

The Catholic Record.

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

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PARIS LAW SCHOOL IS CLOSED BY STRIKE

INJUSTICE TO CATHOLIC DEAN AND TEACHER RESENTED BY THE STUDENTS

By M. Maestri
(Paris Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

Recent incidents in the Law School of Paris have attracted world-wide attention and have involved the closing of the school, the suspension of the Dean and a general strike of the students of Paris and the provinces.

At the root of the trouble is found a rank injustice in the form of discrimination against a Catholic because of his religious convictions. A chair of international law having become vacant, the council of professors, according to the custom, presented two names for appointment by the Minister of Public Instruction. First, by a vote of 40 to 3 came the name of M. Le Fur, professor at the School of Rennes, a well-known Catholic, and second, by a much smaller vote, M. Georges Scelle, professor at Dijon, department chief in the Ministry of Labor, a declared radical-socialist. The Minister, M. Francois Albert, appointed the man who had been presented as second choice.

STUDENTS RESENT INJUSTICE

When M. Scelle presented himself at the Law School to give his course, a large number of students shouted "Injustice! Injustice!" and made it impossible for him to speak. Every attempt to speak was met by the same clamor. The number of students joining in the protest increased steadily. One day, when the police tried to break up a manifestation in the street near the University, some violent encounters took place, in which 80 students and 70 policemen were injured.

Not only did the Minister of Public Instruction refuse to change his appointment, but he demanded that the Dean of the Law School, M. Berthelemy, a universally known and respected jurist, call the police into the school whenever M. Scelle's course was announced. M. Berthelemy refused to do this, declaring that it was against all traditions and contrary to the liberty of all universities to hold courses under the protection of armed forces. The government then suspended the Dean.

Here another detail attracts the attention of Catholics. M. Berthelemy, the victim of this measure, is a Catholic who, a year ago, consented at Cardinal Dubois' request to become the legal adviser of the Diocesan Association founded in Paris.

This fact did not escape the vigilance of certain anti-clerical and one of their papers recently denounced the Dean in ugly terms.

STRIKE DECLARED

The measure taken against M. Berthelemy carried the exasperation of the University world to a climax. All the professors, with the exception of two who are advanced politicians, joined in protest and passed a resolution in sympathy with the Dean. As for the students, they have sent messages of affection bearing thousands of signatures. The General Association of Students, an absolutely neutral group embracing students of every creed and every party, has declared a general strike of 48 hours as a protest, to be observed by the Colleges of Letters and Medicine as well as the Law School. Throughout the provinces the same unanimity has been manifested, all the young people joining to manifest their indignation at the double injustice inflicted on two splendid men by a Minister who has nothing to reproach them for but their faith.

TIME FROM SCHOOL FOR RELIGION

New York, N. Y.—America should follow the example of practically all of the nations of Europe and provide religious instruction for Public school children, declared the Rev. Dr. William C. Schaeffer, pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church, Allentown Pa., in an address here. Dr. Schaeffer made it clear that he does not advocate religion in the Public schools themselves, but believes arrangements should be made for religious instruction during specified hours by teachers of the denomination selected by the parents or guardians.

The speaker told how his own public school now has between 700 and 900 children who receive religious instruction one day or evening a week under a salaried director and forty-two volunteer teachers.

"We believe in the Public schools but we do not believe the Public schools should teach religion," Dr. Schaeffer said. "That would be against our Constitution. But we don't want an education that is godless. We don't want to rear a pagan race. We must have righteousness and intelligence. Over against the Public school we must

have the week-day church school.

"I am striking for my country. The time has come for the Church to quit retreating. What we are going to do in Pennsylvania is to ask for an amendment of the school law which will allow localities where there is a majority vote for it, to permit an hour a week of school time for religious instruction in the respective churches of the pupils."

A NEW REFORMATION NEEDED

PROTEST AGAINST "ROMISH PRACTICES" IN CHURCH OF ENGLAND

By George Barnard
(London Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

London, Eng.—A new Reformation is needed to put the Church of England back to where it started, in the opinion of ardent Protestants who assembled at the Albert Hall this week "to protest against insidious approaches to the doctrines and practices of the Roman Church within the Church of England." Sincere Protestants are alarmed at the Anglo-Catholic trend and they had no difficulty in getting a crowded house in the biggest hall in London to proclaim "the Protestant character of the National Church as settled at the Reformation and enshrined in the Book of Common Prayer and the Thirty-Nine Articles."

The Home Secretary, Sir William Joynson Hicks, M. P., took the chair. And although he began his speech by explaining carefully that the meeting was not called "against the Church of Rome," he managed to offend Catholics—rather unexpectedly, in view of his recent praise of the Church when he was the guest of the Catholic Police Guild.

But at the Albert Hall, when announcing that the assembly was to commemorate the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century, he welcomed the support of the Free Churches whose beliefs, he said, "like those of the Church of England are based on Holy Writ, with no priestly interference, no purgatory, no compulsory confession."

Apart from this Catholics can sympathize with the Home Secretary and with all sturdy Protestants, who see their national Church being transformed by its gradual adoption of most of the things which it shed at the Sixteenth Century schism.

Everywhere within the Church of England today are evidences of the trend. There are candles, crucifixes, statues, confessionals, "Mass," reservation of the "Blessed Sacrament"—one or all of these things—in a vast number of Anglican churches. They are introduced by degrees, so that each place of Anglican worship has its own particular attitude between "Low" and "High."

The religious attitude of the bishops differs from diocese to diocese, so that one will tolerate and approve what another will condemn. Congregations change their churches as they find that one minister is of their religious caliber whilst another is beyond or below it. Vicars advertise for curates specifying certain limitations of belief or demanding certain ritualistic progressions.

QUEER NOTIONS OF CONFESSIONAL

Lately the House of Clergy of the Church of England has been toying with the idea of canonizing a few popular modern saints, and would obviously set about the task if it could unearth the machinery. They have also discussed the question of the secrecy of the Church of England confessionals, and have arrived at a decision which seems to mean that no minister who is really a gentleman would think of divulging the confessions of his penitents.

So the honest to goodness Protestant is naturally alarmed at the condition of his house. Sir William Joynson Hicks stated the matter clearly when he said at the Albert Hall meeting: "There is no room in the Evangelical Church for those who want Romish practices. If they desire them, let them go to the proper place."

"Against such men I have no complaint. They become honest opponents and are entitled to believe in the teachings of Rome. But if they hold such views they are not entitled to remain in the Evangelical Protestant Church."

He has no illusions about the kind of reunion of which some Anglicans dream. Referring to the Malines "conversations" he said: "We know, as Rome knows, that reunion can come only by submission to Rome."

LEAFLET ATTACKS MASS

At the doors of the Albert Hall a blasphemous leaflet attacking the Mass was distributed—probably without the Chairman's knowledge. Several passages are unprintable in a Catholic paper. Contrary to law the leaflet contained no reference to the party responsible for its publication. If it was not distributed by the Protestant societies who organ-

ized the Albert Hall protest, it came from people animated by the same purpose of purging the Established Church of Catholic tendencies.

The Home Secretary has since disavowed all sympathy with or knowledge of the scurrilous pamphlet.

MEDIAEVAL FAITH IN RURAL MISSOURI

By James H. Cox
(Dublin Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

In the social life of Ireland, Catholic organizations are coming into marked prominence. Recently a serious film crux has arisen. Film agents and proprietors are asserting that unless the present censorship is appreciably relaxed they will not permit more movie pictures to be shown in the Twenty-Six Counties. This has caused natural alarm among the picture-house proprietors, who have hastened to join in a plea for a milder censorship. Mr. Montgomery, the official censor, has thus come in for very sharp criticism, some of the agents insisting that the trade censorship carried out in Great Britain by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., should fully satisfy the Irish conscience. In this struggle of moral and material interests the Catholic Vigilance Association, which was largely responsible for bringing the censorship into existence, has rallied to the Censor's side, and it states that his excisions have gone a long way to disinfect the cinemas.

The Infant and Society is another example of Catholic social effort which has come to be relied on as an indispensable cog in the national wheel. Mr. E. P. McCarron, B. L. Secretary to the Ministry of Local Government, has just stated publicly that his department is much indebted to the society's zeal for the welfare of children, checking irregular feeding and the want of air and sunlight. "State charity," he said, "is a poor substitute for voluntary work, and the Local Government Department has reason to know that in the best interests of Dublin the work of the society should be greatly extended."

Catholic organizations are educating public opinion on the scandal of the slum, and the good estates of Archbishop Byrne. "The greatest thing in life," His Grace said, "is the sacrifice of oneself for others. If that idea could be impressed on the educational system it would form a much more perfect type of education than could ever be attained from other methods. Let us think of those who have to live in the slums. Let us not close our eyes to that social tragedy. There are hundreds and hundreds of families with one room apiece to live in, and there are 25,000 persons in the fell clutch of such conditions in the city of Dublin. Human society cannot stand that. A solution must be found."

The Archbishop spoke these words at the annual dinner of the celebrated Blackrock College Union, and his pronouncement is understood to foreshadow the striking of a blow by Catholic college men, who are the thinkers of the nation, for the proper housing of the one-room dwellers.

A telling proof of the social power of the Church, even in the most practical affairs, appears in the fact that the Free State Government, in the endeavor to stem the ravages of liver fluke among sheep, has appealed to the parish priests throughout the country to allow the posters on the subject to be exhibited on the church boards and to help by announcing the curative treatment from the pulpit.

The curative agent is an extract of male fern, and a Louth County priest was the first to call attention to its beneficent properties.

ZIONISM A MISTAKE

DECLARES THE SON OF ITS FOUNDER

By George Barnard
(London Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

London, Eng.—Hans Herzl, son of the founder of Zionism, tells us that he does not believe in the necessity of a Jewish national home in Palestine. It is interesting that Hans Herzl, who recently joined the Catholic Church here, has thus broken away from the idea which his father fostered, and for which he was hailed as a heaven-sent leader by the Jews of Eastern Europe.

He does not regard a Jewish home in Palestine as necessary because, he says, there no longer exists a Jewish problem in Eastern Europe. But even if a "national home" were necessary today, Mr. Herzl does not consider Palestine a natural base. He said:

"Palestine is an old administrative unit of the Ottoman empire, without justification at the present day. The true political basis today is the United Arab Commonwealth. The Arabs are the owners by long use (a perfectly valid title) of the Arab Middle East. Independence was promised to them for their participation in the war. That independence they must sooner or later receive at the hands of the League of Nations."

Mr. Herzl makes the further interesting suggestion that the large sums of money which wealthy American Jews are pouring into the Zionist coffers, should be diverted to Russia. If that happened, Russia, "which has so long been the national home of the Jewish people in the past, could be made habitable for them in the future."

"Jewish energies can set Russia once more on her feet; only Jews healed of the soreness of persecution can achieve the golden mean between Czarist despotism and Bolshevik tyranny."

Hans Herzl believes that the Jews of the West will play an honorable part in the rebuilding of the Arab nation. "They will enter the Arab country," he said, "not as Jewish nationalists, for Judaism in the West is a religion, not a nationality, but in virtue of their citizenship of this or that great country. They will go there in order to throw in their lot with their Arab brothers in a land which religion has hallowed

for all Jews. The mandates, surely, will go the way of all flesh.

"Personally I can conceive of only one sort of mandate in the Middle East. It is the custody of the Holy Places of Christendom held by the Holy See."

THE CATHOLIC SOCIAL POWER IN IRELAND

By James H. Cox
(Dublin Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

The new door in the rear of the Vatican Basilica, made necessary by the large Holy Year crowds and the larger ones expected at the time of the Canonizations scheduled for next month, has now been practically completed.

As described in previous dispatches to the N. C. W. C. News Service the door is cut through the base of the famous monument to Pope Clement XIII., the work of Antonio Canova. The difficulties encountered in cutting this door offered another proof of the admirably solid construction of St. Peter's. The wall through which the door is cut is five meters thick with an external coating of Travertine Marble eighty centimeters thick. Workmen experienced the greatest difficulty in piercing this wall and on the first day they were compelled to stop work four times because of broken tools.

DANCING IN SCHOOLS

Erie, Pa.—Dancing attendance at functions where dancing takes place, or contributing in any way to the holding of dances or social functions in which dancing is a part of the program, is strictly prohibited for all students of the Catholic Cathedral Preparatory School for Boys here, by order of the Rev. Dr. Joseph J. Wehrle, Head Master of the School. Violation of the rule which applies to vacation periods as well as to the school terms, will be punished by expulsion from the school.

In a letter to the parents of all students of the Cathedral Preparatory School, Dr. Wehrle explains the reasons for his actions and asks the cooperation of the parents.

Dr. Wehrle's action has drawn an expression of approval from the Rev. L. R. Williamson, Pastor of the Bethel Baptist Temple here. In a letter published in the Erie Dispatch-Herald, Dr. Williamson advances the argument that if such a step is necessary for the safeguarding of the morals of young men in the Catholic schools it is just as necessary in the Public schools.

AMERICAN PRIEST TO LECTURE AT LOUVAIN

Champaign, Ill.—The Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph.D., chaplain for Catholic students at the University of Illinois and Director of the Columbus Foundation, has accepted an invitation to deliver a series of lectures at the University of Louvain, the national university of Belgium, late in June.

Dr. O'Brien will lecture on "The Technic of Educational Research," "Psychology of Reading," and "Scientific Educational Tests and Measurements." Two of the lectures will be in English and one in German.

Lantern slides showing the behavior of the eye in reading will supplement the lectures, which will be given before the faculty and students of the university. These slides were made by Dr. O'Brien when he was conducting research at the University of Chicago.

In addition to lecturing, Father O'Brien will assist in reorganizing the advanced courses of experimental education in the School of Pedagogy which was established at Louvain two years ago.

Dr. O'Brien's book, "The Philosophy and Psychology of Education," is used in the advanced courses in educational psychology at Louvain.

INSTRUCTION LEAGUE AN IMMEDIATE SUCCESS

Springfield, Ill.—No fewer than twenty-two centers have been organized in and near Springfield by Bishop Griffin's new Religious Instruction League, an organization formed to care for the religious training of Catholic children attending Public schools.

Mobilized by the bishop, clergy and laity have joined in the new project with an enthusiasm which has made it an instant success.

Bishop Griffin launched the League when it became apparent to him that hundreds of Catholic children, many of them foreign-born, were in danger of losing their faith because they lacked religious instruction in the schools they attended. He evolved a practical plan, and placed Father L. Huffer in charge. All pastors cooperated,

and lay workers joined in the effort zealously. The city was districted, the centers were established and the children were sent out in a house-to-house canvass. Many of the teachers are laymen and laywomen. Classes are conducted at some centers every day, at others several times a week, and the plan had proved successful in every respect.

ST. PETER'S NEW DOOR

By Max Enrico Pucci
(Rome Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

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CATHOLIC NOTES

Cologne, April 6.—Although most of Germany is in subject poverty today, it is reported here that no other country in the world outside of Italy is sending so many Holy Year Pilgrims to Rome.

New York, April 16.—William D. Guthrie, of this city, has been nominated for the presidency of the New York City Bar Association, to succeed Henry W. Taft. Mr. Guthrie recently argued the Oregon School Law constitutionally before the U. S. Supreme Court, as counsel for the Sisters of the Holy Names.

Milwaukee, Wis., April 28.—With 523 seniors as candidates for degrees, Marquette (Jesuit) university will graduate the largest class in its history at the annual commencement exercises at the Milwaukee Auditorium, Wednesday, June 10. This number will far exceed last year's record-breaking number of seniors, 463.

Mobile, April 17.—The gold medal given by the City Commissioners of Mobile for the best essay on Lafayette has been awarded to Miss Lillian Westbrook, a pupil of the Cathedral Girls School conducted by the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. Students from the Public, private and parochial schools of Mobile competed for the prize.

Detroit, April 28.—The estate of the late Mrs. Manette J. Reilly, amounting to approximately \$800,000 has become available to Catholic institutions of the Diocese of Detroit, following the death of Mrs. Reilly's sister, Miss Marie D. Lansing. Under the terms of Mrs. Reilly's will the sister enjoyed the income from the estate during her lifetime.

Rome, April 17.—March, the first month of Spring, was marked by an enormous increase of pilgrimages, coming to the Eternal City from all parts of the world, to gain the Jubilee indulgences. From near-by Frascati and from far-off America, tens of thousands of faithful—from every people and nation and tribe and tongue—came to pray in the Roman Basilicas and to render filial homage to the Pope.

Washington, May 1.—Officials of the School of Foreign Service of Georgetown University here announce that arrangements have been made for two summer study tours abroad for the students of the School of Foreign Service. One of the groups will go to the Academy of International Law at The Hague, Holland, and the other to the University of Coimbra in Portugal.

New York.—Convicted on a charge of unlawfully soliciting alms in the guise of a Benedictine nun, Theresa McCormack of Portland, Ore., was sentenced to serve forty-five days in prison by Magistrate Barrett in the Jefferson Market Court here. While imposing sentence the Magistrate took occasion to say that actions such as those charged against the woman strike at the faith of all people.

Ridge, Md.—National Negro Health Week was observed here under the joint auspices of the Cardinal Gibbons Institute, St. Peter Claver's Church, and the local branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. During the week Victor H. Daniel, Principal of the Gibbons Institute, delivered several illustrated lectures on various phases of hygiene and sanitation.

Paris, April 11.—Headed by Deputy Groussau, and sponsored by the group of Religious Defense of the Chamber of Deputies, a trip to Rome will be undertaken shortly by members of Parliament desiring to visit Rome on the occasion of the canonization of the French saints next month. The members of Parliament will be given a special reception in Rome and a special place will be reserved for them at the ceremonies at St. Peter's which they will attend in a body.

New York, April 30.—"The forces of Bolshevism are eating at the vitals of our national life," was the warning sounded to 3,000 members of the New York Post Office Branch of the Holy Name Society at its annual Communion breakfast at the Astor, Sunday. "Men are wavering. Too many issues are under-mind the nation. If we are to accomplish anything in the world today, we must have the faith in our Government that you show in your lives. We must have faith in religion and in America, and an aim to perpetuate both to the end of time."

Milwaukee, Wis., April 28.—Through science and the efforts of Prof. William Duffey, head of the public speaking department at Marquette University, Ray Pawloski, a fifteen year old Milwaukee youth, is talking for the first time in eleven years. A blow over his head in infancy paralyzed certain nerves, and he has been mute since that time. However, the youth has attended school and is one of the brightest boys in his class, doing all of his work in writing. His teacher became interested in his case and called in Prof. Duffey from Marquette, an expert on speech correction.

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WOLF MOON

A ROMANCE OF THE GREAT
SOUTHWEST

BY JOSEPH J. QUINN

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED

Louise could scarcely realize her situation, alone, above the world, with her beloved in her arms. Time stood still, the stars came closer in a body, as if a million witnesses to her happiness. It was all so quiet and lonesome up among the crags, among the scenes tragic and melodramatic. She felt it a glorious climax to a day of peril. In but a few short hours life seemed to have changed for her, she had been snatched from a burning hell to a paradise of peace.

Now and then imperious voices of the gypsies below came floating up to her. She recognized the orders, the same old sharp commands of camp breaking. It was good to sit there in the starlight and know that the gypsies were going away, perhaps out of her life forever. She listened again—more intently. There came to her the sounds of creaking wheels, the whinnying of horses on the start, guttural voices of the older gypsies and shrill cries of children. Out beyond the grove moved the cavalcade, out and to the north, down through the river channel swollen by the rain and across into the flats, until the caravan became silent and welded into the blue and brown where sky and mesa meet.

Jack stirred and opened his eyes. "Louise."

"Yes, Jack."

"You always come when I need you most."

"Do you need me now Jack? Can I help you?"

"Louise I'll always need you. You came to me before when I wanted help. And now you're here again, with me when I need to have you close."

"I'm happy to be with you, always happy when I'm with you. Why, Jack, I want to be with you always."

"Do you really, Louise? I'm glad to hear you say that. I wasn't ever sure that you cared."

"Jack I always cared. I cared weeks and weeks ago, even when I first met you. And then you saved my life, saved me from Pemella. But the gypsies have gone. They're out there in the North now."

"They couldn't have gone without a chief. Tulane must have—must have taken hold, for Pemella's dead."

"Dead, Jack?"

"Yes, the lightning struck him down. He fell back over the cliff. He must be dead."

"Louise clasped his hand passionately."

"Then there's no one now but you—just you, Jack."

Jack started to raise himself to answer. But Louise held him close to her bosom.

"Jack I'll have you now to protect me always, won't I?"

"Now and forever Louise." His words echoed back and forth across the distance of her soul as she knelt closer to him and clasped him tightly to her breast.

A loud halloo from the plains reached their ears.

"Here come the boys," Louise ejaculated ringing.

Louise returned the call. A few minutes later the riders, led by Buster Christian, came puffing up the slope. A shout of delight rose in chorus as they perceived Jack safe in Louise's arms.

"Jack, Jack, how are you?" Buster cried, springing to his side.

"Stunned a bit but raring to go."

"At-a-boy, Jack," and she looked across the short distance that separated Jack from Louise as she saw the twinkle of happiness and contentment in Louise's eyes.

"Louise it's great to see you safe and happy. Why from the way the Indian talked you were both just hanging on."

Louise laughed softly. "Well, we both want to get back to the ranch. It seems ages since I've been there."

"Well, the sooner the better. Mrs. Trichell is running up here afoot. John Trichell can't hold her back."

Buster lifted Jack in his arms. Slowly in the darkness the group passed down and out upon the plain to the ponies.

Near the bottom of the pass gray forms glided behind the rocks and watched the intruders pass. When they had gone they returned to snap and snarl and leap at the body held fast in the jutting rocks above.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SECRET OF THE PAST

"The beginning and the end came at the same time," replied Jack when Louise and the Trichells, in company with Buster Christian, after hearing him relate some of his experiences of the day before queried him the following evening about the fight at Roundtop.

"Pemella was in the act of leaping toward me when a ball of fire came right out of the sky and glanced off his shoulder. It spread everywhere, on the rocks, trees, in the air. He seemed wrapped in a flame. Something like the blast from an open furnace rushed on me. All my nerves tingled. Pemella was swaying back and forth. Then with a loud cry he fell backward off the cliff. The flash of vivid light blinded me and I experienced a sensation as if I were being swung

out into a pool of fire. That's about all I remember until I awakened. Jack looked recollectively upward Roundtop, where, hidden under a clump of trees, a fresh mound told its story.

"But the best piece of news," Jack brightened and continued, "is that Tulane has gone."

"Well, Jack, now that he's gone we might as well tell you that he swore he would get you," Buster spoke.

"Yes? Well now that he's gone I might as well tell you that he came mighty close to getting me. Do you remember the night of the stampede? Well, Tulane was the boy who shot me in the shoulder?"

A cry of astonishment flew from their lips.

"And you never said a word!" exclaimed Mrs. Trichell. "Jack, that's just like you. If you had, the boys would have riddled him. But thank God he's gone."

"And young lady," counseled John Trichell, turning toward Louise. "Hereafter I believe it would be a good idea for you to stay at home and not snoop around gypsy camps."

"There won't be much occasion to, hereafter," put in Mrs. Trichell. "Tulane's going to a good rideance. By the way, Louise, was there any mail yesterday? I'm beginning to think that you're a mighty poor mailman."

"Oh, yes, two letters for you and one for Jack. I left them in the mail pouch; I'll get them."

"From Dad," announced Jack in eagerness. "Excuse me; I'll read it. You won't mind will you?"

"At times during the reading of the letter Jack's eyes brightened. At the end he read aloud:

"The Gallagers and Janet are to visit the Grand Canyon this summer. I have induced them to stop off at Teriton and I shall go along with them. We will leave here Sunday night and should arrive in Teriton by Wednesday. You probably know what time the Golden State stops there. I will be so glad to see you, but let me say that Janet has lost some of her seashore ardor. So don't be disappointed."

"Can you imagine that? Dad thinks the Golden State Limited stops here regularly. If he can arrange in Chicago to have it stop here, I'll be lucky. Gee! but it will be great to see them all again."

Later the same day Louise joined Jack upon the porch that swung around the side of the house. Jack's head was throbbing not only from the stunning lightning flash but from wondering how his father would like Louise, what he would say when his eye fell upon her. How should he introduced Louise to him, explain her family?

The appearance of Louise brought on a question.

"Janet is the same girl you were telling me of recently, isn't she?"

"If you mean the one who has forgotten me, yes. You see what Dad says, 'has lost some of her seashore ardor.' How well Dad puts it. In other words, Jack old boy, you have dropped plumb out of her mind."

"Are you sure?"

"Just as sure as a jack rabbit hops. There's plenty of evidence. She hasn't written me a line in a month. Does that look as if she's running over with affection?"

"But perhaps when she sees you again the old friendship will come back."

"Not when she takes a peep at you. You'll startle her, really you will. She probably thinks the West as wild as in '80 and that there's nothing here but Indians and tepees. But you'll like Janet even if she is a bit independent. Wouldn't you call a girl who refused to answer your letters independent?"

"Rather. Jack I'm wondering if your father will want you to go back East with him." She failed to cloak her grave concern.

"Hardly unless I've told him that I've won a fortune. After all that's what I came West for, to win a fortune and I believe I've done that."

"When?" was Louise's startled whisper.

"Oh, in the last few months. Fortunes don't always come out of the earth. Sometimes they walk on top of the earth."

"No, in the west, in Oklahoma." Leaving the intimation to Louise he continued, "But won't I be glad to see Dad again and explain everything to him? I've told him all about you, or as much as I know, at least. But you will have to tell me all about yourself before Dad comes. If you don't, how in the world can I explain your family to him?"

To Louise came the resurgence of feeling that she had experienced once before when Jack had questioned her about her family. In searching for an answer only an immense void met her straining mind. How she could piece together a reply from the fragments of broken memories, vague, indefinite.

Were she to lay bare her soul she could find no echo of the unknown early days. But she could equivocate no longer, she must cry out that her past was as nameless as the soft stirrings of her soul within. It would be running counter to her conscience to keep silent under it all. The only way left was to throw open her life and bow to the inevitable. There was shame, yes, but not the burning consciousness of wrong done. It clung to her from association. It could not be scored against her yet it was hers to fester and pain. Were some kind providence to whisper but one word

—her name—within her ears she could rise and face the world. She would be transformed from a nameless unit to a high womanhood in a fleeting second. The stigma would fade under the light of knowledge. Louise was overcome with an eager desire to unburden her soul to Jack, to tell him her innermost secrets, to depend upon his understanding, his friendship, perhaps his love, to see it all. Before she could gain weight the situation she found herself speaking.

"Jack the secret of my family went last night when the gypsies moved to the north."

"Why, what do you mean?" he asked, startled with the enigma.

"I mean that the only person in the world who knows my family is Nava, the gypsy queen."

"Nava? How did she come to know?"

"She claims that I am a gypsy."

"A gypsy?" gasped Jack, astounded. "You don't believe that?"

TO BE CONTINUED

OLD JOHN, THE SEXTON

My brother, Mr. Jim, the servants call him, is a great story-teller, and to these many years it has been his wont to entertain my little folks with his wonderful stories, especially of Winter evenings does he so while away the time, seated before the bright open fireplace, with its huge black and brass andirons, its big back-log and piles of smaller wood, all burning and crackling so merrily. With little Jimmie, his name-sake on his knees and Willie and Johnny and Mary, all little stair-steps sitting around him, and he with his big brier pipe in his mouth, the smoke curling about him, is sure the very picture of contentment, and the children—why, their smiling faces and bright eyes tell their childish pleasure. I am rather proud of my big brother Jim, my old-bachelor brother who has made his home with us these many years, and Oh! but wouldn't we all miss him! Fairy stories and the like are the sort brother generally tells the children and I enjoy them most as much as the little folks; but this particular evening he seemed rather sober-like, and after supper we all huddled up close to the fire, the weather being winterish, and he told us this true story. I was so much taken with it and its beautiful lesson that as soon as I got the children to bed that night I sat down and made some notes on the pretty story, and I will now try to give it just as Jim told it to the children and me.

"Sister, you recall the funeral of John, the sexton, at St. Mary's some six weeks ago, and do you remember Father James in his short sermon on the occasion referred briefly to a most splendid example of the power of the Rosary?"

"Of course I remember the funeral of poor simple old John, who had been sexton at St. Mary's for a dozen years or more, and the children, too, remembered him kindly, for the little ones at the parish school all loved old John; he was always so kind and friendly with them, keeping to the play-ground in such nice shape for them always, the school rooms so clean and neat."

"Well, you remember, too, that Father James in his short talk said in his opinion John Randolph in one ever heard his last name until Father mentioned it, then was a near saint and he believed his departed soul was then enjoying the beatific vision; that he would at some future time give a sermon on the Rosary devotion, using incidents in the life of this humble old sexton to show the great power of God's Holy Mother with her Divine Son."

Father James, you must know is our assistant pastor and has been ordained only a few years; furthermore, he is named for Brother, as his father and James are very close friends, in fact old classmates in college years and years ago when he was a young man, and he was naturally reticent; that, in fact, it was only a year or so before that he by the merest accident got an inkling of the real character of the sexton and only by the greatest tact did he learn the outline of the old man's history; but I'll let Father James tell it in his own way as nearly as I can remember his language:

"About a month or so before John's death I had a sick call about one o'clock in the morning and it was necessary for me to call John to hitch up my horse to our old buggy. Then it was hell for my poor soul, now please God, it will be heaven and my dear old mother again!"

—F. L. Clements.

Everything we read makes us better or worse, and by a necessary consequence increases or lessens our happiness.

If our hearts were inflamed with love of our heavenly country we should easily bear exterior cold.—St. Francis of Assisi.

noticed the old man on his knees before the Blessed Sacrament, having gone into the church at 10 o'clock one night for my Ordo, that I had left in the sacristy. John on that occasion was kneeling upright and unsupported on the very top step of the altar; so absorbed at his devotion was he that I slipped out without attracting his attention. I had frequently observed him in the early morning hours making the Stations, but I had no idea he was doing really heroic penance in his little cottage.

"I woke the man from his hard couch on the floor, and asked him to hitch up old Ben and drive me himself out to old Mr. Lynch to whom I was taking the Holy Viaticum."

It was unusual for me to ask John to drive me on these sick calls, as I generally went about with the knowledge of his grand character as demonstrated in the penitential attitude I had witnessed that night made me feel sure he would esteem it a great privilege to accompany me with the Blessed Sacrament. Returning home that night I scolded John for his seeming carelessness of his health shown in the way he was treating his old body, but he simply laughed it off with the remark, "Well, Father James, there was a time when I treated this old body of mine by far too indulgently, so turn about is fair play; and you see, too, Father, I'm none the worse for wear."

"The more I thought of this little incident, as the days passed by, the more I came to the conclusion that John's simple soul he pretended to be; so one evening I got him closeted with me in my study, and in a diplomatic, tactful way (you know, James, I'm a born diplomat—trust my Irish blood for that!) dug the whole story out of the unsuspecting man."

"John was not simple, at least had not always been so, nor was he uneducated, but in fact proved to be a classical scholar, a graduate of one of the large universities of the time. Indeed it was his university training that came near to being his undoing, for he had simply absorbed all the materialistic ideas of the philosophers of unbelief and materialism; had as a result seemingly lost his faith, the belief of his pained old mother, and in our talk I ascertained that at one time published one or more books which proved big seller and made him a rich man. When he told me the name of one of the books, I was dumbfounded. I had heard of it often, and often too of the dreadful results of its reading in the lives of many young students in the years gone by, and I recalled too that a new edition had been promised by the publisher, which for some reason or other until then unknown, never appeared."

"By using my Irish wit and tenacity I dug the whole story out of him. It seems about the time the new and revised edition was ready for the press John met with a simple accident which changed his entire life. Passing along the street in one of our large cities one morning some electrician repairing one of the big lamps of the great white wren, apparently dropped a wrench, a large heavy one, from considerable height and it struck John, who was passing by, on the head, and poor John was taken to the Sister's hospital where he lingered between life and death for several days. When John came to this part of the story, tears were streaming down his cheeks and broken words he explained how during the days of his recovery the face of his dear dead mother kept coming before him, and scenes of his happy childhood, the happy family in the old home and above all the picture of his good mother with the children kneeling about her and all reciting the Blessed Mother's Beads at the bedtime hour. He couldn't get away from these old scenes, try however he would, and then he remembered how this same good mother when dying had made each of her children promise her faithfully that come what might in their lives he or she would never, never forget to say the beads every single day, and John had promised with the others. But John grew careless as time went by, until finally he dropped the practice altogether and his faulty university training did the rest. But, and here with a thank God! John continued, 'Father that new edition of that unfortunate book then and there died aborning and my mother's old Rosary Beads, for she had given them to me, replaced it. And, Father, in the Providence of a Loving God, it was my mother's beads and those early days of their devout recital that made a man of me, for, thank God, I've been more of a real man here as the old sexton of St. Mary's than I ever had been in the days of my false pride, the days of my riches and worldly renown. As a great thinker and writer I was only a Whittened Sepulchre; as John, the poor sexton, I am Mary's child. Then it was hell for my poor soul, now please God, it will be heaven and my dear old mother again!"

—F. L. Clements.

Belgium's Catholic Leader Mourned

GEO. A. HELLEPUTTE, DEPUTY, CABINET MINISTER AND COLLEGE PROFESSOR

By Rev. J. Van der Heyden (Louvain Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

The city of Louvain, its university, and in fact the whole of Belgium, are mourning the passing of a citizen, whose work as teacher, social worker, statesman and economist proclaimed for generations a greatness that was wholly built upon love for the Church and love for the people.

George A. Helleputte, Deputy, Minister of State, Professor of Architecture, co-founder, with the late Abbe Mellaerts, of the powerful League of Peasants, was for years one of the great leaders of the Catholic party in Belgium, an orator and debater who could sway the masses at will and in the Chamber, compelled attention, even when disorder reigned.

He was but twenty-one years of age when, in 1872, he graduated, the first of his class, from the Engineering School of Ghent University. His college achievement was obtained for him at once a place as engineer of the Belgium State Railways and a year later a professorship at the Catholic University of Louvain, where he created the course in architecture.

A lover, for Christ's sake, of the poor and lowly, George Helleputte could not be content with devoting his talents to the teaching of the sons of the well-to-do. The children of the workers claimed his attention as well. To assure to them the advantages of a sound technical preparation for their respective tasks in life, and to see them thoroughly imbued with Christian and Catholic principles, he founded in Louvain, in the shadow of the University, a model trades school.

It has interested the best of his University students and with them made it a flourishing institution, of which the city and the country at large are justly proud. He remained paternally devoted to it all through life. It trains mechanics and craftsmen in their various trades and at the same time preserves them from the influence of socialism, which has made sadly destructive inroads in many industrial centers in Belgium.

His great dream was at one time the restoration of the Middle Age Guilds, in a form adapted to modern conceptions and circumstances. The nearest approach to the realization of this dream were the Democratic League, which owes its existence to him and the Peasants' League. Both, especially the latter, have been mighty bulwarks against further development of Marxist theories.

The concern manifested by Professor Helleputte for the welfare of the masses, his activity and his oratorical talents, sent him, in the year 1889, to the Chamber of Deputies. The voters kept him there uninterruptedly till the day of his death. For twenty-two years of this long parliamentary career, he sat on the Ministers' Bench, in Belgium the King's Ministers are generally chosen from among the Members of Parliament—either as Minister of Railways, Minister of Agriculture and Minister of Public Works, or of two of these departments at the same time.

His democratic tendencies drew him early into the long-drawn-out fight, still going on, of the Flemish-speaking people for the same linguistic rights enjoyed by their Walloon fellow-citizens. Though Flemish was not Helleputte's mother tongue, he mastered the language so thoroughly that the Flemish Academy elected him to membership and the Davidsons, a Catholic association for the promotion of Flemish literature and art, hailed him for years as its president.

His country, his King, and many foreign lands showered honors upon the man who wrought on and on for half a century to foster his land's weal; but of all the honors and titles that became his, there was none that he prized, with any degree of comparison, as he prized his title of Christian and Catholic.

On his obituary, the long nomenclature of distinctions heaped upon him at home and from abroad begins with the modest mention: "Member of the Third Order of St. Francis and of the Men's Sodality of the Blessed Virgin." He was, indeed, a Tertiary and a Socialist who assisted at Mass daily to the day of his death inclusive; for it was while a Jesuit Father celebrated the Holy Sacrifice in a private chapel opening into his bedroom that George A. Helleputte breathed his last.

In the Chamber of Deputies, after the homage paid to the departed colleague by the Socialist President, M. Brunet and by the Prime Minister, M. Theunis, the Catholic Deputy, M. De Bue, speaking in the name of the Catholic members said: "We mourn with parliament and country over the loss that is ours as well; but I ask to be allowed to add the expression of the sorrow of the right wing of this assembly for the loss of so grand a Christian, whose whole life was an apostolate, and one of unusual activity. The thought of it prompts our hope that God has already conferred the merited reward upon his faithful servant."

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Let his friends, therefore, and his people, stop for a minute of recollection, to seek consolation in the communion of Saints and in eternal hope."

THE STORY OF CHRIST

BY GIOVANNI PAPINI

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TAKE—EAT

These thirteen men had apparently come together to perform the old social rite in memory of the liberation of their people from Egyptian slavery. They seemed to be thirteen devout men of the people, waiting about a white table replete with roasted lamb and wine, for the signal to begin an intimate festive supper.

But this was only in appearance. In reality it was a vigil of leaving-taking and separation. Two of these thirteen, He into whom God had entered and he into whom Satan had entered, were to die terrible deaths before the next nightfall. The very next day the others were to be dispersed, like reapers at the first downfall of hail.

But this supper which was the viaticum of an ending, was also a wonderful beginning. In the midst of these thirteen Jews the observance of the Jewish Passover was about to be transfigured into something incomparably higher and more universal, into something unequalled and ineffable; into the great Christian mystery.

For the Jews, Easter is only the feast in memory of their flight from Egypt. They never forgot their victorious escape from their slavery, accompanied by so many prodigies, so manifestly under God's protection, although they were to bear on their necks the yokes of other captivities, and to undergo the shame of other deportations.

Exodus prescribed an annual festivity which took the name of the Passover; Pasch, the paschal feast. It was a sort of banquet intended to bring to mind the hastily prepared food of the fugitives. A lamb or a goat should be roasted over the fire, that is, cooked in the simplest and quickest way; bread without leaven, because there was no time to let yeast rise. And they were to eat of it with their loins girded, their staves in their hands, eating in haste, like people about to set out upon a journey.

The bitter herbs were the poor wild grasses snatched up as they went along by the fugitives, to dull the hunger of their interminable wanderings. The red sauce, where the bread was dipped, was in memory of the bricks which the Jewish slaves were obliged to bake for the Pharaohs. The wine was something added: the joy of escape, the hope of the land of promise, the exaltation of thanksgiving to the Eternal.

Jesus changed nothing in the order of this ancient feast. After the prayer He had them pass from hand to hand the cup of wine, calling on God's name. Then He gave the bitter herbs to each one and filled a second time the cup which was to be passed around the table for each to sip.

What taste did that wine have in the mouth of the traitor, when Jesus in that deep silence pronounced those words of longing and hope which were not for Judas, but only for those who could ascend to the eternal banquet of the Father? Take this and divide it among yourselves, but I say unto you I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom; but nevertheless the confirming of a solemn promise. Perhaps they felt only the promise, and perhaps there flashed before their poor men's eyes a vision of the great Heavenly feast. They did not believe that they would have a long time to mourn: after that other vintage-time, after the fruit of the vine had fermented, and the sweet wine had been poured into the flasks, the Master would return, as He had promised, to summon them to the great wedding of Heaven and Earth, to the everlasting banquet. They must have thought, "We are men growing old, elderly men, more than mature, within sight of old age; if the Bridegroom tarries too long He will not find us among the living, and those who have believed Him will be mocked at."

Comforted by the certainty of an early and glorious reunion, they chanted together, as the custom was, the Psalm of the first Thanksgiving, a chant of praise to the Father from Him who served Him. "Tremble, thou earth, at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the God of Jacob: which turned the rock into a standing water, the flint into a fountain of waters.—He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dung-hill; that he may set him with princes, even with the princes of his people."

These old words, colored at the moment with a new meaning, were sung with a joyful conviction of their truth. They, too, the Disciples, were poor men and they would be raised out of the dust of poverty by the intercession of the Son of God: they too were poor men and He would soon raise them out of the misery of their beggary, to make them masters of inconsumable wealth

Then Jesus, who saw how insufficiently they understood, took the loaves, blessed them, broke them and, as He gave them each a piece, set the dreadful truth before their eyes. "Take, eat; this is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me."

So He was not to return as quickly as they thought! After His brief stay during the Resurrection, His second coming was to be delayed, so long that it might be possible to forget Him and His death.

"This do in remembrance of me." The breaking of bread at the common table among those who await Him shall be the signal of a new brotherhood. Every time that you break bread, I will not only be present among you, but by that means you will be intimately united with me. Because, as this bread is broken in my hands, my body will be broken by my enemies. As this bread eaten tonight will be your food until tomorrow, my body which will offer my death, all men shall satisfy the hunger of those who believe in me, until the day when the great granaries of the Kingdom shall be open to all, when you shall be angels in the presence of your Father whom you shall have found again. I will leave you therefore not merely a memory; I will be present with a mystic but real presence in every particle of bread consecrated to me and this bread shall be a living necessary food for souls, and my promise to be with you shall be fulfilled till time shall be no more.

In the meantime, this evening, eat this unleavened bread, this bread made by the hand of man, made of water and grain, these loaves which have felt the heat of the oven and which my hands, not yet cold in death, have divided amongst you—and which my love has changed into my flesh so that it may be your everlasting food. It is sweet to the heart of a friend to see his friends eating bread at his table, bread born of the earth, bread which was green blades with flowering lilies among them, and then the dry ear bending down the tall stalk with its golden weight.

You know how many efforts, how much anxiety, how much trouble, are contained in a piece of bread; how the great oxen cultivated the earth, how the countrymen threw great handfuls of the grain into the fallow land in winter, how the first blade softly penetrated the damp darkness of the earth, how the reapers all day long cut down the ripened stalks, and then the sheaves were bound, and carried to the threshing floor and beaten so that the ears let fall the grain. The workers must wait for a little wind, neither too gentle nor too violent, to winnow out the good grain from the chaff. Then they grind it, sift out the bran from it, make a dough with warm water, bend down the oven with dry grass or twigs. All this must be done with love and patience before the father may break a piece with his children, the friend with his friends, the host with strangers. Flowers, sowers, reapers, winnowers, millers and bakers sweat in the heat of the sun, in the heat of the oven, before the golden wheat can be transformed into well-baked golden bread for our table.

Truly it is sweet to eat good wholesome bread with friends; the soft white crumb, covered with the crisp crust. So many times with me you have begged bread in poor men's houses; and all your lives you are to beg it in my name: you will have the moldy hard crusts which dogs refuse, the dry bits left at the bottom of the dish, the crusts gnawed by children and old people which they have let fall upon the hearth. But you know want, and nights of fasting and the pale face of poverty. But you are strong; you have the powerful jaws of those who eat hard bread. You will not lose courage, if no piece is made for you at the tables of the well-to-do.

But verily it is infinitely sweeter for Him who loves you to transform the bread which comes from the hard earth and from hard labor into the Body which will be eternally offered for you, into the Body which every day will come down from Heaven as the visible means of grace.

Remember the prayer which I taught you: "Give us this day our daily bread—" For today and for always your bread is this bread, my Body. He shall never know hunger who shall eat my Body, which every morning throughout endless centuries shall be changed into endless morsels of transubstantiated bread. But whosoever shall refuse it, shall be anhungered to all eternity.

WINE AND BLOOD

As soon as they had eaten the lamb with the bread and the bitter herb, Jesus filled the common cup for the third time and gave it to the Apostle nearest Him, "Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many."

His blood, mixed with sweat, had not yet fallen on the ground, under the olives, and had not yet dropped from the nails upon Golgotha. But His desire to give life with His life, to redeem with His suffering all the sorrows of the world, to transmit at least a part of His substance to His immediate heirs: this desire to give Himself up wholly for those whom He loves is so great that from this moment on, He feels the immolation complete and the gift possible. If bread is the body, blood is in a certain sense the soul.

The Lord said to Noah: "But flesh with the life thereof, which is the blood thereof, shall ye not eat." With blood as visibly representing life, the God of Abraham and of Jacob had established the covenant with His own people. When Moses had received the law, he had sacrificed oxen, took half of the blood and put it in basins, and half of the blood he sprinkled on the altar: "And Moses took the blood, and sprinkled it on the people, and said, Behold the blood of the covenant which the Lord hath made with you concerning all these words."

But after a trial of many centuries, God had announced by the voice of the prophets that the Old Covenant was obliterated and abrogated, and that another was henceforth necessary. The blood of animals sprinkled upon stubborn heads and upon blaspheming faces had lost its virtue; another Blood, purer and more precious, was needed for the New Covenant, for the Last Covenant of the Father with His purified children. In many ways He had already tried to lead His first-born towards the narrow door of salvation; the rain of fire on Sodom, the washings of the waters of the flood, the Egyptian slavery, hunger in the desert, had terrified them without reforming them.

And now there came a Liberator at once more divine and more human than the old Captain of Exodus. Moses also saved a people, spoke upon a mountain, announced a promised land. But Jesus saves not only His people, but all peoples; writes His laws not upon stone, but upon human hearts; and His promised land is not a country of rich grazing lands and vineyards, with great clusters of grapes, but a Kingdom of holiness and eternal joy. Moses had killed a man, and Jesus brought the dead to life; Moses changed water into blood and Jesus, after having changed water into wine at the wedding banquet, changed wine into blood, into His own blood, at the melancholy last supper of His marriage with death.

Moses died full of years and honors on a solitary mountain top, glorified by his people; and Jesus was to die among the insults of those whom He loved.

The blood of oxen, the impure blood of earthly animals, involuntary and inferior victims, is no longer sufficient. The New Covenant was established that night with the words of Christ, who under the appearance of grapes shed His own blood and His own soul: "This cup blood is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you."

It was shed not merely for the Twelve who were there; they represent in His eyes all of humanity alive at that time and all those to be born thereafter. The blood which was to be shed the next day, on Golgotha, was real blood, actual, warm blood congealing on the cross in clots which all the tears shed by Christians can never wash away. But the blood of the Last Supper symbolizes a soul which gave itself up to make over into His own likeness, the souls shut up in the bodies of men: which was given to those who asked for it and to those who fled away from it, which had suffered for the sake of those who had received it and for those who had blasphemed it. This baptism of blood which came after the baptism of water by John, after the baptism of tears by the women of Bethany, after the baptism of spitting by the Jews and by the Romans, this baptism of blood, red as the baptism of fire announced by the prophet of fire, and mixed with the tears shed by women over His blood-stained body, this is the greatest sacrament, revealed to His betrayers, by Him who was betrayed.

I have broken bread for you, daily bread for which you pray every day to the Father, as my body will be broken tomorrow, and I offer you now my blood in this wine which I drink for the last time on earth. If you always do this in memory of me, you will feel no hunger, no thirst. There is no food better than wheat-bread, and no drink better than wine, but the bread and wine which I have given you tonight will feed you and quench your thirst for all your lives, by virtue of my sacrifice and of that love which makes me seek for death and which reigns beyond death.

Ulysses advised Achilles to give the Achaeans, before they went into battle, "bread and wine that they should have strength and courage." For the Greek the strength of his members came from bread and homicidal courage from wine. Wine was to intoxicate men so that they could destroy each other and bread was to strengthen their arms so that they could battle without weakness. The bread given by Christ does not strengthen the flesh, but the soul, and His wine gives that divine intoxication which is Love, that Love which the Apostle, scandalizing the descendants of Ulysses, was to call in his Epistle to the Corinthians, "the foolishness of God."

Judas also ate that bread and swallowed that wine, partook of that body, in which he had trafficked, drank that blood which he was to help shed, but he had not the courage to confess his infamy, to throw himself down weeping at the feet of Him who would have wept with him. Then the only friend remaining to Judas was himself. "Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me." The eleven were capable of leaving Him alone in the midst of Caiaphas' guards, but they never

could have brought themselves to sell Him for money, and at this they shuddered. Every one looked in his neighbor's face, almost dreading to see in his companion the livid look of guilt, and all, one after the other, said, "Lord, is it I?"

Confusion, hiding his increasing envy under the appearance of offended astonishment, was able to force his voice to say, "Lord is it I?" But Jesus, who the next day would not defend Himself, would not even bring an accusation and only repeated the sad prophecy in more definite words, "He that dipeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me." And while they all still gazed at Him in painful doubt, for the third time He insisted, "The hand of him that betrayeth me is with me on the table." He added no more, but to follow the old customs up to the last, He filled the cup for the fourth time and gave it to them to drink. And once more the thirteen voices rang out in the old hymn, the "great hallel," which ends the liturgy of the Passover. Jesus repeated the vigorous words of the Psalmist which were like a prophetic funeral oration for Him, pronounced before His death. "The Lord is on my side; I will not fear; what can man do unto me? They compassed me about like bees; they are quenched as the fire of thorns. I shall not die, but live. The Lord hath chastened me sore; but he hath not given me over unto death. Open to me the gates of righteousness; I will go into them, and I will praise the Lord: The stone which the builders refused is become the headstone of the corner. Bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar."

The victim was ready and the next day the inhabitants of Jerusalem were to see a new altar of wood and iron. But perhaps the Disciples, sleepy and confused, did not understand the new meaning both melancholy and triumphant of the old canticles.

When the hymn was ended they left the room and the house, at that moment as they had emerged from the house Judas disappeared into the night. The remaining eleven silently followed Jesus, who as was His wont, made His way to the Mount of Olives.

TO BE CONTINUED

CAMPAIGN AGAINST IMMORALITY
CATHOLIC LEAGUES TO BE ORGANIZED
Washington.—At the instance of Cardinal Mercier of Belgium, inquiry has been made of the National Catholic Welfare Conference here by Andrew Cloquet concerning efforts being made in the United States to curb immorality.

Widespread and energetic efforts in this field in Belgium are recounted in the letter of inquiry, together with the proposal to band numerous local morality groups into a national federation. It is in connection with the forming of this central organization that the letter is written, in the hope that a knowledge of a similar fight in this country and the methods used in waging it may assist in the Belgian campaign.

BELGIAN LEAGUES AGAINST IMMORALITY

Many towns in Belgium already have leagues against immorality, says the communication. Especially active units have been formed at Mons, Verviers, Brussels and Ghent, and there is a special Beach League for the seashore. These Leagues have tended to constitute themselves regular societies with a civil personality, and the need for centralization in the effort is felt. Accordingly, a tentative constitution for a federation already has been drawn up. This instrument describes the objects of the proposed body as follows:

"The League has for its object to prevent, combat and destroy immorality in institutions and in moral customs, notably:

"a. To supervise the decency of streets and public places and the moral preservation of childhood.

"b. To fight birth control propaganda.

"c. To report offenses against morals to the court.

"d. To take useful measures to assure the suppression of these offenses, notably to take legal measures to this end.

"e. Lastly, to give its aid to organizations having a similar or supplementary aim."

The League is constituted for thirty years, with headquarters at Ghent, and its official name is to be "League Against Public Immorality." There are to be active members and supporting members, and all in the League are to exemplify its aims in their lives on pain of expulsion. Minimum dues are to be five francs and maximum 100 francs, with a special figure for associations. An administrative council, appointed by the general assembly, is to govern the body, with wide powers, and the general assembly is to be called once a year.

Activities already undertaken by the separate units include clearing the streets, the news stands, the railroad stations and other places of all pictures and printed matter injurious to the eyes and souls of children. Action is taken through appeals to merchants, libraries and

bookstores to remove the objectionable material, but if necessary the societies take the cases to court. Meantime, studies are made of questions relating to morality, prostitution and kindred subjects, and lectures, tracts, pamphlets and articles in the press are used to create a public opinion condemning immorality.

In some instances, resolutions have been sent to municipal councils to obtain their intervention in stubborn cases.

A notable victory has been won in Parliament, where the Minister of Finance has forbidden the entrance into the country of foreign immoral publications. A reward is offered for discovery of an infraction of the rule.

METHODIST PRAISE FOR BOOKRACK

New York, April 8.—The Catholic bookrack campaign fostered by the N. C. W. C. Department of Publications and pushed in the field by the N. C. C. M. and N. C. C. W. is paid a singularly high tribute for its effectiveness and fairness, in the current issue of The Christian Advocate, one of the oldest and most powerful Methodist publications in the country.

"The slogan is raised, 'A Bookrack in Every Catholic Parish,' says the Advocate. 'If it does for the parishes what the book-filled saddle-bags did for America in the days of the circuit-riding it will do a great deal to make America Catholic, and it will do it in a way to which no fair-minded Protestant can object.'

Describing the plan, the Advocate says: "These attractive bookracks placed in churches and clubhouses, bring before the eye and within reach of the hand an assortment of pamphlets 'explaining the Catholic viewpoint on present-day problems.' The distribution of this literature is set forth as a simple, definite and helpful piece of work for Catholic men and women."

"Admiral Benson, President of the National Council of Catholic Men, says of the plan:

"The campaign to make Catholic literature more accessible to the Catholic people through the installation of bookracks in churches, society and club meeting rooms should have the whole-hearted support of the Catholic laity throughout the land."

The Advocate prints a cut of the N. C. W. C. bookrack with the title "A Catholic Book Cafeteria." It concludes its article with the words: "The Methodists themselves ought to use it (the idea back of the bookrack) more than they do nowadays."

There is but one view of things which is true, and that is God's view of them.



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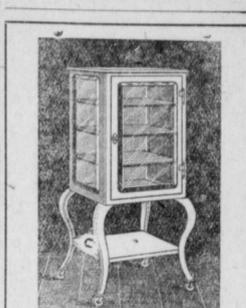
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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1925

A DIFFERENCE ONLY OF DEGREE

Francis McCullagh has recalled the days of Nero in his sober and documented account of the Bolshevik Persecution of Christianity.

In one of these, under the caption, 'War on Religion,' is this paragraph: 'Every school is a nest of atheism.'

Positive instruction in atheism is provided in lectures and newspapers. Posters and caricatures are spread broadcast.

In spite of all, religion still has a hold on a large proportion of the Russian population; but one shudders to think of that generation of Russians which will soon arise under the devilish system of Bolshevik education.

So much for Russia. Let us now turn our eyes to Oregon. The Oregon law is openly directed against Catholic schools.

'Oregon's referendum was carried by the Klan. Its outcome is a statute that would kill every denominational school for children in the State and would force the sending of all boys and girls to the public schools, which if they are not irreligious are certainly non-religious.'

'We are inclined to hope, and indeed to believe, that the Supreme Court will sustain the Circuit Court of Appeals and declare the Oregon law unconstitutional, null and void.'

Yet would the pernicious precedent be a graver evil than any immediate results of putting such legislation into effect.'

It is encouraging to know that the reputable press of the United States holds similar views of the Oregon case; and that there is no reason to doubt that the Supreme Court will uphold those fundamental rights invaded by the Oregon legislation.

This all leads up to a question as pertinent as it is important.

The tendency on this continent has been to maintain that it is the right and the duty of the State to control education. The Oregon law—merely carries this doctrine a bit further; that it is the exclusive right and duty of the State to provide such compulsory education as it deems suitable.

If education is a matter within the exclusive control of the State on what grounds can we find fault with the bedevilment of the rising generation in Russia? The Russian State is providing a system of State education in accordance with what, in the philosophy of Bolshevism, is considered the best interest of the State.

THE MENACE OF BOLSHEVISM

Not a day passes without bringing evidence of the world-wide activity of communist propaganda. Perhaps for that very reason it is only when some such savagery as the bombing outrage in the Sveti Kral Cathedral at Sophia occurs that people are shocked from apathy into at least momentary realization of the communist menace to civilization.

In Germany, a week or so ago, the communist candidate for the presidency polled nearly two million votes though there was not the slightest hope of electing him. Recently in France even the Herriot Government that enjoyed communist support was compelled to take severe and effective measures of repression.

In a population so highly industrialized as the British problems affecting the social welfare of workingmen thrust themselves on the attention of all. Catholic study of social questions is organized by what are known as Catholic Social Guilds. These are found everywhere in the great industrial cities and keep Catholic workingmen within the great immutable principles of justice and right; even beyond Catholic circles they exercise considerable influence.

But conservative, in the best sense of this term, as these Catholic social study clubs naturally are, we have it on the authority of priests engaged in this work that even in the Catholic Social Guilds the poison of communism is not infrequently met with. Here, at least, it is recognized for what it is and effectively combated.

In Russia Communism is in complete and unquestioned control. And we are apt to think of it as a purely Russian upheaval, perhaps as the natural reaction against the repression and tyranny of Czarism. The Rev. Augustine Count von Galen in The Commonweal (Mar. 18) corrects this fallacy:

'It is unjust to speak of Bolshevism as being a peculiar form of Russian madness. The Russians were unfortunately the first victims of its effective application.'

And Catherine Radziwill, formerly a native Russian princess, now a contributor to several American magazines, in a subsequent number of The Commonweal (Apr. 22) thus comments on the words of Father Galen quoted above:

'These words are profoundly true, but it required a man of intelligence and with an immense knowledge of the present international social situation to utter them. Bolshevism is not a peculiar form of Russian madness. Bolshevism is the great madness of the whole world, born out of the agony and anguish of the Great War, and thrust upon mankind in the way of a scourge, surpassing all those that had visited it before its advent. But this does not mean that it had not been in the bones of humanity long before events allowed it to break out, because like so many other diseases which take years to mature, it had been undermining our social constitution, long before it had the opportunity to appear and rise up before us in all its hideous nakedness, and to show its strength to our amazed eyes.'

'Bolshevism is a social convulsion. It is something more even than a social convulsion—it is the upheaval of a world against the rules and laws that had subdued it.'

'Unfortunately, few people have realized this awful truth, while many still believe that Bolshevism is essentially a Russian invention, and that it will remain confined to Russia, where in the course of time it will undergo a change, and adapt itself to western requirements. They persist, these people, in the mistaken conviction that Bolshevism is but a political incident in the life of one nation; whereas it is nothing of the kind. Bolshevism is the symptom of a new state of mind which has arisen all over the world, and which is working with frightful rapidity at the task of destroying old prejudices, old faiths and old beliefs, replacing them by what is called 'independence of thought and of opinions'; but which is but an intellectual and moral kind of Bolshevism, slowly creeping into hitherto invulnerable fortresses, demoralizing the human mind and intellect, as well as the human soul and heart, transforming art and literature into something as base as it is incomprehensible, and setting up in place of the ideals of old, the struggle of personal ambitions and national appetites; a dangerous kind of struggle, that can only end in the total ruin of the social structure of the earth, and in its transformation into a kind of bedlam, devoid of keepers to maintain it in order.'

Confession is a divine institution, established for sinners and absolutely necessary for those who are in mortal sin. Catholics are generally familiar with the requisites of a good Confession; but some of them act as though it were a matter of no great importance to make their confession in the manner required by God. A person who is about to make his confession ought in the first place to pray earnestly for light and help. Human memory is uncertain; human dispositions are seldom as perfect as they ought to be; human will is weak; human inclination to wrong-doing is strong; and so it is very necessary that we should seek the help of God in the doing of this most important work. The sinner ought to begin his preparation for Confession by earnestly asking God to aid him to see wherein he has offended Him and the grace to truly repent of his sins, and aid also to state them properly. And then there is a most important matter in which the sinner needs God's grace; and that is in the matter of a firm resolution to amend his life.

Dean Inge, whose dislike for the Catholic Church is almost fanatical, in the February Atlantic Monthly makes this significant statement: 'Should Bolshevism really threaten world stability, Catholicism would become the inevitable rallying point of all the forces that oppose Bolshevism.'

On this Dr. von Galen has this comment:

'Bolshevism is no longer threatening world stability, it is already at the work of undermining it. It is rapidly capitalizing all forms of discontent. It is harnessing the forces of hatred. To the yellow races it has held out the vision of a distracted Caucasian world. It is coalescing every malignant energy that the envious mind of man can generate. Nations are played against nations, races against races, until they have set up a religion for the world, which is envy—which is idolatry.'

Just how bad things are in Bulgaria it is difficult to tell. It is significant that the Council of Ambassadors at Paris have authorized the Sofia Government to augment its army by 10,000 volunteers; that sanguinary fighting is going on between communists and Government troops; and that the communists appear to have large supplies of ammunition and explosives.

This outbreak may be suppressed; but it is ominous to see the communist devil fishing in the troubled waters of the Balkans.

At another time we shall consider the causes of this sinister movement that threatens not merely the peace of the world, but Christian civilization.

THE CHURCH AND CONFESSION

By THE OBSERVER

The Catechism written by Martin Luther speaks of confessing to the minister those sins which are known to us and which we feel in our hearts. The notion amongst non-Catholics that Confession was imposed by the Church hundreds of years after the time of Christ simply will not do; it is asking the world to believe an impossibility. The strongest power could not impose Confession where it does not exist; it is too humiliating to human nature for that and neither could it have been done at any time in history if it had not come into the world as part of the original practices of Christianity.

Moreover, a mere superstition could not have survived the upheaval of the sixteenth century and continued, as it does continue to this day, to hold its own over three hundred millions of Christians. Only a divine power, a divine command, accepted as such from the beginning, could have sufficed to establish this humiliating and hard practice in the world. The tribunal of Penance is a place where human passion is strongly and effectively curbed and where all sorts and conditions of human beings are put on a common level; and that sort of leveling down of human pride has never been one to appeal very strongly to human pride and self-love.

To this tribunal all must come. In this tribunal all are reduced to the common level of their sins; for sin is alike in rich and poor, in high and in lowly. All mankind are sinners. 'If we say we have no sin,' says the disciple whom Jesus loved, 'we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all iniquity.' For all those who are in the state of mortal sin, the Sacrament of Penance is essential to salvation. It is the means established by God for washing away mortal sin. No man who dies in mortal sin can escape eternal damnation.

Confession is a divine institution, established for sinners and absolutely necessary for those who are in mortal sin. Catholics are generally familiar with the requisites of a good Confession; but some of them act as though it were a matter of no great importance to make their confession in the manner required by God. A person who is about to make his confession ought in the first place to pray earnestly for light and help. Human memory is uncertain; human dispositions are seldom as perfect as they ought to be; human will is weak; human inclination to wrong-doing is strong; and so it is very necessary that we should seek the help of God in the doing of this most important work. The sinner ought to begin his preparation for Confession by earnestly asking God to aid him to see wherein he has offended Him and the grace to truly repent of his sins, and aid also to state them properly. And then there is a most important matter in which the sinner needs God's grace; and that is in the matter of a firm resolution to amend his life.

A good Confession ought to be humble; it ought to be sincere, it ought to be simple and it ought to be entire. Strange to say, confession is not always made humbly. Confessors tell us that there are men and women in the world who actually praise themselves in the confessional. Perhaps they do not realize that they are doing so; but nevertheless they do mention their virtues and good deeds. That is not the place to claim credit, if indeed a man or woman can ever properly claim credit before God in any case or in regard to any matter. The confessional is a place for sorrow and for humility; not for self-complacency or self-praise.

The Pharisees have not all disappeared from the earth. The prayer of the proud Pharisee when he stood up in the temple and said that he was not as other men, is not the model for the Catholic penitent, but we should take our example from the poor publican who stood afar and beat upon his breast and asked God to have mercy upon him because he was a sinner. The Pharisee was a fool to put his case before God on his own merits; for if any man were to be judged on his own merits it would be bad for him. If we had no merits but our own on which to rest our appeal for

mercy, it would go hard with all of us.

The proper attitude, then, for Confession is one which carries a strong sense of our own unworthiness and meanness and of the contemptible character of our lives and our actions. Such reflections will bring us close to God by making plain to ourselves the awful gulf that yawns between the sinner and God, and by urging us on to close that gap by the application to our souls of the merits of the God-Man Jesus Christ.

Humility is, therefore, essential to a good Confession. Nowhere in the world is self-satisfaction more out of place. At no time is it more necessary to realize the horrid nature of sin so that we may be truly sorry for it because it offends God who is so good in Himself and because He loves us so much who love Him so little in return.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

In an age given up to the rehabilitation of certain historical characters, or, where that is not possible, to modification of judgment in regard to misdoings attributed to them by contemporary writers, it is not to be wondered at that even the Duke of Cumberland—the 'Butcher' of Forty-Five—has found an advocate. A writer in the Edinburgh Weekly Scotsman has courageously assumed that thankless office.

THAT it should have brought out a number of indignant replies was a matter of course. The reign of terror which the 'Victor' of Culloden inflicted upon the hapless people of the Highlands, ate itself into their very marrow and no special pleading in behalf of the 'Butcher' can eradicate it. Apart altogether from the unanimous verdict of historians, the tradition in every family that adhered to the cause of its rightful sovereign and suffered in consequence cannot be set aside. It will endure to the end of time.

IT MAY NOT be amiss to transcribe a few historical testimonies. 'As the Duke of Cumberland had lived in retirement for some years,' said the Duke's apologist, 'that retirement had gone far to retrieve his previous unpopularity,' a sentiment that he will not find re-echoed in many hearts, even among those whose sympathies were alien to the Stuarts, and we venture to say that no historian of repute will side with him.

LORD MAHON, for example, was no Jacobite, and this is his verdict in regard to the 'humanity' of Cumberland, as expressed in his 'History of England' (Vol. v., p. 310). 'When we find specific cases alleged, with names and dates, attested on the most respectable authority—by gentlemen of high honor and character—by bishops and clergymen of the Episcopal Church—in some cases even by members of the victorious party—then we are bound not to shrink from the truth, however the truth may be displeasing.'

NEITHER was J. Heneage Jesse of Jacobite sympathies, but he writes always in a judicial vein. In his 'Memoirs of the Pretenders and their Adherents,' he has this to say: 'The strange and almost ridiculous stories which at this period were generally current of the wild habits and ferocious character of the Highland clansmen had unquestionably the effect of turning aside much of that generous commiseration which would otherwise have been excited by the illegal massacres of the Duke of Cumberland and his executioner-in-chief, General Hawley. When the world, however, came to reflect more dispassionately on the frightful effusion of blood of which these persons were the principal authors, they naturally viewed the conduct, as well as the military abilities, of the Duke in their proper light, and grew to execrate that man under the name of 'The Butcher' whom, only a few months before, they had exalted into an idol.'

'APART FROM his rank as the son of the King,' writes the author of the 'History of the Clans,' 'Prince William had little to recommend him to the especial notice of a nation rather fastidious in its respect for princes. His conduct, while in Scotland, showed that humanity, the brightest ornament which can adorn the soldier hero,

had no place in the catalogue of his virtues. With a cruelty partly the result, perhaps, of the military school in which he was trained, and which fortunately has few parallels among civilized nations, he pursued his unfortunate victims, the misguided but chivalrous adherents of the fallen dynasty, with a relentless perseverance which disgusted even his own partisans.'

IT IS NOT necessary, however, to rest solely on the verdict of historians, for we have Cumberland's own declaration of his principles in regard to war. Before the battle of Culloden he wrote to the Duke of Newcastle: 'All in this country are almost to a man Jacobites, and mild measures will not do.' And after the battle he wrote again to the same peer: (Cox's 'Administration of Pelham') 'I am sorry to leave this country in the condition it is in; for all the good that we have done has been a little blood letting, which has only weakened the madness but not at all cured it, and I tremble with fear that this vile spot may still be the ruin of this island and of our family.' This 'little blood-letting' represented the ruthless massacre of wounded, the violation of women, the burning of their homes and systematic robbery by the whole army from the Duke down. When President Forbes of Culloden, whose humanity was the one bright spot in the affair, protested against the violation of all law in this barbarous treatment of the Highlanders, the Duke replied: 'What laws? I will make a brigade give laws.'

ONE INCIDENT in this horrible affair is of especial interest to Canadians, since it concerns the person of General Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec. Wolfe was an officer in Cumberland's army, and in command of a division at Culloden. The incident is thus related in Chambers' 'History of the Rebellion': 'As he (Cumberland) rode along among the dying and the dead, he perceived a young man—Charles Fraser, the younger, of Inverlachie, who held a commission as Lieutenant-colonel of Fraser of Lovat's regiment—who was lying wounded on the ground, but who raised himself up on his elbow as the Duke passed. The Duke inquired of him to whom he belonged. 'To the Prince' was the undaunted reply. The Duke instantly turned to Major Wolfe, afterwards General Wolfe of Quebec fame, who was near him, and desired him to shoot 'that insolent scoundrel.' 'My commission,' said Wolfe, 'is at your disposal, but I cannot consent to become an executioner.' The Duke, perceiving a common soldier, inquired of him if his piece was loaded. The man replying in the affirmative, he commanded him to perform the required duty, which was instantly done.'

FURTHER, by Cumberland's orders, the day after Culloden, his men went out to the battlefield and shot all the wounded. They searched the houses and any unfortunate soldiers who were found being sheltered shared the same fate. A party of 19 wounded officers who were unable to follow the retreating army of the Prince took shelter in a wood near Culloden House, and the steward of Culloden House gave them such assistance as he could at the risk of his life. They were discovered, and regardless of their wounds, and the agony they were suffering, were shot in cold blood.

THESE ARE but specimens of the atrocities perpetrated by Cumberland, to extenuate which, if extenuation were possible, a forged order purporting to have been issued by Lord George Murray was circulated broadcast. This order which contained instructions for a general massacre of all English prisoners was proved beyond doubt to be a forgery. On the contrary, throughout the entire Rising Prince Charles Edward and his troops behaved with marked kindness and chivalry to wounded and prisoners alike. It is, therefore, too late in the day and too late in the history of testimony to Cumberland's brutality, to now attempt his rehabilitation. He well earned the title 'Butcher' and it will stick to him forever.

Affability and meekness are very powerful virtues in gaining souls to God.—St. Vincent de Paul. If you are looking for the darker side of human nature, its shadow will fall the heavier on your pathway.

'THE MCGEE FAMILY'

In proposing the health of 'The McGee Family' at the recent centenary celebration the Honorable Chief Justice Latchford gave this very interesting account of the immediate relatives of the great patriot-statesman:

Your Excellency, Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen.—When requested by Mr. Murphy to propose the toast of The McGee Family, he warned me that it would come late in the evening. From this I inferred that my remarks should be as brief as possible.

I hope, therefore, to avoid saying anything that will trench upon what has been said tonight by the eloquent speakers who have preceded me regarding Thomas D'Arcy McGee as a Canadian statesman and one of the founders of that great confederation which, as a boy, I heard rung in by the bells of this city when returning to my home from my first little triumph as a student at midnight of the 30th of June, 1867. I shall omit referring to his supreme and versatile genius as a journalist, patriot, historian, poet and orator and adhere as closely as possible to the text assigned to me, the McGee Family.

That is, in itself, a larger subject than might occur to one at first sight, because if I had to deal with the McGee family as it ought to be dealt with, I should have to advert to the history of the Clan in the various forms the name McGee assumed. I should have to go back to the muster rolls of the Irish brigades in the service of France. The latter I have done. I found in Dillon's Brigade and others of the famous regiments that England lost, much to her King's regret, the name of McGee after McGee. And further, upon the list of Spanish nobles I found four members of the McGee family who had attained distinction. I did not investigate their activities in the other countries over which the Wild Geese flew from Ireland, and in which they left their bones, as has been said, from Dunkirk to Belgrade.

I pass to the particular family of Thomas D'Arcy McGee himself. They were of good, honest, fighting blood, as McGee himself was proud to state. He was born, as you have been told, on the shores of Carlingford Lough—beside its storied and stolen waters—and looked out, when first he was capable of appreciating beauty on one of the fairest scenes in that island of fair scenes—the placid lake, the cultivated and singularly verdant slopes swelling up to the mountains of Mourne, whose purple or misty summits banded the northern horizon. And by his loved Mother's knee and from her lips, all too soon to be cold in death, he heard the legends that induce high thoughts and noble deeds, as has been said here tonight,—legends of saints and warriors, of heroes like Grace O'Malley and Queen Maeve. Where, I ask, in the folk lore of any nation exist tales so inspiring as those that Irish Mothers had to tell? Never elsewhere I venture to say were there such examples of love and faith, fearless enterprise, mournful failure and wistful hope that however long deferred sprung as it still springs eternal in the Irish breast. Never I am sure, was there a mind more receptive of the story of his country and its people than that of the child, D'Arcy McGee.

As has been stated to you by a previous speaker, McGee passed with his family to Wexford at an early age. The journey to that old town of piteous history was saddened by an accident which deprived him of his mother. In his heart her memory was always enshrined, and he rendered her immortal for others by the remarkable lines which he wrote in later life on her grave—'neath Selskar's ruined pile.' Of his domestic life in the new home we know but little. From what we of Ottawa know of one brother, we should all, I think, like to know more of the others, the sailor, Lawrence, who was lost at sea, and the soldier, James, who maintained in the adjoining republic the traditions of his fighting race and attained the colonelcy of one of the Irish Brigades led by Thomas Francis Meagher—'Meagher of the Sword' with whom, as with Davis, Doherty, Mitchell, Devin Reilly, Gavin Duffy, Smith O'Brien, and others of that brilliant galaxy of patriots, McGee was associated when he was called back to his native land in 1845 after a brief sojourn in America.

It was during the hectic period of the Young Ireland Movement that he won for his bride Mary Caffrey, a woman in every respect worthy of his deep abiding love. They went to live in one of the beautiful suburbs of Dublin. We can only imagine how happy that little home must have been. But the happiness was rudely interrupted. Within a year after his marriage, with a price upon his head, the young husband had to fly from home and country—from Ireland and his loved and loving wife. He gave some expression to his feelings when after reaching Boston he wrote:

'I left two loves on a distant strand, One young and fond and fair and bland, One old and fair and sadly grand, My wedded wife and my native land.'

A few years later he was joined by his wife bringing with her, as he

earlier said, "The little life I have not seen," born soon after he stood, as he expressed it.

"In a nation free The fettered slave of destiny. Self ransomed by a woe-filled flight, That robbed his heaven of half its light."

Of his renewed home life in the United States we know very little. Mrs. Skelton's admirable book deals more particularly with the phases of his marvelous public career. But knowing what we do of McGee's genial character and the intensity of his devotion to his country and his wife, it is not hard to imagine that their home must have been a very happy home. But the angel of death crossed the threshold and removed the first fruit of their love, the daughter born in Ireland. They had, of course, the consolations afforded by the faith. Another separation followed. McGee saw in Canada a land of greater promise for himself and his countrymen than the United States, and he came hither, leaving his wife in New York. After a few months she rejoined him, bringing with her a daughter born, like the child they had lost, soon after their separation. Then was established their final residence at Montreal.

With fancy's magic power we can picture that home and family, say at night, when the little ones gathered around their parents and begged for another of the old, old stories, learned in the land where the old is always new,—stories that such of us as were lucky enough to have had Irish Mothers will remember while life is left us,—of kindly fairies, mischievous pookas or elusive leprechauns, of rash and round tower, holy well and Celtic cross, of saint and soldier. With loved and loving wife and children, McGee there found sanctuary from the sorrow and passion of the outer world. His daughters—one in distant California and the other in Montreal—cherish no doubt many fragrant memories of those happy evenings. Owing to a miracle of physical science they both may be hearing every word said in this hall and the applause which follows every mention of their great father's name. May they live long to share in the honors accorded his memory.

Another one-time member of the household at Montreal, while not with us in person is yet within hearing of our voices; I refer to the venerable and respected John J. McGee.

I remember well, and you too, Mr. Chairman, may remember, the time now remote when we had for a year or two as neighbors on the Richmond Road, John J. McGee and his gracious lady, with a few small and very lively children, one of whom, no longer small, but still lively, sits at this table tonight. During the quarter of a century that Mr. McGee occupied the responsible and confidential position of Clerk of the Privy Council of the confederation established by the genius of his brother, it was my privilege to have the honor of his friendship and to be acquainted with several of his sons, and with that saintly and accomplished daughter who is a member of the order conducting the famous school for girls at Sault-au-Récollet. Another daughter, Miss Lillian, is present tonight, and of her I shall say no more than that she does honor to both her Christian and her family name.

A dutiful son and brother—James—cast in heroic mould, met with a fatal accident when he had but entered on a bright career. And what shall I say of Frank? "Corn of the Hundred Battles" never engaged in as many strenuous contests. In all Canada there was no player of our national winter game more speedy, courageous or intelligent. When the call to arms came, Frank McGee and two of his brothers were among the first to answer it. Charles, who had previously served in South Africa, died like Frank on the field of battle; and the third, Walter, who happily survived, though seriously wounded, was decorated for bravery with the Military Cross. All fought as they lived,—fought like my own sons under Your Excellency's most capable command, and those who fell died, as so many of their race and clan did of old in France and Flanders, upholding the name and fame of the fighting Irish,—

"Sons of a race of Soldiers Who never learned to yield."

The surviving brothers with their wives are here tonight. It has been well said that:

"The fighting races don't die out, Though they seldom die in bed,"

and the McGee family is already well advanced in the process of perpetuation. One of the brothers is here to represent his parents and the other members of the family. I refer to the distinguished barrister of this city, Mr. Thomas D'Arcy McGee. He is a worthy nephew of the famous statesman whose memory we are assembled to honor. This morning, at the statue referred to so feelingly by Mr. Lemieux, I saw another Thomas D'Arcy McGee and I am sure that the best traditions of their ancient sept will be handed on from sire to son. No doubt that that son and others, if there should be others, will be taught the sentiment which the statesman McGee was so fond of quoting from the works of his great associate, Thomas Davis, embodying a concept

too seldom expressed in this country. It runs:

"And oh! it were a glorious deed To show before mankind, How every race and every creed Might be by love combined— Might be combined, yet not forget The fountains whence they rose, As, fed by many a rivulet, The stately Shannon flows."

I feel certain, Mr. Chairman, that what has been emphasized so much tonight, the necessity of union among our people, will be impressed upon the minds of the children of Mr. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, and that to them he will, in the words of Tennyson,

"Teach high thoughts and amiable deeds And courtliness, and the desire of fame, And love of truth and all that makes a man."

I ask you to pledge the health, prosperity and long life of the McGee family.

THE MARTYRS OF BOLLENE

BEATIFICATION OF SIXTEEN URSULINE MARTYRS OF ORANGE, MAY 10, 1925

By The Countess De Courson

II. The work of extermination carried on at Arras by Lebon and at Nantes by Carrier, was directed at Orange by Maignet. He created a mock tribunal, called the "Commission populaire," that in the space of two months, sent three hundred victims to the guillotine. Among them were priests, nuns, old women, young girls, cripples and a large proportion of peasants and workmen. The President was Fauvey, a Protestant; the public accuser, a man named Viot, whose thirst for blood amounted to mania; the judges, ignorant and cowardly, followed the lead given to them by their chiefs. There was no attempt to observe legal forms; the victims were not allowed to defend themselves, and were ruthlessly and invariably sentenced to immediate execution.

Six buildings had been turned into prisons at Orange, and were filled with overflowing when the Bolleune nuns arrived. They were lodged in a house that still stands, called "La Cure," because it once was the presbytery of the Church of Notre Dame, against which it is built. Here the newcomers found other nuns belonging to different Orders; more continued to arrive till, at last, "La Cure" held fifty-five religious women and about two hundred laywomen of all ranks and ages, some of whom were mothers and sisters of the nuns. We wonder, given the very ordinary size of the house, how so many people can have been squeezed into its narrow precincts and we realize the suffering caused by this crowding during the hottest days of the year.

The fall of Robespierre at the end of July saved the lives of the few Sisters that remained in prison, who had shared during three months the martyr's daily life. These survivors wrote a simple, but scrupulously accurate account of the weary weeks during which they and their companions prepared for death. This is a rare occurrence in the history of the martyrs of the Revolution. As regards the Carmelites of Compiègne, the Ursulines of Valenciennes and the Sisters of Charity of Arras, we have the testimony of outsiders who met the prisoners and noted certain details; for the nuns of Bolleune, we have the story of their long wait for death, written by their close companions, only a few months after their martyrdom. The sight of the precious manuscript, one of the convent treasures, brings one very close to the martyrs themselves.

It tells us that, on starting, the Sacramentines, Ursulines, Cistercians and Bernardines, put in common the money and linen they had brought, and decided to form one community, and to follow a common rule. This rule was a severe one; they began the day at five by an hour of meditation, followed by the recitation together of the Office of Our Lady. At 7, they were given some food; at 8, they recited the Litany of the Saints, the prayers for confession, Communion and Extreme Unction and renewed their vows. At 9, the public accuser, Viot, entered, a drawn sword in his hand and read out the names of the day's victims. The nuns answered the summons with smiling eagerness. "Is it not my turn today?" asked Agnes de Romillon; and her sister, Jeanne, burst into tears when Agnes was called, because she thought herself forgotten.

The adieu between those who remained and the chosen ones were brief. "They knew that they would soon meet again," says our manuscript; "but the sound of prayers now ascended without a break from the prostrate women in the prison. On their knees, they recited a thousand Aves, besides many invocations to the Holy Ghost, that He would inspire their Sisters, who were even then confessing their faith. The whole day was practically spent in intercession, that intensified towards six in the evening, when the sound of an excited crowd in the street below informed prisoners that the martyrs were on their way to death. After reciting the prayers for the dying,

the nuns remained in silence, till hurried steps and loud voices told them that all was over. Then they rose to their feet, sang the Te Deum and the Laudate; and the Sisters belonging to the same Order as those that had been executed, received the congratulations of the others."

When we remember the weariness, discomfort, uncertainty, suspense and nervous tension entailed by these long, hot weeks of waiting, we marvel at the cheerfulness and serenity that, without a break or a flaw, reigned during three months among women, some of whom were over seventy, others under twenty-five. Their religious life in the past must have been unusually fervent to have raised them to such heights of heroism.

Owing to the fact that the Sacramentines were able after the Revolution to return to their convent and to collect testimonies and traditions touching on their martyrs, we are informed of what passed when the chosen victims left "La Cure." They were taken to the Church of St. John, used as a tribunal, briefly questioned, and invariably required to take the oath. In every case, the nuns refused to do so, and often gave the reason of their rejection. "I am a nun and shall remain a nun till I die," said Claire Dubac. "Who are you?" was asked of Therese Consoin. "I am a daughter of the Church; I have twice refused to take the oath; my conscience forbids me to do so."

Once only did Fauvey, the man of iron, seem moved. It was when a young Sacramentine, Henriette Faurie, was brought forward. She, like Marguerite de Rocher, had refused to conceal herself when her Sisters were arrested. "You are so young," he said; "just make a sign, it will mean that you have taken the oath, and tomorrow you shall go back to your mother." He had touched a tender point. Madame Faurie's husband was in prison, and her sons fighting at the frontier; it was under her roof that Henriette had been arrested. The little nun quietly answered: "I have taken an oath promising fidelity to God; I can not take another." Then, turning to the five Sisters who were being judged with her: "Courage," she said; "the gates of paradise are open to receive us."

Some of the condemned prisoners courteously, not ironically, thanked the men who were the means of giving them the martyr's crown. Gertrude d'Alanzier, an Ursuline, whose father, the Marquis d'Alanzier, was one of the notable citizens of Bolleune, expressed her gratitude to the unjust judges; so did Madeleine de Justamond, a Cistercian nun from Avignon, who was born at Bolleune and whose aunt and two sisters were executed during the same month.

The motives of the condemnation to death of these women, most of whom had spent their lives in the cloister, reads like a hideous farce. They were found guilty of having endangered the safety of the Republic, excited a civil war, "corrupted public spirit," and invoked the power of "the tyrant wearing a tiara," an illusion to the gracious rule of the former sovereigns of the Comtat.

On leaving the Court, the prisoners were removed to the ancient Roman circus, where they spent the hours between their condemnation and the execution, which took place at six o'clock. The nuns were not inactive. They found in the great amphitheatre all the prisoners who were to share their fate and mingling with them, closely disguised, some faithful priests, from whom they could receive absolution. The Sisters spent their time, we hear, from eye-witnesses, in comforting and enlightening their fellow sufferers. One remained half an hour in prayer with outstretched arms to obtain that the father of a family should accept his unjust sentence, and submit to the will of God. Her prayer was granted. Others went to and fro, bringing hope and strength to women prepared that they were to meet a hideous death; one, a Sacramentine, even consented to sing a hymn of her own composition to the motley crowd of prisoners and guards that filled the great circus.

In happier days, when it was known that Sister Elizabeth Pelissier was to sing in the chapel of Bolleune, the faithful came in crowds to hear her wonderful voice. Although she was then over fifty, her voice was still remarkable, and when the guards asked her to sing to them while waiting for the signal for leaving the circus, she graciously and simply consented to do so. Standing up, she sang a hymn to the guillotine, which she had composed in prison. The pilgrim who, knowing this incident, visits the great Roman circus of Orange, thinks little of the dramatic representations that are often given in this unique environment; he is fascinated by the picture of a woman singing to an audience of condemned prisoners,—singing words so simple, so sweet, so full of faith and courage, while her finger points to a spot beyond the houses, where the guillotine stands waiting for the singer and her audience.

When the time came to start, the nuns led the hymns; the Magnificat and the Laudate echoed through the narrow streets. At the corner of the Rue de Tourne, many prisoners bowed their heads; here, in a house of which only the outer wall remains, two brave priests were concealed during the

whole of the Reign of Terror; and, at the peril of their lives, absolved the victims.

The nuns' attitude on the scaffold was in keeping with the rest of their story. They went to death "as to a job," say eye witnesses, many of whom lived to a great age and were never weary of describing the "radiant happiness" of these "beautiful nuns." Gertrude d'Alanzier kissed the scaffold in her joy. Madeleine de Justamond was heard to exclaim: "What happiness! I shall soon be in heaven." The young Sister, Henriette Faurie, when standing on the bloody platform, caught sight of her sister Madeleine, a child of eleven, in the crowd below. "Good-bye," cried the little sister; "embrace our mother. We shall all meet in heaven."

No wonder that, startled and irritated by these "cheerful givers," the rough guards and the executioner complained that "These rascally women all die laughing!"

FOREIGN MISSION NEWS LETTER

IN THE CROSS WE CONQUER

Seeing, or hearing of the practice of the Way of the Cross in Chemia-tze, China, one is brought back in fancy to those days when the Faith of Christ was a living flame in the hearts of men, a flame that set other hearts too, on fire with love of Him.

Chemia-tze has long been Christian, and all its 500 people are Catholics. No one knows when the town first accepted the True Faith, probably at the end of the Ming period—more than three hundred years ago, but all know how the people have suffered for it, for since then, despite persecution after persecution, they have been true in their love for Christ Crucified. And who can say that their beautiful devotion of the Way of the Cross, which dates back to the seventeenth century when priests were few here and Christians scattered, is not responsible for the courage and fidelity displayed by their ancestors.

Years would pass between the visits of the missionaries, and in this absence, the Christians at certain intervals desired to make "a perfect act of contrition," to restore them to God's grace.

The devotion is still made by the Christians of Chemia-tze themselves. The priest never directs it and is seldom present at it. A boy starts it by carrying the Crucifix, with two others acting as acolytes. They make the first prostration—there are 42 prostrations altogether—and then a sort of meditative dialogue begins between the acolytes, which awakens conscience, makes the heart penitent, and rouses to contrition.

"My soul, my soul, how Jesus has suffered for thee"

"He wishes to save my soul, but I have wounded Him. . . . And so on till the end of the dialogue, which occurs at each Station; and when the acolytes finish, the people prostrate themselves and chant aloud their acts of sorrow, which is repeated fourteen times. It is truly a touching sight.

THE PERSECUTIONS

It is well to mention some of the trials these good Christians of Chemia-tze faced to preserve their Faith and this touching devotion. In 1800, their priests visited them under cover of darkness and all religious ceremonies and instructions took place during the night. Again and again these brave people, mounted to heights of heroism in protecting these missionaries.

And in 1900, the Boxers, armed with lances and daggers descended upon the town. They did not massacre the inhabitants, but tormented them by singling out certain victims for their demonic rage.

Encountering a catechist they cast a crucifix on the ground before him and bade him trample on it. He refused, "Obey" commanded the chief, "or I shall cut off your right arm!"

The catechist stretched out his right arm. "Strike!" he said—and the arm was severed. Then he exclaimed, "Here is my left arm—and my two limbs! All are but a small sacrifice to make for my Saviour." They took him at his word, and he died blessing God.

A HOLY INNOCENT

A little boy of ten had seen his parents and his sisters—killed by these murderers. They had been kind to him however in an effort to persuade him to apostatize and worship Buddha. "Let me go to the pagoda," he said to them, and the Boxer chief thinking it easy to persuade the boy to the temple where Buddha was enthroned. Arrived in front of the idol, the boy suddenly stooped, took up a handful of dirt and threw it in the face of the god. Then turning to his persecutors he remarked calmly, "Now, send me to my father and mother." They crucified him at the entrance of the pagoda.

STORY OF THE MACHABEES REPEATED

And yet again are we reminded of the courage of Christians in pagan lands by another incident in the lives of these people. An old Christian with two dozen relatives lived in the mountains. At the beginning of the persecution he begged his

people to fly—"I am old," he said, "too old perhaps, for them to hurt. I will remain and guard the house."

But his children and grandchildren refused to leave him. On the arrival of the brigands, the old man met them and said, "You are welcome if you are friends." The Boxers replied by taking the Crucifix from the wall and throwing it on the ground. "We are friends with those who trample upon this sign." No one moved. "Who wish to die first?" continued the murderers.

The mothers then, quietly brought forward their children. "These first," they answered, "Do not be afraid, little ones God wants us." First the children, then the women, and the men, and last of all the white-haired grandfather. What an epic for the Faith in China!

WEEKLY CALENDAR

Sunday, May 17.—St. Paschal Baylon, from early childhood was marked out for the service of God. Amidst his daily labors he found time to evangelize the rude herdsmen who kept their flocks on the hills of Arse. He entered the Franciscan Order but remained a lay-brother because of his humility. His distinguishing characteristic was an ardent love and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

Monday, May 18.—St. Venantius, Martyr, was born at Camerino in Italy. At the age of fifteen he was seized as a Christian and was carried before a magistrate and tortured in an effort to make him renounce his faith. After he had been miraculously saved from death several times he was beheaded on orders of the Governor. His martyrdom occurred in the year 250.

Tuesday, May 19.—St. Peter Celestine, as a child was honored by visions of the Blessed Virgin and the angels and saints. At the age of twenty he took up a solitary life which he led for three years. At the end of that time disciples flocked to him and he gave them a rule of life which formed the foundation of the Celestine Order. He was unexpectedly elevated to the Papal Throne and took the name of Celestine but after a reign of four months he called his Cardinals about him and solemnly resigned his trust in himself. He himself spent the remainder of his life.

Wednesday, May 20.—St. Bernardine of Siena, a Franciscan Friar of noble birth, who spent his youth in works of mercy and later through his great eloquence won many converts for the Church. Through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, he was cured of an impediment of speech. He died in 1444.

Thursday, May 21.—St. Hospitius, recluse, isolated himself in an old tower near Villafranca one league from Nice. He girded himself with a heavy iron chain and lived on bread and dates alone. During Lent he would redouble these austerities. Because of his great virtues he was accorded the gift of prophecy. He died in 981.

Friday, May 22.—St. Yvo, Confessor, descended from a noble and virtuous family near Treguier in Brittany. He went to Paris when fourteen years old and later studied at Orleans. He made a private vow of perpetual chastity but since this was not known many honorable matches were proposed to him. He rejected them all as incompatible with his studious life. His great humility made him desire to remain in lesser orders but by express command of his Bishop he was ordained. He was named ecclesiastical judge at Rennes where he distinguished himself by his great solicitude for the poor. He died in 1303.

Saturday, May 23.—St. Julia, Virgin and Martyr, was sold as a slave to a Syrian merchant when her native Carthage was captured by Genseric in 439. Her virtue and fidelity gained the respect of her master who took her with him into Gaul. She was killed by order of the Governor of Corsica because she refused to be defiled by superstitious pagan ceremonies which she openly reviled.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

THE SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE

The law of Charity is the law *suprema* of the Catholic Church. Charity is the whole law and the prophets; it is the sign by which all adherents of Christ's teaching are known to be His disciples; when we are ushered into the presence of God to receive judgment it is by the law of charity we are condemned or exalted. Faith is necessary, hope is necessary, but greater than these three is the need of charity to be the true follower of Christ.

The great outstanding exemplars of self-sacrifice are those followers of Christ who have learned to deny themselves, take up His Cross and follow Him. They are to be found in every sphere of Catholic life, but, as to be expected, in the mission fields of the Master are they to be seen at their best.

We have in our extensive Canadian mission fields hundreds of missionaries who think little of themselves, whose whole lives are but an exemplification of the poverty and sufferings of their Master. We have nuns who are the incarnation of Christian charity; who for more than sixty years have spent them-

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selves in the cold of the sub-arctic regions because they love God and the salvation of souls—and loved not in word only. Were they to boast of their labors and sufferings and infirmities in season and out of season, in heat and in cold, in good repute and evil repute, their narration of facts would be worthy of the most heroic missionaries of the Church in any age.

Success has always crowned the efforts of our apostolic missionaries and nowhere more than in Canada. This is due in great measure to the spirit of sacrifice that animates them and urges them on to heroic deeds for Christ. They win the hearts of those among whom they labor by a constant exhibition of Christian cheerfulness and disinterestedness.

Charity is necessary for salvation. To say "O my God, I love You" is not enough. To go to Mass and Communion is not enough. Charity means a pure, a sincere love for God and man which makes us do the Divine Will in all things, which makes us sacrifice our time, our labor and our earthly possessions in testimony of love for God and our fellow man.

Have you this charity? Have you this spirit of sacrifice? Contributions through this office should be addressed:

Table with columns: Name, Amount. Includes M. J. O'Neil, Bay de Verde (5 00), K. Weisenborn, Rochester, N. Y. (1 00), E. G. F. Ottawa (5 00), B. M. Nova Scotia (3 00), Mrs. H. Jamieson, Port Hawkesbury (2 00), Friend, Branch (5 00), 282, S. M. (1 00).

HOLY NAME MEN TO PROTEST

New York, April 17.—By unanimous vote, members of the Holy Name Society meeting in the Holy Name Parochial school here Sunday night adopted a resolution pledging themselves to patronize only those theatrical productions which are placed on the "white list." The resolution was a measure of protest against immorality, obscenity, and profanity as exploited in current Broadway productions.

MOTOR TOURISTS' CAMP FOR NEW YORK CITY

Automobile tourists of this section will be gratified to know that at last New York City has a motorists' camp. Known as Camp New York it is established well within the city limits, being but thirty minutes from Times Square by rapid transit with a station directly at the camp entrance.

Its forty beautiful acres of high ground are situated at the junction of Boston Post road and Baychester avenue, with ample room for a thousand cars, or a daily accommodation for five thousand people.

Developed by a group of experts, nationally known in motor touring circles, nothing in equipment has been overlooked in this camp to add to the comforts of the visitor.

Among the conveniences included are a general store, restaurant, American Automobile Association Information Bureau, spacious community house, city water, sanitary toilets, shower baths, day and night police protection, electric lights, telephone, telegraph, a twenty-four hour laundry service, daily post office delivery and newspaper service, milk, bread, meat and vegetable service, tent platforms and bungalows.

The camp overlooks Long Island Sound, and Pelham Bay is but a mile distant and famous for its salt water bathing, boating and fishing. Bronx Park, with its renowned Zoological Gardens and Botanical Gardens is near by.

The establishment of Camp New York now enables the visiting motorist to economically visit New York, the Wonder City of the World, and with his entire family inspect its museums, parks, libraries and historical places of interest. It assures him comfortable, safe and hygienic living conditions with police protection for his family and car at no extra cost, aside from the small daily camp fee.

On May 2, Camp New York will be officially opened with befitting civic ceremonies.

OMINOUS MEETING OF MOSLEM CHIEFS

Jerusalem, March 16.—A conference has taken place at Mecca between Ibn Saud, Sultan of Nejd, and Sidi Ahmad, head of the fanatical Senoussi tribes of Tripoli. This meeting is an event of the importance of which it would be useless to minimize.

These two chiefs, who are regarded as the most fanatical Moslem rulers, have had several conversations on the future of the Arabian Peninsula. Considerable importance is attached to the possible union of the two chieftains, for the Egyptian Government is very favorably inclined towards both the Senoussi and Ibn Saud. Such combination cannot be desired by Great Britain, because it is a link in the chain of solidarity between the Moslem of Arabia, India, Egypt and the North African countries.

CHINESE MISSION BURSSES

How many excellent young men have you known who were debarred from the priesthood because they were unable to meet the expenses of a college and secondary education? The Chinese Mission Burses provide a way to the Priesthood for such young men. The interest on each completed bursse provides a sum sufficient to pay for the yearly education of one student at our seminary at Scarborough Bluffs, Ont. When he has gone forth as a priest to the Mission Fields another student will take his place, the bursse providing a permanent fund to educate those who otherwise may never have been priests.

Will you help us send a priest to the Missions of China? Address:

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Generosity creates a kindly feeling among men. It brings sunshine on rainy days, almost like magic. It makes a man want to go a little further in being kind, in giving. And so it is a decided medium of our social progress.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

OUR SPIRITUAL FORTRESS

"But I tell you the truth: It is expedient to you that I go: for if I go not, the Paraclete will not come to you; but if I go, I will send Him to you." (John xvi. 7.)

The help God gives His Church and His children, members of this Church. He gives without show or display. He is an abominator of the ostentatious. Quietly and calmly all His works are effected, and all His desires carried out. It is only once in a while, when He sends some heavy punishment upon men for their wickedness, that He acts very conspicuously. When He so acts, it is to recall man to a sense of duty and to teach him the awfulness of his Judge-to-be, unless he mends his ways. In the Old Testament particularly do we find examples of God punishing man, while manifesting His terrible anger and stupendous power. In the New Testament, He sends His blessings and His punishments also, as a rule, gently and many times almost unnoticeably.

It is different with God's enemies. Their way is one of ostentation and clamor; and even where they hide their actions from the sight of others, it is not for the sake of virtue, but with the intent of deceiving. Wickedness can not hide very long under the cloak of modesty and gentleness. It is ever on the search for a battlefield where it can murder and wound and destroy. It endeavors by loud shouts to attract the people toward it, and lead them to adopt its cause. It must follow him who originated it—Satan—him who disturbed the great order established by God when He created angels and men. Since there is no gentleness to it, there can be no peaceable procedure. The rough winds can not but disturb the calm of the sea; the appearance of wickedness can not but destroy peace and create waves of discord.

Today's Gospel gives us an excellent example of the ways of God. Christ says it is expedient for us that He go. We would imagine that He could do more by remaining after His glorious triumph over death, thus giving His followers greater strength and encouragement, and effectively confounding His enemies. But such was not His method. All this would be done, but in a way other than by His visible presence. Men had seen Him, had discoursed with Him, had witnessed His wonderful power as manifested in His works, yet they had crucified Him midst uproar and tumult. Even while on the cross He could have called down the thunderbolts of heaven upon them, but He would not adopt any such means. His enemies, like His faithful followers, were yet to live on their natural lives, and then justice, indisputably clear, would be done them. He must go. His Father's work is accomplished. He will remain in an special way with His Church, but He will be seen no more. Like the gentle breeze that comes to soothe us in the midst of the hottest days, He will come to guard and protect and revive us, while we struggle in the heated days of spiritual and bodily difficulty.

But He will do more. His Father has planned something else for His weak followers. God of very truth, the Paraclete, will come and abide with His people. This Person of the Blessed Trinity will not suffer, will not be crucified. He is simply to be an ever-present help in our combat against the powers of darkness. He will be the fortress that guards the Church, which no enemy artillery can batter down. He will stand by, as silent as the highest peaks in the mountains and as impenetrable. He will be admired, not so much for the show He makes in preserving the Church, but for His insuperable power, though it be associated with no apparent activity. He is God. Why should He show His strength to man? What haughtiness it would be on our part to ask God to manifest His infinite power unto us! How easily we forget what small creatures we are! Possessing but a spark of God's intelligence, we often try to put ourselves on a level with Him—nay, even above Him—and demand of Him a reason for His acts.

The conflict between light and darkness, between manifested weakness and silent, infinite power, continues. We must not think that we poor weak creatures—clergy or people—are the bulwarks of safety to the Church. We would be like the apostles before the Holy Ghost came upon them, were it not that the same Holy Spirit is with us. We must certainly carry arms—not the arms of Peter in the garden before the apprehension of Christ and His crucifixion, but the arms of Peter after his repentance succeeding the denial of his Master, and the arms of Peter after the scene in the upper room at Jerusalem. Our enemies are coming with the clang of sword and the boom of cannon, and there are others lying in ambush for us. Gently and almost silently we go forward to meet them. Our defense is impregnable, it is the Holy Ghost, the "Spirit of Truth." Truth alone conquers and will prevail.

There will be times when it will seem that our bark is about to be submerged, and it will appear that our guide is sleep-

ing, as Christ appeared to be, when the boat bearing the apostles was being tossed about the lake by the winds. But the danger is no real danger so long as we remain fast to our bark. He only is conquered who deserts. True it is that many, who were once within it, are now floating on different seas in barks unlike our own; but this is due to their own fault. The boat on which they once sailed is still gliding over the troubled waters, and will continue to do so until time is no more. He is indeed a frail and weak Catholic who does not earnestly and confidently, while doing his best, trust in the silent strength and power of God. The tactics of our enemies plainly show how very often they have no other guide than the disturber of peace. In heaven there can be no enemy, no combat, no hate. Some one of the sides now waging war can not enter there. Let it not be ours. While we must fight, let us do it, as did Christ and His apostles and the martyrs, that followed them, with no hate for our poor erring brethren, but as possessors of the true faith with a command from its author—God Himself—to defend it; for it is truth, and truth can lead us nowhere but to eternal bliss.

THE PILGRIMAGES TO ROME

NOTABLE INCREASE DURING FEBRUARY

By Mrs. Marie Puel (Home Correspondent, N. G. W. C.)

The pilgrimages during February, the second month of Holy Year, have shown a notable increase over those of the preceding month. Not only have all the pilgrimages arranged for the month been carried out, but several of them have been larger in numbers than any which arrived in January. The first, from Genoa, arrived on February 1, and remained until February 7. It was received on the fifth by the Holy Father, who, after having given each pilgrim his ring to kiss, pronounced a brief discourse, recalling his personal memories of Genoa "the city superb," in its grand past and in its prosperous present, its sea and its mountains, its commerce and its industry, but still more gloriously superb for having conserved unaltered the ancient faith of its fathers and the purity of Christian life. The Pope congratulated the Genoese on the filial piety with which they had welcomed their new Archbishop, since "who is with the Bishop is with the Pope, who is with the Pope is with Christ."

A second Argentine pilgrimage, which arrived at Rome on February 2 and included some eminent personages, left on February 8. The Pope received it on the fourth and in the few words addressed to the pilgrims expressed his joy in seeing such a good representation of a country so far distant from the center of Catholicism, but so near to his heart.

A large number of pilgrims from Milan and Vigevano assisted on February 11 at the Mass of the Holy Father. Before the blessing, His Holiness addressed those present and said he was very pleased to find himself in the midst of his Milanese on the Feast of the Apparition of the Holy Virgin at Lourdes where he went on a pilgrimage some days before his entrance into Milan as Archbishop. He then spoke of the statue of Mary Immaculate which is enthroned on the Duomo of Milan as if blessing the city. He commented on the words of St. Ambrose: "Ubi Petrus ibi Ecclesia," completing it with the added "Mediolanensis," as the Milanese must be closely united to the Pope.

A Chilean pilgrimage also arrived on the ninth, and on the eleventh a large number of Cremonese under the guidance of the Bishop of Cremona. The Chileans, who were received by the Pope on the fourteenth, were presented by the Chilean Ambassador to the Holy See, who said that the pilgrims would not cease to pray "that the kingdom of peace should reign on earth, and that the people should be closely drawn together in friendly brotherhood." In his reply the Holy Father expressed his joy at seeing the Chilean pilgrims who, in order to reach Rome, had to cross plains, mountains and oceans, suffering discomfort and sacrifice. He mentioned the natural beauty and wealth of Chile, and a thing still more precious, that is, the faith of its people and its devotion to the Holy See. He congratulated the Associations of Catholic Works flourishing there, and especially those dedicated to Missions.

the twelfth for the anniversary of the coronation of Pius XI.

On the fourteenth there arrived at Rome the pilgrimage from Pinerolo, under the guidance of the Bishop of that city; and on the fifteenth that of Padua, also accompanied by its Bishop and some ecclesiastical dignitaries; on the sixteenth that of Ivrea with a group from Aosta. The pilgrims of Pinerolo, Ivrea and Aosta assisted on the eighteenth at the Mass of the Holy Father, who, after the Blessing, addressed a few words to them, recalling the visit made by him to their cities, to their valleys their mountains, and recommending them to conserve their hereditary piety and steadfastness in the faith making allusion to the Protestant propaganda whose hearth is in the Valli Valdesi. The voice of the mountains, he explained, cried "Sursum corda!" His Holiness then exhorted the pilgrims to be united to their bishops, through whom they are united with the Pope and to the clergy who guided them. In the afternoon of the same day, the Holy Father allowed the pilgrims to kiss his hand and distributed Jubilee medals to them.

The Paduan pilgrimage assisted at the Mass of the Pope on the following day. His Holiness pronounced a brief discourse, commenting on the Gospel, explaining the meaning of Holy Year and praising the Catholic Works which flourished at Padua, especially the Catholic Action, and the work being done among young people, and above all among the University students. At midday, the Paduan pilgrims were admitted by the Pope and they all kissed his hand and received the Jubilee medals.

Berlin sent a large number of pilgrims who arrived at Rome on the eighteenth and were received by the Holy Father on February 21. His Holiness, after having made the round of the Sala of the Concistoro, where the audience took place, giving his ring to each to kiss and distributing the Jubilee medals, addressed the pilgrims in German welcoming them to the house of the common Father of the faithful and congratulating them on their coming from Germany, a land which the Pope had frequent occasions of knowing and appreciating. He expressed his belief that the pilgrims would take back with them abundant spiritual fruits, because he knew from personal experience how the Catholics in Germany were diligent in everything regarding their religion and piety.

The pilgrimage of the Catholic University of Milan party arrived at Rome on the morning of the twenty-second, in charge of a group of professors. The pilgrims, numbering ninety, assisted at the Mass of the Holy Father on the twenty-fourth and with the friends of the University were received by him on the afternoon of the same day. The Pope gave his hand to be kissed by each of them and distributed a large commemorative medal of the sixteenth centenary of the Lateran Basilica. Father Gemelli, rector of the University, read an address and then presented His Holiness with three copies in gold, silver and bronze of a medal representing the facade of the University.

The Holy Father, at the outset, said he was pleased to see before him the professors, the pupils and friends of the Catholic University of the Sacred Heart, who cooperate in the diffusion of science. In them, said His Holiness, was the Science that came to sanctify and to be sanctified. They had to give an example so much more precious because it had descended from on high. The kingdom of science illuminated by faith was the real kingdom of truth and of the most sublime ideas.

The Pope, therefore, expressed his pleasure at the sentiments expressed by Father Gemelli. He praised the students again for the thought of coming to Rome, to the Seat of Truth, the heart of the mystic body of Christ, the Center and Principle of the Catholic Church, to gain new inspiration for their mission and to accentuate the solemn gravity of their responsibility and to ask the necessary help for the intellect, the heart, the will. They had come under the best conditions, in the atmosphere of the Holy Year of Jubilee, to that Rome which is the Center, the Head and the Heart of the Church, the Spouse of Jesus Christ. Faithful souls must be with the Church and feel with the Church, not only believe and judge, but also feel, that is, be disposed to put themselves in union with the Church. To feel with the Church was not only a great comfort, but also a great recompense for such generous souls, because thus they hasten the advent of the Kingdom of God.

At the conclusion of this powerful discourse, a group of girl students presented a basket of white flowers to His Holiness.

On the twenty-sixth, a pilgrimage from Belgium which had arrived some days before, was received by the Holy Father. His Holiness gave each pilgrim his hand to kiss and distributed the Jubilee Medals.

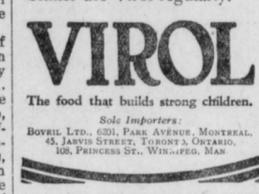
ALL PILGRIMS TO SEE POPE



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kiss his hand. All of them, however, will be admitted in public audience even, should it be necessary, in the Vatican Basilica, so they will be able to see and hear the Supreme Pontiff.

THREE MENACES TO NATION

Divorce, Socialism and the decline of the American home are three serious menaces to the security of the nation declared Senator William H. King, of Utah, in an address to members of Lafayette Council, Knights of Columbus, at a Communion breakfast in New York. The speaker also deplored national indifference to religion and spiritual forces.

"The three greatest enemies of America are divorce, the boarding house and Socialism," Senator King said. "All of these seek to destroy the family ties. Men will fight for their homes; they will not fight for their boarding houses. Women will endure any privation, make any sacrifice to preserve the home."

During his address the Senator took occasion to pay an enthusiastic tribute to the principles of the late Cardinal Gibbons. Keep from associates who discourage you.

A Perpetual Novena to St. Anthony

This is another demonstration of the powerful intercession of the Wonder-Worker of Padua, because his clients are continuously sending us letters of grateful appreciation. We can publish only a few of them. S. McI.: "As promised for St. Anthony's Novena, I had my book and keys. But will send more later and you asking that my petitions for two temporal favors be entered in your Novena to St. Anthony. One of these petitions was that we might secure some property we liked. Thanks to St. Anthony, we now have an option on this property, and trust that we can successfully close the deal when required to do so."

St. Anthony's Graymoor Shrine

The Friars of the Atonement Box 316, Peckskill, N. Y. Wonderful Egyptian Remedy "Samaria" Prescription for drunkenness, which science has proved is a disease and not a habit and must be treated as such. Prohibition legislation does not help the unfortunate. "Samaria" may be given in Tea, Coffee, or any liquid food. Send stamp for trial treatment. SAMARIA REMEDY CO. 52 ROSE AVE. TORONTO, ONT.

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75c. Each Spiritism, the Modern Satanism, by Thomas Cookley. The old Revelation is made "new" by Sir A. Conan Doyle. But the fact still remains that the Jew as well as Gentile was exorcised in the Old Testament for laying the hands on the head. The only novel feature of modern spiritism is its hold upon the present generation. Dr. Cookley's work is the death knell of the Doyle idea that Spiritism is a religion. The chapters that comprise his book are clear, learned and morally logic expostions of the evil of Spiritism's claims, with a generous array of lucid arguments to defend Christianity's impregnable position. The Catholic Record London, Canada

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

MOTHER'S DAY

Tender, gentle, brave and true,
Loving us whate'er we do!
Waiting, watching at the gate
For the footsteps that are late,
Sleepless through the hours of night
Till she knows that we're all right,
Pleased with every word we say—
That is ever mother's way.

Others sneer and turn aside,
Mother welcomes us with pride:
Over-boastful of us, too,
Glorifying in all we do.
First to praise and last to blame,
Love that always stays the same,
Following us where'er we stray—
That is ever mother's way.

She would grant us all we seek,
Give her strength where we are weak.

Beauty? She would let it go
For the joy we yearn to know
Life? She'd give it gladly, too,
For the dream that we pursue:
She would toll that we might play—
That is ever mother's way.

Not enough for her are flowers,
Her life is so blent with ours
That in all we share and share alike
She is partner, through and through;
Suffering when we suffer pain,
Happy when we smile again,
Living with us, night and day—
That is ever mother's way.

—EDGAR A. GUEST

A GOOD MOTHER

"One good mother," says George Herbert, "is worth a hundred school-masters. In the home she is the loadstone to all hearts, and loadstar to all eyes." Imitation of her is constant—imitation which Bacon likens to a "globe of precepts." It is instruction; it is teaching without words, often exemplifying more than tongue can teach. In the face of bad example the best precepts are but of little avail. The example is followed, not the precepts. Indeed, precept at variance with practice is worse than useless, inasmuch as it only serves to teach that most cowardly of vices—hypocrisy. Remember, therefore, girls and boys, that a good Catholic mother is a blessing, and more and more as we grow we appreciate the finer traits of human nature. Men going out into life never forget the mother who stays at home, and who has presented to them a reason dominant with a high moral sense, with refined and sweet affections, with taste, with patience, with gentleness. A man may go through all the world, he may run through every stage of belief and disbelief, but there will be one picture that he cannot efface. Living or dying, there will rise up before him like a morning star the beauty of that remembered goodness which he called "mother."

—The Pilot.

FROM STAGE COACH TO STEEL KING

Mr. Charles M. Schwab recently told in a popular periodical of his humble beginnings and how opportunity opened up for him his later career. He said:

"What formal education I had in my youth at Loretto, Pennsylvania, where we lived, was received at St. Francis College. It was at the college that I found some opportunity to put into practice a native bent for mechanics."

"I put in some months driving a stage between Loretto and Cresson Station—a period which brought me into contact with all sorts and conditions of men and gave me ample opportunities to study human nature, both raw and refined. After leaving school I obtained a job in a grocery at Braddock, Pennsylvania.

"The magnet for me in Braddock was the Edgar Thomson steel works, owned by Carnegie Brothers & Co. The superintendent of the works was a customer at the store. His name was William R. Jones—a name that became well known throughout the steel industry. I had always had the ambition to be a steel engineer, and looked up to Captain Jones, knowing something of his reputation.

"One day the captain offered me a job at a dollar a day, a substantial increase over the wages I was receiving in the grocery. The job was to drive stakes."

"That job marked the beginning of his career.

"Mr. Schwab has a magnificent summer home in Loretto, and the new Catholic Church erected there a few years ago was his gift. It is a large Church for a small town, but with one or two exceptions all the people in Loretto are Catholics.

—The Antiquite.

REMAIN STEADFAST IF YOU WISH TO ATTAIN YOUR GOAL

The very pleasurable ease with which many of us break our higher purposes and turn aside in feverish haste in the pursuit of some elusive object, does not argue well for our future content or prosperity.

We are impatient and impatient, inclined upon the slightest provocation to change our minds over night, at a sudden veer of the golden weather-cock. We have no steadfast, fixed course.

When we wake in the morning we are undecided. Our purpose of yesterday is gone. We have a new one which appeals directly to our lofty ambition, so much so, indeed, that we stride briskly down the

street, forgetting in our elation to acknowledge the smiling nods and cheery good-mornings of our friends.

By night our certitude has somewhat withered before the intense heat of cogitation, and we are filled with doubt.

For years and years we have gone around and round with the compass. But on this occasion everything is different. We cannot move.

Our great project for which we have been husbanding our strength, is hidden somewhere in the midst, our sight is defective, our hands are unsteady and there is a tug at the heart that we cannot much longer endure.

Event has succeeded event not as we expected, but as our solicitous friends had foretold. Our old smiling habit is gone. We are discouraged, down in the depths.

The world goes on merrily. There is no tenderness in its heart. It cares not a whit whether we sigh or sing, whether we are clothed in purple or in tatters and rags.

And some of the merriest are carrying a load in their souls, because they, too, have broken their purposes. But they refuse to yield to discouragement.

They have resolved to try again, and to keep on trying as fast as ever they fail, trusting not in themselves for sustaining strength, but in the higher power—being prodigals seeking their father's house!—The Echo.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MOTHER'S CORNER

In the ruddiest glow of the western light,
She sits in her favorite nook:
The dear hands busy, the dear face clothed
With its tender mother-look.
The smile that softens the quiet mouth
No evil pang embitters,
And the sunlight touches the fingers deft,
Till the tinkle gleams and glitters.

Oh, the tranquil moon of the mother-life
That sways our human tide;
How the household good and the household ill
In her slender hands abide!
'Tis a little ripple of broken toys,
Or the wreck of a strong existence;
'Tis the timid yearning of childish mouths,
Or a deep cry in the distance.

'Tis the clinging clasp of a baby's hand,
Or the kiss of a new-made bride;
Or the groping wail of the last white one
Who turned to the wall and died.
Little or great, she meets them all,
With the seal of her trust upon her.

And the sobs are stilled, and the tears are dried,
In the light of the mother's corner.
Alas! for the homes where the bride must wait,
And the strong man cry in vain;
Where the sick one turns to the vacant chair,
And dies in his unsoothed pain.
No tender touch from the quiet lips,
No balm for the heart-pierced mourner;
O Christ! by the cottage of Nazareth!
Despoil not Our mother's corner!

—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY

MOTHER'S DAY

Common consent and custom have set aside one day in the year to be known as Mother's Day. Of course, mother has three hundred and sixty-five days in the year now. This setting a certain day, however, has the merit of attracting some heedless, thoughtless, selfish child to the fact that he has a mother. Some children seem to forget that. They seem to think that if they send an occasional letter or throw a piece of money or make a present of some sort that they are remembering mother. That is far from being the truth. The mother heart wants something else; its hunger will not be satisfied with an occasional tribute; it wants perpetual adoration. It wants to be known that it is always being considered—and that is no selfish spirit of craving, for mothers are not selfish.

How beautifully the attitude of the Catholic Church fits in with this tribute to a mother! It insists at all times on a devotion to the real Mother of the world. It asks us to remember at all times the Mother who is the type of perfect womanhood. We honor our earthly mothers in the respect we pay the Mother of God. It is part of our nature, it is the fulfillment of a yearning for affection that is denied us, once we leave the home nest and escape the tender, gentle ministrations of the devoted, unselfish human mother. Mary can fill many an aching void; we turn to her and through her see again the tender face that bent over our childish form, soothing and loving, when all the world spurned us.

Catholics have a perpetual Mother's Day. This month we merely emphasize it. If our earthly mother has passed to her reward, we may pray to the Mother of all for her future bliss; if she is still with us, we may confide her to the tender mercies of the Mother she taught us to revere at the same time we pay tribute to the universal Mother. Mother's Day has a double significance, then, for the

devout Catholic.—Catholic Columbian.

THE GLORY OF HER SEX

"What has devotion to and love of God's Mother accomplished in the world since the beginning of Christianity?" asks Father Stanislaus M. Hogan, O. P., in his recent book on the "Mother of Divine Grace." He then lets John Ruskin answer the question, quoting from "Fors Clavigera" this remarkable passage:

"After the most careful examination, neither as adversary nor as friend, of the influences of Catholicism for good and evil, I am persuaded that the worship of the Madonna has been one of its noblest and most vital graces, and has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character. . . . There has probably not been an innocent cottage home throughout the length and breadth of Europe during the whole period of vital Christianity, in which the imagined presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties, and comfort to the sorest trials of women; and every brightest and loftiest achievement of the arts and strength of manhood has been the fulfilment of the assured prophecy of the poor Israelite maiden: 'He that is mighty has magnified me, and holy is His name.'"

The foregoing tribute paid to Our Lady by the non-Catholic author of "Fors" is borne out, of course, by the testimony of history. Until Mary came "the most wretched of all creatures was woman," whom paganism had defiled in body and soul and then left helpless in the mire. But with the birth of Our Lady the emancipation of woman began. For the Virgin-Mother's transcendent share in the mystery of the Incarnation conferred on her sex a glory and a dignity which has ennobled womanhood, hallowed virginity and made motherhood a fair and sacred thing. Without question the exalted position held by woman today in every Christian land was won for her by the Church's devotion to Our Divine Saviour's incomparable Mother.

The coming of Mary is a yearly reminder that Our Lady, as of old, is still the glory, the model and the protector of her sex. The Catholic girl, the Catholic maiden and the Catholic mother of today will invoke this month the maternal care of Mary with the same loving confidence with which their sisters in the Faith have for ages past begged Our Lady's help, and never without obtaining relief, in every anxiety, sorrow or misfortune that comes to them. But many thoughtful men believe that the maidens, wives and mothers of our time stand in greater need of the example, patronage and assistance of the Blessed Virgin than did the women of almost any other age. For the widespread moral chaos attending and following the Great War seems to have broken down to a most deplorable extent many of the safeguards of womanly purity and what were once considered the common decencies of life are widely disregarded nowadays without at all shocking public opinion. The prayerful study of Our Lady's ways, however, it should be remembered, will be found today, as always, the sovereign corrective for the loss or perversion of the womanly virtues. For Mary lived perfectly the life of a girl, a maiden, a wife, a mother and a widow so that, in God's design, she might ever be for every woman, whatever her station or condition, a flawless pattern of fragrant virtues. But more comforting still, this stainless Virgin now reigns as Queen of Heaven, has been made the almoner of God's mercies and graces and looks down with eyes of motherly compassion on those of her own sex especially, who are striving valiantly in these evil days to keep their minds clean and their hearts pure. Mary is a true mother still, and to no one surely more of a mother than to women who stand in great need of her powerful help in order to gain Heaven safely at last.—America.

MILLION DOLLAR FUND FOR MISSIONS

An appeal to Catholic women to create a million dollar endowment for the support of missionary Sisters and catechists teaching in the missions of the United States and its dependencies, is made in an exposition of the third phase of the \$5,000,000 Mission drive of the Catholic Church Extension Society of America in the March issue of the Extension Magazine.

"We make this appeal only to women who can afford a donation of \$1,000 without hurting themselves or anybody depending upon them," says Right Rev. Monsignor William D. O'Brien, acting president of the society, and author of the appeal.

"This \$1,000,000 endowment fund (to be known as, 'The Missions School Endowment Fund,') Monsignor O'Brien continues, 'is to be built up and carried out in the same way as the Prelates' and Priests' Fund for the support of students to the missionary priesthood, or the Catholic Laymen's Fund for the support of missionary priests, as previously outlined.

"This, \$1,000,000 fund placed at interest at 6% will produce \$60,000 a year and this \$60,000 will provide twelve scholarships of \$5,000 each. Each of these scholarships will

FACTS ABOUT TEA SERIES—No. 6

Appearance of Tea No Guide

The only way to test tea is to taste it. Many people have the idea that a finely rolled and tippy tea is superior in flavour to a large rough leaf. In reality this is not of necessity the case. The altitude at which the tea plant grows determines the amount of essential oil and alkaloid theine in the leaf. The essential oil gives tea its flavour; the theine contributes the stimulating value. The only way to insure always receiving a uniform quality is to insist upon a skilfully blended and scientifically sealed tea like "SALADA" whose reliability, goodness and delicious flavour have become a household word.



produce an interest of \$300 a year, and this \$300 will be given annually in portions of \$150 each, or \$15 a month for ten months to help support two Sisters teaching in the mission schools.

Upon the death of the donor, the statement says, a sum of \$5,000 is set aside in her name as a perpetual scholarship endowment, sufficient to aid in the support of two Sisters.

In telling sentences, pointing out the dire need of the members of the Sisterhood the article says:

"Isn't it about time that some of us tried to do something for the missionary Sisters teaching in the backwoods of our country? For generations they have been carrying on hoping and praying that something might be done to assist them.

"They suffer and sicken and sometimes almost starve to death trying to implant the Faith of Our Fathers in the hearts of the little ones entrusted to their care."

ATTACK ON PRIESTHOOD CAUSES PARTY SPLIT

London, Eng.—Two Catholic members of Swansea Corporation have quit the party to protest against local Labor's espousal of the anti-Catholic cause.

An article by a minister, the Rev. S. Skelhorn, started the trouble. Published in the local organ of the Labor party it attacked the priest-hood in violent terms, charging priests with having buttressed superstition, witchcraft, slavery, serfdom, persecution, war, immorality and poverty.

Councillor Cronin and Mr. John Dooley, the latter a prominent official of the Transport and General Worker's Union, protested against the article and against a lecture by Mr. Skelhorn announced to be given under the Labor party's auspices. After the protest, the projected meeting was cancelled, but the Swansea laborites tactfully announced that the lecture was withdrawn solely because previous lectures were unsupported.

Cronin and Dooley thereupon resigned from the party and the former declared his intention of running at the next election on the anti-labor ticket.

Characterizing Skelhorn's article as an affront to Catholics, Mr. Dooley says first consideration must be given to religion.

Councillor Cronin says he objects to any communist or socialist body using their papers to promulgate views obnoxious to Catholics.

A new Irish Catholic organization is the result of the split. It will be an independent body including Catholics of all shades of political thought, which will be used as a balloting power at elections.

MAKE SURE YOU GET THE RIGHT MEDICINE

People who are suffering from constipation, biliousness or sick headache are sometimes at a loss to know what remedy to take to correct these ailments.

Mr. Arthur Couzens of Smith Township, Ont., said that he tried several doctors and various remedies but got no relief until he was advised by a friend to take Dr. Norvall's Stomach and Tonic Tablets. When he had finished one bottle he felt like a different person and takes pleasure in recommending Dr. Norvall's Stomach and Tonic Tablets to anyone suffering from constipation or biliousness.

Mr. H. V. Mercer, Druggist of Lindsay, Ont., recommends Dr. Norvall's Stomach and Tonic Tablets because he considers he owes it to the public to recommend what will give the best results.

If your dealer does not keep them in stock we will mail them to any part of Canada for twenty-five cents a bottle or five bottles for one dollar.

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The strength of these selected investments means absolute security for Mutualists. The profitable income they assure lowers the cost of Mutual insurance, because under the Mutual principle, the entire net profits are paid back to policyholders.



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Mr. D. B. Mulligan of The Windsor invites Canadian patrons to call upon him for services in any of these hotels. He is spending part of his time at The Waldorf.



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Many women have lost heavily when investing funds bequeathed to them, by taking the advice of unprincipled speculators. The best protection a woman can secure is to place her estate under the management of a strong trust company such as this Corporation.

Let our financial resources and financial experience protect your inheritance. We would welcome an interview with you.

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OBITUARY

THOMAS LYNCH

Funeral services for Thomas Lynch, sixty-five years old, for thirty-five years a resident of the Border Cities who died Friday, April 17, at his residence, 517 Janette Avenue, Windsor, following a lengthy illness, was held on Monday morning at 9:30 from St. Alphonsus Church. Interment was made at St. Alphonsus Cemetery. Solemn High Mass sung by Very Rev. Dean Downey, Father Spratt, C. S. B., Deacon, Father Pageau, Sub-Deacon, Mr. P. Austin, C. S. B., master of ceremonies, Mr. Martin, C. S. B., Censor Bearer. In the sanctuary were Father Dillon, C. S. B., President of Assumption College, Father Burns, C. S. B., Sandwich, Father Forristal, C. S. B., Amherstburg.

Active pall-bearers were cousins of deceased—Thos. Hunt, Daniel Hunt, Michael Hunt, Michael Gallagher, Patrick Gallagher and Morgan Gallagher.

Honorary pall-bearers were: Alfred Gignac, David Hogen, Thomas Milne, Jas. Reynolds, Wm. Smith and R. Christopher of London.

Mr. Lynch, who was a native of Mount St. Patrick, Ont., had been a blacksmith in the employ of the Canadian Pacific Railway for forty-three years and was well known in railway circles of Western Ontario. He was taken ill about two months ago.

Surviving are his widow, Mrs. Margaret Lynch, three daughters and six sons, Mary, George and Mrs. Margaret Tiernan, at home; Thomas M., of St. Thomas; Mother Stanislaus, Chatham; Stanley Lynch, C. S. B., of Houston, Texas; and John, James and Joseph, all of Windsor.

FRANCIS LEO CONNOLLY

At St. Mary's Hospital, Kitchener, Ont., early Monday morning, March 23rd, fortified by the last rites of Holy Mother Church, and with perfect resignation to the divine will of his Creator, Francis Leo, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Connolly, Proton, Ont., passed peacefully to his eternal reward at the age of eighteen years, one month and twenty-three days.

The deceased had been attending St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, for the past two years where his bright, intelligent and cheerful disposition had won for him the love and esteem of his fellow-students.

Reference was made in these columns last week to the death of Miss Ella May Sullivan which occurred at Rainy River after a several days' illness. Her remains arrived at Renfrew on Saturday afternoon and were conveyed to her mother's home.

At 9 o'clock, p. m., of the same day there came a message that a son and a brother had also passed away in the Pembroke general hospital. His remains were transferred to Renfrew the following afternoon.

The double funeral was held on Monday morning at 9 o'clock at St. Francis Xavier's Church, Renfrew. In the large cortege were groups from Arnprior, Pembroke, Douglas and Eganville. The bodies were received at the church by Right Rev. Monsignor French, P. P., and then followed the Solemn Requiem Mass by Rev. J. Sullivan, of Eganville, brother to the deceased. Rev. W. H. Breen, rector of Pembroke cathedral, and Rev. W. Murray, P. P., of Campbell's Bay assisted as deacon and sub-deacon. Priests in the sanctuary were Right Rev. Monsignor Kiernan, P. P., and Rev. J. Schroeder, of Arnprior; Rev. P. S. Dowdall and Rev. T. Sloan, P. P., of Pembroke; Rev. H. Martel, P. P., and Rev. D. Drohan, of Calumet; Rev. Father Cote, P. P., of Portage du Fort; Rev. W. H. Dooner, P. P., of Osceola; Rev. C. J. Jones, P. P., of Calabogie; Rev. J. McElligott and Rev. L. Ennis, of Renfrew.

After the church services, the two bodies were conveyed to Mt. St. Patrick church and cemetery, the last offices for the dead being recited by Rev. Father Sullivan, Rev. Father Harrington, P. P., and Rev. Father Hunt were present with a number of the other priests accompanying the bodies from Renfrew.

Daniel Joseph Sullivan was born in Adamston twenty-nine years ago, the son of the late Michael Sullivan and his surviving wife. After finishing primary courses in the home school, he attended Renfrew Collegiate and was also a student at Ottawa College. His spirit of adventure led him to join the flying corps in 1917 and he spent a period in training at Camp Borden.

Daniel J. Sullivan was a well-known and popular figure in the athletic circles of Renfrew and Pontiac counties. He was known to "play the game" fairly and honorably; petty and ignoble acting was never his behaviour on the field of sport. His friendships were many and enduring, and the news of his untimely death was received with very sincere regret. He was publisher of the Pontiac Advance at Campbell's Bay but disposed of the business shortly before he was taken sick.

The deceased young man was stricken down a few months ago with a malignant disease. An operation stayed its progress and gave temporary relief. The respite was brief, however, for after a stay of a few weeks at his home in Renfrew, he sought special treatment at the same institution, in the faint hope that a cure would be effected. This hope was not realized. Death's angel, in lessening circles, drew nearer and on Saturday night at 9 o'clock, with edifying Christian resignation, he surrendered his young life and passed through the portals of death.

encouragement and comfort was never withheld from any in need of such. In the early days of Mr. Farrelly's manhood his devotedness and loving care of his parents were the edification of all who witnessed it—a truly dutiful son, God's promise to such was verified in his happy, peaceful life and holy death.

Ever a loyal son of our Holy Mother Church, Mr. Farrelly contributed generously to any good work undertaken for God's glory and the interests of religion while proving his own high esteem for such by his faithful observance of the duties and obligations of a devoted Catholic. The remembrance of that truly Christian life will long remain a treasured memory in the hearts of his bereaved brothers and sisters, while to the many whose privilege it was to regard him as a friend the name of Matthew Farrelly will be associated with all that is sincere, noble and kind-hearted.

There is no figure in all the world that has so captivated the hearts of men as Blessed Therese. The entire world is anxious to learn all it can about her. Hence, another little booklet giving a different phase of her charming life has its rightful place. And the very style of this narrative reflects the simplicity and spirituality of Little Therese herself. Taking the various events of her life and analyzing them, or rather interpreting them to the world in their true value, the author affords us a new insight into the happy holiness of this chosen one of God.

"Autobiography of an Old Breviary." By Herman J. Heuser, D.D. With Glossary and Index. Price \$2. In this age of craving for antiques, it is quite fitting to give the history of an old breviary, of one indeed that has been obsolete almost within the memory of all the living. Yet, under cover of this innocent looking title the learned author has crammed more useful information about the breviary, from its first inception to its present form, than will be found in any textbook on the subject.

Even such dry themes as epacts, ecclesiastical cycles, Dominical letters, the calendar, and a host of other details that concern the regular daily recitation of the Office, are discussed with such unassuming familiarity that they read like anecdotes. Seminars will find this a decidedly entertaining way of learning all they need to know about this all-important fixture of their future life; while the priesthood in general will enjoy the obiter dicta of this veteran doctor of the law. Every layman who is appreciative of the glories of his Church will find here in simple, untechnical and delightful form a thorough explanation of a portion of the liturgy which he has as yet little explored.

"Six One-Act Plays." By Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S. J. Cloth. Net, \$2.00. It would be easy to welcome this book on the ground that there is so little really valuable Catholic dramatic material available. That there is a discouraging dearth of Catholic plays any director of dramatics will testify.

But Father Lord's book needs no such indirect praise. On its own merits, offering a group of altogether delightful and inspiring plays, it deserves a cordial reception.

The plays are Catholic indeed, but not "religious." They offer no exposition of doctrine, no encomium of the higher virtues. Their Catholicity is simple, unaffected, almost unconscious. In two of them, to be sure, the theme is threatened loss of the Faith, but we see not the clash between two religious codes, but the intense emotional struggle of a soul forced to choose between human love and loyalty to God. Of the other four plays, one dramatizes an ancient Irish legend, another is based on an incident of the American Revolution, and a third is a love-idyl of the feudal era. There is also a very colorful fantasy placed in the land "at the foot of the rainbow."

All of these may be staged quite easily either indoors or outdoors. There is a striking variety of subject and treatment, and dramatic societies seeking material that is new, wholesome and of real literary value will find it here. It may be recommended with the same enthusiasm to anyone desiring a few hours' diverting reading.

For sale at THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

Encouragement and comfort was never withheld from any in need of such. In the early days of Mr. Farrelly's manhood his devotedness and loving care of his parents were the edification of all who witnessed it—a truly dutiful son, God's promise to such was verified in his happy, peaceful life and holy death.

Besides his mother he leaves five brothers and two sisters, namely, Rev. J. Sullivan, of Eganville; Patrick, of Crooked River, Sask.; Thomas, of Espanola; Michael J. of Renfrew; James, of St. Jerome's College, Kitchener; Rev. Sister M. Gregory, of St. Joseph's community, Pembroke, and Mrs. John McKenzie, of Sleeman, Ont.

Rev. Father Sullivan will have the sympathy of the citizens of Eganville in general and the members of St. James' congregation in particular in his double bereavement. May their souls rest in peace.

NEW BOOKS

"The Story of the Little Flower of Jesus." By Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S. J. Paper. Illustrated by Rev. Louis B. Egan, S. J. 15 cents. There is no figure in all the world that has so captivated the hearts of men as Blessed Therese. The entire world is anxious to learn all it can about her. Hence, another little booklet giving a different phase of her charming life has its rightful place.

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DIED

COONEY.—At Quyon, Que., on April 9, 1925, Mrs. M. Thomas Cooney. May her soul rest in peace.

CAMPBELL.—At her home, 215 Arzyle St., Sydney, N. S., on March 24, 1925, Mrs. D. R. Campbell, aged fifty-five years. May her soul rest in peace.

MCDONOUGH.—At the home of his parents, 10 Richmond St., Sydney, N. S., on March 2nd, 1925, Vincent beloved child of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McDonough, aged seven years. May his soul rest in peace.

MORIARTY.—At St. Anicet, Que., on Tuesday, April 14th, fortified by the rites of Holy Mother Church, Margaret O'Leary, widow of the late James Moriarty, of the parish of Saint Anicet, passed to her eternal reward at the age of seventy-six, leaving one daughter, Mrs. Frank Quenneville and six grand children to mourn her loss. Funeral on April 16 to the parish church of Saint Anicet where Requiem Mass was chanted by Rev. Father Reid, parish priest. May her soul rest in peace.

If in our Communion we do nothing else than sit down beside Our Lord, feeling that He knows, loves and understands us, loves us, even though we do not say a word and are as dry as a stick our Communion are profitable and we shall draw from them a real good. It is as if, when dispirited, dry, and tired we were to sit down by some one who spoke not a word, and were to rise up refreshed and strengthened by the intercommunion between the two souls.

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SEALED Tenders addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Wharf and Breakwater at Goderich, Ontario," will be received until 12 o'clock noon (daylight saving), Tuesday, May 12, 1925, for the construction of a wharf and the reconstruction of the breakwater at Goderich, Huron County, Ont. Plans and forms of contract can be seen and specification and forms of tender obtained at this Department, at the offices of the District Engineers, Royal Bank Building, London, Ont.; Equity Building, Toronto, Ont., and at the Post Office, Goderich, Ont. Tenders will not be considered unless made on printed forms supplied by the Department and in accordance with conditions contained therein. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to 10 per cent of the amount of the tender. Bonds of the Dominion of Canada or bonds of the Canadian National Railway Company will also be accepted as security, or bonds and a cheque if required to make up an odd amount. Note.—Blue prints can be obtained at this Department by depositing an accepted cheque for the sum of \$5, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, which will be returned if the intending tender submit a regular bid. By order, E. E. O'BRIEN, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, April 20, 1925.

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