

The Catholic Record

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

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LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, MAY 5 1917

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JUST BEFORE US

It is a happy augury of the better time coming that a truer and more complete estimate of our common nature is being diffused widely; that rulers and educators are showing a deeper insight, being more ready to revise their theories—to take into account individual peculiarities and drawbacks, so as to make the best of inherited gifts and correct blameless weaknesses. Hands and eyes, unequal physical powers, brains of finer and coarser texture, the budding artistic sense or mechanical talent—all claim special attention now. The spark of genius that may illumine a hidden path and the slogging industry that can press forward to the goal of practical achievement are alike precious; though the immediate rewards may differ greatly, the value of faithfulness to either vocation is reckonable by a loftier standard than that of the market. One thing is clear—the doctrine of work's sacredness will shine forth brightly amid the gloom that is settling upon the decaying conventions that have been shaken to their base by the events of the last two years and a half. "The grand old name of gentleman," sadly vulgarized in the poet's day and since, will not be employed to designate busy idleness and selfish indulgence in enervating pleasure. To discover our proper place in the body politic and make the conscientious discharge of our obligations our chief concern will rank higher than ceremony and sacrifice which leave us cold when burdens have to be borne. The soiled hand of the craftsman will be deemed more honourable than the dainty fingers that evade the social demand of the time. "The nearest duty" will be the narrow path that leads to a life of liberty and unanxious joy. In a word, the ancient truths that sages and singers have proclaimed in and out of season will stand out in fresh beauty and glory; though many rival schemes of social and personal salvation will reveal their inadequacy, the foundation of morals will prove unshaken—industry and probity, faith in life's grand intent, and unquenchable courage under difficulty will be regarded as the indispensable marks of character. Perhaps there has been too much insincere laudation of work, yet it still remains true that—

"Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well thy part, there all the honour lies."

ROOM AT THE TOP

"There is always room at the top," the moralists urge, but not room for many. The struggle for supremacy involves much disappointment. Inventors are often unwelcome, as the records of the Patent Office amply demonstrate. Hamlet's account of "the law's delay, the insolence of office," and other "ills to which flesh is heir" remains true and perplexing. The race is not always to the swift today, nor the victory to the strong. The failures that we meet with in every walk of life are not all moral transgressors or silly offenders against the commercial rules that conduct most thrifty people to moderate prosperity, if not to affluence. They are poor judges of character, besides being shallow readers of the book of life, who do not recognize a mysterious element of casualty in worldly affairs—a check to presumptuous self-confidence in the desired outcome of tact and industry. When the wise Greeks dedicated a temple to Fortune they admitted that no combination of qualities could guarantee prosperity. The possessors of exceptional gifts and graces have rarely been exempt from the mischances that dog the steps of ordinary mortals; Mozart was a type of the child of genius; music was his native element, and it flowed from his soul and fingers as fragrance distils from the lily or the rose. So with all the chosen whose fortune it was to lay the world under an obligation for ever. Now and again it is the province and privilege of genius to kindle a flame in other

breasts, as when Paul Veronese was inspired by Titian to commence the wonderful series of paintings which stamped him as a supreme master of color and only second to Raphael as an exponent of truth in form and character. In this upper realm of achievement diversity is the law, uniformity the exception.

THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL

The beauty of the world gladdens the hearts of those who have eyes to perceive its various shapes and tints and colors. The grandest of earth's sights and sounds are free to all. We are only stunted in ourselves. If we did not waste our leisure we should have less reason to deplore our poverty of resource. We are too often bent upon getting, and miss the higher blessing of giving—as though it were not a sign of inferiority to become depositories instead of distributors. Hence arise the most grievous evils that afflict society, the poor millionaires with starved souls matching at one end of the scale the denizens of the slums at the other. In some happy accession of statesmanship and communal receptiveness sheer pity for these false extremes will break out in action, the human waste will be checked by wise ordination, and, with sounder education reinforced by wider opportunity, a truer mirror of variegated life will be presented to the gaze of the generations that will follow ours.

CANADIAN MISSIONARY SISTERHOOD

On April 19th, four Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception of Outremont, left Montreal, on the evening train, for Vancouver, B. C., whence the "Empress of Japan" will convey them to their sister-workers at Canton, China. Two of these auxiliaries go to share the work, at Sa-Ho-Po, near Canton, of a large home for abandoned children. This institution, which had been under pagan supervision, until the month of January last, when its direction was transferred to the Missionaries of the Immaculate Conception, receives annually more than 5,000 foundlings, who, having been picked up in the gutter and by-ways of the city, arrive in conditions the most inhuman and repulsive, are purchased by the Sisters at the price demanded by the gatherers, and are baptized by them, to pass, more often, immediately to a better world, or to share in the shelter of their new home, the benefits which the Faith alone can give them.

The other two missionaries are destined to Shek-Lung, where they will devote themselves to the Leper Colony, founded there by the late Father Conrardy, and confined to this community in 1913. The foundation of Shek-Lung may be justly considered an American institution, since it was due, solely to the alms, solicited from the people of Canada and the United States, that this heroic apostle of the lepers (who is, perhaps, known to some of our readers, since his visit of solicitation to this continent, some years ago) was enabled to purchase the Isle of Shek-Lung, and to commence there, an establishment of charity and mercy in behalf of this sorely-afflicted portion of humanity.

Many time four companions would be all too small a succour to this little band of missionary women, already engaged in the vast apostolate of Canton; nevertheless, in waiting till an augmentation in the yet limited number of this young community will afford a more numerous departure, many thousand little souls, thanks to these four new laborers, will escape being snatched from this world, deprived of the regenerating graces of baptism; and to the leper-stricken victims, to whose suffering lot, human skill can give so little relief, some consolation, at least, will come to alleviate their miseries, in the hopes and means imparted to them by their devoted succourers; hopes and means of gaining, by the patient bearing of their inevitable sufferings in this life, an eternity of repose and happiness in the next.

Should further information be desired by your generous souls, perceiving the Divine call to consecrate themselves to such an apostolate, and to augment by the gift of self, the number, yet all too small, of reapers of the abundant and over-ready harvest, which is waiting in this distant corner of God's vineyard, full particulars will be readily furnished on application to the Mother House of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, 314 St. Catherine Road, Outremont, Montreal, P. Q.

The secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes.—Disraeli.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER

IN GREATEST SPEECH OF HIS LIFE DEMANDS FAITH BE KEPT WITH IRELAND

FAILURE MEANS BANKRUPTCY OF PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT
Ottawa Citizen, April 25

While one of the greatest battles in the greatest of wars was being waged by Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotsmen, Canadians, and other soldiers of the British Empire for the rights of small nations, fifteen hundred Irishmen and lovers of Ireland, last night met in the Russell theatre, affirming with earnest enthusiasm that in order to strengthen the hands of the Allies in the struggle for the recognition of the rights of little nationalities, it was necessary without further delay that Ireland be taken into the ever-widening circle of self-governing democracies.

It was a historic meeting in many respects. Never did speakers appeal with more moving eloquence, with profounder convictions, with more heart-felt sincerity, with such fire and enthusiasm borne of deep-rooted belief in the justice of Home Rule, as last night.

The speakers included Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. Charles Murphy, Senator Hon. W. C. Edwards and Mr. C. A. Magrath.

Each one excelled himself in the power and eloquence of his utterances and many times during the evening the audience, women as well as men, were stirred to the highest enthusiasm, and vociferous applause broke the speeches at frequent intervals. The chairman of the evening was Hon. Charles Murphy.

HON. CHARLES MURPHY

Mr. Murphy in his remarks prior to the reading of the resolution, touched a deep chord in all Irish hearts and in those who believed in freedom and democracy.

"We have met here," he said, "for the purpose of reaffirming that when thrones are crumbling and democracies are springing to the defence of freedom and justice and liberty in all parts of the world, Ireland alone among the small nations, cannot, must not, be left outside the pale of self-governing democracies." This statement was received with loud applause.

SIR WILFRID'S SYMPATHY

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was at his best. He spoke of the Irish problem with a deep sympathy and a sincere appeal to the highest principle of human relations.

"I am not here as an Irishman," said Sir Wilfrid, "but as a lover of liberty." He showed with unanswerable arguments that Home Rule in Ireland was long overdue, that on no grounds of politics, or history, or expediency could the present attitude to Ireland be maintained.

PROBLEM MUST BE SOLVED

"Either the Irish problem has to be solved now or we have to admit the bankruptcy of parliamentary government," he said. He asked what was the reason that the wound remained open, what impeded the way to a happy and contented Ireland? It was a distrust of the Irish people. In the name of the very principles for which England had thrown herself into this abyss of horror, he raised his voice in protest against those who would say that this was no time for discussing or solving this problem. When Sir Wilfrid concluded, he was accorded long and hearty applause.

Hon. Senator Edwards gave an address which was enthusiastic in the extreme. He declared that he had never heard such an inspiring address as Sir Wilfrid's. "His speech tonight is the finest I ever heard him make," he said.

Mr. C. A. Magrath spoke as a believer in self-government and the fullest measure of Home Rule for Ireland. His speech, although brief, was peculiarly able and thoughtful, and touched every one present by its logic and also its human qualities.

THE RESOLUTION

The resolution which was put to the meeting and carried with unanimity and amid prolonged applause was as follows:

"That with a view to strengthening the hands of the Allies in achieving the recognition of equal rights for small nations and the principle of nationality against the opposite German principle of military domination and government without the consent of the governed, it is, in the opinion of this meeting of Canadian citizens, essential without further delay to confer upon Ireland the free institutions long promised her."

"There is an old legal maxim to the effect that a person who comes into equity must come with clean hands," said Mr. Murphy. "In the same sense every true friend of the Allies holds firmly to the conviction that when Great Britain enters the peace conference she must not only enter it with clean hands, but with a clean conscience as well. That she cannot do unless justice has first been rendered to Ireland. To hasten this act of justice is, as I understand it, the object of this meeting."

"I would like to furnish you with a perspective for the picture that will be drawn by the distinguished gentlemen here on the stage, who are shortly to address you.

PRE-WAR PROMISES

"In the first place," went on Mr. Murphy, "it would be well to keep in mind that prior to the War two general elections in Great Britain had returned a Home Rule majority to the House of Commons, and that the Home Rule Bill had passed the House of Commons in three successive sessions. In addition, the vote of the House of Lords had been defeated. Thus it was that at the outbreak of War all responsible statesmen regarded Home Rule as an accomplished fact. In the light of that belief Sir Edward Grey addressed the British House of Commons on August 3rd, 1914, after outlining courses of conflict that had just burst upon the world, he dwelt upon the perils and the sacrifices that the Empire must endure, and then interpolated this extraordinary tribute:

THE ONE BRIGHT SPOT

"The one bright spot in the whole of this terrible situation is Ireland. The general feeling throughout Ireland—and I would like this to be clearly understood abroad—does not make the Irish question a consideration which we feel we have now to take into account."

"Instant response to this dramatic appeal was made by John Redmond, who declared: 'I say to the government that they may tomorrow withdraw every one of their troops from Ireland. I say that the coast of Ireland will be defended from foreign invasion by her armed sons, and for this purpose the Nationalists in the South will be only too glad to join arms with the Ulstermen of the North. Is it too much to hope that out of this situation there may spring a result which will be good not merely for the empire, but for the future welfare and integrity of the Irish nation?'"

LORD CECIL'S STATEMENT

"That was Ireland's position at the outbreak of the War, as depicted by an Irish statesman and the Irish leader. If her position is different today that is not her fault, nor the fault of her parliamentary leaders. Only last month, speaking at Southampton on March 21st, Lord Robert Cecil said:

"I was a bitter opponent of Mr. Redmond in politics, but I welcome the opportunity of saying that Mr. Redmond had played a splendid part throughout the War. I heard him say that he did not think it had been recognized. I think he is wrong."

"Perhaps he does not even now realize what an immense difference the action he has taken has made to the whole future of his country and mine. Before the War there were many of us who, if we spoke quite frankly, would have expressed doubts as to the complete loyalty and patriotism of the Irish Nationalist party. That feeling has gone, and has gone forever."

"Such a tribute from a life-long opponent of Home Rule should make it easy for the Government to provide the machinery for putting the Home Rule Act into speedy operation. In any event we Canadians believe that 'where there's a will there's a way,' and tonight it is proposed to crystallize the opinion of this audience in the resolution to be put to you."

Mr. Murphy then called upon Sir Wilfrid Laurier after he had read a letter of regret from Hon. C. J. Doherty, Minister of Justice.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER

Sir Wilfrid was received with enthusiasm when he rose to speak.

"I have been privileged as a member of parliament," he said, "upon four occasions to record my vote in favor of the sacred principle that the Irish problem could and should be solved by the promulgation of Home Rule for the Irish people."

"The first occasion carries me back to the early days of my career, the days when the two parties in Canada were led by Sir John A. Macdonald and Edward Blake. This had been the solemn opinion of these two eminent statesmen unanimously endorsed by parliament."

"I doubt not that even as early as tomorrow there will be objections raised in different quarters against what will be said and done here, on the grounds that nothing should be done with the problem during the duration of the War."

"In the name of the sacred principles which impelled England to throw herself into the abyss of horror, into which nation after nation has been drawn, I for one raise my humble voice in protesting these views."

SOLVE PROBLEM NOW

"I hold it is because we want to win the War, that we contend this meeting is timely, and that the Irish problem should be approached now and not after the War."

"The reasons for this are obvious and paramount. Everyone admits that England to win the War must draw upon all the resources at her command. No one can deny that as long as the problem remains as it is to-day, there are resources which are

CATHOLICS AND STATE CONTROL

A writer in the *Ushaw Magazine* has found an interesting historical and social parallel which shows the Popes, in the days of their temporal power, as dealing with a problem that forms one of the most debated social principles of today—namely, one involving the principle that all men have a right to the use of the good things of the earth. Individuals may own the earth and its produce, but other men must be allowed access to what they need when greater interests are at stake than private gain. The historical case in point occurred in the Papal States, in the wide expanse of country known as the Roman Campagna. In ancient times the Campagna was rich in cornfields and vineyards, but in later times the princely families by whom the land was owned found it more profitable to keep it out of tillage and to pasture flocks of sheep upon it. This, though profitable for the owner, was fatal for the peasant, who found it impossible to earn a living. Moreover a shortage of flour was the result with the land given over to pasturage, and no corn grown on the Campagna. Then it was that the Popes came to the rescue, and decreed time after time that where large landowners refused to put their land under cultivation the peasants might lawfully cultivate one-third of the land for themselves, thus giving them, not the ownership of the land, but the right to use it, in accordance with their needs. In the present crisis we have been brought to view a similar problem. Everyone has admitted the right of the State to control all means of food production. The principle behind this action of the State is, however, one that obtains not only in times of abnormal pressure, but in the ordinary way. The Papal economists had St. Thomas Aquinas on their side. The principle which demands that we share with others the usage of certain things, of which we have lawful possession, which were common to start with, is taught by St. Thomas, and the action of the Popes in the practical instance just quoted demonstrated the ethical attitude of the Catholic Church brought up against the problem in practical being. The whole trend of the present problem of husbanding and extending the resources of the nation is to remind owners of the responsibilities incurred through ownership. We are being reminded, too, that a man cannot do what he likes with his own property. Great or small, the lesson is the same—a sack of potatoes may become an illicit possession as much as an uncultivated park. The day of the dog-in-the-manger is past and gone for the time being. Now is the time for Catholics to remember that the principle upon which England is depending for the safeguarding of the community during the assault on her economic resources is a Catholic principle, and one that the representatives of the Church in the days of its control of temporal destinies did not fear to put into action.—The Universe.

ARCHBISHOP SZEPTYCKY SET FREE

(By Catholic Press Association Cable)

Rome, April 10, 1917.—The news that is being received at the Vatican from Russia is of a nature to encourage the hope entertained there that the change of regime will bring about an improvement in the condition of the Catholic Church in that country. The release of the Most Rev. Dr. Szeptycky, Greek Ruthenian Archbishop of Lemberg, Galicia, has created a very good impression here on account of the hardships which that valiant Catholic prelate suffered at the hands of the Czar's government. The Holy See had already appealed to the Czar in his behalf, asking for his release from his humiliating confinement in the monastery at Suzdal, where criminal priests belonging to the Russian "Orthodox" church are imprisoned. The Czar, however, refused to interfere in the case. After the deposition of the Czar and his government, Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, sent an appeal to the charge l'Affaires at the Russian ministry to the Holy See, the result being the immediate release of Archbishop Szeptycky. He has now arrived in Petersburg.

CONGRATULATE CARDINAL FARLEY

FORGET AND REMEMBER

Prelates, laymen prominent in the Catholic Church and men high in national life joined in congratulating Cardinal Farley on his seventy-fifth birthday. Because of the announcement in the Herald regarding his natal day the Cardinal was unable to carry out the programme he had arranged for the day.

He had promised Mgr. John P. Chidwick, president of St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, to go in his automobile in the morning and give a talk to the students. He also promised himself to put in a long afternoon and evening at work in his private office. But before breakfast

was over callers began arriving, and they continued to 9 o'clock last evening.

One of the first scores of telegrams of congratulation to reach him was from Archbishop Giovanni Bonzano of Washington, D.C., the Apostolic Delegate. Felicitations came also from Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore.

The Cardinal had a happy day. He was in good health and showed he was pleased with the good wishes expressed to him. Among the many laymen who called was A. Benziger, the artist, and John D. Crimmins, a knight commander of St. Gregory the Great.

Mgr. Farley expressed unqualified indorsement of the letter addressed by a committee of the archbishops to President Wilson pledging loyalty and accepting the War obligations unreservedly. The Cardinal was represented at the meeting in Washington by Mgr. Michael J. Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

The Cardinal will complete fifty years of priesthood three years hence, and in the same year will observe his silver jubilee as a member of the episcopate. On May 2 he will complete fifteen years as Archbishop of New York.

CATHOLIC LOYALTY

In the pledge of loyalty to the President made by the Archbishops of the Catholic Church occur two expressions of patriotic sentiment deserving of special attention. These are the paragraphs in which the Archbishops, in acknowledgment of "the gratitude we have always felt for the protection of our spiritual liberty and the freedom of our Catholic institutions under the flag," proffer their devotion in maintaining "the principles which have been America's proudest boast," and pledge themselves to—

Cooperate in every way possible with our President and our National Government, to the end that the great and holy cause of liberty may triumph and that our beloved country may emerge from this hour of test stronger and nobler than ever.

These sentiments evidence an Americanism of the highest type. They are calculated to exert an immense influence over hundreds of thousands of alien residents who belong to the Catholic Church but who have not been politically assimilated.

It is this aspect of the pledge of the Catholic hierarchy which constitutes its most important public service. There has never been any question of Catholic loyalty in the United States. But the solemn affirmation of it at this time, in the circumstances is certain to have an impressive effect where that effect is most to be desired.—N. Y. World.

ANOTHER CARDINAL FOR ENGLAND

(C. P. A. Service)

London April 19.—The return of Cardinal Bourne, which is expected shortly, will either confirm or set at rest the rumors regarding his four months' stay in Rome which continue to grow in number and importance. The latest of these says that great changes are impending in the English Hierarchy, the principal one being the creation of a new English Cardinal. Cardinal Bourne is, it is said, to become a resident English Cardinal of the Roman Curia. In such an event his place as head of the English episcopate will be taken by Archbishop Whiteside, of Liverpool, who will be created a Cardinal, and he in his turn will be succeeded by Bishop Mostyn, of Menevia, as Archbishop of Liverpool. Developments are therefore awaited with deep interest.

Meanwhile Cardinal Bourne has written a letter to the twenty-six thousand Catholics and sixty-eight priests who form the newly created Apostolic Vicariate of Essex. In this letter he commends to them the new ruler who has been chosen to take their spiritual destinies in his hands. He assures them that he has pondered deeply as to the best thing to be done for the advancement of the Church, expresses his grief at separating from them, and asks a remembrance in their prayers. Bishop Ward has already departed for the scene of his new labors. He has been appointed Vicar-Apostolic under the title of Bishop of Lydda.

FORGET AND REMEMBER

Forget as many disagreeable things as you can.
Forget all gossip as soon as you hear it, or before.
Forget doubts and fears and remember hopes and faith.
Forget your failures and remember your successes.
Forget to do any one an injury but remember to do every one a kindness.
Forget all the evil people of history, and remember the good ones who have made the world better.
Forget your own gloomy moods and remember your brightest hours and your noblest visions.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Through the Holy Father 11,823 French, 4,322 German, 1,607 Belgian and 1,183 English prisoners of war have been sent to neutral Switzerland.

The Philadelphia Chapter of the Knights of Columbus is planning for the establishment of a national home for the aged members of the order. They propose assessing each member \$1 a year, which in three years would amount to \$1,000,000.

Most Rev. Archbishop Blenk, the brilliant and well beloved prelate of New Orleans, passed away Friday April 20, after an illness of two years. He was in his sixty-second year and one of the most cultured, as he was one of the most beloved prelates in America.

The Uruguayan congress is considering a constitutional amendment for the disestablishment of the Catholic Church as a state institution in Uruguay. The amendment if adopted will deprive the Church of future government support, but will leave it in control of all properties it now holds.

Robert Spencer, a great great-grandson of Daniel Boone, the famous Kentucky pioneer, was received into the Church recently. He was instructed by the Rev. William O'Ryan of St. Leo's Church, Denver. Mr. Spencer is a native of that city and a friend for many years of Father O'Ryan.

Paris, April 15.—Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, has issued a pastoral letter, which was read in all the churches today, pointing out that the recent Anglo-French advance had already restored two dioceses to France. The Cardinal referred also to the importance of the action of the United States in "taking up arms in behalf of liberty and justice."

The bill for the erection of a memorial to the "Nuns of the Battlefield" in Arlington National Cemetery, by the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, failed to pass Congress, and this is the more to be regretted on account of the fact that through the efforts of Senator Robert F. Broussard of Louisiana this resolution passed the Senate last July by unanimous consent.

In the distribution of the new chaplaincies, created under the recent law passed by Congress, the Catholic Church has been awarded seven, and Rev. L. J. O'Hern, C. S. P., who represents the Catholic Hierarchy in these appointments, is engaged at present in securing suitable candidates for this important work.

It is reported that Hon. Lucien J. Jerome, English ambassador in Quito, Ecuador, has resigned and returned to England to report before going to Rome to enter the Novitiate of the Friars Minor at the Convent of Aracoeli. While in this country recently Mr. Jerome presented the Friars of the Atoneament, Graymoor, N. Y., with a painting on copper three or four hundred years old of Our Lady of Guadalupe which he secured in a Franciscan convent in Mexico.

Dispatches from Los Angeles, Cal., says that last month Mrs. Rosa Mary Mather and her sister, Mrs. Monica Elizabeth Lister, with four children of the latter, made their professions of faith and entered the true fold, being baptized at St. James' Church, Redondo Beach, by the pastor, the Rev. Nicholas Conneally, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, who were recently received into the Catholic Church in Los Angeles, acted as sponsors. The newly baptized belong to an old English family. Their father is pastor of one of the largest Episcopal churches in London.

Pope Benedict has appointed Monsignor Paelli, secretary of the Sacred Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, Nuncio to Bavaria, in succession to the late Archbishop Aversa. This will entail a great loss to the Papal Secretariat of State, where Mgr. Paelli's twelve years' work won him a high reputation; but the change is necessitated by the great importance of the nunciature at Munich, the occupant of which is the diplomatic representative of the Pope to the German Empire. The new nuncio will be consecrated titular Archbishop of Sardis by the Holy Father on Friday, May 11.

Monsignor Conry, who for several years acted as correspondent in Rome for some American Catholic newspapers, has secured from the executors of the will of the late Monsignor O'Kelly, the name, goodwill and all other rights of the latter's paper, *Rome*, which was published weekly for many years, but recently only once a month on account of the scarcity and high cost of paper, and which lately ceased to appear owing to the illness of its talented proprietor and editor. Mgr. Conry says that it will resume publication every week immediately after the War, with the same name and on the same lines as before, and with the addition of several new features. As editor he will be assisted by some distinguished ecclesiastics in making it a more interesting and popular publication than ever.

AMBITION'S CONTRAST

BY CHRISTINE FABER
CHAPTER IV—CONTINUED
THE FIRST OUTWARD TOKEN OF A WAVERING FAITH

"That is a wonderfully precocious boy," said the stately nobleman to his wife, as, sitting in the latter's dressing room, he listened to the lady's glowing account of some place which she had visited with the children during the day, and where Howard's intelligent and manly remarks had attracted the surprised attention of several distinguished gentlemen.

"Indeed he is," she replied enthusiastically, "a boy of whom any mother might be proud. I wish Malverton were like him."

Lord Stanwix bent from his chair to the low seat which his wife occupied, put his hands affectionately about her shoulders, and said softly: "Bejone not, little woman. Malverton Grosvenor will never wring his mother's heart, as I fear Howard Courtney will do."

"What do you mean?" The bright, eager eyes wore a pained look. He drew her closer to him.

"You have often spoken to me of Mrs. Courtney, whom you loved so well when she was Miss Ashland—of her piety, her strict adherence to every form of the Catholic religion—"

"Yes," she interrupted glowingly, "her religion seemed to form part of Mary's very being."

"Well, then," resumed his lordship, "it is to be presumed that she has reared her children as absolutely in the tenets of her faith as she herself was raised therein."

His wife replied: "Have you not sufficient proof in the pious practices of Howard and Ellen since they have been with us?"

"Sufficient proof to show that their mother has carefully instilled into the minds of both the principles of her faith, but her teachings have taken root in only one of these young minds. Howard Courtney's mind is one which will dive deeply into knowledge. His ambition will stop at nothing, and ere long he will fling religion itself aside as an unworthy fetter on the freedom of his thoughts. How will his mother feel then?"

Lady Grosvenor paled. "As I would feel did Malverton forsake his early teachings."

"Your son will never do that. His pride will prevent him from doing aught which would tarnish the lustre of the Grosvenor name; and his religious convictions, I am confident, are strong as those which exist in my heart. But should he act differently—"

Lady Grosvenor placed her hand playfully over his mouth, saying, with an assumed lightness of tone: "Pass no sentence yet. And tell me, is his sister likely to be tainted with his unbelief?"

"His sister, fragile as her appearance is, possesses a character like to that of the early Christian martyrs. Was the persecution of the Roman Catholics resumed today, you would find her going to death—even death at the stake—with the same angelic face which she now wears. No, Ellen Courtney is a rare type of poetical Catholicity; and the blow which snaps her brother's life, will also rend hers."

"Poor Mary Ashland!" sighed Lady Grosvenor, as she rose to serve her husband with the coffee which a pleasant custom had rendered necessary before retiring.

The next evening, as they were all assembled in Lady Grosvenor's private reception-room in an apartment to which, from its cosy, home-comfort look, the family loved to resort—Howard and Malverton engaged in a skillful play of words, to which the ladies, and even Lord Stanwix, were delighted listeners. The latter had put aside his book for the present, and Lady Grosvenor and Ellen had suspended their embroidery. But at length the conversation of the lady drifted into a foreign channel—turned upon a book which both had recently read; a book which, pretending to advocate no form of religion, yet contained, in attractive garb, ideas which were seductive to the Catholic soul—a seduction all the more harmful because it worked unconsciously to the reader. Howard quoted a sentence from the work, in confirmation of his argument. Lord Stanwix looked up with a significant glance, for that sentence contained the germ of the non-Catholic feelings which Howard Courtney's mind was already tinged. Malverton, in his grave way, combated Howard's idea, that everything should yield to intellect, and the latter again launched forth into a vehement expression of his own thoughts on the subject. His words, which embodied all the fitful feeling of the past months, told how the desire for fame was eating into his very vitals, and, alas! told also how unsparringly he would sweep away even religion in order to reach his destined end; told it in language so unmistakably plain, that Ellen, dropping her embroidery frame, rose suddenly, and crossed hurriedly to where her brother sat. Placing a hand on his arm, she said, with a mixture of sorrow and sternness in her tones, that would have done credit to maturer years:

"You forget, Howard! What are you saying?"

His face crimsoned angrily, and despite the presence of others he would have broken forth into a passionate retort, but Malverton, perceiving the condition of affairs, hastened to interpose with:

"Then you do not agree with him, Miss Courtney?"

She replied warmly, while the blush which had suffused her cheeks mantled her brow and neck:

"I should be false to my faith if I did, and Howard has done wrong in speaking so; but I know he did not mean it."

Ere Howard could speak, the reply which trembled on his lips, Lord Stanwix addressed her—questioning her on some point relative to her piety. She answered modestly, but firmly.

The nobleman continued his inquiries; inquiries calculated to draw out the girl's mind, and develop the salient points of her character—a fact which was evident to every one in the room but herself. She answered, not suspecting that the questions were plied for any other object than a desire for information, and her replies displayed to her courtly interrogator the existence of a rare intelligence combined with a purity of thought which of itself must render her womanhood beautiful—a firmness, and yet a modesty of character which was well-nigh extraordinary in one so young—and lastly, a simple and clinging fervor of faith almost touching to behold.

Lord Stanwix rose on the conclusion of his inquiries, bowed low to the graceful girl, and confronting Howard, said, with a biting sarcasm running through his tones:

"I congratulate you, Master Howard, on the possession of a sister whose faith is so much stronger than your own."

The lad started to his feet, the vivid color alarmingly flashing into his cheeks and brow. He was goaded to the quick by the taunt his sensitive nature fancied Lord Grosvenor had implied; but ere he could utter the hot reply on his lips, the nobleman, with a hasty "good-night," had gone from the room.

For the first time in his life, Howard was positively harsh to his sister—promptly refusing the little affectionate attentions which she was wont to render him every evening when they retired to their own elegant suite of apartments. He sank into a moody study from which even old O'Connor's half-dictatorial remonstrances were vain to arouse him, and at last he angrily shook off the affectionate grasp with which Ellen endeavored to seize his hand, saying crossly:

"Pray, allow me a rest from your presence sometime."

She looked, for a moment, as if the emotion which was struggling to have vent would overwhelm her; but, subduing it by a painful effort, she replied, tremulously:

"Certainly, dear Howard. You should have stated before that my company tired you. Good night!"

Something impelled him to look up, to watch the slight form till it had slowly disappeared through the open doorway of an adjoining apartment. Then his better nature returned. He bowed his head on the arm of the easy chair, and wept tears of passionate remorse. But, in a moment they were dashed aside as unmanly; and he rose to pace the room and dream of the future, when even haughty Lord Grosvenor would be compelled to bow to the superiority of a master intellect. O'Connor, furtively watching the excited boy, shook his head ominously, and muttered:

"No good ever came of such outlandish capers as these."

In her own apartment Ellen was on her knees, beseeching the Blessed Virgin, for whom her mother had taught her to cultivate a peculiar devotion, to obtain for her the strength and patience necessary for the firm endurance of all the griefs which should shade her young life; and while the tears coursed down her cheeks, she lifted her clasped hands, and prayed in so touching a manner for Howard's wavering faith to be strengthened, that Anne Flanagan, who had suddenly and silently entered, burst into involuntary tears. Ellen started at the unexpected sound, and stared, almost spell-bound, at the weeping woman—it was so strange to see the usually stiff old maid betray any emotion; but the gentle girl immediately inquired the cause of the unwonted feeling.

"It's only a strange humor that's on me," was the somewhat incoherently spoken reply. "I'll go to my own room awhile."

"Certainly, Anne; I shall not need you tonight," and Ellen Courtney, in the midst of her own grief, vainly conjectured why Miss Flanagan should have been so affected.

Miss Flanagan, on reaching her room, seated herself before the toilet glass which surmounted her table, placed the light so that its glare shone fully upon the mirror, and, resting her elbows on the table, supported her face in her hands while she bent forward to make a close survey of her features. Her saffron-hued complexion looked more withered and yellow in the ghostly light, and her eyes had a bold, flaunting stare; the wrinkles in her face seemed to stand out more prominently than usual, and the worn expression in her countenance had a half malignant look as well. Long and earnestly she gazed, muttering at length:

"Istaked and lost—she won. Well, she was fair and young, and—O God! that I have become what I am! That child, with her prayers, brings back what I ought to be—but too late! too late!"

On Howard's mind this contest of intellects was having a strengthening though bitter effect. There was being rapidly developed a manliness of thought and judgment which lent maturity even to his appearance; but while, in a measure, he felt how strong was the antagonistic feeling which Lord Grosvenor entertained for him, he hardly comprehended its source, though he returned it with all the bitterness in his nature. But the haughty nobleman cooperated with his wife in all her efforts for

the amusement of their guests, and insisted upon beginning the proposed tour through France and Italy earlier than had been at first planned, lest sufficient variety was not afforded by their English mode of life.

Howard with a gleam of delight in his fine eyes; and Malverton, who had been to the gay capital some half dozen times before, with an expressive and cleverly mimicked French shrug of the shoulders.

O'Connor and Anne Flanagan, between whom—for appearance sake—a slight show of friendliness was at last maintained, received the news with equal pleasure. Their Irish

spirits were daily assailed, and sometimes almost insulted by the English prejudices of the servants of the courtly household with whom they came in contact; while O'Connor's sturdy defence of his birth land, with Anne Flanagan's dignified retorts, afforded considerable mirth in the servant's hall, a circumstance which aroused the indignation of the loyal pair.

"Now," O'Connor said, as if speaking to himself, though Anne Flanagan was assisting him to repack Howard's trunk, "it's very fine, this going abroad, as they call it; but it's my humble opinion that if Mrs. Courtney kept her children home, or came wid them herself, as she ought to do, things'd be better in every way. I don't like the looks of me lord, as they call the master, an I'm afeard things won't come right, sending children away from home in this square way, wid neither father nor mother to look after them."

Miss Flanagan replied without looking up:

"Mrs. Courtney couldn't help herself—she was obliged to let the children come without her."

"Oh, you know something about it, then?" and the old man, in his astonishment, suspended his work.

The prim, stiff maid raised her head—an expression in her face which in an instant conveyed to her companion that Mrs. Courtney's mysterious actions were not inexplicable to Mrs. Courtney's maid. Old O'Connor rose, paced the floor slowly and meditatively for a few moments, then pausing, said, with his wonted doleful shake of the head:

"I have served the family faithfully for thirty years, while she has been with them only eighteen, an yet they trust her!—they trust her!"

He left the room abruptly, as if his feelings were too great to master, while Anne Flanagan bent low over the case, and moaned:

"Oh, bitter trust that had to be!"

Gay, bright, charming Paris—it was such a novel and delightful sensation which the brother and sister experienced the first morning that they woke up in the beautiful capital; such keen delight to visit the scenes about which they had so frequently talked and read with Mrs. Courtney, who had spent a portion of her girlhood in the same city; and such exquisite enjoyment to mingle with the lively French society, whose sparkle and humor pleased Ellen better than the staid manners of the English people. There were numerous friends of Mrs. Courtney still residents of the city—friends to whom Mary Ashland, in her beautiful girlhood, had rendered herself dear, and for whom, widely separated as they were by time and distance, they still retained a warm affection. They marvelled upon learning of her widowhood from Howard and Ellen that she should permit her children to travel so far unattended by her care and love; but comments were rarely passed, and never in the children's hearing.

Thus at once, Howard and Ellen Courtney found themselves the centre of a charming circle of loving friends, and their letters were so fraught with the happiness they were enjoying, that their mother wept glad tears over the precious missives, and said, lifting her clasped hands to Heaven:

"O, my God! Thou art so good—perhaps, perhaps my hope will be realized—my wish granted."

Malverton Grosvenor gathered about him a coterie of his own special friends, and into this charmed circle he immediately introduced his friend Howard; the latter, with that usual wonderful something in his character which won most hearts to him, gained at once the enthusiastic affection of the boyish members of "Malverton Grosvenor's club," as Lord Grosvenor himself playfully styled the half-score of young fellows who met nightly. Even in those meetings, where boyish conviviality ruled the hour, the wonderful superiority of intellect unconsciously displayed itself, and, while his young companions admired and lauded his genius, there were few ungenerous enough to envy him.

One night, when debate ran high on some fancied object of discussion—an article to which the "club" often resorted as a means of affording intellectual sport during the evening—Howard Courtney argued for the side which he had been appointed to defend with his wonted boyish eloquence; but that eloquence had all the brevity and force of far more mature years, and the opposing theories which had been advanced a few moments before were mercilessly crushed. But he launched into a broader and a dangerous field—approached the bounds where the Catholic Church draws rigid lines between her teachings and certain portions of the cause which he advocated. Would he cross those lines, would he step beyond that prohibited pale? were thoughts which agitated the mind of Lord

Grosvenor, who frequently attended the meetings, and who sat like the others breathlessly listening. The speaker's heart realized the trenchery it was about to commit, but passing those bounds would afford him a finer field for the mastery display of his intellect, and alas! for the pious hopes so wreathed about him the fatal step was taken, the eloquent and startling speech made, and Howard Courtney resumed his seat amid bursts of applause, it is true, but as an avowed non-Catholic from the very statements which had issued from his own lips. The sparkle in Lord Grosvenor's eyes grew more malicious, but he applauded loudly as the others were doing, and even writing Howard's name with an affected force of grip, while he said:

"Splendidly done, my dear boy! The future—" he stopped suddenly for the sarcasm in his tones was becoming too manifest.

"Yes, the future," said Howard, with equal sarcasm, "will show to whom the victory will be awarded."

Lord Grosvenor bowed, and turned hastily away, lest he might forget the courtesy which, as a host, he owed to his young guest; while the others of the party, not comprehending the strange words that had passed, resumed at once their mirth; only Howard sat silent and apart. Not having been entirely freed from the influence of his early teachings he could not immediately stifle the remorse which was beginning to make itself felt for the dastardly thing he had done. But there was one invisible listener to Howard's speech, whose old, faithful heart was wounded as sharply as a dagger thrust would have done.

It had been the custom of some of the male servants of the establishment to gather on those juvenile meeting nights, in a recess, which opened from the main assembly room, from whence, though not able to see, they could distinctly hear the amusing debates. O'Connor, fond and proud of his young master as though the latter was kin of his own, invariably made one of the silent little group collected in the nook, and listened delightedly to the loved voice of the young man, a thrill of admiration throughout his old frame. But on this night by what were his old ears greeted! The language—the debates were always conducted in English—elegant, eloquent, thrilling as it was, was sufficiently plain to convey to the old man whither the current of Howard's speech was drifting, and breathlessly he listened, hoping against hope that his young master was only angling, as it were, and would never approach the dreaded point, till the unmistakable, the startling avowal came, and then he put his hands before his face and groaned. His fellow servants were too absorbed to heed it, and he went out slowly and sadly, muttering on his way to Howard's room:

"Little I thought I'd live to see the day, when my old master's son would deny the faith he was raised in. Oh, what will his mother and Miss Ellen say?"

He had been wont, on other evenings, to put little finishing touches of comfort to the charming apartment; but now he moved mechanically about, sitting down at last, and muttering:

"Shure, the same love can't be in my heart for him any more—an' he such a fine, clever lad; but betther for him if he wasn't so clever; may be he'd be thrur to the God that made him."

Ellen had just entered her own room, adjoining, and knowing she would pass into Howard's, as was her evening custom, the old man strove to put out of his face that look of dejection and distress he felt, and might be longer spared the trial which, he feared, was in store for it. She came smilingly in, with the dress of some white, soft material enhancing her delicate beauty, and tripped at once to the old man's side.

"I have spent such a happy evening," she said, "I am impatient till Howard comes to tell him about it."

O'Connor's heart gave another throb of pain, and he averted his face for he could not bear to look on the bright countenance beside him. She continued, in her charming way:

"Every one seems to love me so much that I scarcely miss mamma's affection—and it is such happiness to think we will bring Howard back to her entirely restored to health."

"Yes," thought O'Connor, "his body restored but his soul ruined."

The fanciful little timepiece on the mantel chimed the hour, and, with the simple, natural piety which seemed to be part of her very nature, the fair girl blessed her mother, where boyish conviviality ruled the hour, the wonderful superiority of intellect unconsciously displayed itself, and, while his young companions admired and lauded his genius, there were few ungenerous enough to envy him.

Howard entered as both prayers were completed—entered with a moody, dissatisfied expression in his face, and a discontented air in his very gait. Without noticing Ellen, he threw himself wearily into the velvet-lined chair before the glowing grate, and, burying his face in his hands, yielded himself to his unhappy thoughts. Ellen knelt beside him, pressed her cheeks to the thick curls resting on the crimson lining, and at length timidly said:

"You are ill, dear Howard. You have been exerting yourself too much."

TO BE CONTINUED

As we must account for every idle word so we must for every idle silence.—B. Franklin.

THE FACE ON THE STONE

Lord Hydeorpe had said — and said more than once—to Father Clement, that on conscientious grounds he regretted he could not accept the good priest's offer to purchase from him a strip of land in the manor of Hydeorpe for building upon it a proposed Catholic Church.

"Every Christian is a fellow of mine," he wrote to the good priest, "but whilst I have the greatest admiration and respect for all the good work that is done in various ways by the members of your excellent communion, yet I must crave your pardon if on pure grounds of conscience I find I must decline to accede to your request. Pray, let this be final."

And having penned these lines and sent the letter to the priest of the new mission which had only just been erected by the Catholic Bishop of the diocese, the nobleman went out into the grounds of Hydeorpe Hall for a stroll and a quiet read. He had quite made up his mind that he could not do it—sell that bit of waste land to a Catholic priest.

Having arrived at his favorite spot in a corner of the beautiful grounds, he went inside the tiny summer house, sat down in a cosy chair and started to read, though he was very sleepy. The sun was shining brilliantly.

A tramp, travel-stained and tired and foot-sore, was resting at full length on the sidewalk of a dusty yellow country road, and was half-buried in the green grass. The outspreading branches of a tall elm shaded him from the heat of the exposed sun, and the scene all around was a picture of quiet repose broken only by the twittering of the birds and the murmuring of the brooklet that ran alongside the path. The man was resting on his elbow with his hat in his hand, and his eyes were open.

Presently, he bowed his head and closed his eyes—not in sleep, but as one does in fervent prayer or deep thought. Then he slowly opened them as though his mind was following some train of thought that was stretching away into the next world, a mental operation over which he seemed to have no control. His gaze was riveted on a stone lying close to his elbow—a flat stone with a smooth surface. He had called himself back from the other world of dreams, and was again alive to his surroundings.

"The eyes of the tramp plainly discerned upon the face of the stone the configurations of a human head beginning to wiggle and dance itself into form and shape—first the chin and mouth, then the staring eyes, then the full contour of the face—this being followed by a detailed and finished design of a perfect head that seemed to be animated with life."

The man was not at all perturbed by the strangeness of this apparition on the stone. On the contrary, he became quaintly curious, and thrust his reclining head forward a little to scrutinize the object more closely, and as he did so, what seemed to him a red spot appeared in the middle of the forehead of the phantom head. Compelled by a force of character and origin of which he could not clearly divine, he bent his head down still further and reverently kissed this red mark. In a confused sort of way he thought he recognized the face and knew what the red spot meant.

Presently, whilst his mind was in a state of blank amazement, the face on the stone faded away into nothing, and the stone assumed its ordinary and usual appearance. The tramp passed his fingers over it to assure himself that he was not dreaming, and he was quite satisfied that it just felt like any other slab of stone, but with this difference: it was very smooth—indeed, to the touch it was like velvet.

He began to argue the matter to himself. What was it? A mere optical delusion produced by an overwrought nervous system? He knew that he was not physically overcome with pain and disease, but that he was also carrying a mental burden which was making him very depressed, but try as he might he could not quite make out what his troubles were. He felt the conviction, however, that he had failed to do something which he ought to have done.

"Where are you going?" inquired a kindly voice, the sound of which aroused him from his semi-stupor.

The tramp turned round with eagerness and beheld standing close to him the figure of an aged man, plainly clad in long flowing robes; he wore a short grizzled beard, and his white hair was curly and crisp, whilst his eyes sparkled with vigor and earnestness. The face was beautiful even for an old man, for there was not a wrinkle or ridge of time or nature marking his features.

The tramp was not put out in the least by the appearance of the strange visitor; he welcomed him with a smile.

"I want to see Yalhalla at the end of this long and weary road, and was just resting here for a little while," he said. "I have been tramping many days. This is the right way, isn't it?" he went on, slowly rising to his feet.

"You are on the right road, but you want someone to support you, so as to save you from faltering on the way. Where is your home?"

"I have no home—I had one, but my heirs turned me out because I

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sought to practice literally the precepts of Christ and gave what belonged to me to the poor. They said I had gone mad and summoned me to the courts, where their plea won the sympathy of the judges and mine carried no weight. I built a church. My heirs applied for a commission of lunacy and I was put into the insane asylum—and all for obeying the precepts of Christ, whose religion is part and parcel of the law of the land and whose disciples the nation professes to be. I escaped—and here I am—a tramp!

HERETICAL WORSHIP AND THE CHURCH

J. Harding Fisher, S. J., in America

It is a commonplace with Catholics that they may not participate in the form of worship. Many a timid maiden has gone into the arena to be devoured by wild beasts rather than offer incense to pagan gods. Millions of Christians have died violent deaths rather than deny even by an external ceremony their faith in Christ. Countless men, learned and ignorant, prominent and obscure, have sacrificed ambition, preferment, wealth, family and even life itself rather than swerve by a hair's breadth from their duty of professing their full belief in all the things Christ commanded His apostles to teach. They have been considered fools, but they were glad to share in the folly of the Cross; they have been stigmatized as bigots, but their firmness has simply been loyal obedience to the command of Christ. So ingrained in the Catholic character is the conviction that the Faith is the most precious of Divine gifts, to be maintained in its fullness and purity at any cost, that even our children know that they must not participate in heretical worship.

The Church, however, has not failed to emphasize this conviction by legislative enactments. In view of certain discussions, which are rife at present, it may be well to cite one of the many ecclesiastical laws which have to do with this subject. The Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office issued a decree on May 10, 1770, a quite recent decree, it is true, as far as the life of the Church goes, but one that had in mind modern conditions, and is in force today as it has been uninterruptedly for the past 147 years. The important part of the text is as follows: "His Holiness has decreed that as a general rule it is illicit for Catholics to be present at the sermons, baptisms and marriages of heretics and schismatics." This is a simple statement of fact. For correct interpretation, it must be borne in mind that the expression, "as a general rule," is not to be understood as implying that Catholics may, now and then take part in heretical worship, provided they do not make a practice of so doing. The words rather lay down a rule of general application, which may not be infringed except in those circumstances where it is clear that there is no intention on the part of the Catholic of participating in non-Catholic services, but merely of performing a social, civil, professional or domestic duty.

A few examples will illustrate this. For instance, a relative or a friend of a bride or groom might be permitted by a confessor to be present at a marriage celebrated in a Protestant church by a Protestant minister; a public official might attend the Protestant obsequies of a public official; a reporter might accept an assignment from his city editor to take down the text of an important Protestant sermon or to collect data concerning an important social function in a Protestant church; a maid might accompany the children over whom she has charge to a non-Catholic Sunday school, if commanded to do so by her mistress; prisoners, soldiers, and sailors might attend public prayers conducted by a Protestant chaplain in a prison, a barracks or on a warship. In all these cases attendance at non-Catholic services, may, under certain circumstances, be considered merely material and not formal, and be understood as such by Catholics and others. It is to be noted, however, that in these cases the Catholic may not take part in the prayers, hymns and other ceremonies of a religious nature, but must act as a mere spectator, observant of the demands of courtesy but not joining in the worship. The discipline of the Church in this matter is very old, for as far back as the time of Tertullian, in the third century, we find explicit directions for the conduct of Catholics, who for one reason or another found it necessary to be present at pagan religious functions.

The material presence is permitted only for grave reasons; the decision moreover, as to whether the reasons are grave enough to warrant attendance is not a matter of individual judgment, but belongs to ecclesiastical authorities, who should be consulted, except in those well defined cases which have been interpreted by a recognized custom or by a previous decision of competent authority. Thus, for instance, the Congregation of the Holy Office decided, April 26, 1894, that students in certain provinces in Russia were not to be permitted to attend services conducted by non-Catholics in the public gymnasiums, even though such attendance was required but a few times a year.

The attitude of the Church in this matter finds an apt illustration in her legislation with regard to marriage. Catholics who are fairly well instructed in their duties and non-Catholics who have an intelligent knowledge of the discipline of the Church, are acquainted with the fact that a Catholic who attempts to contract matrimony before a Protestant minister, incurs excommunication. By the very force of his act and without explicit condemnation that Catholic is cut off from union with the Church and is deprived of the right of participating in her spiritual advantages. In particular he is barred from receiving the sacraments, until by the Ordinary, or one delegated with authority by the latter, he has been absolved from censure.

Why does the Church adopt this attitude of severity? If a Catholic attempts to contract marriage before a civil official, a city clerk for instance or a justice of the peace, he commits sin but he is not excommunicated. Why the added strictures on attempts to contract marriage before a Protestant minister? The reason for the discrimination is simply this: When the civil official officiates there is no religious ceremony; as a consequence the disobedience of the Catholic participant does not in any sense imply a rejection of the faith. On the other hand, when the Protestant minister officiates there is participation in a religious ceremony of a non-Catholic sect, an act, which, if it is not apostasy, is taken to be an external denial of the truth. Hence the one guilty of it is suspected of heresy and is treated accordingly. Nor does a man escape censure, because he interiorly withholds approbation of the religion in whose rite he participates. The Church judges him by his external act, and passes judgment according to its outward semblance.

With Protestants in general and with Protestant ministers in particular, we may fraternize as friends. We may entertain genuine admiration for their culture. We may sympathize with the nobility of their aims, but we know them to be in error, teaching, unwittingly but none the less really, only a fragmentary version of Christ's doctrine. We cannot be tolerant of error. The evidence of the known truth puts us under stern compulsion. In spite of our desire that there may be one fold under one shepherd, we cannot compromise. As we cannot contribute to the building of Protestant churches, so we cannot set our approval on Protestant propaganda, for in both cases we should be cooperating with error and pulling down Christ's work. It is not easy to say to the invitations of our non-Catholic friends, the classic Non possumus but we must say it, however hard it is. The sacrifices Catholics made under Nero and Elizabeth, the sacrifices made by them in France at the time of the Associations Law, have their counterpart in the life, to compare small things with great, of every Catholic. When there is question of our loyalty to Christ there must be no half measures. He who must be no half man, is against Him. Non Catholics may not understand our attitude, but at least they must do us the justice to acknowledge that we have the courage of our convictions. For those who would curry human favor at the expense of principle no one can have anything but contempt.

THE MEMORY OF MAY
By Brian O'Higgins, in Ave Maria
Fair is the light on the Virgin's altar,
Fair are the flowers that cover it o'er;
And their scent floats down to the people kneeling
In rows far back to the open door,
Where the lingering sunlight gleams
Ere it hies away to its home of rest,
Beyond the crest of the shadowy mountains
That call it away to the kindly west;
And it seems to be waiting, expectant,
For the first, sweet sound of the fervent prayer:
"Pray for us, Mother, O Star of the Sea!
Mary, our hope and our trust are in thee!"

There are many things that the never idle hand of Time will blot out from your memory,—things you would like to recall in their very detail; scenes you would dearly love to live over again because of their comforting and uplifting influence, but which elude you at every turn, and will not come back. You grope for them like one blind; you strain your mind after them as one does in trying to remember some pleasant dream; but always they are hidden in a maze that can not be penetrated, and in the end you are forced to abandon the quest, and to sigh for the sweet pleasure that can not be yours again.

There is one scene, however, that remains mirrored in the clear pools of remembrance for all time; whose glimmer can never be dispelled, no matter how rough or long or dark the years may pass,—no matter how many new scenes may strive to blot it from your mind. There is one beautiful memory that stands beside you forever, sanctifying our sorrows, making brighter your joy, nerving you in the hour of danger, inspiring and helping you always. It is the memory of May devotions in a little country church on some Irish hillside or in some sheltered valley, where the spirits of a long line of Irish saints and martyrs seem to float with the incense down the sun-kissed aisles, and to throng about you as you pray, filling your mind with beautiful thoughts and with heart with love for God, and for that sweet Mother of Joys and Sorrows who takes all our cares in her loving arms, and changes them into fragrant flowers to deck the throne of her beloved Son.

From early morn, all through the sunlit day, the people have toiled in the fields; the children have tripped, bare-footed, to the school on the hill, and have hastened home again, gathering on the way big bunches of cowslips and daisies and primroses and graceful ferns, to beautify the simple May altar that is to be seen in every Catholic home.

The Angelus rings out over the peaceful fields; all work is suspended; every head is bared and bowed; and the sweet Salutation of the Angel is carried on reverent lips from field to field, and Mary's help is invoked, and a prayer is breathed for the souls of the never-forgotten dead. Home then for a little rest and a simple meal, before they make their way to the devotions in honor of the Virgin Mother of God.

In the calm of the May evening, with the sun far on its way to rest, and the birds singing drowsily and dreamily in blossom-crowned hedges, old and young pass along the white, winding roads to the little church on the hill, where loving hands have clothed Our Lady's altar in a many-colored robe of flowers; and there, with heads bent down, and hearts full to overflowing, they murmur the Rosary responses, give thanks to God for all His graces and blessings in the past, and beg, from His infinite store of mercy, strength and guidance for the days that are to come.

It is through Mary they ask it all,—Mary, who has been the light and the comfort of their race through long centuries of gloom and sorrow; who gave them hope and courage in the night of the Penal times, when it was a crime to speak her name, when it was court-martyrdom to call her Mother and to possess the signs and emblems of her love; Mary, who upheld them in days of persecution and famine and injustice, whispering always to them to be of good cheer,—that, no matter how long the night, sometime the dawn should break, and the land of martyrs be uplifted again in loveliness, in sanctity, and in strength. What wonder that they turn to Mary with love and confidence and hope? What wonder that she is to them and to you and to me the one great beacon light on the dark, rough road that leads to the haven of rest?

Fresh young voices fill the church with hymns of praise to Mary; the altar is a blaze of light; the scent of the incense pervades the House of God from floor to roof; the birds come shyly to the open door, glad to know that human hearts have joined them in their eternal song of praise to God and for His Mother.

The body of Christ is raised aloft in the hands of His anointed; every head is bowed low; every heart pours out its own plea for help in some cross that is hard to bear, in some danger that is soon to be faced, in some temptation that tries a struggling soul to the utmost limit of its strength, and returns to the attack again and again. The last strain of the music dies away; the last prayer is breathed; the last light extinguished on the altar; and then, with glad hearts and strengthened souls, they turn towards home again.

Now they are gone from the blessed altar,
The darkness of evening around it falls,
The sun is hidden beyond the mountains,
Away in the meadow the blackbird calls,
But their hearts bear with them the inspiration
That Mary gives them this evening bright—
To work for God until he shall call them
Away to His home in the Land of Light.

And still they seem to be kneeling there,
And breathing to Heaven the fervent prayer:
Queen of the Angels, O Star of the Sea!
Pray for us, Mary, and guide us to thee!

CARRY ROSARIES AS WELL AS RIFLES
With a rosary, the Catholic soldier is twice armed. His military accoutrement protects him from the Germans. His spiritual equipment makes him immune to a far more deadly enemy—the Blues.

This is not a pious guess. It is a psychological fact testified to by Catholic Bavarians and Catholic French alike. So commonly is the rosary found the source of courage that whole Bavarian regiments march into action reciting the beads. It is said their progress is more like a pilgrimage than an army going into battle. And in France, a magazine published for soldiers by soldiers and called "Brothers in Arms," has an article in which the use of the rosary is advocated as a practical source of strength: "Say the rosary, it will give you courage," pleads the writer. Men who do not already possess rosaries are earnestly urged to send home for them. This striking article stirred many Frenchmen to renew the pious practice of their school days. Translated for English Catholic journals, the appeal reminded thousands of others that a rosary is as necessary as a rifle. To-day the message is repeated for our American Catholic soldiers:

Do you possess a rosary? No! then tell your chaplain, he will give you one or else apply to your mother or your wife, your parish priest and you will get one. If you lose it on the road or in the straw when you shake up your overcoat, do what you do when you lose your pipe and invest quickly in another.

Keep your rosary, not in your pouch; you might forget to say it; but in your pocket. It may fall out when you pull out your tobacco bag or your knife and the comrades will see it. But that will only suggest a good practice for them.

Say your rosary, it is like the grenade and the rifle, namely, to be used. Say it when in church at Benediction time together with the people or if you are alone go to a statue of the Blessed Virgin and recite it there. Say your rosary when you are in the dumps and your brood over home. There every evening repair to the old church and offer theirs for papa or the big brother whom they know to be on the Somme or at Verdun. Do the same, it will give you courage. Say it in the trenches when the Boches keep quiet and the marmites are not falling about. Nothing simpler; it is the easiest prayer going. Nothing to learn, nothing to read, no brain-work whatever. It is the sweetest of all prayers. You speak to the heavenly Mother, who recall her virtues, her power, her kindness. You ask her to watch over you and if you die to take you to paradise. Say your rosary for the comrades who yesterday evening walked over to the trenches and who are fighting whilst you are resting; say it for the wounded who are still lying on the battlefield; for the dead who have appeared before God and are in bad need of help and consolation. Say it every day and you will find what an amount of good it does.

Recruits, carry rosaries as well as rifles! — New World.

THE FAILURE OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

For years it has been a commonplace with all discerning Catholics that as a substitute for a Catholic school the Sunday school was wholly inadequate. Bishops on their confirmation tours and priests in the confessional easily differentiate the children who were trained in a Catholic school from those who were trained in a Sunday school. To be sure, it is said, half a loaf is better than no bread, but who could be content with a half loaf when there is bread in abundance? We have never been able to see our way clear to regard the Sunday school as a half loaf, for as a substitute for the Catholic school it is a miserable makeshift, and it could easily be considered as more harmful than beneficial. If the champions of the Sunday school fancy that it can impart that thorough knowledge of religion which our age demands, then it is more of an injury than a benefit, for it lulls people into a false attitude towards things spiritual which they would not think of assuming towards things material.

No one thinks a knowledge of music or mathematics may be acquired in a class of one hour each week, and only those who regard religion as less important than music and mathematics can be content with the perfunctory methods of imparting knowledge in the Sunday school.

That has always been the position of the Catholic Church on this important subject and time seems to be justifying it. Only last week the report went abroad from the leaders of the Protestant School Association that of the 19,000,000 of young persons of Sunday school age only 6,000,000 actually attend Sunday school, and promptly on the heels of this information comes the announcement that \$48,000 was appropriated to increase the efficiency of the Protestant Sunday school. Such a report confirms the Catholic Church in her judgment in regarding the Sunday school as hopelessly inadequate as a substitute for the parish school.—The Guardian.

The sister of joy is patience. Patience always ends by bringing joy, but joy will not stay where patience is not. An impatient spirit spoils the sweetest possibilities of happiness, for as Ruskin truly says, "Patience lies at the root of all pleasures as well as of all powers."

There are two good rules which ought to be written on every heart. Never believe anything bad about anybody unless you positively know it is true; never tell even that, unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary, and that God is listening while you tell it.—Henry Van Dyke.

Keep your rosary, not in your pouch; you might forget to say it; but in your pocket. It may fall out when you pull out your tobacco bag or your knife and the comrades will see it. But that will only suggest a good practice for them.

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Of all earthly music that which reaches farthest into heaven, is the beating of a truly loving heart.—H. W. Doehrer.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1917

CONDITIONAL LOYALTY

Addressing St. George's Society, of London, on St. George's day, the Rev. Canon Tucker said:

"If we make our loyalty conditional on England passing a prohibitory law then we are on a par with Irish Roman Catholics who make their loyalty contingent on the grant of Home Rule."

A cowardly slander of this kind might be passed over if it were not typical of a rather widespread effort to arouse antagonism to the Catholic Church by dishonest appeals to religious and racial prejudice. To the credit of Protestant Canadians it must be said that such appeals fall rather flat. Several secular newspapers have openly expressed disapproval of such unparliamentary work.

Saturday Night, for example, thus takes the Editor of the Orange Sentinel to task:

"Ex-Mayor Hocken, of Toronto, seems to have been stamping around on unfamiliar ground when in a recent speech at London, Ont., he attacked the Catholic Church as a whole as being pro-German, and the Pope as an ally of the Kaiser's. In his heat Hocken evidently forgot that France, when it is anything is Catholic; that Belgium is nearly all Catholic, and that Italy is all Catholic. And that unless we have been consistently lied to by our war correspondents, the sacrifice of the lives of French and Belgian priests on the battlefields has been one of the outstanding dramatic features of the war."

Hocken of course keeps right on. If the facts are against him so much the worse for the facts. And he finds willing disciples, here and there, to continue his apostolic work. Our readers will pardon a digression which may throw some light on the character of Hocken's henchmen in London, who are doubtless typical of the brethren elsewhere.

The greatest "loyalist" effort of a century to discredit "Irish Roman Catholics" and Home Rule was what is now known to history as the "Pigott Forgeries." Pigott had been employed by the Irish "Loyal" and Patriotic Union to hunt up documents which might incriminate Parnell and the Irish Constitutional Party with lawlessness, revolt, crime and anarchy. The Times published the documents so obtained. For months "Parnellism and Crime" was a regular department of the greatest of English newspapers. Those whose memory goes back so far will remember the tremendous sensation created by the publication of the forged letters. Charles Russell (afterwards Lord Russell of Killowen) in the cross examination of Pigott asked him to write several words, amongst them "hesitancy," which Pigott spelled "hesitency." This was the clue to the forgeries. Pigott broke down, confessed, and later committed suicide. Here endeth the first lesson.

Mr. E. T. Essery was once Mayor of London. His loyalty and Protestantism may be judged from his boast about that time that he would make the Catholics of London crawl into their hole and pull the hole in after them. Also from the fact that he solemnly presented a Bible to the notorious Margaret L. Sheppard in the hey-day of that wanton's shameless career.

Just after Mr. Hocken's "loyal" address here in London Mr. Essery was reported in the press as saying that the press and politicians "kow-tow" to the Catholic vote.

Canon Tucker some time previously, also through the press, stated that there was too much "kow-towing" to the Church of Rome.

Here endeth the second lesson.

Argument with Mr. Essery and Canon Tucker could serve no useful purpose. But just to soothe the Canon's righteous indignation at the conditional loyalty of "Irish Roman Catholics" we shall quote a passage from the Irish Churchman of Nov. 14th, 1913:

"It may not be known to the rank and file of Unionists that we have the offer of aid from a powerful Continental monarch who, if Home Rule is forced on the Protestants of Ireland, is prepared to send an army sufficient to release England of any further trouble in Ireland by attaching it to his dominion, believing, as he does, that if our king breaks his Coronation Oath by signing the Home Rule Bill, he will, by so doing, have forfeited his claim to rule Ireland. And should our king sign the Home Rule Bill the Protestants of Ireland will welcome this Continental deliverer as their forefathers, under similar circumstances, did once before."

The Irish Churchman is not "Irish Roman Catholic"; it is the Ulster organ of the Church of Ireland, now disestablished in spite of the threat of the "loyalists" to kick the Queen's crown into the Boyne if disestablishment were carried through.

This "unconditional" loyalty of Canon Tucker's co-religionists in Ireland would cause a man of less reckless zeal to hesitate before making that fling at "Irish Roman Catholics."

And lest it be said that Ireland has a monopoly of conditional loyalty we shall make one more quotation. In the British House of Commons, F. E. Smith, M. P. (since knighted) in 1914, before the outbreak of war, delivered himself as follows:

"Whatever the consequences—civil war or whatever the cataclysm that may dismember the whole Empire—the Unionist party will support Ulster whatever the consequences may be."

The people of the home lands have not such short memories as some of the Canadian apologists for the brutal disloyalty of Irish Protestant Ascendancy. Hence the old sneers and the old calumnies and the old shameless bearing of false witness have lost their power for evil over there.

And "Irish Roman Catholics" of Canada will take no lessons in loyalty from the belated and misplaced Canadian imitators of the thoroughly discredited Irish Protestant "loyalists."

THE ANOMALIES OF OUR ARCHDIACONAL SCHOOL CURRICULA

We were very glad to notice that at the recent meeting of the Ontario Educational Association some attention was given to matters on which the people of the province might fairly expect from the Association intelligent leadership. There is nothing within the sphere of self-government in which so large a proportion of the people are directly and intensely interested as the subject of education. There is nothing in which intelligent and rational leadership could find a readier response. But it must be admitted that the Ontario Educational Association has not to any great extent exercised a real and practical influence on the direction and development of our school system.

However, Mr. C. L. Sprague, of the Hamilton Technical School, called attention to a fact which we have emphasized over and over again. Three or four years ago when the discussion was somewhat general as to the wisdom of doing away with the written High School Entrance examination we pointed out that the discussion touched only the fringe of an extremely important subject. In view of Mr. Sprague's position before the Educational Association it may be well to recapitulate what we then urged.

The Entrance Examination as the *terminus ad quem* of all elementary school work emphasizes the radical misconception of the meaning and purpose of a democratic public school system. Less than 10% of the Public school population enter the High schools. And yet the whole Public school course of studies is very largely determined and limited in the interests of the 10%; while the 90% whose education, so far as our school system is concerned, is completed in the elementary schools, are not considered at all.

Common sense and common justice demand that these conditions be reversed. The paramount consideration in the determination of the curriculum, in the aims and objects of the whole elementary system, should be the interests of the 90%. This revolution of outlook on our school system need not and would not limit the opportunities or sacri-

fice the interests of the important minority who desire the benefits of secondary and higher education.

Secondary education, again, labors under the same radical defect. It is conceived, planned and carried out exclusively in the interest of the small proportion who desire to enter the University. Matriculation, (or Entrance to Normal which is practically the same thing) is the dominant consideration in fixing the course of studies for the first four years of the High School course. So that the interests of the vast majority who do not go to College are sacrificed to the interest of the favored few for whom Matriculation has any purpose or meaning. The result is disastrous for secondary education as High School pupils drop out anywhere and everywhere during and after the first year of the course.

Now it should be quite possible to so arrange the High School curriculum that two years of secondary education would be a valuable, desirable and attractive way of supplementing the elementary school course, altogether regardless of what the pupils may take up as a life work. As it is, two years in the High School gives them a smattering of a variety of subjects useful only to those preparing for Matriculation.

Until this radical and revolutionary change is made from the present obsolete ideal which governs our whole school system intelligent educational progress is impossible.

Few there are who have given thought to the subject who do not feel that the abdication of responsible government in educational matters in favor of a superintendent of education has in practice proved a retrograde step. Technical advice is of course necessary. But responsibility to the people vitally interested would stimulate intelligent study of educational affairs by our representatives in the Legislature, arouse discussion and lead us from stagnation to intelligent progress.

SETTLEMENT IMPERATIVE

Rising above party and prejudice Sir Wilfrid Laurier voiced the sentiment and conviction of all Canada in his eloquent plea for Ireland. We shall not attempt to gild refined gold or paint the lily. But to realize the fact that this was one of the great statesman's greatest speeches, the reader must picture to himself not so much the charm and grace and dignity of Canada's greatest orator, but rather the fire and force of conviction and sincerity that transmuted these printed words into the glowing heat of eloquence unsurpassed.

Across the ocean their influence was felt. Two days later, Lloyd George, abandoning the untenable position he had taken, said that "if he appealed for settlement of the Irish question it was because he knew from facts driven into his mind every hour that in America, in Australia, in every part of the empire it was regarded as the one essential to a speedy victory."

Amongst the facts "driven into his mind every hour" must have stood out the great fact of Laurier's great speech.

THE FOOD CRISIS

Despite the agitation in the press and on the platform for greater production, there is evidence that the gravity of the situation is not fully realized in the quarters where such realization can alone prove effective in finding a remedy.

The Resources Committee is responsible for the solemn warning that "Famine and World-Hunger are on our Threshold." It is of the utmost importance that this warning be heeded. The world never produces more food than is necessary. At present there is an enormous decrease in world production.

"France, England and Italy in peace times did not depend upon America, but on Russia, Roumania and Bulgaria for most of their breadstuffs. With these sources closed, the crisis of the hour demands that we see that our soldiers and the Motherland are fed."

"Everyone in Great Britain has been put on limited rations. Meat is prohibited one day a week, and the making of cakes and pastry has been stopped. Further restrictions are anticipated."

"David Lubin, representative of the United States to the International Institute of Agriculture—maintained by forty Governments—reports officially to Washington that the food grains of the world on March 31st, 1917, showed a shortage of 150,000,000 bushels below the amount necessary to feed the world until August, 1917. He declares it is beyond question that unless a greater acreage is put to crop in 1917 there will be WORLD-HUNGER before the 1918 crop is harvested."

Lloyd George is confident that with the aid of the United States the submarine menace can be overcome. But even if the sea routes were as free as in times of peace the food must be produced to avert disaster.

It is treason to humanity to leave any source of production untapped this year.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

DURING the course of an initiation ceremony at a Toronto Orange Lodge last week the speaker of the evening gave some account of what he called "the dawn of Orangeism in Canada." This transpired in the year 1850. Those were anxious times, the speaker said, and the original L. O. L. No. 1, comprising some sixty or seventy members, though starting out on their great crusade for religious liberty with the greatest vim and enthusiasm, was wrecked by intoxicating liquor.

ANXIOUS TIMES no doubt they were for the wives and children of the valiant sixty, who looked forward to the regular weekly or monthly lodge with fear and trembling. Instances are not wanting in much more recent years where an L. O. L. on an outing has turned things upside down and terrorized a whole community. It is not surprising then to be told on such good authority that the whole institution of Orangeism in Canada narrowly escaped untimely death at the hands of John Barleycorn. Had he but succeeded in the larger design we are assured he did with L. O. L. No. 1, how many unsavory pages might not the history of Canada have been spared! That would have been at least one achievement for which the said Barleycorn might very reasonably have claimed some credit.

WHETHER the Government of France remains as indubitably anti-Christian as before the War, or has in that respect undergone some process of change, may be left to the future to decide. There can be no mistake, however, about the Army. All accounts agree that whatever the disposition of its Administration in Paris, religion has once more become the great motive power of the soldier in the field. We see this in the accounts which reach us of his personal bearing to religion and its ministers and in the avidity with which in presence of death he avails himself of its offices. This is true in regard to the officer in high command, to the subaltern and to the man in the ranks. In this time of stress God has in the Army at least, come into His own again.

OF THOSE in high command who have throughout the War, as before it, given evidence in their conduct of the faith which governs it, is General de Castelnau, elevated by General Joffre to the position of Chief-of-Staff. The intense Catholic spirit which has characterized him throughout the War, and for that matter, throughout his life, is traced to his parentage and home training. The son of a solidly Catholic father (a talented barrister) and of a devout mother, he was born at St. Affrique, Department of l'Aveyron, in the year 1857; was educated first by the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny, and later by the Jesuits in his native town. Adopting arms as his profession, he bore a distinguished part in the War of 1870, and on the breaking out of the present conflict, was assigned to a command on the Lorraine frontier. To his able generalship in this position it is owing that Nancy and adjacent forts have throughout remained in French hands. The Germans did everything humanly possible to encompass their downfall, but the watchfulness of Castelnau, and his profound strategy foiled their every effort.

BEING the oldest settled portion of Russia, cities and large towns are more numerous than elsewhere in the Empire. Moscow itself contains a population of close on two millions (1,617,000 were the exact figures in 1912, but the city has grown considerably since then). The District contains two other large cities, of 225,000 and 200,000 respectively; ten of from 100,000 to 170,000; and at least ten more of from 40,000 to 80,000, so that about 7% of the total population is urban. As a commercial centre Moscow city occupies a unique position. It is the hub of the most important railway systems, and from it radiate much of the business and financial activities of the whole country. The Moscow merchants are also well abreast of the times in their methods and understand fully the benefits of organization. They may be said to practically control the trade of Siberia.

SHOULD IT so come about, therefore, that Moscow becomes once more the seat of government, she will go far to rival London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna, as at once one of the great national administrative and commercial capitals of Europe. Moscow is very proud of her past, and points with pride to her ancient buildings, amongst them the Kremlin, in which are stored up so many national memories. Her deterioration as the capital by Peter the Great in favor of what was then but a raw seaport town, remote from the great centres of population, was a serious blow to Moscow's pride, and should her ancient prestige in that respect be now restored to her, her citizens will rejoice and regard the event as the triumph of right.

various sources. According to these authorities, Castelnau, while a strict disciplinarian, is always affable and courteous to his men. He delights those from his own department by addressing them in their native patois and he is always approachable to the very humblest of them. Further, he makes no distinction when off duty between man and man; the best instincts of French democracy characterize his bearing towards them always. The consequence is that they regard him with something more than respect and are ready to follow wherever he may lead them.

GENERAL DE CASTELNAU has in his own family borne his full share of affliction in the present War. Of his six sons serving in the army three have been killed, one of them—the youngest—being directly under his father's command. The story told of the death of this boy, though perhaps already familiar to our readers, cannot be too often repeated. Intelligence of the event was brought to the General while engaged in drawing up the details of an important manoeuvre. He turned pale, his lips were seen to move in prayer, and then, after a moment of silence he turned to his staff, saying: "Messieurs, let us proceed with the business before us." The epithet applied to this great soldier by M. Clemenceau, perhaps with something of a sneer—"the booted Capuchin"—stamps the character of the man as a Catholic devoted to his Faith, and mindful of its precepts. The General never fails to hear Mass when it is possible, and is regular in his frequentation of the Sacraments. It is worthy of remark, says Baroness de Courson, that the governing authorities of his country who are by no means inclined to favor Catholics, know how to look to this "booted Capuchin" as to one of France's most valued servants in this crucial epoch in her history.

THE REPORTED German preparations for a big drive on Petrograd, and the rumors of the change of capital from that city to Moscow, may render interesting some particulars of the latter. Moscow is not only the largest city in Russia, and the ancient capital of Tsar—before Peter the Great came to change its destiny—but is also the centre of the richest and most populous district of the Empire. The region contains eighteen governments (as the administrative sub-divisions in Russia are called) covering an area of 480,000 square miles—less than one half the area of the Petrograd District, but with more than twice its population, viz. 45,000,000. It is roughly twofifths of the total area of European Russia, and stretches from Minsk in the West to the frontiers of Siberia and of Central Asia on the east, a distance of 1,500 miles. This single fact may help us to realize the vastness of Russia as a whole.

At the town of Noyon we were relieved to find that, so far as the buildings were concerned, little damage had been done by the vandals. But conversation with the Mayor and some of the rest of the inhabitants of the town revealed that, while the Germans had spared the structures, they had omitted no act of brutality towards the people which their infamous minds could conceive during their two and a half years of occupation. The Mayor himself, a worthy man, had, for a slight offense, been imprisoned for months, traveling from one jail to another in Germany at the capricious will of the Germans. Little was needed in the way of transgression of the laws, rules or whims of the Germans to open the prison doors for the entry of the French people. Even a suspicion of offense often was sufficient to send man, woman or child behind bars, with no hope for freedom or mercy except what ever might lie within the will of the Germans.

I cannot repeat all the tales I was told, not even hint at many of them in their details. One old, old man upon a day failed to salute a German officer as he passed. Without a chance for defense, without opportunity to plead before a court, that man, for such a slight dereliction, passed three long months in prison, whence he was at last liberated, so broken in health that he is but an aged wreck. This is only one instance. There are many others who suffered for offenses, so called, of no greater magnitude. The worst suffering the people of Noyon had to endure rose from the food situation. With the Germans in absolute control, there was nothing but starvation to be expected as their niggard and exacting hands dealt out the supplies. This was a terrible weapon to enforce their will, and they used it unsparingly. Wearing out the tasks of a long day, it was not an unusual thing for a man to return to his home in the evening only to be ordered out again for what

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

GERMAN VANDALISM WILL LEAVE HERITAGE OF HATE

SICKENING RUTHLESS BRUTALITIES DO NOT TERRORIZE FRENCH BUT HARDEN DETERMINATION

Special Cable to the CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1917, Central News)

Paris, April 28.—I have just returned from a trip through some of the territory long held by Germany, but now recaptured by the brave sons of France. Many stories have been told of the wanton destruction by the Germans, of the atrocities they have committed and of the fearful conditions they have created in their Hun-like warfare. Terrible as some of these stories are, not one that I have read has even approached the awful truth. Powers of description fail when they are called upon to picture the destruction of beautiful and historic edifices, the orchards, farms and land laid waste in vandalism that destroys for nothing except the pleasure of destroying; and the amenities of civilization prohibit one from even hinting at many of the indignities, humiliations and atrocities inflicted by the German conquerors upon both male and female, young and old, among the inhabitants. Time will some day restore the devastated land to its fruitfulness, new buildings will replace some of those which have been destroyed and, so far will be forgotten; but never, so long as the human tongue can pass down from generation to generation the awful tales of wrongs suffered, will the people of this ravaged country either forget or forgive the race which defied all the laws of God and man. Agred men and women will tell the horrors to their grandchildren, now too young to understand, and they in turn will carry the heart-racking stories down to their grandchildren, keeping the feeling of hate alive through the generations.

I came to Paris with other British delegates to attend a conference of committees formed in England, France, Russia and Italy, the first business of which was to send congratulations to Russia, through Milukoff, upon its newly acquired freedom, and to offer to send a delegation to Russia if it were desired. This was to express our warm sympathy with Russian democracy and to let the people there know that the members of the resurrection of Russia and the ending of the long slavery of the Russian people. It was also to offset the mischievous conspiracy of pacifists and Socialists who have flocked to Stockholm and Petrograd from nearly all the countries of Europe in an attempt to cooperate with the small section of the Russian Socialist party which holds that Russia should abandon warfare and make a separate peace. Berlin's one hope is that it may operate through this party.

After the conferences were concluded, the members of the Parliamentary Association were invited by their French colleagues to visit some of the towns that have recently been liberated from German control by the successes of the British and French troops. There were ten in all, six of whom were British and Italian delegates. I shall not soon forget that trip. My indignation still rises as I recall the devastation I witnessed, and my heart still aches at the memory of the awful tales poured into our ears by the suffering people.

At the town of Noyon we were relieved to find that, so far as the buildings were concerned, little damage had been done by the vandals. But conversation with the Mayor and some of the rest of the inhabitants of the town revealed that, while the Germans had spared the structures, they had omitted no act of brutality towards the people which their infamous minds could conceive during their two and a half years of occupation. The Mayor himself, a worthy man, had, for a slight offense, been imprisoned for months, traveling from one jail to another in Germany at the capricious will of the Germans. Little was needed in the way of transgression of the laws, rules or whims of the Germans to open the prison doors for the entry of the French people. Even a suspicion of offense often was sufficient to send man, woman or child behind bars, with no hope for freedom or mercy except what ever might lie within the will of the Germans.

I cannot repeat all the tales I was told, not even hint at many of them in their details. One old, old man upon a day failed to salute a German officer as he passed. Without a chance for defense, without opportunity to plead before a court, that man, for such a slight dereliction, passed three long months in prison, whence he was at last liberated, so broken in health that he is but an aged wreck. This is only one instance. There are many others who suffered for offenses, so called, of no greater magnitude. The worst suffering the people of Noyon had to endure rose from the food situation. With the Germans in absolute control, there was nothing but starvation to be expected as their niggard and exacting hands dealt out the supplies. This was a terrible weapon to enforce their will, and they used it unsparingly. Wearing out the tasks of a long day, it was not an unusual thing for a man to return to his home in the evening only to be ordered out again for what

was practically another day of work. There was no refusal. There could be none. The slightest hesitation to obey brought the threat that not only his food, but that of his wife and children, or of his aged parents, would be cut off and all left to starve.

Shocking tales were told of the treatment of the girls and women as the Germans made abominable use of this weapon. Did one of them appeal to the lust of a German, there was no food for her or for her entire family until his demand was complied with. Married or unmarried, there was no help for her, and many a wife and mother has been compelled to choose between the loss of all that womanhood regards as sacred and the lives of her parents and children. Nor were the Germans willing to leave the girls and women behind them. Just before they evacuated the town, seven hundred of the inhabitants, including every female between the ages of fourteen and forty-five, were torn away from the arms of their families and sent to Germany. To-day fathers and mothers, and in many cases children, remain without any knowledge of the whereabouts or the fate of their loved ones who have been sent into slavery—or worse.

The one gleam of light in this dark picture is that food from America saved the population of Noyon, and of other afflicted districts, from actual starvation. When I told the Mayor that I would cable his gratitude and that of his people to the newspapers of America so that all might know how much depended upon the charity of that country, he thanked me with tears.

At Auxy it was saddening to look upon the work of ruin and the desolation wrought, but at Jussy it was worse. To me Jussy was once one of the most delightful villages in that part of France. Fine and prosperous, every part of it was a delight to the eye. To-day literally not a single house remaining standing. Here and there walls, sad reminders of what were once homes of happy people, stand stark in the rubbish-filled streets. All this ruin was accomplished scientifically; so scientifically that the German general who directed the work of destruction left no house for himself and was obliged to make his headquarters in a wine cellar.

There were many pathetic sights in this ruined town, but none more so than one I witnessed at the wreck of a chapel. Of the walls hardly one stone stood upon another save the arch that was once the entrance. Here a devoted priest had stayed a bit of canvas with some sticks of wood, using it as a roof. Under this he had set up his altar, and there, as we passed, he was celebrating Mass. At Auxy, or just outside the village limits, once stood the famous chateau of that name. It was one of the great historic monuments of France, and it might have been thought that the Germans would leave it if for nothing else than its associations. But no. To-day there is no Chateau de Auxy; only a heap of ruins which can never be repaired. The beautiful chateau, admired by hundreds and thousands has fallen a victim to German vandalism.

We saw glimpses of the great battle between the Allied forces and the German troops for the possession of Saint Quentin. We could see nothing distinctly but the occasional volcano that came when the shells from one of the great guns tore the earth open. In the forest beneath us we knew hundreds of thousands of men were fighting and probably dying. The roar of artillery was greater than any thunder that ever we had heard. It was appalling.

Our visits to Ham and to Chauny revealed the same horrors, the same atrocities, the same sickening, ruthless brutalities as elsewhere, except that in the work of destruction in Ham and in Chauny there was not that completeness that we saw in Jussy. They were destroyed, but they did not reach the climax of destruction, that absolute wiping out of everything but a few feet of wall that characterized the obliteration of Jussy. There were parts of buildings left standing in Ham and also in Chauny, but Jussy marks the highest attainment possible in scientific ruining of the work of man.

It was not in the demolition of villages, towns and hamlets that the Germans did all their work. Complete and as scientific as they were in their operations in the towns, they were just as complete and scientific in the country, out in the fields, in the forests, in the orchards. What I saw personally of the destruction of fruit trees amounts to the obliteration of 500,000 of fruit wealth.

We returned to Paris saddened, very much saddened by these horrors, by the unwarranted violence of the Germans, by a vandalism shocking in every form. But when we reached Paris we were cheered by the splendid news of the British armies winning success upon success, north and south of Arras, of the breaking of the German lines, of the promise of victory. We were rejoiced still more by a realization that the abomination practised by the Germans in the land they had surrendered instead of terrorizing France as the Germans supposed it would have hardened the determination of the French to go on to the end, to fight until this enemy shall be so paralyzed that he never will be able again to inflict such horrors upon mankind.

So far as the British delegates were concerned, their unanimous view was that the whole work of destruction was scientifically thought out in Germany, planned in all its details with the knowledge and ap-

proval of Germany's rulers and that it was intended to inflict such destruction to French towns and to French soil as would be equivalent to the big indemnities Germany had expected to collect but which she now has given up all hope of obtaining.

In spite of all our difference as to fiscal policy, we all came to the conclusion that in all fiscal arrangements between the Allies our calculations should be based upon the determination that as Germany had waded against the commercial as well as the military life of France we also were entitled to make commercial war on Germany till she brought back her soul, purified from Hohenzollern and Junker influence and was able to think and act in accordance with civilization again.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

A NEW FRENCH OFFENSIVE is foreshadowed by the opening of a fierce artillery bombardment. The British guns also are shelling with increasing intensity. The total guns captured since the storming of Vimy is 300, and the prisoners taken now approximate to thirty-eight thousand. It is computed by close observers that the Crown Prince has lost over a quarter of a million men.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE struck a cheering note at the Guildhall yesterday, when he was presented with the freedom of the city of London. "The tide has now turned. Victory is coming increasingly nearer." Reading between the lines the British Premier apparently does not look for a four-year war. Coming on top of the rather depressing report regarding the submarine campaign, the optimistic speech of Mr. Lloyd George has a heartening effect in Britain, where the food restrictions bear heavily on the people.

THE DESPAIR OF THE GERMANS, which has resulted in black piracy, led Mr. Lloyd George to lift the curtain on the past. Since June, 1915, when the British lost eighty-four guns, not a single gun has been lost by the British troops. In the same period four hundred German guns have been captured, while ten German prisoners are taken for every Britisher. The submarine menace, he admitted, was the worst problem they had to tackle, and "we mean to do it," he added. He warned the country not to underestimate the submarine peril, which has worried Britain for two and a half years. The one compensation was the bringing in of the United States, due to Germany's submarine policy. Ten per cent. more land is being cultivated by the farmers of the United Kingdom, which will mean an addition of two million tons of food. Britain is determined to force peace, and not allow Germany to think that by holding out until the end of 1918 she can starve Great Britain into making peace.

TEN MILLION TONS OF IMPORTS will be cut off ultimately by Britain without interfering with any essential industry. This will go far to ease the shipping situation. Had this step been taken a year ago there would have been a year's supply of wheat in the stores of Great Britain. According to Mr. Lloyd George Britain is on the high road to being self-contained during the remainder of the War. Timber, iron ore and other supplies are now provided from home reserves. Four times as many new ships are being built this year as last. The shipping henceforth will be concentrated under Government control upon the essential and vital trade of the country.

IN MESOPOTAMIA the Thirteenth Turkish Army Corps has retreated up both banks of the Shatt-el-Adhim in the direction of the Jebel Hamrin hills. The British troops are keeping in touch with this force, which on two occasions made unsuccessful attempts to come to the aid of the Eighteenth Turkish Army Corps on the Tigris. If all goes well there should be news soon of a general advance on Mosul, which is the base of the Turkish operations in Mesopotamia. It is an important stronghold, being a magazine and arsenal.

THE UNITED STATES is responding magnificently to the needs of the Allied countries. Half a billion dollars a month loans will be made in the following proportions: Britain, \$250,000,000; France, \$100,000,000; and Russia and Italy, \$150,000,000. The European missions to Washington are creating a most favorable impression, and stimulating the war spirit of the Republic. There is a widespread demand for some form of compulsory recruiting with the object of aiding the Allies on the battlefield.

GERMAN INTERNAL CONDITIONS, according to a despatch from the Danish capital are far from rosy. The Socialists proposed Parliamentary control of the conduct of the War, but the Reichstag Committee voted it down. Of deeper significance was the admission by the German Minister of War that letters from the front showed a certain amount of discouragement among the troops. Freely translated, this means that the German soldiers are writing home very depressing news of the recent battles on the Western front. To encourage Hindenburg in his impossible task the Reichstag Committee sent greetings and promise of continued support, to which the Socialists refused assent. A Socialist member complained that men were now sent to the front as a punishment.—Globe, April 28.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

paralyzed, which if unlocked would result to the standards of the empire, thousands of fighting men who would have the consciousness that they were truly fighting for freedom under the banner of democracy. Who can deny if the Irish problem was settled, England could arise and go forth to battle with a new pride, a mightier power, and a challenge to the entire world for the cause of freedom.

BUT TO DISTRESS

"That the Irish problem is not settled, is due to distrust, the distrust of a small section of Irishmen who will not listen or learn, but say they would sooner have civil war than obey the laws of parliament. This situation existed in the year 1914, when the Home Rule Bill was passed by parliament and only awaited the signature of the King. One show of confidence, one proffered handshake and the long open wound would have been healed; but unfortunately the opportunity was lost.

"I am not here to make charges. I respect the convictions of all men, even those I believe to be in the wrong. The Irish problem, however, has reached a stage where, either it must be solved by the British parliament or the bankruptcy of parliamentary government will result.

AS A LOVER OF LIBERTY

"I speak not as an Irishman, but as a true Canadian, a lover of liberty. I believe in those institutions which have made the Canadian people what they are today, namely happy and contented British subjects. We have been told that if we believe in parliamentary government, Ireland should be content to be governed like Scotland and Wales.

"There are many reasons why not. I must utter one painful and conclusive reason. If Ireland had been governed like either of those countries, there would never have been any Irish problem to solve. I do not disguise the fact that I am a staunch admirer of Great Britain and know no land, not even that of my illustrious forefathers, which can show more glorious traditions than England. Nevertheless she has not been free from faults, and I feel sure that no Englishman who is a friend of Ireland exists, who would not, if he were able, gladly tear the pages from its history concerning the government of Ireland.

DANIEL O'CONNELL

"In Ireland's fight throughout the centuries for freedom there appears the name of one who presented the problem and its solution to the Irish and British races. He was Daniel O'Connell, one of the most remarkable men of the nineteenth century. He was gifted as few men are, with attributes which are seldom seen in any one personality. Of a calm and lucidly logical mind he was a statesman who held sway over the masses, but never used his power towards revolutionary methods. He fought for the law of religious freedom and the success which he accomplished did not apply to Ireland or the United Kingdom, but to the whole of the civilized world. He was one of the fathers of religious liberty.

"In dealing with the Irish question he laid down three principles. The first was that Ireland could not and should not be severed from England, and he always proclaimed a deep sentiment of loyalty and allegiance to the British crown. His second principle was that the woes of Ireland might be removed by the establishment of local self-government, that was, the restoration of the Irish national parliament on College Green. Thirdly, he held that no reform should be attempted through the medium of violence, but rather through the medium of constitutional agitation.

YOUNG IRELAND PARTY

"These precepts were not approved however by the young and ardent Irish Nationalists, such as Duffy, Davis, McGee, and others who conceived that his policy was not and not free Ireland, and organized the Young Irish party, with the object of severing from England. They did nothing however, except to tighten the screws of their opponents on their unhappy land. His methods were later adopted by a new generation of Irishmen under the leadership of Parnell, Davitt and last though in no wise least, John Redmond, John Dillon and Joseph Devlin, who waged such a noble fight that at last their cause was espoused by Hon. W. E. Gladstone, whose memory will long be revered by Irishmen for what he accomplished.

"It was something new for England, when she found upon the outbreak of War that Ireland was loyal, and that her sons were ready to flock to her standards. This feeling was engendered by Gladstone, to whose eternal credit it must be said no one understood the problem as he did. Some had said that the situation could be improved by bettering the material condition of the people, but he knew the solution of the problem lay with the English government appealing to the dignity, pride and honor of the Irish people in trusting them as no one had dared to do before.

"Although Gladstone had been deserted in his espousal of the Irish cause by the financial and landed interests, he had gained a victory, for he had brought to the cause of Ireland the forces of British democracy, and it was under the impulses of this democracy, that way was made for the Home Rule bill which was passed by parliament in 1914.

REDMOND'S ASSURANCE

"All the arguments used in debate against the bill were found wanting, but one section still persisted in distrusting the loyalty of the Irish. To this a convincing answer was given during the first days of the War when John Redmond rose in parliament and said that the Irish people would take care of Ireland and that the British government could withdraw all its forces from her soil without fear. What was the attitude of the opponents of Home Rule? They remained sullen, impervious to argument, and would not give way, thus placing the government in a difficult position. It could not go back or forward and introduced a new bill, to defer Home Rule until after the War.

"This was sanctioned by both parties in spite of the bitter disappointment to Redmond and his followers, who bore it like true British citizens. All honor to them for the stand they took, which forever precluded the challenging of their loyalty. Their cause was all the more noble in the eyes of the friends of liberty, for by submitting as they did, they put in jeopardy the confidence which they had hitherto enjoyed amongst the Irish people.

ULSTER'S ATTITUDE

"There are extremists in Ireland who have all along opposed the Nationalist party on the grounds that they were being duped, and who maintained that the only remedy was complete severance from England. When the uprising took place, there was a feeling created that the problem could not remain unsettled, and it caused such a commotion in Great Britain at the time that a measure for conciliation for both parties was proposed, whereby Home Rule should be instituted immediately in Ireland except in the six Northern counties. Great was the sacrifice, the Nationalists begged their followers to accept the compromise because the Empire was at War, and it was agreed that they would postpone their legitimate aspirations until a later date.

"The attitude of the other side, however, was one of inflexible opposition, and they expressed a sullen determination to oppose the compromise.

PARLIAMENTS SOMETIMES WRONG

"I do not pretend that parliaments are always right. Indeed, I know better (loud laughter), or I should say I know worse," he said. "Majorities are sometimes guilty of oppression. There is, however, always an appeal from parliament, that is an appeal to the people who elect parliaments. Throughout the Irish controversy there is one side which is right and one which is wrong. As to which is which, we all have our convictions, and I believe that in the end justice and truth will prevail. In all these contests Parliament must be an arbiter, and doubtless the losing side often thinks it has been unfairly dealt with. What is the remedy? Shall it be civil war and bloodshed? Shall it be said by the party which succumbs, 'I will not submit?' If this be so, I maintain that this will mean the bankruptcy of parliamentary government.

"I do not want to discredit the views expressed that there shall be no change in the constitution of Great Britain, or to suggest that Ulster shall be coerced but I want it to be known that the other part of Ireland has been subjected to coercion for three hundred years (loud applause).

"Let there be no appeal made to civil war but only to the conscience of men. If the Irish are wrong in the long battle which they have fought for self government, or if they are right in asking for those institutions which they believe will bring liberty and justice even to those who oppose them, let the voice of the people decide. It shall not and must not be said in these days when we are fighting for the liberty of the whole civilized world, that we go to the end of the War with part of the British Empire believing it has not had that measure of justice to which it is entitled.

A MESSAGE TO IRELAND

"We are not here this evening to force our views on anybody, but we would like our fellow citizens of the United Kingdom to know that we believe there is only one way to settle the question, and that is by the voice of the people of the United Kingdom. If they do not believe in Home Rule for Ireland, the Irish will have to continue doing as they have been doing before, knocking on the door of Parliament. If on the other hand Home Rule should be approved by this method, the other side can reserve the right to agitate through constitutional means for what they consider right. To-night we would flash across the sea to John Redmond and his devoted followers a testimonial of our admiration for their moral courage and their inflexible determination never to be diverted from their goal, Home Rule for Ireland, by the opposition of extremists on either one side or the other."

SENATOR EDWARDS

Senator Edwards, in coming forward to second the resolution, was received with acclaim. He commented upon the speech delivered by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and characterized it as the best he had ever heard. He then humorously traced his ancestry back on both sides and finally found himself to be a pure Celt, because, he said, "his father was Welsh and his mother was Scotch."

On the burning question of Home Rule, Senator Edwards said that it had been frequently stated by many people that it was not a question that should occupy the attention of the people of this country. However, in that matter he agreed with his friend, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, affirming that it was a question which concerned the whole empire. Especially at the present time, when Canadian troops were fighting side by side in the one common cause with the French and British, he thought it a question of first concern. "To my mind," he said, "no one who is conscious of the liberty we have enjoyed here in Canada can be anything else, or proceed to himself to be anything else than a Home Ruler."

He presented the condition of South Africa at the present time as an object lesson. He went back to the time when that country was up in arms against Great Britain, and pictured it today after Great Britain granted that country Home Rule. "And with this object lesson," he said, "I am unable to understand why a Canadian can be anything else but a Home Ruler for the people of Ireland." For my life, he added, "I can not see why this privilege has not been granted such a great people." (Applause.)

MR. C. A. MAGRATH

Mr. C. A. Magrath, who spoke briefly, said that at the outbreak of War he had been in Ireland and was positive that if the Act had been enforced according to all indications there would be bloodshed, as both sides proclaimed determination in their contentions, one party, the Nationalists, favored Home Rule, while in the north, the Ulsterites were determined to fight it at all costs. However, the speaker contended that he was in favor of Home Rule. "I do not want any Home Rule," he said, "for a part of Ireland. I want Home Rule for the entire island." He referred to the harmony that prevailed among the two races in Canada and said in conclusion that there was no reason to believe that the same state would be established in Ireland. He said in conclusion that if a parliament was established in Dublin there was no reason to disbelieve that the Scotch-Irish of the North would unite with the pure Irish of the South.

FROM MINISTER OF JUSTICE

Hon. Mr. Murphy read a telegram and a letter from Hon. C. J. Doherty, Minister of Justice, who stated that it was a matter of profound regret to him that he was unable to be present at the meeting, to move the resolution quoted previously, which, he stated, had his unreserved concurrence and approval.

FATHER DRUMMOND'S ADDRESS

SUGGESTIONS PRACTICAL AND POINTED FROM LEARNED JESUIT

A well attended meeting of the Edmonton Knights of Columbus was entertained by the Reverend Father Drummond, S. J., of the local Jesuit College, Wednesday night, April 18th, in the club rooms, 10209 100th ave. The audience showed its warm appreciation of the lecture by tendering a hearty vote of thanks proposed by James T. J. Collisson to the speaker.

Rev. Father Drummond's lecture, which he called "Suggestions about Speaking and Writing," was brimful of practical hints. The speaking voice is, he said, one of the best indications of a person's character. The singing voice is no indication of a person's character at all. Many sing in the sweetest, softest tones and talk in snarls and rasping tones which reveal their true character. One of the first duties of parents is to train their children to speak in low, musical tones, with distinct articulation, avoiding nasality and drawl. To solve the natural objection that hard-working fathers and mothers who had no servants, had no leisure to spend on such refinements, the lecturer replied that civilized whites could surely do what uncivilized Indians do. Now all white missionaries among the Indians agree that squaws train their children to speak their native language correctly, and that, as a consequence, no Indian child ever makes a mistake in pronunciation or grammar. In English the distinct utterance of unaccented syllables, as in the final syllable of "justice," is a test of good education. The common Canadian and American fault of making the short "o" in "not, hot," too short is justly condemned by the New Standard Dictionary, which adopts the broader British pronunciation as "standard." Voice culture should be studied by those who wish to speak in public. Miss Ada Ward Mrs. Pankhurst, and especially the late Charles Hadden Spurgeon, whom Father Drummond heard in London, were mentioned as models of pure vocalization.

Writing is an art which must be self-taught and which can be learned even in advanced age. However well a man may have been trained in his youth, he must eventually train himself by constant practice to write clearly and efficiently. In the first place he must define his subject and embody it in a definite proposition. Then he must prove his points with solid arguments. Finally, he must drive home his conclusion with earnestness and fervor. Sincerity is the supreme requisite of the really eloquent speaker.

Read the models: for instance, Cardinal Newman, who is the king

of English prose; Hilaire Belloc, Monsignor Benson. Catholics never have taken much stock in Carlyle, who was all the rage forty years ago, because the saneness of the Catholic mind soon detected the sophistry of that Germanized Jeremy, who made brutal might the standard of right; nor in Ruskin, seven-eighths of whose writings were brilliant nonsense.

Father Drummond then read selections, with his own comments, from Winston Churchill's "Inside of the Cup," in which, he said, the only strong argument was Hodder's plea for the virgin birth. The lecturer went on to give, as his general estimate of this novel, that for Protestants who cannot weigh and analyze evidence, it is a very dangerous work, a sort of American edition of Robert Elsmere. For sincere and thoughtful Catholics it is not at all dangerous. Their training will make them see how (1) the author's reading of the gospels is all wrong; (2) because his history is all wrong; (3) because he spurns dogmas founded on facts; (4) because he has no sense of the value of arguments; and (5) because he catches words and shibboleths into dogmas. He ignores four-fifths of Christendom, namely, the Catholic Church and the orthodox schismatics.

SUDDEN DEATHS AT MUNICH

Rome, April 17, 1917.—With a suddenness and a simultaneity that were almost tragic, there died on Saturday last, April 14, at Munich, Bavaria, His Eminence, Cardinal Francis von Bettinger, Archbishop of Munich-Freising, and the Most Rev. Archbishop Aversa, the recently appointed Apostolic Nuncio to Bavaria, who was until December last Apostolic Nuncio to the Republic of Brazil.

Archbishop Aversa had been operated upon for appendicitis, and was apparently recovering in a very satisfactory manner. Cardinal von Bettinger went to his bedside and congratulated him upon the seeming success of the operation, expressing at the same time a hope for his speedy recovery. A short time after His Eminence had returned to his home he was found dead in his room. Soon afterwards Archbishop Aversa took a turn for the worse, sank rapidly, and expired. Cardinal von Hartmann, Archbishop of Cologne, is now the only member of the Sacred College residing in Germany. News of the death of these two eminent churchmen caused a sensation here in Rome.

Archbishop Aversa was recognized as the most capable diplomat which the Holy See could send to Munich at the present very difficult time; and it will be hard to replace him in the delicate position he held for so short a time.

NOTRE DAME PREPARES FOR WAR IN TRADITIONAL FASHION

"Just as in 1861, when more than two hundred boys marched from the campus, when eight priests and brothers locked their classrooms, and when eighty Sisters left their convent home at St. Mary's—so at this time does Notre Dame expect, if need be, that her sons of 1917 will uphold those glorious traditions." This was the conclusion of a stirring appeal by Rev. Matthew Walsh, vice-president of Notre Dame, to the students at a mass meeting in Washington hall.

Fifteen minutes later, with the cadet band leading the way and playing national airs, two hundred and twenty-five boys marched to the "varsity armory and added their names to the roll of the Notre Dame battalions. In the Notre Dame regiment there are now three battalions. Nine companies are included, all under the direction of Sergeant George Campbell, U. S. A., retired, who has been connected with military work at Notre Dame for the past six years.—Catholic Transcript.

WILL RESTORE LOUVAIN AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS WILL UNDERTAKE THE WORK

Clifford N. Carver, formerly secretary to United States Ambassador Page in London, and later secretary to Colonel House, President Wilson's personal envoy to Europe, is given as authority for the statement that a number of leading educational institutions in the United States will undertake the work of restoring the buildings and library of the University of Louvain after the War. He says that plans for this work, which will entail the expenditure of approximately \$5,000,000, have been under preparation for some time. It was to consult with Belgian officials and to obtain from them detailed plans and drawings of the buildings, together with a report of the actual damage that he went to Europe a few months ago.

The committee in charge will be composed, he says, of heads of some of the leading universities and colleges of the United States and several prominent American financiers. Part of the plan will be to replace as far as possible, the library that was burned. Mr. Carver said work would begin as soon as peace was declared. The restored university will be the gift to Belgium of America's educational institutions.—Michigan Catholic.

I know the best way by which to reform the world: let each man begin with himself.—Pope Pius IX.

Advertisement for Royal Yeast Cakes, featuring an illustration of a woman and a child, and text: "MADE IN CANADA. Bread is the cheapest food known. Home bread baking reduces the high cost of living by lessening the amount of expensive meats required to supply the necessary nourishment to the body. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED. TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL."

Advertisement for Mission Supplies, featuring text: "MISSION SUPPLIES A DISTINCT SPECIALTY BEST TERMS W. E. BLAKE & SON, LTD. 123 CHURCH ST. TORONTO. It isn't a good plan to allow your regrets for yesterday to overshadow your hopes for tomorrow. FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION Taichowfu, China, Nov. 26, 1916 Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD"

Advertisement for Memorial Windows, featuring text: "MEMORIAL WINDOWS ENGLISH ANTIQUE STAINED GLASS LYON GLASS CO. 141-3 CHURCH ST. TORONTO ONT. WANTED A TORONTO GENTLEMAN WITH WIFE and nine year old son would like to board the summer months on a farm near the water and convenient to Mass. Apply Box J, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 2010-2"

Advertisement for All Steel Fire Proof Vestry Cabinet, featuring text: "ALL STEEL FIRE PROOF VESTRY CABINET, \$20 To hold your Censers, Charcoal, etc. MISSION SUPPLIES BEST ON THE MARKET J. J. M. LANDY 405 YONGE ST. TORONTO Catholic Books LARGEST STOCK IN CANADA CATALOGUES FREE W. E. BLAKE & SON, LTD. 123 CHURCH ST. TORONTO"

Advertisement for The Home Bank of Canada, featuring text: "THE HOME BANK OF CANADA Original Charter 1854 SOUND ECONOMY is the doctrine of proportion reduced to practice; it is foreseeing contingencies and providing against them" Hannah More. The results of the practice of economy are found in the savings account in the entries of a dollar at a time, credited in the Pass Book. Full Compound Interest paid at highest bank rate on Savings Deposits of One Dollar and upwards. BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS THROUGHOUT CANADA Local Offices: LONDON, 394 Richmond St. (Opposite Smallman & Ingram's) KEMMICK THORNDALE DELAWARE ILDERTON MELBOURNE LAWRENCE STATION"

Advertisement for Merchants Bank of Canada, featuring text: "Merchants Bank of Canada ESTABLISHED 1864 Paid-up Capital \$7,000,000 Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits 7,250,984 GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS 216 Branches and Agencies in Canada Savings Department at All Branches Deposits Received and Interest Allowed at Best Current Rates Bankers to the Grey Nuns, Montreal; St. Augustine's Seminary, St. Joseph's Academy, and St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto."

Advertisement for Housecleaning, featuring text: "At Housecleaning Gets Right Through Gets Through Right Old Dutch Cleanser. I know the best way by which to reform the world: let each man begin with himself.—Pope Pius IX."

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. N. M. BROMOND
FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER
SIN CONSIDERED AS AN OFFENCE TO GOD

And when He is come He will convince the world of sin, and of justice, and of judgment. (John xvi. 8.)
Though the natural law inscribed upon the heart of every man allows no man who has the full use of his reason to be devoid of a knowledge of good and evil, yet only those who have been either directly or indirectly brought under the influence of the Holy Ghost, have as correct an idea as is possible for man in this life to have of the enormous deformity of sin. Under His blessed influence, therefore, it may be said the world is convinced of the disobedience, ingratitude, injustice, insolence, and folly of sin—

writing of sin, if they had been undergone by a person inferior in rank to Jesus Christ, who was God as well as man. Could a creature have been found amongst the angels above, or men here below, who, by undergoing the sufferings endured by Jesus Christ, would have paid the debt, satisfied God the Father, and cancelled the handwriting of sin, then God has been unjust in exacting infinitely more than was due to Him—

Behold, then, the conviction to which the Holy Ghost leads the world concerning the malice and enormity of mortal sin. Could a greater evil befall the human soul, since it is infinitely injurious to the Almighty God? Why is it, then, that we do not detest this infernal monster with all the hatred of which our hearts are capable? Why do we not fly from it as from the face of a venomous serpent whose sting is death? How is it that we admit it so easily into our souls, and when it is once there show so little concern to have it removed? Since the strongest feeling of our nature is our instinct of self-preservation, which furnishes us with a natural dread of whatever is calculated to do us harm, it follows that my questions have their answers from the sad fact that we either treat our souls as if they were not a part of ourselves, or alas! have not yet realized that there is not and cannot be anything more calculated to do us harm than mortal sin—that it is the dreadful source of all the harm that has ever or will ever come to us. It destroys our peace here on earth and our prospect of eternal happiness hereafter, and with these gone, what is man but a most miserable wretch, all the most flattering circumstances of the world to the contrary notwithstanding.

TEMPERANCE

DRINK PROVES TO BE INJURY TO STUDENT

With students, particularly, the action of alcohol and special intellectual and nervous strain operate frequently to bring about very obstinate nervous troubles. There are many more breakdowns from beer than from books.

This fact is recognized by the scholarly men who have charge of the United States Army and Navy schools. These have absolutely forbidden the use of all alcoholic liquors, including beer, to their bright young students in the art of scientific assassination. These objections are shared by the majority of our university heads. Their general attitude toward alcohol is ably summed up in a letter from Dr. Howard McClenahan, dean of Princeton University, who says: "We regard drinking as harmful, especially for young men, and we therefore are making every effort to discourage and prevent it. We forbid absolutely the keeping or drinking of alcoholic liquors in college buildings or dormitories. We forbid also the frequenting of saloons and drinking places. In addition, the University conducts a course of education upon the influence of drink."

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University, writes me: "My observation among students of Harvard University during the last sixty-five years, is that the use of alcohol among them has very much diminished—particularly during the last twenty-five years. This improvement has been the result of voluntary action altogether. Locally in Cambridge the absence of saloons has been of advantage. So far as I am able to judge, the recent physiological demonstrations, that alcoholic drinks diminished efficiency in all occupations, have not yet had much effect on the educated class; but as these demonstrations become known, I cannot but think that they will re-enforce the general tendency towards temperance."

"For myself, I can perhaps best put my conclusions about the use of alcohol in the following way. If were to begin life over again, I would start as a total abstainer from alcoholic drinks, and would not offer them to friends or guests in my house. This conclusion is based on the conviction that alcoholism is the greatest evil which afflicts the white race—first, because of its own effects and, secondly, because it induces or promotes other grave evils."—Edwin F. Bowers, M. D., in Union Signal.

"ME NO DRINK ANY"

That was an admirable lesson which the untutored child of the forest gave the white man whom he accidentally met, indeed, we do not know of a better rule by which the men and boys of civilized life can guide and guard themselves.

The incident occurred on the bank of the Black River in Northern Michigan. One day a sportsman, after a long chase, succeeded in shooting a deer, and as he was a long way up the

river, he decided to call at the nearest Indian hut and borrow a boat to take his game to Sheboygan. He found an Indian working in the woods peeling birchbark, and thinking to ingratiate himself, he drew from his pocket a flask of whiskey. "Me no drink whiskey," said the Indian.

"Don't drink whiskey?" asked the sportsman in astonishment: "I supposed my red brothers all liked whiskey."

"Yes; me like it," said the Indian. "Like it, and don't drink it!" exclaimed the sportsman. "If you like it, why not drink?"

"Me like it, and drink little; brother drink little, he want more; bime-by, heap drunk Inju. Ugh! me no drink any," said the Indian.

The sportsman looked at the Indian, then at the whiskey, and finally dashed the flask against a stone, breaking it and emptying the contents upon the ground.

He then told his errand, and the Indian rolled up his bark, went to the river with the sportsman, helped to get the deer into the boat, and took them to Sheboygan.

At parting the sportsman grasped the red man's hand and said, "Thank you for your temperance lecture. I shall drink no more."

The Indian smiled, seated himself in the boat, and rowed back to his hut.—Catholic Citizen.

"MORE THAN RAIMENT"

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp," sang Burns, "the man's the gold for a' that."

To this American doctrine, lyricized by a Scotch poet, there has never been a more earnest subscriber than the recently deceased English Catholic Duke of Norfolk. Titles and togs meant nothing to him. His clothes designedly furnished a complete incognito.

Mr. Will Crooks, the popular East End member of Parliament, and one with whom the Duke as postmaster general had occasion to work to better laboring conditions, tells this story of the Duke's indifference to dress. When Crooks was new to public life, he boldly accepted an invitation to a brilliant West End reception. He attended in blue overalls. Naturally in the starred and gartered throng he attracted much attention. While the host was pleasant about his little innovation, some of the guests were not, and one titled lady in particular froze the interloper with her lognnetted eyes. Crooks went off to a corner to kick himself for coming, when he heard the Duke announced. He faced about. At once the Duke spied his lonely isolation, came over, thrust his arm through with us," Crooks answered: "You and I, Crooks, seem to be the only two without a companion."

And so the Duke, for his kindness to individuals irrespective of their wealth or rank, as well as for his constructive policies for social betterment, won the compliment which was the greatest a labor man could pay him. At the time of the bill for the abolition of the House of Lords, the Duke met Crooks. "Well, Crooks," he said, "what are you going to do with us?" Crooks answered: "We're going to abolish you, but there'll be room in the Commons for you at least."—New World.

FRIENDSHIP

Poets have sung and writers have told in story the beauties of friendship. And it is a theme well worth the best efforts to portray. One of the rarest blessings because a true friend is a greater treasure than all the world can give. But what is a friend? It is one who loves us better than himself and who would willingly die that we might live or be happy. But he is not necessarily the one whose love we return, for oftentimes our best friends are those we have looked upon as mere acquaintances. In their sympathy and help in the hour of tribulation lies the proof of their love. Our best friend is not the one who gives us the most expensive gift but the one who gives the greatest part of himself in service, love and self-sacrifice. Friends make daily demands upon us but to serve them is always a pleasure—never a burden. Friendship thrives best where a congenial temperament and mutual regard have laid a deep foundation. Jealousy and selfishness are its deadliest foes and have wrecked more friendships than any other causes. Time and adversity prove the worth of those we fondly call "friends." But, oh, what a terrible disappointment when one of these is weighed in the balance and found wanting! Then it seems as if all is lost and there is nothing left to strive for. Time, distance, death—all have no power to efface the image of the loved one in the human heart. The echo of a loving voice repeats itself in the hour of loneliness even after the long loved one is gone, the memory of a smile or happy greeting grows brighter as the years pass away; and the treasured memories of the carefree and joyous youth become dearer when the stress of care and age is laid upon us. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," and if after the absence old friends meet the greater love asserts itself. Every feature of the loved countenance is dear to us then and we find a new charm and new beauty unappreciated before. The dead are enshrined on the highest pedestals in our hearts and they are always idols without feet of clay. Like stars

glowing brighter than diamonds they lift our minds ever upward to holier and higher things.

History, ancient and modern, sacred and profane, gives many instances of wonderful friendship, and in all of these examples we see that this love of the friends for one another ennobles and elevates what otherwise would likely be a weak and trivial character. The Old Testament points out to us the love between David and Jonathan and the story of these two loyal friends makes the heart beat with a noble impulse. The better and stronger a character the deeper the love that burns for a fellow creature. Weak, cringing natures are incapable of being real friends—the friends that are faithful at all times. It is better to love than to be loved as the Model of friends has shown us. There is nothing He has not done to prove His undying love. Daily He lavishes millions of tokens of deepest love; He comforts us in grief and participates in our joy. After tasks well performed we hear Him say, "Well done, good and faithful servant." And we know only too well His divine love is reciprocated.—St. Paul Bulletin.

DON'T STOP WITH EASTER

After Easter life sinks into ordinary channels. Abstinence, penance, prayer, being practiced for forty days, will be most generally forgotten.

Why should they? Has Lent been a period of intolerable suffering? Penances of modern choosing are scarcely likely to make living an actual hardship. More probably we have simply brought ourselves into the pale of healthful living. The things we have gone without were those that had done us injury; the things we have used in moderation were such we had used to excess. Then why change good habits of six weeks' forming?

No reference is made to the purely spiritual works we may have done. There is no need of an argument for continuing these. Supposing that in the Lenten season we were daily in our attendance at Mass. With the passing of Easter, is the Holy Sacrifice less efficacious? Even though the noon-day Masses in loop churches will be discontinued the fine spring mornings with their early daylight make attendance at the first Mass in the parish church anything but a hardship.

Lent most probably put us on the straight track; why switch off again? Then, with the new Lenten season instead of having again to find our course, we can pick up greater speed in virtuous living.—New World.

ANGLICAN CATHOLICS AGAIN

BISHOPS TO A MAN REFUSE PETITION OF 1,000 CLERGY FOR SACRAMENTAL RESERVATION

In the London Universe we read that the Upper House of Convocation has passed a motion which may have a far reaching effect on the "Catholic" party in the Anglican Church. It was to the effect that the Bishops should reaffirm a decision formulated as long ago as 1911, in a proposed new Rubric, that reservation of the Sacrament should be permitted for the purpose of communicating the sick and for no other purpose whatsoever. The Bishop of Oxford, in moving the resolution, asked the Bishops to reaffirm the decision and to call on all loyal Churchmen to render "canonical obedience." He informed his hearers that he and other Bishops had received passionate appeals not to disturb the peace of the Church during this time of War by interfering with the right of open reservation, and had received also a memorial signed by 1,000 clergy protesting against the denial to the faithful of the right of access to the reserved Sacrament for the purpose of devotion. He concluded by saying that there was nothing in the memorial to alter their resolution, and very much to show them how necessary it was to make their meaning clear and to ask for the support of the Church. The Bishop of London said that he hesitated to vote for the motion because he had reason to think that he would have to pledge himself to allow no access to the Blessed Sacrament when and where it was reserved for the sick. That had proved impossible. The tide of human grief and anxiety had been too great. The longing to get as near as possible to the Sacramental Presence of Our Lord had been too urgent. He could not be a party to turning out of the Church of England those 1,000 ministers who had signed the memorial, and the people who followed them. Nevertheless, in spite of the Bishop of London's protest, the motion was carried entirely. The answer of the Anglican Bishops to the "longing to get as near as possible to the Sacramental Presence of Our Lord" is plain enough. To the majority of them there is no "Sacramental Presence," in the sense meant by the Bishop of London, and the 1,000 memorialists, to approach. Hence such a reply as that of the Bishop of Winchester, who said that he must remind them that there was a kind of development in the Church which was not really a progress, but which was in fact a "degradation." The "Catholic" party has borne so much that one has given up wondering when the cords will snap.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GREEK CHURCH AND CATHOLIC CHURCH

In using the term Greek Church one must distinguish carefully. Ordinarily it means all those churches using the Byzantine rite whether separated from Rome or in communion with the Holy Father. This includes Slavs, Roumanians and others as well as Greeks. But it is not an accurate expression as there is no Greek rite but only the Byzantine which is used in common by many races. As we take the question refers to the Orthodox Greek Church, which includes all those churches separated from Rome and using the Byzantine rite. They claim to have the doctrine of the primitive Christian Church. We call it the Orthodox Church which is a fiction inasmuch as they are heretical. The principal doctrinal difference consists in their rejection of Papal Infallibility, Papal Supremacy, the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and that of Purgatory. The Orthodox Greek Church is sometimes called the Schismatic Greek Church. It would be impossible to go into a history of the many attempts, some successful for a time, at a reunion with the Greeks since their first schism in the latter part of the ninth century. The last breach with Rome in the eleventh century has never been repaired. Several Popes have used every means to bring them back to Christian unity. They have tried pacification and when necessary theological controversy. Many times Greek patriarchs and bishops have professed the Catholic faith. But it is hard to believe they were

APPLES, ORANGES, FIGS AND PRUNES

Are The Four Fruits Used in Making "Fruit-a-tives"

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" is the only medicine in the world that is made from the juices of fresh ripe fruits. Thus, it is manifestly unfair to say, "I won't take Fruit-a-tives because I have tried other remedies and they did me no good". On the other hand, the fact that "Fruit-a-tives" is entirely different from any other preparation in the world, is just why you should give it a fair trial, in any trouble of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys or Skin. "Fruit-a-tives" is composed of the active principle of fruit and the greatest nerve tonic ever discovered. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

genuinely converted. But we know that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries they gave evidence of good will to Catholic missions. They permitted priests of the Catholic Church to hear confessions and say Mass in their churches. And we find that many Jesuits and Capuchins made use of the permission. Today the rules about communicating in sacred things with heretics have been made quite severe by Propaganda and the missionaries are observing the rules most rigidly.—Rev. B. X. O'Reilly.



WHO WOULD EVER have expected to see you here? I thought you left Canada some years ago. My, Bill! You look just as natural as ever. Let me see now, it must be thirty years since I saw you before. That was the time that your father and my father were attending a meeting in Toronto, and were staying at the Walker House. Gee! Those were the happy days. I will never forget. My! How you laughed at me when I fell sliding on the clean floor of the Office of the Hotel. My Dad thought I have you been in Toronto lately? Well, there will be lots of other Hotels in Toronto, and many of them pretty good ones, Billy, but there is only one WALKER HOUSE for mine. Well, Good-Bye Old Chap! All right, that's a Go! Walker House next Tuesday. Mind your Step, you are getting old now, Bill. Good-Bye!

TORONTO'S FAMOUS HOTEL The WALKER HOUSE Geo. Wright & Co. - Proprietors

Spirit of love, I conjure thee to remain with me! Abandon me not whilst I live in this valley of tears! —B. Henry Suso.

BELLS, PEALS, CHIMES advertisement with logo and contact info.

MARTIN DITCHER AND GRADER advertisement for digging equipment.

DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED

It is a disease—not a habit. Some years ago I was a heavy drinker. Demon drink had me in its grip. Friends, business, family were slipping from me. Ruin stared me in the face. But one friend remained, a physician. Through his efforts

I WAS SAVED. This man had made a scientific study of drunkenness as a disease. He had found a cure for it.

It was a case like this that made me realize how many others were in need of aid, and determined me, if possible, to offer Samaria Prescription to the world. The treatment is absolutely different from others. It can be given without the patient's knowledge if desired. Thousands of wives, mothers, daughters and sisters have saved their men-folk from the curse of alcohol through it.

IT CURES. In a few days, all craving for alcohol is gone, and the patient is restored to health, happiness, family and friends, and the respect of all. I am ready to tell you about it absolutely

FREE—SEND NO MONEY. Just send me your name and address, saying, "Please tell me how I can cure drunkenness," that is all you need to say. I will understand and will write you at once telling you all about my wonderful cure for DRUNKENNESS, and will also send you a TRIAL PACKAGE, which will show you how the treatment can be given without the patient's knowledge. All this I will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE in a plain, sealed package, at once.

Do not delay; send me a post card, or write me a letter to-day. Do not be afraid to send in your name. I always treat correspondence as sacredly confidential. E. R. HERD, Samaria Remedy Co., 1421 Mutual Street, Toronto, Canada.

KEEP YOUR HOUSE WARM ALL WINTER advertisement for KING HOT WATER BOILER. Includes images of the boiler and radiator, and contact information for STEEL AND RADIATION, LIMITED.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

MOTHER'S DAY

Let every mother's son not forget to wear on Mother's Day the white flower betokening love for her to whom, after God, he owes devotion.

comfort and salvation and heaven when you die, and it means the same for those who may be born of your wedlock.—The Echo.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

DON'T BE MAD AT MOTHER

Don't be mad at mother When her patience seems to break 'Neatly the thousand little duties

Don't get mad at mother When her cares and worries seem To fret her and arouse her—

Don't get mad at mother When her doll is broken and her hair is matted

GENERAL INTENTION FOR MAY

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

THE SODALITY OF OUR LADY

A wise traveller, about to cross an ocean, will not risk the voyage in a leaky or a worm-eaten vessel.

THE KIND OF GIRL TO CHOOSE

"Pick out a nice Catholic girl. It will take you a couple of years to get her. Give her a good time. Don't be a tightwad, but spend a little money on her."

Thus Father O'Malley, S. J., exhorted young men at the close of a mission, a fortnight ago, at St. Aloysius Church, Kansas City, Mo.

"Of course," he explained, "I know with the high cost of living it is kind of rash for me to talk about matrimony for young men, but the older I become, the more convinced I am that there is only one thing for a young man to do and that is to seek a life partner."

Father O'Malley knew that marriage is directly the young man's business, and that it is the latter whose future happiness, both temporal and eternal, is at stake.

"When you get into manhood's estate," he then continued, "go pick out some nice girl—one of our Catholic girls."

"Women don't abandon their husbands on account of poverty. You might occasionally find one, but she is rare. A Catholic woman will stand by a man as long as he isn't selfish or spending his money at a bar or running around with other women."

"This," said Marie as she tucked her doll in her carriage, "is the month of May. We should think of our Blessed Mother very often, because May is her month."

"These were the very words that Marie's mother said to her that morning."

"We'll have to try to call on her some time," Marie's mother had said, "make a visit," but Marie had forgotten the words.

After a few turns of the carriage up and down the front porch, Marie longed for some new amusement.

Why not pretend to be a really-truly mother with a long skirt, and take her doll to church? Quietly Marie stole into the house.

With the help of a chair she was able to get it off the hook. Then holding it with the waistband in front of her she climbed into it.

To go down the stairs with a skirt to pull and trail behind you is to know what it is to be grown up.

How mother ever managed long skirts, a go-cart, an umbrella and packages from the store became more and more of a question with Marie.

Streets that are not your own street look very different when you go down them alone, with no mother or father to hide the view.

Everyone seemed to be in a lunch. A lone grocery wagon rattled by and the driver boy called out:

"Hello there, little girl!" Marie gazed at him. "Not a little girl. I'm lady," she muttered.

When she reached the steps of the church, Marie lifted Clementina out of the carriage and with the doll in her arms mounted the steps.

"Pretty warm for this time o' year," she said. "How is your Child? Clementina is quite well, thank you."

"Oh, no, please don't bother to get anything. We just had our lunch."

One of the safest means provided by our Mother the Church for making the formidable journey through life is membership in a Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, an organization which possibly is not as well known as it ought to be by the great majority of Catholics.

The Sodality is "a pious society, canonically established to help the faithful to walk more safely in the path of virtue, under the protection of the Mother of God."

There are many people who face the world with the desire to live a really Christian life, but who meet with such obstacles at every turn that they retire discouraged; they need a powerful help to keep them faithful to their resolutions.

Numerous and varied are the means which membership in the Sodality offers for progress in the Christian life.

The Church represents our democratic ideals. Dr. Jenkins Lloyd Jones, Chicago. "The Catholic Church is the only organization in history that has brought together in any such manner diverse races, hostile nations, and alien people."

honor her in many special ways. They have recourse to her more frequently, invoke her more confidently, and therefore have a better right than others to trust to her good offices in their behalf.

In the beginning the activities of the Sodality were restricted to certain categories of youth in houses of education, its object being the personal perfection of its members in virtue, by study, works of charity and zeal for souls.

The Sodality of Our Lady is now spread throughout the world and counts its members by millions. During the past sixty years many thousand branches have been affiliated to the Primary Sodality in Rome and share in its indulgences and privileges.

It is a consoling fact that membership in the Sodality became for multitudes the stepping-stone to higher things. How many thousand young men found their first attraction to the priesthood or the religious life; how many thousand young women went from their Sodality to the cloister, there to give a more intense service to the Queen of Heaven.

Children of Mary throughout the world should be grateful to our Holy Father for his thoughtfulness in presenting the General Intention for the present month of May. They will see in this kindly act another pledge of the protection the Church and her Pontiffs have always accorded to the Sodality.

THE CHURCH REPRESENTS OUR DEMOCRATIC IDEALS

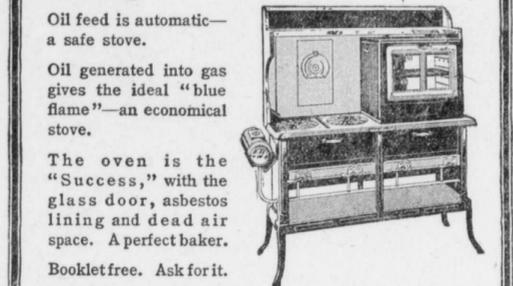
"The Catholic Church is the only organization in history that has brought together in any such manner diverse races, hostile nations, and alien people. It represents beautifully our democratic ideals."

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Don't Use Dangerous Antiseptic Tablets. It is an unnecessary risk. Use the safe antiseptic and germicide, Absorbine, Jr.—it kills germs quickly and surely without any possibility of harmful results.

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THE E. B. Eddy Company Limited Hull, Canada. (which is really pulp hardened and baked by a special process) it cannot splinter or fall apart. Won't hurt your fingers or tear your clothes.



HOTEL CUMBERLAND NEW YORK, Broadway at 54th Street. Rooms with Adjoining Bath \$1.50 up. Rooms with Private Bath \$2.00 up. Suites \$4.00 up.

Famine and World-Hunger Are On Our Threshold



"in the nation's honor, heed!
Acquit yourselves like men.
As workers on the land, do your
duty with all your strength!"

—Lloyd George

THE CRISIS

France, England and Italy in peace times did not depend upon America, but on Russia, Roumania and Bulgaria for most of their breadstuffs. With these sources closed, the crisis of the hour demands that we see that our soldiers and the Motherland are fed.

Everyone in Great Britain has been put on limited rations! Meat is prohibited one day a week, and the making of cakes and pastry has been stopped. Further restrictions are anticipated.

Bread has gone to 28c per four-pound loaf in England, for the first time since the Crimean War.

Lord Devonport, British Food Comptroller, proposes taking authority to search the houses of Great Britain to prevent food hoarding.

Forty million men, less the casualties, are now on active service.

Twenty million men and women are supporting them by service in other war activities.

In the last analysis the land is bearing this burden.

One million tons of food-carrying ships have been torpedoed since February 1st, 1917.

Germany's hope for victory is in the starvation of Britain through the submarine.

Canada's sons will have died in vain if hunger compels the Motherland's surrender.

The land is waiting—the plough is ready—will we make the plough mightier than the sword?

Will we help the acres to save the flag?

World-Hunger Stares Us in the Face

David Lubin, representative of the United States to the International Institute of Agriculture—maintained by forty Governments—reports officially to Washington that the food grains of the world on March 31st, 1917, showed a shortage of 150,000,000 bushels below the amount necessary to feed the world until August, 1917. He declares it is beyond question that unless a greater acreage is put to crop in 1917 there will be WORLD-HUNGER before the 1918 crop is harvested.

The failure of the grain crop, in the Argentine Republic, which is ordinarily a great grain-exporting nation, resulted in an embargo being placed, in March, 1917, upon the export of grain from that country to avert local famine.

The United States Department of Agriculture, in its official report, announces the condition of the fall wheat crop (which is two-thirds of their total wheat crop), on April 1st, 1917, to be the poorest ever recorded, and predicts a yield of 244,000,000 bushels below the crop of 1915. The 1916 crop was poor. Even with favorable weather, the wheat crop of the United States is likely to be the smallest in thirty-five years, not more than 64% of the normal crop.

Under date of April 10th, Ogden Armour, executive head of Armour & Company, one of the world's largest dealers in food products, stated that unless the United States wishes to walk deliberately into a catastrophe, the best brains of the country, under Government supervision, must immediately devise means of increasing and conserving food supplies. Armour urged the cultivation of every available acre. The food shortage, he said, is world-wide. European production is cut in half, the Argentine Republic has suffered droughts. Canada and the United States must wake up!



Hunger
Tightening
His Grip

—New York Evening Mail.

People are starving to-day in Belgium, in Serbia, in Poland, in Armenia, in many quarters of the globe.

Famine conditions are becoming more widespread every day. On these alarming food conditions becoming known, President Wilson immediately appointed a Food Comptroller for the United States. He selected Herbert C. Hoover, to whom the world is indebted, as Chairman of the International Belgium Relief Commission, for his personal direction of the distribution of food among the starving Belgians.

Mr. Hoover is already urging sacrifice and food restrictions, for, as he states, "The war will probably last another year, and we shall have all we can do to supply the necessary food to carry our Allies through with their full fighting stamina."

The Problem for Ontario

The land under cultivation in Ontario in 1916 was 365,000 acres less than in 1915.

Consider how much LESS Ontario produced in 1916 than she raised in 1915.

	Year	Acres	Bushels	1916 DECREASE	
				Acres	Bushels
Fall Wheat	1916	704,867	14,942,050	105,315	9,794,961
"	1915	811,185	24,737,011		
Barley and Oats	1916	529,886	12,388,969	24,432	7,504,160
"	1915	552,318	19,893,129		
Peas and Beans	1916	95,542	1,243,979	31,401	799,070
"	1915	126,943	2,043,049		
Corn	1916	258,332	12,717,072	51,441	9,043,424
"	1915	309,773	21,760,496		
Potatoes and Carrots	1916	139,523	7,408,429	34,411	5,858,594
"	1915	173,934	13,267,023		
Mangel-Wurzels and Turnips	1916	42,793	9,756,015	8,006	15,600,308
"	1915	50,799	25,356,323		

Other crops show as critical decline. Reports from Ontario on the condition of fall wheat for 1917 are decidedly discouraging.

As there is an average of not more than one man on each hundred acres of farm land in Ontario, the prospects indicate even a still smaller acreage under cultivation in 1917 unless extra labor is supplied.



—Photo from London, Eng., Bylander.

A 15-year-old Girl at Work

Miss Alexandra Smith, one of the thousands of British women workers on the land. She recently won an All-Comers' Champion prize for plowing.

Food Production is the Greatest Problem the World Faces To-day

Owing to destruction by submarines, ocean ships are scarce. It is much easier to protect shipping between Canada and England than on the longer voyages from India or Australia.

One vessel can make twice as many trips from Canada to Britain as from India, and four times as many as from Australia. Therefore, every ton of food stuffs grown in Canada is worth to the Motherland two tons grown in India or four tons grown in Australia.

Why the Call to Canada is So Urgent

If this country does not raise a big crop this year, not only will the people of Canada suffer, but the Motherland and her Allies will suffer, and their military power will be weakened if not paralyzed. Therefore, the right solution of the present war problem comes back to the farm, as to a foundation upon which our whole national and international structure must be built and maintained.

The farmers know that they are the last reserve, and that the soil on which crops are grown is the strategic ground on which wars are decided. To their care is entrusted the base of supplies.

The Second-Line Trenches

—McClay, in The New York American.



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To enable the farm to do the work two factors are essential. The first is Time. Whatever we are to do must be done at once. Nature waits for no man. The second is Labor. Many farmers cannot plant the acres they would because they cannot get the necessary help. Many are afraid to increase their acreage because they fear they would not be able to cultivate and harvest an unusual crop after they had raised it. If they are to do the work that is essential for them to do, the last man in each city, town and village must be mobilized at once.

Every man not on Active Service can help. In every city, town and village are men who, by their training on the farm, or by their present occupation, can readily adapt themselves to farm work. These can render no greater service to the Empire at the present time than by answering the call of the farm. Capable men and boys willing to learn should not allow their lack of farm experience to stand in the way.

Can the employer render a more signal service in this crisis than by encouraging these men to help the farmer to cultivate every available acre, and by making it easy for them to go?

Ontario's farm lands are waiting—the implements are ready—the equipment is complete—the farmer is willing—all he needs is labor.

So short is the world's food supply that without increased production many in Canada must go hungry, and even with enormously increased production we cannot expect cheap food. The world is waiting for our harvest.

If peace should be declared within a year, the food conditions will be no better, for the accumulated hunger of the Central Empires must be met. This will absorb a large part of the world's supply.

We do not know when this war shall cease. It is endless—its lengthening out has paralyzed the thought and conception of all men who thought about it and its possible time of conclusion. Three months—six months, we said; nine months, a year, we said; and yet two years and eight months have passed their long, dreary and sanguinary length, and there is no man who can tell how long this gigantic struggle may yet last.

Lloyd George, in a letter addressed to farmers throughout the Empire, said:

"The line which the British Empire holds against the Germans is held by those who WORK ON THE LAND as well as by those who fight on land and sea. If it breaks at any point it breaks everywhere. In the face of the enemy the seamen of our Royal naval and mercantile marine and the soldiers gathered from every part of our Empire hold our line firstly. You workers on land must hold your part of our line as strongly. Every full day's labor you do helps to shorten the struggle and brings us nearer victory. Every idle day, all loitering, lengthens the struggle and makes defeat more possible. Therefore, in the nation's honor, heed! Acquit yourselves like men, and as workers on land do your duty with all your strength!"

So, for the honor of Canada's soldiers in France—and for the glory of our New-born Nationhood—let it be said of Ontario's citizens that, in the hour of our greatest need, their response was worthy of their sons.

We owe a great debt to those who are fighting for us.

Organization and Resources Committee, Parliament Buildings, Toronto

Chairman: His Honor, Sir John S. Hendrie, K.C.M.G., C.V.O., Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario; Vice-Chairmen: Honorable Sir William H. Hearst, K.C.M.G., Prime Minister of Ontario; N. W. Rowell, Esq., K.C., Leader of the Opposition; Secretary: Albert H. Abbott, Esq., Ph.D.

We Must Produce More Food