



REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FABER

CHAPTER XXI

Ten months of Mrs. Phillips' widowhood had passed, and she was still in the deep weeds which proclaimed to the world her loss; her beauty, however, wore no mourning expression; that was brighter, more interesting, more striking than ever. Her mornings she had employed, to Miss Balk's infinite amazement, in study, engaging for the purpose two special instructors from Boston, one in the languages, and other in the general sciences; and Miss Balk's amazement went beyond all expression when Mrs. Phillips added to her studies, lessons in vocal music. Her voice while it was clear and high, lacked sympathy and expression, and for that reason she had never given it much attention; and now that she should devote to it hours daily, and even repair for instruction to the home of the teacher, instead of, as in the case of her other lessons, engage an instructor from Boston, puzzled and annoyed the eccentric spinster. Once she spoke of it in her caustic way; Helen who was about to go forth to her lesson, replied:

"I go to this man's house because he is unable to come to me; and I want to help him, poor fellow, as he has little means, and his health is not good."

"You help him! You doing all this for charity!" exclaimed Miss Balk. "Well, Mrs. Phillips, the prince of the infernal regions might give you the palm for lying."

"You are quite welcome to your opinion, Barbara," was the nonchalant reply. And Mrs. Phillips, drawing her veil over her face, stepped leisurely out.

Miss Balk, however, was not to be baffled. That evening, while Helen was at her own piano practicing the aria which her teacher had so reluctantly taught her, Barbara was on her way to his residence.

She was received with respectful courtesy, and, waving aside the chair placed for her, she introduced at once, in her grim way, the object of her visit.

As the near friend and somewhat protector of Mrs. Phillips, she had come to know what progress that lady was making in her musical studies.

The gentlemanly Frenchman was a good deal surprised and not a little amused. He had supposed Mrs. Phillips, from all that he had heard of her, and she was an object of much curious gossip in the village, — to be entirely her own mistress; certainly accountable to no one for her progress in any study; an opinion which now, judging by the authoritative manner of his visitor, seemed to be quite wrong.

"Are you Mrs. Phillips' mother?" he asked suavely, more to gain time in his indecision as to what he should answer than to elicit any information.

Miss Balk bridled: "I shall submit to no interrogation on my relationship to Mrs. Phillips."

The Frenchman also bridled: "And I, madam, can submit to no questioning about my pupils unless I know the object of the questioner."

"Oh, as to that," was the reply, "knowing the poor quality of her voice, I wondered, since she persists in coming to you for lessons, if you were honest enough to tell her about it, or whether you make her believe she'll be a singer some day for the sake of getting her patronage. In either case it doesn't matter to me; she has plenty of money, and if you can fool her into throwing some of it upon you, so much the better for your pocket;" and Barbara firmly seated herself on the chair which she had at first refused.

"You choose to be insolent, madam," said the now very angry Frenchman; "and I shall resent your insolence by asking you to leave my house. I am not accustomed to secure patronage in the way you mention."

"Oh, keep your temper," answered Miss Balk coolly, and, turning to see herself more comfortably, her eyes fell on an open sheet of music lying on a table near; across the margin of the sheet, in large, plain letters, was written "Miss Burchill." The spinster started, and, turning quickly to the indignant Frenchman, she asked in her slow, grim way, "Is Miss Burchill also a pupil of yours?"

He answered, hotly: "I decline, madam, to answer any of your questions, and I must again request that you leave the house."

For answer, Barbara tried to transfix him with one of her piercing looks, but he was in too much of a passion to see her distinctly. Then she said:

"You have also Mr. Thurston, I presume, on your pupils' list. Happy trio,—Mrs. Phillips, Miss Burchill, and Mr. Thurston. Are your terms very high for the gentlemen?" and Barbara laughed one of her horrid short laughs.

"Parbleu!" exclaimed the Frenchman, hurried by his anger into profanity in his own language. "I have no gentlemen at all on my pupils' list. What do you mean, madam?"

But Miss Balk had risen, and was saying, in her wonted measured tones:

"Then Mr. Thurston is not one of your pupils. I am much indebted to you; you have given me valuable information. Good-evening!"

And she departed in her grim way, leaving the professor in a state of

burning indignation that scarcely subsided until he saw Mrs. Phillips. The account which he gave so affected that lady, though she pretended to treat it lightly, saying that Miss Balk was slightly deranged, that her voice refused to be steady upon any note, and for once she did not insist upon going through the whole repertoire of Miss Burchill's music. At home she opened fire on Barbara.

"How dare you pry into my business in such a manner?" she said, stamping her little foot, and facing Miss Balk with flaming eyes.

"Because I wanted to test the truth of this wonderful charity of yours, and I succeeded; I discovered that it was not charity which made you take these lessons; it was not directly Thurston as I thought at first; it was —" She stopped short, and laughed.

"It was what?" almost shrieked Helen.

"Mildred Burchill," answered Barbara, with another laugh.

"What do you mean by that?" said Mrs. Phillips, growing white as the snow wall behind her.

"I'm afraid you would bungle the work," was the cool reply; "it is not quite so easy as breaking hearts, or shocking people to death."

Mrs. Phillips could trust herself no farther. She dashed from the room and up to her own apartment, where her thoughts held savage council as to how she could escape from Barbara.

Barbara pursued her thin lips together in a very self-satisfied manner, and went out for her customary evening walk. In due time she returned, and with such evidence of having added to her store of satisfaction that had Helen met her she must have noticed it. At breakfast the next morning, however, Miss Balk gave vent to her complacency.

"When will you sail for England, Mrs. Phillips," she asked.

Surprise kept the widow silent; she could only stare at the speaker.

"Oh," resumed Barbara, carelessly, "perhaps you have not heard that Gerald Thurston is going to England. He went to New York yesterday for his purpose, I believe; at least, so I understood the conversation among some of the men that I happened to overhear while out for my walk last evening."

If Barbara wanted proof of the effect of her words, she had it in the deathly pallor which overspread the face opposite; but its owner sought to recover herself, and she answered with a hysterical laugh:

Gerald Thurston's movements are nothing to me."

That they were something to her, however, was proved by her unfinished breakfast, though she strove to hide the fact from Barbara, dallying over the meal that Miss Balk might leave the table first; but Miss Balk remained, and at last both sat simply glaring at each other. Then Barbara rose, saying, with her tantalizing laugh:

"I am sure the air of England will be necessary to restore your appetite."

"And I am sure the air of Hades wouldn't be hot enough to punish you," was the passionate retort as Mrs. Phillips dashed from the room.

That afternoon, on the conclusion of her music lesson, Mrs. Phillips, instead of going home, took her way to Mr. Robinson's. She had been often on his elegant grounds before, for the factory owner, contrary to what might be expected from his character, opened his grounds to the public; but he had them carefully watched over that no fruiting apple might be pilfered. Possibly the reason of his generosity was his delight in the notoriety which his magnificent place thus gained. On this occasion Mrs. Phillips did not linger to admire the cultivated and natural beauties of the scene, but she hurried to the usually large and picturesque building which stood midway in the grounds. A deep warning, together with a short warning bark, told her of the vicinity of dogs, and she paused in some fright. An instant later and her fears became sheer terror; for two large dogs, one a tall greyhound, bounded upon her. They meant no harm, however, and Helen's scream, as the great paws were placed in friendly fashion upon her dress, was followed by a hoarse chuckle of laughter, and a command to the dogs, which the latter obeyed by bounding instantly away from her to the person who had given the order. It was Robinson. His hands full of hot-house plants,—it was his whim to gather such himself,—and his high, wide-brimmed straw hat slung back rakish fashion on his head, gave him a very queer appearance; so queer, that had Helen not been so recently the victim of terror she must have laughed outright.

"Skeered pooty badly, eh?" said Robinson, in his blunt, vulgar fashion; and then as Helen having recovered herself, threw back her veil, he started with astonishment, exclaiming, "Mrs. Phillips!"

She was quite recovered now, and, with her fiery sweetest smile, said:

"Yes, Mr. Robinson, I have ventured to call upon you without the formality of an introduction. I would speak to you on a little private matter with which I feel that I can trust you."

She fastened her eyes upon his face, her beautiful, appealing eyes, while her manner had all the fascination of grace and candor. The hard-fisted factory owner was not impervious. Her beauty, the witchery of her bearing, were having the same effect upon him that had so fatally upon others. He actually, much also to his surprise, found himself striving to soften the abruptness of

his manner, and to appear gracious and gentle.

"Let me ask you into the house Mrs. Phillips, he said; and you can tell me your business there."

He led the way up the broad steps, and through the long, spacious hall to the room that he called his study. Though not very sundown, there was the same blaze of wax lights in the apartment that there had been on the occasion of his interview with Gerald Thurston. The lights seemed all the stranger that the windows admitted the yet unfaded daylight; but Robinson without passing any comment, drew forward a chair for his visitor, and seated himself.

Helen had given a start of surprise at the unusual illumination, but, finding there was to be no explanation of it she affected an indifference to it, and, assuming her most bewitching manner, she began:

"My business is this, Mr. Robinson; you are aware, of course, of my relationship, by my marriage, to your manager, Mr. Thurston."

"You're his stepmother, I believe," answered Robinson; and then he added with a chuckle, "pooty old son for you to have; older than yourself, I guess, by some years."

Mrs. Phillips blushed most becomingly, and resumed:

"And you know also, Mr. Robinson, what an unkind will was made, leaving all to me and nothing to him, and so binding me that I cannot give him one cent."

Robinson nodded.

The fair speaker continued, her voice quivering with the emotion she was scarce enough to put into it:

"Being a woman, Mr. Robinson, and having a woman's heart, I could not rest under such a state of things. I tried in vain to think how I could do some justice to Mr. Thurston, and at last, as a sort of tranquilizer to my poor sensitive conscience, I resolved to live near him, and spend but as little of my wealth as possible, hoping that some time an opportunity might arise for me to restore to him in some way what ought to be his. Now, however, I hear he has gone to England, and the fear that some misfortune in business may have sent him there has compelled me to come to you. You will help me, Mr. Robinson, to do justice to this poor young man. I feel that you will be my friend; that you will direct me right."

The factory owner's heart was more than penetrated; it was completely thawed. Never had he been in such close contact with so charming a presence; never had he heard such exquisite tones; and so much was he under the spell in which she had bound him that his own voice was a little unsteady when he spoke, and his hard lined face unusually flushed:

Gerald Thurston ain't in no want of means. He's got plenty, and he's gittin' more every day. And it ain't no misfortune in business that's sent him to England; it's to fix matters for me,—matters about some new invention in the factory. Being as he's got a pooty good address and heaps of education, it wasn't best that he should stay at home and I go. —So I had to spare him, though it's dreadful inconvenient at the factory; and he's gon' to see the way they do things over there, and I reckon he'll be gone six months."

"And then he'll return and stay with you as usual?" asked Helen, with trembling eagerness.

"I reckon so. He seems to take to the business, and I mean he shall have it whenever I give it up."

"Thank you, Mr. Robinson. You've relieved me of such a weight of care; and now you will not let Mr. Thurston know anything about my interview with you. He is so proud and so sensitive about everything pertaining to his father's will, that I should tremble for the consequences of his anger if he knew that I had spoken to you. Indeed, I wonder at my own boldness; but I am so unhappy."

She put her gossamer handkerchief to her eyes, and sobbed softly.

"Oh, don't cry!" said Robinson, who wanted to say something which should be quite pretty and quite appropriate; but he was unable to think of anything save such a rather monstrous as might be addressed to a grieving child. "Don't now," as the widow's sobs seemed to become more distressing; "it won't do you no good this crying, and it's a pity to waste such pooty tears." Hitting at last on what he thought a pretty speech, and desisting of lengthening it, he continued, "I'm sure you're just like diamond drops; lucky man Gerald is to have such a pooty stepmother crying for him."

Her handkerchief was down in an instant.

"Not for him, he personally, is nothing to me. I cry because I am forced to be a party to the injustice which has been done to him."

"Well, it's all the same; you're a pooty stepmother anyhow, and the right kind of a stepmother for a chap to have. But don't cry any more, Mrs. Phillips," as the handkerchief was again on its way to her eyes, "and I'll keep as mum as you want me to do."

"Thank you again, Mr. Robinson," and the hand which had held the handkerchief to her eyes was now extended to him as she rose to depart. He clasped it as she rose as if it were glass and might break beneath his pressure, and then he accompanied her to the door, and was even thinking something of escorting her to the extremity of the grounds when she prevented him by saying a hurried "Goodnight!" and speeding down the steps.

Miss Balk had finished her supper when Helen entered the little dining-

room, but she chose to remain at the table. Mrs. Phillips' heightened color and her somewhat nervous manner (she never could help being nervous when Barbara's eyes were upon her as they were now) excited Miss Balk's curiosity.

"Have you ascertained the precise part of England to which we shall go?" she asked.

"It will not be necessary to go to England," she answered quietly, and without lifting her eyes.

"Ah!" said Barbara. "You have heard something," a remark which Mrs. Phillips did not deign to answer.

TO BE CONTINUED

HER HUNDRED DOLLARS

There was something fascinating about the little old woman who sat near me in the restaurant. It was her eyes that attracted me. They were blue-grey Irish eyes, strangely youthful looking considering her years, which must have been seventy. They were bright with a hint of suppressed excitement—eyes that held you by the power of their beauty despite the telltale wrinkles surrounding them, and the cheeks that had but a hint of their once apple-bloom freshness.

She was shabbily dressed, a black bonnet in the last stage of wear, surrounded silver hair that once perhaps had been the color of ripe corn. The hair was a fitting frame to the sweet old face, softening the harsh outlines of advancing years, and peeping out in wavy little tendrils from beneath the bonnet. A pair of black cloth gloves lay beside her on the table as if emphasizing her claim to gentility. In direct contradiction to this her hands were toil-worn; but they were clean, and her nails looked cared for. Evidently she was a person of refinement.

Another thing, she was amazingly alert; her every movement bespoke decision as she exchanged speech with the waitress attending her table. Her eyes spoke, her hands spoke, her very gloves seemed to speak as she moved them to make way for her cup of coffee. Character was written all over her. She prided me to such an extent that I determined to have speech with her. Some people possess magnetism—the kind that draws you irresistibly towards them. This little old woman was one of them.

With a pretence that the light was too strong for my eyes where I was seated—the sun was really shining in blinding bars of light—I moved over to her table, and now with the exercise of a little tact we were chatting freely. It was the slack hour, and only a few trimly clad waitresses were around. We were virtually alone. In a short time I had gained her confidence so far that she confided that she was suffering from a nervous strain, the effects of an accident that had occurred a short time previously. The hand that held the cup was trembling as she spoke.

"I am seventy-eight years old," she said. "When one reaches that age things are harder to bear than when one is young and strong. Besides, when one has to make one's living it is harder still."

"You are seventy-eight years old and work for a living?" I cried in amazement.

"Yes," she answered, evidently enjoying my surprise. "I make six dollars a week in a big office downtown where there are a number of girls employed. I see to their comfort, take care of their lockers, and help in many ways. My needle and thread are always handy. The girls call me 'Mother.' I love my work, and I am proud that I am able to do it. She gave her head a little expressive toss, as if to say, "Seventy-eight is not so old, after all—I'm quite young, when you come to think of it."

"But I must tell you about my accident," she continued eagerly. "Two weeks ago I was knocked down by a trolley-car, and escaped death by a miracle. Every one who saw the accident thought I was a dead woman. But she went on with sublime faith. "God was with me and I escaped without a scratch. I walk with God," she shedded reverently. At the time the accident happened; I was there,—she unbuttoned her coat at the throat and displayed a Sacred Heart badge pinned to her dress. "But perhaps you are not a Catholic, and so cannot understand?" She looked at me anxiously.

Her face lighted up as I assured her I was of the Faith.

"I had an idea that you were," she said shyly. "Don't you think that one can always tell?"

"I agreed that there was a mental telepathy between Catholics that was extraordinary in its spiritual significance."

"But to go on with my story—how the accident happened. A big policeman was guiding me across Broad way when we were both knocked down. I lost consciousness when the trolley struck me. It must have been for only a few seconds, for when I opened my eyes and saw him sprawling beside me, instead of thinking of my danger—I laughed! That was the Irish in me. My sense of humor got the better of me. Glory be to God, it's a poor thing I can't get a laugh out of. Then I suddenly realized my escape, and remembered that I wore two badges that morning—usually I wear but one. I was bringing the other to one of the girls. It was the second badge saved him," she added solemnly.

"I am convinced it was," I said

gravely. "I have heard of many wonderful escapes from death or disaster through wearing the insignia of the Sacred Heart."

"When my girls heard the news," she continued, "nothing would be doing them but that I should have a lawyer, and they sent one to me. I never would have thought of it myself, for, you see, I wasn't hurt, and went to work the next day—though I did feel a little battered and nervous —"

"You want to work the next day!" I echoed incredulously. I was dumbfounded. It was almost unbelievable to think that this little old frail creature, seventy-eight years old, could hold a position at all. What a lesson to the idle! Again I looked at her in amazement and approval. Something in my gaze must have pleased her, for she smiled happily.

"What did the lawyer say to you?" I asked a little abruptly. There was a tightening at my throat, as I listened, and thought of the brave spirit concealed in her frail body.

"He said that it was plainly evident that I was suffering from shock—that I had a good case—that it was negligence on the part of the driver and that the company was liable."

She repeated this in unconscious imitation of the lawyer. "But glory be to God, I told him I wasn't hurt. But he wouldn't listen to me. You don't know the extent of your injuries," he said. "Your system had received a shock that may cause your death eventually."

As she spoke, she looked as if a breath might blow her away. A red flush had mounted to her cheeks, and her eyes were painfully bright.

"And you actually went back to your work the next day?" I asked.

"Yes, thanks be to God, I was able. I was only stunned from the fall. But I lost my specs," she added ruefully. "It's hard doing without my specs. I can't see good. The lawyer is asking a hundred dollars of that company. If I get that I shall get a new pair. He says I'll get it. If I do, I shall be a rich woman."

"The hundred dollars is spent already," she went on gleefully. "I'll get new specs, and gloves, and —" she added with an almost fearful joy, "I might get a new bonnet and suit for Easter. In the old country I had always a new bonnet for Easter. Father Tom at home used to say that the colleens put too much store on their bonnets, and too little on their prayers. All the same, we knew he liked to see us look prosperous. It's a long way to Limerick—the city of the Broken Treacle," she said wistfully, "where the River Shannon flows." She lifted the air in a sweet old voice.

"Have you ever been back?" I asked softly.

"A look of sadness crossed her face. "We never go back," she said; there was a plaintive note in her voice.

"We have so little at home that the poorest existence here seems rich in comparison. The only thing I have missed is the mountain air, and the smell of wild flowers. I always had a few growing in the patch of ground at home. It is many years since I left Ireland—I was a slip of a girl when, blinded like the rest against staying at home, I came here, and married myself in America. He's dead thirty years, and the children are dead, and I am all alone—no, not alone," she added hastily. "I am never really alone, for I walk with God."

Her mood changed suddenly; from retrospection she came back to the present. "Do you think I shall get that hundred dollars?" she asked anxiously. "You see, I have spent it every day since, and have enjoyed it, too. So, I have got something out of it, even if it doesn't come true," she laughed softly.

Her laugh was infectious. It had a touch of youth in it. The laughter was reflected in my own eyes, though the tears were not far off. Her brave spirit was symbolical of her race. Of such spirit were the saints and martyrs of Ireland. Come rain or shine, this little old woman with the blue-grey eyes like the skies of her native land would always meet you with joy and sorrow with hope.

"It was a legacy of her people, sent from God to enable them to withstand the desolation of the centuries that stood between them and the heaven of their desire—freedom."

"What is the secret of your contentment?" I asked suddenly.

"Trying to do God's will," she answered quietly, the smile fading from her face and a serious look taking its place. "I learned the lessons early from a good mother, and all my life I have practised it. The road has often been rugged and dark. When my husband died I had not a penny to bury him. Did I give up to despair? Did not I left everything in God's hands, and He helped me through that terrible time."

"Most unexpectedly kind friends came to my assistance and gave him a decent funeral and left me with some money to start again. It would take too long to tell you the story of my life. What has helped me to bear every trial was my faith in God. He has never deserted me and never will. But don't think that I haven't had my share of joy. All my life it has been bubbling in me. The laugh is never far from my lips, thanks be to God! My girls in the office tell me that I am the cheeriest old lady in New York. I guess I am," she said quaintly.

"But I must be going," she rose to her feet and gave her bonnet a little poke to straighten it while glancing sideways at her reflection in a mirror. "I won't know myself in a new bonnet and suit." She glanced downward; her coat was greenish

black and her skirt was worn thread-bare. "Besides, I intend to buy presents for the girls, and a new pair of shoes for the son of a neighbor, and a doll for a little girl who never had one, and a top for another child. My!" she said with another happy laugh. "When I think of all the hundred dollars it makes me dizzy. It's all spent already," she added gaily, as with a pleasant smile she turned with quick, alert steps towards the entrance door and disappeared in a Broadway crowd.

Some weeks later I saw her again. This time it was on a Sunday morning at church. I had gone to early Mass and had not been long in the edifice when I noticed her coming down the aisle from the Communion rail. Her little old hands were folded devoutly, and her face wore between her fingers, and her face wore a rapt look, as if heaven had opened to her. She had on a new dress and bonnet. There was a little bit of white about her throat, and on the lapel of her coat was a Sacred Heart badge. She knelt down a few seats in front of me and her head drooped in silent adoration.

Something of her happiness came to me as I watched her. I could imagine her innocent joy as she displayed the new bonnet and suit to admiring friends and neighbors, and the excitement of the girls in the office. I could almost see her in the midst of them as she turned slowly round to show to advantage the perfection of her purchase. Then the ceremony involved in the unwrapping of certain little packages containing gifts for each of them! The climax of her happiness must have been reached this morning when she received her Lord dressed in her best, her soul burning with love and satisfied desire. I could imagine no greater joy—joy in which the spiritual and material blended perfectly, making her soul and body a tabernacle for her Beloved. Such moments come seldom in a lifetime.

I knelt on. The people left the church as the Mass ended. My little old lady seemed in no hurry to go. The people were coming in for another Mass; still she did not move. I waited also, wanting to have speech with her and to carry away with me some of the sweetness that enveloped her. It is a wonderful atmosphere that surrounds souls in communion with God; its sweetness cannot be defined, for it is of the spirit.

At last impatience got the better of me. The church was filling rapidly. I went up and gently touched her on the shoulder. She looked up with a little bewildered glance, then smiled. "Glory be to God, it's you!" she said softly.

"Yes," I answered, smiling back. "I have been waiting for you quite a long time."

"Glory be to God!" she said again. Suddenly a blanched look overspread the sweet old face as she rose a little unsteadily to her feet, then swayed and fell back in the seat.

In a second I had my arms around her. "I'm all right," she murmured faintly—all right. Her eyes wandered towards the altar. At once they seemed to look past it and a glorified expression crept into them. They shone with a spiritual light as if some vision were vouchsafed her of the eternal home awaiting her. With a little contented sigh she murmured, "Glory be to God! I'm glad to rest with God," and closing her frail old hands on her breast, closed her eyes and died. And invisible angels must have echoed, "Glory be to God!"—Shiela Mahon, in Rosary Magazine.

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BOLSHEVISM IN ART AND LITERATURE

European art and literature, says Alfred Noyes in a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post, have grown increasingly Bolshevistic during the last thirty years. Nor is the mark of the beast wanting in our own American productions. "Vicious literature has been common in every age; but it has been reserved for our own to produce a literature that deliberately crosses the 'not' from every law of God or man and proceeds to preach a creed of immorality as the gospel of the future." It is in this perversion, as he says, that Bolshevism is rooted:

"We hear Bolshevism described, for instance, as a terrible menace to our political systems. But we seldom hear it attacked on the real fundamental ground that it substitutes 'Thou shalt steal,' and 'Thou shalt commit murder,' for the old laws of God. It is far more than a political problem. It is a religious problem affecting the whole conduct of human life. If our leaders had a little more courage they would fight this evil at the source and at the foundations, instead of meeting it with the weapons of the political opportunist."

"It must not be supposed that the spirit of this evil, which we have called Bolshevism in Russia, is an isolated phenomenon. It is active everywhere. It has been active in art and literature for more than a quarter of a century, and it has gone far toward viciously perverting the whole reading public. The standards of art and thought and conduct can be met by one power and one only—the power of religion. In fact, the literal meaning of the word 'religion' provides the full answer to the disintegrating and dissipated process of the modern world."

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And Some Correspondence, BY Rt. Rev. M. F. Fallon, D. D. BISHOP OF LONDON

Being a justification of Catholic devotion to the Mother of God, and the account of a controversy carried on with Canon

The writer's conclusion, therefore, is that there can be no hope for the future except in restoring to the world the lost sense of right and wrong.—America.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JULY

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

THE PRAYERS OF CHILDREN

Saint Matthew tells us that the disciples asked our Lord one day "who would be the greater in the Kingdom of Heaven." The question was a simple one and the Master answered it in a simple way. A little child was standing near. Calling it to Him and placing it in the midst of the questioning disciples. He replied: "Unless you be converted and become as little children you shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child he is the greater in the Kingdom of Heaven." (Matt. xvii.)

On another occasion the disciples rebuked some Jewish mothers who had brought their children to be touched by Him, but the kind Master chided His followers for their untimely zeal. "Suffer little children to come unto me," He said, "and forbid them not, for such is the Kingdom of God." (Luc. xviii.) These kindly words of our Lord simply emphasized the sentiments of the saints and sages of the Old Testament. "The innocent and the upright have adhered to me," exclaimed the Psalmist; and the holy man Job asked in his turn, "Whoever perished, being innocent?" The Divine Saviour put a fresh mark of approval on innocence, whether in old or young; in illustrating it in children He taught mankind again its value in the eyes of God His Father.

Evidently our Blessed Lord loved innocent little children, and from what we know of His life we are ready to believe that, if He were again with us on earth, He would be often seen as He was seen in Judea, and as artists delight in picturing Him for us surrounded by groups of little ones, caressing them, and giving ear to their childish conversations. And is it not reasonable to believe that He would be as ready to listen to their chattering? "He will not deprive of good things them that walk in innocence," asserts the Psalmist. Children are dear to our Lord; they are His little friends; and because their innocence gives them a claim to His intimate friendship, we have a perfect right to believe that He will listen to their supplications and grant them anything they ask for.

What gives us this confidence? The answer is, because the prayers of children are simple, direct, sincere, supplicant; they ask what they need without afterthought; their prayers come from their hearts and go straight to the Heart of Him who is the Lover of innocence and simplicity. What a rich source of supplication and intercession there is in every home that is blessed with children! And how anxious parents should be to teach their little ones how to pray and to encourage in them a spirit of prayer!

Long before reason begins to dawn in their souls, children should be taught to raise their hearts to God in prayer. Their immature minds, slowly developing like flowers in the springtime, should find ample nourishment in the dew of prayer. The first impression their awakening faculties should receive should be that of a kind and merciful God who was once a little child like themselves, in His manger at Bethlehem or in His home at Nazareth. This may be only an impression made on a tender, flowering soul, but it will be lasting. It is an easy thing for children to seize the idea of the childhood of our Lord and associate it with their own state. It excites their love for Him and their desire to confide in Him, as children are wont to confide in each other.

When the age of reason and responsibility arrives and children become conscious of their acts, the lessons they receive should correspond with their age. They should be taught to know how much they owe to God, how dependent they are on Him for all that they are and all that they have, how much they shall need Him at every moment of their lives. This knowledge will encourage in them that prayerful spirit which instinct had previously given them merely a hazy glance. Education and the grace of the sacraments will, in due time, complete their spiritual training, will give them a love of prayer, will bring out a latent desire to correspond with God, and make them agents of intercession near Him both for themselves and for others.

that is theirs by right of parenthood, namely, to preserve their children's innocences and thereby give efficacy to their children's prayers. When parents are not able to fulfill this duty, or when they neglect it, our teachers supply the deficiency. Catholic schools are not merely places where immature minds are developed by knowledge but also where uncultivated hearts are formed to virtue. Teachers are not accomplishing their whole work if they fill the heads of children with facts, even religious facts, and do little or nothing to train their wills. The catechism tells children what prayer is, but the catechism will not make them prayerful. Children must learn to know, but they must at the same time learn to do; they must put their knowledge into practice in their daily lives; their wills must not be allowed to run wild. Habits of piety should be planted in their hearts; they should be taught how to pray and to pray efficaciously.

One of the most important duties children should learn, either at home or in school, is how to turn their daily actions into prayer. It is a poor training for the future which teaches children to be satisfied with a few prayers hurriedly and inattentively said night and morning. It is to be feared that these parrot-like operations will soon cease unless their hearts are won over. Children should be taught in the way adapted to their needs, to turn their whole lives into vital prayer, and there is no agency that can do this more promptly than the League of the Sacred Heart. The object of the League is to sanctify human souls, even the souls of little children, by spiritualizing every act of the day. For this reason alone it should be introduced into all Catholic schools, and children taught as soon as possible the efficacy of the Morning Offering, so that they may incorporate this little prayer into their daily lives. The Morning Offering turns all the actions of each day into one continual vital prayer in union with the Sacred Heart. And once the habit of making this Morning Offering has been acquired it will have an enormous influence on their lives. The daily offering of their deeds and sufferings to God will give children a keener perception of the continual presence of God; they will live their lives in greater innocence, and their prayers will have greater efficacy.

No devotion appeals to children's minds and hearts so readily or so persuasively as devotion to the Sacred Heart. When children are told that our Lord loved them, that He suffered and died out of love for them, and that His Sacred Heart is the symbol of that love, they are drawn to give Him love for love. As their minds were made to receive the truth, and as their hearts were made to love Him whom those truths concern, it should not be a very serious task for parents or others to teach children to spiritualize their daily doings or to direct their lives into prayerful channels.

Needless to say, the prayers of our millions of Catholic children form an asset in the Catholic world which cannot well be overlooked. The interests of the Church, her general welfare, her relations with States and governments, her action on human souls, her spread and her influence, all call for prayer. Our missionaries working abroad among pagan nations, as well as those in the vineyard at home, are continually clamoring for prayer to assure the success of their ministry. Although the Holy Father does not specifically mention this detail in the present intention, we are quite convinced that he relies on the prayers rising from the hearts of millions of his little children throughout the world to aid him in the government of the Church. Let parents, teachers, and all those who have any hand in the formation of children, do all in their power to cultivate in them the habit of prayer. It will be the best service they can render to the children themselves and to the Church of which those children will in a few years be active members.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

OUR HEROIC DEAD

COMMEMORATED BY CARDINAL O'CONNELL

In his recent address at the Solemn Requiem Mass for the members of the United States Marine Corps, Cardinal O'Connell delivered the following touching tribute to our heroic dead:

One of the fundamental principles of the Christian faith is that man is made for God. This brief span, which we call life, is a period during which man is afforded opportunity to demonstrate his faith and love and service to the Creator, and after which he passes on to eternity.

In this is summed up the entire purpose and scope of human existence. We come from God, we spend a few years among the things of earth, we show our desire to work in God's service, and then we return to Him who sent us here. This indicates not only the purpose of life but also the hope that underlies it. It enables us to realize that this world is only a drama in which we figure; that pain, poverty, anxiety, health, wealth and worldly honor are insignificant in comparison with the paramount fact that we are the children of God made to His "image and likeness," as St. Paul expresses it in that holy epigram: "I reckon that the sufferings of this time are

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not worthy to be compared with the glory to come. Without taking this principle into account it is impossible to see any purpose in life at all. It is no wonder that people deprived of this vivifying truth, blinded by their own passions, their own desires, their small, selfish purposes—scarcely ever fulfilled—come to the sad conclusion that life is not worth living.

It is only by the clear recognition of the fact that we are the children of God that we can visualize Heaven which we are to deserve and inherit by a life well lived and by a death that is full of hope in the Lord. Because the Christian understands this, though in his weakness he may not be able to follow up his understanding thoroughly, at the bottom of his soul and permeating his very being, there is always this fundamental maxim: My life really belongs to God and His service and whenever He calls I must be ready to obey.

It is this sanctification of life that makes the Christian's existence so simple, unselfish and sublime and prepares him to be ready to give up anything merely personal for the high purpose which God indicates by the condition of the times.

God indicated clearly by the voice of the nation and the call of militant patriotism that they must go forth and offer their lives in defense of their country, in defense of the principles for which their country stands and how nobly, how gloriously they obeyed!

Can we of this generation ever forget how splendidly the youth of the land rose to that call? Had not these things been enacted before our eyes, we could scarcely imagine that such deeds were possible in our time, times so filled with luxury, self-gratification, given over to a modern paganism. Few could have dreamed that underneath a repellent superficial exterior was this potentiality of sterling manhood that saved the nation, saved Europe, saved civilization.

Well, it was there, not so much because the times, the spirit of the times inculcated it, but, I think, because first of all it was in their blood, but principally because when a call comes from God He gives the strength to respond adequately to it.

Conspicuous among all those who went forth was the splendid band of Marines, who from the beginning to the end of the War manifested such heroic courage. They were among the first, and the highest on record for their patriotism, their daring, their energy and endurance.

Many of them have left their lifeless forms on the fields of France. There they lie, a glorious token of the spirit of man, unselfish, unwavering, rising to the heights when duty calls; those lives were full of promise; the world could in one way ill spare the dying, but the entirety, the eagerness, of their sacrifice were a clarion call to the best that is in the world—an inspiration to humanity everywhere.

What does this signify? It emphasizes the fact that it is the noblest and the best who rise to the heights of Christian and patriotic duty, who heed the great call, who lay down their lives without a moment's hesitation. In every great call this is the rule. A great cause will be satisfied with nothing but the best that man can give.

As in every other great crisis of Christian history Holy Mother Church came in with her sacred consolations, with her maternal care, with her abiding love to console the dying, to help the dead, to encourage the living, so this Holy Mass is offered here today first of all as a memorial of the death of Christ on the Cross, that death that typifies every death to the end of time, illustrating the sacrifice of everything for a great cause, the unselfishness of the great soul, the willingness to give one's self and all one has or is for God and for duty.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass has a particular application to such an occasion as this. Christ was the great soldier who gave His life for mankind, for truth, for right. He died for us, exemplifying on the Cross what He had said long before: "Greater love than this no man hath that he lay down his life for his friends."

Calvary, the Crucifixion of our Lord, bodies forth the highest type of love. The Holy Mass, the unbloody Sacrifice of the New Law, teaches the same lesson, and in its prayers and canticles keeps on reminding us that we must be ready to die for Christ because He died for us.

Every day, every hour, throughout the world that saving oblation is made. The chant of the Requiem is never stilled for the ranks of death are always being filled. And besides all this there is the ineffable

consolation and grace that the Mass brings to the living, to the lonely, to the weak. It is a constant witness of the fact that death does not end all, that in reality it ends nothing worth while.

Death does put an end to the momentary consolations and pleasures of this mortal life, it stills dangerous joys, it quells some hopes that might or might not have been helpful, but it also ends numberless difficulties, numerous possibilities for evil, countless possibilities for wrong. But as a compensation for these small losses it brings to us the certainty that if we have served God well eternal bliss will be ours.

These young men whose memorial we celebrate went into battle against terrible odds, they braved every diabolical invention of modern war, but when they went out to die they did not go alone, for side by side with them marched the blessed Lord who had died for them. They were far from home, from kindred, from friends, but they were not forsaken; they were in every crisis of dread battle guarded and guided. They felt it who wrote it to me, they wrote it no doubt to you.

Now they have gone to their reward and though death has separated them from us in a material way, faith enables us to realize that in a certain sense they are nearer to us than ever. Anyone who thoroughly and profoundly believes in Christ's Church knows that the Communion of the Saints, the spiritual union of the blessed in Heaven, the suffering in Purgatory and the living upon earth are a part of his life.

There is a mystery in all this; God so intended it. Thus He tests our faith. We must put our trust in Him; that is the basis of the spiritual life. In God's good time the mystery will be revealed and knowledge will take the place of faith. Meanwhile we have God's word for it that the soul is immortal, that death changes merely the material temple of the soul, that they who have departed this life are only waiting for us beyond the grave and that their eternal destiny, like ours, depends on the service given to Him who is not only the all-just and all-seeing Judge, but also the loving God and Father.

The Church neither allows nor encourages any morbid spirit in mankind about these matters. She has unrivaled knowledge and experience of human hearts. She appreciates profoundly the fact that those living in this world must go on with their work and appear to forget even the deepest wounds of sorrow. Hence, while she admits the grief that death brings, she also assures that grief by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and the blessings that come from fervent prayers. Then she bids us put our trust in God and leave the settlement of these great problems in His hands. She heals the wounds of mortal life and infuses faith and hope and love.

There is abroad a terrible deception that holds our foolish hopes to the grief-stricken for mercenary reasons, and there are also only too many who allow themselves to be duped by this deception. Whatever success this imposture obtains is based on the natural desire of the bereft to know something about those who have gone before, to establish some sort of communication with them.

The only communication with the departed is that which the Church reveals to us in the doctrine of the Communion of the Saints. There is nothing material in this; it depends on faith and on the immortality of the soul. Unfortunately, however, the very ignorance of revealed truth has in many cases rendered people outside the Church singularly exposed to credulity in regard to the dead. By trickery, by sorcery, by necromancy and a mixture of all three the bereft have been imposed upon by attempts to enter into communication with the departed. These frauds have been exposed countless times, yet so great is the grief of the human heart at the stroke of death that hundreds are willing to deceive themselves and submit to the basest impostures in hope of consolation. Yielding to such practices is not merely folly; it is not merely ministering to mercenary deception; it is a fearful danger which the Church has condemned as sinful cooperation in deceptions and snares.

There is but one course for Christians to follow; to accept the law of nature, which includes death, if not in thorough consolation and bowing to the will of God, at least in patience to be strengthened by prayer. God gives us children, relatives, friends and in His own time takes them back to Himself. Why, therefore, waste our time and become morbid about a universal law? Let us accept the divine decree, follow our loved ones with prayers and wait in the spirit of faith for what will come in God's own time.

I am sure you will be interested to know the occasion of this Mass of Requiem. Recently, the mother of a Catholic soldier requested that a Requiem be celebrated in this Cathedral for the repose of the souls of all those Marines who had given their lives for their country and for the consolation of all the sorrowing mothers. We have had that Requiem Mass celebrated this morning.

Now to you all; to those of you who have fought the good fight, to those who are lamenting the taking away of these you love so well, I say: be consoled. Take to heart the words of our blessed Lord, realize the feelings of the Church as she sorrowfully sympathizes with you. These boys were given to you that

they might serve God and their country. They have fulfilled their duty; they are resting in peace. Weep no more. Rejoice in the Lord who has enabled you and your sons to render such high service. Though their bodies lie in the crimson fields of France you know that God has taken their souls to Himself, that He will console and reward you for the sacrifices you have made for their Creator and their native land. May God grant to them all eternal peace and rest!—The Monitor.

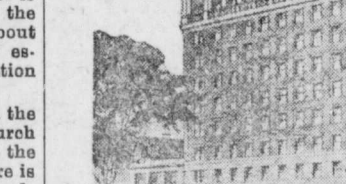
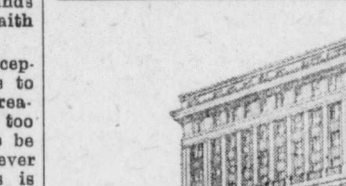
Thou hast wept, then, O my Jesus! Thy tears have flowed, and these blessed souls have without doubt been gathered by the angels. . . . Thou hast wept, O good Master! and this thought alone says more than volumes to my heart.—Megr. Bandry. Unkind words do as much harm as unkind deeds. Many a heart has been stabbed to death by a few little words. There is a charity which consists in withholding words, in keeping back harsh judgments, in abstaining from speech, if to speak is to condemn. Such charity hears the tale of slander, but does not repeat it; listens in silence, but does not bears comment; then locks up the unpleasant secret in the very depths of the heart.

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Catholics do not intend to apologize for their faith. Nor do they purpose carrying the slavish burden of protesting their patriotism when any out-worn lodge of Orangeism endeavors to besmirch their loyalty. Our deeds both in the past and in the present bespeak for us a patriotism just as sturdy, as true, as sacrificial as was ever boasted of by mouthing Orangemen. And lest they are un-mindful of the fact, let it be recollected that of the fourteen American colonies which suffered under the régime of George the Third, the only one which remained loyal was the Catholic colony of Canada.

Let the Orangemen parade, if they will, in honor of King William and in memory of the battle of the Boyne. But let them, also, put on the garments, if not the spirit, of our modern Democracy, which strives to inculcate the idea that a citizen's religion is no barrier to his advancing in political life.

The quotation at the head of this editorial belongs to Eighteenth Century bigotry. Let all true Canadians, both Catholic and non-Catholic, strive to erase the capitalized words: "AND THAT SPIRIT STILL SURVIVES."

A CATHOLIC NEED OF TODAY

Catholics have an habitual consciousness of God's goodness to them. If they have health, they acknowledge God has given it to them; if they have happy homes they ascribe this good fortune to the goodness of their Creator; if they are in possession of a competence they attribute this blessing to the Almighty; if they are surrounded by true and loyal friends they are grateful to God for them. But, of all God's gifts, they admit the chiefest and best, their Catholic faith. Thus, religion is the dearest thing in all the world to them. They feel that if they had been deprived of this grace all other blessings would be as nothing; they would gladly renounce all else and still feel that God was good to them if there remained the possession of the true faith. And they would like to see all the world in the enjoyment of the same priceless blessing.

One would hardly suspect, however, the depth of their attachment to their religion and the depth of their devotion to their Church from the attitude of studied silence which Catholics observe in their associations with non-Catholics. Here in Ontario, in Canada, and the United States, the majority of Catholics spend their lives in neighborhoods where they constitute a minority of the population. They live on terms of intimacy with their non-Catholic neighbors. In conversation with them they discuss local happenings, questions of politics, national problems, history, literature and the rest. On only one matter do they maintain silence; one subject alone is never allowed the topic of conversation between them and their non-Catholic friends. And that subject, that matter is the very subject, the very matter that in their own hearts they admit is their richest treasure—their Catholic faith. The average lay-Catholic will not allow himself to be drawn into any discussion of religion.

What is the explanation of this attitude? Generally, almost universally, we believe it is to be found in this: The majority of lay-Catholics feel that they do not know their religion well enough to defend it against an opponent or to explain it intelligently to an enquiring mind. They do not lack interest; they do not lack courage. They lack knowledge and they are habitually conscious of this fact. If the Catholic physician, the Catholic attorney, the Catholic business man, the Catholic mechanic and the Catholic farmer knew their religion as they know their profession, their business, their pursuit, they would welcome the opportunity to discuss religion. But their imperfect knowledge ties their tongue.

In their youth they did not have an opportunity to secure a sound Catholic education. The instructions they did receive barely qualified them to make their first Holy Communion and barely fitted them for the reception of the Sacrament of Confirmation. Here it ended; and when it ended they were mere children. If their secondary education had ended at the same time, there would be no Catholic professional men, few Catholic manufacturers, business men, and farmers, but a lot more of Catholic laborers and farm hands than there are today. Fortunately for them this secular edu-

cation continued on. But, in the matter of religious knowledge, they remained and still remain at the Confirmation stage. In secular knowledge they have developed with the years. When they enter into conversation with their non-Catholic neighbors about professional matters, business matters, agricultural matters, they are not conscious of personal limitations and, therefore, they are always ready to discuss such topics with their friends outside the fold. They would readily like to discuss religion, too, but they have that habitual feeling of incompetency to give a reason for the faith that is in them; that habitual feeling that in the matter of religious knowledge they are still at the childhood stage.

That feeling is founded on fact. The majority of Catholic people in this country are pitifully limited in religious education. If our faith is so priceless an heritage, if it is God's greatest gift to us, it is, indeed, a great pity that we are not all in a position to share our treasure with our friends, when that sharing does not impoverish but enrich ourselves.

Is there no remedy for the condition? Catholic men and women can do a great deal to overcome the difficulty in themselves by regular reading of Catholic papers and Catholic books that expound the faith and by teaching Catechism to their children in their homes. And in many cases parents are in a position to remove entirely from the paths of their sons and daughters the limitations from which they themselves suffered. For the efforts of the Church in the matter of Catholic education do not end with the Separate school. In our larger cities we have Catholic High Schools wherein secular teaching is not inferior to that of the Public High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, wherein there is taught a course in advanced Catechism and Bible History. Throughout the country there are Catholic colleges and academies at no great distance from one another, where the student's knowledge of Catholic doctrine is made to keep pace with their advance in secular knowledge. For many of our people the Catholic college is an institution established to develop priests. They are intended for that work, it is true, but not for that exclusively. They are intended to fit the aspirant to the priesthood; for the seminary; but they are intended, too, to fit the future Catholic layman for his career in life; to make him as confident in the matter of Catholic faith as in the matter of medicine, law, business, manufacturing, or any other secular pursuit.

The Catholics of the country have failed in the past to realize the opportunities these institutions offer for their sons. In many cases, it is true that limited incomes make it impossible for parents to send their sons and daughters to Catholic colleges and convents for their secondary and higher education. But in many other cases there is no such obstacle. Still the Catholic youth is denied the advantage to which it is entitled. Parents of means seem not to see any duty to give their children the best Catholic education in their power. If there is a public high school in their locality it offers all the advantages they care to give their children. If they live in country districts they are content to send their sons and daughters to board in the nearest town or city where a high school or collegiate institute is located. It costs as much to educate their children there as it would in the nearest Catholic college or academy, where the future men and women would be shielded from dangers at a time when they need protection most, where they would enjoy every advantage the high school has to offer and where at the same time they would acquire a sound religious education and be thoroughly trained in the practise of their religion.

Catholic parents may well learn a lesson from the practise of their pastors. Our zealous parish priests are always on the alert for vocations to the priesthood. When they see in certain young boys of the parish signs of vocation they make an effort to send these promising youths to our Catholic colleges. If parents were equally solicitous for their sons whose future lives will be spent without the sanctuary but within the church, the unfortunate condition described in the beginning of this editorial would, in a large measure, cease to exist. If a sound Catholic education is good for the clergy, it is good for the laity as well.

OUR PRIME MINISTER'S PEACE MESSAGE

"The Treaty of Versailles marks the beginning of a new epoch in the history of the world. . . ." So wrote Sir Robert Borden to the London Daily Express. Let us hope with our Premier that the signing of the Treaty is not the mere theoretical introduction into happier and holier days, but that all the world shall enjoy the practical blessings of a practical peace.

It is nearly two thousand years since the Great Peace Pact was signed. For years preceding it being signed the hostile parties stood in what seemed to be eternal enmity. On one side the King and Captain of the heavenly cohorts stood victorious. Beaten and battered by the plague resultant upon original sin lay Man in his misery. All hope seemed vain. Defeat, annihilation, and the prospect of eternal punishment awaited him.

But suddenly, out of the poverty of Bethlehem there came the Prince of Peace with His message to the vanquished. Hope for the poor; health for the sick; strength for the palsied and maimed was extended to his erstwhile enemies. The prophetic poets strung their lyres to play the new melody which He, the Prince, had taught them. It was a melody luridant of the Peace and Prosperity; of the culture and civilization which would be implanted among Greeks and Barbarians; among peoples who yet remained hidden in the womb of Eternity.

And gathered around the Peace Table were the Twelve Apostles to witness, as if in rehearsal, the consummation of all dreams. It was the Table of the Last Supper. On the day following when all had been prepared, the Prince stepped to His Throne—the Throne of the Cross, and there in the indelible, Divine drops of His Precious Blood signed the Peace which ended our unjust warfare against God; which won from the Eternal Father the smile of friendship.

Two thousand years. We have lived to see that Great Peace treated as a scrap of paper. We have endeavored to witness the Prince of Peace neglected; His terms belittled! It is a sad recollection. Not that we are pessimistic, but the epoch—the new epoch—which our Premier tells us has arrived shall become no better than our pre-war epoch unless men acknowledge the teachings and obey the commands of the Divine Prince of Peace.

TEACHING TRUTH BY SIGN AND CEREMONY

BY THE GLEANER I assisted recently in the capacity of deacon of honor at a Pontifical Mass. Now by way of digression, albeit I have just got started, I beg to call the reader's attention to the fact that I have begun with the first person singular. I have long desired to get rid of that cumbersome "we" that has been sanctioned by generations of editorial tradition; but, like the negro with the possum, I could not find a convenient opportunity. But when I took a look at the opening sentence of this article written in the conventional manner, I joyfully exclaimed "Eureka!" I said to myself: If I use the plural, which is the modus loquendi of the Holy Father and our Bishops on solemn occasions, people will think that having been under the shadow of the throne and consequently having got so much of the incense, I was beginning to arrogate to myself some of the apostolic privileges. So I decided then and there to adopt the more democratic and more convenient form of expression.

Reverends a nos moutons—I beg pardon. That's the way with resolutions. Lest any one may suspect that I refer to my being appointed deacon of honor from motives of self-adulation, I hasten to state that poring over red print has never been a hobby of mine, that the wearing of lace and fine linen has no attraction for me, and that I do not pride myself upon my rubrical accomplishments. The master of ceremonies seemed to have been cognizant of the fact that I was not a rubrician, when he selected me for the post; for he confided to me that all I had to do was to take off and put on the Bishop's mitre. To the ordinary man this may seem a very simple matter but the ladies will understand that it is not so very easy to put that formidable head dress on straight; have the lappets on the right side, and not dislodge the zucchetto. However I got along beau-

tifully, or at least I thought I did, for the master of ceremonies understood his business and took no notice of immaterial mistakes. He was not like the one of whom a layman once remarked: "That young man must be very clever, for he was telling all the priests what they had to do." While my duties left me much leisure I was too flattered to pray well and too much afraid of neglecting my aforementioned task to read my breviary. So I indulged in reflections suggested by the occasion.

These reflections took this form. Do we give sufficient attention to ceremonies? Are our people sufficiently instructed in the religious significance of all that they see at High or Pontifical Mass or even at a Low Mass? While teaching through the ear are we neglecting that very important channel of instruction, the eye? In some European countries too much attention is perhaps given to ceremonies, and not enough to verbal instruction; but the reverse seems to be the case in many English speaking parishes in Canada. More eloquent than any panegyric of our Heavenly Queen is the crowning of her status in the month of May by innocent little ones, who, carrying in their arms nature's fairest children from "garden and hillside and woodland and vale," sing as they approach her shrine: Flowers are springing, birds are singing. The earth is bright and gay. Then let us weave a blooming wreath For Mary, Queen of May!

What communion in the hearts of sinners and what gratitude in the hearts of the just is aroused by the majestic ceremonies of Holy Week! The exultant note of Holy Thursday followed by the muffled bells, the silenced organ, the empty Tabernacle, the stripped altar and all the habiliments of sorrow remind us most forcibly of Christ's love for us and of the pains He suffered, Who was bruised for our iniquities and wounded for our sins. From the very exuberance of joy at the gifts bequeathed her by our Saviour on the eve of His passion the Church is plunged into the deepest mourning at the remembrance of the price that He paid.

More effective than sermons in making the people realize that a Forty Hours' celebration is a foretaste of heaven, is the richness and beauty of the altar's decoration, the grandeur and solemnity of the ceremonies of High Mass, and a well ordered procession in which surpliced boys and little girls with veils and wreaths and flowers suggest that celestial company that follow the lamb whithersoever He goeth.

Thus, through the whole gamut of the joyful, sorrowful and glorious mysteries, does Holy Mother Church, by sign and ceremony, teach her children, young and old, learned and unlearned, the truths of our holy faith. Yet more, by this same means she wins their affectionate loyalty and holds them in the embrace of her maternal love.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

ATHENS, WHICH BY its very name calls up all that is most glorious in the history of ancient Greece, has, like Rome and some other capitals of antiquity, now become a modern city. It is not exactly a seaport but through the adjacent city of Piræus, little more than three miles away, enjoys practically all the advantages of being on the sea. Athens itself is situated towards the southern end of the principal plain of Attica: Piræus directly upon the Gulf of Egina, at the point where the Egean Sea merges into the greater body, the Mediterranean. Who that has given even a cursory study to the classics but has a soul attuned to the higher things of life, can resist the charm of that inward vision which has its source and centre in Athens and the Egean Sea.

THE PART Greece played in the late War, and the developments which must accrue to it under the new conditions, will have an important bearing upon the future of its national capital. It is probable that Athens and Piræus will in time become one city. The former has a population of 168,000, and the latter of close upon 100,000. The two cities were anciently connected by what were known as the Long Walls. The port of Piræus is capable of accommodating the largest vessels, with a depth at the harbor entrance of from 45 to 48 feet. During the year 1916, when commerce in the Mediterranean was at its lowest ebb, 2,658 steamers entered the port, most of

them under the Greek flag. Under restored peace conditions and the demand abroad, after five years' interruption, for Greek products, a great future awaits the twin cities. Nevertheless, over the inevitable passing of so much that was redolent of the glories of ancient Attica one may well utter a sigh.

WHILE INTERESTED individuals continue to insinuate charges of pro-Germanism against the Holy See, international revelations proclaim the reigning Pontiff as the truest advocate of peace and the disinterested friend of the oppressed throughout the War. In regard to Russia it is shown that even the Orthodox Russian Hierarchy turned to the Holy Father for succor under the distressing conditions of the Revolution. It may be remembered that the Orthodox Archbishop Silvester appealed from Archangel to the whole world and to the Pope in particular against the trials inflicted upon the Russian clergy by the Bolsheviks and recommending himself to the prayers of all Christian peoples. In response Benedict XV. addressed to him an affectionate letter of encouragement and took the only possible means of helping him by appealing to Lenin in his behalf. The latter's reply is said to show that the step inspired by the Pope's paternal charity was very necessary. Even the Bolshevik regime gave heed to the appeal.

ACCORDING to statistics compiled by the United States Bureau of Labor, farming is of all occupations the one most conducive to longevity. The average age of farm laborers is given as 68.5 years. Blacksmiths come next with an average of 55.4, and Masons and bricklayers with an even 55. These figures would seem to show that life in the open air, man's primitive way of living, is also his normal way. Evident corroboration lies in the fact that the average grades down from the figures given to 36.5, applying to office men, an occupation which has largely grown out of modern commercial developments. Do not these statistics point inevitably back to the land?

CHARLES H. MAYO, the well-known Minnesota physician, may have immortalized himself by his recent deliverance in regard to the services of specialists. "Only the extremes of society," he says, "the rich and the poor, are able to benefit by the specialist—the rich because they can pay the price, the poor because they can count upon expert aid in the name of charity. But for the vast intermediate class his services are out of the question."

IN THESE words Dr. Mayo places his finger upon one of the weakest spots in modern civilization. While much is heard of the evils under which what are known as the Laboring Classes suffer, Dr. Mayo's "vast intermediate class" has to shoulder its burden in silence. The complexity of modern affairs and the institutions which have developed in consequence are at the root of the evil. From the great middle class come the men of achievement in all nations, yet that same class, unorganized, and self-respecting, have not only to bear the nation's burdens, but are excluded from the very benefits for which they themselves are mainly responsible. Here is a subject worthy the study of economists and philosophers.

STRANGE HOSTILITIES

When Mr. Philip Gibbs, the noted war correspondent, returned to Britain after his visit to America he made an unflinching statement: "It is no use blinking the fact there are many strange hostilities toward us. And I am absolutely convinced that we shall never get a full and perfect measure of American friendship and understanding until the Irish question is settled and until we have granted Ireland the measure of self-government which her people desire." Mr. Gibbs speaks with remarkable insight, considering how brief was his stay among us. He errs only in a detail, one that is a characteristic British failure. Why should these American hostilities have been thought strange? That carries the suggestion that they are not reasonable. Perhaps it is utterly futile to expect that any Britisher can be made to see eye to eye with us. There would have to be, first of all, a concession that perhaps the British eternally fall short in their attitude toward Ireland. And that is a confession beyond most English men. It is the very stubborn refusal of Britain to entertain even a suggestion of examining its own conscience, so far as Ireland is concerned, that begets not a little of the "strange" hostilities toward her.

This British intolerance cropped up in an unexpected and, incidentally, in what proved to be other than a very comfortable quarter. Only one motion was carried through the convention of Labor over executive objection. That concerned the granting of Irish freedom. The executive objection, mindful of the rationality of the chairman, Mr. Gompers, is easily interpreted. The intolerance was characteristically British. Possibly the British know there is no argument to withstand the justice of the Irish contention. Nevertheless, were the concession once made to discuss the Irish question before an impartial court, the first step of progress would have been taken. Until that time the American hostilities will exist, though the British persist in calling them "strange."—New World.

TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE

A timely article on "The Temporal Power of the Papacy," which Senator Sherman would have done well to read before he made his ignorant and vicious charge that the Holy Father claims temporal sovereignty of the world, appears in the current number of the Atlantic Monthly. The Ave Maria calls attention to the fact that the author of the Atlantic article is Mr. L. J. S. Wood, Rome correspondent of the London Tablet, and an important critic and acknowledged authority on the Roman question.

Promising that President Wilson's visit to the Pope and other present day facts have induced many persons to believe that there is at least a chance of the Roman Question's being settled, Mr. Wood says: "The subject seems to divide itself easily into three parts: the Past, the Present and the Future. The Past is 1870, when the 'Roman Question' came into being. The Present must cover the changes in the situation that have come about during the past forty-eight, and particularly during the last four years. The Future involves a study of possible relations between the Holy See and Italy and the world, with the abnormal position of the first named regulated and the 'question' dead."

"But when we come to consider the controversy between Italy and the Holy See and Catholics, we find that far more important than the material occupation of the temporal possessions of the Pope is the resultant question of the liberty and independence of the Holy See. That is the real crux. The Papacy, the Pope, the Church, the Holy See, can live without this or that particular piece of territory, but the Supreme Pontiff must be possessed of complete liberty and independence, effective, apparent to the world, and satisfactorily guaranteed."

"For many years this side of the question was generally disregarded; yet it is the one that really matters. The facts of the material occupation were under men's eyes, and to most people the whole question was summed up in the phrase 'Temporal Power.' If, however, it is to be understood, there must be a realization that Temporal Power was not an end in itself, but a means to an end; and that end was the liberty and independence of the Holy See. 'The Catholic contention may be summed up thus: The Pope must be free and independent; he is Sovereign Pontiff, and can not be a subject of anybody. Dr. Mayo has, too, an effective and apparent guaranty of that liberty and independence. Divine Providence gave him what is called 'Temporal Power'—possessions, armies, the attributes of civil sovereignty—and for a thousand years these served as guaranty. Now Italy has taken these away; the Pope is not free and independent; even if he is shown to be so on paper, there is really no effective and apparent guaranty. 'The Government of Italy replies at once: 'There is, there is the Italian Law of May 13, 1871, better than any guaranty the Papacy has ever had; the best that could possibly be devised for it.'"

"Men break into your property, take forcible possession of your house and grounds, except one room to which you have retreated. They tell you that you may continue to enjoy possession of that room, and offer you an annual sum of money for its upkeep. The room and its furniture are 'inalienable'; you have no right to dispose of them; but the new owners of the property will not take possession of them, though they may some time 'undertake the expense of their upkeep.' That is, rather, crudely put, how Catholics interpret the Italian Law of Guarantees; and the conclusion they draw from it is that it gives the Pope, not the position of a sovereign, but that of a tenant at will of the King of Italy. Neither the law nor the money has ever been accepted by the Pope, and the latter 'goes back every six years into the Italian treasury.'"

The most interesting portion of Mr. Wood's paper is, of course, that which has to do with the future. Not all, presumably, will agree with his views or with the expediency of their adoption by the high powers whom they immediately concern; but none will deny that they embody both actuality and plausibility. "Before writing, 'It will be well to eliminate the impossible,' therefore let it be said at once that the old 'Temporal Power' is dead. Theoret-

ically, the Pope may be perfectly justified in his contention that it was the guaranty of his liberty and independence for a thousand years; and that, if Italy and the world expect him to renounce all claim to it, they are bound to put something satisfactory in its place. But for all practical purposes it is dead.

"Everyone, including Catholics and the Holy Father himself, must realize that the civil sovereignty of the Pope over the old States of the Church, or even the City of Rome, is impossible. As the people say, 'If you gave Rome to the Pope, what could he do with it?' He would most certainly ask you to take it back again. Sovereign the Pope is, and always will be; but the old Temporal Power is dead. Let the ground be cleared of it."

Discussing at some length the claims of the Holy See, existing conditions, and a few of the places of settlement that have been proposed Mr. Wood continues:

"All said and done, there seems to be but one solution approaching satisfactoriness—that of an international indorsement by the world at large of the agreement between the Pope and Italy. Italy hates the phrase 'internationalization of the Roman Question'; she regards it as a private matter between the Pope and herself. She resents any outside interference as derogatory to her sovereign rights and dignity. It may be questioned, first, whether her own actions in 1871 and provokingly justify her in that point of view; and, secondly, whether, by an international indorsement of such action as she might take in 1919, she would not really raise, but lower, her position.

"The Roman Catholic Church certainly is not national—not English or Dutch or Italian, or of any one country. It is international, spread over all the world. The Pope is Pope to the simplest Irish girl out in Australia just as much as to an Italian Cardinal in the Roman Curia—his authority is the same over the one as over the other; his communication with the one for religious purposes must be as free and untrammelled as with the other.

"This international character, and the necessity of the independence of the Papacy, have been recognized again and again—by Lord Ellenborough, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Brougham, Lord Palmerston in 1849, by a number of Italian statesmen, by Cavour himself; and most explicitly by the circular of the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs to his Majesty's ministers abroad in August, 1870, seeking the adhesion of Catholic governments, now that Italy was called upon to regulate with the Catholic world the conditions of the transformation of the Pontifical Power."—The Monitor.

THE FREEDOM OF IRELAND

Why should Ireland be free? That question was rather frequent five years ago; today, however, it drops from the lips of those only who are either incapable of appreciating an argument or are afraid of offending "the Protestants of liberal views, with whom they associate." Both these classes of people are hopeless, whenever principle is involved, but for different reasons, the former from invincible ignorance, the latter from lack of manhood. To neither can any appeal be taken, but to the great throng of thinking men and women who value justice more than sympathy these pathetic words of a simple, godly, old Irishman will serve to accentuate one reason why Ireland should be free:

"There were eleven of us children. Most of us had to go away. There was nothing we could do at home. So we had to go to America. We lived on the Shannon, and across the river there was a station where the train would be taking the people to Queenstown. I would break your heart to hear the fathers and the mothers all crying and moaning and the boys and girls that were going to America crying too. We could hear them in our house. Often when I was a little girl, when I didn't know what it all meant, I would go off and cry by myself. Sometimes when we would be playing about, our mother would of a sudden throw her apron over her head, and we'd know she would be crying. We did not know what it was for, why she would be crying. When I got to America I said to my sister who had come over before me, that now I knew why she would be crying, thinking of the day when all her boys and girls would be far from her.

"And we all did leave save only one and the two children that were born after I came over. I never saw them my youngest brother and sister. I think my mother died of a broken heart, for she always wept for her children, far away in America, she would never see again. And my father died and left three small children, and times were very hard.

"My father never had much schooling, but I think he was an intelligent man. He was a contractor and a farmer, both in a small way, and he found it bitter hard to get on, trying to feed us and give us some schooling, for he'd no capital. He never drank, but he'd have no man give him the pledge, as he'd say, 'A man is no man that can't take it or leave it as he wishes.' He never smoked a pipe unless he was in trouble, and when he'd take out the pipe we children would know his trouble was past bearing. And then, likely, he'd walk the floor all night. When we were little, of a

Sunday afternoon, he'd repeat most of the Gospel and the sermon to us and when we were bigger we had to tell him the same.

"He did not try to stir bitterness, but he would say, 'God is good, and 'twill all be the same.' But just to encourage us to use what schooling he could give us, he would tell us that when he was a wee boy, there were no schools, only the hedge-schools, where they'd creep out to the hedge of a night and if they were caught on the way home, it's a hard beating they'd get.

"Well, I had to come to America, for it was bitter at home, and there was nothing I could do. I was eighteen years old, but I knew less than a child of eight. But God was good to me, I fell in with a good priest and I went to confession to him, and he told me to come and see him, and he was my staff for three years. Oftentimes it was cruel hard, for I worked as a servant girl, and I would hear the people make talk about the 'low Irish,' when sure, it wasn't their fault at all, for they were not allowed to have any schooling, not even allowed to live in their own country. But then I'd go into the church, and look at Him there all alone on the altar, and after a while 'twould be all right again. But my heart would be lonely when I thought of my poor old mother in Ireland, and my little brother and sister that I would never see; and often I hadn't a dollar, not even a penny in my pocket, and it's not on my back that I would be, but I sent it home to help out my mother.

"I don't want the Irish to be rich; maybe it wouldn't be good for them, but sure, why can't they be allowed to live at home and get some schooling at home? All over you will find Irish families broken up, the boys and the girls in America and Australia and everywhere and maybe only the poor old father and mother at home. Why is that? Why can I not think that the Irish ought to have a chance like any other people, and not be looked down on? And it cuts me to the heart to have people laugh at the Irish and look down on them, and make fun of the Irish as rebels and fools. I am ignorant, but I think they are trying to do right; they have their faults, I know, but they ought to be allowed to have a chance to make a living and stay at home and live in Ireland and get some schooling. And one day—was here, he was talking about the Irish and trying to talk brogue about Mike and Pat and Biddy, just as if they were so many simpletons. And I cried so I could hardly serve the table; and then they all laughed at the Irish, when my heart was almost breaking thinking of all they had suffered, and people only looking on them as if they hadn't any rights at all.

"If I think they ought to be free, and I pray for that, but maybe their mission is not yet done. Maybe God wants them to be like His Blessed Son first before they are free. Of course I am ignorant, I never had much schooling, but I think they ought to be free."—America.

GOOD SUGGESTIONS

BY AN ENGLISH BISHOP

URGES VIGOROUS CO-OPERATION IN ALL SOCIAL WORK

There is undeniably a tendency among Catholics in our country to condemn things they think to be wrong in public life and thus to bring to have the wrong righted. But there is another duty incumbent on them,—that of constructive effort in bringing about positive betterment, instead of merely engaging in negative criticism. Both duties—that of protesting when necessity arises for protest, and of constructive work, even to the extent of co-operating with those not of our faith,—are clearly stated by the Bishop of Northampton in a pastoral letter. What the Bishop, Rt. Rev. Frederick William Keating, seeks to impress upon his people is valuable to American Catholics also. The Bishop treats also of one or two other interesting topics, based on experiences gained during his recent visit to the United States.

"The Bishop insists on 'independence of view' among the English Catholics, saying that no Catholic should be content to be a pawn of some political party, the blind disciple of the noisiest demagogue, the negligent and negligible hanger-on of his trade union, or the dead echo of the party press. He says that the 'Catholic working class' is in a position calling for 'moral courage of the highest type at this critical moment,' and urges the men of this class to register a strong protest against the guidance of irresponsible leaders. 'Let them,' he advises, 'employ their voting strength and lift once more, to dismiss from office and power those who misrepresent the true aims of trade unionism, and to replace them by honest men who will promote the interests of their own class without declaring an unjust war on every other class.' But firmness of conviction, loyalty, and the launching of strong protests is not all that is necessary. Mr. Keating very correctly urges constructive co-operation with helpful agencies outside of our ranks.

"An attitude of protest," he says, "though sometimes incumbent on a Catholic, is by no means the whole, or the most effective part of his influence. In a country which is predominantly Protestant, and where all kinds of false theories gain a following, nearly every popular movement is associated with objectionable elements, objectionable advocates, objectionable proposals, or objectionable methods. It is enough to refer to the education question, the temperance question, the sex question, the land question, as well as the labor question. To colliery refuse co-operation because some of the persons or some of the measures are not all that a Catholic would wish, is neither wise nor patriotic. Our fellow-countrymen, on the whole, whatever their limitations, are honestly bent on social betterment, and have remarkably open minds on the sub-

ject. Objectionable people become less objectionable when we get to know them. Objectionable features can be eliminated from a scheme by frank and friendly discussion. Anyhow, wrongs ought not to be left unredressed until an ideal scheme or reform is forthcoming; and if we turn down those that are proposed, our non-Catholic friends are entitled to demand from us a better. Even an imperfect scheme may be got to work well if well administered; but the administration is hardly likely to be committed to those who refuse to lend a hand in the framing of it. The exigencies of war time, as everyone knows, have broken down social and religious barriers, and have brought together all sorts and conditions of people in an unprecedented way. Women, especially, of all creeds and classes have worked on the same committees, have nursed in the same hospitals, have been associated in the management of the same huts, buffets, soldiers' clubs, and such like, and have learned, thereby, to know and value each other as persons before. Naturally the same sociability will prevail in the future, and our local enterprises will be the result of all their exclusiveness and narrow sectarianism. Indeed social service is so fast becoming the only cult of the English people that any creed will be welcomed which can show a steady output of work and workers. Catholics have no reason to fear such a test. Drawn out of our comparative isolation during the past four years we have proved both our willingness and capacity. The larger opportunities that our opening before us must not catch us unprepared. To turn them to account and to obviate the incidental dangers that will undoubtedly crop up, we need but to develop the machinery which already exists for that very purpose."

"The prelate then offers some suggestions as to how this machinery is to be developed; he does this by referring to his observations in America. 'We are agreeably surprised in the United States,' he writes, 'at the exceedingly good reputation achieved by our home organizations. The publications of our Catholic Social Guild, especially, were known and valued everywhere. Efforts ought to be made to establish sociological schools in all our main centres of population similar to those which are to be seen in every American city. Catholic young men and women are there trained, not only to take an intelligent interest in social questions, but to equip themselves for public positions, including the many paid posts which there, as here, are provided by the local and central authorities. They who have no call to the religious life, yet are strongly attracted to social service, are thus enabled to find at once their living and their vocation as district nurses, health officers, infant welfare visitors, and in such like capacities. At New York we came across several hundred young people being prepared for municipal appointments in the sociological school of Fordham University, on the tenth floor of the Woolworth Building.'

"There are some very helpful suggestions in this pastoral letter of the Bishop of Northampton. The references to America are essentially correct, but only American Catholics themselves will ever realize how far they are from living up to the Bishop's assertion that Catholics are training for social service 'in every American city.' The suggestion contained in the implicit obligation of living up to the compliment bestowed and the other,—that of combining constructive effort with negative protest, should be seriously appreciated by all American Catholics."—C. B. of the C. V.

AN HONEST CONFESSION

What was founded in 1825 as the Second Congregational Unitarian Church of New York and in 1839 converted into the Church of the Messiah, has recently been renamed the Community Church of New York City. In this institution, according to the pastor, will be preached a universal, humanistic religion which knows no bounds of any kind, not even Christianity, and with every vestige of theology eliminated. The only remnants of the old order that are to be retained are the titles of "church" for the society and "religion" for its public orations. In this, there is the only bit of deceit that clings to the Community Church. Otherwise there is a refreshing frankness in the course adopted. People will no longer be deceived. True for those who have come to a Protestant church to receive gold were frequently given drops. The history of the evolution, more truly the subversion, of Protestantism in America. The unusual characteristic is its honesty in recognizing the goal. Today, when there is so great a stir for church unity among the various denominations, the first step necessary is that they sift the churches to eliminate entirely those that have sacrificed, with their negation of the Divinity of Christ, every title to religious belief. The cementing of the residue will be simple. There is little good in talking of religious unity, when in fact the unity of religion with irreligion is meant. When more Protestant parishes will have the honesty of labelling themselves community centers, and suggest a spurt towards greater unity of belief at least, for it is always the

Then, those who seek true religion, and not philanthropy, will have a fair chance.—New World.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

WORK FOR THE LAYTY

Every Catholic without exception is called to be an apostle, for the very good reason, that every Catholic ought to love Our Blessed Lord and wish to see Him loved by all men. When we have this desire in our hearts we are apostles in desire. When we make an effort to realize our desire we become apostles in deed and in truth.

We get away completely from the Catholic ideal when we think that Apostleship is confined, by right, entirely to the clergy. Let us explain this by asking you the following question: What would you think of the man who attempted to teach during the Great War that patriotism belonged only to the soldiers who had taken the oath of service to the King and wore his uniform? Enough said! You know the answer. It has been taught you by bitter experience during the past four years and more. The point insisted on day after day was that those at home who were doing their duty were as patriotic as those at the front. The man at the front depended on those at home for support, moral and financial. So too in the warfare conducted by the Church, the Leader, Jesus Christ, looks to the patriotic layman and laywoman for His soldiers, the priests and bishops, to lay down their lives for Him when necessary. In the Church we have millions of lay persons who in the course of the centuries did wonderful and glorious work for Christ and the Church. They were not priests; they were not nuns; but nevertheless they are known as apostles as well as the heroic ecclesiastical servants of the Lord who were appointed in a special manner to do the Master's work.

Every member of the Layty is bound to be an apostle of Christ. When we are apostles we prove it in two ways: 1. We pray for the Kingdom of God. 2. We work for the Kingdom of God so that our prayers may be effective.

We are inclined to think that our prayers are of little aid to the missions. After all prayer is necessary to salvation, prayer brings us the Grace of God. Therefore when you pray for the success of the Extension Society, we carry on most effectively the apostleship of Jesus Christ. Consider the thousands and thousands of Catholics in the West without adequate means for the practice of their holy religion. Surely they need the assistance of your prayers so that under their awful burden they may not fall and lose the faith. They need your prayers, too, so that God in His love and mercy may vouchsafe to them priests, religious teachers, churches and schools. In a word your prayers are most necessary for prayer lies at the bottom of the whole apostolic life of the Church.

When we pray in earnest for some good we are at the same time willing to do something to make our prayers effective. First of all then, when we are convinced that our faith is necessary for the salvation of souls we pray that this light may be given to the souls of those about us who are in darkness and we exert ourselves in various ways,—by sacrifice of our earthly possessions, for example—to bring this blessing near. See how irreligious men, enemies of the Church, spend themselves and their goods for the propagation of their evil opinions! Newspapers, books, etc., are distributed in thousands at great expense for an evil purpose.

Let us be apostles of Christ, and do our utmost to make known the beauties of His Service and Kingdom. Let us combine prayer and sacrifice, and success is assured.

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'Donnell, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 87 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed to: EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

Previously acknowledged... \$2,010 75 Miss E. F. Montreal... 1 00 A Friend, Galt... 5 00

ANGELIC CLERGY UNITE TO PREACH CATHOLIC DOGMAS

SEVEN HUNDRED IN ORGANIZATION TO MAINTAIN CATHOLIC TENETS INCLUDING THAT OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

Catholic Press Association London, April 17.—The hot-pot and medley of religious belief and unbelief outside the Church at the present time is so great, that few can prophesy what will be the outcome. The "Life and Liberty Movement" in the Church of England aims at throwing off all lay control. At a public meeting, held in London this week, a clergyman stated that the reunion of Christendom was advancing at a snail's pace only, but other indications seem to suggest a spurt towards greater unity of belief at least, for it is always the

question of obedience which stands in the way.

We are informed that seven hundred clergymen of the Church of England have formed what they call a Federation of Catholic Priests for the following purposes: "To maintain the doctrine of the perpetual virginity of the Mother of God, and to promote the practice of the open and public reservation of the Blessed Sacrament; to uphold and teach the invocation of Saints, the regular use of the Sacrament of Penance, and the rule of a fasting Communion; to contend for Catholic order and discipline in the Church, and to combat all heresies of the same."

Against this has been set another organization which there is a Center Party in the Church of England, which does not belong to any sect, but to all!

REUNION OR TRUTH?

Probably the advocates of the "reunion of the Christian churches" felt that they were straining somewhat the bonds of comity by inviting the Bishop of Rome to participate in their deliberations. Probably, too, they felt some motion of resentment when the message was conveyed, gently yet firmly, that while the Father of the Faithful earnestly prayed for the day when all men should sit down as brothers in the true Church of Jesus Christ, he held that this desired unity could be secured only by the whole-hearted acceptance of the teachings of the Catholic Church. Peter would have given this answer; Leo XIII. wrote no other in his encyclicals; Benedict XV. followed the line of his predecessors in witnessing to the unchanging deposit of the Faith, delivered in its fulness for all time by the Founder of the Church, whose vicar he is.

Yet it is somewhat difficult to understand how the non-Catholic promoters of unity could have looked for any other answer, and a matter for wonderment why these good men and women have not long since learned that the Catholic Church can promote unity on no other terms than the acknowledgment first of all of the supremacy, by right Divine, of the Bishop of Rome. It is the acceptance of a common Faith that alone matters. There can be no tranquility when truth is compromised, or where men, however upright, agree to regard as non-essential, principles and practices which are essential. There can be no unity of Faith between bodies of men who hold that Baptism is essential to salvation, and bodies that regard Baptism as an empty form; between men who teach that Christ has left us His very Body and Blood to be the food of our souls and the object of our adoration, and men who denounce the doctrine as superstition and the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament as gross idolatry; between men who believe that Christ founded a Church visible, one and infallible, and men who profess that the Church is invisible, and in any of its outward manifestations, liable to error. Save as it may promote charity by clearing away misconceptions, this latest move towards Church unity, promises nothing. The Catholic Church will never yield one point in her conviction that she alone has been Divinely commissioned to continue the mission of Jesus Christ among men. That mission is exclusive; she cannot share it. Unity is desirable but truth is above all else. That false unity, secured by compromising the truth, will never further the work which Jesus Christ bade His Apostles and their successors continue until the end of time.—America.

EDUCATING THE BODY

Now that the schools are about to close their doors for several months to both teachers and pupils it may be well for parents to consider the strict obligation resting upon them to give the young every opportunity during vacation times to build up strong bodies which will be able, later on, to stand the wear and tear of existence in this modern world. First of all, a healthy body, working normally, can be brought under the influence of religion better than a frail one, which has to be indulged and petted. A healthy boy may be subjected to severe temptations, but he can more easily overcome them than the boy who suffers from that morbidity which makes religion irksome. Next, a healthy body is one of the most essential requisites for intellectual progress. The strong lad sees with clear eyes that are not blinded by the self-pity of the weakling. And as we are living in an age where men of ideas and learning are carrying off all the prizes, no care we can bestow on the physical well-being of the growing-up generation is to be counted as lost. Early rising, fresh air in sleeping apartments and at play, sufficient food of a nutritious kind, plenty of outdoor games, cleanliness of mind and body, and a good dash of manual labor, with an early bedtime—these will preserve us from the curse of a generation of neurasthenics who are a burden to themselves and to society. A sensible vacation ought to be the slogan for parents during the next two months. The regime which created a gallant army, strong, robust and virile, out of pale-faced office men and clerks, is the best argument for the physical

education we advocate.—Rosary Magazine.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

Almonte, Ontario

Dear Friends,—I came to Canada to work vocations for the Chinese Missions which are greatly in need of priests. In my parish alone there are three cities and a thousand villages to be evangelized and only two priests. Since I arrived in Canada a number of youths have expressed their desire to study for the Chinese mission but there are no funds to educate them. I appeal to your charity to assist in founding burses for the education of these and others who desire to become missionaries in China. Five thousand dollars will found a bursar. The interest on this amount will support a student. When he is ordained and goes off to the mission another will be taken in and so on forever. All imbued with the Catholic spirit of propagating the Faith to the ends of the earth will, I am sure, contribute generously to this fund.

Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER.

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An immoderate love of our neighbor gradually robs our will of its strength, lest it should devote itself wholly to the love of God.—St. Teresa.

As wax is melted by fire and dust is scattered by the wind, so the entire army of the infernal spirits is dispersed by the simple invocation of the name of Mary.—St. Francis.

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education we advocate.—Rosary Magazine.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. M. FOSSAERT

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

REVENGE, A THREEFOLD WRONG

Almighty God is a God of love and peace; He maketh His sun to rise upon the good and bad, and raineth upon the just and unjust; bestowing good gifts upon all His creatures. He wishes us to follow His example, and desires genuine charity and peace to prevail amongst us, so that no one may be angry with another, far less abuse him or take vengeance upon him. It is always wrong to seek revenge, and Christians cannot be too much on their guard against this evil.

1. Revenge is, in the first place, wrong done to God Himself.—By arrogating to ourselves a right that belongs to God alone, we are plainly wronging God and interfering with His privileges. He has said: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," and these words show clearly that no one will escape punishment who injures his fellow man, or deprives him of his honor, property and rights. But his honor, property and rights, and to punish the offender and make him feel the chastisement that he deserves belongs to God alone, not to the person offended and injured, who must not avenge himself, but leave the matter in God's hands, or else appeal to the lawful authority that can inflict punishment in God's name. God's will in this respect is made known clearly and decidedly, and no one can bring forward any arguments against it. Supposing a man attempts to avenge himself, and not only wishes evil to the person who has wronged him, but injures that person as much as he can, treating him with contempt and suspicion, and destroying his good reputation, so as to bring him to ruin. Is not this man directly opposing God's holy will? Is he not presumptuously interfering with God's judicial authority? And is this not a grievous wrong done to Almighty God?

2. Revenge is, in the second place, a wrong done to our fellowmen.—Those who avenge themselves presume to judge and punish their neighbors, without being in a position to decide whether the injury was inflicted fully, for otherwise it does not deserve punishment. Our neighbor may have done or said something that we regard as an insult, but it is possible that he acted ignorantly or hastily without due consideration, or even that he believed himself to be doing his duty. In the former case, he deserves leniency and forgiveness, in the latter esteem and gratitude. Even if he was really badly disposed, and intended deliberately to give offence, is that a reason for avenging ourselves? No, it is never right to repay evil with evil; one unjust act cannot repair another; and how can you argue that you are justified in doing wrong because some one else also commits an offense?

3. Revenge is a great wrong done to the person offended.—You know that with what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again. Now no one uses a worse measure than he who avenges himself on his neighbor, for he judges him without taking the trouble to judge him fairly; he assumes him to be in the wrong, and makes no allowances for him, punishing his smallest offences with the greatest imaginable severity. Is not this a bad measure? Yet it will be measured to him in the same way, he need not hope for mercy and consideration; he has judged his neighbor harshly, wished him all manner of evil and condemned him to pay a heavy penalty, and he will be treated in precisely the same way; he will be judged, sentenced and punished. It was not in vain that our Lord warned us, saying: "With what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again," and we have no reason to complain if such is the case, since we pray daily: "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." God acts with perfect justice when He treats us as we treat others. Let us then banish all revengeful feelings; God alone can avenge; we have to cherish a loving, peaceable, yielding and conciliatory spirit, for this is the spirit of God's children. Let us try to acquire it by means of prayer and self-discipline, and in it let us act and speak during life and in death. Amen.

TRAITORS IN THE HOME

That the worldly spirit of the day is injecting itself even into Catholic families, is evidenced no more alarmingly than in the increasing instances where parental objection is raised against the priestly or religious career for son or daughter. It is not necessary to say that there are two diametrically opposed standards for measuring life, one in the world and the other in the priesthood and the convent. It should never be a question as to which gauge is the truer and better. Neither is there doubt as to which the Catholic, even of the world, must accept. And the father or the mother who uses the authority of parenthood to oppose the religious life of a child, once a vocation is clearly manifest, falls grievously short of the Catholic type. It is not, however, such opposition that is most detrimental to the securing of the full strength of

CONSTANT PAIN AFTER EATING

The Tortures of Dyspepsia Corrected by "Fruit-a-tives"

St. MARTIN'S, N.B. "For two years, I suffered tortures from Severe Dyspepsia. I had constant pains after eating; pains down the sides and back; and horrible bitter stuff often came up in my mouth. I tried doctors, but they did not help me. But as soon as I started taking 'Fruit-a-tives', I began to improve and this medicine, made of fruit juices, relieved me when everything else failed."

MRS. HUDSON MARSHBANK. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, Retail size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

The priestly and religious ranks so necessary that the work of God may be done well. It is rather the constant disparagement of the religious life in the child's hearing, even from earliest youth. The whole life of the home is modeled on the assumption that it is to produce nothing but men and women of the world. The possibility that the gift of a vocation may fall upon one or more members of the family, is never reckoned, and much less asked in prayer. The parent of this attitude who injects into his home a spirit of hostility toward religious life, makes sure of a dire accounting he must give. To be instrumental in denying a child the life to which God has called him, may bring an early punishment. God permits no toying with His will. In a day when so many youths stray, when the wrecks of young careers are startling in their number, is it unimaginable that a parent will risk injecting into the home a spirit intended to be hostile to the priestly or conventual life, but which is so readily convertible into a spirit of hostility even to a virtuous life. The parent who no longer deems it a rare privilege to have given a son to God's altar or a daughter to His service has lost the grip upon his faith. Nothing should be more characteristic of the Catholic home than an atmosphere that would nourish and protect the germ of a religious vocation that the goodness of God may have bestowed upon it.—New World.

NATIONS NEED POPE AS MEDIATOR

The Catholic press of the country has frequently emphasized the fact that the representatives of the new powers taking part in the Peace Conference could do nothing better than accord to the Holy See the same rights they have granted to the secular powers. As a matter of fact the diplomats could have made excellent use of the strong moral influence exerted by the Vicar of Christ, regardless of whether they desired to discuss or to ignore the question of the Papal States and the Temporal Power. The powers could indeed have invited the Holy See to participate in the labor of establishing a League of Nations without offending against international custom and diplomatic usage. This is evident from the history of International Congresses and Conferences,—a consideration which makes it all the more regrettable that the invitation has not been issued.

The manner in which the Holy See would, if conditions made participation possible, co-operate in the League of Nations, and the limitations of Papal influence in the conferences of the representatives of the various Nations, are laid down in a remarkable treatise on "International State Congresses and Conferences," a study in international law and diplomatic usage, which according to European newspapers, will be read with the greatest interest in diplomatic circles, and in fact wherever the new regulation of international law is being discussed. The author of the treatise is a young theoretician as well as a practical man, a graduate of the Oriental College, a graduate of the Commercial Academy in Budapest, and of the University at Zurich. The author has set himself the task of analyzing the practice of Congresses and Conferences, on the basis of authentic records and documents, and to thus reduce the practice to a set of laws, and to elucidate it. The treatise affords the theoretical as well as the practical man a means of quickly informing himself on the usage and rulings of diplomatic gatherings.

IMPORTANT ROLE OF POPE Concerning the participation of the Holy See in the League of Nations the author says: "In consequence of the establishment of peace the Pope should have an advisory voice, such advisory service to be unrestricted, except insofar as not to interfere with the fashioning of the official resolutions of the conference. There is not the slightest reason why such an advisory service should be denied him. For his opinion, which in such cases would be expressed through a representative, could not but be of service to all the powers of the civilized world. Insofar as the voice of the Papacy will be sounded only in the interest

of harmonizing hostile factors, by paving the way to mutual understanding and reconciliation, the Holy See exercises a function traditionally its own, and which represents one of the principal purposes of the mission of the Papacy as the temporal representative of the Deity."

In a legal sense it is understood that, once the co-operation of the See in any Congress is consented to in practice among the nations, it would no longer be within the power of any individual nation to prevent papal participation in diplomatic deliberations, as has been the case heretofore. One can readily perceive that in many cases the Pope, by virtue of his position, could have used his influence to the end that the nations might base their relations on a foundation of the consciousness of the solidarity of the human race, which would serve to eliminate hatred, injustice and materialistic egotism. This would be done in the sense of the thought of Cardinal Rampolla, who wrote at the time of the call to the first Conference at the Hague: "It is essential that Christian Justice come to be recognized to the widest possible extent in the world. It is impossible for the world to enter upon an era of true peace without the mediation of Jesus Christ (See L'Etat de la Papauté, les Etats et la Conférence de la Haye). In such work of mediation, however, the moral, entirely unpolitical influence of the Pope, separated from all ecclesiastical tendencies, would have to be brought to bear on the situation. If one considers the services of the Papacy during many centuries in the interest of the peace movement, and weighs the ever increasing influence of the Catholic Church, one cannot fail to wish that the Pope may henceforth co-operate to the greatest possible degree in the perfection of international organization.—(Wehberg l. c., p. 109.)

NEUTRALITY OF THE HOLY SEE

In following Dr. Gruber's views and conclusions the reader will have to bear in mind that his book was written shortly before the end of the War. His argument is not affected, however, by the occasional use of the future tense. The author continues:

"Throughout the War the Vatican has honestly endeavored to maintain its position above all party lines. The question as to whether the peace-makers at the coming diplomatic congress should extend an invitation to the Pope, or if they have an interest in his participation in the conference, is merely a part of the problem of the participation of noncombatant nations.—in fact of all neutrals. "It should be added that if neutrals are to participate in the Peace Conference at the close of the present European War then the Pope should also be permitted to take part. The equitable application of the principle does not exclude any neutral, whether such a power be a sovereign state of a spiritual character with the attributes of sovereignty. Just as the equalization of contracts can be materially advanced through the co-operation of neutral powers, so the concessions possible between the various parties could surely be more readily consummated if His Holiness would speak in the name of Christian charity and international justice. And his voice would not be raised in vain. The spiritual power of the Pope can be exercised impartially for the benefit of all nations only if the Pope can exercise his exalted office independently of all secular influences."

Thus far we have followed Dr. Gruber. The statement would not be complete without adding that the task of mediation also should be entrusted to the Pope, and to him primarily. Naturally nothing is expected in this connection except the discharge of his honorary duties. At the same time, however, the services of the Roman Church in the interest of social reforms and of the silent furtherance of the cause by the means at her disposal would finally be recognized and appreciated. The justification of papal participation in certain diplomatic undertakings must be investigated not only from the formally theoretical or the narrow practical viewpoint, but rather from the angle of Christian culture, now obtaining for some twenty centuries,—a culture which—and this should be frankly admitted—has formed the first foundation for all social progress and improvement.

The suggestions offered by Dr. Gruber have not been followed;—just as the Holy See was excluded from co-operating in the peace efforts so the Pope is apparently to be excluded from the work of erecting the structure of a League of Nations. Therefore the Centre Bureau declared, in a statement prepared by it and later embodied in the resolutions of the Catholic Union of Missouri: "We do not marvel at the difficulties experienced by statesmen and diplomats in bringing peace back to the world. The foundation of the structure which they strive to erect is purely human wisdom, and its cornerstone Humanism. The Vicegerent of Jesus Christ, the meek Shepherd and father of all the peoples of the earth, was not invited to devote his energies to the perfection of the undertaking. The Spirit of Evil, diligently at work everywhere at present, is seeking to isolate the Pope, to win the peoples of the world away from him. He shall not share in the fame of having erected a League of Nations. He, whom God has called to be the foundation-stone of His Church and the arbiter of His mercies as well as His judgments!"—C. B.

HOW A REVOLUTION WAS FRUSTRATED

When the Jesuits were expelled from Germany they found a hospitable home in Holland. That country was not afraid of the sons of Ignatius of Loyola. Nor does it seem that Holland has ever had to repent of its generosity towards exiled Catholics. On the contrary we learn from the March number of the "Stimmen der Zeit," as quoted in the Ohio Waisenhaus, of June 4, that the revolution threatening to overthrow the existing order in Holland last November, was held in check, and frustrated principally by the Catholic citizens of that country more than two-third Protestant.

When the revolution in Germany had knocked to pieces the mighty empire it cast its waves also on the adjacent Holland. The Socialists of Holland grew confident. Like their German brethren they wanted to seize the government and foist their socialistic regime on the land. On November 17th the revolutionists were to strike their blow. "We and nobody else shall be in power," declared a socialistic leader flushed with the presentiment of victory. Everything had been prepared, the masses had been electrified, success seemed assured.

The occasion was, indeed, very propitious for the scheme. The population was anxious and worried, the revolution seemed inevitable, officers suspected the loyalty of their troops, pacifism and confusion were in evidence among the people everywhere. And yet the project was foisted with so much assurance of victory proved a failure. What was it that turned the scales? The organizations of Christian laborers. When the Socialists decided upon organizing the revolution, the executive committee of the Catholic union held a meeting, promised the government in the name of 100,000 organized laborers every help for the preservation of order, and devised the plans of defence. Next the people were mobilized. Everywhere local committees of Catholics were formed, and the very next day witnessed huge popular meetings which banished the paralyzing fear of the population. An anti-revolutionary pamphlet was distributed in 1,200,000 copies; a second one, in an equally large edition, followed the next day.

The two most important places, Rotterdam and Amsterdam were provided with reliable Catholic troops which marched into those cities amidst the applause of a loyal citizenship. When the Socialists at Amsterdam made attempts to lure the troops from loyalty all they got was bloody heads and a forced retreat with a loss of four dead and nine wounded. At the suggestion and with the help of Catholic labor organizations bands of citizen-militia had been formed everywhere. And these were equipped with officers and ammunition by the government. Thus in all the towns of the country, even those with a majority population of Protestants, the civil authorities were upheld by brave Catholic soldiers, and the splendid success, in obedience. This splendid success, in a country only one-third Catholic, was achieved by the thoroughly organized Catholic laboring class and by the almost entirely Catholic Cabinet. All this has been freely admitted by both the secular papers and the Protestant press of Holland.

Holland has been reaping a blessing—a blessing that will come to every other country that follows her example—for her fair and tolerant attitude towards the Catholic Church, which is, after all, the most successful nursery of civic loyalty.—S. in The Guardian.

PARENTS SHOULD NOT DO CHILDREN'S SCHOOL WORK

Miss Prudence Bradish, a pedagogical writer of some renown, warns parents against helping their children with their home tasks. She quotes a successful teacher of mathematics as saying to the mother of one of his pupils:

"If you help him with his work, so that he brings it in always correctly done, I never can tell how he is getting along, never can know how much he can do himself, or where are the weak spots to which I ought to devote special pains with him? He is given his homework largely to put him to the test of his attentiveness in school, to demonstrate the success or failure of the teacher's work. When the parent sits down with him every evening, explaining, and sometimes even actually doing the work for him, he may get good marks and 'keep up with his class,' but his marks will mean nothing, and his standing in his class will be on a false basis."

There are many ways of helping a child to get the best out of his schoolwork; but doing for him the lessons he brings home is not one of them. If he really cannot do them without help, it is a sign that he is being pushed ahead too fast, is graded too high, is inattentive in school, or that, for some reason which should be carefully investigated, the teacher is not teaching him. As Henry Clay Trumbull says in his book, "Teaching and Teachers,"—"Unless something has been learned, nothing has been taught."

"If your child did not get in school during the day the principle illustrated in the example he brings home to do, says Miss Bradish, 'it is because the teacher did not teach it to

him, however much she may have tried to do so. The help that most parents give to their children is not real help, at all, but enables them to evade the consequences of idling in

school, and trains them to be lazy-minded, to lean on the efforts of others, and to go through life expecting some one else to do their work."—Buffalo Echo.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

SOMEWHERE
Somewhere is one who holds your words as dear—
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HE SEEMED TO BE ALL MAN
Edith Wharton, in Paris, told this was her story:
"The American wounded were being brought in from the Marne battle," she said, "and a funny American man in a khaki uniform and Sam Brown belt bent over a stretcher and said:

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS
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As she knelt at her devotions She was visibly distressed, And the force of her emotions Would not suffer her to rest.

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"I'll get even with him. You see if I don't."
Uncle John looked up from the article he was writing. "Who is it you are going to get even with?" he inquired, smiling quizzically into Fred's frowning face.

FORTUNES NOT MADE IN RUTS
Fortunes have never been made by traveling in ruts. Most of the successful American leaders had to get out of the business in which they were engaged and courageously start off on new tracks before they achieved any wonderful results.

Two days later Fred came in, his eyes dancing. "Well, Uncle John, I got even with Frank," he announced.
Uncle John looked surprised. He turned sharp eyes on the laughing face.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM
An Old-World proverb—as usual, the quaintness of folk-wisdom—says that children and dogs are great judges of character. Conversely it has been said that the truly good love children and animals.

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The world is full of reformers today—men who are trying to circulate somewhere—anywhere—their pages in to the conditions whereby a permanent peace will be guaranteed to the world.

CATHOLIC STATISTICS
UNDER FLAG ARE 26,000,000 CATHOLICS
There are 17,549,324 Catholics in the forty-eight States of the Union, according to the 1919 edition of the Official Catholic Directory published and copyrighted by P. J. Kennedy & Sons of Barclay street, New York.

Have You Ever Thought of This? —That a Cup of



properly infused, is one of Nature's greatest blessings as a harmless stimulating beverage.

That no new census was taken during the unsettled conditions brought about by the great World War. In fact it is pointed out that some of the most important archdioceses have not changed their figures in quite a number of years.

The usual table of statistics appears in the Kennedy publication, and according to the general summary of the 1919 issue there are now 20,388 Catholic priests in the United States. Of these, 15,052 are secular clergymen and 5,336 are priests of religious orders.

Another feature of the 1919 edition is the complete list of army and navy chaplains, which takes up six pages in the Kennedy publication. The 782 secular clergy and the 264 members of religious orders who were serving under the Stars and Stripes, are listed in the army and navy section.

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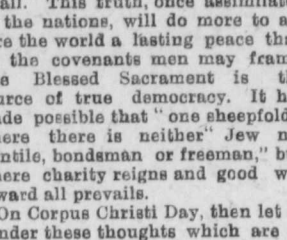
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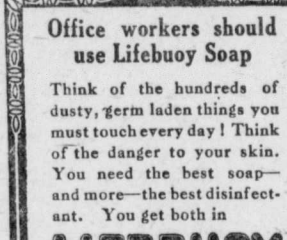
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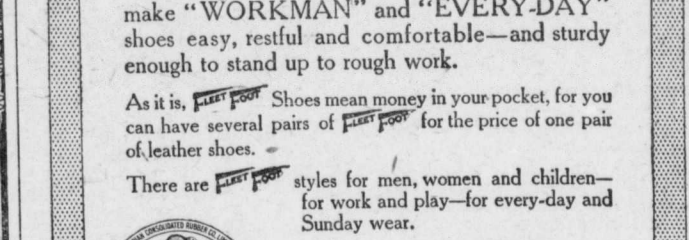
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LETTER FROM FRASER

All Hallows College, Dublin, June 22, 1919. My Dear Friends of the Catholic Record:

On my way to Rome I have stopped a few days in Ireland. I gave illustrated lectures on the missions of China and the Dominican Convent and tomorrow night to one hundred and fifty students preparing to be teachers in the Catholic Schools of Ireland. I also visited Dalga Park in the west of Ireland seat of Irish Missions to China and assisted at the ordination of two students. They have secured a beautiful site for their work of educating priests for China—a spacious stone building in the centre of an immense park. There are twenty-seven priests and over thirty seminarians preparing for missionary labors in China. Many more are asking for admission. Some of the priests are engaged in the college as professors, some are preaching in the Chinese Missions in the Churches of Ireland and some doing the work in the United States. They generously gave me one of their students, a Subdeacon, to help me in my work and I have made arrangements for his conference to our China Mission College in Belmont, Ontario.

Today I assisted at a most inspiring ceremony here in All Hallows College—the elevation to the priesthood of twenty-two students destined for missions, literally all over the world. As they lay on their faces in a great semicircle with the Bishop in the center, and all was pomp and splendor, the scene bore a striking resemblance to that described in the Apocalypse where the ancients prostrate themselves before the Throne and the Lamb. And then when it was all over and the newly ordained, dressed in priestly vestments, were free to bestow their blessing on their numerous friends, who had come from all parts of Ireland, the scene of joy and congratulation was indescribable.

I heard from two priests, guests from the United States, the good news that a companion priest in their diocese, a friend of mine, had obtained permission from his Bishop to join me in my present work.

Everything then looks very promising and I am sure the Holy Father will be delighted at the work for the Chinese Missions begun in Canada and bestowed on his choicest blessing. Before the end of the week I shall be in Rome. A little prayer, please, for the success of the great work and for the conversion of China.

Yours very truly, J. M. FRASER.

ASSIMILATION

The saying that "in our time we read too much and think too little" has started us pondering on the subject of assimilation. Not what we read makes us learned but what we make our own by assimilation, just as it is not food that gives us strength, but what we digest. This is an analogy between these three kinds of assimilation, but not a complete likeness, as will be seen directly. In each there is an active and passive factor, but the resultant likeness is not in each at the same place. When we take food we assimilate it to ourselves, we make it part of our bodily substance. It is the active factor that brings about this wonderful result in plants, in animals, and in man. The food ceases to be what it was and becomes something quite different: muscle, nerve, bone, tooth, hair and so forth.

On the contrary, when we read, or listen, or study a visible object, it is not the thing but our mind that is changed. The object remains the same, but our mind becomes something different. Our mind is being assimilated to the object; it becomes knowing from having been ignorant. Cognition is the conformation of the mind to truth. Still, while food is entirely passive in the process of digestion, the mind is active in the assimilation of knowledge. With its memory it retains the information, with its thinking power its amalgamates it with the knowledge already possessed. This requires ruminating and deliberate effort. The stomach acts spontaneously when supplied with food. So does the mind sometimes when an exceptionally interesting subject is presented to it, or when a man finds himself in an embarrassing situation that requires mental strategy for deliverance. But then the mind may do so habitually require the sustained effort. This is why much reading is of little profit to the lazy thinker. "I am afraid of the reader of one book," is an old saying. He who has thoroughly mastered one book, and done much thinking on its contents, is a much more formidable opponent than he who has devoured a library. Why, with the Fathers of the Church were pretty good theologians, and their almost exclusive book was the Bible.

This brings us to the analogy of religion. We hear it sometimes said, "That man got religion at a recent revival." Well, that may have been a doubtful blessing. It would have been better if religion had got him. More yet than in cognition, religion consists in the conformation of man's whole being to the object of religion. Man's mind must be conformed to the truth of God by faith, and man's will to the holiness of God by being of one will with Him. This is the

assimilation of religion, all the change being on the part of a man. Here, indeed, we have what we have not got in food or in objects of knowledge, the active principle of grace which alone makes possible, and has the leading role throughout, the process of man's assimilation to God. But, nevertheless, man must be intensely active, too, if the result is to be achieved.

This is why, in spite of abundant means of salvation, there are so few saints. If Christ says, "My yoke is sweet and My burden is light," this applies to those who consistently follow their youth up have borne the yoke and carried the burden. But as their youth will only with difficulty attain to strength in manhood, and those who neglected their early education will require tremendous energy to become scholars later on, so those who have begun with disfiguring the image of God in which they were created will have a sore task to achieve the perfect assimilation to God which is implied in holiness.—S. in The Guardian.

TESTIMONY OF HISTORY

We are living in troublous times. All around rage the elements of disorder. Pessimists predict that the economic structure reared with such pain and toil by human hands will crumble, and that a new social system will rise upon the ruins of the old.

We know not what the future may bring, but this we do know, that the only stable element in the world today is the Catholic Church. When all else is fluid she is firm and immovable as the rock upon which she was founded. For she was not built by human hands. She was founded by God.

She has received a divine commission that preserves her forever impregnable from within, and impregnable from without. "Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." This is the secret of her perennial youth. This is why she is able at all great crises in history to inject poise and order into the councils of men and save civilization from chaos and confusion.

It is one of the enigmas of history that men of the world have always failed to recognize this patent fact that the Church is the great stabilizer of human society. This studied blindness in regard to the Catholic Church, this sin against the light of Christ, will always continue, for Christ Himself has said that for the world will always be found arrayed against His Church. It is a sign of her holiness. By this mark she is known as the true Church of Christ.

We can take comfort in the fact that what the Church has done so well in the past she is doing today, saving the world from a relapse into the great catastrophes that the follies of men have produced periodically in history. Other great upheavals have occurred in the past and will in all probability occur in the future. The persecutions of pagan Rome, the fury of the barbarians, the fanatical fury of the Turks, are instances where the machinery of civilization failed to function, and the Church alone opposed and triumphed over the forces of destruction.

It is the same today. History is repeating itself. Against Bolshevism, divorce, irreligion and injustice, the Catholic Church is continuing her centuries' long struggle. When human agencies are willing to compromise in essentials, she stands firm and unyieldingly for the observance of the law of God. When theories propose false and fantastic she has never been on high. And so the Church is today the one stable element in society, the only agency that can regenerate and reconstruct a stricken world.—Boston Pilot.

BOLSHEVISM IN AMERICA

Secretary of Labor Wilson does not think that Bolshevism will ever gain a foothold in the United States, because, as he says, a democratic country can make progress without the use of force, which in totalitarian countries is sometimes the highest form of patriotism. Force used to destroy democracy, as advocated by the I. W. W. and Bolshevism, is treason to the masses of the people.

G. P. Selmetz, manager of the General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y., discusses the danger of Bolshevism in this country in the April number of the American Magazine. He calls himself a Socialist of the evolutionary kind. In America, he asserts, the majority always possesses sufficient liberty to assert its will. The revolutionists are bred by the rotten spots in our industrial system, but these conditions are such that they can be readily operated upon and removed by the will of the people.

Organized labor is bringing about more satisfactory industrial organization, and the great work of reconstruction is to remove further obstacles in the path of progress. For attaining this purpose Mr. Selmetz would use some Catholic principles and recommends official investigations wherever Bolshevistic agitators are observable, in order to remove the causes in which they strike root. He repeats that Bolshevism is only a symptom like fever. And by merely suppressing the

fever one does not cure the disease. Three things need special attention; how to banish unemployment, how to provide for the laborer in case of sickness, and how to ward off the specter of a penurious old age.

Now if the laborers alone that require improved conditions—the producers as well must ameliorate their lot by adopting an operation instead of ruinous competition. Only thus will they be able to pay adequate wages to their employers.

In the meantime the policy of "treating 'em rough," that some misguided persons advocate should be used against all those who protest against the present evils of our industrial system is fundamentally wrong, and received a stinging rebuff from President Wilson in his address before a French academy on May 10. If the grievances complained of really exist they should be remedied; if not, let the fools talk, says President. He added:

"Man speak too often of State as a thing which would ignore the individual, as a thing which was privileged to dominate the fortune of men by a sort of inherent and sacred authority. Now as an utter demagogue, I have never been able to accept that view of the State. My views of the State is that it must stop and listen to what I have to say, no matter how humble I am, and each man has the right to have his voice heard and his counsel heeded, insofar as it is worthy of him. I have always been among those who believe that the greatest freedom of speech was the greatest safety, because if a man is a fool the best thing to do is to encourage him to advertise the fact by speaking. It cannot be so easily discovered and look wise, but if you let him speak, the secret is out and the world knows that he is a fool."

Archbishop Mundelein of Chicago recently expressed his view of Bolshevism in the following words, worthy of quotation:

"Bolshevism means the majority, and the majority are always the poor. And so, if the American business man will learn the lesson to treat his workman fairly and justly and not simply like a part of his machinery; if the intelligent, the educated and the righteous man will not try to forcibly reform and regulate the rest of the population or the restriction of the ballot or by legislation in which they have had no part, if, more than all else, all of us will have some concern for those in distress, help the poor, shelter the children, provide for the sick, make a personal sacrifice which others can see to accomplish this, then Bolshevism of Central Europe will have as much chance here as the tubercular germ in a healthy, well-nourished body."—The Monitor.

THE WESTERN FAIR

LONDON, ONTARIO SEPTEMBER 6TH TO 13TH The management of the Exhibition, London, Ontario, is to be congratulated on having secured for the famous Johnny J. Jones Exposition which is without doubt, the greatest array of all-weather attractions that has ever been seen with any outdoor Amusement enterprise. This Exposition includes about thirty shows and rides, all of which are of the very best quality. It will require over fifteen hundred feet of frontage to accommodate these shows. This will be something new and different from anything ever presented to Western Fair visitors. The platform attractions will be of a very high order, consisting of Horse Acts, Trained Elephants, Trained Dogs, Monkeys and other Animals, also some very high class platform acts, which will be announced later.

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- WANTED A 2ND CLASS PROFESSIONAL Apply stating experience, etc., to J. W. Brown, Sec. Treas., Kearney, Ont. 2125-5
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- EXPERIENCED TEACHER HOLDING 1st or 2nd class certificate for S. S. S. No. 6, Arthur Township, Ont. Duties to commence after the summer holidays. Apply to Joseph D. Meyer, R. R. 2, Kentworth, Ont. 2125-3
- WANTED MALE OR FEMALE TEACHER holding 2nd class professional certificate; duties according to experience. Apply to Sec. Treas., Midway, R. R. 2, 2125-3
- TEACHER WANTED HOLDING FIRST OR 2ND class certificate for S. S. S. No. 1, Arthur Township, Ont. Duties to commence after the summer holidays. Applications must be in not later than August 1st. Apply stating salary expected to Charles Scheffer, Sec. Treas., Midway, Ont., R. R. S. 2125-3
- WANTED TEACHER HOLDING A SECOND class professional certificate, for Separate school, No. 2, Sarnia. Apply stating salary and experience to Michael J. Duggan, Sec. Treas., Sarnia, R. R. 1, Ont. 2125-4
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HOME BANK OF CANADA REPORTS RECORD YEAR Deposits During War Period Have Increased Over 105 p. c., Notwithstanding Large Subscriptions to Victory Loans — Liquid Assets Equivalent to Over 57 p. c. of Total Liabilities to Public — M. J. Haney, President, Strikes Note of Confidence in Outlook in Canada. (Special)

Toronto—July—The reports submitted at the annual meeting of the Home Bank of Canada indicated that the bank has enjoyed one of the most satisfactory years in its history. Steady progress has been made during the past few years and advantage has been taken of it to place the bank in a strong financial position and at the same time meet the growing requirements of the customers. The progress made was reflected particularly by General Manager Mascon, who pointed out that liquid assets now amounted to over 57 p. c. of the total liabilities to the public, and actual cash assets were the strongest in the history of the bank, representing approximately 22 p. c. of total liabilities to the public. Large increases for the past two months, having amounted to over three and a half millions, notwithstanding the Dominion Victory Loan. The increased deposits during the war period had amounted to over ten million dollars, an increase of over 105 p. c. and reflected the increased patronage extended the bank by the public in both savings and general commercial lines. None of these figures include deposits of the Dominion Government.

This amount, added to profit and loss, brought the total amount available for distribution up to \$389,184. This was applied as follows: Dividend, \$97,378; Government tax on note circulation, \$19,348; written off bank premiums, \$10,000; donations to war funds, \$4,500; transferred to rest account, \$100,000; balance carried forward, \$158,848, as compared with \$150,871 at the end of the previous year.

The general statement of assets and liabilities everywhere reflects the progress made, the total assets of the bank now standing at \$28,636,924 as compared with \$23,675,773 at the end of the previous year. Total deposits now stand at \$18,500,000, as compared with \$14,600,000 at the end of the previous year. With the larger resources at its disposal, the bank has been able to extend its general lines of business in Canada, now stand at \$12,893,795 as compared with \$11,807,880. Call and short loans in Canada have gained to \$3,092,826, as compared with \$3,989,909. Dominion and Provincial Government securities \$2,757,860 against \$1,548,211, which Canadian municipal securities and British foreign and colonial public securities, other than Canadian, amount to \$2,416,266, as compared with \$2,727,382.

Continuing Mr. Haney also pointed out that while the work of reconstruction had begun in Europe, the task in Canada still remains one of development and initiative and this work will be inconveniently handicapped if any undercurrent of pessimism should become inspired through national finances, or a too narrow reading of the figures of our national bookkeeping. In 1915 statistics were circulated from a foreign source which tended to show that Canada was then financially in a most unfavorable position. Within seven months from the date these adverse figures were given currency we had declared for active participation in the European war and disproved all economic deductions. In the year 1918 as many as 103 steel and wooden vessels were built in Canadian shipyards. To the end of December, 1918, Canada had exported \$1,002,673,413 worth of munitions. While procuring the war we carried on our agriculture and mining operations with increased activity, maintained all public service departments of our Government and largely financed the expense of this vast programme from our own wealth.

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