and trembling lips, "I thank thee, oh, I thank thee." The priest was coming, with noiseless sandalled feet, and a soft swish of his flowing habit, and the next minute Mary was at his feet. "And this man, my daughter—has he a real respect for you—real regard? You are sure his intentions are those of an honorable man?" "Oh, Father," and she smiled to herself as she knelt there in the dark interior, "if you only knew him. He is good—so really good—and the soul of honour and truth—oh, it is I—I—and her voice faltered. "Oh, Father it is I that am not worthy of him—Oh! not worthy at all."

Another few minutes, and with the last words of the priest's blessing still ringing in her ears—Mary was kneeling before Our Lady's Altar, pouring out her soul in gratitude. Afterwards, during her thanksgiving, she felt the tears rush to her eyes for very joy—joy that seemed too great to be borne. "Now I understand why joy sometimes kills," she said to herself, as she fought hard for composure ere she left the church and returned to St. Columba's. There all was as usual—the breakfast-table was just the same. The nurses were just the same and the Matron poured the same watery lotion into their cups under the delusion that she was giving them tea. But to Mary everything seemed different, and she felt more than ever inclined to pinch herself and see if she were really awake or not. She did not know or care what she was eating, but just went mechanically through the routine of the table—even the "bition" which she detested from her very heart—passed unnoticed by her this morning. She sat through the short breakfast, almost in silence, with shining eyes, and it was with the utmost difficulty that she forced herself to answer the few remarks addressed to her.

"This is awful," she thought, with a shamefaced, tender little smile at her own weakness. "How will I ever get through my work if I let my thoughts wander like this?" But no sooner was she on duty than she found that the daily routine, the accustomed discipline and above all her love for her work—enabled her to get through her morning's cases without too much day-dreaming.

The next evening she asked leave after supper, which was at the early hour of 8 p. m. at St. Columba's, and took the tram across to Rathmines to the Blakes' house. Mary Blake had only to look at her to know what had happened. "Come up to my room and take off your cloak," she said, and as they were mounting the stairs she slipped her arm around the other's waist. "Mary," she whispered softly, "it's all right, isn't it? He has spoken to you?" And Mary Carmichael, "betwixt smiles and tears," told her all. "But don't say anything to anyone else yet," she added, "for

nothing is made public—it is just between Theo and myself—and you are the only one to whom I have said anything so far."

"Oh, Mary," said her friend, "isn't our Lady good to you! Dr. Delaney! Why you should be a proud woman this night!" "And do you think I'm not!" cried the other, "but oh, Mary, I am half afraid—for I know—oh, I know—that I am not worthy of him—not fit to be his wife."

But the other gave her a playful little shake. "Now don't be silly, Mary," she said, "and if the shake was in joke, the tone of voice was serious, 'don't be silly! A good woman is worthy of a good man any day—indeed more than worthy—and Theodore Delaney knows well that you are fit to be the wife of the best man living.'"

"Oh! Mary, don't," cried her friend, and she shivered as with cold, "don't talk that way! You don't know me—I'm not really good at all—not naturally good, I mean—and it is a hard struggle for me sometimes to lead the life of a good Catholic. And I am afraid—oh, Mary, sometimes I'm afraid—afraid—that if some great trouble or sorrow was to come upon me I should not be able to bear it in the right spirit!"

Mary Blake looked at her friend with puzzled, troubled eyes for a moment—this was a mood she could not fathom. "Mary, dear," she said then, "don't be foolish! Why should you—now especially when a great joy has come into your life—why should you be thinking of evil fortune? But even if God did give you sorrow—and sure we must all go through our share of it in life. He would surely send you strength to bear it also."

Mary Carmichael put her arms around her friend, and laid her head on her shoulder. "Oh, Mary," she said, brokenly, "I hope He will—I hope He will." The other kissed her in some bewilderment. "Mary dearest," she said, "you are upset and not yourself. And no wonder after the great event of last Monday! Come downstairs now, or the others will be thinking how selfish I am to keep you so long to myself! And don't be thinking of trouble or misfortune at all. Just look at the bright side of things—and Mary, dear, if ever a woman had cause to be happy, you are that woman tonight."

"And so they went downstairs to join in the gay talk and chatter in the homely dining-room—not so very gay tonight, however, for Nora—happy, irresponsible Nora—was at a dance, and Shamus was absent too.

"He's at a Sinn Fein meeting," said Mary Blake, pausing for a moment before entering the room, "and do you know, Mary, I wish he wasn't such an extremist, and so mixed up with these political matters."

"Oh! nonsense!" said the other Mary, smiling. "What harm will it do him? Besides he is so obsessed by the Irish question that it would be utterly useless to try and change him."

"It isn't exactly that we want to change him," said his sister with a loving smile. "Dear old Shamus! We wouldn't have him other than what he is for the world—but—but I am afraid sometimes that he will get into trouble with the authorities—do something desperate."

It was Mary Carmichael's turn to look astonished now. "Into trouble with the authorities?" she repeated. "Why, Mary dear, you must be daft to think such a thing. Why, what could he do? Surely," with a light laugh, "you don't suppose that we are going to have another '98, do you?"

Mary Blake tried to smile, but failed miserably. Did her deep love for this gallant young brother of her's pierce the veil of the future, and did she see for one brief second, a boyish face pale in death—the cold stare of the wide open eyes—the fair hair matted with blood!

Clare Castlemaine looked up from her embroidery as they entered and gave a little cry of pleasure on seeing Mary Carmichael. They had become great friends, and indeed in some ways Clare found that she could speak more openly to Mary than she could to any of her cousins—Angel always excepted.

"Why, Mary," she cried, "how nice you look. What have you been doing to yourself?" "The other occupants of the room—Mr. Blake, Tom, and Angel—all looked up as she spoke, and Mr. Blake rising and coming forward with outstretched hands, said, as he pushed Mary gently towards Angel's couch. "Well, now, I think Mary always contrives to look nice."

Late that same night Mary Blake stood talking for a few moments in her cousin's room. "How pretty and happy—almost too happy—Mary Carmichael looked tonight," said Clare, "one would think she had come in for a big fortune, or some wonderful piece of luck!"

Mary Blake smiled. "Perhaps she has," she said, but she did not feel at liberty to say anything more. Clare Castlemaine sighed. "Some people are born lucky," she said, "and perhaps she is one of them. But do you know, Mary, that although she is so good and religious and all that, still I always have a queer notion that there is another side altogether to her character, and I believe that if she ever got some big trouble or sorrow—well! I don't believe somehow that her religion would help her at all—indeed I think she would—well, I won't say so to the bad—but I mean something very like it!"

"Clare," gasped Mary in horror. "Well, Mary, I can't help thinking so. I may be wrong, but one thing I do know, and that is that if ever Mary Carmichael had a big trouble and came out of it all right—I mean remained as good a Catholic after it as she is now, and so on—the well, she would do more towards my conversational Catholic faith than all the preaching of hundreds of priests could ever do!"

Mary Blake stood for a moment, too surprised to speak, and then she said good-night rather soberly, and left the room, for she was remembering the words of Mary Carmichael, earlier in the evening. "Oh! Mary, I am afraid—sometimes I'm afraid—that if some great trouble or sorrow were to come upon me I would not be able to bear it in the right spirit!" She went rather slowly down to the dining-room, where she found Tom alone, staring with unseeing eyes at some building plans spread on the table before him. He looked up as his sister entered, and the pain in his honest grey eyes smote her to the heart.

She came to him and slipped her hand through his arm, and laid her sleek, brown head on his shoulder. "Dear old boy," she said softly, "for there were no secrets between these two.

"Mary," he said quietly, "tell me!—has Delaney spoken to her?" And Mary, recognizing his right to put the question, answered, just as quietly, "yes, Tom."

"And she?" "Ah! I needn't ask," he said bitterly. "Mary said nothing, but her touch was a caress. There was silence for a short time between them, and then Tom stooped and kissed the gentle face so near his own.

"Never mind, sister mine!" he said, "don't worry over me—I'm able to bear it! And I could bear it gladly," he added, "if I was only sure that this thing was for her happiness."

"But, Tom," said his sister, "surely you can trust Dr. Delaney to make her happy?" Tom Blake did not reply for a moment, but stood gazing into the fire. Then rousing himself, he gave his shoulders a slight shrug.

"Well!—perhaps so!" he said curtly, and returned to his drawings. The following weeks passed more less like a dream to Mary Carmichael. She and Dr. Delaney met constantly, and went everywhere together—dances, theatres, and pictures, and also to those various scientific and social lectures, in which both were interested. The nurses at St. Columba's chaffed Mary a good deal, but she took none of them into her confidence, except Nurse Seely and Nurse Ray. Nurse Seely, of course, had partly guessed how matters were for some time past, and Dr. Head—most talkative of men—had told her much more.

As for Daisy Ray, her own love affair made her a sympathetic friend, and she and Mary had many a talk together. "What are you giving Dr. Delaney for his Xmas gift, Mac?" inquired Miss Ray one evening, as the two of them were returning homeward along O'Connell Street.

It was within ten days of the great festival now, and the shop windows were glittering with their usual display of Yuletide articles. "That's just what I am trying to determine, Daisy," said Mary, with a little sigh of perplexity; "it is so hard to think of a present for a man! Now for a woman's gift one has almost a limitless choice, but for men!—What are you giving to Brendan?"

"A dressing case," answered Daisy Ray. "Yes—I know it was extravagant," as Mary gave a slight exclamation of surprise—"Horribly so for a poor nurse—but you see, dear, it's the first present I am giving him since our engagement, and so I want it to be rather extra special, you know!" and she laughed happily. Mary laughed too—but also sighed a little to herself. Nurse Ray's engagement was now public property, and off duty she proudly displayed a pretty little engagement ring; but Dr. Delaney had not said a word to Mary about announcing theirs. True, it was only a few weeks since he had spoken to her, and of course there was no hurry, still—

But Daisy was chatting away at her side, like the little magpie she was. "I'll tell you two things not to give him anyway, Mac," she was saying. "Don't give him any kind of a knife or scarf pin, and—oh! yes—don't give him a prayer book! You are both such pious creatures you know, that you might be fancying a present of that sort!"

Mary smiled. "Well, I was thinking of a scarf pin," she admitted. "Oh, don't," cried her friend, in tones of exaggerated horror, "it's most awfully unlucky to give such a thing to anyone you are really fond of."

"Well, what about sleeve-links?" asked Mary. "I saw some very pretty ones—the other day—gold shamrocks—rather dainty I thought."

"The very thing!" exclaimed her friend, "links you know bind things together, and the shamrock is for luck—Oh! they will be just right, Mary."

And so Mary purchased her sleeve-links with a shy joy, and hid them away in her "bottom drawer" until a few days before Xmas. Then one evening when she and Dr. Delaney were going to the pictures together, she took them out, and slipped them into an envelope. Inside she wrote "—Just to wish you a very happy Xmas and a lucky New Year—Mary."

And sealing it up she put it in her coat pocket. She and Dr. Delaney walked home together for the last few moments' conversation under the street lamp in the old Square. Across the wide street from St. Columba's Home, the light from the lamp flickered on its wide front, and great stone steps, flickering too on the shining, wet pavement under their feet, for it had been raining. How often they had stood there of a night! "Their lamp," they called it. The policeman, whose beat was on that side of the Square, knew them well, and often threw them a sympathetic smile, as he saluted in passing.

Mary felt a little shy and nervous as her hand sought her coat pocket. "I have a little thing for you—for Xmas," she said, with a shaky laugh—"something I got in the Penny Bazaar for you. You are not to open it till you get home!" His fingers closed on hers as he took the little gift and seemed reluctant to let them go. Then he also dived into a pocket and brought forth a package.

"TO BE CONTINUED" The morning closed on her as he took the little gift and seemed reluctant to let them go. Then he also dived into a pocket and brought forth a package. "But I've made her suffer. For twelve years I've lived within a mile of her and have never gone to her nor allowed her to come to me. I've passed her by as if she were a stranger and I have seen her wince. I enjoyed it. She must have enjoyed seeing me wince when she stood over me with a stick. I've made her life miserable, I'll make her die miserably. This is my last chance to get even and," bringing his fist down with a force that sent the pens and pencils scattering to the floor, "by—h—I'll take it."

If his face was ugly before, and his eyes were wild like those of a man gone mad. His sister fled, slamming the door after her. The man turned to the girl in the corner. "I suppose," he said "after witnessing that scene you too think that I am the worst brute on earth."

"No," she answered quietly, "I think only that where most men forget or laugh at the abuse they suffer in childhood, you have a clearness of vision that allows you to see that the wrong was all the greater because inflicted on one who was small and helpless. If more men held your views public opinion would cease to tolerate the inhuman treatment of children."

Never before had he been told there was anything admirable in him. For just about one minute he was happy. The girl left her seat, walked over to him, and laid her hand ever so tenderly on his arm. At the touch of it something in his heart broke. And although that hand was red and chapped and two of the fingers were stained with ink spots he gazed on it as if it were an object of loveliness.

"Listen," she pleaded, "do you think you can afford to be so relentless? Stop and think. Some day you will be on your death bed. That will be your last chance to obtain your heavenly Father's forgiveness. Remember He has said, 'In the measure you mete it out to others.' Won't you just for your own sake go to your mother?" It was the first time in his life anyone appealed to him. He felt himself weak. "Yes, I know," he faltered, "but wouldn't I be a hypocrite? I can hide my feelings, but I can't change them."

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THE WIRE SENSATION OF 1924 WILL BE YOUR CHOICE FOR 1925

mentioned above, don't quite know whether they want to inconvenience themselves or not, what will be the result? Failure of the most sacred enterprise.

A program for the purification of the moving pictures will meet with the unqualified approval of all right-minded citizens. Those who are really in earnest and who mean to lend the strength of their support to the endeavor, a most laudable one, can assist immeasurably by remaining away from any theatre where an objectionable film is being shown, thus encouraging others to imitate them.—The Pilot.

**GENERAL INTENTION FOR OCTOBER**

**RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI.**

**OUR BISHOPS**

One may be tempted to ask whether it be not a lack of respect to solicit the prayers of the faithful for those whom the Holy Ghost has chosen to govern the Church of God. We know how the proprieties must be observed in other spheres of human effort. In civil society, a superior, as a general rule, would consider it a lowering of his dignity were help implored for him from his inferiors, and if he so willed he could measure his loss in authority and prestige by the number or the weight of the favors received from those beneath him. Happily, pride has no place in the counsels of the Catholic Church; other sentiments prevail; other methods are in vogue. Charity and union and mutual dependence on one another take the place of the conceit and self-complacency so prevalent in the outside world. Our spiritual leaders realize the responsibilities of their sublime office, and none are more ready than they to seek the prayerful aid of those they are called upon to govern.

The work which the Church is commissioned to do in the world is infinitely above the natural strength of any of her members, and as all are interested in this work, all should use the means at their disposal to obtain for one another the supernatural strength needful for its accomplishment. It is this theory, reduced to practice, that will explain the marvellous union and strength which exists in the Catholic Church, which binds all her children one to the other, which infuses life into all from the humblest to the highest, which puts each in a state of dependence on the entire body, and which, far from leaving one to lead his life alone and bear his own responsibilities, gives him the means of aiding in the work of Christ, as the Acts of the Apostles tell us (xx, 16), from Whom, "the whole body being compacted and fitly joined together by what every joint supplieth, according to the operation in the measure of every heart, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in charity."

The apostolate of prayer, through which this vital and visible influence is spread, follows in certain aspects of its operations a different law from that which governs the apostolate of the word and the sacraments. This latter apostolate calls for pre-eminence of dignity and power; it operates downward, for the reason that it is exercised by superiors on their inferiors; only those who are chosen have the privilege of dispensing the gifts of God. But the apostolate of prayer exercises its energies upward, and may be employed by the humblest members in the Church to reach the highest. In this way the little child, or the poor outcast, who prays fervently for the Holy Father and the Bishops who govern the Church, may contribute his mite to bring about the accomplishment of their sublime and difficult mission among human souls. Saint Paul, the great Apostle of the Gentiles, understood this perfectly well, and no one was more earnest than he in craving the prayerful help of those he had begotten in the Faith. In his petitions for prayer, it is not merely a desire which he expresses, it is rather a duty he imposes, and he leaves us under the conviction that the graces he required for the success of his external apostolate among souls depended on the internal apostolate of prayer which he wished to see active among his followers. On their prayers he counts in order to obtain the power of speech fittingly to proclaim the doctrines of Christ. "Pray for me," he wrote to the Ephesians, (vi, 19, 20), "that speech may be given me that I may open my mouth with confidence to make known the mystery of the Gospel. . . . so that therein I may be bold to speak according as I ought." It was through the prayerful intercession of his followers that he hoped to escape from the snares of his enemies and to assure the free spread of the Gospel. What more pathetic than this message to the Thessalonians: (II, iii, 1, 2), "Brethren, pray for us that the word of God may run and be glorified, even as among you, and that we may be delivered from importunate and evil men." And again he wrote to the Colossians (iv, 2): "Be instant in prayer . . . praying for us, also, that God may open unto us a door of speech to speak the mystery of Christ that I may make it manifest as I ought to speak."

In inspiring the great Apostle to make these humble petitions for

prayer, the Holy Ghost pointed out to Christians in all ages one of their most glorious prerogatives and one of their most imperative duties, that of helping by their intercession the successors of St. Paul and all who are engaged throughout the world in work similar to his. In praying for our Bishops, we cooperate efficaciously in their ministry, and as there is nothing in the world greater than the ministry of the Bishops of the Catholic Church, we should see to it that prayer for the help on which they count is a duty to be fulfilled.

We should ask for them what St. Paul desired that his disciples should ask for him, namely, courage and fortitude to defend the truth at all times, and the faculty to spread it around them. These virtues are as necessary in our day as they were in the days of the Apostle of the Gentiles. The enemies of our spiritual leaders have to deal with differ in kind, perhaps, from those St. Paul encountered; but not in malice nor in perseverance in their evil designs. How few of us ordinary folk know the trials and tribulations which only God often works the hearts of our Bishops. Has anyone ever considered the obligations attached to the office of those chosen to govern the Church? How few of us ever try to weigh the responsibilities that rest upon their shoulders. Who of us would undertake to solve the questions that look to them for solution? Who would be daring enough, without supernatural aid, to make the delicate decisions they are often called upon to make in the difficulties inevitable in human intercourse? Have we ever considered the multiple interests that come into conflict among people professing the same faith; or the initiative our spiritual leaders must give proof of in fostering the interests of the Church; or the constant guard they must keep over the flocks under their care; or the strength of character they must show when reproved of erring children becomes imperative; or the lofty example of life and duty that should be given by those whose light should always shine?

And yet the interests of the Church of Christ, which our Bishops are in duty bound to look after, are as much our affair as theirs. As Catholics we are all our brothers' keepers, when it comes to the welfare of souls, and we all have our obligations whether we be in high or low position. And because we cannot evade these obligations, the zeal which we owe to Christ's cause should urge us to help our Bishops with all our hearts and with all our strength. Since prayer is such a powerful factor in the salvation of the world, we should put no limit to the zeal with which we use it. If we are not privileged to struggle with our spiritual leaders on the open field, we should at least act in humbler spheres. Let us therefore keep our hands raised to heaven until success crowns their efforts, until the victory is won.

If we consider ourselves honored when we receive the blessing of a Bishop, which is a pledge of the Divine blessing, should we not appreciate the power that is in our hands of obtaining similar blessings for him and his noble work? Gratitude to God for the privilege of membership in the Church and with that title means to us, should urge us to help those who govern the Church. When we pray for our Bishops, therefore we are working for God and His Church, and, besides, we are yielding to the wish of the Supreme Bishop, Christ's Vicar on earth, who has designated this intention for the present month. E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

**CLEANER BOOKS**

The campaign for cleaner movies is being followed by a campaign for cleaner books. It is high time that some concerted action was taken to stop the flood of filth that comes from some publishing houses under the mask of literature. Things have come to such a pass that discriminating readers reject the whole output of modern fiction and so-called scientific writers on social subjects. The suggestion has been made to appoint a literary overlord who shall act in a similar capacity to Mr. Hays in the movies and Mr. Thomas in the drama.

There is a remedy for every evil in the world. Public decency when it is outraged rises in its wrath to smite the wanton disregard of the proprieties and conventions, and the flouting of the moral code. As in the movies, so in modern literature a decided reaction has set in against the purveyors of filth. What was but dimly discernible a few years ago in the modern realistic school of literature is becoming clearly apparent in recent months, that is that such writers who pandering to depraved tastes are not working in the interests of truth but for financial gain. They are engaged in that remunerative occupation known as fooling the public. But the public refuses to be fooled all the time.

The much abused reading public has just awakened to the fact that such writers of filth are fooling them. They see the methods such writers employ. One writes a book and others of his ilk laud it to the skies. The first in turn hails the others as new stars in the literary firmament and such advertising swells the sales of the whole school. Those who pay good money for such books find to their disgust that such writers in lieu of being

of civilization have worked at weakening or eliminating. It is in the practise of Christianity that the manly virtues received their best support. Self-conquest calls for more courage and discipline than the conquest of others.

Realists for revenue only is the epithet which Booth Tarkington is reported to have applied to such erotic writers. And the secretary of the society which has taken the initiative in the present movement against filthy literature hails Mr. Tarkington as an example of a successful novelist who never writes anything that is not wholesome, delightful and clean. The author himself declares that he does not write such things because he does not think about such things.

The really great writer, whom the public enshrines in the inmost recesses of his heart is the one who does not think such things and therefore cannot write them. Florence Barclay's novel The Rosary has been translated into eight languages. More than a million copies of it have been sold. Probably five or six million people scattered over the world have read it and been helped by it. This writer gives the following account of her aims and methods, quoted in the recently published memoir by her daughter: "My aim is never to write a line which could introduce the taint of sin, or the shadow of shame into any home. Never to draw a character which would tend to lower the ideals of those who by means of my pen, make intimate acquaintance with a man or woman of my creating. A great French author and writer has said: 'The only excuse for fiction is that it should be more beautiful than fact.' There is enough sin in the world without an author's powers of imagination being used to add even fictitious sin to the amount."

These are high ideals, but they are the ideals of the true literary artist, who esteems the canons of good taste and the principles of morality above financial gain. If the reading public would rebuke filthy writers by refusing to purchase their works, there would soon be an end of salacious books. That good books can succeed and have remarkable sales was shown in the popularity of Maria Chappelaine, and Abbe Pierre. Unfortunately there is no poison label placed on bad books to keep them out of homes. And the reading public, therefore, is gradually suspecting all books. Literature like the movies must purge itself of its evil influences.—The Pilot.

**NO MORE WAR!**

Referring to the Great War, Dean Inge in the course of a sermon he preached in London last month before the delegates of the International Peace Congress, remarked: "It seems to most of us now that we were all stark mad together." For once most will agree, no doubt, with the "gloomy Dean." Now that the memory of the world-wide horror which began in the summer of 1914 has become less vivid and men are able to realize better the vast range and the lasting evil results of the violent insanity that then afflicted so large a portion of the human race there are consoling indications that in almost every land large and clamorous classes of people are determined to keep the world from going war-mad again. Late in July and early this month enthusiastic demonstrations were held in England, Germany, United States and in the cities of other nations, to observe fittingly the eighth anniversary of Armageddon's beginning, and the ringing slogan, "No More War!" was the burden of every speech and the cry of all the marchers. Convinced that the Great War did nothing but unmeasured evil to every nation that took part in it and instead of permanently settling things, only made them worse, the demonstrators clearly indicated their opinion of "the last argument of kings."

It is not at all clear, however, what effect the world-wide protest had on those rulers, diplomats, "statesmen," captains and financiers who are said to be busily occupied now in preparing for the war of extermination which is sure to follow the next seizure by war-insanity that attacks the human race. But the proper corrective for the Armageddon-breeder's blood-thirsty habit of mind, well observes the current Month, is

"To dispel the common intellectual apathy in regard to war and to break up the age-long tradition that looks upon it as something outside the control of human volition. War has its roots in human ambition and cupidity, strong impulses which can be regulated in the community as well as in the individual, and the Church, with her clear practical teaching on justice, her stern condemnation of fraud and violence and robbery and murder, her lofty ideals of charity and human brotherhood provides the best means of supplanting that old pessimistic belief by something more worthy of the Christian profession. The Catholic Church is the greatest of all peace societies, for she upholds principles which would make all war impossible except that waged in pure self-defense, and would base that defense upon the common interests of the organized World-States.

An old school of romantics used to speak of the moral values of war as the training-ground for the manly virtues: we know better now. War is dysgenic not only because it slays the youngest and bravest, but because it gives new vitality to passions and vices which long years

of civilization have worked at weakening or eliminating. It is in the practise of Christianity that the manly virtues received their best support. Self-conquest calls for more courage and discipline than the conquest of others.

"Yet even moral enthusiasm requires a basis in reason lest it should lapse into mere sentiment. The causes of war must be studied with a view to their removal. The old brag of patriotism, which is only pride masquerading as patriotism, and which, while ignoring national faults, induced a spirit of contempt for other races, should be purged out of our history books. All peoples sin alike in this regard, though some are worse than others. National histories glorify wars indiscriminately without condemning those that were unjust in aim or method; the evil passions of past times are perpetuated amongst generations who have never wronged each other: hatred, mistrust and scorn are actually cultivated as essential parts of patriotism, and embodied in injurious nick-names. Because Christianity has not succeeded in correcting these defects of the natural man, the superficial conclusion that Christianity does not condemn them. Hence the need of a better morality in our text-books." Such a policy as the foregoing far from being a craven pacifism, is merely the application of plain common-sense, on the part of nations, to problems which are similar in kind, though not in degree, to those that neighboring householders with a little goodwill are accustomed to settle almost any day. But what hope is there of inducing the rival nations of the world to use that reason and modicum of common-sense until their leaders and statesmen are ready to hearken, as in days of old, to the voice of him who holds at Rome the place of Peter?—America.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 30, 1922

THE IRISH PEOPLE MUST SAVE THEMSELVES

Archbishop Curley of Baltimore is an Irishman by birth and education. Revisiting Ireland he gives vigorous expression, in an interview which we reprinted in our issue of Sept. 16, to his horror and humiliation at the present deplorable condition of things in his native land.

There is probably not a reader of the CATHOLIC RECORD who has not heard similar expressions of disgust with the "sheer madness" of those Irishmen who war on Ireland and on the Irish people in the name of "the Republic."

But expressions of impatience or disgust do not end our interest in Ireland; in spite of his vigorous and plain language Archbishop Curley emphasized the fact that he felt keenly the present situation because of his undying love for his native land. And so it is with all friends of Ireland, especially with those who claim her as their motherland.

One great outstanding fact is beyond all question; the overwhelming majority of the Irish people are in favor of the Anglo Irish Peace Treaty and of the Free State Government. That was evident even under the "agreed election" of June last; now it is certain that De Valera and Childers—Hiberniores Hibernicis—could not elect a single member in all Ireland.

In July, before the southern cities were freed from rebel control, the Rev. Dr. John A. Ryan of the Catholic University of America thus states his conclusion on this matter:

Republicans left the impression of colossal egotism, obsession, monomania.

Practically everybody wanted peace and deplored the existing disorder. Yet the futility and inconsistency of the Republicans was scarcely less saddening than the pathetic helplessness and hopelessness of the vast majority. They all wanted peace, but seemed to think it was somebody else's business to suppress disorder and establish peace.

The suffering and helplessness of the people in the areas held by the irregulars are a striking illustration of the truth that, for at least, a small armed minority can defeat the will of the majority. The man who drove me to the station in Cork declared in tones of sadness: "You Americans must think we are an awful people, fighting amongst ourselves."

We can, we regret to say, see little enough ground for saying that "the vast majority of the nation are heartily supporting the civil authority in the task of overcoming a small insurgent minority, the people are not 'fighting amongst themselves.'"

When we were in Dublin the Government, to quiet complaints as to the food given to prisoners, actually published in the papers the prison bill of fare for breakfast, dinner and supper, giving the quantities of each item supplied.

But at that time the Irish people generally did not make the clear distinction Father Ryan draws between "repressing disorder, rioting, and resistance to lawful authority" and just "fighting amongst ourselves."

On August the 8th this note is entered in the diary:—Reports coming in that enemy intend to attack Clonmel at once from Carick. The big guns are to be brought

along. I hope they will blow Clonmel to atoms. It will be a small loss, for the people—with few exceptions—are hostile. They sneer at us passing in and out of the barracks, and are anxiously awaiting the coming of their friends—the troops. Practically all West Limerick in F. S. hands.

On the 10th this significant entry is found: "Civil population increasingly hostile. Enemy know exactly where our men are billeted, and come along under cover of darkness and cut them off."

Now day by day the Irregulars are getting into greater straits, being sniped by National forces, spending long nights in the mountains, travelling long distances to avoid the enemy posts.

What gives weight to this testimony to the growing hostility of the people to the "Irregulars" is the source from which it comes. Even our Irish correspondent, Seumas MacManus, ardent Republican though he be, is disillusioned of De Valera and Childers and tells us that the people "look with horror" on the ambushing of Irish troops.

Collins' tragic death following so soon after the taking off of Griffith has had a perceptible effect towards hardening popular sentiment into the resolve that this horrible warfare must cease. Throughout Ireland emphatic pronouncements like this of Bishop Browne have sowed seeds that we may hope will bear fruit in due season:

"We owe to the memory of General Collins," concluded Bishop Browne, "to bring to fruition ordered life in Ireland. And for this purpose it is your duty, and the duty of all the people, to give every assistance in their power to our home Government to put down at once the mad revolt of senseless, irresponsible Irish youth, who are under the vicious spell of wicked leaders"

When the Irish people generally fully realize this undoubted duty of citizenship their Government will be enabled to take more vigorous measures in the restoration of order. Until the Government does receive that loyal and fearless co-operation and assistance, which it is the duty of all the people to give, the mad revolt of senseless, irresponsible youth under the vicious spell of wicked leaders will have a long drawn out existence fraught with immense evil moral and material to Ireland.

Eisewhere in this issue of the RECORD we reprint Stephen Gwynn's Irish Letter to the Observer. It is not cheerful reading; but we know that readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD want not something to flatter their racial vanity, but the truth about Ireland. And whether or not this good Irishman gives us the whole truth it is worth while seeing Ireland through his eyes.

We think ourselves that there is good ground for hope and confidence despite disappointing conditions and lowering clouds.

It must be remembered that in all history no country recovered immediately from revolution. And Ireland has undergone a radical revolution. The old order is swept away; the new is not yet firmly established. We perhaps pay an unconscious tribute to Ireland when we expect her to be exceptional in the history of revolutions.

OTTAWA'S NEW ARCHBISHOP

Were one to consider the relative importance of the dioceses of Canada perhaps the first to claim attention would be the old historic see of Quebec which carries the mind back to the heroic beginnings of the Christian conquest of our great land, and around which cling the associations of three centuries of Canada's history.

From still another angle it might be held that the mission of the Church in the older provinces, amid the dominant non-Catholic majority, has a very important bearing on the future of the Church and of Canada.

Here the chosen representatives of the whole people meet, take counsel together, and exercise the great powers delegated to them. Sometimes we hear Canadians belittle their public men and revile politics and politicians. Politics is the science of government, and to our politicians we Canadians have committed in large measure the destiny of half a continent.

It is obviously a matter of great and vital moment to the Church in Canada to have at the Capital an Archbishop who is able, learned, broad-visioned; whose sympathies are wide and whose personality is impressive.

That Archbishop Emard is all this and more is evident from this non-Catholic estimate of him taken from the Ottawa Journal:

"One whose mission seems to be the performance of perpetual good."

It was not so many years ago that a writer not of his faith, in the Montreal Witness, summed up in this striking phrase a glowing press tribute to the new Archbishop of the Metropolitan See of Ottawa. Those who have been privileged to follow Archbishop Emard's career closely and appraise at their true value his numerous works and endeavors, pay him the tribute of being a noted ecclesiastic, an erudite and practical theologian, an indefatigable propagator of the teachings of his Church, a pastor with a broad understanding of the needs of his flock, a zealous educationist, a progressive administrator, a tolerant, broad-minded man who has never ceased to preach the doctrine of toleration and unity, and impress on all those entrusted to his care their duties and responsibilities of citizenship.

Something frequently noted in the addresses and quite frankly admitted by His Grace himself was the sacrifice that his translation to Ottawa imposed on him. He was Valleyfield's first bishop; practically all the priests received not only ordination but formation in their sacred calling at his hands. He loved Valleyfield with all the love of his fatherly and priestly heart, he loved its priests and its people, its

institutions and its good works; and Valleyfield loved him. He might reasonably have hoped to spend happily the evening of life where he had wrought so strenuously and where God had so abundantly blessed his work.

But there was need for him at Ottawa; on the verge of three score and ten he accepts the burden laid upon him. Well can he say: I may have to ask sacrifices of you; but I have given you the example.

"In the Catholic Church," as Father Whelan so well said, "one obeys them, and in obeying them one obeys Him that sent them, Christ Himself."

With that spirit amongst the Catholic people, and with the qualities that are Archbishop Emard's by nature and by grace, we may confidently hope that the administration of the Diocese of Ottawa will fittingly crown a great career.

THE DESTRUCTION OF AUSTRIA

BY THE OBSERVER

The first impulse of a good many people, on hearing that Austria is reduced to the lowest depths of impotence and want, may be to say it serves her right and to let it go at that. Certainly Austria has fully deserved her fate, in one sense; for she allowed herself to be used by the latter country the opportunity she had long been looking for. Austria has brought her fate upon herself; that is true enough. But it is equally true that Germany, which laid the plans for the World War, and urged Austria on to make the explosion in the Balkans, has got off astonishingly well; while Austria is utterly ruined.

The people of Austria, of course, are only reaping the results of what they have sown; and in that light are not entitled to have much sympathy from the nations that suffered through her actions in 1914. But other considerations arise. In the first place, we in Canada who now regard ourselves as at war whenever England may be at war, may well ask ourselves whether it was wise to keep Germany intact and to pull the Austro-Hungarian Empire to pieces.

The Empire of Austro-Hungary was of very great importance in maintaining moderate and balanced rule in the Balkans. Not much matter, not much study has ever been given by Canadians to any part of European politics. I suppose it is necessary now to take some interest in the matter of the Balkans; since it is likely to involve us in another war at any time. And concerning the Balkans, there is one most important fact to be noted, that is, that in the past it was the Austro-Hungarian Imperial government that was the

main force in keeping order in that troubled and highly explosive part of Europe. This fact is all the better worth noting and bearing in mind because for many years before the War we were told the exact contrary.

The Empire of which Austria was the head and Vienna the capital, was composed of many races and of many territories that were more or less foreign to the one to the other. And these divisions were not clear-cut by area and boundary. Each different race had, mingled with it, people of another race or races. The whole situation was such as to imperatively demand a controlling power in the hands of some ruler who should be recognized as over them all.

In these circumstances filling the vacant see of Ottawa was doubly important for the welfare of the Church in Canada. It is a happy augury that everywhere in the diocese and far beyond it the appointment of Joseph Medard Emard is hailed with joy and gratitude.

"The ultimate fate of Austria can hardly be in doubt. There is only one course open to her. There is talk of her being admitted to the Little Entente; that is, with Jugoslavia, Czecho-Slovakia, and Rumania, and of her joining territory with one of those powers; but that seems unlikely, for the Slavs in those do not like the Austrians. The natural end of Austria is union with Germany, which would be a union of Germans with Germans.

The statesmen who represent us in Europe, and who, whether we like it or not, have the power to involve us in future wars, may, and most probably will, live to wish that the Empire of Austria could be restored in Central Europe. For, as sure as we live, the Balkans will blaze again.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

SUPPORTERS of Father Fraser's China Mission (and they are numerous among readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD) will be interested in the announcement made in the current issue of "China" (the Mission's periodical) that a new recruit has entered the ranks in the person of Rev. W. C. McGrath, of St. John's, Newfoundland, who will occupy the chair of Moral Theology in the seminary at Scarborough, and will there prepare himself for mission work in China.

It is not perhaps as widely known as it should be that as a development from the college at Almonte, the Seminary of St. Francis Xavier has opened its doors at Scarborough, on a beautiful site overlooking the lake, near Toronto, and that there with the co-operation and assistance of St. Augustine's Seminary, close by, the finishing touch will be given to aspirants to the Mission field who have already made their preparatory studies at Almonte. That within the short space of a few years the Canadian Chinese Mission should have become thus thoroughly organized, and have already sent laborers into the vineyard were exceedingly gratifying not only to those directly associated with it,

but to all who have at heart the spread of God's kingdom on earth.

THERE is a movement on foot in Scotland to commemorate the seven-hundredth anniversary of the building of Elgin Cathedral, an ecclesiastical fabric erected in the ages of faith, wrecked by Knox's "rascal multitude" in the sixteenth century, but still beautiful beyond words in its ruins. Although what remains of the ancient fabric is now in Presbyterian hands, and in the matter of mere possession is jealously guarded with characteristic Scots tenacity, all denominations of Protestants are, it is stated, to be invited to participate in the commemorative proceedings. It is significant, however, that the Church under whose auspices it was erected and who alone has a rightful title to its possession, will be unrepresented on that occasion. It would not accord with the present panicky state of Presbyterian feeling in Scotland in regard to the growth of the Old Church to have her sons as witnesses to the self-abasement which must necessarily ensue from the calling up of these tragic memories of the past. For we will do the average Scotsman the justice of attributing to him in his moments of reflection regret and perhaps some degree of remorse for the fanaticism and iconoclasm of his fathers.

ELGIN is, indeed, still beautiful in its ruins, and, like Melrose and Dryburgh abbeys, and other ruins scattered up and down Scotland, is a perpetual reminder of a glorious and illuminative past. Of all the majestic temples of the pre-Reformation age, Glasgow Cathedral alone escaped the ravages of the spirit of savagery which Knox let loose upon his country. Well might Sir Walter Scott and other students of the past see in these ancient ruins an epitome of an age which shed lustre upon itself, and in their soaring arches predated perhaps a time when "what was again shall be." Who that has read and pondered those wonderful lines of the bard of Abbotsford, beginning, "He who would see Melrose afloat, go see it in the pale moonlight," but can discern a longing regret over a departed age—a longing not belied by Scott's own clouded vision of the reality of the faith which thus so majestically expressed itself in stone. May it not be that even under existing conditions the commemoration of Elgin's seven-hundredth anniversary may kindle in the hearts of many a spark of realization as to the significance of those storied walls.

In this connection it is pertinent to recall once more the reply of His Holiness Pius XI. to the address of the Bishops of Scotland on occasion of his accession to the Supreme Pontificate.

"With great pleasure We have received the expression of homage of the Bishops of Scotland. For, separated as We are by distance, the charity of Christ binds you closely to Us, and as We often think with joy of your laborious ministry, so We are filled with the desire for those of your nation whom the force of calamitous circumstances still holds apart from the embrace of their mother the Church. Would that even as We rejoice in the faith and piety of Our brethren and children it might be given to Us to rejoice also in the speedy return of these others. Of the happy attainment of this end your letter inspires Us with hope, and rejoicing in this We, with all affection in the Lord, bestow upon you, Venerable Brother, and upon the other Scottish Bishops, whose homage We gratefully accept, as well as upon the clergy and people entrusted to each of you, the Apostolic Blessing as a pledge of heavenly favour and a mark of Our benevolence."

REFERRING to the Holy Father, his accession has called forth many reminiscences of his former career as scholar, as diplomat, as mountain-climber, and in other phases of his varied experiences. In regard to his sojourn in Poland as Nuncio, a recent issue of the Jewish journal, Naier Haint (Warsaw) published an episode which illustrates his benevolent spirit and innate kindness of heart. We reproduce it as we find it in the columns of an overseas contemporary:

"The Nuncio, who distinguished himself by his patience, kindness, and simplicity, was always in the habit of going through the street of Warsaw on foot. One day he was accosted by an old Jewess, who told him of the desperate situation

she was in. For a long time she had had no word from her husband, who was at the front. She had five children, and was in great want. A Christian neighbour so she said, had advised her to appeal to the Nuncio. "Monsignor Ratti listened to her story with great attention, and asked her to come to his house the following day. When she appeared he gave her a good sum of money with which to buy a cow, in order that her children might have the milk they so sorely needed. The money received from the Nuncio was more than sufficient to buy the cow. The woman came back to return what was left. Monsignor Ratti laughingly told her that she should keep it for her children."

**BOY LIFE**

"Talks to Boys" By Rev. J. P. Conroy, S. J. Published by permission of the Queen's Work Press

**THE CANDY-STORE DREAMER**

This is the boy who expects to attain results without effort. He will not have to go out to meet success. Success runs up to meet him. He sees his ripe talents, his faultless manners, his apt address, sweeping the field. He simply has to win. It will be easy for him—a very light task, sugar-sweet.

Or perhaps he sees some work ahead, and he will do a little of that well. Merely a sample it will be, however, to advertise his prowess. After people see who he really is they will come right up and hand him things. Whereupon he will launch into society. He will be a hero, moving through the throngs of stunned admirers with graciousness and elegance and easy affability, yet with that superior dignity and conscious power which only gods and heroes possess. He sees himself acclaimed in open compliment, or ill-concealed whisper, or cleverly veiled flattery, or "tumultuous applause." Some will be tactless enough to praise him to his face. He will endure that. Others will foolishly endeavor to imitate him. He will pity that. Others will look to him as sun-worshippers look to their god—with awe and reverent adoration. This is the intelligent way to applaud. He will accept this.

Then he thinks of himself in detail, and he sees himself moving past every barrier, climbing every height, until he has reached the topmost pinnacle of social success. He sees himself in his motor car—a ten-thousand-dollar car at the cheapest—bowling luxuriously along the boulevard, taking the fresh air and the scenery as he moves ahead, leaving the dust and bewilderment to his natural inferiors.

He sees himself at the opera, entering well on toward the middle of the first act, preceded by a marvelously gowned lady carrying more than the usual diamonds. The opera is interrupted.

He sees himself on the golf links, a superb figure in immaculate flannels, leaning elegantly on his brassie, then moving with magnificent muscular motion over the green, while the gallery gasps at his driving, and gasps again at the man of Apollonian grace.

He sees himself among the distinguished of the land, at brilliant receptions, at "exclusive" functions, nonchalant, courtly, a poem of self-possession and tranquil ease. Crowds instinctively drift in his direction wherever he moves. Really, he cannot help it.

He sees himself the host at elaborate dinners planned as only the master plans, and carried out with the finest attention to detailed etiquette, yet not with the dullness that too often mars these feasts. His feasts are alive with pleasantry, a sparkle with wit, gay with the keener repartee, in which he always leads. Many celebrated personages attend, but as satellites, they must be satisfied with simply attending, while the main planet shines.

These are some of the dreams of the candy-store future—dreams that start with only a pane of glass between the dreamer and the dream, but a pane that will turn into a wall of infinite thickness if the dreamer does not awake and find he is looking in at the wrong window. It is no harm for little Tom and Jack to dream of a candy future. They will shortly leave the window and forget it in their tussle with the storm. The harm lies in the refusal of big Tom and big Jack to wake up at the higher call, to move away from that dream window, to

step forth and to do battle for some cause worthy of themselves and useful to the world around them.

**WILL IRELAND SAVE HERSELF?**

**BROKEN-SPIRITED THE IRISH PEOPLE LACK THE "WILL TO ACT"**

By Stephen Gwynn in the Observer

Sinn Fein, properly translated, means Self-Reliance. After four years of Sinn Fein in power the Irish are the most despondent and broken-spirited people of whom I have any experience. I know that between 1916 and 1918 the French villages and little towns-folk—well, that may be too high a standard of comparison: we cannot all be the French. But I watched—a much less edifying spectacle—the House of Commons during the War, when the War did not look particularly like being won, and there were many abject examples; but there was no general prostration. No doubt that in the Irish army of today, as in the British army of those years, the spirit is perfectly sound. But Ireland has won its war, and there is prostration. Is Ireland done for because she has lost two men in ten days?—one, indeed, in the course of nature, which no one could anticipate; the other by a chance which everyone had in mind as only too probable. If Ireland is ruined, it will be morally. Financially, her own people have made wreckage equivalent to a year of her maximum possible revenue—it may be, to two years of it. That is serious, but reparable. If Ireland is ruined it will be for lack of self-reliance—lack of that virility which begets and justifies self-reliance. I am not basing my opinion of Ireland's state of mind on the talk of people who are Nationalists or old Unionists—bether soldiers or civilians—but on the disposition which I observe in the most creditable Sinn Feiners known to me; on the tone and attitude of the Irish press, and on the action of the Government.

Only two lines of possible development, you might almost say of possible salvation, present themselves to the mind of any with whom I have talked. One is a complete reorganisation of the Government on a broader basis, so as to make it representative of all elements in the country, except, of course, the one which regards it as the enemy—Sinn Fein. Mr. de Valera once said, is only the left wing of Ireland. The extreme left is now at war with the rest of Ireland, and, though beaten and driven underground, has not surrendered. The centre left has the monopoly of power, but it has lost the two men who towered above the rest, in the public estimation. Another of its prominent personages has resigned his office. Under the constitution which this Government has submitted in draft it is proposed that, as a normal feature of the Irish State, the Government shall consist partly of men elected to Parliament and partly of persons chosen from outside its ranks. This principle could be applied at present. But if the Government intended to apply it, they could naturally summon Parliament as the proper place in which to explain to the nation what they are doing. Or again, if they called Parliament, it is possible, if not probable, that public discussion would force them to this course—would force them anyhow to broaden the basis of their administration.

To suppose that they will do so is to disregard the history of all revolutions. We have not yet passed out of the revolutionary period, and in all such periods power, held at first by a group, passes to a section of that group, which again often discards a part of itself. The usual end is a dictatorship—actual or virtual. Actually, when the death of Mr. Griffith occurred, we had got to dictatorship of the right kind—that is, a generally and willingly accepted supremacy of one man.

The alternative to forming a strong and representative Ministry is to find somebody who will take the place of General Collins. Most minds are drifting towards this solution by a natural gravitation, for it is the easiest way; but it is not the way of Sinn Fein (i. e. of Self-Reliance). It is the way of finding someone to act for the people, not of getting the people to act for themselves. Or in truth it is the way of reaching a solution by two moves. What a dictator has to do is to inspire in the people the will to act for themselves, to give them the organization which will make it easy for them to do that which if they had self-reliance, they could do without need for any dictator.

The desire of the people of Ireland—unfortunately, one cannot speak of their will—is perfectly well-known. If there were a general election next week, no supporter of Mr. de Valera would be returned in any constituency, because he stands for the claim of a minority to force the Irish people where they have no mind to go. But if the people had the will to their end, they could crush out the resistance of the Irregulars in a fortnight. They have not arms. It is true; but if they wanted arms for the purpose, and clamoured for arms, they must get them. There is no such movement of their will,

and so they submit to be robbed, bullied, molested, and injured in every conceivable way. General Collins this year said publicly a thing which would lead one to believe that he regarded this mentality as normal. A couple of hundred resolute men could paralyse government in any country." If a couple of hundred resolute Irishmen resident in England tried the experiment there they would soon find its impossibility; neither could France be held up by a hundred or a thousand. But Russia had been held up, it seems, by an insignificant minority, I being less pessimistic than most of my acquaintances about Ireland, do not think we are on the Russian plane of development; and I hold that if the existing Government chose it could call into being very rapidly an organization which would enable the people to create their own security. But they would have to get their organization from all sources in which there is natural leadership by tradition, by superior education, by inherited position, as well as by character; and they would have to set the example by calling similar assistance into their own body, and to justify and explain their action publicly, that is, in Parliament, rejecting no man's help because he had been a Unionist or what is worse in their view, a Parliamentarian. Nationalist, so long as he was willing to pull his weight in the new Ireland.

It is conceivable that General Collins might have succeeded with no assistance from outside the section in which he strictly represented. Who are the other men who may attempt what he might have achieved? Mr. Cosgrave is the acting chairman of the Government, a Dublin business man. He made in the Dail, when the Treaty was debated, a speech remarkable for breadth of view and clearness of thought. But, so far as I have been able to observe him, he lacks passion; he does give the impression of a driving force. And he has no legend about him. How is he, essentially a civilian, to create that sort of atmosphere? How is he to capture the public imagination? Public discussion is as dead as if it had never existed in Ireland. It is the soldiers' moment. By seniority, General Mulcahy, who till the other day was Minister of Defence and is now Chief of Staff, steps into the military position left vacant by the death of General Collins. He certainly has a legend, I could say rather he was part of the Collins legend. When the hunt was hottest, "Mick Collins" and "Dick Mulcahy" were supposed to be the most wanted and most elusive. It is part of the legend—perhaps of the historic truth glorified—that his military notes captured by the British Staff filled them with amazement at his capacity. Anything, it is admitted that he has very good brains, and in the Dail debates he had the remarkable moral courage to tell the Irish people military truths which shook his popularity. About thirty, like all these military leaders, he was an engineer in the service of the Post Office before Easter week. After the rebellion he entered the National University as a medical student; and a student he looks, quiet, thoughtful, reserved, sparing of words. It is said that he has no liking for politics; and the man who is going to lead Ireland as Commander-in-Chief cannot avoid politics, for the issue that has to be faced is political.

How is this guerrilla war going to be ended? One way is by ending submission; the other is by making terms. I think General Mulcahy will be disposed, as I think General Collins would have been, to seek a settlement. He certainly supported General Collins, and opposed Mr. Griffith, on the question of the Pact last May. But is a settlement possible? In other words, will Mr. de Valera's party agree to remain passive and allow Ireland to accept the Treaty subject to their strictly constitutional protest and their continued constitutional opposition? I think that they will demand that the Treaty shall be modified as a price of their submission. This would mean probably no more, or no less, than the abolition of the oath—which for the purposes of this Parliament applies only to Ministers, but in all future Parliaments must be taken by all members. By insistence on this point they may succeed in turning the quarrel between themselves and the Irish people at large into a quarrel between Ireland and Great Britain—which has been the constant object.

If the Commander-in-Chief—General Mulcahy or another—does not seek to negotiate, or fails to settle, he has yet another political question to face. We must admit that the action in which General Collins fell was as legitimate a war as anything since the beginning of these hostilities. But was the attack on General Collins's motor car outside Dublin a few days earlier legitimate war? Is the Irregular who, from the middle of a Dublin car, throws a bomb at a passing lorry and kills, it may be a civilian or two, or a soldier or two, entitled to put up his hands when cornered and claim to be treated as a prisoner of war? If so, Irish troops will have always to face an enemy who may be anywhere, who will always have the choice of position and the advantage of first fire, with the prospect of safe escape in five cases out of ten, and the certainty

of nothing very formidable if he is taken. Clearly that is not business. Under these conditions guerrilla war could go on as long as anybody had a taste for adventure. The right to shoot is conceded. This can only be ended by making such actions exceedingly dangerous to their perpetrators. But this involves a declaration of the conditions in which Irregulars will cease to be regarded as belligerents—a political act. I think it possible that General Mulcahy may shrink from such a step.

Next in rank to General Mulcahy is General O'Duffy, whose reputation for ability stands high. I am told, but I do not think that he has a legend—that he has a hold on the public imagination. General McKeon has this. I shall not be surprised if "the blacksmith of Ballinalee" comes to lead Ireland some day. He seems to have especially the talent for knowing his own mind, not only since the fighting began openly, but before it began, whenever he was in charge there was action, and I do not know any personality in the old I. R. A. who was so much liked and respected by Irishmen outside it. Character is a great asset, and General McKeon has it. He diminishes my pessimism about the country, not so much because I think him exceptionally good, as that I believe he is a good representative type of the plain, courageous Irishman, who wants a quiet country, and is not much hampered by the special shibboleths of any group or section.

The essential fact to realise is that what has to be done for Ireland cannot be done by the Army alone; though it is very likely that only a soldier can guide the doing of it. At present the will to act is not general, and where it exists in individuals they are mostly powerless. Yet any amount of energy and goodwill is waiting to be utilised.

**MANY NOTED CLERGY ASSIST**

**MEMBERS OCCUPYING HIGH POSITIONS IN THE STATE PRESENT**

An imposing array of distinguished leaders and members of the Roman Catholic Church and citizens occupying high positions in the state, official and private life of the Capital were present last night at the impressive ceremony of enthronement of Archbishop Joseph Medard Emard at the Basilica, Those present included:

- Archbishops: Mgr. N. McNeil, Toronto; Mgr. M. J. Spratt, Kingston; Mgr. E. O'Leary, Edmonton.
- Bishops: Mgr. Georges Gauthier, Montreal; Mgr. Paul Larocque, Sherbrooke; Mgr. D. J. Scollard, Sault Ste. Marie; Mgr. J. S. H. Brunault, Nicolet; Mgr. G. Forbes, Juliette; Mgr. J. Forbes, Mgr. N. Buetka, bishop of the Ruthenians of Canada; Mgr. P. T. Ryan, Pembroke; Mgr. M. J. O'Brien, Peterboro; Mgr. J. T. McNally, Calgary; Mgr. Rice, Burlington, Vt.; Mgr. Conroy, Ogdensburg; Mgr. J. Halle, Northampton; Mgr. P. Chiasson, Chatham; Mgr. F. Couturier, Alexandria; Mgr. E. Limoges, bishop elect of Mont Laurier.

Prelates: Mgr. Omer Cloutier, vicar general, representing His Eminence Cardinal L. N. Begin, of Quebec; Mgr. Arseneault, Quebec; Mgr. F. Z. Decelles, St. Hyacinthe; Mgr. U. Marchand, Three Rivers; Mgr. Rouleau, Quebec; Mgr. Eugene Adamme, of the Basilies, Quebec; Mgr. John T. Kidd, Superior of St. Augustine Seminary, Toronto; Mgr. Gariepy, rector of Laval University, Montreal; Mgr. Corbet, vicar general of Alexandria and Cornwall; Mgr. J. C. Allard, St. Martine, Quebec; Mgr. P. J. A. Lefebvre, vicar general of Sherbrooke; Mgr. George Le Pailleur, Montreal; Mgr. Z. Lorrain, vicar general of Pembroke; Mgr. J. Dorais, vicar general of Valleyfield; Mgr. P. Garand, vicar general of Ordsburg; Mgr. J. A. Belanger, Montreal; Mgr. Ross, vicar general of Rimouski; Mgr. J. A. Richard, Montreal; Mgr. Dupuis, representing the Archbishop of Haileybury.

Canons: Rev. Canons Mousseau, Aubin and Laframboise, of Valleyfield College; Canon Bissonette, chancellor of Valleyfield College; Canon Proulx, St. Chrysostome, Quebec; Canon Nepeau, Beauharis, Quebec; Canon Sabourin, St. Louis de Gonzague, Quebec; Canon Dugas, St. Polycarpe, Quebec; Canon Bourget, St. Regis.

Other prominent clergy: Dean Cassidy, of Hamilton diocese; Father O'Sullivan, Chancellor of Hamilton diocese; Very Rev. Thos. O'Donnell, Toronto, President of Catholic Church Extension Society; Rev. Dr. J. T. Foley, Editor of the Catholic Record.

Priests: Father Jean-Joseph, of the Franciscan Order, Montreal; Father Rouleau, Dominican, Ottawa; Father Filion, Jesuit, Montreal; Father Villeneuve, Oblate, Montreal; Father Charlebois; Father Maurice, Capuchin, Montreal; Fr. Padeletti, Montreal; Father F. X. Marcotte, rector of the University of Ottawa; Father Bourassa, curate of Notre Dame Church, Hull; Father Y. Ducharme, Rigaud; Father Pierre, Capuchin, Ottawa; Father R. Villeneuve, Oblate, Ottawa; Father H. Claes, Papineauville; Father A. Gilbert, of the orphanage at Montfort; Father Mathieu - Marie, Terre - Sainte; Father A. Guillot, Redemptorist;

Father H. Lemmens, curate of Eastview; Father Ange Dion, Dominican, Ottawa; Father A. Prosper, curate of St. Antonio Church, Ottawa; Father T. Ronsin, Ottawa. Abbess: Rev. P. Laiole, superior of the Canadian College at Rome; Rev. L. Perrin, curate of Notre Dame Church, Montreal; Rev. J. C. Chaudon, superior of the seminary at St. Therese; Rev. J. Levac, curate of the cathedral at Valleyfield; Rev. R. Mercier, superior of Mont Laurier Seminary; Rev. J. Meloche, curate of Vaudeville; Rev. W. A. Goyette, curate at St. Barbe; Rev. Emile Andre, curate of St. Redempteur Church; Rev. J. E. Prieur, Orleans, Ontario; Rev. T. J. Allard, Chateaugay; Rev. A. Perreault, curate at St. Timothy; Rev. J. Remillard, curate at Les Cedres, Quebec; Rev. U. Preville, curate at St. Zotique; Rev. J. M. Lemire, Montreal.

**PROMINENT PUBLIC MEN**

Cabinet Ministers: Hon. Sir Lomer Gouin, K. C. M. G., K. C. Minister of Justice; Hon. Charles Murphy, K. C., Postmaster-General; Hon. Jacques Bureau, Minister of Customs and Excise; Hon. James A. Robb, Minister of Trade and Commerce; Hon. Henry S. Beland, M. D., Minister of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment. Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, K. C., Speaker of the House of Commons; Sir Joseph Pope, Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs; Hon. C. F. Delage, Superintendent of Public Instruction for the Province of Quebec; Hon. Senator N. A. Belcourt, Hon. Senator Gustave Boyer, Dr. J. A. Amyot, Deputy Minister of the Dominion Department of Health; Baron de T'Serclaes, Consul-General of Belgium; Dr. Dion, Mayor of Valleyfield; Sar. Genest, chairman of the Senate School Board of Ottawa; H. B. McGivern, K. C. M. P., Edgar Chevier, M. P., J. A. Pinard, M. L. A., H. A. Fortier, M. P., Dr. J. A. Fontaine, M. P., Hon. L. P. Brodeur, Hon. Francis A. Anglin and Hon. Pierre B. Migneault, of the Supreme Court; Hon. Louis A. Audette, judge of the Exchequer Court; Controller Napoleon Champagne, and Aldermen P. J. Nolan, Napoleon A. Bordaieau, W. J. McCaffrey, A. W. Desjardine and W. S. O'Meara.

Practically all the clergy of the diocese were present. John P. Dunne, of New Haven, was present at the ceremony as the representative of the Supreme Grand Knights of the Order of Knights of Columbus, James A. Flaherty.

**SIDELIGHTS ON THE LIFE OF COLLINS**

By J. H. Cox, Dublin Correspondent N. C. W. C.

Republicans no less than supporters of the Free State have expressed sorrow at the death of Michael Collins. All are agreed that a fearless soldier, a quick thinker, a tireless worker and a public man of outstanding ability has gone to his reward.

Few men of the age of General Collins—was only thirty when he was killed—have crowded more romance into a few years. His adventures in the period when he was being hunted from one end of Ireland to the other by the emissaries of the British Government with a reward of \$50,000 on his head, and the dramatic nature of his miraculous escapes and sudden reappearances were an inspiration to his countrymen and compelled the reluctant admiration even of his enemies.

He believed himself that his presence was a miraculous gift and attributed it largely to the protection provided in response to a never ending prayers of priests and nuns. To a friend who on one occasion pinned on him a badge of the Sacred Heart which a nun had sent to him, he showed a relic of a saint which he was wearing around his neck. He was a devout Catholic who himself had constant recourse to prayer. During the peace negotiations in London he attended Mass every morning.

On one occasion when he was in hiding temporarily with some friends in a Dublin suburb, he had spent the afternoon playing with the children of the house—a pleasure which he gave himself on every possible opportunity. It grew dusk and his hostess called that the evening meal was ready. As there was no immediate response, the father of the family ascended to the drawing room to repeat the announcement. There he found Michael Collins with collar open and hair tousled after his romp with the little ones, kneeling beside them on the floor and leading them in the saying of the Angelus.

One of the dead leader's sisters is a nun in an English convent, known in religion as Sister Celestine. To her four sisters—three of whom are married—and to her two brothers—one in far-off Chicago—this nun has sent a joint message addressed to "My beloved ones." "May God help us," says Sister Celestine, "to echo Michael's dying words? ('Forgive them.)' We must pray for the spirit. Oh, we have much to be grateful for, for down the ages the name of Michael Collins will be great for his fearlessness, nobility, spirit of forgiveness and dauntless patriotism.

"Please God it is the turning point in Ireland's history, and we his brothers and sisters, must, even in this bitter hour of sorrow, be worthy of our brave brother."

The day of Michael Collins' death which had been the day originally set for his wedding, was the twenty-first anniversary of Sister Celestine's entry into the religious life.

**CHURCH SCHOOLS**

Missoula, Mont., September 18.—An exposition of the duty of the Church to foster education together with a resume of the history of religious education in the United States and Europe was contained in the sermon delivered by the Right Rev. John P. Carroll, Bishop of Helena at the dedication ceremonies of St. Anthony's Church and school here.

In his sermon Bishop Carroll said: "The dedication of such a plant today emphasizes once more the zeal of the Church for the religious education of her children. It is sometimes asked why the Church bothers about education, why she does not leave all teaching to the State. This would be like asking why a lawyer practices law, or a physician practices medicine. The Divine Founder of the Church was the Teacher by excellence. With the Apostles the Christian world calls Him 'The Master.' When He established His Church to continue the work He had commenced, He gave her to understand that teaching is to be her principal office. This is His commission to the Apostles: 'Going, therefore, teach ye all nations . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you.' (Matt. xxviii., 19, 20). This, of course, means that the direct objects of the Church's teaching are the things commanded by Christ, the truths of divine revelation. But it means also that the Church is indirectly obliged to teach the things of human reason and experience, the so-called secular branches, namely, whenever and wherever these are taught without reference to revelation, or in surroundings that endanger faith and morality. For she must safeguard the deposit of revelation from corruption and the false interpretations of human reason and protect the faith and morality of her children. This is the rationale of the Catholic school. Hence, in the early ages of Christianity there arose the Cathedral Schools to give the answer of the Church to the false philosophy of paganism, and in the Middle Ages of Monastic Schools to give the moral training which was necessary to establish the Christian home. So today the Catholic school is needed to give the answer of the Church to modern unbelief and indifference and in a time of loose family ties to inculcate the virtues which will save the house from utter extinction."

EXPLAINS NON-RELIGIOUS SCHOOLS "Up to 1840 all the Public schools of America were religious. It was not opposition to religion that then caused its elimination, but merely the practical difficulties of providing suitable religious instruction for children of different denominations. Catholics met the difficulty by establishing schools of their own. Most of the Protestant churches accepted the non-religious school and attempted to provide for the religious instruction of their children in the home and the Sunday school. The home and the Sunday school having failed adequately to do the work expected of them, Protestants are now quite generally trying to put religion back into the Public school from which they see it was unwisely banished. Moreover, the fact that, according to a recent religious census, about two-thirds of the American people are non-affiliated with any church is admitted by all to be due in some measure, if not in great part, to the absence of religion from the Public schools. Until some plan can be agreed upon by which all the children of the Republic will receive the religious instruction of their choice in the schools of the State, Catholics, while loyally contributing towards the support of State schools, will continue to make the sacrifices which the maintenance of a separate system of schools entails.

"The Church has other works besides the school, but in her estimation the school occupies the foremost place. Her institutions of

charity and mercy for the sick, the poor, the aged, the orphan and the outcast are indeed most potent means of drawing to her bosom the children of unbelief, just as the miracles of the Master in behalf of suffering humanity created faith in His divinity. But, even as it was the truths taught by Christ and burned into the minds and hearts of His Apostles by the fire of the Holy Ghost that converted the world and created Christian civilization, so it is the Catholic school with her divine philosophy of life and her sacramental training that develops those bands of Christian men and women who foster and maintain all the Church's works of charity and mercy. The school is the most constructive institution of the Church. It is the condition and basis of all her other activities."

**ONE COMMUNION**

Even one Communion here and now, bringing to us the precious gift of grace, will have an effect in Heaven and for eternity. Light is at this moment leaving some star in the sky. That ray will not be seen for years, but some day our eyes or the eyes of others will respond to that ray and enjoy its brightness. So every act of love or worship of the Blessed Sacrament imparts to our souls a splendour which will light up our minds and wills for eternity, flood with its effulgence our risen bodies and unfold to us in clearer brilliancy the entrancing vision of the Most High.—The Pilot.

Returns received to date by the Department of Finance indicate a very general acceptance of the proposals for the conversion of 1922 Victory Bonds into new bonds bearing 6 1/2 percent interest and running for a further period of five or ten years as desired. Many holders would like to take up considerably more of the new bonds than they have of the maturing issue, but this is not permitted as cash subscriptions are not being invited at this time. It is open, of course, for such persons to add to their holdings of 1922 bonds by purchasing them in the market or from holders who require the cash and then to surrender them for new bonds. It is known that this is being done.


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**FIVE MINUTE SERMON**

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

**SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST**

**THE MOTIVES OF LOVE**

"And the second is like to this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." (Matt. xxii. 39.) This command of God, to the effect that we should love our neighbor as ourselves, is very difficult for most of us to obey. It would not be so, did we find every one as agreeable and as honest and as good as we generally believe ourselves to be. But we meet many people repulsive to us, and we are so constituted that we can not easily conquer our feelings, and become rightly disposed toward them. There are others who are really wicked, who disobey every law of God and man; and it is not easy for us to love them. Neither can we, without great difficulty, love some very good people. Their ways do not meet with our approval; and, though they are upright men and women, we easily can give some reason for our disliking them. It is also difficult for us to love those whom we find better than ourselves. There is always in our hearts a little jealousy and pride that is hard to conquer. There are classes of people that we love; but, even among these, there are individuals whom we are inclined to dislike. As a general rule, we love only those in whom we find qualities that necessarily demand our love.

But is this a just method according to which we regulate our likes and dislikes, our love and hatred? It is evident from the text that it can not be a justifiable system. We should hate no man. Dislike does not necessarily imply hatred, it is true; but where a feeling of aversion exists, hatred lurks and, unless overcome, it will openly enter into our lives. God loves all men and, as He says, wishes the salvation of every one. Those whom we call enemies of God are one-sided foes; they are enemies of God, but He is not an enemy to them. The fact that God punishes the wicked is not a sign that He is their enemy; His infinite justice demands that He do so. Were these sinners repentant, He would willingly receive them into His loving embrace. With us, as a rule, it is different. If we know that certain persons are our enemies, we are usually willing to be their enemies in return. The very fact that we know others do not like us is enough to make us dislike them.

In what precisely does this difference between God and us lie? Certainly, we should make no comparison between God and ourselves; but, for the sake of clearness, we may speak of God somewhat as we speak of man. God is infinitely just, wise, good, and perfect; and since dislike or hatred implies imperfection, it is evident that it can not be found in God. We are imperfect even by nature; hence, considering ourselves from a physical standpoint, it is not surprising that we are so given to hatred and dislike. However, we may say that the difference is in this: God is a pure spirit, consequently there is nothing in Him but what is spiritual. The spirit of God heeds not in material man the qualities that attract other material men. In other words, the natural, physical gifts of man—his visible ways, as we commonly call them—provided they be not sinful, neither add to the love of God for man, nor detract from it. God loves man from other motives: He loves him because He sees in him an image of Himself. Of course, we speak here of the reason why God loves man, as existing in man himself. He loves him, too, because man is His child. This may be called the primal and essential love of God for man. Secondary motives that attract God's love could also be considered; but God still would love man if these did not exist.

Man, on the contrary, is not purely spiritual; he is a mixture of the material and the spiritual. The material part of him is naturally the inferior yet it is the one he is more inclined to follow, because the pleasure flowing from the material is realizable now and is more keen than that of the spiritual. Therefore, it is more because of secondary reasons that man loves or hates his neighbor. The first and essential reason for this love of his neighbor, namely, God's command, should make man always love his fellowman and never hate him. But men are apt to neglect essential reasons, while they pay much attention to those that are merely secondary. What is the result? It is this: Man will love those in whom he finds the secondary qualities, but will either hate, dislike, or, at least, pay no attention to those in whom they are wanting. Thus, he breaks God's commandment. There are lovable people—considering these secondary reasons for loving them—who are enemies to God. He who loves such people from secondary motives only, loves the ones who hate God. If he loves them because of the essential reason for loving them, he loves those who God loves, and in a manner approaching the way that God loves them. There are, on the other hand, people who are as pure and as honest as man in human flesh can be, yet men do not love them. Why? The same reason holds good here also: They do not possess, to any extent, the secondary qualities that attract the love of man; as a consequence, men do

not love them. Often they are disliked, branded as hypocrites, or, at least, said to be too good! The result of all this is, if we wish to fulfil this command of love of neighbor as God wishes us to do, we must conquer the sensual part of our nature. The love of our neighbor must be the purest of the pure. We may love and yet not love from the right motives. This love which God commands us to have for our neighbor must be universal and all-embracing. It can not make exceptions. No love for any particular person comes near it. The only love in this world that approaches it in purity is that of a mother for her child.

Let us, then, as chosen children of God, try to have this love. We may love for secondary reasons, but let us keep these reasons secondary, and in no way allow them to take the place of, or interfere with, the essential reason for loving man—that reason which causes us to love our neighbors as God wishes us to love them; that is, purely, universally, mutually.

**THE REFORMATION**

**AN IMPORTANT LECTURE BY CARDINAL GASQUET**

Cardinal Gasquet, when asked to lecture on the Reformation, said he wondered how he was going to treat such a subject at all in an hour (says the London Tablet). It would, of course, be only possible to touch on the central facts, and he would have to confine himself to the English Reformation, not that on the Continent. There were three or four great landmarks with which he would deal, but before touching on the first point he would call to mind the various views which are held about the "Reformation."

Some even historians would try and persuade us that the Reformation did nothing, made no real break. These were the people who believed in the Continuity theory, but the only continuity that mattered was not that of place, but of doctrine. Then there was the view that the old religion had become very unpopular, and the Church was steadfastly opposed to what these people call the "new learning." He had written a book in which he tried to show that what was called the "new learning" was not the classical revival, but in reality a new religion, and, as such, was opposed by men of letters, as, for instance, Sir Thomas More. In all his researches he had been unable to find the "new learning" otherwise applied. Colet was a great upholder of classical learning, and therefore the Protestants had endeavored to claim him, but it only needed a slight study of his life and character to show what a thorough Catholic he was. To come to the first point. The origin or setting of the Reformation was the illicit love of Henry VIII. He had been assailed for making this "terrible proposition," but he sheltered himself behind that eminent historian—himself a Protestant—Dr. James Gairdner. He maintains this absolutely, and deduces it from the fact that it was the Archbishop whom Henry had created who gave consent to this sinful union. Henry was in his heart a Catholic; he opposed "this monster," as Luther was called by Bishop John Clarke, and if the Pope had consented to set aside the law of God he would never have denied his authority. The whole beginning of the English Reformation was carried through for the possibility of attaining this object.

The second point was doctrinal. When Henry died his son was moulded by the reforming nobles like Somerset, and the open attack on dogma began. One of the first changes was Communion in both kinds, in itself merely disciplinary, but here because of what was in their hearts—that the Bread and Wine were merely symbols—it had a devotional significance. Then we come to the whole kernel of the Reformation with the introduction of the new Prayer Book. It was cunningly devised, for up to the Offertory the Communion Service retained practically the same external form as in the Missal; but what took the place of the offering up of the Oblation, which was to become the Body and Blood of Christ? Merely alma! and some texts of Scripture referring to almsgiving! Now among Anglicans the word "offertory" had come to denote almsgiving, whereas to Catholics it meant the oblation. He had gasped once to hear a Catholic say the English Prayer Book was merely the Missal translated. Let them compare the two services side by side. He was dealing with this rather minutely because he thought here was what our Anglican friends do not realize. It might make a great difference if they could be forced to realize how essential the difference is. When they went to the Canon—that most sacred part of the Mass, which was so old that its origin was not clearly traced—every mention of the Sacrifice was obliterated and done away with in the Reformed service. In the British Museum he had found a record of a debate of 1548, in which Bishop Thirlby of Westminster said the word oblation was left in when they examined the service, but was afterwards expunged! Did not all this prove up to the hilt that the Reformers intended to substitute a new religion for the old—in fact, they rejoiced in doing so. Those people who revolted said: "They

have made very hay of the Mass!" The second Prayer Book was worse than the first. Cranmer said: "We must get quite clear of the Sacrifice."

**THE PRIESTHOOD**

The third part was the priesthood. Having made a new Prayer Book, they wanted ministers to fit it, and so the old Pontifical had to go, and an Ordination Service, with no mention of sacrificing priests, was substituted. Altars followed, and it was not pleasant reading for Catholics to read what often happened to these. In Durham some of the altar stones were used for pigstyes. He had known Dr. Gairdner well, and the latter had once said to him, after he had become immersed in the State papers of that time. "I am a Protestant, I believe in this good cause of evil; but as for the beginnings, well, the less said about that the better." Vestments, etc., went. Bishop Hooper said: "We've got rid of the Mass, get rid of its fetters too."

**THE QUEEN**

The fourth point was Queen Elizabeth. She openly showed her intention of changing the country's religion, and there was a paper issued, under the authority of Cecil, called "A Paper for the Alteration of Religion!" Cecil said: "The Pope of Rome must be abjured"; but it was only by three votes that the measure was finally passed.

**SMILE AND BE HAPPY**

Go through life with a smile. The other fellow always has more sorrows than you have and, he hides them to smile with you; hide yours and smile with him.

In the secrecy of purest friendship you may pour out your sorrow and the tears may flow; but the heart's sorrows should not be thrown upon the public market nor advertised by a gloomy face, a sad countenance, a keep-away-from-all attitude. That true friend will understand; the others will not. Let but two know your sorrows: your Best Friend in Heaven and your best friend on earth. They will care and they will aid. A cheerful countenance, a happy smile, even though the heart bleeds, is pleasing to God and will act as a corrective to sorrow.—St. Anthony Messenger.

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This offer is made to holders of the maturing bonds and is not open to other investors. The bonds to be issued under this proposal will be substantially of the same character as those which are maturing, except that the exemption from taxation does not apply to the new issue.

Holders of the maturing bonds who wish to avail themselves of this conversion privilege should take their bonds AS EARLY AS POSSIBLE, BUT NOT LATER THAN SEPTEMBER 30th, to a Branch of any Chartered Bank in Canada and receive in exchange an official receipt for the bonds surrendered, containing an undertaking to deliver the corresponding bonds of the new issue.

Holders of maturing fully registered bonds, interest payable by cheque from Ottawa, will receive their December 1 interest cheque as usual. Holders of coupon bonds will detach and retain the last unmaturing coupon before surrendering the bond itself for conversion purposes.

The surrendered bonds will be forwarded by banks to the Minister of Finance at Ottawa, where they will be exchanged for bonds of the new issue, in fully registered, or coupon registered or coupon bearer form carrying interest payable 1st May and 1st November of each year of the duration of the loan, the first interest payment accruing and payable 1st May, 1923. Bonds of the new issue will be sent to the banks for delivery immediately after the receipt of the surrendered bonds.

The bonds of the maturing issue which are not converted under this proposal will be paid off in cash on the 1st December, 1922.

**W. S. FIELDING,**  
Minister of Finance.

Dated at Ottawa, 8th August, 1922.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

ON CHARITY

Oh, be not the first to discover A blot on the fame of a friend; Oh, be not of discord the mover, For hearts may prove true in the end.

We none of us know one another, And oft into error we fall; Then let us speak well of each other;

Or speak not of others at all. A sigh or a smile may awaken, Suspicion most false or untrue, And thus our belief may be shaken In hearts that are honest and true.

How often the friends we hold dearest, Their noblest emotions conceal? And bosoms the purest, sincerest, Have secrets they cannot reveal.

Leave base minds to harbour suspicion, And small ones to trace out defects, Let ours be a noble ambition To love as our Saviour directs.

—Southern Cross

LIFT YOUR HATS!

Of the many simple and beautiful professions of faith, expressions by which we openly declare our belief, such as the sprinkling of Holy Water, Sign of the Cross, rising to our feet at the reading of the Gospel, etc., what is more touching and inspiring than the lifting of their hats by men as they pass the church? The very act is a recital of the Apostles' Creed—"I believe," as plainly as if the words were spoken. Do our Catholic men fully realize this privilege which is theirs in making this simple and beautiful profession of Faith.—The Transcript.

"GETTING ALONG" WITH OTHERS

The greatest science men can study is the science of living with other men. We are seeking to control the forces of nature, but the forces of human nature are more important. Criticism is easy. Fault-finding becomes second nature. The great art is forbearance, and the faculty of getting the best out of our associates by encouragement and commendation. It is the wisdom of business and business relationships. An old philosopher used to say: "If you are a master, be sometimes blind; if a servant, be sometimes deaf." More than half the sorrows that people suffer are caused by their own want of good sense and by the thoughtlessness or ill-humor of their fellow beings. How much will not courtesy prevent in the way of grief and annoyance? Silent patience has enough to its credit to go straight to heaven. Then there is habitual good nature, gentle tact and the forgiving spirit. It is for Christianity to bring into our lives as much of these saving graces as possible.—Catholic Columbian.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE

An Eastern tourist on the Pacific coast tells the following story: "I was promenading the deck of a steamship en route to San Francisco from Los Angeles. The ocean was decidedly rough and the boat rolled from side to side. A submarine captain on board told me the boat was top heavy, and it was loaded light. "I was passing the entrance to the bridge when people began pouring from their cabins, buckling on life preservers, faces blanched and terror-stricken. There was a concerted rush to starboard. The boat gave an upward heave, and a woman fainted and fell at my feet. I picked up a life preserver and buckling it about her waist, carried her to a railing. A captain in uniform ran shouting into the crowd, but his voice was drowned in the confusion. As I leaped to the rail to dive overboard I glanced over my shoulder. The crowd had paused. Women were chatting comfortably, while the men were calmly enjoying a smoke. "A man in puttees, carrying a megaphone, approached me and grinned: "We are making a moving picture, but we didn't shoot this scene. This was the rehearsal. You got so much pep in it we'll give you a \$5 voucher if you'll do it over and make the dive. "I refused the munificent offer, but my movie shipwreck has remained my funniest travel experience."—Southern Cross.

HIS FIVE ACCOMPLISHMENTS

Recently a correspondent asked the question of the Bombay Examiner: "What are the accomplishments which make up an educated man?" The root idea of education, says Father Hull, S. J., is the drawing out or development of a man's faculties or powers, so that he acquires the habit of using them for the purposes of life. The more fully these faculties and powers are drawn out or evolved and applied, the more educated a man is, and the more he can make, both out of himself and out of his environment. Education thus admits of many degrees, beginning with something quite elementary; and there is no human being (except a complete idiot) who is not educated in some degree—even if he only knows rationally how to stand and walk and eat and speak, and do anything for himself or for others. Hence when we divide a certain community

into the educated and uneducated, we are speaking relatively to a certain aggregate standing which has established itself in that community.

Taking the general standard which will fit in with the condition of those who are likely to read this answer, we may say succinctly that the accomplishments which make up an educated man may be enumerated under five heads: Knowledge, judgment, talent, taste and manners.

(1) Knowledge means the perception of facts, truths or realities as they are. (2) Judgment means a right estimation of these facts, truths or realities in themselves, and in relation to each other. (3) Talent means the power of the faculties to acquire and retain knowledge and to add to it; and then to apply it practically to action or production. (4) Taste means the perception not merely of things in their useful aspect, but in their ornamental aspect, so as to embrace or adopt what is beautiful, and to avoid and repudiate what is ugly. (5) Manners means the regulation of one's actions according to the standards of taste, so as to present oneself agreeably to others. A man begins to be an educated man as soon as he possesses something of these elements.—The Monitor.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SPLINTERS FROM THE CROSS Little headaches, little heartaches, Little griefs of every day, Little trials and vexations, How they throng around our way! One great cross, immense and heavy, So it seems to our weak will, Might be borne with resignation; But these many small ones kill.

Yet all life is formed of small things, Little leaves make up the trees, Many tiny drops of water, Blending, make the mighty seas. So these many little burdens Pressing on our hearts so hard, All uniting, form a life's work, Meriting a grand reward.

Let us not then by impatience Mar the beauty of the whole, But for love of Jesus hear all In the silence of our soul. Asking Him for grace sufficient To sustain us through each loss, And to treasure each small offering As a splinter from His Cross. —Pittsburgh Catholic

LEARN TO BE KIND

The business girl—in fact the average girl—regardless of her calling, would do well to pause a moment occasionally and ask herself: "Am I playing fair with others around me—am I kind and thoughtful, and do I extend to those persons the little everyday courtesies I myself like to receive?" If she can answer in the affirmative well and good. She is setting a worthwhile example for even disinterested observers, but if she has to admit that her's is a rather hazy conception of the Golden Rule, then she certainly should read just her code of deportment in order to make a bit brighter or better the lot of some less fortunate friend or co-worker. True, not all appreciate the little kindnesses or courtesies shown them. Indeed, it all too frequently happens that those for whom we spend ourselves—put ourselves out in many ways—ignore our good intentions; but even admitting this truth, we should not become embittered or declare that gratitude is found only in the dictionary. On the other hand if we would know what real happiness is, we will be quick to forgive, and eager to reach out a helping hand to some less favored soul whenever the opportunity comes our way.

Somewhere at some time or other we ran across the following quotation: "Give to the world the best that you have and the best will come back to you." Golden philosophy this! We all know the contagion of a smile—how the pleasant, kind friend or co-worker puts us at our ease and draws out the best that is in us, and also we know how quickly our disagreeable, "crabby" moods are reflected in others—how we receive back from the world just exactly what we give to it. Learn to be kind and considerate and do a good turn whenever the opportunity presents itself. Then wisely forget all about it. Do not look for results. The "results" will remain down deep in our own hearts, for we all know that making another human being feel braver or happier brings an indescribable, lasting joy to ourselves.—Catholic Transcript.

HOW A WISE FATHER MADE EFFICIENT HOUSE-KEEPERS OF HIS GIRLS

Three daughters in a certain household are able to use some very practical experience that they gained between their school graduation and their three respective marriages. Their father, very practical in his ideas of raising daughters as well as in his business dealings, suggested that each of the girls be given her share of the household supervision. For one month, Eliza, the eldest daughter did the marketing, planned the menus, paid the bills and whatever else concerned the smooth running order of the household. The following month Alice, the second daughter,

not so domestically bent, had her turn, and finally Elsie, the youngest of the three. The whole plan gave the mother some time for relaxation although she was often called upon to give advice.

Domestic science as it is taught in our schools and with the magazines bubbling over with helpful suggestions girls as a rule enjoy cooking. Of course grownups cannot expect them to retain their enthusiasm unless they have encouragement.

The kitchens should be made attractive, modern and sanitary, and furnished with the tools necessary to do efficient work. For example, a vegetable and fruit set, costing 50 cents, will peel without waste, and without soiling the hands, core the apples into ribbons for ornamental fruit salads, etc.

It is easy then to teach the girls the little things that help to make cooking more interesting. They should be taught to use freely old newspapers to clean the stove, and spread over the table to save so much washing to keep rice, sugar and all the spices in some sort of a container labelled to save hunting through paper bags to find what they want. That the dishcloth should be kept sweet and clean, as well as the dish towels should also be borne in mind.

In fact, we should impress upon the girls' minds the truth that cooking is a profession, and in order to be proficient in it they must be serious and practice it with care and patience.—The Echo.

READING

Taste in reading is not regulated by the seasons. That summer is the time for reading light books is a popular fallacy that has been exploded. Those who devote the summer months to frothy fiction to the exclusion of serious worthwhile books, exist only in the imagination of the credulous reader of bookseller's advertisements. A peek into the suitcases of the average vacationist will reveal either no books at all, or books that have stood the test of time and been approved by millions.

Recently we were privileged to explore the contents of a summer library. It was the property of a man of affairs who wisely elected to spend his vacation in a camp in the mountains. The library was small. It consisted of four books, but those four books represented perhaps the best selection of suitable books ever assembled together. They were the Bible, the Imitation of Christ, Foulard's Life of Christ, and a volume of Shakespeare.

Communing with such authors in the woodland quiet, beneath the open heavens, with the towering mountains shutting off the outside world, is a vision that any vacationist may contemplate with longing. Yet in changed circumstances it is a dream that can be realized by everyone who goes on a vacation. No one need complain of the expense of such volumes. And as for the mental effort of reading them, it will be found much less than the fatigue experienced in wading through pages of tiresome summer novels.

What drives so many to trashy books is the unwarranted suspicion that good books are tiresome, difficult to read, and unentertaining, that they are for the intellectuals, and unsuited to the taste of the common everyday reader. Good books are nothing of the sort. They are refreshing, easy to read, and fascinating. If they were not left to gather dust on library shelves.

They are not written for college professors or bespectacled book-worms, but for all mankind. The only reason they deserve the titles of "good" is that very many people have found them out, appreciated them, and passed them on to their friends. The good books of the world have made their reputation not in the minds of scholars, but in the power of appeal to the average man.

The good things of life come to some early and to others late. The power of enjoying them depends on the ability to appreciate, to understand and to grow. Books are the great educators of mankind. But no one ever became cultured by light "summer" reading. But millions of whom, some of the greatest men and women of the world are examples, have received their inspiration from reading good books. And many a one has been put in the way of following their example by a vacation enforced or voluntary.

The sickbed offered St. Ignatius the book from which he drew the inspiration to become the founder of a great religious order. A summer afternoon in a garden gave St. Augustine the opportunity to acquire the book that served as the turning point in his life. A vacation at the seashore and the mountains with a few good books will furnish not only genuine refreshment but religious and cultural inspiration that may change for the better the whole tenor of our lives.—The Pilot.

There are many futile things; but the most absolutely futile thing of all is to grumble or even to fall into the state of inarticulate grumbling known as peevishness. It is an insubordination of the brain which interferes with the smooth working of the machine. The man splutters because he isn't co-ordinated.

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AUSTRIA-BAVARIA  
UNION REPORT BASELESS  
EFFORT TO DISCREDIT  
CATHOLICS

By Dr. Frederick Funder  
An alleged scheme calling for the separation of Bavaria from the German Empire for the purpose of uniting it with Austria to form a great Catholic Empire in Central Europe, has been taken quite seriously by the Berlin correspondents recently and it is reported that the plan has received some credence in America. Those who have disseminated predictions to the effect that this plan was to be put into operation within the near future have credited its origin to France. It is represented that the separation of Bavaria from the Empire and its union with Austria would weaken the present central government to such an extent that the newly created Catholic State in the South would overshadow the Protestant North. This was held up as something that would be pleasing to France.

The alleged project has offered an opportunity to discredit the Catholics by making them appear to the friends of Germany as traitors, conspiring with France against the German Empire. By adding the intimation that the Catholic element is monarchist at heart and is planning to set up a Catholic Wittelsbach Empire in the heart of Europe, all steps have been taken to make the free thinking democracies of both hemispheres shudder at the thought of Catholicism.

OLD ANTAGONISM STILL EXISTS

The writer has investigated the situation touched upon in these reports and has spent the last few weeks in a place near the Bavarian-Austrian frontier. There, all those who believe in the possibility of a union between Austria and Bavaria could have witnessed a very astonishing spectacle. Every Sunday, when the young Bavarian peasants come from the Austrian frontier to drink the cheap Austrian wine, to which they are not accustomed—the Bavarians drinking only beer at home—the different inns along the boundary are the scenes of violent rows. At the first provoking word uttered by a Bavarian, he is seized by the Tyrolese and thrown out into the streets—together with chairs, tables, and other movables. The Tyrolese and the Bavarians never were on very good terms. Their mutual antagonism has lasted for hundreds of years and is still existing regardless of what the politicians may have to say to the contrary.

It is true that many articles have been published and many speeches have been made urging a union between Bavaria and the Austrian provinces of the Tyrol, Salzburg, and Upper-Austria, but the Church had nothing to do with this movement. For a short time France entertained hopes of seeing Germany weakened by this means, but it is now realized that those who would like to see a union between Bavaria and Austria are chiefly German Nationalists and they do not have the reputation of promoting Catholic interests.

FRANCE IS NOT SO SHORTSIGHTED

On the other hand to charge the French Government with being interested in promoting the idea of a Catholic Empire in central Europe would be equally absurd. France would not have definitely settled her diplomatic relationship with the Vatican. Indeed, if France ever had entertained any such plan as the one now being attributed to her, she must have long since abandoned it. It is now generally recognized that Bavaria is linked to Germany by so many ties of common interests that even in the case of a separation from the German Empire, its union with Austria to form a Separate State would be only temporary. Bavaria in its new form would soon return to Germany, thus incorporating Austria also in the Empire. Everyone knows that an increase in German territory is one of the things France has been most energetically opposed to.

UNION IMPOSSIBLE

It must also be considered that even the movement referred to has always been confined to a proposal for the union of certain Austrian provinces along the Bavarian frontier with the latter country. Austrians are very well aware that a union of all of Austria with Bavaria is an impossibility. Never would Munich agree to give up its supremacy in favor of Vienna. And Vienna, twice the size of Munich and the center of an older independent political and cultural tradition, could hardly be expected to accept Munich's supremacy. Even without other impediments, the divergent interests of these two cities would form the strongest kind of opposition to a union between the two States.

Then, too, even the German Nationalists in Austria are not unanimous in favor of joining Bavaria. Their apprehension has been that such an increase in Bavaria's power might shake the established structure of the German Empire.

Bavaria herself, on the occasion of the conflict caused by the "Law for the Protection of the Republic" which passed the Berlin parliament, has proved her firm intention to remain a part of the German Empire. There was a time, in Austria, on the contrary, when

endeavors for a union of the whole State with Germany, not with Bavaria alone, were strong, under the influence of the desperate condition of the country, as mutilated by the peace treaty of St. Germain. But these efforts have become of no consequence, the geographical situation of Austria as well as of Germany excluding every idea of bringing about this union against the will of the powers.

FUTURE OF AUSTRIA

Austria's future, it is true, is still uncertain. Should Chancellor Seipel and the Austrian Government, under the leadership of the Christian-social party, succeed in their plan to reestablish Austria, then it will remain an independent State. This rests upon whether or not the foreign countries will supply financial means to establish order in Austria's monetary affairs. Should this plan not succeed, as is still to be apprehended, then Austria either will disappear, being divided among the neighboring States—Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Italy and Hungary, or, perhaps the customs and currency systems of Italy will be extended over Austria. In any case there is not the slightest probability that those predictions, announcing the foundation of a new Catholic Bavaro-Austrian Empire in Europe will come true. Those who conspire against the European peace are found in another camp than among the Austrian and Bavarian Catholics.

WEEKLY CALENDAR

Sunday, September 24.—The Blessed Virgin Mary of Mercy, St. Peter of the noble family of Nolascio was born in Languedoc about 1189. Early in life he made a vow of chastity and gave his vast property to the Church. Encouraged by a vision of the Blessed Virgin he and his confessor, with King James of Arragon established the order of Our Lady of Mercy for the redemption of captives. Pope Innocent XII. established the feast day of gratitude.

Monday, September 25.—St. Firmin, Bishop and martyr, was a native of Pamplone in Navarre, initiated in the Christian faith by Honestus, a disciple of St. Saturninus of Toulouse, and consecrated Bishop by St. Honoratus, successor of St. Saturninus, in order to preach the Gospel in the remotest parts of Gaul. He preached in Agen, Anjou, and Beauvais and set up his residence at Amiens. There he received the crown of martyrdom.

Tuesday, September 26.—Sts. Cyprian and Justine, martyrs, in early life Cyprian was devoted to the black arts of magic and to idolatry and astrology. Being impressed by the strength of character of a Christian lady, Justina, he embraced the Faith and when the persecution under Diocletian broke out both he and Justina were martyred.

Wednesday, September 27.—Sts. Cosmas and Damian, martyrs, were born in Arabia and educated in Syria. They became noted for their skill in medicine and practiced their profession without taking any fees. Under the persecution of Diocletian they were apprehended and after many tortures were bound hand and foot and cast into the sea.

Thursday, September 28.—St. Wenceslas, Martyr, was the son of a Christian Duke of Bohemia but his mother was a pagan. He was educated in the Faith by his grand-

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mother, Ludmilla. His mother attempted to seize the government when his father died and formed a combination with her second son, Boleslas. Together they persecuted the Christians and fought against Wenceslas who had managed to retain possession of a large part of the territory. He was murdered treacherously by his brother, while praying before the tabernacle at midnight on the Feast of the Angels, A. D. 938.

Friday, September 29.—St. Michael the Archangel, the captain of the armies of God, the type of divine fortitude, the champion of every faithful soul in strife with the powers of evil. He led the heavenly hosts in the conflict which led to the overthrow of Lucifer. Ever since the coming of Christ he has been venerated by the Church as her special patron and protector.

Saturday, September 30.—St. Jerome, doctor, was born in Dalmatia, A. D. 329 and was sent to school at Rome. After distinguishing himself by his brilliancy in his studies he obeyed the call of God, making a vow of celibacy, fled from Rome to the Syrian desert where for four years he learned the lesson of divine wisdom in solitude, penance, and prayers. He was recalled to Rome by the Pope and given the task of revising the Latin Bible which was to constitute his noblest work.

Holders of 1922 Victory Bonds who have decided to exchange their maturing bonds for new bonds carrying the same rate of interest, under the proposals of the Minister of Finance, which are now being advertised, would do well to surrender their bonds at once, rather than delay until September 30 approaches. When the bonds were first issued in 1917, the 1922 maturity was a favorite with small investors, many of whom were buying bonds for the first time. Consequently, there are many, many thousands of individual holders and it would be a great help to the banks and the Department of Finance in carrying through the conversion expeditiously, as well as a convenience to the holders themselves, if they would turn their bonds into the banks as early as possible.

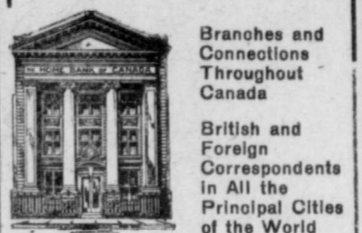
MARRIAGE

ROCHE-MAHONY — On Tuesday, Sept. 19, 1922, at St. John's Church, Weston, by the Rev. Father Kelly, Mary Agnes, youngest daughter of Mrs. Alice Mahony, 1849 Weston Rd., to Louis M. Roche, Kitchener, Ont., son of John Roche, Tilley, Alberta.

To spend each day in trying to make another happy—oh, what a noble work! It is to approach God in the most intimate manner: for it is not the constant occupation of this good Master?

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DIED

DONNELLY.—At St. Joseph's Hospital, London, on Wednesday, September 20, 1922, John, dearly beloved husband of Mary Donnelly, Funeral from the family residence, 226 William street, on Friday morning at 8.30. Requiem High Mass at St. Mary's Church at 9 o'clock. Interment at St. Peter's Cemetery. May his soul rest in peace.

TEACHERS WANTED

WANTED teacher for Catholic Separate School at Massey, qualified to teach in Senior Class in English and French. Salary \$900. Good boarding house five minutes walk from school. Apply at once to Rev. D. P. McMenamin, P. P., Sec. S. S. Board, P. O. Box 12, Massey, Ont. 2283-7.

SECOND class professional teacher wanted for P. S. No. 4 Raleigh, in village of Fletcher, on M. C. R. Small school, about 20 on roll. Convenient to church. Duties to commence Sept. 4. Salary \$240. Apply to Clarence Gleason, Sec. Treas., Fletcher, Ont. 2283-4f.

TEACHERS wanted, holding second class Ontario certificates for Catholic Separate schools, Fort William, Ont. Salary \$800 per annum. Duties to commence September, 1922. Apply to G. P. Smith, Secretary, Room 11, Murray Block, Fort William, Ont. 2280-4f.

TEACHERS wanted for province of Saskatchewan—principals and assistants—experienced, well qualified teachers. Information free. Apply Box 332, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2291-4.

WANTED position as organist by experienced lady in a town or parish where there could be a music class. State salary. Address Box 339, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2291-4.

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES  
MELICK'S Hospital Training School for Nurses offers exceptional educational opportunities for competent and ambitious young women. Applicants must be eighteen years of age, and have one year of High school or its equivalent. Pupils may enter at the present time. Apply to Mercy Hospital, Toledo, Ohio. 2290-4f.

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES  
St. Joseph's Hospital, Far Rockaway, N. Y., maintains a registered School of Nursing, Course 3 1/2 years. Entrance requirements: One year or more High school. 2290-6.

WANTED  
PRIEST'S housekeeper wanted for town in Western Ontario. Must have references. State salary expected. Apply Box 358, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2291-2.

WANTED middle aged Catholic woman as housekeeper for widow with no family, in town of 5,000. Must have good references. Good home for light person. Apply to Box 357, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2291-3.

WANTED position as organist. Have had seven years experience teaching vocal and instrumental Music and Latin, also experienced on pipe organ. Address Box 355, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2291-2.

WANTED middle aged woman as housekeeper for widower and son. In a small village. Good home to light person. Apply Box 344, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2291-3.

WANTED for city position at Niagara Falls, Ontario, girl or young woman for general housework. Would consider two sisters or friends, one to act as cook general, the other as nursery housemaid. Woman with daughter under eighteen preferred. Excellent home. Apply stating salary and giving references to Box 25, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2291-4f.

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