

The Catholic Record.

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

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THE BULWARK OF SOCIETY

The bigot who lives in the darkness of prejudice can see no good in the Church: the Protestants who live in the light of facts are not unwilling to praise her services to humanity. Commenting on the statement that the Church stands like a stone wall against Anarchy and Socialism and Divorce, The Outlook says: "But America to-day stands in peculiar need of that contribution which the Roman Catholic Church is peculiarly fitted to furnish. For the chief peril to America is from disorganizing forces and a lawless spirit. One of the chief lessons Americans need to learn is reverence for constituted authority and willing obedience to law. This lesson the Roman Catholic Church is peculiarly fitted to teach. That Church is a vast spiritual police force, a protection of society from the mob: wherever it goes it teaches submission to control, and this is the first step toward that habit of self control in the individual which is an indispensable condition for self-government in the community." But the Outlook does not point out the cause of these evils which threaten society. And the main cause is the absence of Faith, which is the consequence of rebellion against legitimate authority. There are thousands in every great city who are awayed by fads and impulses and kept in order by the fear of the "powers that be." Without fear of God or His chastisements and played upon by social and religious firebrands they regard authority as something to be spurned when they can do it in safety, and exhortations to righteousness as mere drivel to shield the powerful and rich. Some divines have done their share in contributing to unrest. When they were not reviling us they were discrediting the Bible. Just to make a Sunday holiday they, with the aid of critical analysis made in Germany, showed the weak points of the Bible, dissected it and cast it mutilated at the feet of an indiscriminating congregation. No wonder they complain about empty pews, and that many whose fathers subscribed to some kind of creed are now in the desert of infidelity into which they have been cast by the notoriety-seeking preacher.

MATTER FOR PROTESTS

Now that women are protesting against abuses, and in some instances effectively, they should call the attention of the directors of some publications to the fact that they are lessening respect for womanhood. We refer to the use of half-clothed figures in newspapers and magazines. This may appeal to the prurient and morbid minded, but they are an insult to those who know that anything that tends to cheapen womanhood is a deadly menace to society. The nation that regards purity as one of its best assets is strong, and, however poor in material resources, on a high plane of civilization.

THE DOWNWARD TREND

Some time ago a prelate declared that the freedom in dress indulged in by the young women of our day exceeds all measures. Many no longer know the meaning of respectability in dress. They are concerned only about the fashion. When, therefore, we seek to instill the ideal of modesty into youth we mean that it should apply likewise to dress. The Catholic woman who so attires herself as to provoke ribald comment is parting with her ideals. She knows better, but to be in the fashion she joins the regiment of the scantily-clothed and causes a secular daily to write "that never were the times so inclined to sensuality and never did women offer so little resistance to it as at present." No argument ought to be required to convince women who have a sense of their dignity or a notion of morality that the present day fashions are not only ludicrous and disgraceful but also directly immoral. And the person who wears a dress that can give occasion of sin to a thousand eyes should remember that the commandment forbidding that scandal be given makes no exception of the women of this century.

NOT SO POPULAR

Not so many moons ago lecturers of a certain type were wont to say sundry things about the ignorance of priest-ridden Catholics. They also waxed eloquent on the Reformation as the messenger of knowledge and inspirer of literature. But this theme is not so much in honor nowadays either because people are weary of it or have grasped a few facts which are a deterrent to garrulity in this matter. The fact is that the Church is a spiritual organization founded to guide souls to heaven. Her business is with religion pure and simple. She can exist without literature. But all that is best in literature owes its existence to the Church. Even in the writings of those who yield her no allegiance there are oftentimes traces of her influence. Another fact is that the most striking fact of the Reformation was that it appealed to the ignorant. It blighted intellectual progress wherever it made its way. For two hundred years after Luther Germany had no literature. Historians like Froude and Green speak of the affection of the Reformers for literature as manifested by their plundering and destroying of libraries and of classical learning. But this is an old story, and has been retold lately in such a cogent manner that many of the Reformation myths have been consigned to the domains of romance.

DEATHLESS BELGIUM

Cardinal Mercier's description of his ravaged and blood-drenched Belgium is heartrending. He knows whereof he speaks. He saw the way of the enemy strewn with the dead, wet with the tears of widows and orphans and illumined with the light of burning villages and cities. He beheld the mailed flat of the War-Lord beating a happy and prosperous little country into desolation and ruin, because it would not bend the knee to him and be dishonored forever. But this brave Prince of Holy Church can be proud that his country's name is immortal. It has preached a magnificent sermon on unselfishness. It is an apostle of indomitable fidelity to duty. We are its debtors more than we can say because it has taught us that there are men on earth who are ready to surrender home, affection and life rather than have their hearts seared by dishonor. And when the waves of militarism have spent themselves the world should remember the mighty achievements of this David among the nations.

MOVING PICTURES

According to a financier 6,500,000 people see the moving picture shows daily. It is clear, he says, the great majority of these people are children. He points out the danger of the influence of over-exciting, unreal, sentimental and suggestive pictures on the imaginations of millions of children. Continue to crowd into dimly lighted halls where debauchery comes to take advantage of curious and unsuspecting innocence and tell me what will be the morality of the Christian land? In Canada we have censors of these shows. But Catholics should not trust too implicitly on the taste of these gentlemen. They can eliminate what is offensive, and raise the tone of these performances. In England and in the United States Catholics, realizing that the picture show is here to stay, are putting on the market films of educational value. They are dissociating it from everything pernicious and making it a factor in the teaching of religion and portrayal of subjects that must have an enduring effect upon the susceptible minds of children.

THE BOOK-MAKER

Every Catholic can make a contribution that is worth while to literature. He can make a book that will be read by many. Day by day he can by charity, clean living, honesty and truth write for all to see proofs of the faith first delivered to the saints. Non-Catholics will read such a book and perchance be guided by it to the haven of truth. When, however, they see Catholics defiling the page of life with unsightly characters, with ignominy and sin, they are apt to conclude that our professions are hollow and insincere.

AN OLD LESSON

They who ignore the laws of life find out that the wages of sin is death. In the beginning the disregard of the things that make for true happiness is a comedy, but as time goes on the buffoon gives way to the tragedian and the curtain drops to the accompaniment of moaning over wasted years, and of memories that flay the soul.

ON GUARD

Everyone reads nowadays and some of us to the extinction of the power to think. Dabbling with magazines and fiction means atrophy of the soul. And this is one reason why some books that minister to the unclean are allowed to go unrebuked. The critics who sing the praises of the unclean writers can see for a few dollars beauty and moral lessons in novels that would bring the blush of shame to a self-respecting pagan. And some of these are to be found in households whose guardians, so far as their duties and responsibilities are concerned, are dead and buried. These parents are very careful as to the bodily attire of their children, but as for their souls they can be decked in anything woven in the loom of impurity by men and women who write solely for money. Is it because the world sees the body and not the soul? Strange, indeed, to care so much for the body and to allow the soul to be moulded by influences that entail mental and spiritual degradation. And terrible the awakening of such parents.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT

In nearly every condition of life no matter how serious, there is likely to crop out an amusing incident to relieve the tension under which the performers labor. It is not likely that the serious business of war has much about it to amuse the participants, but even here the amusing incident crops out. According to the story, an American in Germany at the outbreak of hostilities received a telegram from a friend in Italy, also an American, requesting him to send funds. Having a desire to conceal his needs from the inquisitive eyes of telegraph operators and others who might happen to see the telegram, the writer, a college professor, by the way, couched his message in good American slang. He wrote: "Kale all gone; wire thirty beans at once."

This perfectly innocent message might have been sent in a great many ways that would have been equally intelligible to any American citizen. For instance he might have said: "Busted; come across with thirty bones," or "Flat broke; send thirty dollars." Goodness only knows what mysterious meaning might have been attached to the simple request for thirty American dollars if the innocent writer of the message had chosen either of these latter means of expressing his needs. As it was, the German censor attached a meaning of vast import to the message and threw the recipient into jail, where he underwent a rigid examination at the hands of the military authorities. The difficulties he had in convincing the German authorities of the innocence of the message may well be imagined when it is known that the censor got the idea into his head that "kale" had something to do with a town in Baden, "Kehl," and by some mysterious process of reasoning "beans" and "bombs" had something in common. Anybody who tries to explain American slang has a big job on his hands, for it can't be explained; it explains itself—but not to a German war censor, whose duty it is to see that nothing suspicious "gets by"—Intermountain Catholic.

WE NEED SOMETHING MORE

The sincere Anglican, believing in the Real Presence and in the divine institution of the Sacrament of Penance, deserves the sympathy and the prayers of all Catholics. In his imitation of Catholic doctrine and especially of Catholic services, he may at times be grotesque and unintentionally profane. But it should in charity be remembered that he is a dweller in a land which more than three centuries of Protestantism have left parched and arid. "Every French and Belgian priest," writes a correspondent in the Guardian, "will at this moment be at his post ready to hear the confessions of those gallant men going forth to offer their lives for their country and to give them the Bread of Life. Many of our clergy are now away on their holidays. Surely it behooves them, as faithful priests, to return to their posts. Will not the Church of England rise to her responsibility and show herself a spiritual mother?" Yet what could those Anglican clergymen, who believe neither in the Real

Presence nor in sacramental Confession, do in these circumstances beyond what might be enjoyed by the Congregation of Free Churches or United Synagogues? "We need something more," writes the Guardian correspondent, "than an almost inaudible appeal to pray for peace, or a stiff Collect inserted in one of the ordinary services. We need, above all things, the Holy Eucharist." May the prayers of Catholics ascend in incense to the throne of God, that these Catholic minded members of the Anglican Church may soon partake with them of the Eucharistic Banquet daily spread for all in God's own Church.—America.

FANATICISM

ATTACKED BY SCOTCH PRESBYTERIAN

The Cheyenne Daily Leader, one of Wyoming's largest papers, recently contained an excellent editorial attacking anti-Catholic bigotry. The editor of the paper is Alex. Hastie, a Scotchman and a staunch Presbyterian. He said:

"Some time ago the Leader took occasion to condemn the seditious utterances of a paper called the Menace. It is a sensational anti-Catholic publication bearing the red flag of religious fanaticism. It seeks to set neighbor against neighbor, brother against brother, and citizen against citizen by fabricated revelations of treasonable designs of Catholicism. We use the word fabricated deliberately because nine-tenths of the sensational suspicions and charges it publishes against the Catholics are absolute falsehoods without even foundation in fact."

The editor of the Leader is not a Catholic, but he has associated with Catholics nearly all his life, and some of the truest friends he ever had were Catholics and members of the order of Knights of Columbus. "These friends were knights indeed in the noblest sense of that word. These men have told the writer on their honor as friends that these charges and pretended revelations are absolutely false, and the writer believes their statements as against the frenzied fabrications of this well named Menace end other anti-Catholic agitators."

There are nearly 100,000,000 people in this country, of whom less than 20,000,000 can be classed as Catholic. Yet we are asked to believe that the comparative handful of people are conspiring to overthrow this great government and to butcher all who refuse to believe as they do.

"Catholics in this country have voted both the Democratic and Republican tickets, just like other sects. Catholics have fought, bled and died for Old Glory in the war of the rebellion, in the Spanish American war and in the United States army at the gates of Old Mexico, ready to die in defense of this government at the command of our Presbyterian President. "The Leader appeals to all level-headed, sensible citizens not to allow themselves to be carried away by this foolish and wicked anti-Catholic propaganda."—Church Progress.

AN ATTITUDE AND A FACT

There are in the number of our American citizens many whose attitude towards religion may be summed up somewhat as follows: "All religious teaching is good; and all ways of serving the Divine Majesty, pleasing to God. Out of these various ways each is free to choose the way that suits him best." This class of men are not altogether irreligious; they admit God's right to be worshipped, and if somewhat inclined to be lax in the practice of their own chosen form of worship, are at least tolerant of others. They are ready to admit that Christianity has many attractive features, but at the same time they concede that over other types of mind the mystic asceticism of Buddhism might exercise a more potent charm. If the members of their families choose to take up with a passing religious fad such as Christian Science, they see no harm in their doing so. It pleases them, they say, and does them good; let them follow their bent. They profess to have a broad view of religion, intolerance to their minds is synonymous with narrowness. In fact, their only objection to the active practice of religious belief lies in this, that it seems to lead to bigotry and fanaticism. As a logical consequence of such ideas, they abstain from giving their children any religious instruction, preferring to leave them free to choose for themselves when they shall have grown old enough to know their own minds. Should the boy finally elect to join no sect whatever, but to live according to the dictates of his own unaided reason, the father has no serious objection to make; most men of his acquaintance are doing the same; but as for the girl, he would prefer that she be given something of a religious bias, though its particular character matters but little, for the reason that irreligious women are not exactly in good form.

As a contrast and a rebuke to this attitude of mind there exists a fact, a fact that might well be called the compelling fact of Christianity. For nineteen hundred years, more or less it has been claimed that God has revealed a religion, which in the divine economy was to supplant all previous religions and to be henceforth the only religion in which God wished to be served. This claim is a fact, it has been made continuously for many centuries in almost every portion of the globe, and is put forward to-day by hundreds of millions of people of every race and condition. Men who differ in everything else unite in saying that God has revealed such a religion, and that in it exclusively does He take pleasure. It simply cannot be denied that such a claim is made. A very large portion of the inhabitants of the world are advancing it to-day, and the same has been done for centuries. It is confidently and persistently stated by untold multitudes of serious minded persons that the freedom which is still acted on by the class of people whose attitude was outlined at the beginning of this paper, has been permanently abolished, and that in its place has been substituted an obligation binding on every human creature. This, they assert, moreover, has been done by the clear, direct, an undoubted intervention and command of God. What is more, these same millions of people are ready to lay down their lives rather than give up their belief, a thing that has been repeatedly done in the past. The fact challenges investigation. Honest seekers after the truth are bound to look into the grounds on which such a claim is made. Evidently it has foundation. No one will deny that only those religious teachers are true teachers, and to be followed, who teach what God reveals; and one is not free to serve God as he individually pleases, but only as God commands. It is an undoubted fact that the claim is made that God has so signified His pleasure. Despite this, the attitude of mind to which we take exception is by no means uncommon, and is making alarming inroads on every class of society. Men are ceasing to be interested in God. There was a time when our fellow-citizens were so interested that they fought all who did not think as themselves, but it is a far cry to that distant day. Nowadays they simply do not care. But we Catholics do care. We have a vision that they have not, we possess a heritage that we must not lose. Our neighbors once had it, too, but it has slipped out of their hands; we must hold it tight, lest it slip out of ours.—J. Harding Fisher, S. J., in America.

KIPLING AND IRELAND

In the light of the response to John Redmond's spiritual appeal to the Irish Nationalists to enlist and fight for the Empire, this reference to the Nationalists from a speech by Rudyard Kipling on May 16 seems like an echo from the remote past: "To do them justice, they have never faltered in their passionate and persistent hatred of England. They have preached it and practiced it by every means in their power. They have prayed for the success of England's enemies in every quarter of the world; they have assisted those enemies with men and arms; they have jeered at England's defeat; they have befouled the honor of England's army, and they have mocked England's dead."

And now in thousands on the fields of France these men, for whom Kipling had no word of kindness are dying for the Empire—for British freedom—side by side with the men of England and Scotland and Ulster. Some day Kipling may put into verse in his earlier and nobler manner an apology to the Irish people.—The Globe.

BLIND AND UNAWARE OF IT

The Watchman Examiner, (Baptist) does not agree with the Rev. Dr. Gladden as to the "Ant-Papal Panic." Our Baptist contemporary says: "It is our privilege to glance through nearly one hundred Protestant papers a week, and in editorials and contributed articles we find little evidence of that spirit which Dr. Gladden declares to be so widespread. "None so blind as those who will not see." The article from which we quote the foregoing disavowal of anti-Catholic bigotry is itself running over with it. For example, it bristles with such statements as these: "If a crisis were to arise, Roman Catholics would prove that their first allegiance is to the Pope rather than to our Government." Now, this is the very calumny that strikes at the foundation of all good understanding between Catholics and Protestants.

Catholics declare that the above statement, in the meaning that the Watchman Examiner gives it, is a lie. And no matter how unctuous our double-barreled contemporary may be in avowing friendship to Catholics personally, this infernal falsehood yawns like a chasm between itself and all Catholics.

But we should not be too much disturbed by such statements. They are not so mischievous as we think.

The vast majority of Protestants are uninfluenced by them. We know a goodly number of Baptists who have not yet turned over their thinking to the Watchman Examiner.—Sacred Heart Review.

CATHOLIC SOLDIERS AT THE FRONT

(By "M. C. L.", Glasgow Observer)

Notes and anecdotes relative to the war continue to reach me, many of them of poignant interest to Catholics. Here is one told by the member of a religious community in Ireland. A party of soldiers was marching to a station, when one of them saw a priest on the opposite side of the street, and rushed across, telling his Reverence that this was the first opportunity he had had of getting to see a priest before his regiment departed for the front, and as it might be the last, he begged to be "heard" on the spot. And in the broad light of day, in a public thoroughfare, the young man in khaki knelt down and made his confession as simply and humbly as a child. The act was as heroic as facing the guns of the enemy, and a lesson to such as are in bonds to human respect. A few other soldiers followed this glorious example. The most fitting comment on the incident seems to me to be afforded by the Divine words: "Unless you become as like children, you cannot enter the kingdom," and surely these men had fulfilled the precept. "The poor fellows are like children," a padre declared: "there is the simple, earnest, trustful faith. They believe what our Lord said just because He said it. It is the faith of Peter: 'Thou hast the words of eternal life.' 'The poor boys! They come to us for crucifixes and medals, and they tell us that there may be only a bit of life left to them now, and they want to be good for the rest of it. That is why they are so eager to receive Holy Communion.' Six hundred strapping warriors knelt at devotions. 'Boys,' said their chaplain, 'Heaven has not bestowed on me a 'singing voice', so I want you to start a hymn yourselves. Sing the one you like best.' And they sang, the big, bronzed fellows, the child's hymn: 'Look Down, O Mother Mary!'"

An Irish regiment? That goes without saying of course. A non-Catholic soldier went into a repository, and asked for "one of those bead rosaries." What he wanted was a rosary, and he explained that his Catholic comrades each had one, and it seemed to make them happy. In addition to the rosary, a medal of the Immaculate Conception was bestowed on him; and the repository-keeper felt that the rest could be left to Our Lady.

PEACE WITH HONOR

Amid the crash and tumult of an awe-inspiring war the world pauses to wish God speed to the Irish people on the triumph of their long fight for national autonomy. The King has signed the Home Rule Bill, and it now takes its place on the statute book, a charter of liberty for New Ireland. It is not the triumph of a party but of a nation. It is more; it is a victory for principles which both sides in Ireland profess to hold dear. In the willingness and ability of Irish statesmen to put these principles into effect there can be little doubt in the minds of those who have followed Ireland's struggles for national rights. At no stage of this century-old agitation have Irish Nationalists slammed the door against conciliation. In the Parliament on College Green there will be an honored place for the Ulster of the Pale, whose tenacious scruples will vanish before the Gaelic shouts of "Cead mille failthe!" In every corner of the world Irish hearts will be warmed by the glad news that Ireland is about to enter into the fullness of national life.

The feelings of the Irish leader in the hour of victory can best be imagined. He has brought his country through the wilderness into the promised land. It is peace with honor. Full justice will one day be done to the part played by Mr. John Redmond. His difficulties at times seemed insuperable. Throughout he never faltered in the great ideal which he had set before him, the reconciliation of the British and Irish democracies. He came into the leadership at a time when Ireland was weak and dispirited after the failure of Gladstone's bills. He upheld the national cause when British statesmen agreed in regarding it as a dead issue. By his wonderful sagacity, tact, and gifts of leadership he won to his side the British masses, and by making common cause with them forged a path for the democracies of both countries.

In this hour of victory Irishmen will remember with gratitude the Irish leader and his colleagues who have borne the burden and heat of the day. And Irish thoughts will also go out to the men who in past generations—northern Protestants and southern Catholics—died that Irish nationality might one day live. The memory of their deeds will remain green in the hearts of their countrymen.—The Toronto Globe.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The church of Santa Prudentiana (titular church of Cardinal Bourne of Westminster, England) is the most ancient church in Rome and the world. This church is by pious tradition supposed to have been the Cathedral of St. Peter the Apostle. Marquette Medical College, Milwaukee, Wis., was voted \$12,000 toward its endowment fund by the Catholic Knights of Wisconsin at the annual convention held in Green Bay, Wis., lately. Each of the 12,000 members will be assessed 25 cents annually for four years.

Seventy thousand dollars will be spent on restoring and renovating the Church of the Poor Clares at Viterbo, Italy. This church contains the sacred body of St. Rose of Viterbo who died in 1252. Her body is still flexible and uncorrupt.

In the current issue of 'Illustration' there is a beautiful picture of Franciscan nuns of the Chatelets, near St. Brieux, at work in the harvest field in their white robes and wide flowing veils. They are cutting wheat, and stooking it in place of the young peasants who are fighting for their country.

Paris, Sept. 18.—The name of Mother Adrienne, head of the Dames du Sacre Coeur, who formerly was Adrienne Bubele, appears in a long list of names of those killed on the battlefield. She was struck by a bullet from a German machine gun as she was raising the head of a wounded soldier.

After an exile of more than a century the Friars Minor, the eldest of the children of the Franciscan family have returned to Padua, which St. Anthony, the Wonder Worker, made famous. They are occupying again the old convent and church of St. Francis. The great basilica and tomb of St. Anthony continues as heretofore in the charge of the Friars Minor Conventuals, black Franciscans, as they are commonly called from the color of their habit.

The beautiful little chapel of the Sacred Heart built on St. Joseph's Island by Mrs. Rosa d'Erina the distinguished Irish singer was dedicated on Sunday, Sept. 27th by His Lordship Bishop Scollard, Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie. Mrs. Rosa d'Erina conceived the idea of building the chapel in reparation to the Sacred Heart for the scandals caused on the island by Villate who resided there for four years.

A New Testament printed in Lyons, France, in the year 1540 in a book of skin binding is in the possession of Father Mela of St. Mary's church, in Sacramento, Calif. This book was given to Father Mela by a priest to whom the Testament had been given after having been passed down the long line of years, always in the possession of a priest. The Testament is believed to be one of a very few of the edition in existence and is valued highly.

When called as a witness in an election contest in Hanover township, near Wilkesbarre, Pa., Michael O'Horo refused to give his testimony in English and insisted that he be allowed to talk in Gaelic. Examiner, Thomas D. Shea and Attorney Sheridan and McAniff admitted they could not understand the language of their forefathers, and so the old man refused to answer. In the willingness and ability of Irish statesmen to put these principles into effect there can be little doubt in the minds of those who have followed Ireland's struggles for national rights. At no stage of this century-old agitation have Irish Nationalists slammed the door against conciliation. In the Parliament on College Green there will be an honored place for the Ulster of the Pale, whose tenacious scruples will vanish before the Gaelic shouts of "Cead mille failthe!" In every corner of the world Irish hearts will be warmed by the glad news that Ireland is about to enter into the fullness of national life.

"At the head of Belgium's roll of fame," writes an American correspondent, "should be carved the names of these heroic men in long black gowns and shovel hats who face death unarméd and unafraid. I have seen them burying the dead, shivering the dying, bandaging the wounded, helping the helpless, writing letters for the illiterate, comforting the bereaved and homeless, cheering the troops into action. I raise my hat to them in respect and admiration. They are showing themselves real soldiers of the Lord."

The Comte de Mun has sent to the Echo de Paris an extract from a letter describing an incident which took place on the Assumption in a frontier village near the scene of the recent fighting: "To-day our chaplain came and said Mass at seven o'clock in the open air in the principal street of the village. The whole brigade of infantry and 10th Hussars were present, and at the end of Mass the chaplain said to the officers and soldiers: 'Every day you run great risks and you all ought to be ready to appear at any hour before God. It is impossible to hear your confessions; therefore say an act of contrition, and I will give absolution to all those who make the sign of the cross.'"

Mgr. Monnier, Titular Bishop of Lidda, now living in retirement in France, is the oldest bishop in the world, in point of age, having seen no less than ninety-five years. The oldest in point of service is Mgr. Laspro, Archbishop of Salerno, who was consecrated as far back as 1860 and is still in active service at the age of eighty-seven. In the English speaking world the oldest bishop still in active service is Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, who was consecrated in 1868 and is now eighty years old.

SO AS BY FIRE

BY JEAN CONNOR

CHAPTER IV

"INTO TEMPTATION"

For a moment the question had no meaning for Barbara. She only stared uncomprehendingly at the old grandmother, who with her fierce clutch still upon the girl's arms, the new gleam in her sunken eyes, repeated:

"What's to keep you, I say, from living in that dead girl's place?"

"In—in her place?" echoed Barbara, slowly.

"Ay, ay; is it dead or daft you are these last days, Wessel Graeme? You are not like your own sharp, wise self at all. Haven't ye been crying out against the poverty and bad luck and want and woe that has been on ye ever since you poor wraith of a mother gave ye life? The curse of the Black Graeme is on ye, I don't deny. Here's your chance to lift it—the chance to shake it off."

"I don't—don't understand," gasped Barbara. "Grandmother you don't mean—"

"I do, I do. Don't stare at me that way as if I had struck you dumb, Wessel. Have you lost your wits outright? I ask ye again, what's to keep you from taking that dead girl's place? You're her age, her size, you've got the same white, pulling, peaked face—ay and you're sharp and wise and cunning enough when you choose to be, Wessel, and there would be none so good as you to know. Roger Randall, for all his wisdom and book learning, would be none the wiser for the changing," and the old woman laughed again her harsh, mirthless laugh.

"Grandmother," said Barbara slowly, a strange look of fear creeping over her pale face, "grandmother, you must have gone mad—"

"Mad," repeated the old woman, fiercely, "mad! it is you who are mad, you young fool, not to see the luck, the golden luck before you—the luck that poor corpse upstairs has just dropped from her dead at your very feet. And you haven't the sense left to pick it up—"

"Oh Elinor, poor, poor, Elinor!" murmured Barbara, as the pitiless words turned her thoughts to the stark, shrouded figure upstairs.

"It's poor, poor Barbara to my thinking," scoffed the old grandmother, mockingly. "Listen to me, Wessel. It's not often I open my lips as I'm opening them to ye now. I'm just back from Clivedon. Ye know, maybe, what I went for."

"To see—father," answered the girl in a low tone.

"Yes." The old voice changed as if some master touch had suddenly fallen upon its jarred and broken chords. "To see your father, to see my boy, my strong, bold, brave boy rotting in his prison cell. Fifteen long years has he been there now, and five more to stay in those dark, stone walls—in that cursed, living grave! For one fierce wild blow struck when the hot blood of the Graemes was boiling within him and he was blind and mad with his fury, girl, blind and mad! And Lynn Graydon never died from it, as three doctors swore. It wasn't the blow that killed him, it was the rage and passion and hate in his own heart. But the jury wouldn't listen."

"Oh, grandmother, don't tell me, don't tell me," whispered the girl, shuddering. "Haven't I heard it all? Don't I know the black shadow that is on me? That has been on me all my life, from the time I found out that other girls wouldn't play with Buck Graeme's daughter? That boys called this house Jailbird's Roost. That I must be alone, alone, always cold and alone, until Elinor came, and—the passionate outcry died in a hoarse, choked sob.

"Come to change all for you," continued the old woman. "Come to leave ye good fortune and good luck. Listen again, Wessel. Your father's words to me ere I left him this morning were: Send the girl off, if ye can, work her. She is old enough to work her own way now, and the blight will be on her woe, and she'll be at the Road House. And here is the way open to ye, if ye'll only walk it, Wessel—walk it wisely and warily, as ye will know how. Ye've got the girl's story straight and clear, ye've got her trunk and her clothes and her papers. There's naught to fear if ye keep your heart and your wits. Take the dead girl's name and place—go to Roger Randall as the grandchild he is waiting for, and let him lift ye, as he can, girl—lift ye to a place as proud and high as any in the land."

"He will give ye name and home and friends, girl. Ye'll have fine living and fine clothes, and money to go where and how ye will. And who will be the worse of it? Not Roger Randall, for ye'll be as good a grandchild as the other. Not the poor, cold corpse, that all his gold couldn't warm into life now. Who'll be the worse for it if ye take that dead girl's place?"

Barbara was listening now, listening now with dilated eyes fixed upon the grandmother's face; listening like a bird fascinated by the shining, sinuous thing on the grass below its nest.

Take Elinor's place! Take Elinor's place! The thought, so strange, so wild, so monstrous—seeming at first, was beginning to take shape in her bewildered mind. Vague, dim, uncertain shape, indeed, but outlined with the misty rainbows of which poor Elinor had built her broken dreams. The stately old home with its shading oak, its clam-

bering roses; the wide hall rich in pictured memories; the safety, the shelter, the peace, the love that was waiting the dead girl's claim! Barbara saw it all in colors whose radiant shimmer and glow were only a dazzling mirage to her.

Take Elinor's place! Oh, poor grandmother was surely mad, and yet, yet—

"There's that meddling Daffy Mills at the door," said the old woman, snatching up the letter from Roger Randall and thrusting it into the folds of her dress. "Mind, not a word to him of this, girl, not a word, d'ye hear? Stay ye back, and I'll go see what it is he wants." And Barbara, whose strong, free spirit seemed broken-winged to-day, stood by the kitchen window that looked out over the weed grown wastes that stretched back of the old house down to the hollow under the great mountain yew, where for fifty years the Graemes had buried their dead; the grim "Black Graemes," who, in the fierce, untamed spirit they had brought from the Scotch Highlands, had once held this ridge in lawless strength.

Would poor Elinor be put there? Barbara wondered drearily; there in that dark hollow, where the sun never shone and no flower bloomed? And while she chilled at the thought she heard Daffy's brisk tones blending with the harsh voice of her grandmother at the front door.

"I don't want to intrude, of course, Mrs. Graeme, but I happened to hear that poor young critter I sent up here for board he'd died on your hands, and I come to see if you didn't want some sort of neighborly help."

"No, we don't, thanks to you all the same, Daffy Mills."

"Ain't no kin or friends or anybody you'd like notified?" said Daffy.

"If there is they'll hev to come look her up themselves," was the sharp answer. "We've had trouble enough with her for the little she paid. And there's a trifle left that will go to pay for all she needs now—coffin and grave."

"Lord, that is sort of pitiful, isn't it?" said Daffy. "Such a young thing, too. I thought maybe that letter I brought around this morning might be a sort of leader to you."

"It wasn't," answered the old woman quickly; "it wasn't nothing but a medicine mixture that she wrote for, thinking it might make her well. I was a fool to take her in, half dead as she was. She's been a trouble and worry from first to last, and I'll take no trouble or worry more."

"Maybe if you put a notice in the papers," suggested Daffy.

"No, I won't, I won't put nothing nowhere," was the fierce answer. "If the girl has any friends they can look her up without my meddling. I'll have her buried decently in my own lot, and they'll find her there."

And Daffy, riding home after this neighborly effort, reflected that that was really all that could be expected of the poor little creature was dead; poor as well as sick, any one could see. I might put a notice in the paper, but it's none of my business sure, and likely enough I'd stir up that old catamount's temper if I meddled. So I'll just let things take their way," concluded good-hearted Daffy.

"After all, it can't matter much to the poor young thing now. Only I'm sort of sorry that preacher has gone from Graystone. I must say I'd strike him for a prayer or a blessing on that lonely little grave, sure."

"You heard what I said to that meddling fool?" said the old woman as she came shuffling back to the kitchen, where Barbara still stood looking out of the broken-paned window.

"Yes," answered the girl, slowly. "I heard you lie, grandmother."

"Ay," said the old woman, "and you'll hear me lie again if need be. What is lie or truth to that poor cold clay above, girl? And—and—it's all the world can give to woman for you, if you'll do as I bid; if you'll go to Roger Randall in that dead girl's place—"

"I can not. You are mad to think of such a thing, grandmother, mad, mad!" cried the girl, with sudden passion flaming in her gray eyes, and she flung out of the dark-rattened room, and darted like a hunted thing into the open air for breath and light. And the old woman nodded and chuckled in triumph, for she knew the same "madness" had seized Barbara and was holding her, struggle against it as she might.

As indeed it was. Through the heavy, hopeless gloom shrouding her life-path, through the icy horror of death and despair that was on her to-day, there had burst a light—that, at first, only a pale mocking gleam, was growing steadily, brightening into more alluring radiance every moment.

Oh, it was madness, madness, Barbara knew! And yet—and yet—

With a sudden strange terror of her grandmother, of herself, more than all of that white, still figure in the darkened room upstairs, Barbara sped away from the shadows, the memories of the grisly old house into the forest ways, where the sunlight shimmered through the budding boughs, and the brown bare earth was stirring with tender shoots of weed and grass, and the warm moist air was filled with the whispers of spring. Far away she sped, down the wild steps of the ridge, where the burn, full fed from spring rains and melting snows, foamed and swirled as it took its way over the rocks. Only a few weeks ago it had been locked in ice, shrouded in snowdrifts, hushed in deathlike silence. Barbara paused perforce in

her flight as she reached the fall. Here the ridge suddenly broke off in a sheer descent of some thirty feet, where the burn trickled lazily in the long, hot summer days, or hung in glittering icicles during the sharp, cold winter. Now arched with rainbows, glittering with jeweled spray, it took the leap in one strong, joyous bound, and singing its song of triumph swept down the valley.

With an odd answering thrill in her breast, Barbara sat down on a flat rock, and the vision from which she had fled hove before her.

The home—the stately, beautiful home of which Elinor had talked and dreamed until her patient listener knew its every detail. The climbing roses, the sheltering oaks, the wide hall, the life within, the full, rich, calm, untroubled life, in which no sorrow or shame or want could ever come—all that would have been Elinor's might be her own. The mad old grandmother had said it—might be her own—her own. And drawing a long, gasping breath, Barbara at last faced the dazzling, bewildering thought boldly. All this might be her own if she would dare take the dead girl's vacant place, press her vanished claim, go boldly to Roserocroft and say, "I am Elinor Kent." For the depths of these mountain forests, where the friendly, lonely girl had laid down her life, what voice would come in protest over nigh a thousand miles of distance? Who of the few that had given scant thought of scorn or pity to either girl would give thought of doubt or suspicion now?

Take Elinor's place, her grandmother had said, and again Barbara drew a long, shivering breath; while the rainbow spray of the leaping stream drenched her hair and face unnoticed, and her quick brain awakened. Thought, fancy, purpose, will, at last roused into life.

Slowly she took her way back to the house, the spring sunshine upon her bare head, the music of the burn in her ears and a new hunger in her heart—the fierce hunger of the starveling who sees food and drink in rich, full measure within daring, reckless reach.

But as she passed the hollow a sound chilled the warm leap of the blood in her veins. It was the dull thud of spaded earth under the old yew-tree where two men were digging a grave.

"An' do look pooty, shuah," said old Huldah, who was a practised tirewoman to death. "Ole missus she don't rummaged de trunk, and found a little white frock an' we's dressed her up fine. She is lying dar in de ole parlor looking like one of de sperrits before de throne."

"In—in the parlor?" said Barbara, for that dark, grim room had been closed ever since she could remember.

"Ob course, chile; bleeed to put a corpse in de bes' place you got; even ole missus, cantankerous as she is, 'greed to dat. Mouty dark and colwobby, but dar ain't no one to take count ob dat. Come in and see."

Chilled with the horror of it all, Barbara followed the old woman into the long-closed room, with the heavy old-time furniture her mother had brought as dowry to the house, standing in straight grim rows against the walls. A special glimmer came from the tall mirror between the closed windows—the mirror in which Barbara had feared to look for many a year, so bent was its ghostly presence with the horror and mystery of the darkened room.

But to-day the past vanished for her. She saw only Elinor, Elinor lying there, calm, white-robed, beautiful, a line of pain and trouble smoothed from the pure young face that wore a radiant smile of peace.

It was Barbara's first sight of death and she stood in awe, breathless silence, with parted lips and dilated eyes, while old Huldah, garrulous with importance, prated on.

"She do look pooty, shuah. Pity she ain't got mother or father or some sort of kinfolks to come look at her. Sich a poor young critter to go down to the grave alone—nobody even to send her a posy of death flowers."

"Flowers!" Barbara caught at the word and lifted the gray eyes that burned to day with a new, feverish light to old Huldah's face.

"Ought she have flowers?"

"Ay, she ought," answered the old woman, "even cullud folks hez flowers, chile. When my Mary Jane died de laylocks was in bloom and dey just kivered her wif'em. Took away de lonely look somehow. An' when I hired out down der Atlanta, and young Miss Mabel died, it peared like folks couldn't send enough. De roses and lilies was piled round so you couldn't see the coffin or de corpse. But you can't get no flowers 'bout here now. Dar ain't even a crocus out yet."

"Oh, Huldah, yes, we must, we must. She—loved flowers so," said Barbara, a dry, hoarse sob rising in her throat as she spoke.

"Ole Dutch Fritz hez got 'em, 'but Huldah; 'but Lor', chile, he won't give a shoot to de libbing or dead. He's a nussing 'em to sell high."

"She must have them," said Barbara. "She must have flowers. She used to talk about them, and—and dream about them, Huldah. I'll go get some right now."

Half an hour later Fritzie Wonn, whittling flower-sticks on his father's back porch, was startled by the appearance of Barbara, with Rip, croaking indignantly at his summary and unlooked for capture, in her arms.

"I've brought him," she said, and the sharp, quick tone was a little tremulous. "You said you'd give

92 for him. And I'll take it all out in flowers."

"In flowers?" Fritzie, whose wits worked slowly, stared uncomprehendingly.

"Yes, stupid—in flowers!" answered Barbara. "I will sell you Rip for his price in flowers. And mind you, don't cheat me, either. You can't ever give me what he is worth," and again the sharp tone trembled, "but you've got to pay me fair and square, and then you can have him for your own." And though her voice quavered and every dull creak of her fierce old pet was a sharp hurt, Barbara drove her bargain close and hard. She went back to the Road House with her arms full of snowy, fragrant blooms.

And Elinor, pale, smiling Elinor had the flowers of which she had dreamed at last. Next day, when a few hard handed men from the neighborhood laid the gentle sleeper to rest under the old yew-tree in the hollow, the new made mound was left white with the flowers of spring.

All through the long, solemn hours that death held his chill in the Road House the fever spark had shone in Barbara's gray eye, and the old grandmother said nothing, for she knew the fire she had kindled was burning in the girl's blood and brain. But when they came back from the grave beneath the yew tree, she called Barbara to straighten the grim old parlor into its usual dark, desolate order.

"I can not bide to look into it," she croaked, "for it is here the curse fell on us. They were playing cards and Lynn Graydon saw what your father held in you glass. And then came the hot words and the mad blow. Eh, eh!" the old woman suddenly bent down and snatched a bit of worn rug from the floor, showing a dark, brownish stain beneath.

"That is what is upon your girl, and no soap or suds can ever stir it. I scoured like a madwoman on it for night a year. It is blood, blood! The blood that poured from Lynn Graydon's mouth when he fell. If your father had run when I cried to him, if he had run! But no! He stood there, staring like he was struck to stone. Eh, eh, eh!" and the old woman dropped into a chair and flinging her apron over her head began to rock back and forward, crying the fierce, tearless cry of a wild thing robbed of its young.

"It killed your mother," continued the old, broken voice. "Poor, white-faced wretch that she was, she died within the year. And as she was dying she prayed—for she was a praying woman—that you might follow her soon. And I would have prayed the same if I had known how. But you lived, girl, you lived to bear the shame and the blight and the curse; you lived to grow into a poor lone starveling, with no one to give ye kind word or helping hand to earn your bit of bread. You lived, to stand alone with no chance for luck or joy, or love!"

"Oh, grandmother, hush, hush!" Barbara fell on her knees before the old woman, and caught the rocking, walking figure in her arms. "Grandmother, see, I have the chance," the girl panted, excitedly. "The one desperate chance you showed me. And—I will take it, grandmother, for I will go mad if I stay here now. I will go to Roserocroft in Elinor's place!"

TO BE CONTINUED

BREAKING DALEY

There was a fascination about the pudgy white hand that played, awkwardly yet quickly, with the neat bundles of crisp bank notes lying on the mahogany table. The fat fingers had a trick of stretching out suddenly and then relaxing. Daley had seen the cat do that beside the fire at home, and as he listened to the purring voice of the big man opposite—so plausible, so pleasant—his excited mind fought against the sinister decision of faint paw, there on the table, stretched unsheddly cruel claws and quickly hiding them.

"So you can put this down to interest in you, Daley," the soft voice continued. "You're new in politics and you're young. There are bigger jobs than house delegate. Listen to your friends, and you'll go higher. We'll have this thing all in shape to-morrow. Run in during the afternoon."

Daley went out with a strange elation beating in him. There was something that whispered of power, of money, of success. Fantastic visions of forgotten dreams flitted in and out, and he found it pleasant as he walked along to let them riot in his mind.

He had covered half the distance to his home before he thrust his fancies from him and began to think. He found it hard to face the thing in sober thought. The bright hopes for higher office, for ultimate large success, were all very well, but he knew it was to-day that concerned him most—knew that, above all, his first pressing need was money. And Bent in his skillful talk, had mentioned money—immediate funds. He shrank a little as he thought of it, but it was there under the fine words. It was crookedness—ugly, plundering crookedness.

A dancing, gleeful midget greeted him at his doorstep with a cricket-like shrill of "Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!"

Daley caught up the little girl and crushed the cool, soft cheeks against his feverish face. He looked up to find his wife, Margaret, smiling at them from the door.

"I'm so glad you came home early, Billy, dear," she said, as she kissed him. "Did you have a good day?"

He looked at her a moment queerly. Then, tenderly, he patted her shoulder.

"I don't know, Margy, whether it was good or not."

They were sitting on the small front stoop that evening, the warm breadth of spring softly stirring through the gathering shadows.

"Billy," said Margaret, "to-morrow is the 1st of May."

Daley stared unseeingly.

"I know, Margy; I know. Let's forget it a while. It's peaceful here and quiet, and we seem to be away off from—"

"Billy, dear," and his wife put her hand gently on his knee. "Not the first of the month—the first of May—the Blessed Virgin's month. I know you've been busy and worried and things haven't been going on just right at the office. So you've not thought very much about these other things. But Billy, I've been thinking about them. This afternoon the thought was with me every minute. I'm afraid we're beginning to forget a little, dear. To-morrow night the May devotions begin. Will you go with me?"

Billy stared a moment straight out across the street. He clasped the little hand resting on his knee.

"I guess I've slipped some, Margy. Don't seem to have time any more. There'll be a lot of night work next month. I'll see what I can do. That insurance premium's due to-morrow," he broke off. "Won't be much left for the bills."

"They're not very big this month. Perhaps something will turn up soon."

"Yes, maybe something will turn up," he added, tensely.

William Daley was a member of the street and alley committee in the Assembly. There was a big subdivision to be opened up in the outskirts of the city that spring, and the next morning he went out there with a package of blue-prints.

The rolling country, clean and fresh, blossomed sweetly about him. His lungs expanded gratefully in the pure air, and he felt the blood tingling joyfully through him as he walked about noting the white stakes and consulting the blue plans.

For an hour or more he worked happily, and then suddenly it came to him how intimately associated with these sunny, green hillsides were Bent's insinuating words of yesterday. In a little while he was to go again to the big, purring man, and the soft voice would want an answer.

Daley weighed it, walking with his head down. On one side there were the pleasant dreams, and money—money to lift that ever-increasing, torturing load that piled up day by day. On the other there was only the struggle, the heart-breaking battle that he had been fighting as far back as he could remember.

"Why, I never even had a mother," he thought bitterly. "Maybe if I had I'd know what to do."

Then he thought of the dancing midget and of Margaret.

He reached the summit of the long slope. Down there before him was a little stone church, its tiny spire and gilded cross pointing up out of a group of trees. He stood, looking across the valley at the shining little cross.

"Margy wants me to go with her to-night—to May devotions."

The two ideas—of visiting Bent and going with Margaret—created a strange turmoil in him. He felt them, in a detached sort of way, struggling like deadly enemies for supremacy. There came to him then clearly from the slender, distant spire the musical note of the bell.

"It's the Angelus," said Daley aloud, and his hand rose slowly to his ear.

The angel of the Lord declared unto Mary—the words rushed to him, and reverently he repeated, them.

"Guess I won't wait till to-night to start my May devotions," he said, with a whimsical smile.

Big Bent sat behind the polished table and smiled as Daley entered.

"Sit down, my boy," he said, genially. "Well, we're all ready."

Again that thick hand dropped to the table, and Daley saw, with a quick clutch in his breast, the neat little packages of yellow bills with which it carelessly toyed.

"Now," about this job out Northampton," said the big man briskly. "That's coming up to-night, I believe."

Daley's face was pale, and around his forehead strands of his ruddy hair lay plastered coldly. But his lips were dry and hot and he spoke them with his tongue as he spoke.

"Mr. Bent," he began, "it isn't ingratitude—and I know you did a lot for me last fall—elected me, I guess. But I—I can't go on with those paving plans."

The heavy fingers stretched out slowly—and did not relax. Mr. Bent's voice lost its purring note.

"Going to turn us down, eh?" he rasped.

"It's not that, Mr. Bent. I'll do anything I can for you. But I can't do anything about the paving."

"Let me tell you something, Daley," snarled the big man, pushing his great head forward. "I don't know what you want, but you've heard all I've got to say."

"I don't want—anything," said Daley.

"It's a turn-down!" Bent leaped up with astonishing agility. His narrow glowing eyes blazed down at Daley. "You can't get away with it. We'll break you, Daley—hear me? We'll break you in a thousand pieces."

Young Daley knew the insidious power behind the threat; understood in a flash what it meant to him—and

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What and Why is the Internal Bath?

BY C. GILBERT PERCIVAL, M.D.

Though many articles have been written and much has been said recently about the Internal Bath, the fact remains that a great amount of ignorance and misunderstanding of this new system of Physical Hygiene still exists.

And, inasmuch as it seems that Internal Bathing is even more essential to perfect health than External Bathing, I believe that everyone should know its origin, its purpose and its action beyond the possibility of a misunderstanding.

Its great popularity started at about the same time as did what are probably the most encouraging signs of recent times—I refer to the appeal for Optimism, Cheerfulness, Efficiency and those attributes which go with them, and which, if steadily practiced, will make our nation not only the despair of nations competitive to us in business, but establish us as a shining example to the rest of the world in our mode of living.

These new daily "Gospels," as it were, had as their inspiration the ever-present, unconquerable Canadian Ambition, for it had been proven to the satisfaction of all real students of business that the most successful man is he who is sure of himself, who is optimistic, cheerful, and impresses the world with the fact that he is supremely confident always—for the world of business has every confidence in the man who has confidence in himself.

If our outlook is optimistic, and our confidence strong, it naturally follows that we inject enthusiasm, "ginger" and clear judgment into our work, and have a tremendous advantage over those who are at times more or less depressed, blue, and nervously fearful that their judgment may be wrong—who lack the confidence that comes with the right condition of mind, and which counts so much for success.

Now the practice of Optimism and Confidence has made great strides in improving and advancing the general efficiency of the Canadian, and if the mental attitude necessary to its accomplishment were easy to secure, complete success would be ours.

Unfortunately, however, our physical bodies have an influence on our mental attitude, and in this particular instance, because of a physical condition which is universal, these much-to-be desired aids to success are impossible to consistently enjoy.

In other words, our trouble, to a great degree, is physical first and mental afterwards—this physical trouble is simple and very easily corrected. Yet it seriously affects our strength and energy, and it is allowed to exist too long, becomes chronic, and then dangerous.

Nature is constantly demanding one thing of us, which, under our present mode of living and eating, it is impossible for us to give—that is, a constant care of our diet, and an enough consistent physical work or exercise to eliminate all waste from the system.

If our work is confining, as it is in almost every instance, our systems cannot throw off the waste except according to our activity, and a clogging process immediately sets in.

This waste accumulates in the colon (lower intestine), and is more serious in its effect than you would think, because it is intensely poisonous, and the blood circulating through the colon absorbs these poisons, circulating them through the system, and lowering our vitality generally.

That's the reason that biliousness and its kindred complaints make us ill "all over." It is also the reason that this waste, if permitted to remain a little too long, gives the destructive germs, which are always present in the blood, a chance to gain the upper hand, and we are not alone inefficient, but really ill—seriously, sometimes, it there is a local weakness.

This accumulated waste has long

been regarded as a menace, and Physicians, Physiologists, Dietitians, Osteopaths and others have been constantly laboring to perfect a method of removing it, and with partial and temporary success.

It remained, however, for a new, rational, and perfectly natural process to finally and satisfactorily eliminate this waste from the colon without strain or unnatural forcing—to keep it sweet and clean and healthy, and keep up correspondingly bright and strong—clearing the blood of the poisons which make it and us sluggish and dull spirited, and making our entire organism work and act as Nature intended it should.

That process is Internal Bathing with warm water—and it now, by the way, has the endorsement of the most enlightened Physicians, Physical Culturists, Osteopaths, etc., who have tried it and seen its results.

Hitherto it has been our habit, when we have found by disagreeable and sometimes alarming symptoms, that this waste was getting much the better of us, to repair to the drug shop and obtain relief through drugging.

This is partly effectual, but there are several vital reasons why it should not be our practice as compared with Internal Bathing.

Drugs force Nature instead of assisting her—Internal Bathing assists Nature and is just as simple and natural as washing one's hands. Drugs, being taken through the stomach, sap the vitality of other functions before they reach the colon, which is not called for—Internal Bathing washes out the colon and reaches nothing else.

To keep the colon constantly clean, drugs must be persisted in, and to be effective the doses must be increased. Internal Bathing is a consistent treatment, and need never be altered in any way to be continuously effective.

No less an authority than Professor Clark, M. D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says—"All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

It is rather remarkable to find, at what would seem so comparatively late a day, so great an improvement on the old methods of Internal Bathing as this new process, for in a crude way it has, of course, been practised for years.

It is probably no more surprising, however, than the tendency on the part of the Medical Profession to depart further and further from the custom of using drugs, and accomplish the same and better results by more natural means, causing less strain on the system, and leaving no evil after-effects.

Doubtless you, as well as other Canadian men and women, are interested in knowing all that may be learned about keeping up to "concert pitch," and always feeling bright and confident.

This Improved system of Internal Bathing is naturally a rather difficult subject to cover in detail in the public press, but there is a physician who has made this his life's study and work, who has written an interesting book on the subject called "Why Man of To-day is Only 50% Efficient." This he will send on request to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrrell, M. D., Room 457, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this in The Catholic Record.

It is surprising how little is known by the average person on this subject, which has so great an influence on the general health and spirits.

My personal experience and my observations make me very enthusiastic on Internal Bathing, for I have seen its results in sickness as in health, and I firmly believe that everybody owes it to himself, if only for the information available, to read this little book by an authority on the subject.

He had seen its workings last fall; he watched it lift him, unskilled in politics, almost unknown, up over the heads of wiser and older opponents, and now it seemed that already those invisible but solid props were being kicked out from under him, leaving him weak and alone to face his towering foe.

A chattering newsboy rushed at him. Daley handed the urchin a coin and took the paper. He stood for a moment looking dully at the headlines, and then slowly the light flickered up in his gray eyes.

"I've got Margy with me, anyway," he said softly. "She'd have told me to do just what I've done. We can save here and there—we'll get along somehow. And now I'll just take one shot at this."

He tossed the newspaper from him and strode off rapidly down the street.

Ten minutes later James Pearlman, owner of the "Post," the city's greatest newspaper, glanced at William Daley's card. He balanced it a moment on his slender fingers, then dropped it on his desk before him.

"Show him in," he said.

"Mr. Pearlman," said Daley, taking the chair indicated. "I've called to tell you of a talk I had to-day with Mr. Bent."

"If you come on Bent's business, Mr. Daley," answered Pearlman, coldly, "the matter will be of no interest to me."

"Mr. Bent has just told me that he would break me into a thousand

pieces because I refused to recom-

mand certain specifications in the

paying plans for the Northampton

district. Does that interest you, Mr.

Pearlman?"

Pearlman snapped his gold nose-

glasses into their case and fitted on

a pair of horn rimmed spectacles.

"I think it will, Daley," he said.

"Begin as far back as you wish."

As Daley talked, Mr. Pearlman

leaned back in his chair, regarding

the ceiling studiously. He straight-

ened up now and then to ask a short

question and three times he waved

his secretary away as that discreet

person entered with a card.

"And there it is," said Daley, finally.

"It was a pretty close call for me.

I was about ready to do it, but

out there in the country this morn-

ing—well, it doesn't matter how I

made up my mind not to—I don't

know what Bent will do—I break me,

I guess, just like he says."

Mr. Pearlman touched a button on

his desk.

"Ask Mr. Denton to come up at

once," he directed the tall secretary.

"This newspaper tries to be very

sure of its ground at all times," he

continued, turning to Daley. "We

have observed Mr. Bent for some

time, but we have not acted because

we lacked certain necessary details.

In this you have helped us very much

and we are grateful. I don't think

Mr. Bent will break you, Mr. Daley."

I rather fancy you and the "Post."

will break Mr. Bent,"—Robert H.

Gross in the Queen's Work.

DEATH OF THE POPE

A PONTIFF FROM THE RANKS OF THE PEOPLE

From The Times, London, Eng.

To the long list of Popes who have

succeeded each other in the chair of

St. Peter not a few, like the Apostle

himself, were of a very humble origin.

During the last three or four

centuries, however, political and

family considerations have been

powerful factors in the choice of a

Pontiff, and the election of Pius X.

was the first conspicuous instance in

recent years of one of those elections

from the ranks of the people to

which the Roman Church has owed

some of her greatest Pontiffs.

Giuseppe Sarto, the eldest child of

Giovane Battista Sarto and his wife

Margherita Sanson, was born on

June 2, 1835, near Riese, in the

Treviso. His father earned 60s. a

month in the employment of the

municipality; his mother eked out

the scanty means of the family by

dressmaking. At the age of eleven

he was sent to the school of Castel-

franco, some three miles distant from

Riese, and at fifteen he gained a

diocesan scholarship in the seminary

of Padua, where he remained until

his ordination to the priesthood on

September 18, 1858. His first post

was that of curate to the parish

priest of Tombolo, one of the smallest

parishes in the diocese of Treviso.

Stories are still told of his willing

zeal in his first cure, of his generous

friendship, and of the impulsive

charity which halved his most

slender resources. Stories, also, of

his patriotism, for the young priest

was an ardent Italian and advocate

for the union of Venice with the

kingdom of Italy. After eight years

of devoted labour in Tombolo he

became parish priest of Salzano in

November, 1867. In 1875 he was

appointed Chancellor of the diocese

and in 1884 Bishop of Mantua.

BISHOP OF MANTUA

The new Bishop carried to his

work the same ideal of saintly

humility and simplicity of life which

had distinguished him as a parish

priest, and devoted himself strictly

to the immediate needs of his own

people, though he also attempted to

deal with two questions which

affected the Church at large. One

of these was the popular teaching of

religious belief. The actual form

and wording of the Catechism

differed in almost every Italian

diocese, and owing to the constant

migration of families from one

province to another, children were

often confused by the change of

teaching in the elements of faith.

The Bishop of Mantua strongly

advocated the adoption of a uniform

popular Catechism of the simplest

form, the use of which should be

made obligatory. In spite, however,

of his endeavours and those of the

Congress of Piacenza, Leo XIII.,

and of his own action as Pope, it

was found impossible or inadvisable

to make the suggested change. The

other reform, which the Bishop

carried out in his diocese, was

ultimately extended by himself as

Pontiff to the whole Church. He

forbade the use of any profane music,

Roasts retain their natural flavor—

bread, cakes, puddings, etc., baked in a

McClary's

Pandora

Range always come fresh and sweet

from its perfectly ventilated

oven. See the McClary dealer in your town.

Little more than half the size of that

Mantua, while the revenues were

just twice as large—a net revenue

of 42,000 lire (21,000), against 21,000.

But to Cardinal Sarto larger

revenues merely meant a larger

power of giving, and the Patriarch of

Venice was no richer than the curate

of Tombolo; indeed, it was not long

before the new pastoral ring was

pawned in order to meet the neces-

sities of some poor applicant. Nor

did a smaller diocese mean greater

leisure to one who believed that

every hour of his day was owed to

his work. Cardinal Sarto still rose

at 5 o'clock in the morning and

changed nothing in the austere

simplicity of his mode of life. His

mother had died while he was yet

Bishop of Mantua, and his two

sisters, then left alone in the world,

came to live with him. Their

devotion supplied all the personal

service that he needed, provided the

simple meals that sufficed him, and

watched lest he should sacrifice his

health to the necessities of others.

Cardinal Sarto's attitude towards

the political questions of the Church

may be known from two letters that

he wrote on taking possession of his

diocese. One, in the form of a

pastoral addressed to the clergy of

Mantua and Venice, denounced the

danger of "Liberalism" however it

was disguised, especially of those

doctrines, called Liberal Catholic,

which tried to reconcile what was

irreconcilable. The other was

addressed to the head of the munici-

pality of Venice, then in possession

of the Radical Party, and expressed

the hope—even the assurance—that

he would have their aid in the per-

formance of his pastoral duties; be-

cause, though their respective fields

of action were quite distinct, both

they and himself pursued one and

only one aim—the real welfare of

the citizens. This attitude, recog-

nizing the distinct character of the

two powers while it acknowledged

their common aim, and jealousy

vigilant against aggression in his

own field of action, was maintained

by the Pope throughout his life. At

Venice it was not long before what

he considered aggression brought the

two into collision. The Radical town

councillors suppressed certain reli-

gious observances which had been

held from time immemorial in the

city, and also tried to abolish reli-

gious teaching in the elementary

schools. Cardinal Sarto promptly

replied to the challenge, and at the

next municipal elections in 1895 his

campaign was rewarded by a sweep-

ing victory for the Moderates and

their clerical allies. The results of

this victory were confirmed and

maintained in after years by his own

popularity. The affection that fol-

lowed him from Tombolo to Mantua

became almost a passion among the

Venetians. He was always at their

services. With the civil authorities

he continued to live, henceforward,

on the best of terms. To the Royal

Family of Italy he showed his per-

fect willingness to render the homage

which was their due outside the for-

mer States of the Church. He had

an opportunity of paying that hom-

age both to King Humbert and to King

Victor Emmanuel III. when they

visited Venice, and he created a strong

impression on their Majesties of

frank loyalty that would still be

uncompromising on the side of religious

faith.

THE CONCLAVE

No provision of his destiny dis-

turbed Cardinal Sarto when he was

summoned to Rome in July, 1903, on

the death of Leo XIII. There is no

need to tell the history of the Con-

clave, except very briefly. The three

names which had been most promi-

nently put forward were those of

Cardinal Rampolla, Gotti, and Sera-

finelli. The first scrutiny was

held on the morning of August 4,

making seven scrutinies in all. The

first scrutiny destroyed all prospects

of the election of Serafino Vannutelli.

Rampolla received 24 votes, Gotti 17,

and Vannutelli only 4—1 less than

Cardinal Sarto, who was given 5 to

his incredulous surprise. The second

scrutiny, in the evening of that day,

gave 29 votes to Rampolla, 16 to

Gotti, and 10 to Sarto. On the fol-

lowing day the Austrian Cardinal

Puzyna pronounced, in obedience to

orders received from the Imperial

Government, the veto of exclusion

against Cardinal Rampolla. The an-

noncement was ill-received by the

Sacred College and was answered by

a dignified protest, in their name,

from Rampolla himself, but it led to

his withdrawal from the contest.

On the first scrutiny of Aug. 8, Sarto

headed the list with 27 votes against

24 given to Rampolla. In the even-

ing he received 85 against 16 for

Rampolla. On the morning of Aug.

9 he received 50 votes and was de-

clared elected.

PIUS X. AND THE VATICAN

It is probable that no Italian

Cardinal was less known to the Curia

than the Patriarch of Venice. The

Vatican was at first disposed to re-

gard him as a hard-working Bishop,

of saintly simplicity of life and a

rare modesty of character, and it

waited with anxious curiosity to see

into whose hands he would put him-

self for direction. Pius X. soon

showed that he intended unmis-

takably to be master in his own house.

He altered the etiquette of his Court

in a good many unessential

matters, and speedily introduced one

or two small reforms which led to

greater economy. He consulted his

Cardinals and Court officials and

gladly heard their advice; but he de-

clined always for himself, and, be-

neath his gentle courtesy and defer-

ence, they soon discovered a very

masterful firmness. On October 18

he chose Mgr. Raffaele Merry del Val

who had been Secretary of the Con-

clave, after the election, acting Sec-

retary of State, to be his Secretary

of State. There had been much talk

during the first two months of a

change in the spirit of the Papacy.

For the future, it was said, the

Church was to have a "pious" and

not a political Pope. The words "a

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GOD'S VENGEANCE

"War is God's vengeance." To grasp this truth we must get a firm grip of the two great fundamental truths of man's free will and God's overruling providence. Our accountability to God means nothing unless the will is free. "God made man from the beginning and left him in the hand of his own counsel. He added his commandments and precepts. If thou wilt keep the commandments and perform acceptable fidelity forever, they shall preserve thee. He hath set water and fire before thee: stretch forth thy hand to which thou wilt. Before man is life and death, good and evil, that which he shall choose shall be given him."

God sees and cares; and "the eyes of the Lord are towards them that fear Him; and he knoweth all the work of man. He hath commanded no man to do wickedly, and He hath given no man license to sin. For mercy and wrath are with Him. He is mighty to forgive, and to pour out indignation. According as His mercy is, so his correction judgeth a man according to his works. Say not: I shall be hidden from God and who shall remember me from on high? Behold the heaven and the heavens of heavens, the deep, and all the earth, and the things that are in them, shall be moved in his sight, the mountains also, and the hills, and the foundations of the earth: when God shall look upon them, they shall be shaken with trembling."

The simple yet sublime faith in the all-seeing God and man's accountability to Him individually and collectively find no place in the annals of modern theology. German rationalism has destroyed belief in the Bible, the Divinity of Jesus Christ, the Redemption, the very foundations of Christian religion and Divine revelation. Man's free will is in direct contradiction to that fatalistic evolutionary philosophy which lays the flattering unction to our souls that we of this age are necessarily in the vanguard of human progress, intellectual, moral and spiritual. Our Christian ministers tell us from the pulpit that out-worn creeds must be discarded, religion must be reconstructed to suit "modern thought." The crude pantheism of a Bergson is accepted as a new revelation; and God is but a blind, impersonal force of evolving nature. "Man when he was in honor did not understand; he hath compared himself to the beasts of the fields and is become like them."

This note appears in the Tablet: "It is a rare event for any newspaper in England, not distinctively an organ of religion, to permit itself to speak with definite accents of dogmatic Christianity. No leading article in the general daily or weekly paper has—to put the matter briefly—lately written 'Our Lord' or 'Our Savior.'" The "Founder of the Christian religion" has taken its place as an accepted phrase, chosen because it did not too decisively commit the leader writer or his paper or his editor. But now a change may be noted. In the day of battle and of grief one paper after another—morning and evening alike—urges its readers to prayer. And it is startling, so sudden is the change, to find the Times appealing to a God of Justice, and accusing Germany as 'outworn' as one accuses another of a folly or a crime."

That the newspapers of a Christian country should be ashamed to confess Christ before men is sad; but sadder is it to know that secular editors are no more delicately and liberally non-committal than the leading lights of the pulpit and of

the modern religious press. The atheistic Government of France—a government chosen by the people—carefully excludes all mention of the God of battles, even when the fate of the nation trembles in the war balance. Germany, drunk with pride in her military and intellectual achievements, boldly assumes the role of Divine Providence. "Hegel in *Naturrecht* tells us of a ruling race for a particular epoch, a race which has the absolute right to be the representative of the present stage of the evolution of the world spirit. Against this right the spirits of other nations have no right, and they as well as those whose days are past belong no more to world history." In German Imperialism Luciferian pride takes the place of Christian humility.

Sham, hypocrisy, pharisaism and pride are ugly vices of the age. The pride that shows itself in the dilletantism of modern religious thought (save the mark) is not Luciferian but shallow and vulgarly boastful. It excludes, however, all true humility, and humility is one of the lessons God is teaching nations and individuals in this war. War is God's vengeance. We may justify ourselves as we will before men; before God men and nations are guilty. The issue of the war is in the hands of God; but we know that God in His infinite wisdom created man free, and in His infinite mercy has promised to allow the decrees of His providence to be influenced by man's humble prayer. The whole liturgy of the Mass in Time of War breathes that spirit of humility, of acknowledgment of unworthiness and guilt, of simple, childlike trust and confidence in Divine Providence, which should take the place of the proud pharisaism which boastfully tells God that we are not as the rest of men, even as those Germans—at whose feet we have humbly sat in times of peace. This collect from the Mass just mentioned will make an appropriate addition to our daily prayers.

"O God, the ruler of all kingdoms and kings, who dost heal us by striking, and preserve us by pardoning; extend thy mercy to us, that we may make use of the tranquillity of peace preserved to us by thy power, as a remedy for our correction. Through Our Lord Jesus Christ who liveth and reignest world without end. Amen."

THE RHEIMS CATHEDRAL

The wanton destruction of the world-famous Cathedral of Our Lady of Rheims is another proof to a shocked world of the truth of Cardinal Mercier's characterization of the progress of the German Army—an irruption of barbarians. To describe in any detail the great Cathedral, whose destruction has left civilization poorer, would be impossible. Ferguson in his *History of Architecture* says: "The subject of the cathedrals, their architecture and decoration is, in fact, practically inexhaustible. . . . Priests and laymen worked with mason, painters and sculptors, and all were bent on producing the best possible building, and improving every part and every detail, till the amount of thought and contrivance accumulated in a single structure is almost incomprehensible. If any one man were to devote a life-time to the study of one of our great cathedrals—assuming it to be complete in all its medieval arrangements—it is questionable whether he would master all its details, and fathom all the reasonings and experiments which led to the glorious results before him."

"It would be a mistake," says Dr. James J. Walsh, "to think that the Gothic Cathedrals were impressive only because of their grandeur and immense size. They are much more than this; they are the compendious expression of the art impulses of a glorious century. It is only by considering the separate details of the art work of these cathedrals that the full lesson of what these wonderful people accomplished can be learned. There have been many centuries since in which they would be entirely unappreciated. Fortunately, our own time has come back to a recognition of the greatness of the art impulse that was at work, perfecting even what might be considered trivial portions of the cathedrals, and the brightest hope for the future of our own accomplishment is founded on this belated appreciation of old-time work."

"The statues in themselves are not so beautiful, but as portions of a definite piece of structural work such as a doorway or facade, they are wonderful models of how all the

different arts became subservient to the general effect to be produced. It was at Rheims, however, that sculpture reached its acme of accomplishment, and architects have always been unstinted in their praise of this feature of what may be called the Capitol church of France."

Reinach in his *Story of Art Through-out the Ages* has these references to Rheims cathedral: "One of the most admirable of its creations is the famous capital of the *Vintage in Notre Dame* at Rheims, carved about the year 1250. Since the first century of the Roman Empire art had never imitated nature so perfectly, nor has it ever since done so with a like grace and sentiment."

Again: "It is often said that all gothic figures are stiff and emaciated. To convince ourselves of the contrary we need only study the marvelous sculpture of the meeting between Abraham and Melchisedech, in the Rheims cathedral; or again in the same cathedral, the Visitation, the seated Prophet, and the standing Angel, or the excellent Magdalen of the Bordeaux cathedral."

And the press despatches tell us that all these masterpieces of sculpture together with paintings, tapestries, and stained glass are a heap of ruins. In Westminster Abbey nearly a thousand years of English history is enshrined. The Cathedral of Notre Dame at Rheims where the Kings of France used to be crowned was even a richer treasury of French history as it was built on the site of the basilica where Clovis was baptized by St. Remigius in the fifth century.

Nor can this latest piece of incredible vandalism be excused either as accidental or justified by military necessity. General French's report removes all doubt on that score:

"There was no justification on military grounds for this act of vandalism (the burning of the cathedral at Rheims), which seems to have been caused by exasperation born of failure—a sign of impotence, rather than of strength. It is noteworthy that a well-known hotel not far from the cathedral, which was kept by a German, was not touched."

Although we can place little reliance on press despatches from Rome with regard to the Pope, the following may be true:

Rome, Sept. 22.—The Pope has sent a despatch to the Kaiser protesting in dignified terms against the ruthless destruction of the cathedral at Rheims.

Pope Benedict says this crime cries for God's vengeance. He warns the Kaiser lest the destruction of the Lord's temples provoke the anger of God, against which the most powerful armies are powerless. "Le Journal" says: "They have destroyed the pearl of the west, the jewel of the centuries, the monument of faith and devotion by which the united soul of the Christian world attested its belief, its destiny and its God. We cannot say as Jesus said at Golgotha, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' They did know. The German army contains, besides brutes, men who are savants, authors, men of genius. They knew, and they must share the responsibility for a crime against the human race."

The French socialist, Gustave Herve, far from listening to angry suggestions of reprisals, strenuously deprecates any counsels that would degrade civilization to the level of German barbarism. "When we enter Germany I hope General Joffre will issue a proclamation reminding everybody concerned that to the soldiers of the Allies the lives of women, children and non-combatants are sacred. "When we are before Cologne with our 75-millimeter guns, our soldiers will not need the reminder that Cologne contains one of the seven wonders of the world, which must not be touched. "And at Munich, Dresden and Berlin a guard of honor must be placed before every library, museum and art gallery."

Let us hope that civilization's horrified protest may stay such ruthless vandalism in the future.

THE KAISER

In season and out of season everybody blames the Kaiser for the present war. The sole cause is the war-mad Kaiser. Sixty-five millions of peace-loving Germans are driven to war by the Kaiser. Or they caught the war-fever from the Kaiser. But at any rate and at all the time it is the Kaiser. William II. became King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany the 15th of June, 1888. It is true he has been a war Lord from the beginning; but Germany was war-mad before his time. Sir William Butler, in his *Invasion of England*, written before William II.

came to the throne, describes inexorable German militarism in terms grown very familiar to us to day:

"For over thirty years, the German nation had been busy learning the lesson of war, a lesson that was not studied in order to gratify the military instincts of any particular class in the community, but a lesson learned by heart by the collective wisdom and united manhood of the entire empire. That warfare was the normal condition of peoples—that peace should be only a preparation for war—and that commerce, agriculture, trade, and science should all be subordinate assistants towards the armed strength of the empire—such, in brief, was the ruling idea which, first springing into modern life in the kingdom of Prussia about the middle of the nineteenth century, spread throughout the whole German people ere that century had reached its closing decade."

"Whether the secret source lay in force of modern circumstance, or in right of ancient inheritance, the fact remained that to war as an end every means in Germany was directed; and prince and peasant, merchant and trader, student and master, owed first a soldier's fealty to the Fatherland, and afterwards a civilian service to themselves. "If a railway was laid, a canal dug, a river channel deepened, or a mountain tunneled, the work was watched with eyes jealous for the requirements of home defence, or anxious for assistance towards outside attack; things might be useful for trade or traffic, the convenience of pleasure, or the needs of knowledge, but their first importance was their aspect in war. Commerce might barter, trade might buy and sell, science might invent and improve, industry might labor, but the hands of all must know how to hold the rifle, and the ploughshare be ever ready to become a sword."

If the distinguished British General could write thus nearly forty years ago, before the present emperor had anything to do with German affairs, those who hold that German autocracy in the person of Kaiser William II. solely responsible for the present war evidently do not know their Germany.

PROTESTANT THEOLOGY

A group of German theologians in a manifesto addressed to "all Evangelical Christians abroad" protest against the Belgian lamb troubling the waters on the German wolf in these Evangelical and truthful terms:

"Unnameable horrors have been committed against Germans living peacefully abroad—against women and children, against wounded and physicians—cruelties and shamelessness such as man's heathen and Mohammedan War has not revealed. Are these the fruits, which the non-Christian peoples are to recognize whose disciples the Christian nations are? Even the not unnatural excitement of a people, whose neutrality—already violated by our adversaries—could under the pressure of implacable necessity not be respected, affords no excuse for inhumanities, nor does it lessen the shame that such could take place in a land long ago Christianized."

Now this is interesting reading in the light of subsequent "cruelties and shamelessness such as many a heathen and Mohammedan War has not revealed."

The ungentle Belgians! Long ago Christianized but never Lutherized or rationalized the heroic Catholic Belgians command the respect and admiration of all peoples Christian and non-Christian. And these same peoples are asking whose disciples are the ruthless German invaders?

THE RBY. EDWARD GORDON DOB, ARMY CHAPLAIN

The following telegrams tell their own story:

Valcartier Camp, Quebec, Sept. 22, 1914. To the Right Rev. Bishop Fallon, London, Ont.:

Can you send me an English-speaking priest for the contingent who could minister to the English speaking Roman Catholics. I would like a young man of your own choice who would help in military ways as well as spiritual. SAM HUGHES, Windsor, Ont., Sept. 22, 1914

Colonel, the Hon. Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, Valcartier Camp, Que.:

Diocese of London gladly offers Rev. Father Edward Gordon Doe for chaplain's services with Canadian contingent. He will fill the bill. Kindly notify me when he should report. (Sd.) M. F. FALLON, Bishop of Que., Valcartier Camp, Que., Sept. 23rd, 1914.

To Right Rev. Bishop Fallon, London, Ont.:

Please have Reverend Father Doe report here at the earliest possible moment. This will be authority for Railway Company to issue him through ticket here. SAM HUGHES. (Sd.)

Father Doe left the same day. Edward Gordon Doe was born in London thirty-two years ago. He made his collegiate course at Assumption College, Sandwich, 1902-1907, and studied theology at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, for the next three years and a half, when he was ordained priest by the Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, D. D., on Dec. 17th, 1910. After some months as curate at Walkerville he was made administrator of the parish of Big Point. For the last two years he has been assistant priest at the Immaculate

There is one plea, however, that is entered in Germany's defence which deserves some consideration. "War must be carried on only between soldiers." It may seem hard but it is the law of nations. But does international law countenance the bombardment of undefended towns, the wanton destruction of property, desecration and destruction of churches, outrages on woman and children? It may be that Belgian civilians goaded to fury at the sight of these things have taken up arms against the invader in defiance of international military law. Belgium had a small army. Even on a war footing it was only 150,000. Does international law compel every man to wear a uniform who is willing to defend his country from confessedly unjust invasion?

The Regulations respecting the Laws and Customs of War, signed at the Hague on the 18th of October, 1907, by Germany herself contain the following article:

"The inhabitants of a territory not under occupation who, on the approach of the enemy, spontaneously take up arms to resist the invading troops without having had time to organize themselves in accordance with Article 1, shall be regarded as belligerents if they carry arms openly, and if they respect the laws and customs of war."

Yet the Germans openly justify the cold blooded "execution" of all Belgian's civilians caught bearing arms.

THE LATE SIR JAMES P. WHITNEY

Sir James Whitney's career and personality demonstrate the fact that the highest political success may be achieved in this province of Ontario without sacrifice of the plain, straightforward honesty that says what it means and means what it says. Because of the sturdy manliness that characterized his public life, whatever mistakes he may have made, he retained to the last the love of his friends and the respect and confidence of all.

The chief Liberal paper in Ontario, The Toronto Globe, thus fitly gives expression to the general esteem in which the late Premier was held:

In this his last important public appearance Sir James said: "I feel that my words are lame and halting, not equal or fit or apt in which to express the thought that comes surging through my consciousness at the present time. Coming back, my friends, as I have, by God's mercy, from the shadow of the Dark Valley, I am constrained, nay, compelled, to express the thanks I owe to the people of Ontario. They have given me an opportunity, I think I may say, of being of some service, and they have given me their confidence in full measure—in full measure, heaped up, pressed down, shaken together, and running over—and as long as my renewed health and strength are vouchsafed to me I shall be at their disposal, and endeavor to give them the same faithful service as I have in the past. And I thank you, my good friends, no matter what your political feelings may be, who have come here to-night, and with a heart filled to overflowing I say, may God bless you every one."

And now he is gone into that Dark Valley from the shadow of which he so recently emerged. Full of years—three score and ten—but until recently with almost no abatement of vigor; full of honors, alike from the common people of his native Province, from Parliament in which his voice was law, and from his King; respected even by those who neither loved him nor followed him, he has passed into the great beyond, his public career unspooled by slow decline, his name unstained by dishonor or by the petty jealousies that haunt the steps of those who rise from low estate to high position.

THE GREAT TRANSFORMATION The Home Rule Bill has received the Royal assent. John Redmond is engaged in raising an Irish Brigade to take its place in the fighting line on the continent. Even amid the clash of this awful world conflict we may pause to reflect on what may be truly called The Great Transformation.

England has been engaged in many wars, but never until to-day had Ireland much reason to pray for her success. Ireland has been, up to the present, the one blot on England's escutcheon. Held against her wishes for England, exploited in the interests of a shameless Ascendancy that despised the inhabitants as serfs while it fattened upon their sweat, what had Ireland to fight for? And yet this is not the first occasion of the letting of Irish blood for the defence of the Empire. In all that Empire's wars she has borne her part and more than her part, so much so that Sir William Butler, as brave a soldier as ever donned a uniform of the King, said of her, "I am certain that if it had not been for the blood, the brain and the brawn which Ireland has given to England, neither England or her Empire would be what they are to-day. I doubt indeed, if the Empire, as distinct from England, would have had an existence at all." A mild statement, but one amply sustained by the facts of history. From Wellington to Kitchener Irishmen have planned the Empire's

Conception, Windsor, and had not been appointed to St. Anne's Church, Walkerville, where he was to have formally taken charge on Sunday last.

In his own person the newly appointed chaplain typifies the new era of Anglo-Irish good-will that has been emphasized by the outbreak of the great war. His father was English in origin and Anglican in religion; while his mother's patronymic, Kavanagh, tells the whole story of his maternal ancestors.

Of the best type of the younger generation of Canadian priests, soldierly in appearance and bearing, earnest, zealous, and withal genial and affable, Father Doe will make an ideal army chaplain for the brave young fellows who make up the Canadian contingent. While his business will be the spiritual welfare of English-speaking Catholics we have entire confidence that his presence in camp and at the front will be helpful to the whole contingent "in military ways as well as spiritual."

It will not be the first time that an Irish Brigade has faced the music, of shot and shell upon the battle-fields of France. But then they fought against England; to-day they fight under her banner. Then, at Fontenoy, their deeds of valor wrung from William the historic malediction, "Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects." To-day King George may well exclaim, "Blessed be the statesmanship that has given my Empire such brave defenders."

NOTES AND COMMENTS

AS APPEARS from the statement of a French missionary priest, Father Gustave Raoult, now in Japan, which we find in a recent issue of The Field Star, there are eight papers published in English in the Island Empire, one of them, the Japan Times, being edited and published exclusively by native Japanese. None of these papers display a friendly disposition towards the Church, some of them being openly hostile, while the others seem pledged to a conspiracy of silence regarding Catholics and their works. This leads Father Raoult to express the hope that British or American Catholics might found an English paper in that far-off land, and by their interest in Catholic missions vindicate their right to the Catholic name. "One is not a Catholic," this missionary concludes, "if he does not seek the conversion of the world." The call to Catholic laymen to heartfelt interest in foreign missions was never so imperative as it is now.

AN INTERESTING feature of the recent Conclave was the unlooked for presence of Cardinal Arceverde de Albuquerque, Archbishop of Rio de Janeiro, the first representative of the Church in South America to participate in a Papal election. The Cardinal had been visiting in Spain, on his way home from Rome, when the War broke out, and immediately left for his diocese. On the high seas, however, he learned of the death of Pope Pius X. by wireless, and begged the captain to intercept if possible, by the same means, any homeward bound vessel to take him back to Spain. The effort was successful; the Cardinal transhipped in mid-Atlantic, and to the great surprise of his brother Cardinals arrived in Rome in time to enter the Conclave. He has since resumed his journey to Brazil.

READERS OF THE several paragraphs regarding Pope Benedict's predecessors of the same name in the Apostolic See, which appeared in these columns two weeks ago, may be interested in some further particulars regarding the Pops. A recent writer in the Lamp has summarized some facts which will bear repetition. Of the first 30, 29 were martyrs, the exception being St. Dionysius, who lived to a great age in the exercise of every Christian virtue and after his death was interred in the cemetery of St. Calistus. He was the twenty-fourth successor

of St. Peter. The total number of martyr Popes is 33. Eighty-two have been canonized.

IN REGARD TO nationality, 104 of the Popes were Romans; 108 natives of other parts of Italy; 44 were Frenchmen; 9 Greeks, 7 Germans, 5 Asiatics, 3 Africans, 3 Spaniards, and 2 Dalmatians; while Palestine, Thrace, Holland, Portugal and England have each contributed one to the Papal Chair. Nine Popes reigned less than one month, 30 less than one year, 11 more than 20 years, and 6 over 23 years. The reign of St. Peter was the longest in the history of the Papacy, and it is remarkable that it remained for the nineteenth century to furnish, in the persons of Pius IX. and Leo XIII., the next two in point of length of service. His Holiness, Benedict XV., Peter's latest successor, is still in the prime of life, and it is quite reasonable therefore for Catholics to hope that he may be spared to attain to at least the years of the thirteenth Leo.

THE WIDESPREAD ruin and desolation which war has inflicted upon the heroic little kingdom of Belgium readers doubly interesting an experience of Cardinal Gibbons' during his visit in the early summers to Europe. This visit is not to be confused with his later journey to attend the conclave for the election of a successor to Pius X. During a short sojourn in June as the guest of Mr. Francis Jenkins of Baltimore, at his villa on the shores of Lake Geneva, the Queen of Belgium, who was visiting in the vicinity, hearing of the presence of the American Cardinal, of whom she had heard so much, expressed an earnest desire to meet him, and to assist at his Mass. Accordingly, on the morning of June 5th, she attended Mass in the little private chapel of "Villa Maryland," and afterwards accepted an invitation to breakfast with the Cardinal and with his hosts. All, it is related, were impressed by her charming simplicity and cordiality. The subsequent tragic sequence of events in Her Majesty's Kingdom have shown that she possesses also the qualities of courage and fortitude.

WAR HAS centered interest also in certain members of the Royal House of Austria. Two of the sisters of the future Empress (if the war leaves a throne to succeed to in Austria,) are nuns in an English convent. The Benedictine Convent on the Isle of Wight is the religious home of these two royal personages who have chosen to serve God in the seclusion of the cloister rather than in the white light of a throne. One, who is half sister only to the prospective empress, was recently professed; the other is still a novice. The Benedictine Convent in which they pursue their vocation was one of the first places visited by King Edward VII. after the serious illness which caused the postponement of the coronation.

WHATEVER FEELINGS may predominate in Great Britain, in France, or in this country, as regards Austria's participation in the ruthless and unprovoked war which the German Kaiser's ambitions has inflicted upon the world, there can scarcely be two opinions regarding the aged Emperor Francis Joseph. It used to be said by the knowing ones that the long-predicted European war would not eventuate so long as the old Emperor lived. A good many conjectures have been shattered by the course of events following upon the assassination of the Austrian Crown Prince—this conspicuously amongst them. It seems relatively safe to say that since Francis Joseph was not destined to close his eyes in peace he may be spared the spectacle of the misery and degradation to which Austria will be brought ere the war terminates. The mere outbreak of hostilities was crown of sorrow enough for one who by his personal influence and high character alone had so often averted that catastrophe from his people within the past sixty-six years—a term of kingship without parallel in history. Without regard to national sympathies or animosities therefore, the compassion of the whole civilized world will go out to the aged occupant of the throne of the Hapsburgs. It can scarcely be denied that the cup of bitterness of this unhappy monarch has been filled to overflowing.

THAT THE Emperor is bowed beneath his weight of sorrow must be evident to every observer. This grief finds touching expression in a letter to his First Minister which has found its way into the public prints.

"For sixty-five years and more," he says, "I have shared with my peoples joy and sorrow, mindful, even in the gloomiest hours, of my high duties of responsibility for the destinies of the millions for whom I am answerable to the Almighty. This fresh painful trial that God's unfathomable decree has imposed upon me and mine will strengthen me in the resolve to follow the way I know to be right, to my last breath, for the welfare of my peoples, and I can at the end bequeath to my successor the pledge of their love as my most priceless legacy, that will be the dearest reward of my paternal care."



THE REV. EDWARD GORDON DOE

ON THE BATTLE LINE

BRITISH SING AND JOKE AS BULLETS FLY

Canadian Press

New York, Sept. 25.—A tale of warfare from the British camp in France, vivid with description of the way the British forces faced death on the battlefield, of the jokes they cracked, and the prayers they said with the bullets sweeping their ranks, was brought to New York today aboard the steamer Mauretania by the Rev. James Molloy, a native of Trenton, N. Y., who served as chaplain for several weeks with one of the British regiments in France. "In a modern battle there is an overpowering sense of unreality," he said. "The business of seeing men kill each other seems mechanical, because of the preponderance of the machine element in the affair; the human element simply bleeds and dies, but the machines continue in their perfection of slaughter."

STUPENDOUS BRAVERY

"The conduct of the British soldiers in the trenches was surprising. There those men stood behind shoulder high mounds of dirt, facing level sprays of death in front, yet cracking jokes and singing snatches of music hall ballads between volleys. Stupendous bravery, I call it, or stupendous absence of nerves. "I've heard men under the crashing fire of the terrible German guns, and with comrades dropping all about them, unite in roaring, 'It's a long road to Tipperary,' as if they were in barracks. Sometimes I'd hear a big Irishman call out to a neighbor in the trenches: 'Well, I winged that Dutchman, all right.' The business of killing, with them seemed personal and to partake somewhat of a sporting event."

ENEMY LIKE THE SEA

"But how the Germans did pound that British line at Mons! They came on, and on, and on, never stopping, never faltering. It was like the waves of a blue-gray sea rolling up through the fog. One wave would break and die away, and another would be right behind it, pushing on inexorably. The German commanders threw their men into the face of British fire with absolute recklessness, counting on the sheer weight of numbers to overwhelm us. "To see, through glasses, those German lines move forward was like watching regiments of toy soldiers pushing across a table. You'd see a long row of pale blue blocks, topped with spiked helmets, break from cover and come rushing at you."

ALL WIPED OUT

"Then a British gun at your elbow would speak, a shell would drop right in the midst of that blue block, a great hurling up of smoke and soil—and the block would be gone. Nothing left but a few little men madly running back through the haze of powder smoke. "Perhaps the night fighting is the most weird and terrible to see. In this the forces of the allies had the superiority through their preponderant supply of aeroplanes. The allied forces on the retreat from Mons to Senlis had thirty-five aeroplanes, which were busy day and night, but particularly at night. "You would hear a whirling of invisible propellers overhead, and by straining your eyes could trace the direction of the night flyer over the German positions. Gunners stand ready behind their pieces. Suddenly a spark appears in the heavens; it falls. The airman has discovered

the position of a German battery and his falling torch makes the range and position. Instantly the British guns roar and a shower of shells soars up to follow the line of that falling star.

RETREAT A NIGHTMARE

"The retreat of the British from Mons to Senlis was one long nightmare. No sleep for anyone; no rest from the harrying of the German guns and cavalry. "Yet so stubborn was the spirit of the soldiers in the trenches that they rebelled against the order of retreat, failing to understand that the slow falling back in the face of the German advance was in accordance with pre-arranged plans of the French and British. Sir John French even explained to some of the private soldiers the reason for his orders to retreat."

NOTRE DAME NUNS AND THE WAR

BLESSED SACRAMENT RESCUED BY FUGITIVE NUNS

Five Sisters of Notre Dame arrived in London from Antwerp on Wednesday, September 9. The Order has several houses in and around Antwerp, and as some of them are close to the fortifications it was deemed prudent to gather the Sisters together in the central house in the Rue de l'Empereur, which is at present given up to Red Cross work. The Sisters say that on one night alone they saw eight bombs fall from Zeppelins, and that the balcony of the convent was destroyed by one of them. On Thursday, eighteen more Sisters arrived from Belgium at one of the London houses of the Order. They had received the greatest kindness on their journey from the British "Tommys" at Ostend, who had insisted on carrying the Sisters' small luggage to the officials on the boat, who in turn refused payment from them for their frugal meals. Two of the Sisters belong to the Visé community, and their story is as pathetic as it is interesting. For two weeks they had lived in a cellar; then the Superior and a Sister were taken as hostages, and for three days they had only a little straw for their beds, whilst food was brought to them at irregular intervals by a German soldier. They had to leave Visé at an hour's notice. The Superior, acting on a previous permission, gave Holy Communion to her sisters, and then secured the ciborium containing 300 Hosts from the parish church. They tramped for some miles till they came to a small village, where they made their way to the church. On their arrival Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was being given, and they immediately deposited their Sacred Burden in the hands of the good Curé, who informed the congregation of what had happened. The Sisters then managed to make their way to Maastricht, where they were hospitably entertained by the Franciscan Sisters for a short time. They are now dispersed in the convents of their own Order at Antwerp, Ghent, and London. We understand that a community of 40 nuns of another Order, exiles from Malines, were expected at one of the London houses of Notre Dame, as well as some Belgian ladies and children. No news has as yet been received from the head house at Namur, but in many towns and cities in Belgium Sisters of Notre Dame have been taken as hostages, whilst at Gembloux and elsewhere they have actually been driven from their convents at the point of the bayonet.

THE MUNSTERS' GALLANT STAND

A wounded private of the Royal Munster Fusiliers tells the following story of the last fight of that famous Irish regiment, the old "Dirty Shirts," who covered themselves with glory in Neil's march to Cawnpore during the Indian Mutiny: "With the Guards, the Coldstreams, the Irish, and the Scots, we took part in all the fighting up till Friday week, when we had our hardest time. Somehow, we were left behind, and had to bear the brunt of the whole German attack. They came at us from all points—horse, foot, artillery, and all—and the air was thick with screaming, shouting men, waving swords and blazing away at us like blue murder. Our lads stood up to them without the least taste of fear. We wouldn't surrender, and tried our hardest to cut through the stone wall of Germans. It was hell on our work, but I can say that we never hoisted the white flag, and if the battalion was wiped out as they say, it fought to the last gasp. "The spirit of our lads was such that you couldn't help being proud of them, and they accounted for a lot of the Germans. I was floored for I can't tell you how long, but when I got back my senses the Germans had gone. I got into the hands of the sisters and was taken back into our lines, where I saw some of our boys who had got away. They told me that the 'Dirty Shirts' had been almost cleaned up by the Germans, but that the Germans pay dearly for their brazen impudence in thinking they could cut off an Irish regiment without having to fight."

ULSTER NATIONALISTS ARMED

The Ulster regiments of the Irish National Volunteers have now been practically all furnished with complete equipment of rifles, bayonets, and ammunition. Three specially chartered steamers lately arrived in Dublin containing supplies and these were allotted. Ulster Nationalists having first claim. Mr. Redmond has entered into contracts for additional supplies, which, when received, will equip the whole Irish National Volunteer Force. Mr. John O'Connor, M. P. (an old Fenian) and Professor Kettle joined Mr. Devlin in the arrangements for landing and distributing the arms.

RIVAL ARMAMENTS

After many experiments, France, the United States and Great Britain began about 1900 to add submarines to their fleets; Germany began in 1903. The effectiveness of the submarine in warfare is vey well being tested. Of this type of vessel Britain has 77, Germany 24 completed some months ago and 12 more under way and France 78.

The engagements in which submarines have figured since the war began have been the sinking of a

German submarine by British cruisers in the North Sea on August 9, the sinking of the British cruiser Pathfinder by a German submarine on September 9, the sinking of the German cruiser Hela off Heligoland by a British submarine on September 13, and the sinking of the three British cruisers reported yesterday as having been destroyed by German submarines, and of two of the attacking craft. The Germans have, therefore, had distinctly the best of the under warfare to date, the obvious reason being that the British ships are cruising about in the open sea while Germany's warships are sheltered in port. Britain has still 31 armored cruisers, while Germany has but 13. The naval operations to date have cost Germany three light cruisers of the Mainz class, the armored cruiser Madgeburg and the cruiser Hela, and several destroyers and auxiliary cruisers. In addition, the Goeben, one of Germany's greatest fighting battleships, and a noteworthy feature of the part that will be played in the naval warfare of the future by submerged craft. The Cressy, the Aboukir and the Hogue were great ships of 12,000 tons displacement, carrying crews of 750 men each and an armament of 292 guns, 12 6 inch and 12 8-inch quickfiring. Against attack by hostile cruisers their sides were provided with a belt of 6 inch harveyized steel, which protected the vital parts of the vessels, such as the engine room, coal bunkers and ammunition magazines. On their decks they had 3 inches of steel to guard against shell penetration there. But on the hull, under water, they were unprotected. Hidden from the gunners who stood impotently by their deadly weapons, with an effective surface range of 6 or 7 miles, the submarines crept close enough to make sure that their torpedoes would find the mark. The British loss of life is not yet disclosed. Survivors say that 2 of the 3 submarines engaged in the attack were sunk, but the 70 Germans sent to the bottom were few compared to the Britons of the 3 cruisers, who must have been killed outright by the explosion of the torpedoes of the submarines.

BRITISH CRUISERS TORPEDOED

The destruction of 3 British armored cruisers in the North Sea by a German flotilla of submarines on Sept. 22 affords striking proof of the part that will be played in the naval warfare of the future by submerged craft. The Cressy, the Aboukir and the Hogue were great ships of 12,000 tons displacement, carrying crews of 750 men each and an armament of 292 guns, 12 6 inch and 12 8-inch quickfiring. Against attack by hostile cruisers their sides were provided with a belt of 6 inch harveyized steel, which protected the vital parts of the vessels, such as the engine room, coal bunkers and ammunition magazines. On their decks they had 3 inches of steel to guard against shell penetration there. But on the hull, under water, they were unprotected. Hidden from the gunners who stood impotently by their deadly weapons, with an effective surface range of 6 or 7 miles, the submarines crept close enough to make sure that their torpedoes would find the mark. The British loss of life is not yet disclosed. Survivors say that 2 of the 3 submarines engaged in the attack were sunk, but the 70 Germans sent to the bottom were few compared to the Britons of the 3 cruisers, who must have been killed outright by the explosion of the torpedoes of the submarines.

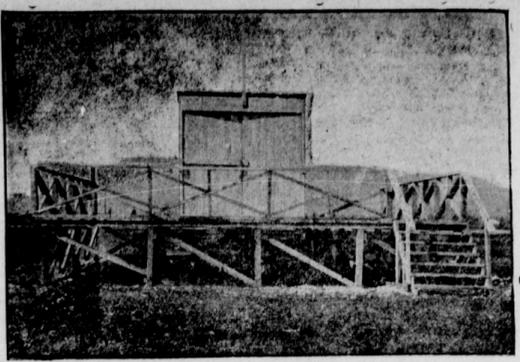
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CATHOLIC CHURCH AT VALCARTIER CAMP, QUEBEC
Courtesy of Canadian Northern Railway

"A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY"

By Canadian Press

London, September 21.—Through-out the British Isles enlistment continues unabated and a noteworthy feature is the high standard of the recruits. Students and young professional men are conspicuous in every squad seen upon the London streets. "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," now has become a fixed classic song in this war, much in the same manner as "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To Night," swept through the American Army in Cuba during the Spanish-American war. Even the German prisoners interned in England have caught the fever and may be heard singing it as well as they can.

"IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY"

Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day.
As the streets are paved with gold,
Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand
and Leicester Square,
Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there:

CHORUS—

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know,
Goodbye Piccadilly, farewell Leicester Square,
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there.

Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O,
Saying, "Should you not receive it,
write and let me know;
If I make mistakes in spelling, Molly dear," said he,
"Remember, it's the pen that's bad,
don't lay the blame on me.

Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O,
Saying, "Mike Maloney wants to marry me,
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WHAT THEY REALLY SAID
We are in receipt of a very interesting letter from a reader who feels that we placed too much emphasis in last issue upon the role played by Ulster in precipitating the greatest European war of all time. He says that in his reading of the newspapers he "has failed to note the insurrectionary speeches referred to in the Review. This we can easily understand for Western Canadians are too busy to attempt a record of the sayings and doings of public men. But it does not prove that such speeches were not made. As a sort of corroborative evidence then we will refer briefly to a few and our readers can judge for themselves their influence upon a people who cannot be expected to understand British, and particularly Irish, character.

In an interview in the Morning Post on January 9th, 1911, Captain Craig, confidant of Sir Edward Carson, said: "There is a spirit spreading abroad which I can testify to from my personal knowledge that Germany and the German Emperor would be preferred to the rule of John Redmond, Patrick Ford, and the Molly Maguires." Major C. Crawford, who was publicly thanked by Sir Edward Carson at Larne, County Antrim, on the 11th July last, for the leading part he played in running the cargo of munitions from Germany into Ulster last April, speaking at the first (1912) annual meeting of the Bangor Unionist Club on April 29th, as reported in the North Down Herald, said: "If they were put out of the Union, he would infinitely prefer to change his allegiance right over to the Emperor of Germany or anyone else who had got a proper and stable Government." Mr. James Chambers, Unionist, M. P., for South Belfast, addressing his constituents on 23rd May, 1913, as reported in the Belfast News Letter (May 24th) said: "As regards the future, what if a day should come when Ireland would be clamoring for independence complete and thorough from Great Britain? . . . What side would they take then? (A voice: "Germany"). He (Mr. Chambers) guard no man by his opinions. They owed to England allegiance, loyalty and gratitude, but if England cast them off then he reserved the right as a

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July, 1912.) "They had nothing to thank England for. They would take the field, if necessary, against any foe that would force Home Rule upon them." (Major Crawford, at Bangor, Co. Down, April 29, 1912.) "Let Home Rule be granted and Ireland might have at least one common object and aim—hatred of England. The day would surely come when their friendship would be wanted again, when England's hour of need would be upon her, and then she would know her folly and guilt in betraying those who never failed her before." (Rev. W. S. Kerr, B. D., to Portadown Orangemen, Sunday, June 9th, 1912.)
With such devotion to King and Empire, displayed by men whom His Majesty referred to when addressing the conference as among the most loyal of his subjects, before them, is there any reason to suppose that the German militarists would take other than the obvious meaning from it? And as a matter of fact they did not. They regarded Great Britain, torn by internal rebellion, as incapable of participating in the European conflict. And that impression, without doubt, encouraged Germany in her decision to precipitate the war.—North West Review.

SAD AND STRANGE NEGLECT

Among lost opportunities, said the late Father Russell, S. J., the saddest and strangest neglect for many is the omission of the daily Mass, which it is in their power to hear. Daily Mass! What a faithful store of grace it has been to good Christians living in the world! What strength it has given them in the trials of life, what temptations it has enabled them to resist, what burdens it has lightened for them, what sorrows soothed. But there are many in our cities and towns and villages who might have gained for themselves those graces and who have not done so. The churches, indeed, of some of our larger towns are well filled on week-day mornings; though no doubt ever then, many are absent through sloth, or through thoughtlessness, or through want of faith and zeal. But in our country towns, at least in many of them, we fear the Mass is considered by too many as a mere Sunday duty, and that these habitually neglect a great spiritual privilege which they could enjoy every morning without interfering with their temporal concerns. If anyone on whom this reproach might justly fall should read these lines, may God put it into his or her heart to resolve to hear Mass henceforward, not on Sunday only, but every day, if possible.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

The noble response which has been made to the CATHOLIC RECORD's appeal in behalf of Father Fraser's Chinese mission encourages us to keep the list open a little longer. It is a source of gratification to Canadian Catholics that to one of themselves it should have fallen to inaugurate and successfully carry on so great a work. God has certainly blessed Father Fraser's efforts, and made him the instrument of salvation to innumerable souls. Why not, dear reader, have a share in that work by contributing of your means to its maintenance and extension? The opportunity awaits you: let it not pass you by.
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A FATAL DEFECT OF CHARACTER

"He's a very good fellow, a fine fellow, a genial, companionable fellow—but you can not believe what he says."

This is the way a man's character was summed up, the other day, on a street-car, by a speaker whose voice carried a little farther, perhaps, than he intended.

How many men there are who have this fatal defect of character. They are genial, companionable, entertaining, but—not trustworthy.

Now, to the person who tries to make his statements square with facts, there are few things more distressing than to have a deal with those who are afflicted with the habit of lying, or of boastful, bragging exaggeration.

Truth is the corner-stone of human intercourse. Without truth and trust there can be no square-dealing between man and man.

To the young men of to-day we would say with all earnestness, "there is nothing more royal than truth. Stick to the truth. Let nothing lead you away from the resolve not to lie."

Why is time so short? Have you ever met a man, be he a student, an artist, a merchant or professional man who did not complain of want of time to read all that he desired, to put the finishing touches to his work, to fulfil all his engagements?

It is the common cry from the busy world. Time is so short and there is so much to do. These people, who take a little of this precious time to reflect on the manner of its use will doubtless grant you that they sometimes, even often, waste time.

And so our precious minutes hurry one and another into oblivion, unless we check them by resolutely reigning in sloth, worry and vain regrets.

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YOUR OWN BOSS

Now and then I hear a boy say: "If I could only be my own boss, then I would be happy."

Did you ever know anyone, that amounted to much, who was his own boss? The only one I ever read about was Robinson Crusoe, and he was glad to quit.

You have heard of the "independent farmer." He is dependent upon water, water and frost. He must be home every morning and night to milk the cows.

No one can be his own "boss," unless he goes out of the world, into the wilderness, and then he will find himself dependent upon the berries and animals.

This is, however, one way of becoming your own boss. Let me tell you: It is to stay right where you are and begin to help other people, and after awhile you will find they will do anything for you.

GENIALITY

Weak and full of wants as we are ourselves, we must make up our minds, or rather take heart, to do some little good to this poor world while we are in it.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BOYS LISTEN TO THIS

Sermons on bridling the tongue are usually addressed to girls. Girls are often tempted to gossip, spitefulness, to unkind and thoughtless uses of that sharp little sword we carry about in our mouths.

Out of the heart the mouth speaketh, and the reservoir of the heart is largely filled with what the boy listens to. Watch out for what is said to you, and you will watch out for what you say to others.

And if you really wish to watch out for what is said to you, make this your infallible rule: Don't let everybody talk to you. Don't be at the mercy of every random vagabond, to allow him to spear you like a fish, or to truss you up like a target.

And in this matter of the impure talker, understand that he is not always discoverable at first sight. More often than not he is cleverly disguised. He is not necessarily a low-browed individual, with a hole in his hat and his shoes untied.

When he was safe within the walls of the beleaguered town, he procured a shovel, a pickaxe and some rope; and, walking straight to the ramparts, and declining all offers of assistance, he lowered himself to the ground.

The enemy, mistaking his intention, covered him with muskets; but a French officer, wiser than the rest, divined the motive of the brave fellow, and ordered his soldiers to refrain from firing.

"Crop" was doubtless meant as a brief way of writing *crapsud* (toad)—Johnny Crapsud being a nickname applied by English sailors to all Frenchmen, from a fondness they were supposed to have not for toads, but for frogs.

The firing, which had ceased long enough to permit Kelly to perform his kind offices, now recommenced with renewed fierceness. When the battle was over, the English commander sent for the sailor and questioned him.

"I don't see, your honor," said Kelly, "why they all wonder at such a small thing."

"Oh, no!" protested Kelly. "I was not alone."

"But I was told that you were," said the commodore.

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A TALE OF TWO BOYS

During the past summer an express train filled with listless, sleepy-looking passengers, stood at the union station, Detroit, Michigan, on the moment of departure for New York City.

One of the best-known men in Ohio, a man who has been in the public eye for years, and is especially noted for his talent in public speaking, told a friend recently why he had become a total abstainer.

At home alone that evening I went over the details of the game and made up my mind that one drink had affected my brain and made it impossible for me to properly guide my strokes.

When he was safe within the walls of the beleaguered town, he procured a shovel, a pickaxe and some rope; and, walking straight to the ramparts, and declining all offers of assistance, he lowered himself to the ground.

TEMPERANCE

The man who trains with barley-corn is loaded down with sorrow; today he's seedy and forlorn, he'll be the same to-morrow.

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A VOICE FROM ROME

Rome, the paper of the Eternal City for English-speaking Catholics, has this to say: The concluding sentence is respectfully referred to some critics of temperance legislation:

"Half a century ago the Finns consumed annually from twenty to twenty five millions of hectolitres of alcohol, or fifteen litres per inhabitant, so that they occupied the first place among hard-drinking peoples.

Between 1861 and 1871 the consumption of alcohol per head dropped from fifteen litres, to three and one-half litres, and it has now sunk to a litre and a half.

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STAMMERERS

The methods employed at the Arnott Institute are the only logical methods for the cure of stammering. They treat the CAUSE, not merely the habit, and insure NATURAL SPEECH.

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Stammerers. The methods employed at the Arnott Institute are the only logical methods for the cure of stammering. They treat the CAUSE, not merely the habit, and insure NATURAL SPEECH.

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Why not do what others are doing? I want agents in dozens of splendid counties to sell the

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

WHAT A PROTESTANT DIVINE SAYS OF HER FAITH AND SUPERSTITION

A dignitary of the Episcopal Church, displeased at our suggesting that he should follow out to their logical conclusion some ideas he had published, wrote to say that he found the Catholic Church as tolerant of error as his own denomination. "I see much tolerance. I see what you Jesuits believe when you talk of infallibility, and I see what you believe." The word "believe," as used in this passage, is the key to the apparent unreasonableness of High Church Episcopalians.

heathen are devils." (Ps. xcv : 5.)

Does the secular approach in any way a worship of devils? One might say a secular is the "work of men's hands" (Ps. cxlii : 4), in which one trusts for salvation; but we would not wrong the dignitary by supposing him capable of that. "Cult," too, is a pretty word, and much in use to-day; but can a "society" be a cult, or is the use of the secular such? However, the dignitary asserts that this use exalts unduly the Mother of God, because it goes beyond what in his private judgment he determines to be the limit of Catholic honor allowed her. He has the vast majority of Christians against him; every single one of those whose name he usurps. If, instead of carrying it vaguely in his mind, he were to write down what he judges to be allowed in devotion to the Blessed Virgin, he might be surprised at its paltriness or he might recognize its incompleteness. If Mary is a living reality, still full of grace, close to her Divine Son, with her maternal relation to Him still existing as really as it began on earth, it is at least unreasonable to say that to trust to her promises is heathenish. The dignitary pretends to excuse the Church from responsibility, on the ground that it does not "endorse officially in its formularies" the papal and such like, but as the Episcopal Church does not in its formularies endorse officially the Pantheist in its midst. The favorite way with Episcopalians of seeking to avoid the guilt of countenancing and sharing in heresy, we repudiate utterly. The Catholic Church in its super-natural life can, and does, cast out from itself all doctrinal errors, while the sects can not do so. With it the Holy Ghost abides that it may teach and its children hear the teaching voice. It accepts, therefore, full responsibility for all it permits, even though others may find there "heathenish superstition." As regards the secular, it does more than permit. It celebrates the feast of Mount Carmel throughout the world; and, in doing so, tells us that the devotion of the secular, as we have practised it for centuries, not only is in no way opposed to the Catholic religion, but is also most conducive to Christian piety. "Lex orandi est lex credendi."

thousands. Even the innumerable combatants who do not acknowledge him as the Vicar of the Prince of Peace and the shepherd of their souls, recognize in him the head of the oldest Church in Christendom.

By birth, moreover, he belongs to a neutral nation. The moving appeal of Pope Benedict XV, therefore, should be heard above the clash of arms and the roar of artillery. "Hasten to enter into a council of the warring peoples. That they may speedily hearken to the appeal of the Supreme Pontiff should be our fervent prayer. Then God, the Author and Lover of peace, to know whom is to live, to serve whom is to rule, will bestow on His servants the peace which the world can not give, and taking from the hearts of His children all hatred and fear will impart to them the spirit of meekness and tranquillity.—America.

DIOCESE OF KINGSTON

PRESENTATION AND ADDRESS TO REV. FATHER FLEMING

Chesterville Record, Sept. 17.

As is generally known Rev. Father Fleming of Chesterville had been on a two months' vacation to Europe, particularly his native land, Ireland, returning on Monday Sept. 7th. His congregation not being certain as to the hour when he would arrive, caused the greeting at the depot to be of a very quiet nature. Nevertheless they had not been idle, as a committee of men had been busy collecting a sum of money with which to present him.

Grateful were the hearts, and full were they of thanksgiving, when they learned their beloved pastor was back to his field of labor. How much more his fervent work is appreciated after a lapse of two months! How much he was missed, both in pulpit and his faithful daily exercises, only those who belong to his congregation can express. And as regards our citizens at large, all were anxious to hear of his safe return, as the hazardous peril in which land and sea are plunged caused vague alarm as to his safety.

On Sunday, Sept. 13th, St. Mary's Church was crowded. Every seat was filled and a large number standing, all eager to hear again the voice of their beloved pastor, and to tender him, by their presence, a "welcome home."

After Mass was celebrated, and one of his touching sermons delivered, he concluded by imploring his people to pray for peace among the European countries.

The committee of men organized the sanctuary railing, Mr. Ed. Walsh in distinct voice read a suitable address while Mr. Thomas Moran, in behalf of the congregation, presented the rev. Father with a purse of gold.

Father Fleming, taken by surprise, was deeply moved, and in his usual method of expression feelingly replied in most appropriate and edifying language, thanking them from the depths of his heart for their ever ready and willing co-operation in making his labor a success, saying it was not altogether his personal qualities to which they referred, but to the respect and esteem they held for the office which he filled. Not a few were moved to tears at the scene. After benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament the congregation dispersed, praying fervently that Father Fleming would be left for many years with them.

ALL DUES OF VOLUNTEERS PAID

At the regular meeting of Division No. 7, A. O. H., Chatham, N. B., it was moved and unanimously adopted: That this Division will pay all dues and assessments for all their members who have volunteered or who may volunteer for home or overseas service, thus giving them their full benefits for sickness, accident or burial. This resolution to remain in effect until the end of the war.

Signed M. F. HALEY, JOSEPH MORAN, W. J. MORAN.

It may be noted that the local Division has no less than seven men at Valcartier, in addition to as many more at the wireless camp. This is a high percentage and a matter of pride to other members.

TRIBUTE TO PRIESTS

WAR CORRESPONDENT WOULD PLACE THE PRIESTS WHO MINISTERED TO THE DEAD AND DYING AT THE SACK OF LOUVAIN AT THE HEAD OF BELGIUM'S ROLL OF FAME

The following tribute to the valor and heroic conduct of the priests who attended the dying and aided the bereaved during the war now being waged in Belgian territory was penned by E. Alexander Powell, a war correspondent, who witnessed the afflicted and minister to the dead and dying. It is dated Antwerp, August 30:

"I am sorry to say that stories of the sack of Louvain, slowly seeping in, in no way ameliorate the original tale of horror. The few refugees who have arrived here are stupefied by their frightful experience.

"Many inquiries were made to-day of the American consulate regarding fifty American priests known to have been in the city, but no definite information is available. In this war the caseload has been a provocation instead of a protection, for innumerable cases have come to my attention of priests shot or bayoneted while caring for wounded.

able cases have come to my attention of priests shot or bayoneted while caring for wounded.

"At the head of Belgium's roll of fame should be carved the names of these heroic men in long black gowns and shaved heads who face death unarmed and unafraid. I have seen them burying the dead, shaving the dying, bandaging the wounded, helping the helpless, writing letters for the illiterate, comforting the bereaved and homeless, cheering the troops into action. I raise my hat to them in respect and admiration. They are showing themselves real soldiers of the Lord."

PADDY AT COPENHAGEN

Exchange

The Irish seem to be the only people who can inject an element of humor into this grim war. Two wounded Irish troopers rode into Paris the other day on a train and said the last they knew they had been 'lightin' like the divil at Copenhagen." Perhaps this was their Tipperary way of saying "Compeigne."

WE WERE FIGHTIN' FOR A WEEK OR MORE, AN FIGHTIN' NIGHT AN' DAY.

The boys were all around us till the Germans came away. It was a glorious ruction—sure we tuk to it like play—Till we found ourselves alone at Copenhagen!

We wor mighty glad, I tell ye, when we got the word "Advance." We kep' right on through Belgium to drive 'em out of France. The Dutch were sure cantankerous—they led a quite a dance—Till we found ourselves marooned at Copenhagen!

'Twas a long way to Tipp'rary—och, a weary road from there—Our nags bein' shot from under us, we travelled on shank's mare, Then we tuk the tram to Paris—never paid a blessed fare—For they knew that we were just from Copenhagen!

They're feedin' us on strawberries, an' buther, an' champagne, We're feelin' just like fightin' cocks or ducks in heavy rain; A week o' this would kill us—so good-bye Paddy again, We'll go back to fight the Dutch at Copenhagen!

PRAYER TO ST. JOSEPH

BY POPE LEO, TO BE OFFERED DURING THE MONTH OF OCTOBER

To Thee, O Blessed Joseph, do we fly in our tribulation, and after imploring the help of thy Most Holy Spouse, we ask confidently for thy protection. We beseech thee by that affection which united thee with the Immaculate Mother of God, and by the paternal love with which thou hast encircled the Child Jesus and suppliant we pray that thou mayest aid us in our necessities by thy power and help.

Protect, O Most Provident Guardian of the Divine Family, the elect race of Jesus Christ; banish from us, O Most Loving Father, all plague of error and corruption; do thou, our strongest support, assist us from the height of Heaven with thy efficacious help in this struggle with the powers of darkness; and, as formerly thou didst rescue the Child Jesus from the greatest danger to His life; so now defend the Holy Church of God from the treachery of her enemies and from all adversity, and cover each one of us with thy lasting protection, so that, following the example and supported by the help we may be able to live holily, die piously, and obtain eternal happiness in Heaven. Amen.

WAR REFUTES CHARGES OF BIGOTS

The present European war already shows indications of becoming the greatest leveler in the history of the world of long-established ideas, and a writer in the Philadelphia Standard and Times. Traditional barriers of centuries are being swept away and illusions of international scope are being shattered by the great conflict. Most notable of the latter is the temporal power of the Pope—an extravagance of the imagination which has thrown some very good but badly misled people of this country into hysteria, and which has been commercialized by a clique of knavish lecturers, agitators and publishers for self-aggrandizement.

If there is any place in the entire modern world where the Papal authority should be potential, and where the communicants of the Catholic Church would naturally stand shoulder to shoulder against all others (if the absurd theories of their detractors had any merit), it is in the strong Catholic nations of Austria, Italy, France and Belgium. At the first intimation of war being declared the earnest plea of the Vatican with the Austrian emperor for peace fell upon deaf ears, and the entreaties of the late Pope with the rulers of other nations embracing his own faith for a cessation of hostilities have been drowned in the din of battle. Where, then, is this much-heralded temporal power of the "Roman hierarchy" to be found if it is so impotent in its supposedly greatest stronghold? The truth is that it exists only in minds blinded by intense religious bigotry.

What a great blessing to humanity and civilization of the entire world to-day if it were only possessed with the power accredited it. But the trend of events of the past month shows it to be as powerless as any other agency on the face of the earth to check a war in which the primary cause is commercialism, and into which religion does not enter the slightest degree.

In this great conflict Protestant Germany and Catholic Austria are united on one side. On the other are Catholic France, Catholic Belgium and Protestant England, reinforced by Russia, a Greek Catholic nation not in sympathy religiously with other Protestants or Catholics. Not a word of religion is heard in the news sympathy religiously with either Protestants and Catholics are facing their brethren in religion in battle and fighting each other for their respective nationalities, and not for their religious beliefs.

The propaganda of vituperation and defamation against a great Christian body by sheets like the Menace and by agitators of the Barnett type is forever shattered in America by the spectacle before our eyes in Europe, where it is seen that the Catholic is true in his allegiance to his nation, even if he must fight to the death his brother in the faith or an avowed and hostile nation. I am not Catholic, but an Episcopalian, and as such I feel I am in a position to take an impartial view of the question.

THE SIGN OF THE ROSARY

An autumn eve in Ireland, an open cabin door, And reverent figures kneeling upon the earthen floor; Ave Gratia Plena, and then Benedicta Tu, I heard the prayerful greeting, and so the vision grew Of a cottage home in Judea, and she who was with child, Bending in lowly homage before a Maiden Mild.

Methought I heard adown the years The Virgin's wondrous song, "The nations all shall call me blest throughout the ages long," As bright in midnight skies appears the lightning's sudden gleam, So suddenly the vision showed why faithful hearts esteem The beads—our Mother's blessed beads that heretics despise— Their solace in this vale of tears, hope far beyond the skies.

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—REV. D. A. CASEY

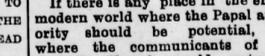
GIVING AWAY

We have purchased 1,000 Lamp shades with holders that have retailed at 25 cents each. We will give to every customer 3 of them who send us an order. Carnations, 15 cents a dozen, Frosted Roses, 50 cents a dozen, American Beauty Roses, 50 cents a dozen, Chrysanthemums, 50 cents a dozen, Early Lilies, 50 cents a dozen, Apple Blossom bunches, 50 cents a dozen, Poinsettias, 50 cents a dozen, Holly Vines, 1 yard long, diamond dusted, \$1.50 a dozen yards. Express or parcel post paid on all orders of \$2.00 or over. Write Brantford Artificial Flower Co., Brantford, Ont.

THE BEST GIFT

Says the Catholic Columbian: "The best gift that parents can give to their child is a religious education—a training that will not only develop the intellect but also form the character to righteousness, discipline, the will, inform the conscience, and instill Christian principles of life. Our Catholic schools are second to none in the secular education they give. They are far ahead of the Godless schools in the training they give in the knowledge and the practice of religion. Wise parents will send their children to schools where God is not ignored and Christ is not forbidden to enter."

\$300 IN 30 DAYS!



Made by one Robinson salesman. You—yourself—can positively make \$300 and expenses every week! I want men like you, hustling, energetic, ambitious fellows, anxious to make money, who are willing to work with me. Not the one that sits with me, I want you to advertise, sell and appoint local agents for the ROBINSON FOLDING BATH TUB. Here's an absolutely new, practical, and profitable business. You can make \$300 a month, and take the entire country by storm. Nothing else like it. Gives every bath-tub buyer a \$100.00 bonus in any part of the house. No plumbing, no waterworks needed. Fits in any bathroom. Absolutely guaranteed. No money down. No advertising. Self-carrying and positively unbreakable. Absolutely guaranteed. Orders, orders, everywhere. Badly wanted, eagerly bought. No money down. Immediate delivery. No money down. Immediate delivery. Her's proof—send me your name, address, and I'll send you a post card now. But you must be ambitious, you must want to make money. That's all it is—a post card now. I want to see you sixty dollars every week.

It is not idle talk. Make me prove it. Write a post card. Let me write you a long letter. Then decide. No experience needed. No capital. Your credit is good if you mean business. But you must be ambitious, you must want to make money. That's all it is—a post card now. I want to see you sixty dollars every week.

A. RUKAMP, General Manager The Robinson Cabinet Manufacturing Co., 278 Sandwick St., Walkerville, Ont. 15-11

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In this great conflict Protestant Germany and Catholic Austria are united on one side. On the other are Catholic France, Catholic Belgium and Protestant England, reinforced by Russia, a Greek Catholic nation not in sympathy religiously with other Protestants or Catholics. Not a word of religion is heard in the news sympathy religiously with either Protestants and Catholics are facing their brethren in religion in battle and fighting each other for their respective nationalities, and not for their religious beliefs.

The propaganda of vituperation and defamation against a great Christian body by sheets like the Menace and by agitators of the Barnett type is forever shattered in America by the spectacle before our eyes in Europe, where it is seen that the Catholic is true in his allegiance to his nation, even if he must fight to the death his brother in the faith or an avowed and hostile nation. I am not Catholic, but an Episcopalian, and as such I feel I am in a position to take an impartial view of the question.

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WAR REFUTES CHARGES OF BIGOTS

The present European war already shows indications of becoming the greatest leveler in the history of the world of long-established ideas, and a writer in the Philadelphia Standard and Times. Traditional barriers of centuries are being swept away and illusions of international scope are being shattered by the great conflict. Most notable of the latter is the temporal power of the Pope—an extravagance of the imagination which has thrown some very good but badly misled people of this country into hysteria, and which has been commercialized by a clique of knavish lecturers, agitators and publishers for self-aggrandizement.

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Beautiful Rosary Complete with Crucifix It is love which, mingled with every sacrifice and every offering on the altar of duty, wafts up to heaven "the sweet savour." This, mingled with our deeds and aims and thoughts and cares for our fellow men, makes sure that they come up for a memorial before God.



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