

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXX.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1918

2064

## The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1918

### FOOD PRODUCTION

All around us are signs of bustling activity. Outdoor life is taking on new and widely extended phases everywhere. Town and country vie with each other in the cultivation of the kindly fruits of the earth on an unprecedented scale, nor do Eve and her progeny scorn to aid the work of tillage in its humbler forms. Milton's sketch of the enforced industry which followed the expulsion of our first parents from Eden has its parallel in countless fields and plots today; Bacon's essay on Gardens is now outdone by the universality of the confidence felt in Nature's power to recruit our larders and turn our gloomy fears into rejoicing. Nor can there be any doubt that garden cities will be multiplied in coming years and vast tracts of derelict land be restored to proper use as the inexhaustible granary of essential food for our growing population. This theme invites us to consider the uplifting influences of this resort to the land—influences that only affected the few exceptional spirits in primitive ages. Only in flashes of inspiration—often when some great crisis was impending—did Greek or Hebrew seer break forth into melody as Nature's grandeur unfolded itself before his entranced sight. How can the drudge of the mine or the factory be expected to echo the glowing numbers of The Benedictine when he rarely sees pure skies and filmy clouds in circumstances that awaken emotions of delight and thankfulness? A new scale of value makes itself felt when, in the very act of cultivating a plot of ground for mutual advantage, the heart rises in response to the appeal of the laws that ordain growth and regulate the harvest. Thus what the sensual man in us all has deemed the curse of labour is transformed into a blessing. Recall the scene in Shakespeare's "As You Like It," when the banished duke and his companions learn some of the uses of solitude; when also the running brooks and the rocky shelves over which they babble convey new suggestions of truth and power—the woods of Arden supplying fresh and intimate revelations such as old sages met with in Hellas and Galilee. Even the average town dweller, escaping from dull streets into open spaces where he may stretch his limbs in recreative toil and afterwards rest under the greenwood tree, tastes a pleasure that is as untainted as it is novel. How good it is to begin the day by going out while yet the freshness of the dew and early sunlight fling their charm over everything; when the dawn is yet holding its breath as it were—full of expectation and promise! When the hours of toil are over too, how restful are the influences distilled by the gently falling gloom of eventide and the hints of manifold preparations for a new day!

### BEYOND PRICE

Yet the theatre and the nickel show cannot vie with the natural joys that offer themselves "without money and without price" in shady lanes and winding footpaths by the fragrant countryside. To the toil-worn city clerk or artisan, the teacher or nurse or weary house-mother, a green field or a restful rural scene seems like a glimpse of heaven.

We are beginning to "sound the depths of Goldsmith's line in The Traveller"—"The broad ocean leans upon the land." Were not Shakespeare's gifts nourished by early familiarity with his Warwickshire woods and pastures—the sweet lanes and hedgerows by which Avon strays? Heaven only knows what doom of sterility would fall upon our overgrown cities if their supply of vigorous manhood and unspent womanhood were to fail for even a single year! As it is, we are living on our human capital too largely.

"Now go we in content to liberty and not to banishment," said the wanderers in Arden, and so say all who have left the chimney pots and the sordid cares that nestle beneath them behind. Brief as the relief may be, it is a gain both to sense and spirit. We owe much to those who

bring to us pictures of sunlit spaces and landscapes which send our fancy roving abroad in quest of the food our souls are denied at bench and desk and counter; but these vicarious transports leave us hungering for Nature and life at first hand. Jefferies and Stevenson tantalise us in some moods—envy seldom leads to green pastures and still waters where the immortals abide and soul answers to soul. This throws some rays of light athwart the countryman's case, often strangely misunderstood. Have we not fallen in with reserved men and simple women, when on tramp, whose clear ways of looking at things put to shame the verbosity and learned ignorance too often found among writing men and publicists whose names are upon the tongues of the multitude? Slow thinkers maybe, and heavy of speech, but nearer to the heart of things and feeling the world's pulse steadily, wisdom and experience uttering themselves as they often do from childish lips, to the confusion of pedants and philosophers. They hear voices and observe portents that escape the dull eyes and ears of those who toil and dwell amid the rush and turmoil of commerce.

### OUR GAIN

In its more restricted and ordinary sense the cry that has gone forth from rulers and ruled alike in these crucial times carries with it the promise of moral and physical gain. From old man has drawn strength and alertness from his contact with mother earth. To call a patch his own, to wield spade and hoe and rake in its cultivation, to surmise that it covers a depth of four thousand miles, however narrow and short on the surface—these things are of themselves heartening. Life broods in the soil, rises in the seed, passes into hand and limbs as the tiller bends and toils. Bud and blossom gladden the eye, while weeds exercise the cautionary faculties, reacting upon the wholesome dread of evil which is the counterpart of virtue. How to select and plant wisely, when to replace this crop and garner that, with due consideration for your neighbor's claim—are not such things typical of the things that matter in our human intercourse for important ends? Then the foes, real and imaginary, of the crops—slugs and worms, fowls of the air and cats who are after them, insect pests that call for incessant vigilance—have not these their theological parallels?

We can all recall the twelfth century flies and caterpillars at Laon, and in 1610 rats were sentenced at Autun. The boys in the trenches would approve if such measures would have any efficacy now. Then what thought has to be expended over fertilisers, methods of encouraging or checking rapid growth, and other devices for securing a full harvest in due season—all having a suggestive bearing upon the life-tenancy granted to us and the character which is its chief outcome. Here Nature preaches more effectively than tongue or pen. As in Arden, so under stress of war-weather now, we may be "feelingly persuaded of what we are," once again learning and more deeply that, as Stevenson has it, "Love is the great amulet that makes the world a garden, and Hope, which comes to all, outwears the accidents of life, reaching with tremulous hand beyond the grave. Easy to say, yea, but also, by Heaven's mercy, both easy and grateful to believe."

### THE LESSONS

The lessons of the furrow and the seed bed need little formal enforcement, for minds alert to signs and symbols read the open book that needs no authoritative endorsement. Sowing and reaping are conjoined, and no casualty of blight or weather can reverse the general order of things. Knowledge and industry do not fail of their reward: also "toil co-operant to an end" draws diverse temperaments together, abates the rigour of competition, insensibly promotes the fraternal sympathy which is the true aim of all social effort. In this hour of national need measureless good may come of this return to Nature in which "all sorts and conditions" of men and women are combining for a justifiable

common purpose—creation balancing destruction and life overcoming death. The exhilaration induced by exercise in the open air is well known to leisureed folk, whose sports are too costly and exclusive to form a standard for toilers with little time or money to spend on pleasure.

### AN IRISHMAN'S PLEA

#### TIRED OF HYSTERICAL ABUSE OF IRELAND

PROTESTANT OFFICER RELATES HOME TRUTHS ABOUT IRISH "BIGOTRY AND INTOLERANCE"

To the Editor of The N. Y. Times: During the present crisis in Ireland I consider it only fair that the American public should know the facts. I cannot any longer refrain from expressing my views.

#### OF FIGHTING IRISH STOCK

I am a Southern Irishman, a Protestant, and heir to considerable landed property, my home being in County Wexford. Consequently, I have all my interests in my native country. I have been in the British Army over nine years and proceeded to France on active service in August, 1914. My only excuse for being in this country now is to regain my health for renewed service. My father, a retired artillery officer, volunteered and went to Gallipoli in the Tenth Irish Division. My brother, being at Oxford University at the commencement of the War, immediately joined the Royal Fusiliers, and has since died from the effects of service. I give this brief account of our family history in this War so that my following remarks may not be misconstrued.

#### KNOWS RECENT IRISH HISTORY

I am tired of hearing people who ought to know better say, "Oh, I am ashamed of Ireland behaving in this disloyal manner and refusing to accept conscription. Why shouldn't she be forced to contribute her quota to the army and navy? I say to these people, give blame and praise where they are due. During the first two years of the War conscription would have been accepted in Ireland with practically no great amount of opposition. The Parliament at Westminster, however, failed to apply it. In the same manner as they failed to give Ireland Home Rule. They were content to procrastinate, to allow things to drift along until the Nationalist Party, to a large extent, lost its hold over the country.

The late Irish leader John Redmond and his brother William were true examples of the best types of Irishmen. They have both died for their country and the British Empire as a whole—William Redmond fighting bravely on the battle field, while his brother John died leading his fellow-Nationalists in the hope of trying to save Ireland to the empire. John Redmond knew that time was precious and that England's delay in granting Home Rule to Ireland was simply playing into the hands of the enemies of the British Empire.

#### "RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE AND BITTER MEMORIES"

Before the War there were two parties in Ireland—the Nationalists and the Unionists. The Nationalist policy was to create in Ireland a government similar to that of our self-governing colonies, and not separation from Great Britain, as so many have tried to make the world believe is the case.

The Unionist policy was to continue the government of Ireland from Westminster, a policy based chiefly on religious intolerance, bitter memories, and generally tried out and found wanting in every decent essential.

#### THE REVOLUTION OF SINN FEIN

Today there is a third party in Ireland, The "Sinn Fein," whose policy is complete separation from the British Empire. This movement, which was negligible before the War, is now strong and very formidable. How, you may ask, has this Sinn Fein Party become so strong? I give the following reasons:

1. Disgust of the extreme Nationalists at the treatment meted out by a weak Government to Ireland and its loyal Nationalist representatives.
2. The placing in power of such men as Sir Edward Carson and Sir F. E. Smith—two men notoriously antagonistic to any form of self-government in Ireland, and who before the War were the leaders of the Ulster army, pledged to withstand Home Rule.
3. German money and propaganda poured into Ireland from the United States.

#### SOUTHERN UNIONISTS AND NORTHERN RIOTERS

The Southern Unionists have now practically made common cause with their fellow-Nationalists. But there still remains about three counties in Ulster the leaders of which are so eaten up with religious bigotry and intolerance that they put every obstacle in the way of an Irish settlement. These are the people who

proclaim their loyalty to the empire from the housetops, but I noticed in the daily papers of April 18 that the first riot against conscription in Ireland had just occurred in Belfast.

#### LET ENGLAND PRACTISE WHAT SHE PREACHES

England has never tried to force conscription on her colonies. Their respective Governments settled this matter for themselves. In the same manner, why cannot England grant Home Rule to Ireland, and trust Ireland, through an Irish administration, to do the right thing and fill up the gaps in the depleted Irish ranks?

The civilized world will always remember how Ireland was content at the beginning of the War to forget all her internal troubles and come forward as one man to fight the common enemy. No country was more surprised than Germany which counted on civil war in Ireland to keep Great Britain fully occupied. One of the slogans of the Allies today is the rights of small nationalities to settle their own affairs. Why will not England practice what she preaches and show the world that she is in earnest by allowing Ireland to decide her own destinies?

#### RIGHT TERRIBLE MISTAKE AND INJUSTICE

In conclusion, my most fervent hope and prayer is that conscription will not be enforced in Ireland except by vote of an Irish Parliament. A terrible mistake and injustice have been perpetrated. It now remains to be seen if the present Cabinet is sufficiently big enough to acknowledge this mistake and make honorable amends.

A. LOFTUS BRYAN.  
New York, April 24, 1918.

### QUEBEC FALLING INTO LINE

There has been a noticeable change in the attitude of French-Canadians toward the law of compulsory service. The military policy of the country may not be more to their liking, but they recognize more clearly that it represents the will of the majority, which in a democracy must prevail. The enlistment records of late show also that the call of duty is being heard by a widening circle of young French-Canadians. So far as this is due to a better understanding of the issues of the War, it has been promoted, no doubt, by the abatement of the Nationalist propaganda which had criminally misrepresented the aims and purposes of the Allies. The silence of Mr. Bourassa and his underlings during the crisis of the past few weeks has made it easier for the voice of reason and truth to get a hearing. The ingrained respect for law and authority among French-Canadians is asserting itself, and many of their natural leaders have come forward to impress upon them the obligation of obedience to the State. Rev. Father Comtois, parish priest of Terrebonne, said in his sermon recently:

"My brethren, we are at War, England and France fighting side by side, and duty commands us to come to their support. At the last election conscription was established as a result of the verdict of the polls. The law is hard, but, being the law of the land, it must be obeyed. Today we have in our midst agents of the Federal Police. They will go to your houses, and you must receive them well. Use moderation. They are doing their duty, and there must be no wrath in your dealings with them, all of which will be to the honor of our parish."

This wise counsel, if repeated throughout the parishes by priests and public men, will work a beneficial revolution in Quebec. Acquiescence in the law will be followed by an interest and pride in the French-Canadian battalions enrolled under it, and a stronger sense of national unity and fellowship with other Provinces will grow out of the comradeship of the fighting men. Those who predicted that Quebec would not be an insuperable obstacle to the enforcement of conscription are finding that their confidence, based upon an appreciation of the solid qualities of the French-Canadian race and its deeper currents of feeling, is being justified.—Toronto Globe.

#### CARDINAL GIBBONS TO AID BOND SALE DRIVE

#### CAUSE LOYALLY SUPPORTED BY BALTIMORE CATHOLICS

Baltimore, April 26.—Cardinal Gibbons led the Catholic clergyman "over the top" in the third Liberty Loan drive yesterday when he called to his home the pastors of the city and suburbs and had outlined to them a plan whereby the Catholic Church will put its full force behind the movement to make the loan a success.

Every Catholic priest in the city will make an earnest plea next Sunday to the members of his congregation to buy bonds. But exhortation

will not be the only activity. Some night next week each pastor will summon to a meeting in the parish hall every man and woman able to attend and the ecclesiastical end of the drive will be forgotten and those attending the meeting will be sent out to see that not a member of the church fails to buy at least a small bond.

After the meeting the Cardinal said that he had already invested in Liberty bonds every penny he could lay his hands upon. He controls thousands of dollars belonging to charitable and reformatory institutions under the auspices of the Catholic Church and not a cent of this vast sum is lying idle now. Every institution has been ordered by the Cardinal to put all available funds that can be spared from actual and pressing needs into bonds, and if he can help in any way the State will not be behind its quota when the present loan campaign is ended.

### NORTHCLIFFE BUBBLE BURST

#### A. G. GARDINER BLAMES THE PREMIER'S LEVITY FOR THE PRESENT GRAVE CRISIS

#### DISTRUST OF SOLID THINKING

A special cable to the Gazette April 29 says:—Discussing the war situation in the Daily News, A. G. Gardiner, after admitting the importance of the German successes, but contending that their heavy losses are preparing an excellent opportunity for Foch's contemplated counter-stroke, says: "The grave position with which we are confronted is not a product of accident. It is a product partly of events over which we had no control, largely of mistakes of military strategy, and of our lack of political sagacity. The mis-handling of the Russian revolution is a cardinal illustration of the latter. It is possible that, when the facts are known, the circumstances associated with the incident of the Emperor Karl's letter to Prince Sixtus will put even that in the shade."

#### THE PREMIER'S LEVITY

"With the disastrous mistakes of strategy everyone is now familiar. What is happening in France is a formidable comment on the prolonged struggle between the 'westerners' and 'easterners,' between Sir William Robertson's sanity and Lloyd George's levity. It is that levity, that reliance on little intuitions, impulses, and plausible advisers, that distrust of solid thinking, and that disregard of the great currents that move the souls of men which are responsible for the ominous position in Ireland."

"It is the same deep-seated defect of mind and character that has produced the disastrous crisis in the air service. The resignation of Lord Rothermere, coupled with the reported resignation of his brother Lord Northcliffe, is a welcome fact. It indicates that the Harnsworth bubble has burst. Lord Northcliffe's power was in sniping in a mask behind a journalistic hedge. Bring him into the open, look at him, try him and he is nothing—vox et praeterea nihil."

#### CLAIMS NO DEFENCE

"But it is on this man that Lloyd George has relied for three years. It is he through whom he has manipulated mob opinion, he through whom the ablest counsellors, the greatest sailors, and the greatest soldiers have been hounded out of office, and policies have been dictated. The case of General Frenchard illuminates the whole record; it explains all the rest—all that has happened during the years. And in the admission that, once put on trial, there is no defence, the public have the measure of the George-Northcliffe regime."

"It is late in the day, and the full revelation comes in the most critical moment of our destiny. No one contemplates a political crisis now without anxiety; but the menace in Ireland must be averted, and the disruption of the air service must be prevented at whatever cost. These things are vital to us in the emergency that is upon us. No considerations should be an obstacle to their accomplishment."

#### GROWING GOOD-WILL IN QUEBEC

Montreal, May 2.—Le Soleil, of Quebec, speaking of conscription, says: "We have fought as it was our right and as our sincere conception of duty inspired us, in order to prevent the carrying out of what we considered a bad policy to adopt in this country, yet to-day we are in the presence of the inevitable."

"All we have to do is to do our duty so let us do it with credit. An example has just been magnificently given by our Quebec youths, and already the gallant patriotism of these young French-Canadians has provoked around us well-merited expressions of gratitude. They are the custodians of the future and of our race and if the sacrifice demanded of them is heavy, yet in their double

capacity as Catholics and French-Canadians are they not imbued with the splendor of the sacrifice?"

"The whirlwind which for too long a time we hoped to escape caught us in its eddies, and perhaps we ceded too long to the error that we could escape it. If it be true that liberty is not an individual right, but rather a collective responsibility, we should understand that in this formidable conflict which fills Europe with blood, our individual liberty should be sacrificed to assure the salvation of that collective liberty which is the real object of the strife."

### CARDINAL LOGUE ON "NO POPERY"

#### TAKES PESSIMISTIC VIEW OF OUTLOOK FOR SETTLEMENT IN IRELAND

#### Special Cable Despatch to The Globe

London, May 1.—An Irish correspondent sends to The Manchester Guardian an account of an interview with Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland, on the subject of the "no Popery" cry which has been raised in The London Times as a contribution to the Irish question.

The Cardinal, says the correspondent, has the weight of more than eighty years on him, and, moreover, one gathered, not so much from his words as from the sentiments which inspired them, that when the enemy takes the form of the thousand-tongued modern press it is wearisome even to a Christian Bishop to be attempting always to combat error. Every speech he had made, he said, brought at least a score of letters, some abusive and some inquisitive.

#### SAYS PLOT TALK NONSENSE

The correspondent asked the Cardinal point-blank whether the Irish Catholic hierarchy was taking the lead against conscription as part of a pro-German plot engineered from the Vatican.

"I don't suppose you yourself need telling," the Cardinal said, "but if you think anybody else needs telling, then tell him for me that it is nonsense. The Irish Bishops have received no instructions and no suggestions from the Vatican about their attitude toward conscription. If they had it is surely myself who would know, and I do not know anything of the kind. But everybody knows that the Catholic Church has sons on both sides in this horrible War, and everybody ought to know that, so far as the Vatican is concerned, it has been neutral throughout. The Vatican could have been no other."

Was the "no Popery" cry likely to do harm to the Church itself, was asked, and the Cardinal's answer was:

"Not a bit of it, but if persisted in it might do harm to the Allies."

#### PESSIMISTIC ON IRISH QUESTION

The Cardinal shook his head ominously over the final question, was there any chance of an immediate settlement of the Irish question. He added that nothing he had heard gave him real ground for hope that the new Home Rule bill would be satisfactory to the great majority of Irishmen, and on this pessimistic note, which, the correspondent says, one is afraid, is pretty general in Ireland just now, the interview ended.

### CARDINAL SEES COMPENSATIONS FOR WAR

Sorely as France has suffered, the War is not all pain, is the barman of the pastoral of Cardinal Luçon, Archbishop of Rheims. Far from being unjust toward France, Providence, he declares, has been kinder and more lenient towards her offenses than there was reason to hope. As illustrations of this he goes on to cite the heroic resistance of Belgium, which gave France time to concentrate her forces; "the precious alliance of England, who holds the enemy's fleet shut up in its ports, presses the central empire with a blockade which is probably no less efficacious for their reduction than force of arms, and defends by our side a large part of our front."

The alliance of Italy, who, in order to join us, left the triple alliance; and lastly the alliance of the United States, which has come and put at the service of our cause its immense resources in men, money and materials of war. "Again, the War has broken Germany's dreams of universal domination, and saved the world from her tyranny; and is not that to be accounted a mercy on the part of Providence?"

Amongst ourselves the War has awakened consciences, and resuscitated the sense of duty, the spirit of abnegation and sacrifice. A religious awakening has been produced, so remarkable at the beginning, and especially in the army, that it seemed a prodigy."

—True Voice

The suffering borne in setting up a good work draws down the graces necessary for its success.—St. Vincent de Paul.

### CATHOLIC NOTES

The total voting strength of women in the United States is 8,557,308.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians in Philadelphia unfurled a 635 star service banner recently.

The diocese of Vilna, Lithuania, has 1,420,000 Catholics. In Vilna city there are 30 churches and 142,000 Catholics. The see dates from 1883.

The new Code of Canon Law directs that Catholic parents must give their children the names of saints in their Baptism. The Church has always counselled this; now it is directed.

Right Rev. Dennis J. Dougherty, D. D., Buffalo, N. Y., has received official notification of his appointment as Archbishop of Philadelphia in succession to the late Archbishop Pfendergast, who died Feb. 26th.

According to the Church's New Code of Canon Law, Sacramental Confession within eight days before or within eight days after a feast to which an indulgence is attached suffices to fulfill the requirement of confession for the gaining of that indulgence.

This year, in August, the first Cathedral of Louisville, at Bardonia, Ky., will observe the centenary of its solemn dedication and consecration. It is probably the oldest consecrated Cathedral in the United States, and is in perfect preservation—a veritable shrine of art and history.

It is announced that as a result of the mediation of the Sverdrup Pontiff the seizure of the church bells in Belgium by the Germans, to be utilized as war material, has been stopped by official orders. A large number have already been taken and destroyed.

The "American Israelite" says: "If published statistics are correct, the United States will eventually become a Catholic country because of the prevalence of birth control and celibacy among the families of the other sex." Recent statistics indicate that the "Israelite" is about right.

An important concession has been made by the Holy Father to members of the Holy Name Society in the United States. In view of conditions in this country, the dispensation or concession permits members of the Holy Name to gain a plenary indulgence on the second Sunday of every month, even though no procession is held. It is sufficient to fulfill the usual conditions in regard to confession and Communion.

The charming residence of the late Lord de Clifford, with demesne lands of 207 statute acres, purchased some time ago by the Congested District Board of Ireland, has been repurchased from the board by the trustees of the Chinese Mission, who are turning it into a college for the education of youths to the priesthood for that mission.

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons announces that he had sent \$10,000 to France for the restoration of chapels that have been damaged by cannon fire of the Germans. This is part of the fund raised in this country under the auspices of cardinals, archbishops and bishops of the Catholic Church, and Cardinal Gibbons said recently for the first time that this fund has now reached \$15,000,000.

Mayor Hylan of New York is fulfilling his promises to give that big city an enlightened and efficient administration. He has just appointed that well-known Protestant champion of Catholic schools the Hon. Bird Coler, Commissioner of Charities, in succession to Kingsbury, the bigot who slandered the nuns who are in charge of many orphan asylums and other similar institutions not long ago with the approval of the Mayor who was recently ignominiously defeated for re-election.

Plans are being perfected for a demonstration, national in character, on the occasion of placing an imposing statue of Christ as the Light of the World, on the pinnacle of McMahon Hall, Catholic University. The date will be announced soon. It is planned to have the great figure of the "Light of the World" visible at night from many parts of Washington and surrounding points. It will be bathed in a flood of white light, directed upon it by an illuminating system similar to that recently installed in the Capitol grounds, which makes the Goddess of Liberty shine out in all her glory.

It is announced that Rev. George Sauvage, C. S. C., formerly professor of psychology in the Catholic University and of dogmatic theology at Holy Cross College, Washington, and who has been serving with the French Army since the beginning of the War, has been directed to return to the United States to take part in the extensive propaganda which is being carried on in this country by France and her allies. Father Sauvage will upon his arrival in Washington enter upon a lecture tour of the country. He was the recipient last summer of the French Croix de Guerre and the British War Cross.

GERALD DE LACEY'S DAUGHTER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

BY ANNA T. SADDLER

BOOK II

CHAPTER V

A CLUE DISCOVERED

It was a noticeable fact that, since her advent in the attic, joy seemed to have changed. Her cognomen was more than ever a misnomer. She seemed more dark and sullen than before, and regarded every word said to her young mistress with scarcely veiled suspicion. Outside the house, in her own home and elsewhere, she had heard whispers of various kinds concerning the de Lacey and especially Evelyn. The latter's reserved demeanor and her aloofness from the townspeople excited their ire, while the girl's proficiency in household arts, which she declared unnatural in one so young, provoked their jealousy. A fertile source of suspicion was her knowledge of the medicinal and other virtues of plants, a knowledge which she had gained in the first instance from Kierstedt, the celebrated Colonial doctor, and in the second place from the Wilden, who had shown her how to prepare Senecioil for cuts and bruises and a variety of herb brews and other remedies. She was thus able to treat with surprising skill the minor ills of humanity. She freely placed all her knowledge at the service of her poorer neighbors in Salem, as in Manhattan, and it became the common opinion amongst them that this young maid was as good as any doctor. They did not scruple to avail themselves of her services, which of course were offered gratuitously, and they freely acknowledged the efficacy of her remedies. But, behind her back, they shook their heads and whispered. There was something suspicious in the possession of such knowledge, coupled with a marvellous personal beauty, which was but heightened by the simplicity of her Puritan attire.

Another circumstance which served to swell the tide of unpopularity that was threatening to submerge Evelyn, was her friendliness with the neighboring tribes. Amongst them, as with the Wilden at home, she became an honored guest, earning their goodwill with trifling gifts, or ministering to them in their illnesses. Like the good Indians, they lavished on her words of admiring endearment, and used the most extravagant epithets in describing her beauty. Many of them believed that it was a Manitou or spirit which inhabited the frail and beautiful form. And especially was this the case when, having discovered by cautious inquiries that numbers of the Indians were Catholics who had been won to the true faith by missionaries from Maryland or Canada, she spoke to them of religion, heard their Catechism, and instructed the children, regardless of the fact that she was thus impugning her liberty and perhaps her life, as she had done in New York. She strove in every way to continue the work of the missionaries, baptizing those in danger of death, and making a certain number of converts amongst the pagan Indians. Always she impressed upon them the need of secrecy and caution in speaking of religious matters or of her ministrations amongst them, and they faithfully obeyed her admonitions.

They gave in return their gifts of bead-work, baskets of perfumed grasses, berries and fish, and they taught her secret arts of forest lore, or perfected her in those she had already learned from her old-time friends, the Manhattans and Rockaways. The bronze colored faces, the beady black eyes which softened at sight of her, were for a more kindly and homelike expression than the countenances of the grim Puritans who surrounded her, and as when she sank instinctively into many traits of character which she had learned to admire. If but the light of the true faith had been given, some of them would, as she said to her father, have made splendid Christians.

"If their eyes were not so perpetually turned to the powers of darkness," responded her father. "It chanced that, when she had thus become the centre of much surmise and of more or less ill-natured gossip, a shopkeeper of the village, Ebenezer Cooke, who had a certain prominence in local affairs, wrote a letter to his sister in Manhattan, and this sister was no other than Vrow de Vries. The letter resembled her Dutch mother, who had been fat, indolent and finally bed-ridden, while Ebenezer Cooke, an exact image of his late father, was tall, thin and lantern-jawed. Of extraordinary activity and going much abroad amongst the people, he was unlike his sister in having a rare gift of loquacity and an ear wide open for gossip.

So the letter that he wrote contained an account of this girl, whose beauty he described with perfect impartiality, being a widower and having no female relations. He dwelt in glowing language on her accomplishments, which had aroused suspicion that the devil himself might have a hand in her affairs. He further declared that she had come to Salem but recently, having from no one knew where. The name by which she was there known was assuredly not Evelyn de Lacey, but the keen instinct of jealousy caused the fat woman, seated in her armchair with her inevitable knitting in

her hands, to surmise that the person so described was no other than the fugitive from Manhattan. The knowledge occasioned her a curious exultation. She blinked at the letter, which she laid beside her on the table, as though it were a living thing. She mistook her lips, as if tasting some delectable morsel. And then she began to think in her slow fashion to which of the two men who she knew would value the information, she should impart it. The result of her cogitations was that she sent one of the slaves with a message to Captain Prosser Williams. For he, in following the scent upon which he had been put by Mynheer Laurens, had visited her more than once, had won his way into her good graces chiefly by his depreciation of the much-praised Mistress de Lacey. While she waited for an answer to her summons, she reflected with complacency that the letter had come at an opportune time, when Mynheer was absent for a couple of days on business in the Jerseys. For he would have been certain to oppose any action by her in the matter.

When the message was brought to Captain Williams, he was smoking with some other members of the Household staff and officers from the Fort, who were seated around various little tables at the game of lanquet. Captain Ferrers, who had been playing at a somewhat distant table, noticed that, on receiving the note which he instantly read, Captain Williams, keen gambler though he was, got up with a hasty apology and left the room. Now between these two men there had recently been less cordiality than ever, for Captain Ferrers, well aware of his associate's connection with the persecution of the de Lacey, found it hard to preserve towards him even the ordinary conventional civility which prudence required. On this occasion it immediately occurred to him that the note thus received might be in some way connected with the fugitives. He was instantly on his alert, and withdrawing as soon as possible from that assemblage in the officers' room at Whitehall, he took his way, though vaguely and without any definite idea as to what he could do, along that familiar street which led to the de Lacey's deserted dwelling.

Ferrers had expected to see a light in one of the windows, which would be a sign that the wanderers had returned. But he laughed at himself as he walked on. The house lay there, still and deserted, and even the once luxuriant garden, now bare in great part of its flowers and foliage, presented a scene of chill desolation. He stood leaning upon the gate, with a heartache so poignant that it seemed to him that he must again undertake any risk that journey to Salem. He had never seen before how low Love, that smiling youth, could bend and tear one with the fierce agony of a separation that might be of indefinite duration. As he stood thus, he was aware of a voice that appeared familiar, though it reached him from a certain distance. He presently traced it, with a start of surprise, to the de Vries mansion, from the drawing-room of which gleamed lights and the pleasant glow of the fire on the hearth. Without any definite intention, he passed on in that direction. That glow of light from the mansion and that sound of a masculine voice struck him as somewhat odd, since he was aware that the head of the house was absent from the town.

As the voice he had heard approached the open door, and a step came crunching down the gravelled walk, Egbert Ferrers drew back into the shadow of the stone wall, for the voice was that of Captain Prosser Williams, and he clearly perceived by the light of the lantern upon the pole the face and figure of his fellow-officer. The latter stood still an instant, looking about him and drawing on a pair of gloves, and it seemed to the observer that the pale face wore a look of exultation. After a brief pause, Captain Williams walked hastily on, apparently taking his homeward way to the gubernatorial mansion.

Captain Williams was, indeed, exultant, for he had had a wholly satisfactory interview with his ally, who, unexpected as it was, had proved more powerful than all the rest. He had found her sitting unwontedly erect in her chair, with a color approaching to a purplish crimson in each heavy cheek and a light in her dull eyes. Thus transformed, it appeared to the visitor that she had something more distinctly human about her, as though a jelly-fish had suddenly shown signs of life. Hardly had they exchanged the conventional greetings, on the part of Prosser Williams with a little more than his usual scant measure of civility, when the woman snatched a letter from the table beside her and thrust it into his hand.

"Read that," she said. He eyed her curiously a moment before he unfolded the paper, which had been previously unloosed from its silken fastenings.

"It is then of moment?" he inquired. But Vrow de Vries merely repeated, with feverish excitement: "Read! Read!" In his eagerness to obey her, the young man let fall his cloak and displayed his rich doublet of brocade, his collar of fine lace and curled tawny hair, falling low on his shoulders. Somehow his attire, his general air of fashion and the quality of his clothes seemed out of place in that drawing room and in marked contrast to the woman in the chair before him. As he read, the pale face flushed, the eyes became more eager,

and the young man drew in his breath more sharply.

"Most excellent Vrow," he cried, "this is indeed great tidings." For he had immediately drawn from that letter the same conclusion as herself.

"You think then that it is she?" inquired the mistress of the house anxiously, flushing with delight at the cordiality of her visitor's tone. "Of a surety it is," assented Captain Williams emphatically. "There can be none other in these colonies who would fit that description—none other who is so adorable. His name was Prosser Williams. There was always the plea of urgent business, and he had seldom asked for such favors. But he had also to consider that the late fury against witches, which under the administration of Governor Phipps had stirred the Colony of Massachusetts and convulsed Salem village was at an end. There had been a reaction. Men in high places, municipal officials and the like, were ashamed of the part that they had played in the late trials, and remorseful at the lives that had been sacrificed and the many innocent persons. He argued, however, that the few years that had elapsed since the era of the witchcraft excitement had not materially changed the temper of the people's minds. There must still be a sufficient number of persons firmly imbued with the lately universal belief that the devil operated through human creatures. Gloomy superstition was lurking yet in the farm-houses, in laborers' cottages, and in the breasts even of ministers of the Gospel, who had made themselves so prominent before. Even the reaction that had ensued had had time to spend its force, so that he counted much on being able to stir up the smouldering embers of a fire which had destroyed its victims on Witches' Hill. In fact he inferred from the tenor of the letter from Salem that the belief in sorcery, in the evil eye and the like, was still a force to be reckoned with at the scene of those tragic events. He was fully determined to make the venture, and he planned out every detail, in so far as he could, before reaching Whitehall.

Meanwhile Captain Ferrers, more than ever convinced that his brother-officer was meditating some new villainy against Evelyn and had possibly discovered her hiding place, was filled with an agitation difficult to control. Uncertain what to do, he walked on in the same aimless fashion to the tavern of Dor Halle, hoping that he might pick up some information there. Captain Greatbatch was in the tavern, as he was sure to be, whenever the brigantine "Hesperia," was in port. Captain Ferrers was aware that this smuggler, for one reason or another, was in constant communication with Captain Prosser Williams. He had not yet heard the current report that Williams was protecting Greatbatch, and through his influence, saving him from the clutches of the law and allowing him a certain latitude in carrying on his nefarious practices.

Captain Ferrers entered almost unnoticed in the wake of a bluff sea captain whom he presently heard Greatbatch introducing to some others as the captain of "The Prosperer." He sat down quietly at a table, and ordered a glass of Madeira. This was brought to him with a plate of Deventer cookies. He broke and ate one of these almost mechanically, and slowly sipped his wine, while his ears were open to the talk at the other table. He had very little hope of solving the mystery there. Yet he knew that Greatbatch was more or less incautious in his cups, and he waited in expectation of some chance word that might give him the clue to Captain Williams' movements. Now, though Captain Greatbatch was as usual well-primed with his favorite portion of rum, he talked for some time was purely of seafaring matters. Nor did he so much as mention the name of Prosser Williams. The old sea-dog's rough voice rose higher and higher in argument or dispute, but he uttered no word of information that could in any way be useful to the listener.

And with himself for the reason, he had walked on in the same aimless fashion to the tavern of Dor Halle, hoping that he might pick up some information there. Captain Greatbatch was in the tavern, as he was sure to be, whenever the brigantine "Hesperia," was in port. Captain Ferrers was aware that this smuggler, for one reason or another, was in constant communication with Captain Prosser Williams. He had not yet heard the current report that Williams was protecting Greatbatch, and through his influence, saving him from the clutches of the law and allowing him a certain latitude in carrying on his nefarious practices.

Now, though Captain Greatbatch was as usual well-primed with his favorite portion of rum, he talked for some time was purely of seafaring matters. Nor did he so much as mention the name of Prosser Williams. The old sea-dog's rough voice rose higher and higher in argument or dispute, but he uttered no word of information that could in any way be useful to the listener.

Then he passed out into the sunshine of that glorious day, mild for the season, but the pleasant coolness of which was grateful after the stifling atmosphere within. Dan took off his cap and wiped his heated face as he let the breeze from the mountains blow down through his thick hair.

He observed the scene before him with the keen appreciation of a Celt for the beautiful. He saw the two streams, still unchecked by the frost, flowing liquid silver, just touched with the mid-day gold, between the hills, frowning and majestic, with their trees bare of foliage, and rising in graceful outlines against the skyline, and catching marvelous effects of sunlight on the brownness of their trunks.

"Glorious to God! but 'tis the fine country all out," the Irishman murmured, as he proceeded at a brisk pace to a neighboring lunch room, where an enterprising woman undertook to give their midday meal to the mill hands.

"When it was gradually borne in upon his fellow workmen that McGrath meant no joke at all by the frank confession that he went regularly to the 'Romish Church' and that he allowed that church going to influence his conduct there was a better sort of astonishment. Even the general were disposed to look distrustfully at 'the Romanist'; for their experience with that class of the population had been small. The worst sort of men, on the other hand, whose Saturday night and other orgies had brutalized

them, began to entertain a truly diabolical hatred for their simple and unoffending comrade. Also they were disposed to count upon that hitherto imperturbable good temper, which had been proof against jests and taunts of all kinds.

On one occasion, however, when a certain little clique, led by a particularly low and aggressive fellow who had been the leading spirit in the antagonism that began to prevail against poor Dan, went a little further than usual, the weather in the foundry became overclouded, not to say stormy. This like Whately passed from the usual sneers and jests, directed against the Irishman himself, all of which were taken in good part, to vulgar, ridiculous of religion and its holiest mysteries.

Dan's face changed at once, and his voice became stern and peremptory, as he cried:

"Hold on there, Ike. I don't allow any man to talk like that in my presence."

But the fellow, conscious of the grinning approval of his own particular clique, went still farther, winding up his ribald talk with a remark concerning the Blessed Virgin.

Instantly Dan's brawny arm was raised and with the single exclamation of "You dirty blackguard!" he dealt the offender a resounding slap on the cheek, that could be heard above the roar of the machinery.

Ike's eyes blazed with fury, though, being a sinking coward at heart, he dared not retaliate. Instantly there was an uproar among the men. A certain number were in sympathy with the sentiments the ruffian had expressed. Some others could scarcely make out, at first, what the tumult was about, and still another few stood abashed and uncertain. These latter were Catholics, a small and weak minority. For even those among them who practised their religion had hitherto said little about it in that atmosphere which they knew to be hostile, and they were not known to belong to the despised religion.

There was a confusion of sounds, through which could be distinguished the lowest epithets applied to the "Papist," varied by expressions uncomplimentary to the Pope. Dan standing at bay, his eyes gleaming out from his slackened face and his powerful fists clenched defiantly, cried out:

"Come on, then, every mother's son of you! I'm ready for ye."

Though many sprang towards him threatening with cries of "knock out the bloody Romanist," there was a certain proportion of the more decent men who felt a thrill of admiration for that sturdy upholder of the faith that was in him.

Of course, in the majority of cases it was simply admiration of his courage, his strength and, as it were, the hero look of him; yet there were a few who could go deeper and catch some glimpses of the vital principle that had been the mainspring of his action, the reverence and the loyalty that had uplifted the poor toiler to a high spiritual plane.

The Catholics, too, felt some stirrings of shame and an awakening of that faith which had burned so brightly in their forefathers. Admiration for Dan was mingled with indignation and disgust for his opponent. Many of them were glad to remember afterwards that they had rallied to his side before the next act in that inspiring little drama.

In the uproar and the buzz of talk that had followed upon McGrath's action the men had not noticed that the superintendent with two of the directors and large shareholders in the iron works had stepped unnoticed into the room. They had, too, been standing outside in the corridor for a few moments, and so had been witnesses of all that had occurred.

"Who is that man?" inquired the oldest of the visitors, a leading capitalist of the State and director not only in that company but in several others.

The superintendent to whom the inquiry had been addressed, promptly answered:

"An Irishman named McGrath." "By George!" exclaimed the younger of the two visitors, "he would make an ideal Hercules or a statue of some revenging god."

"Can you put a stop to this tumult?" asked the man who had spoken first of the superintendent.

The latter, who was not a little mortified that such an occurrence should have disturbed at such an inopportune moment that perfect order which he boasted of being able to keep in the foundry, sharply rang a bell.

The effect was magical. There was an almost instantaneous silence. The men who had been scrambling over one another, shouting and gesticulating, turned their eyes from the still militant Dan to the three men who were standing in the center of the room.

"What does this all mean?" cried the angry voice of the superintendent.

Immediately Ike Whately and three or four of his friends broke into a more or less coherent explanation of what had taken place. Dan uttered no word in defense nor in acquiescence.

The superintendent, catching at the explanation offered and taking no account of the provocation that McGrath had received, was only anxious to show the visitors how rigorous was the discipline he maintained. He announced in a voice that was heard through all the room that McGrath was dismissed; that he would be paid what was due him at the office and might take his hat and go.

In that instant, while confused

when his associate on the staff had left town. His one resource was to confer with Pieter Schuyler, who announced his intention of proceeding immediately to the Massachusetts village, whence he would keep Captain Ferrers informed of the other's movements, and take what steps were possible to warn and to protect the girl. The two men likewise had a conference with Madam Van Cortlandt, as they relied considerably upon her advice. Captain Ferrers, with a real anguish in his heart, at being thus chained to the spot, made Pieter Schuyler promise that, if his assistance were needed or if any plan were decided upon, he should be summoned, and then, leave or no leave, he would go at once.

TO BE CONTINUED

A VITAL PRINCIPLE

It was a little town in the heart of the Pennsylvania mountains. Their thickly wooded slopes rose above it on all sides, and two streams, the Lehigh and the Delaware, wound on either side and met at a certain junction. At night the trains came thundering over bridges winding through the valley, waking the echoes in the hills and glittering like fiery meteors through the night. On the outskirts of the town were mills, factories and iron works, which sent up their flame and smoke like beacons, into the atmosphere.

It was in one of these shops that Daniel McGrath had obtained employment, which was both difficult and even perilous, since lives were sacrificed by the slightest imprudence.

He was six feet in height, correspondingly broad in the shoulders and with an arm that was a terror to the evil disposed. All kinds of stories, in fact, were current of the strength and courage of big Dan McGrath. Moreover, he could sing a song and crack a joke with any one. So that he was, in general, popular with his fellow workmen until a certain number began to have a distinct grievance against him.

And this was that he steadfastly refused to join in the Saturday night orgies at a local tavern; or even to take a friendly glass on the way home from work. For though he had never been unduly addicted to strong drink, Dan had taken the pledge, at the close of a mission in Ireland, on the very same occasion, that he had registered himself as an Associate of the League of the Sacred Heart, and had been ever since faithful to its practices, notably the monthly Communion.

Nor was he at all slow to tell his hearers the reasons for these various refusals of his. He liked, in fact, to dilate upon the benefits which had accrued to him from taking the pledge and to explain that he did not wish to be seen in taverns at all, let alone on the Saturday nights, as he wanted to be up early on Sunday for Mass.

The first time he gave such a reason a shout of laughter went up from the group of workmen, by whom he was surrounded. It was believed to be a rich jest that McGrath was "getting off" at the expense of the poor, simple people, a more handsome in that town, who frequented Father Brady's church, which had lately reared its head on one of the thoroughfares.

Dan was a good fellow puzzled by the laughter which he had unwittingly provoked, but just at that moment the whistle blew and the men hustled into their outer garments and snatched their hats. The great building was deserted in a moment. The engines and the boiler still kept up their unceasing din, and the great fires in the smelting furnaces continued to roar, as the sign of perpetual vitality.

Dan passed one of these latter on his outward way, and pausing to regard it for a moment, he bethought himself of a saying of his sturdy peasant mother, when looking into flames:

"Lord, save us from the fire of hell!"

Then he passed out into the sunshine of that glorious day, mild for the season, but the pleasant coolness of which was grateful after the stifling atmosphere within. Dan took off his cap and wiped his heated face as he let the breeze from the mountains blow down through his thick hair.

He observed the scene before him with the keen appreciation of a Celt for the beautiful. He saw the two streams, still unchecked by the frost, flowing liquid silver, just touched with the mid-day gold, between the hills, frowning and majestic, with their trees bare of foliage, and rising in graceful outlines against the skyline, and catching marvelous effects of sunlight on the brownness of their trunks.

"Glorious to God! but 'tis the fine country all out," the Irishman murmured, as he proceeded at a brisk pace to a neighboring lunch room, where an enterprising woman undertook to give their midday meal to the mill hands.

"When it was gradually borne in upon his fellow workmen that McGrath meant no joke at all by the frank confession that he went regularly to the 'Romish Church' and that he allowed that church going to influence his conduct there was a better sort of astonishment. Even the general were disposed to look distrustfully at 'the Romanist'; for their experience with that class of the population had been small. The worst sort of men, on the other hand, whose Saturday night and other orgies had brutalized

them, began to entertain a truly diabolical hatred for their simple and unoffending comrade. Also they were disposed to count upon that hitherto imperturbable good temper, which had been proof against jests and taunts of all kinds.

On one occasion, however, when a certain little clique, led by a particularly low and aggressive fellow who had been the leading spirit in the antagonism that began to prevail against poor Dan, went a little further than usual, the weather in the foundry became overclouded, not to say stormy. This like Whately passed from the usual sneers and jests, directed against the Irishman himself, all of which were taken in good part, to vulgar, ridiculous of religion and its holiest mysteries.

Dan's face changed at once, and his voice became stern and peremptory, as he cried:

"Hold on there, Ike. I don't allow any man to talk like that in my presence."

But the fellow, conscious of the grinning approval of his own particular clique, went still farther, winding up his ribald talk with a remark concerning the Blessed Virgin.

Instantly Dan's brawny arm was raised and with the single exclamation of "You dirty blackguard!" he dealt the offender a resounding slap on the cheek, that could be heard above the roar of the machinery.

Ike's eyes blazed with fury, though, being a sinking coward at heart, he dared not retaliate. Instantly there was an uproar among the men. A certain number were in sympathy with the sentiments the ruffian had expressed. Some others could scarcely make out, at first, what the tumult was about, and still another few stood abashed and uncertain. These latter were Catholics, a small and weak minority. For even those among them who practised their religion had hitherto said little about it in that atmosphere which they knew to be hostile, and they were not known to belong to the despised religion.

There was a confusion of sounds, through which could be distinguished the lowest epithets applied to the "Papist," varied by expressions uncomplimentary to the Pope. Dan standing at bay, his eyes gleaming out from his slackened face and his powerful fists clenched defiantly, cried out:

"Come on, then, every mother's son of you! I'm ready for ye."

Though many sprang towards him threatening with cries of "knock out the bloody Romanist," there was a certain proportion of the more decent men who felt a thrill of admiration for that sturdy upholder of the faith that was in him.

Of course, in the majority of cases it was simply admiration of his courage, his strength and, as it were, the hero look of him; yet there were a few who could go deeper and catch some glimpses of the vital principle that had been the mainspring of his action, the reverence and the loyalty that had uplifted the poor toiler to a high spiritual plane.

The Catholics, too, felt some stirrings of shame and an awakening of that faith which had burned so brightly in their forefathers. Admiration for Dan was mingled with indignation and disgust for his opponent. Many of them were glad to remember afterwards that they had rallied to his side before the next act in that inspiring little drama.

In the uproar and the buzz of talk that had followed upon McGrath's action the men had not noticed that the superintendent with two of the directors and large shareholders in the iron works had stepped unnoticed into the room. They had, too, been standing outside in the corridor for a few moments, and so had been witnesses of all that had occurred.

"Who is that man?" inquired the oldest of the visitors, a leading capitalist of the State and director not only in that company but in several others.

The superintendent to whom the inquiry had been addressed, promptly answered:

"An Irishman named McGrath." "By George!" exclaimed the younger of the two visitors, "he would make an ideal Hercules or a statue of some revenging god."

"Can you put a stop to this tumult?" asked the man who had spoken first of the superintendent.

The latter, who was not a little mortified that such an occurrence should have disturbed at such an inopportune moment that perfect order which he boasted of being able to keep in the foundry, sharply rang a bell.

The effect was magical. There was an almost instantaneous silence. The men who had been scrambling over one another, shouting and gesticulating, turned their eyes from the still militant Dan to the three men who were standing in the center of the room.

"What does this all mean?" cried the angry voice of the superintendent.

Immediately Ike Whately and three or four of his friends broke into a more or less coherent explanation of what had taken place. Dan uttered no word in defense nor in acquiescence.

The superintendent, catching at the explanation offered and taking no account of the provocation that McGrath had received, was only anxious to show the visitors how rigorous was the discipline he maintained. He announced in a voice that was heard through all the room that McGrath was dismissed; that he would be paid what was due him at the office and might take his hat and go.

In that instant, while confused

Phone Main 6549. After Hours, Hillcrest 8818 Society of St. Vincent de Paul Bureau of Information

St. Jerome's College Founded 1864 KITCHENER, ONT.

Professional Cards Foy, Knox & Monahan

John T. Loftus Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Etc.

Reilly, Lunney & Lannan Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries

Hotel St. Charles Atlantic City, N.J.

Funeral Directors John Ferguson & Sons

E. C. Killingsworth Funeral Director

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY KINGSTON ONTARIO

ABSORBINE Will reduce Inflamed, Strained, Swollen Tendons, Ligaments, or Muscles.

ABSORBINE Will reduce Inflamed, Strained, Swollen Tendons, Ligaments, or Muscles.

murmurs arose among the various groups, Dan realized all that such an announcement meant to him. He had been married but a few years before leaving Ireland, whence he had emigrated with the hope of bettering his fortunes. Only the other day he had been able to send the passage money which would bring out his wife and two little ones. He had even taken a tiny house, nestling in the shadow of the hill and overlooking the Lehigh.

"And I don't think," the superintendent went on, still virtuously indignant and eager to show his zeal for good order, "that there is a single employer of labor in the whole of the Lehigh Valley who will engage a man that has behaved as you have done and shown himself a quarrelsome bully."

Dan, who had been at first dazed, had by this time rallied his forces. He told himself that he would have been less than a man if he had acted otherwise than he had done, and he spoke out now with a courage and resolution that was only equal to that which he had displayed a moment before.

"Mr. Randall, sir," he said, addressing the superintendent, in a tone that though respectful, was firm, "you're meddling in your rights to discharge me if you think I've done what's wrong, but I can't let you blacken my character. Of what led to this fight, I'll not say a word. Let every man speak for himself, but I will say, and every man here, if he wants to speak the truth can bear me out, that in the months I have been in your employ I have been neither a bully nor quarrelsome."

There was a murmur from several voices.

"That's right, Dan. That's true, anyhow."

When the superintendent rang the bell again for silence, and as a sign that the subject was closed, the younger of the two directors inquired:

"What has been his record?"

The superintendent hesitated, yet after all he was fair enough as men go, and he spoke the exact truth:

"His record has been good. I believe this is his first offense."

"Which makes it necessary to discharge him," said the elder visitor, who had been standing by with frowning brow and a face black as thunder.

"Yes," agreed the superintendent; "for with men such as these discipline must be maintained."

"It must," assented the other; "let me speak to this fellow."

As he said the last words aloud Dan's opponents were gleeful, for they had had experience, on divers occasions as to how this particular director could speak. They hoped that the big Irish "Papist" was going to catch it.

At the summons to come forward Dan stepped out. His blackened face glistened with perspiration and the muscles in his powerful arms and shoulders where they were uncovered as was made necessary by the great heat, stood out like whipcord.

"I would like to know, my man," the director began in his big, threatening voice, "how you feel now about your late conduct?"

Dan, looking the speaker straight in the face, responded instantly:

"If it had to happen over again, I'd do the selfsame thing."

"You would, would you!" roared the director. "You have no regret for your part in that disgraceful scene, of which I was the witness from start to finish."

"If you witnessed it, sir," said Dan, "you'll know that the quarrel was not of my making."

"Hold your tongue!" cried the other.

"I will," agreed Dan, "since there's no more to be said."

"There's this, that the superintendent has turned you out of here," declared the old man.

"Perhaps," suggested the younger director, "if you were to say that you are sorry for what has occurred—"

"I'll never say that, sir," exclaimed Dan glancing for a moment towards that quarter, where he seemed to discover a lurking sympathy.

"Then dismissed you are from this employment," repeated the elder director.

His bushy white eyebrows worked themselves up and down as he stood glowering at the Irishman, who met his gaze firmly, while his fellow workmen regarded the scene with mingled feelings.

The few Catholics who had shamefacedly gathered around Dan and who on account of the coming of the visitors had been unable to show their sympathy, were full of sorrow and indignation at the unjust treatment to which McGrath had been subjected. Many others were moved to blended regret and admiration, while the friends and supporters of Ike Whitley, who were the lowest and most degraded of the lot, were triumphant and only restrained by the presence of the superintendent and the visitors from breaking into laughter and jibes.

"And now that you are dismissed from these works, McGrath," repeated the old man who had constituted himself chief spokesman, "there are a few remarks that I would like to make to this assembly."

He turned his menacing glance from one to the other of the groups before him and his voice had the same angry tone:

"In the first place I would suggest to the superintendent that the fellow who was really responsible for this scene, the unspeakable, foul-mouthed ruffian, to whom I listened with disgust, should be dismissed, as well as his opponent. In the second place, I

should like to shake hands with you, McGrath."

Dan, amazed and bewildered by this turn of affairs, involuntarily wiped his grimy hand before placing it in that which was outstretched.

"But the director said: 'No, no! Never mind about the grime McGrath. That comes from honest work. It's the other sort of dirt that I'm afraid of. In the third place, McGrath, since you are dismissed from here, I want to offer you a position as foreman in the L. V. and D. Milling Company which has just become vacant by death. I think you will find the work easier and the wages higher."

The superintendent, mortified and confused, stood sheepishly near, while Ike Whitley, from whose side his partisans began to slink away, was the very picture of shame, humiliation and baffled malice.

The little knot of Catholics were jubilant, and incidentally had got a lesson which would last them their lives, and a considerable number of others, it must be said to the credit of human nature, were pleased at Dan's good fortune.

But the big voice began to speak again, asking Dan if he were willing to accept the offer.

"I am, sir, and with my best thanks to you. And," he hesitated, and then went on awkwardly, "if I had a word to say at all, it would be to ask that Ike Whitley here might be kept on. He wasn't reared up to know the malice of what he was saying, and maybe he's been punished enough."

After some demure on the part of the director, this request was granted, but the man of many millions, who had certain theories of his own, had still a few words to say.

"You workers here present may take it from me," he said "that it is men like McGrath who are most in demand. They have got hold of a vital principle that keeps them alive. They are the real force of the nation, a social force and an economic one, too. For they save their brain and brawn for the country, instead of wasting it on intemperance or worse, as so many of you do."

Having finished his discourse and instructed McGrath where to apply, with a curt farewell to the superintendent, the old man took his colleague's arm and hurried from the place.

Then from the ranks of the Catholics arose a cheer for McGrath, that was caught up not only by the majority of those present, but that went out and beyond the foundry, to be heard in the streets of the little town, echoing and reechoing through the hills, where they stood guardian of the twin streams that beautified all the landscape.—Anna T. Sadler, in The Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

MOVING PICTURES AND THE YOUNG

BY AN URSULINE RELIGIOUS

Before me lies what is meant to be a very clever advertisement. It shows a comfortable living-room and the latest fashion in American families—a father, mother, and one child. The mother, her pretty face all excited anticipation, is urging her husband to hurry; he, also excited and restless looking, is switching off the light, while the child, a bonny thing of five or six, pulls her father eagerly toward the door.

All are intent on "going to the movies" as can easily be guessed from the accompanying screen picture, which shows a young girl languishing in the arms of a loggubrious looking youth in khaki. The advertisement is suggestively entitled "Let's live a life in two hours," and is meant to portray the bliss laid up for the patrons of a well-known film company. Looking at it, one can not help wondering just how many "lives" the infant in the picture may succeed in living, with such a swift start already.

With desolation is our land indeed being made desolate, and all "because no man thinketh in his heart." Was there ever a time when our people thought so little as in this wonderful age of the aeroplanes and the moving picture? People don't think any more. They "live a life in two hours" so many times a week, that a real genuine attack of thinking would almost produce total annihilation. But there is one thing that serious-minded teachers would be truly glad to have them think about, and that is the frightful injury they are doing their children by letting them grow up in the "movie" atmosphere.

Is there anything more tragically pathetic, we wonder, than the little girl whose parents are "movie fiends"? The mother was a daily visitor at moving-picture theaters before that child was born; she grieved and fretted because the little one's birth prevented her from seeing her screen favorites for a few weeks; and, when the baby was less than a month old, the mother was sitting again before the screen as eager for excitement as ever. The child is being brought up, one may say, in the "movie" theater, with the result that, tiny as she is, she will tell you that she "just adores" Theda Bara, and she's "crazy about" Charlie Chaplin. And she will ask you if you don't think Elsie Ferguson has the "swellest" clothes, and if you like Marguerite Clark or Mary Pickford best. And she will invariably add that she's going to be a "movie" actress, when she gets big, "because they make lots of money." Think what sort of wife and mother is being prepared for the future in that child! But, after all, we are probably worry-

ing ourselves needlessly as to what sort of mother she will make, since for women of her type motherhood will probably be quite out of style by the time she will have reached womanhood.

The writer may be pardoned if she gives here the rest of two years' close study of the effect of the moving-picture habit on the adolescent girl. Some fourteen years ago she was one of the teachers in a class of girls from fifteen to sixteen years of age. The pupils were the usual well-dressed, well-behaved, properly brought up girls that we are accustomed to think of in connection with convent schools. With these girls the different teachers departed and some, what from the usual conservative manner of teaching, being very frank and outspoken both in class and personal relations with them, and giving so much aid just when it was most needed, that the class of twelve came through the troublesome years from childhood to graduation with the very minimum of the usual foolishness of school girls. Four of their number are married and today are everything that good Catholic wives and mothers should be: two entered religion; the others are young business women of more than ordinary ability and standing—all are steady, dependable and high principled, while still just as gay of heart and as fond of "a good time" as they were fourteen years ago, when the moving picture show had not begun to cast its blighting influence over young and innocent souls.

Two years ago I was given work in a class, composed of girls very similar in age, mental capacity, refinement and social position to the class of fourteen years ago. They were from good Catholic homes, and were sweet, amiable and well-behaved young girls, whose parents watched over them carefully and kept them from contact with anything which seemed to them to be a bad influence. The girls, however, were allowed a freedom in attending picture shows, which was doing them a harm not realized by their parents. That pernicious freedom! It was responsible for a difference between the two classes, that only an experienced teacher could appreciate.

The girls of fourteen years ago entered the academic course, simple, sweet, innocent children; they advanced to their graduating year and left school, not ignorant of the world and its evils, but with minds unclouded by knowledge received in wrong ways; the girls of the later class were not only too sophisticated for their years, but were rather pleased to be so. Now in their second year of high school work they are restless and somewhat unsteady in character; they are easily bored, find mental concentration difficult, and tire easily, wherever sustained effort is necessary. They have a quick, ready intelligence, but are impatient of work. Under the influence of their teachers, in whom they have every confidence, and to whom they speak with frankness, they are improving greatly, but it is an improvement that goes by fits and starts. Does this improvement mean that we are succeeding in breaking these young girls off the moving-picture habit? Not at all; they are simply learning to discriminate by being gently forced to catalog the good, bad and indifferent "movies" they have seen—a process which forces them to see that the good attractions have been few, the bad ones very many. A year ago, it was nothing unusual, during our discussions of the different "movies" (we manage to keep well informed on this subject since it concerns our pupils) to have some girl say indignantly in reference to some really dreadful attraction: "Why I didn't see a thing wrong in that!" Whereupon it was unusually necessary to prove to her that, if she had been the right sort of a girl, she would have seen the wrong very easily.

Now right here is where the very worst feature of the moving-picture craze presents itself. Young girls actually grow to think that, since "to the pure all things are pure," it is not "to see a thing" in pictures that positively reek with immorality; and they make their less "pure" minded companions feel very uncomfortable, when the latter admit that they do see quite a lot that isn't just right. Only a week or so ago I heard a girl of fifteen say: "Yes, I went to see 'Cleopatra.' Why shouldn't I? It wasn't so bad at all." And another girl of the same age, in speaking of a really infamous production, remarked: "It was perfectly all right, except the star didn't have much clothing on."

But, to return to the class we have been discussing. It was no small matter to bring these girls to the point where they would admit many of the pictures they had seen were evil, but that point was reached at last. The next thing was to get them to see that the pictures had done harm to their own souls; and this was most difficult, because the worst result of the frequenting of picture shows is that it wears away the delicate bloom of modesty so imperceptibly that young people do not even know they have lost anything; and, as has been said before, they take credit to themselves for not being what they call "silly" about trifles. The arguments brought forward to prove that they were no worse off for all their movies, would have made a criminal lawyer weep for joy, but at last that point was reached. Even then much remained to be done before resolutions of amendment were made effectual, so wedded were they to their enthu-

astic love for certain stars in the "movie" sky. A glance at the list—a very partial one—of the plays these young girls have seen will show that their taste is neither narrow nor bigoted. The plays range from "Snow White," "The Little Princess," "Bab's Burglar," "Birth of a Nation," "A Tale of Two Cities," and "Little Miss Washington," to "The Vampire," "Cleopatra," "War Brides," and "The Common Law."

What are you going to do about conditions like these, you good Catholic mothers, who would not willingly hurt your children for all the world? Do you think it fair to us teachers, that we must face the task of undoing the evil effects of a habit you have allowed to form? Must we spend our time in rooting out each day some noxious plants, whose seed was planted in your child's soul by a suggestive moving picture film? Do you know that your daughters, taught by the exciting school of the picture screen, are half convinced already that "love" justifies anything? That "a woman has the right to live her own life" as she pleases? That, in short, they are in danger of growing up with the most crooked notions, unless somebody straightens them out before it is too late? Do you even suspect that ideas, antagonistic to faith and morals, are being imbibed by your children, and are likely to spring into action, just as soon as these children are old enough to escape from your loving care? Who do you think ought to face and overcome all these difficulties, we or you? Is it not your place rather than ours? And is it not far more a mother's duty than a nun's to impress upon your daughter the sacredness of marriage, for instance, and the deadly evil of a deliberate evasion of its consequences? Yet such teaching is often left undone or left to those, upon whom the burden should not fall, because you, dear Catholic mother, do not dream that it is at all necessary, because, you say, the girls "don't know anything about such things." Do they not? Try accompanying them to every "movie" theater they visit and find out for yourself whether they know or not!—The Guardian.

GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE

The following is one of those little gems for so many of which we must be grateful to Catholic writers like the well known Rene Bazin. Of course, there is always the difficulty of translating a play upon words which does well in French and looks rather poor in English but even then the idea is there, and it is the idea we wish to put on record.

"I was present," writes Bazin in a French newspaper, "at a catechism lesson given to a hundred little boys in a parish of Paris. This quarter was poor, and so was the church. When I entered the Curate was relating the treason of Judas who sold his Master. He ended his narrative by the words: 'Judas was seized with despair, and hanged himself.' Immediately one of the youngest among the boys stood up and made a sign that he had something to say. 'I do not ask any questions,' said the priest, 'but what is the thought that takes you?'"

"To say what I would have done if I had been Judas."

"Well, what?" And the urchins all turned to their companion. But he, quite unabashed, and perfectly determined, because he heard the voice of his heart, replied:

"I would have hanged myself to the neck of good Jesus."

Some of the little ones laughed at the idea, but most of them understood better and felt as if their hearts were ready to weep.

"If these lines fall under the eyes of a soul who despairs on account of his sins, let him go and hang himself to the neck of good Jesus, and Jesus will press him to His heart.—Bombay Examiner.

ELIMINATING THE LOAFER

There is at least one "drive" that will have the support of every right-thinking citizen, and that is the drive against loafers. Too long have these pests been encouraged to follow their lazy instincts and to prey upon workers.

We have repeatedly called attention to the slackness and the absurdity of legislation that will not permit a boy to work under a certain age, but will permit him to loaf and drift. "He should be in school at that age," is the indignant protest against putting a lad under sixteen to work.

Very true; he should be in school, but he elects not to attend, and there doesn't seem to be law enough to make him. Young America, in wayward or loafing mood, makes his own laws in many cases. He doesn't want to go to school; he doesn't want to go to work. He likes leisure, and cards and other accomplishments of a lazy life.

And the worst of it is that he gets what he wants. He has to become a notice of him. And then it is uphill work to make anything of him except a loafer. This is so generally realized that men in authority are not anxious for his enforced services.

The time to round up a loafer is when the habit begins to form, and not after years of indulgence in idleness. A chain gang is about the only service that can get any work out of a chronic loafer.

Social service workers could furnish illuminating information as to

the leeway our civilization gives the loafer. It scoldes and flatters him. When his mother and sisters die from overwork, if he can't get a capable wife to take up their burden, he becomes a public charge. And presently the law wakes up to the knowledge that a human parasite has fastened itself to the community. How to get rid of him is then the problem.

The drive proposes to solve the problem. It will conscript idleness, but just how it will turn idleness into industry is another question. The experiment will be viewed with interest.

The Governor of New Jersey has undertaken to enforce the anti-loafing act recently passed in that State, which provides that every man must be able to show that he is engaged in useful work. The proclamation sets forth that every able-bodied male resident between the years of eighteen and fifty years, shall be habitually and regularly engaged in some business, profession, occupation or employment until the termination of the War.

Maryland has been rounding up idlers for some time, and New York is considering the matter. Exemplary as Massachusetts is in many respects, she has her quota of idlers, many of them in the juvenile ranks, and many more in the various classes of time-wasters—sham invalids, family graters, highway tramps, frequenters of pool-rooms, saloons and certain clubs. For their own good and the good of the commonwealth, may they be gathered in some and all transformed into something worthier of the name of man.—Sacred Heart Review.

A BALLAD OF MAY

It is the May again, Mother,  
The childhood of the year,  
When beauty walks the wakened world  
And heaven seems so near;  
It is the joyous May, mother,  
And joyous most to me,  
For that it wakens in my heart  
Old, loving thoughts of thee.

The April days were cruel,  
With chilling wind and rain,  
That kept the skies so wintry,  
And prisoned earth in pain;  
But April days are over,  
And May is reigning queen,  
Her law is in the woodlands,  
Her throne is on the green.

Like priests before the altar,  
In Sacrificial Prayer,  
The tulips offer chalices,  
To thank the Master's care;  
And birds in cloister woodlands,  
And fragrant aisles along,  
From matin hours to vesper,  
Sing their cathedral song.

The little shrine of Mary  
(Among the rocks it lies)  
Is like a little bower  
We dream in paradise;  
The roses of the myrtle  
Are whispered all the day,  
And rich magnolia censers  
Fling incense every way.

Oh, May is queen of all the year,  
And Mary queen of May,  
So let our hearts be Maylands  
Unto our Queen today;  
And take the Maytime voices,  
From field and tree above  
And turn their songs to Mary,  
To tell her children's love.

So May is here again, mother,  
And in its eyes I see  
Remembrance of the beauty  
Of days that used to be;  
And here before the shrine, mother,  
I kneel me now and pray,  
That May and Mary bless thee,  
And give thee joy always.

—REV. MICHAEL EARLE, S. J.

A NEW PRAYER MOVEMENT

English papers recently arrived tell of a new prayer movement for the conversion of the country which has just been started in the metropolis. We remember one started a very long time ago by an English nobleman, a convert from Protestantism, Earl Spencer. He renounced that creed at the time of the Tractarian movement in England and joined the Catholic Church. He was known as Father Ignatius, and traveled all the British Isles clothed in a brown habit of the Franciscan Order, with sandals on shodless feet and carrying a silver tongue in his fine aristocratic looking head. His eloquence was very winning. It was in the Christian Brothers' schools in Cork City he addressed a large concourse of boys (of whom the writer was one) and his eloquence was such that it was with joy that they one and all made to him the promise which he desired that they, individually, would offer up the Pater and Ave each day until the age of twenty-one had come to them, with the intention that the innocent pleading would win from God the prize for which it was put forward, the winning back of "Mary's Dower" to the Catholic fold. The Brother who succeeded Father Ignatius was the famous Coercionist Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He in turn became a convert—not to the faith, but to the Home Rule cause, after having had several years' personal acquaintance with the iniquities of Dublin Castle rule and landlord tyranny in Ireland. That a new start in the same direction has been begun in England at this time, when the fate of the British Empire is trembling in the balance, is certainly a fact of much significance.—Philadelphia Standard and Times.



A Way to Soften the Hard Water of the Bath

Get out the LUX package—pour in 3 or 4 tablespoonfuls into the water and stir a little. The water immediately becomes creamy soft, most refreshing and very beneficial to the skin. Try it to-night. You'll be pleased, well pleased. People where the water is unusually hard just revel in



for the bath. Especially where babies are concerned. These silky-smooth little flakes of the purest essence of soap exercise a soothing and cleansing effect on the skin that is very stimulating after a trying day.

LUX—at all grocers. —British made  
Lever Brothers Limited  
Toronto

COWAN'S MAPLE BUDS  
A dainty Solid Chocolate

The choicest and most expensive cocoa beans, rich, creamy milk and selected sugar blended skilfully.

No other chocolate of its kind in the world—none so charming.

Little Miss MAIDEN CANADA



STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS AND LEADED LIGHTS  
B. LEONARD QUEBEC P. Q.

We Make a Specialty of Catholic Church Windows

Use Benson's for Custards

Benson's will give the best results.

**BENSON'S CORN STARCH**

Useful in many ways. Nameless brands, even though lower in price, are more expensive in the end.

Always order by name—BENSON'S.

WRITE FOR FREE COOK BOOK.

THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.50 per annum. United States & Europe—\$2.00. Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, L.L.D. Editors: Rev. James T. Foley, B. A., Thomas Coffey, L.L.D., Associate Editors: Rev. F. J. O'Sullivan, H. F. Mackintosh, Manager—Robert M. Burns.

Advertisements for teachers, situations wanted, etc., 50 cents each insertion. Remittance to accompany the order. Approved and recommended by Archbishops Paley and Slocum, late Apostolic Delegates to Canada, the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough and Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion. Usual and necessary notices cannot be inserted except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion 50 cents. The following agents are authorized to receive subscriptions and canvass for the CATHOLIC RECORD: General agents: M. J. Hagarty, Vincent S. Cox, and Miss Jessie Doyle; resident agents: Mrs. W. E. Smith, Halifax; Miss Bridget Saunders, Sydney; Miss L. Herlinger, Winnipeg; E. R. Costello, 225-5th Ave. West, Vancouver; B. C. Silva Johnson, 211 Rochester St., Ottawa; Miss Rose McKeown, 140 D'Aiguillon St., Quebec; Mrs. George Smith, 230 St. Ursula St., Montreal; M. J. Merwin, Montreal; B. F. O'Toole, 2341 Artye St., English, Sask.; and E. J. Murphy, Box 125, Saskatoon.

Subscribers changing residence will please give old as well as new address. In St. John, N. B., single copies may be purchased from Mrs. A. McGuire, 219 Main Street, and John J. Dwyer. In Sydney, N. S., single copies may be purchased at Murphy's Bookstore. In Montreal single copies may be purchased from J. Millot, 241 St. Catherine St., West.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1918

THE KING, THE LORDS AND COMMONS—AND CARSON

There was a time when the King, Lords and Commons were spoken of as "the three estates of the realm;" and Burke indicated the growing power of the press by the eloquent and emphatic term—"the fourth estate." Whether or not in these days a decadent press has abdicated the high function prophetically assigned to by Burke matters not for the moment. But an equally pithy and eloquent mot of Tim Healy, M. P., together with a brutal truth baldly put by John Dillon, suggests the interesting question as to whether Sir Edward Carson is now "the fourth estate," or whether, aided and abetted by other powerful subverters of the constitution, he usurps the functions of the Commons to such an extent that "the three estates of the realm" may with biting wit and bitter truth be called: The King, Lords and Carson.

The arrival of the English papers with full reports of the debate on the Government Conscriptio-Home Rule proposals affords some interesting reading and makes the news agencies' summaries appear not only meagre but wilfully misleading. Since Ireland continues to be not only a leading news topic, but the subject of all sorts of comments, few of them characterized by sanity and restraint, we propose to give an idea of the way the latest contentious Government proposals were received by the Parliament and press of England. Readers of Irish origin or sympathy will find that public opinion in England is better informed and consequently less rabid and unfair than the shreds and patches cabled to our daily papers and their comments thereon would suggest.

In view of the revolutionary nature of the present Franchise Act which will in all probability place the control of Parliament and Government in the hands of the Labor Party after the next election, the views of Mr. Henderson, the most outstanding Labor Leader and former member of the Government, are equally interesting and important:

Mr. Henderson said that conscription had been supported by right hon. gentlemen on the Front Bench, which having regard to the seriousness of the situation, displayed more reckless courage than wisdom. He recognized that only the Government knew the military needs but it did not follow that they were compelled in haste to undertake that which two previous Governments declined—the responsibility of dealing with the Irish problem not by increasing the liberty of the Irish people, but by destroying their liberty. (Nationalist cheers.)

If the Government would withdraw the clause it would be the clearest course in the interest of this country. If they could not see their way to do that they ought frankly to announce that if they got their clause they would not put it in operation until Home Rule was absolutely the law of the land in Ireland. (Cheers.) The Government ought to undertake before the Committee closed to bring in their bill immediately. At present, so far as he could see, the only thing that was certain for Ireland was conscription; the only thing that was doubtful was self-determination and self-government. That was a very dangerous position.

He strongly urged that Home Rule be passed into law and put into operation before conscription be attempted as the only means of averting disaster.

This was on Friday, April 12th. For the third time Mr. Asquith, former Prime Minister, calmly, but with the calm of strong conviction, categorically and unequivocally opposed conscription for Ireland. Noting Bonar Law's threat that the Government would resign in case the measure was

voted down, he made this remarkable declaration:

MR. ASQUITH—"If we were under normal conditions or conditions which were anything like normal—and when I use the word 'normal' I am not speaking of conditions of peace, but I am referring to conditions of war—if we were in conditions which even in time of war were normal, or anything like normal, I should not hesitate for a moment to support, and so far as I could, to give effect to the opinions which I expressed by appropriate Parliamentary action. It is not, I hope I may be allowed to say, from slackness of conviction, or I hope from defect of courage, that I do not take that course. Not only are the conditions not normal, but they are conditions which are unexampled in the history of this country."

Then depicting "the extent and urgency of the perils" of three weeks ago, and the loss of time and effort consequent on a change of government at a time "when in the interests of this country and of the world it is essential that they should continuously, unremittingly concentrate every hour of their time, every faculty of their minds, every fibre of their being, upon saving from disaster the course of the Allies," he then continued:

"I cannot take that responsibility. When I say that, I have not in the least degree modified my view as to the gravity and responsibility which the Government are taking upon themselves in regard to the application of conscription to Ireland (cheers), and I wish to associate myself with a great deal of what has fallen from my right honorable friend the member for Barnard Castle (Mr. Henderson).

Mr. Asquith was at some pains to point out that the clause was only "an empowering clause; it is not mandatory." It may by Order-in-Council be extended to Ireland. That would take time. Then Mr. Asquith read from a speech of the Minister of National Service, on Jan. 17th of this year, to the effect that it would take months before such a measure could give results. "And I have no doubt," continued Mr. Asquith, "what the Minister of National Service said then is equally true and appropriate now." And then the Ex-Premier urged the one straightforward and statesmanlike course, the course that would be at once a guarantee of sincerity and afford a chance for practical unity:

"Will the Government now make it perfectly plain that if this clause is added to the Bill, and the Bill receives the Royal Assent and becomes an Act of Parliament, and this empowering clause—is it only an empowering clause—is at the disposal of the Executive, will they state definitely and explicitly that the time shall be occupied in priority to all other business, except, of course, what is indispensably necessary for the actual conduct of the War, in passing through this House and through another House until it receives the Royal Assent a generous and unstinted measure of Irish self-government? If so, I believe that even now we might without prolongation of this embittered and most unhappy controversy arrive at practical unity."

To this appeal for a "definite and explicit statement," The Times reports Mr. Duke, the Irish Secretary, as saying:

"I do on behalf of His Majesty's Government and on my own responsibility assure the House that it is the intention of the Government that this Bill shall be presented without delay and as an urgent matter, and that it will be prosecuted with all the despatch which His Majesty's Government can procure for it."

In view of the whole tenor of Mr. Asquith's speech, of his association of himself with what Mr. Henderson had already said on the subject, Mr. Duke's assurance was accepted by the House as "definitely and explicitly" pledging the Government to enact self-government for Ireland before enforcing conscription.

"There was a great cheer," says the Times, "when he asked the House to believe that nothing would be more satisfactory to the Government than that the Parliament which was designed should be erected in Dublin before a man came to the Colours."

The divided counsels of the Government were painfully in evidence when later Mr. Duke was forced into the humiliating position of denying that he had made any such promise; the cable faithfully reported his denial. When we read the full report of the debate we do not wonder that Mr. Duke resigned; the wonder is that he did not resign without eating his words and leave the wobbling Government to find some other way out.

The Ex-Secretary for Ireland, during his speech agreeing with Mr. Asquith that the time that must intervene before conscription could be applied would give ample opportunity to enact Home Rule, said:

"If that takes place, what reason is there why at an early date there should not be upon the Statute-book a Bill for the establishment of self-government in Ireland?"

MR. DILLON—"Carson is the reason. (Cheers.) You know that. He has not the least notion of allowing you to do it."

It is probable that it is precisely because the Irish leader was absolutely right that Mr. Duke is no longer Secretary for Ireland. His speech during the debate appears to be that of a man honest and sincere. And the shifty policy of the Government on this question made it impossible in view of his speech to retain both office and self-respect.

At another point in his speech this lively and interesting passage at arms occurred:

MR. DUKE—"The Sovereign Legislature of King, Lords, and Commons—"

MR. T. HEALY—interrupting—"King, Lords and Carson."

MR. DUKE—"The obligation to secure the public defence was upon the Government and when a law was enacted for that purpose it was a law that was entitled to the obedience of every man who recognized the restraints of civilized society. Mr. Scannlan—Was the Home Rule Act of 1914 a law that kind? Cheers and cries of "Order." Mr. Scannlan remained standing for some time but his remarks could not be heard owing to cries of protest from the benches opposite.

It is not hard to guess the tenor of Mr. Scannlan's inaudible remarks. Similar remarks are heard in every part of the world.

If Mr. Duke belonged to the same variety of the human species as some of the misinformed Canadian commentators on the Irish situation he might still be Chief Secretary for Ireland; but being a well-informed and self-respecting English gentleman he resigned. The casualty which glorifies the Ulster Solemn League and Covenant, and utterly condemns the pledge against conscription by an alien government does not satisfy the conscience of that sort of man. During his speech Mr. Duke, quite honestly and sincerely it would seem, said:

"It would be the worst disservice to the State to call into the ranks men who were suffering under a historic sense of grievance. The Government wants to remove that grievance. It seeks the help of this House to remove it. It seeks the help of the country to remove it. It believes that here in this Chamber there will be the overwhelming force of public opinion in favor of such a measure as it will be the business of His Majesty's Government to present."

But Carson, it seems, will not allow the Government to present it. And though Carson may defy or veto the enactments of the King, Lords and Commons amid the prayerful plaudits of pious, God-fearing and law-abiding men, the turbulent Irish incur merited execration when they show disrespect for the authority of the King, Lords, and Carson.

When this crisis is past it is not too much to hope that the unanimous verdict will be the rational, democratic conclusion thus expressed by the Westminster Gazette:

"We have paid a great price as a nation and as an Empire for the Ulster veto, and the time has come when our safety imperatively requires its removal."

ENGLISH OPINION ON IRISH CONSCRIPTION

The scraps of English opinion condemnatory of unanimous Irish opposition to conscription cabled to our papers are apt to mislead us as to the mind and conscience of England, something regrettable in the extreme as it tends directly to destroy the mutual good will and confidence which for a generation has been growing space between the peoples of the two islands and their greater emigrant stock throughout the English speaking world. The mischievous activity of those who through press, platform or pulpit endeavor to make it appear as if that opposition were due to the Catholic Church, whatever their professions, are very effectively promoting Germany's object of causing disunion amongst the peoples allied against her.

In the first place Ireland is unanimously opposed to conscription, quite as much so in the Orange North as in the Catholic South. Sir Edward Carson has said that he will urge, even beseech his followers to accept conscription, but urging and beseeching notwithstanding, that fighting Irish Protestant, Loftus Bryan (whose letter we reproduce on page 1) caustically remarks:

"There still remains about three counties in Ulster the leaders of which are so eaten up with religious bigotry and intolerance that they put every obstacle in the way of an Irish settlement. These are the people who proclaim their loyalty to

the empire from the housetops, but I noticed in the daily papers of April 18 that the first riot against conscription in Ireland had just occurred in Belfast."

There hasn't been an extravagant Sinn Fein speech or altercation that has not been blazoned forth as rank Bolshevism. Fifteen thousand Belfast rioters who wrecked every shop and window in the street are carefully camouflaged in the headlines so that the average reader sees only ordinary Irish turbulence, probably promoted by the Catholic bishops! The Irish Convention, which had Irish affairs so entirely in their own hands (as spurious Imperialists never tire of telling us) that never again can an Irishman blame England for mismanaging Irish government, placed themselves on record with regard to conscription, and it will be noted that not one Irish bishop and only two Nationalists, one of them a Protestant, were on the committee charged with the consideration of that subject. Here is the finding of that Committee as contained in an appendix to the Report:

On November 17, 1917, the Grand Committee of the Convention appointed a Sub-Committee, composed of Lord Desart (chairman, Government nominee), the Duke of Abercorn (Tyron County Council), Captain Doran (Louth Co. Council), Captain Gwynn (Irish Party), and Mr. J. B. Powell (Southern Unionists), to consider questions of defence and peace. On November 23 this Sub-Committee presented an Interim Report as follows on the question of Conscription: "Assuming that a scheme of self-government for Ireland be adopted, including the establishment of an Irish Parliament and an Irish Executive Government responsible thereto, we think that would in practice be impossible to impose a system of compulsory service in Ireland without the assent and cooperation of the Irish Parliament."

"As to whether, as an abstract proposition, it would be desirable, by vesting these powers in the Imperial Parliament, to secure united and simultaneous action in this direction in both islands, it is, we think, unnecessary for us to express an opinion, as we think it would be impracticable effectively to enforce such a demand except with the approval of an Irish Parliament, without which the action and efficient cooperation of the Executive could not be secured."

"Indeed, it seems to us a direct consequence of the creation of an Irish Parliament that any measure of this character must be submitted to the Irish Parliament before it could be enforced on Ireland."

Did Lloyd George consider himself bound in decency and honor to take into consideration this recommendation of the Irish Convention? He did not; and that fact is an eloquent refutation of all the buncombe arguments based on the plenary powers of Irishmen themselves to settle the Irish question without let or hindrance.

It is refreshing to read the honest indignation of organs of real English opinion after the rapid abuse of Canadians who, aping last-ditch Tories, call expressions of sterling English convictions, "vain babbling."

This from The New Statesman is most excellent babbling, and can be answered only by some such epithet: "The Irish are solid against conscription imposed upon them by a British Parliament. Englishmen may think that they ought not to be. They may feel it cruelly unfair that Ireland should be allowed to go her own way, whilst we are fighting a war for Europe and for civilization."

"We will leave the Irish Question better than we found it," said Sir Horace Plunkett some time ago of the work of the Convention. He had every justification for his belief; but he reckoned without one factor. At the very moment when the Report of the Convention was expected, and we were all hoping to measure the advance that had been made towards reconciling the two countries and the two parties, Mr. Lloyd George, confessedly without having considered the Convention's views or inquired what the members of the Convention had to say about conscription, comes down to the House and coolly fires his long range gun. The results were instantaneous.

And this from The Nation helps us to understand despite Bourbon Tories and their oversea imitators, despite the folly and stupidity of the British ruling class where Ireland is concerned, the persistence of the term British fair play:

"No Irish Parliament exists to commend conscription to Ireland. No Irish leader was consulted; no one of Ireland's spiritual directors. The Irish Convention, which has been declared to be Ireland's organ of 'self-determination,' issues a unanimous report against conscription through a Committee of which the Duke of Abercorn is Chairman. The Prime Minister dares to tell the House of Commons that he has not even read it."

Sir Horace Plunkett, surely the best informed on the subject of the

Irish Convention, and just as surely not a tool or dupe of the Irish Catholic Bishops, gave this as his deliberate judgment of the results of its deliberations.

Sir Horace Plunkett in presenting the Report of the Proceedings of the Irish Convention, of which he was chairman, gave this message of the Prime Minister:

"The Report," he says, "shows that in the Convention, whilst it was not found possible to overcome the objections of the Ulster Unionists, a majority of Nationalists, all the Southern Unionists, and five out of the seven Labor representatives were agreed that the scheme of Irish self-government set out in paragraph 42 of the Report should be immediately passed into law."

"The Convention has laid a foundation of Irish agreement unprecedented in history."

At the present writing the cables assert that Home Rule and conscription are both likely to be dropped from the Government legislative program. The cable lies at the bottom of the Atlantic as an Irishman once said. Home Rule cannot be dropped. Either the present Government or another is bound in honor, in decency, bound for the sake of the Empire during and after the War, to give the government of Ireland into the hands of the Irish people. The English factions who would outrage the conscience of the world and make England the Pharisae of the nations are bound to go the way of the junkers of Prussia.

Their little political trick (if such it was) to make conscription kill Home Rule will fail.

SEEING THE LIGHT

We made a discovery lately that aroused within us the same emotions that we would have felt if we had happened upon a Presbyterian elder saying his beads, or a Methodist parson making the sign of the cross. We actually found an expression of sane religious sentiment on the editorial page of the Toronto Globe.

The article referred to was entitled "The Deepest Need." After citing the London Chronicle to the effect that there could be no peace till Germany experienced "a change of heart;" the testimony of a member of the German Military Staff that genuine pacific ideals were unattainable without "a spiritual transformation of the human race;" and lastly the utterance of Mr. Arthur Ponsonby that there can be no durable national reconstruction till each individual attends to that reconstruction in "the inner chambers of his own soul," the writer adds that "these testimonies are all the more impressive because of the generally accepted idea before the War that human life could be renovated by remodeling social and political institutions."

In conclusion he says: "It is becoming clear that no such modification will suffice to overcome moral perils. Pulling down a slum and erecting a model apartment house cannot destroy the fascination for crime. Environment, though powerful, is not the only factor, and today there is much frank recognition of the fact that something more and deeper than any civil, social or political factors is necessary to destroy existing evils." The following striking words of that venerable American journalist, Henry Watterston, would add a fitting climax to the above. "The one and only power that can save us," says he, "is the Christian religion. Democracy is but a side issue. The permanent issue underlying the issue of democracy is the religion of Christ and Him crucified, the bedrock of civilization, the source and resource of all that is worth having in the world that is and that gives promise in the world to come."

To those who, in making their morning offering during the Holy Mass, have prayed for our Holy Father's intention, "The reconstruction of society after the War," the above testimonies, coming as they do from those without the fold, will be very consoling. They are an evidence that a chastened world is beginning to see the light, is beginning to realize that human agencies are impotent in the face of existing evils and dangers. Even the victors in the great conflict will be sobered nations. The price has been too great to admit of any vainglorious exultation. May we not hope that the intention named for the month of Easter, triumph and peace, may be a harbinger of world peace!

The coming of that peace will usher in a new era in the Church's history. No matter which side wins in the conflict, the task that lies before the Church will not be unlike

that which she faced when the Huns and the Vandals of Northern Europe overthrew the old Roman Empire, and the only institution left standing was called upon to reconstruct society. As out of that chaos arose the civilization of the middle ages that was a bulwark against the Moor and the Saracen, so we look forward to the establishment in Europe of a new and better organized and more virile civilization that will make for the salvation of souls, and be an impregnable barrier against the waves of eastern paganism that bid fair to be a menace to her civil and religious life.

The most consoling spectacle, that we have witnessed since this War began, has been that of our Separated Brethren flocking to their churches not on Sundays alone but on week days, and offering up not mere conventional prayers but the genuine outpourings of humbled and chastened hearts to that God to Whom they have been drawn closer by adversity. When a man or a nation prays it is well with both. It was while Saul of Tarsus was praying at Damascus that the scales fell from his eyes, and recovering his sight he became a vessel of election to carry Christ's name before the gentiles and kings and the children of Israel. There is every indication that, in our day, many who like Saul of Tarsus have been through ignorance persecuting the Church of God will have the scales removed from their eyes, and seeing the truth will become like him zealous witnesses of that truth and ardent apostles of that Church which has been to them, in those terrible times, a haven of peace.

THE GLEANER

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THAT IN EVEN these days of stress and anxiety men find time to cultivate the friendship of books and money to indulge it, is evidenced by the sale at Sotheby's a short time ago of the library of the late Mr. Thomas Dunn, brother of the Catholic Bishop of Nottingham. Mr. Dunn had been a collector of books all his life, and brought to the pursuit a knowledge of the good things in literature and the early productions of the printing press, which is quite uncommon. His library was particularly rich in old Missals, Books of Hours, and early editions of the old classical theologians and philosophers. A first edition of the Summa of St. Thomas of Aquin, for example, being the first book printed alone by Peter Schoeffer, brought £288. The sale as a whole realized no less a sum than £32,391, which while modest enough compared with such princely collections as the Spencer or the Ashburton libraries, still constitutes a record for a private collection in these days.

IT WOULD BE difficult to imagine a greater outrage on good taste, or a more melancholy lack of sense of the fitness of things, than the use of Don Quixote as a medium for caricaturing the Kaiser, as was done by a well-known cartoonist in the Toronto World the other day. If there are any human qualities more than others which Cervantes' immortal creation is intended to typify, they are chivalrous respect for women, and charity for the weak and defenceless. The poor, distraught Knight did many strange things in the course of his adventurous expedition, but while the reader may smile at his hallucinations and pity his folly, he is less than human if he fails to hug close to his heart the kindly, chivalrous spirit of the man as depicted by the great Spanish romancist. A character further removed in that respect from the Kaiser it would be difficult to conceive, and were he other than a creation of the imagination, the cartoon alluded to might well be termed an insult to his memory.

THE PEOPLE of the Maritime Provinces have reason to congratulate themselves that owing to the great development of recent years in the matter of scientific appliances for the protection of mariners the Bay of Fundy may now be considered as safe for navigation as any port in the world of equal size and importance. According to the St. John Board of Trade Journal, the protection that is now thrown around the mariner in the way of lighthouses, lightships, fog alarms, automatic buoys, bell-buoys and other forms of precautionary signals, has almost wholly eliminated the perils which once attended shipping in that historic body of water. This is borne out by the fact that for the past four

years, though 22,614 ships, of a tonnage of 13,660,866, have passed in and out of St. John, there has not been a single casualty of any consequence in the Bay of Fundy. This is a splendid record and no doubt the source of much satisfaction to the sea-girt Provinces, as it should be to Canada generally.

SOME YEARS ago, we gather from the same source of information, when the question came before the St. John Board of Trade, a careful study was made of the wreck record for a period of eighteen years prior to 1914, with the result that carefully prepared statistics then drawn up showed that with a total tonnage of 42,029,262 tons entering the port, the casualty average was but .033 of one per cent. This statement was based on the record for the whole Bay of Fundy from Cape Sable up. It is a satisfaction too, to know that these figures have received up-to-date confirmation from the combined evidence of several masters of ocean steamers submitted to the Special Pilotage Commission which sat in St. John a few weeks ago, whose finding must have an important bearing upon St. John's future development as an ocean port.

WRITING of "Luther and the Reformation," in the Presbyterian and Westminster on occasion of the celebration (or, perhaps we should say non-celebration, for the thing was discreetly lost sight of by those most concerned) of the 400th anniversary of the "Reformer's" birth the Rev. Dr. Wilson says: "When due allowance has been made to all men and movements, Luther was the man who killed the Pope." And again: "When Luther stood, the Pope fell. For it is in the very nature of things that if a fraud is once exposed it begins to die, if a sham is once stabbed by an idea the wound is mortal." Very curious, that if this is so Luther now looks like the dead one, while, even by their hostile criticism the whole non-Catholic world testifies that after more than three centuries the Pope is very much alive and wields an influence which the whole body of Luther's present-day followers cannot pretend to rival.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

BERLIN ANNOUNCES the overwhelming defeat of the "Reds" of Finland during a five days' battle in the southwestern region of the country near Lakshati, and the capture of 20,000 prisoners. Following upon the recent occupation of Viborg and the extermination of its "Red" garrison, the victory will give Finland a German peace. Already a section of the Finnish press calls for the creation of a kingdom to take the place of the Republic. One of the Kaiser's six safety-first sons is reasonably certain of the job after the very thorough way in which the Kaiser's troops have slaughtered Finland's radicals. Sweden will not like a German prince on a bayonet-propped throne in Helsingfors, but the governing class in Sweden is strongly pro German and will be able to prevent any outburst of popular resentment.

SOUTH of the Avre the French have distinctly improved their positions by adding Hill 82, near Castel, to the ground they hold. The hill is the highest bit of land in the vicinity, and had the enemy continued to hold it he might have made the operation of the Paris-Amiens railway, three miles to the west, somewhat hazardous by mounting guns upon the hill.

AN ANOXY COMPLETE suspension of almost any activity in the Flanders battlefield proves how hard hit Von Armin's army was in the struggle for the ridges, and how great was its need for a breathing time.

"ON THE whole front there was intense aircraft activity," says a despatch from Rome telling of skirmishes at various points along the Trentino battle line. The aviators loaned by Britain to the Italians on this sector include a number of Canadians, and our lads are also taking part in the patrolling of the Adriatic, across which the Austrian armies come to bomb the Italian cities.

IF THE disturbances in Bohemia, and in Slavonia and Croatia, continue the Austrian military authorities may fear to carry on aggressive War in Italy with serious disaffection behind them, which may flare out at any moment into rebellion. There are already many thousands of Bohemians, Croats and Serbs captured on the Italian front now serving with the Italian army in the hope of helping to free their countrymen from Austrian rule. To send more Bohemians, Poles and Southern Slavs to fight on the Italian front would be to risk their surrender in large numbers at the first favorable opportunity.—Globe, May 4.

A GOOD WEEK

LONDON, May 3.—A representative of General Radcliffe, director of military operations at the war office, today summed up the military situation on the western front as follows:

In the north, while the Germans failed in their many objectives, they made their right flank secure by the capture of Kemmel, but we must regard the operation from the viewpoint of economy of men and they used up five divisions from the general reserve, beside seven or eight divisions previously employed.

The results of the past week on the whole were satisfactory, because the enemy used up a larger number of fresh divisions than the allies without strategic results. In all he used on the northern front 85 fresh divisions, beside the nine divisions already there.

As to the future, the Germans have large numbers of divisions recovering which can be used shortly. It is difficult to make an exact comparison of the staying powers of the two armies, but the facts shown are in our favor. If the enemy continues his offensive in the north he must impair his chances of succeeding in the south.

The main aim is to separate the English and the French armies in the north, and if the enemy continues in the north without important results he is using up his forces to no purpose.

**CARDINAL MERCIER**

**PROTESTS THE SPOILIATION OF BELGIAN CHURCHES**

(Special to the New York World)

Washington, April 25.—The Belgian Official Information Bureau issued today the text of the letter of Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, to the clergy and faithful of his diocese, in protest against the forcible seizure by the German authorities of Catholic Church property in Belgium. The letter, dated March 2 last, follows:

"My Very Dear Brethren:

"The painful tidings, announced semi-officially, on Feb. 8, by the occupying power, have been confirmed. The bulletin of laws and edicts, dated Feb. 21, requires an inventory of the bells and organs of our churches. Informed by experience, we need not delude ourselves; the inventory of today is the signal for the requisition of to-morrow.

"The repeated protests of the Sovereign Pontiff, our appeal to the Chancellor of the Empire, appear thus to have been in vain.

"Your Christian hearts will bleed. At a time when we are in such need of comfort, a veil of mourning will descend upon our land, covering like a shroud our every day. It is to be for Catholic Belgium an interminable way of the Cross.

**INFRENDS FREEDOM OF THE CHURCH**

"It is true, is it not, dear brethren, that we should have borne this sorrow, added to so many others, if it had concerned ourselves alone, but this time the rights of God, of our Saviour, Jesus, the freedom of the Church and of her heritage are to be sacrificed to what is called necessity, that is, to the military need of our enemies.

"This term, liberty of the Church, rings harshly on the ears of politicians, writes the great Dom Guéranger. They immediately discern therein the signs of a conspiracy. Now there is no thought in our minds either of conspiracy or of revolt, but of the indefeasible affirmation of the rights granted to His Immaculate Spouse by our Saviour, Jesus.

"The freedom of the Church lies in her complete independence with regard to all secular powers, not alone in her teachings of the Word, in the administering of the sacraments, in the untrammelled relations between all ranks of her divine hierarchy, but also in the publishing and applying of her disciplinary decrees—in the conservation and administration of her temporal heritage.

"Nothing in the world is dearer to God than this liberty of His church," says St. Anselm.

"The Apostolic See, through the medium of Pope VIII., wrote on June 30, 1850, to the Bishops of the Rhine Province:

"It is in virtue of divine order that the Church, spotless spouse of the Immaculate Lamb, Jesus Christ, is free and subject to no earthly dominion."

"This freedom of the Church," continues Dom Guéranger, "is the bulwark of the very sanctuary, hence, the shepherd, sentinel of Israel, should not wait until the enemy has entered into the fold to sound the cry of alarm. The duty of protecting his flock begins for him at the moment of the enemy's siege of his outposts, upon whose safety depends the freedom of the entire city."

"In the execution of this duty of our pastoral office we protest, dear brethren, against the injury which the forcible seizure of church property will cause to the liberty of our mother, the Holy Church.

**DENOUNCED AS SACRILEGE**

"We add that the removal of the bells without the consent of the religious authorities and despite their protests will be a sacrilege.

"The bell is, in fact, a sacred object, its function is sacred. It is a consecrated object; that is to say, it is devoted irrevocably to divine service. It has been not only blessed but anointed by the Bishop with the holy oil and the holy chrism, just as you were anointed and consecrated at holy baptism; just as anointed and consecrated as the priest's hands which are to touch the consecrated water.

"The function of the bell is holy. The bell is sanctified by the Holy Ghost, says the liturgy, sanctificetur a spiritali sancto, to the end that, in

its voice, the faithful shall recognize the voice of the Church calling her children to hasten to her breast.

"It announced your initiation into Christian life, your confirmation, your first Communion. It announced dear parents, your Christian marriage; it weeps for the dead; thrice daily it marks the mystery of the Incarnation; it recalls the immolation of the Lamb of God on the altar of sacrifice; it sings the joys of Sabbath rest, the cheer of our festivals of Christmas, of Easter, of Pentecost. Her prayers are associated with all the events and all the great memories, happy or unhappy, of the Fatherland.

"Yes, the seizure of our bells will be a profanation; whosoever assists in it will lend the hand to a sacrilege.

"The Catholic bishops of Germany and Austria will not deny these principles. If their patriotism has wrong from them concessions which must have cost their religious spirit dear, patriotism with us confirms on the contrary the law of resistance. We would be betraying the Church and the Fatherland were we so cowardly as to permit without a public act of reprobation the taking away of metal to be converted by the enemy into engines of destruction, destined to carry death into the ranks of the heroes who are sacrificing themselves for us.

"The authorities, strangers to our beliefs, will not be greatly moved, I fear, by the protest, however worthy of respect, of our religious consciences, but at least they should remember their given word and not tear up a juridical code which their believers have elaborated with us and promulgated. Morality has force of law for governments as for individuals.

**FRENCH CANADIANS AND EMIGRES**

**THEIR WAR RECORD**

To the Editor of the Times:

Sir,—The failure of the French-Canadian, especially of the Province of Quebec, to enroll for service overseas in anything approaching adequate numbers is one of the most serious and most perplexing questions arising out of Canada's participation in the War. Sir Sam Hughes, the Canadian who had the most to do with raising Canada's Expeditionary Force in a speech reported by your Toronto Correspondent in The Times of April 10, lays the blame at the door of the priests in Canada who had been expelled from France during the religious persecutions. A similar charge was made by Hon. Mr. Rowell during the late election, and was voiced as early as the summer of 1910 by your Toronto Correspondent.

This solution at first sight solves the enigma. These priests were expelled from France on account of their religion by largely the same men as those who are now ruling France. Hence it might be supposed that they would cherish revenge against their former persecutors, and refuse to serve as French privates. The three distinguished Ontario Canadians just quoted assure us that such is the case. However, it is not.

A few concrete examples will suffice. In my own city of Ottawa there is a Capuchin monastery, three of whose members have been killed in action in France. These are the only clergymen of Ottawa of any denomination who have been killed in action.

Across the river from Ottawa lies Hull. The only clergyman of Hull who has been killed in action is Father De LaEglise, who served in France. In Montreal the religious congregation most closely connected with France are the Messieurs of St. Sulpice. Every French Sulpician of military age and fitness has returned to France for service, and those who remain, like all their compatriots in Canada, deplore Bourassa's campaign against Canadian participation in the war. In the Maritime Provinces the chief religious congregation from France are the Eudists. Their war record is without a blemish. There is no class of clergymen of any denomination in Canada which has a casualty roll remotely approaching that of the expatriated French clergy who were working in Canada at the outbreak of the War.

If there be some individual who has failed, let him be dealt with, as certain disloyal Protestant ministers have been dealt with; it betrays, however, a lack of intimate knowledge of Quebec to condemn that body which has the finest war record in Canada. I, for one, take off my hat to them.

"What, then, is wrong with Quebec? Its patriotism is provincial, intensive, but not extensive. This is the result of historical development. The Nationalists, who for the moment have captured the leadership in Quebec, deal with every question, whether it be a school curriculum in Ontario, or the appointment of a bishop in the West, or reinforcements for the Canadian Corps in France, from the exclusive standpoint of the particular interests and language of French-Canadians. To ask that questions that affect a whole nation, a whole Empire, and a world-wide Church should be decided by their relation to the provincial interests and language of French-Canadians is the folly or crime of the French-Canadian Nationalists. It is idle to blame the Catholic Church for the political platform of a party which is even more injurious to Catholic than to Canadian and Imperial interests. To imagine that Quebec priests can dictate political opinions, whether good or bad, to their people is to live in a land of dreams.

"What is the remedy? Here again a concrete example may be more convincing than a theory. The most dangerous stage conscription had to pass through in Canada before its success was assured was the preliminary stage of registration for those of military age. The Government appointed Rev. J. J. Desjardins, an Ottawa priest, to visit the Quebec counties along the Ottawa River from Hull to Buckingham. The results were that 95 per cent. of the men in these counties registered, which, in his belief, is the record for Canada. Father Desjardins is now chaplain to a French-Canadian battalion in France, having taken the place of Father G. Crochetiere, who was killed in action in a dressing station in the line last week. It may be impossible to cooperate with the French-Canadian Nationalist Party, but it requires only patient, gentle, sympathetic, and intelligent statesmanship to win over the main body of French-Canadians to a wholehearted participation in the War.

Thou art exalted above all, hearken to the voice of those who place their hopes in Thee. Deliver us from the blows of injustice and grant that our courage may control our fears."

In the name of the freedom of the Church, in the name of the sanctity of the Catholic religion, in the name of international law, we condemn and reprove the seizure of the bells and organs of our churches; we forbid the clergy and faithful of our diocese to cooperate toward their removal; we refuse to accept the price of the sacred objects taken from us by violence.

"Strong in invincible hope, we await the hour of our God.

"D. J. CARDINAL MERCIER, Archbishop of Malines."

**THE FORMER COST OF LIVING COMMISSIONER EXPLAINS RESIGNATION**

"On several occasions the Minister of Labor directly require me to do that I should not publish this thing or that thing, and the answer was to him was that I proposed to go right on publishing things that I should discover. Indeed, I gave him my answer in terms less formal than that."

In these words did Mr. W. F. O'Connor, late Cost of Living Commissioner for the Dominion of Canada, indicate hitherto unrevealed differences between him and Hon. T. W. Crothers. The time, place and circumstances of such revelations were last night at the Carls-Ritte Hotel, when Mr. O'Connor addressed the Toronto Press Club.

**RESTRAINT IS TOO MUCH**

"But I said, I'll tell you what I'll do," proceeded Mr. O'Connor, with his interesting reminiscences. "It may be embarrassing for you to know of these reports, so I'll publish them before showing them to you."

"A stage had come where my utterances were attempted to be controlled," declared Mr. O'Connor, unfolding further hidden causes of his resignation. "A stage had come where I was expected to anticipate what other departments of the Government might think of my reports. A stage had come where I was supposed to anticipate what other people might think or say of my reports. So I said to myself: 'This is no place for a minister's son.'"

**MANY TIMES SEEN BY CROTHERS**

He then explained how he came to take the position of Cost of Living Commissioner. Regulations governing cost of food issued by the Government were put under the supervision of the Minister of Justice and the Minister of Labor as a sub-committee of the Cabinet. "I had known that there was a Minister of Labor, and a gentleman named Crothers who was the Minister of Labor. After I entered the service others became apprised of the same fact," stated the speaker.

"LOANED" TO LABOR DEPARTMENT

"I have a distinct recollection of being approached seven times by the Minister of Labor to look after the putting into effect of the regulations," was the information given by the speaker. He consented, after the Ministers of Labor, of Justice and the Prime Minister agreed to the proposal, as he was in the Department of Justice at the time he was "loaned" to the Labor Department. "I am very thankful to them that they agreed to loan me," he added, whimsically, alluding to subsequent developments.

**TWO KINDS OF WRONG**

Good work was done, too. He showed how exhaustive investigations were made into dealings in coal and sugar. Then he arrived at the very interesting business of cold-storage.

"There are two classes of wrong, moral and legal," he pointed out. "There is a business, and nothing but the law of supply and demand has anything to do with the regulation of prices, and that if he can get the price he asks it is proper; you can't blame him for getting high prices. In cold storage operations I found certain high prices prevailing, and found them as they were and are now, perfectly legal, but I proceeded to state that I do not regard them as respectable. Because I presumed to say so there a certain amount of interest thereafter was attached to my name."

A great deal of benefit would be derived from the investigations carried on by that department. From the excess profit tax on cold-storage businesses the financial results to the coffers of Canada in the next ten years would be \$150,000,000. "How much has been saved to the people of the United States by the prevention of rises in prices, which prevention came about by pitiless power of publicity on the costs system?"

Referring to his resignation, Mr. O'Connor stated that he had come to the conclusion that he could no longer successfully carry on the work. "The machine which I had builded was absolutely impossible to operate with any interference from anybody outside whatever." So he quit. "You have heard of the song,

The most effective single step that could be taken at the present juncture would be to increase the number of French-Canadian battalions in France. The French-Canadians are a high-spirited race, proud of their glorious history. Their real interests are inseparable from ours. Afford them every opportunity of making this newest chapter worthy of their past.

JOHN J. O'GORMAN  
London, (Eng.) April 10.

**W. F. O'CONNOR, K.C., TALKS**

**IRISH CONSCRIPTION IS DEAD SAYS O'CONNOR**

**NATIONALIST LEADER CALLS IT "MID-SUMMER MADNESS"**

Special to the New York Times

Washington, April 27.—T. P. O'Connor, the Irish nationalist leader, who is in Washington, said today that Irish conscription was dead. Mr. O'Connor expressed the opinion that Lloyd George, the British Prime Minister, would give Ireland self-government immediately.

When he was asked if he took a pessimistic view of the Irish situation, Mr. O'Connor said:

"I am divided between hope and fear. England has the most golden opportunity ever given in her history, not only for settling the Irish question, but for giving an incalculable strength to her empire and striking the biggest blow for the intervention of the Allies in the War since the intervention of America."

"How could she attain these results? By giving Ireland immediately an Irish Government and an Irish Parliament, and in a large and generous spirit. If Lloyd George has the courage and the vision with which I credit him, he ought to see that this means first a friendly Ireland; second, a reconciled Irish race; third, a renewal of that enthusiasm for the cause of the Allies which existed in Ireland during the first year of the War, and last, the men to back up that enthusiasm with soldiers as brave as the Irish have always been."

"Nobody knows better than Lloyd George the series of tragic blunders by which that state of feeling in Ireland was destroyed, for nobody has denounced them more eloquently or more frankly. You remember his historic phrase as to the ineptitudes and malignities of the War Office toward Ireland."

"Will Lloyd George adopt this policy?"

"He certainly wants to, I believe," replied Mr. O'Connor, "but he certainly can do so if he will only tell the British Parliament—the House of Lords even more emphatically than the House of Commons—that he will stand or fall by immediate self-government in Ireland."

"I do not know an Englishman outside the small and impotent knot of Bourbon Tories who does not recognize that in the interests of England and of the War, Ireland ought to get her freedom at once. Orange Ulster still stands in the way, but I ask if a small minority of the Irish people be entitled any longer to stand, not only between Ireland and her liberty, but between England and her security, and above all, between the Allies and victory? If the Irish Orangemen have any grounds—I do not believe they ever had any—for apprehensions of any attack on their religious liberty or their business interests, they have been fully met by the concessions, the enormous concessions, given to them by the convention report."

"He referred to Irish conscription as 'Sheer mid-Summer madness.'"

"Conscription by the British Parliament," he declared, "in my opinion, is dead, not merely because it might lead to bloodshed, or would require the diversion from the hard-pressed front of large numbers of troops, but because it stands in face of a determined people, united as they never were before."

I Did Not Raise My Boy to be a Soldier. Well, my mother never raised me to be a goat." A portion of his answer had been made public and a portion had not.

After the meeting Mr. O'Connor was the guest of the Press Club, which had reserved a box at the Princess Theatre for the evening. He attended the theatre in company with George H. Gooderham, M.P.P.; John G. Kent, Manager of the Exhibition; Acting Mayor Controller John O'Neill; Harry W. Anderson, President of the Press Club, and Francis Nelson, Sporting Editor of The Globe.—The Globe.

**A DECENT APOLOGY**

**AN UNFORTUNATE IMPRESSION**

In the February issue of The Red Cross Magazine there appeared a poem by Rudyard Kipling entitled "The Holy War."

A line in this poem has given offense to some readers, and the Red Cross has received letters asking if Catholics are to interpret this as indicating an attitude of the Red Cross toward the Catholic Church.

The poem was published simply as the most recent contribution from Kipling to war literature and, in so viewing it for publication, it was not realized that it might constitute a reflection on the Pope or the Catholic religion. It is unfortunate that the poem allowed of such an interpretation, and it is hoped that Catholics everywhere will understand that its publication in the magazine was purely the result of an oversight.

It should be needless to say that we deeply appreciate the great part that the members of the Catholic Church are playing in this War, not alone in the Army and Navy, but through their splendid organization, the Knights of Columbus, and in the Red Cross itself.—Red Cross Magazine for May.

**THE JOYS OF OUR BLESSED LADY**

**TO EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC RECORD:**

We are all familiar with the Sorrows of Mary, definite reference to each of which may be found in Catholic devotional works, but I have never seen in print any enumeration of the Joys of our Blessed Lady. As a matter that may be of interest to some of your readers, I submit the following verses which set forth the Seven Joys of Mary. The metre might be improved upon, but I was rather impressed by the orthodoxy of the sentiment expressed. Here are the lines as I heard them from the lips of a pious Irish Catholic:

The very first joy our Blessed Lady had,  
It was the joy of one,  
It was the joy of her dear Son,  
When He became a man.

The very next joy our Blessed Lady had,  
It was the joy of two,  
It was the joy of her dear Son,  
When He began to do.

The very next joy our Blessed Lady had,  
It was the joy of three,  
It was the joy of her dear Son,  
When He walked through Galilee.

The very next joy our Blessed Lady had,  
It was the joy of four,  
It was the joy of her dear Son,  
When He read the Bible o'er.

The very next joy our Blessed Lady had,  
It was the joy of five,  
It was the joy of her dear Son,  
When He raised the dead to life.

The very next joy our Blessed Lady had,  
It was the joy of six,  
It was the joy of her dear Son,  
When he carried His crucifix.

The very next joy our Blessed Lady had,  
It was the joy of seven,  
It was the joy of her dear Son,  
When He opened the gates of Heaven.

—Segarth

**FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION**

Taichowfu, China, Nov. 26, 1916.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: That your charity towards my mission is approved by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Canada let me quote from a letter from His Excellency, The Most Rev. Peregrine F. Stagni, O. S. M., D. D., Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa: "I have been watching with much interest the contributions to the Fund opened on behalf of your missions by the CATHOLIC RECORD. The success has been very gratifying and shows the deep interest which our Catholic people take in the work of the missions in foreign lands. . . I bless you most cordially and all your labors, as a pledge my earnest wishes for your greatest success in all your undertakings." I entreat you to continue the support of my struggling mission, assuring you a remembrance in my prayers and Masses.

Yours faithfully in Jesus and Mary

J. M. FRASER.

**ANTI-CATHOLIC FEELING IN ENGLAND DIMINISHING**

Rome, April 23.—The anti-Papal feeling in England has lost much of its strength and is losing more. A month or two ago there was an outcry. The London Morning Post and the National Review led a real campaign of calumny in their own articles and in articles and letters from one Richard Bagot. It is not the first time this writer has calumniated the Holy See and things Catholic, nor is there any need to go into his history as regards the Catholic Church. Suffice it to say that Catholics in England take him and what he says for what he and it are worth, and no more, even if he has a certain acceptance in some ultra-Protestant circles. On each occasion that he has distributed slander about the press, the Cardinal Secretary of State has quietly telegraphed a complete denial to London and a challenge to Bagot to produce any proof at all of what he has said. The challenge has not been met and the press is tired of Mr. Bagot. One who knows writes me from London that Cardinal Gasparri's last challenge was not generally published "not out of any discourtesy to the Holy See, but because it is universally recognized that Bagot is a crank and had better be ignored."

As a matter of plain fact, the result of the recent mud-throwing at the Church has been that Roma has been able to throw back plain,

straight, true facts which cannot be denied, that the British public has seen this, and that the Catholic Church has gone up distinctly, if without much outside evidence of the fact. There is also the other unseen progress of the Church which is fully known in Rome and its value realized, though there is no inclination to foolish boasting—that is, the conversions. This will not always be unseen; much will appear later when the due time comes to speak of it.—Chicago New World.

**IRISH CONSCRIPTION IS DEAD SAYS O'CONNOR**

**NATIONALIST LEADER CALLS IT "MID-SUMMER MADNESS"**

Special to the New York Times

Washington, April 27.—T. P. O'Connor, the Irish nationalist leader, who is in Washington, said today that Irish conscription was dead. Mr. O'Connor expressed the opinion that Lloyd George, the British Prime Minister, would give Ireland self-government immediately.

When he was asked if he took a pessimistic view of the Irish situation, Mr. O'Connor said:

"I am divided between hope and fear. England has the most golden opportunity ever given in her history, not only for settling the Irish question, but for giving an incalculable strength to her empire and striking the biggest blow for the intervention of the Allies in the War since the intervention of America."

"How could she attain these results? By giving Ireland immediately an Irish Government and an Irish Parliament, and in a large and generous spirit. If Lloyd George has the courage and the vision with which I credit him, he ought to see that this means first a friendly Ireland; second, a reconciled Irish race; third, a renewal of that enthusiasm for the cause of the Allies which existed in Ireland during the first year of the War, and last, the men to back up that enthusiasm with soldiers as brave as the Irish have always been."

"Nobody knows better than Lloyd George the series of tragic blunders by which that state of feeling in Ireland was destroyed, for nobody has denounced them more eloquently or more frankly. You remember his historic phrase as to the ineptitudes and malignities of the War Office toward Ireland."

"Will Lloyd George adopt this policy?"

"He certainly wants to, I believe," replied Mr. O'Connor, "but he certainly can do so if he will only tell the British Parliament—the House of Lords even more emphatically than the House of Commons—that he will stand or fall by immediate self-government in Ireland."

"I do not know an Englishman outside the small and impotent knot of Bourbon Tories who does not recognize that in the interests of England and of the War, Ireland ought to get her freedom at once. Orange Ulster still stands in the way, but I ask if a small minority of the Irish people be entitled any longer to stand, not only between Ireland and her liberty, but between England and her security, and above all, between the Allies and victory? If the Irish Orangemen have any grounds—I do not believe they ever had any—for apprehensions of any attack on their religious liberty or their business interests, they have been fully met by the concessions, the enormous concessions, given to them by the convention report."

"He referred to Irish conscription as 'Sheer mid-Summer madness.'"

"Conscription by the British Parliament," he declared, "in my opinion, is dead, not merely because it might lead to bloodshed, or would require the diversion from the hard-pressed front of large numbers of troops, but because it stands in face of a determined people, united as they never were before."

**THE JOYS OF OUR BLESSED LADY**

**TO EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC RECORD:**

We are all familiar with the Sorrows of Mary, definite reference to each of which may be found in Catholic devotional works, but I have never seen in print any enumeration of the Joys of our Blessed Lady. As a matter that may be of interest to some of your readers, I submit the following verses which set forth the Seven Joys of Mary. The metre might be improved upon, but I was rather impressed by the orthodoxy of the sentiment expressed. Here are the lines as I heard them from the lips of a pious Irish Catholic:

The very first joy our Blessed Lady had,  
It was the joy of one,  
It was the joy of her dear Son,  
When He became a man.

The very next joy our Blessed Lady had,  
It was the joy of two,  
It was the joy of her dear Son,  
When He began to do.

The very next joy our Blessed Lady had,  
It was the joy of three,  
It was the joy of her dear Son,  
When He walked through Galilee.

The very next joy our Blessed Lady had,  
It was the joy of four,  
It was the joy of her dear Son,  
When He read the Bible o'er.

The very next joy our Blessed Lady had,  
It was the joy of five,  
It was the joy of her dear Son,  
When He raised the dead to life.

The very next joy our Blessed Lady had,  
It was the joy of six,  
It was the joy of her dear Son,  
When he carried His crucifix.

The very next joy our Blessed Lady had,  
It was the joy of seven,  
It was the joy of her dear Son,  
When He opened the gates of Heaven.

—Segarth

**FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION**

Taichowfu, China, Nov. 26, 1916.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: That your charity towards my mission is approved by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Canada let me quote from a letter from His Excellency, The Most Rev. Peregrine F. Stagni, O. S. M., D. D., Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa: "I have been watching with much interest the contributions to the Fund opened on behalf of your missions by the CATHOLIC RECORD. The success has been very gratifying and shows the deep interest which our Catholic people take in the work of the missions in foreign lands. . . I bless you most cordially and all your labors, as a pledge my earnest wishes for your greatest success in all your undertakings." I entreat you to continue the support of my struggling mission, assuring you a remembrance in my prayers and Masses.

Yours faithfully in Jesus and Mary

J. M. FRASER.

**ANTI-CATHOLIC FEELING IN ENGLAND DIMINISHING**

Rome, April 23.—The anti-Papal feeling in England has lost much of its strength and is losing more. A month or two ago there was an outcry. The London Morning Post and the National Review led a real campaign of calumny in their own articles and in articles and letters from one Richard Bagot. It is not the first time this writer has calumniated the Holy See and things Catholic, nor is there any need to go into his history as regards the Catholic Church. Suffice it to say that Catholics in England take him and what he says for what he and it are worth, and no more, even if he has a certain acceptance in some ultra-Protestant circles. On each occasion that he has distributed slander about the press, the Cardinal Secretary of State has quietly telegraphed a complete denial to London and a challenge to Bagot to produce any proof at all of what he has said. The challenge has not been met and the press is tired of Mr. Bagot. One who knows writes me from London that Cardinal Gasparri's last challenge was not generally published "not out of any discourtesy to the Holy See, but because it is universally recognized that Bagot is a crank and had better be ignored."

As a matter of plain fact, the result of the recent mud-throwing at the Church has been that Roma has been able to throw back plain,

2. If you are a college boy or Seminarian you could think about the glorious self-denial of a missionary career in the Northwest. Be a Priest. Go forth and sacrifice the powers of your youth among the scattered groups of Catholics in the far West and North. Are you a Catholic teacher? Then go West and teach school in the foreign settlements and do a great missionary work, for Christ. Hundreds and hundreds of Protestant young women are teaching school among the Ruthenians. Why not you? Surely you love Christ and His Church and are willing to do something for His sake! There are about one hundred and fifty Ruthenian teachers in Saskatchewan and one only is a Catholic.

3. Read about missions and talk about them to your friends. You will thus stir up enthusiasm. The seed you sow may seem to die but it is not so. The fruit will be reaped in due time. For yourself, you may never know the results of your good deed until you receive the reward from the Great Missionary. In your ordinary conversations bring around the subject of missions and state some facts to show the deplorable condition of the Church in Western Canada. For example, tell your friends about 40,000 Ruthenians in central Alberta with only three priests for their spiritual direction. Tell them that the Extension Society can build a chapel for \$500 and that this little out-post of Holy Church is the nucleus of a congregation in the future. Perhaps if you told some one of the need of Priests you would be the means of procuring \$250 for one year's tuition and board of a future missionary priest.

4. It is the precaution of a wise man to arrange his affairs before the hand of death touches him. In making your will leave something in it to God. Say "I will and bequeath"—Dollars to the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada." After all we are only stewards of the Almighty Master and it behooves us to make a good use of the sums committed to our care. Don't leave your money to those who have sufficient of their own. Don't invest your money in a cold marble monument. Invest it in human souls and save souls so that your soul may be saved. "Lay not up to yourselves treasures on earth: where the rust and moth consumes and where thieves break through and steal. But lay up to yourselves treasures in heaven: where neither rust nor moth consumes and where thieves do not break through and steal."

A few moments thought will suggest to you many other means of aiding our Canadian missions, but few suggestions from us may help. Let us hear from you, —sometimes!

Donations may be addressed to:

REV. T. O'DONNELL, President,  
Catholic Church Extension Society,  
67 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed to:

EXTENSION,  
CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE,  
London, Ont.

**PROMOTION OF MISSION WORK**

We often receive inquiries from friends who want to know how they may help the poor missions.

Let it be understood, first of all, that everyone with a real Catholic heart can help the Canadian missions. The poor as well as the wealthy have a place in this noble and holy work.

For your special benefit a few means are mentioned so that you may make your choice. Perhaps more than one means may appeal to you; so much the better: "Go to it!"

1. Our Blessed Master Himself admonishes us to pray for the missions, when He says: "The harvest is great but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the Harvest, that He may send laborers into His vineyard." Of course, the Catholic man or woman who prays for the success of the harvest of souls, sincerely, will find a way to place in the willing hands of the harvesters the necessary machinery for efficient work. A few dollars now and then will find their way to the strong-box of the missionaries in the Extension Office.

**THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA**

**PROMOTION OF MISSION WORK**

Previously acknowledged... \$401 00  
S. M. Fricker, St. Pierre Miquelon..... 5 00

MASS INTENTIONS

A Friend from Blackville, N. B..... 20 00  
E. G. P., Ottawa..... 4 00

The Rev. Father Desamps, C.S.S.R., desires to convey grateful acknowledgment, through the CATHOLIC RECORD, as requested by anonymous friend "Avalon" who sent direct to the Ruthenian Mission, Yorkton, Sask., the generous gift in cash of..... 50 00

We are glad also to commend for a memento in the Holy Sacrifice and to the prayers of all, "Avalon's" soldier son.

**PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED**

Previously acknowledged... 12,789 69  
Mrs. J. C. Walsh, Rockland, 1 00  
Thanksgiving, Paris..... 3 00  
The Sacred Heart League, Newcastle, N. B..... 10 00  
"For deceased parents," M. N..... 1 00  
A Friend at Grand Narrows 5 00  
A Reader, Ruby..... 50  
A Friend, Grand Falls..... 50  
A Friend, Tignish..... 10 00  
S. M. Fricker, St. Pierre Miquelon..... 5 00

**THE MORE YOU SPEAK OF YOURSELF**

The more likely you are to speak rashly.—Zimmerman.

**FIVE MINUTE SERMON**

REV. F. F. HICKET, O.S.B.  
SUNDAY WITHIN THE OCTAVE  
OF THE ASCENSION

**CHARITY**

"Before all things have a constant, mutual charity." (1 Pet. iv. 8.)  
It is an authoritative voice that we hear to-day, and no uncertain word does it utter. The Sunday after the Ascension, when we might easily dwell upon our Lord's blessing His Disciples and being carried up to heaven—the Sunday before Pentecost, when we should study how to prepare for the coming of the Holy Spirit—and yet St. Peter breaks in: "Before all things have a constant, mutual charity."

Yes, my dear brethren, if we want to follow our Saviour to heaven, if we want to prepare our hearts for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, we cannot do better than cultivate a constant, mutual charity. Notice the stress St. Peter lays on these words. He says: "Before all things have a constant, mutual charity, and watch in prayer." But before all things have a constant, mutual charity, for charity covereth a multitude of sins." (1 Pet. iv. 7, 8.) He says this to good people who have received the grace of God, "who are the good stewards of the manifold grace of God." (Ibid. 10.) We need not, therefore, think that we are above learning the lesson, and that his words are only intended for careless, negligent people, and not for those who treasure the grace of God and try to preserve it by prayers, Mass, and the prudent observance of the Commandments.

The truth is that the last thing good people usually learn is to have a "constant, mutual charity." Yet we should have it "before all things." It is the want of charitableness that makes virtue even so unlovely. The world dislikes the good man, thinking that piety must go hand-in-hand with narrow-mindedness, fault-finding, hardness, readiness to believe the worst. And the world is not far wrong in very many cases; for these are the faults that are the last to be given up by good people.

Whereas good people should be full of sympathy, affection and benevolence. Above all things have charity. Charity "thinketh no evil." (1 Cor. xiii. 5.) So when you hear unkind things said, do not believe them; do not be ready to think evil. When you see things which may even scandalize you, do not be ready to be vexed. Look at the other side. Everything has two sides to it. Do not be fair-minded; and if you cannot find an excuse for it, leave it to God. It is not your business. You are only a poor sinner, hoping to be forgiven, as you forgive. And, lastly do not repeat any unkind thing, true or false. Let it drop. It is only a foul thing, so why should you pass it from hand to hand as if it were something precious?

None of us, perhaps, are altogether uncharitable; but that is not sufficient. St. Peter bids us have "a constant mutual charity." Those two qualities make the difficulty. "Constant" means that charity must not be just a whim or liking, or only when we're in the humor. We hear it said sometimes as the great praise: "That man is liked by everybody—he is always the same." The same, yes, constant. What an amiable trait in one's character! How much good must it effect through life!

Anyone who is a brother, who needs a kind thought, word or action is a fitting object of our mutual charity. How frequently is charity narrowly limited just to those we like! Others jar upon us. Whenever they may say or do irritates us. We are quick to find fault, to slight, to show resentment to such as these. If our charity is such, it is merely a natural feeling, and not a virtue at all. It may have its reward in this world, but will never raise our souls to heaven.

Now, it is not an easy or a common thing, my dear brethren, to possess this constant mutual charity, or St. Peter would not have had to lay such emphasis upon it. "Above all things," he says, "have a constant, mutual charity."

We have, then, to cultivate it. Ground requires to be broken up and prepared to cultivate it, and so with our hearts, if they are hard, and sour and embittered. It is a real work to do it, and a work that must be done. We must be charitable, for we have "a multitude of sins" to be covered.

When we reflect, in being charitable, who it is that we are imitating, there should be no unwillingness nor hesitation in our hearts. We are asked to be like Christ. "Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart." (Matt. xi. 29.) And are St. Peter would not have had to lay such emphasis upon it. "Above all things," he says, "have a constant, mutual charity."

Learn, then, the lessons. First, "Forgive, and you shall be forgiven." (Luke vi. 37.) Be grateful to God if you have the grace to be the first to give way, to speak, to apologize. That is your honor and glory. You have proved thereby that you are a follower of Christ, who said on the cross, "Father, forgive them." (Luke xxiii. 34.) The devil may say, "Oh no; stand on your rights; have a proper pride and haughtiness in you, as it did him who is tempting you." Secondly, practise speaking kindly. "A mild answer breaketh wrath."

(Prov. xv. 1.) How often human nature launches out with a sneer, an angry word, a bitter retort! It has gone. We cannot recall it. Alas! the pity of it. How many sins and crimes have been committed in this world by those who were goaded on by unkind, unjust and ranking words!

The third and last lesson for cultivating charity is to do kind things. The very doing them sweetens your own heart, gladdens it, sanctifies it. The Master, who bade us learn of Him, "went about doing good." (Acts x. 38.) How many to whom He had worked miracles, were faithless and untrue to Him; how many sinned and sinned against Him, but He faltered not in doing good! And so must we do. Look not for gratitude and many words of thanks. Look at the honour of imitating Christ our Lord.

The reward will come hereafter. And you remember in the Gospel, when the King shall say, "Come, ye blessed of My Father; possess the kingdom prepared for you." (Matt. xxv. 34.) The reward is all for acts of kindness. "When I was hungry you gave me to eat"—thirsty, a stranger, sick, and in prison, you were kind to Me.

With that reward and blessing before you, be determined before all things to have a constant, mutual charity; proved by daily action, forgiveness, kind words and deeds of mercy and of love.

**A LIVING WAGE**

**IV.—THE MOST IMPORTANT INDUSTRIAL QUESTION OF OUR TIME**

BY REV. JOHN A. HAN, D. D.  
(Catholic Press Association)

Up to the present we have given no more specific definition of a living wage than that it is the equivalent of a decent livelihood, or a sum sufficient to maintain the worker and his family in conditions of reasonable comfort. The attempt to define it in terms of money is beset with many difficulties. Some housekeepers are much better managers than others in making purchases and in utilizing them; the number and quantity of concrete goods that suffice for decent living conditions, for example, in the matters of recreation and non-material things, do not easily submit to exact measurement; the variation in the cost of commodities from city to city, and from section to section, renders any single estimate inadequate; and finally the recent extraordinary rise in prices, culminating in the present abnormal cost of living, has made almost all previous estimates antiquated.

Nevertheless, the difficulties are not insurmountable. They can be overcome sufficiently to yield approximate estimates that will be of great practical value. That is all that we can expect, and indeed, all that we require in a matter of this kind. We are dealing with the realm of moral approximations, not with the province of exact science. While the cost of living of a working-man's family varies indefinitely on account of the varying proficiency of the housewife, we have to consider only the average level of domestic economy and efficiency. This average is ascertainable quite as definitely as a hundred other important social facts. The goods that are required to provide a minimum decent level of existence, can be estimated with sufficient accuracy to safeguard the welfare of the laborer and his family. The variation of prices over space and time can be dealt with by making the estimates of a living wage apply only to specific places and specific dates.

**THE MINIMUM COST OF LIVING FOR A FAMILY OF FIVE**

Within recent years we have been provided with many such estimates. For example, the New York Bureau of Standards concluded in 1915 that the minimum cost of living for a family of five was a little less than \$850 annually. In the same year a commission of members of the legislature gave an estimate of about \$875 for the same city, and about \$100 less for Buffalo. Within the last few months a municipal commission in Dallas fixed the annual amount necessary for "bare existence" at \$747, and the amount required for "a safe normal living" at a little less than \$1,100. The difference between this estimate and those of New York authorities is explained partly by the great increase in prices between 1915 and 1917, and partly by the large allowance for various kinds of insurance.

Comparing these estimates with several others that have been made, both since and before the outbreak of the War, we are confident that the minimum annual cost of decent living for a man and wife and three small children should be placed somewhere between \$750 and \$1,000. If we have in mind the level of prices that prevailed just before the War, the former figure would suffice for all places except the very large cities. If we are thinking of present prices, the estimate should be increased by at least 25%.

**METHODS FOR PUTTING LIVING WAGE PRINCIPLE INTO PRACTICE**

Inasmuch as we have the assurance of experts that some two-thirds of the adult males of the United States have never received and do not now receive these rates of wages, the question of putting the living wage principle into practice is of primary importance.

**OWES HER LIFE TO "FRUIT-A-TIVES"**

The Wonderful Medicine, Made From Fruit Juices and Valuable Tonics.



MADAME ROSINA FOIZIS

29 St. Rose St., Montreal.

"I am writing you to tell you that I owe my life to 'Fruit-a-tives'. This medicine relieved me when I had given up hope of ever being well. I was a terrible sufferer from Dyspepsia—had suffered for years; and nothing I took did me any good. I read about 'Fruit-a-tives' and tried them. After taking a few boxes, I am now entirely well. You have my permission to publish this letter, as I hope it will persuade other sufferers from Dyspepsia to take 'Fruit-a-tives' and get well."

MADAME ROSINA FOIZIS.

"Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world made from fruit.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c.

At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Four methods are conceivable by which a living wage might become universal. The first is the automatic operation of economic forces. Some twenty or twenty-five years ago, this theory enjoyed considerable favor among economists. It took substantially this form: capital is increasing much faster than labor; therefore, its demand for labor is increasing relatively to the supply; therefore, the remuneration of labor will necessarily increase. The fatal flaw in this argument is its neglect of the fact that a large proportion of the new capital takes the place of labor, thereby reducing instead of enhancing the demand for laborers. Machines are constantly made to do the work of men, and so far as we can see, the process will go on indefinitely. The remuneration of underpaid labor measured by its purchasing capacity, has decreased rather than increased during the last quarter of century. No economic forces are discernible that are likely to cause a contrary movement within the next twenty-five years.

**LEVEL MIGHT BE REACHED THROUGH BENEVOLENCE OF EMPLOYERS**

The second agency that might theoretically be expected to raise the wages of the underpaid is the benevolence of employers. Only visionaries put any faith in this method, in so far as experience is a guide, it warns us that only an insignificant minority of employers will ever voluntarily increase the remuneration of employees who are getting less than living wages. Were the number of those disposed to do so multiplied indefinitely, they would not be able to carry out their lofty designs. Owing to the force and keenness of competition, the great majority of employers must conform to the wage standards fixed by their most selfish competitors. A benevolent majority might, indeed, raise wage rates to the level of decency by combining for that purpose. Our readers would not thank us for inviting them to consider seriously such a fantastic hypothesis.

**THE ONE SOLUTION IS MINIMUM WAGE LEGISLATION**

The one device that gives promise of making the living wage universal is a minimum fixed by law. This means that the public authorities, State or Federal or both, should enact legislation forbidding any employer to pay less than the equivalent of a decent livelihood. We have not the space to discuss this project in either its ethical, political, or economic aspects, nor to present at length the results of its operation where it has been tried. We must content ourselves with the statement that it now seems to be favored by the majority of economists, and vindicated by the experience of Australia, New Zealand, Great Britain, Oregon, Washington, Utah, and Massachusetts. None of

these communities shows any desire or intention of repealing its minimum wage laws.

In concluding this series of short papers, the writer wishes to set down the conviction that has been growing stronger in his mind for many years; namely, that the living wage question is by far the most important industrial question of our time. Ultimately, we may hope for a regime of not merely living wages but completely just wages, or even for a system of co-operative production where the majority of the workers will be partial or exclusive owners of the tools that they use; but the most practical reform for the immediate future is the establishment of living wages for all workers.

**"THE REALITY IN RELIGION"**

In its issue of March 3 The New York Times says editorially: "The literature of the war bears abundant witness to the hunger of the man at the front for real religion. He is face to face with naked life. The trenches will not tolerate pretense. He knows little of nice theological definitions; he is suspicious about dogma; he has no patience with ecclesiastical controversy, but he clings passionately and tenaciously to religious realities."

In this excerpt dogma and religious realities are contrasted; the soldier is suspicious of dogma but clings to religious realities. But what are religious realities if not the truths regarding man's relation to God? And these truths, as made known to us by divine revelation are dogmas. Dogmas are the objective realities of religion: that there is One God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Creator and final Judge, to award eternal reward or punishment, of every man; that the soul is immortal, dependent for its salvation on the Saviour Jesus Christ; that this life is the time of probation during which the irrevocable decision must be made, and so forth. These are the objective realities of religion, intended to become subjective realities by being lived up to. Neither mere objective religion will save a man, because it has not been made his own, nor mere subjective religion, because it is not religion.

No doubt the experiences of the battlefield are calculated to turn the mind of the soldier to the objective realities of religion and to prepare his soul for their practical acceptance. But in each case it will be halfhearted dogma may lie dormant or half-realized in his soul, maybe as a memory of earlier days, that will start the change. The crack of doom surrounding him will make him think of God, and eternity, and his need of mercy and salvation. Were there no dogma, how ever hidden in the depth of his soul, there would be no basis for his earnest prayer.

The reality of religion, then, in its whole extent, implies two things: God stretching out His Hand and man grasping it. God gives His truth and power, man believes His every word and strengthened by His power accomplishes His will. Prayer and the Sacraments are the sources of strength. If we believe in the saving power of good works they are

**KING HOT WATER BOILERS**  
AND  
**IMPERIAL RADIATORS**

**Economical Heaters**

These Boilers are simply perfect as economical heaters. They give an even, steady heat in every room in stormiest weather. Your Sanitary Engineer, or Plumber, or Hardware dealer will tell you the cost of installation, or you may write us and we will gladly give full information without any obligation to you.

OUR BOOKLETS TELL THE WHOLE STORY  
Write for Free Copies

**STEEL AND RADIATION, LIMITED**  
Manufacturers of Hot Water and Steam Boilers and Radiators; Fenestra Steel Sash and Concrete Reinforcing  
68 Fraser Ave., Toronto

such works as are done by the grace of God; they are the fruits and branches growing on the vine which is Christ.

We readily believe that soldiers in the trenches "have no patience with ecclesiastical controversy." That is not the kind of fight they have on hand. The Protestant sees the Catholic braving death with manly courage, the Catholic finds the Protestant equally ready to die for duty's sake; between two such comrades there can be no present feud about religion. We do not wish to imply that all religions are equally good and that religious controversy is always out of place. But Catholic and non-Catholic can respect each other's good faith, and certainly need not wrangle about their differences in the trenches.

Alas! that we have not a little more of that spirit behind the trenches! It is a sad thing that just at this time, when so much is at stake and our country needs our combined devotion, we can not be more conciliatory. Several papers that come under our eyes are amazingly full of harshness. And it is always the Catholic Church that is being found fault with. When we strike the controversial note it is nearly always in self defense. From the multiplied humiliations which the Church is now undergoing one is prone to conclude that a great triumph is in store for her—an Easter after a good Friday—and that she is being prepared for the day of her glory. For in the supernatural order abasement is the ordinary preamble to exaltation.—S. in the Guardian.

Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy.—Emerson.

Cardinal Bileti has succeeded the late Cardinal Serafini as protector of the American College, Rome.

Silence kept in a spirit of devotion brings great solace to the suffering souls. There are few who do not sin by the tongue, and purgatory is filled with souls who suffer for having given that member too much liberty.

The surest way not to fail is to determine to succeed.—Sheridan.

Late repentance is seldom true, but true repentance is never too late.—P. Vening.

I believe the way of beauty is the wiser as well as the wider way. It is God's own most perfect thoroughfare—God's way to Himself.—"The Orchard Floor."

**The Experience of Others**

Is your best guide in deciding as to the merits of Organ-Blowing Machinery. Let us send you testimonials from churches that have installed an

**All-Steel "ORGOBLO" Electric**

Over 8,000 in use throughout Canada and the United States. Every one giving satisfaction. Quiet, efficient, reliable and economical. Won Best of Honor at Panama-Pacific Exposition, GUARANTEED. Sizes 1 H. P. to 70 H. P. Write for estimates and prices.

We Specialize on Church Organ Tuning and Repairs  
**LEONARD DOWNEY**  
Phones 2445 and 1891 LONDON, ONT.

**Gin Pills**  
FOR THE KIDNEYS

**FREE Trial Offer**

**Consents to Patient Taking GIN PILLS**

Mrs. W. G. Grant, of Woonsocket, R.I. is suffering from consumption of the Bladder, for which she is under a physician's care. It was while touring through Nova Scotia that she tried Gin Pills, and was so impressed with the relief and comfort afforded, she bought six boxes.

It is interesting to note what Mrs. Grant says, in writing us to mail her more Gin Pills: "I am having good results from them. The doctor says I have consumption of the bladder, and the pills seem to keep me comfortable. Greatly oblige me as soon as possible." In such a case medicine can, at best, only ease the suffering, and everyone must realize the significance of the physician's attitude. Gin Pills are the recognized medicine in all affections of the bladder and kidneys, such as pain in the back, swollen joints, derangements of the urinary system, and gravel. Take Gin Pills now, before your trouble becomes acute.

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited  
Toronto, Ont.  
U. S. Address—Na-Dru-Co. Inc., 202 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.

**"Why swelter over a coal or wood range this summer?"**

"What else can I do?"

"I have a McClary Florence Oil Stove and it makes kitchen work in summer a pleasure."

"You can cook or bake anything with it just as well as with any other stove. You can move it anywhere."

"No, there are no wicks or valves on it."

"It burns coal oil and the feed is automatic."

"You can regulate the flame for any kind of work."

"I wouldn't be without mine for anything."

"McClary's will send you a booklet free if you write for it."

**McClary's FLORENCE**  
OIL COOK STOVES  
Wickless, Valveless, Disc Flame, Automatic

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER, ST. JOHN, N.B., HAMILTON, CALGARY, SASKATOON, EDMONTON

Use  
**PURITY FLOUR**  
(Government Standard)  
For All Your Baking

MANUFACTURED BY  
**Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited**

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

CHEERING SOME ONE ON

Don't you mind about the triumphs. Don't you worry after fame; Don't you grieve about succeeding. Let the future guard your name. All the best in life's the simplest. Love will last when wealth is gone; Just be glad that you are living. And keep cheering some one on.

Let your neighbors have the blossoms. Let your comrades wear the crown. Never mind the little setbacks. Nor the blows that knock you down. You'll be there when they're forgotten. You'll be glad with youth and dawn. If you just forget your troubles. And keep cheering some one on.

There's a lot of sorrow round you. Lots of loneliness and tears; Lots of heartaches and of weary. Through the shadows of the years. And the world needs more than triumphs. More than all the swords we've drawn. It is hungering for the fellow Who keeps cheering others on.

AN EXAMPLE OF PERSEVERANCE Even when he was a very little boy, Benjamin Franklin, who was born in Boston in January of 1706, took an extraordinary interest in things which to most boys would have been commonplace and uninteresting. It was this certainly that made him at the time of his death, the "most learned man in America," for he had had the most meager chances for getting a school education, since the poverty of his father compelled him to put the boy at work in his soap and candle shop when Benjamin was only ten years old.

How he hated the work of filling the candle molds, cutting the wicks and worst of all stirring the kettles of boiling soap. The only bright spots in those days were the times when he was allowed to stand behind the greasy counter and sell soap, or better still when he was sent on long errands.

Every shop window fascinated his eyes, but those selling books were the hardest to leave. He saved up for the story of Pilgrim's Progress, and for other books by Bunyan, but pennies were very scarce in the Franklin household, so this took months. When he had read all of these over and over, Benjamin sold them and bought some quaint little history books from a peddler. It was this craving that he had always had for books that made him realize how much good a circulating library would do, and so when he had become a power in the colonies, he established the first subscription library in Philadelphia.

When his father saw how the boy detested everything about the soap and candle business, he promised him if he would give up the notion of going to sea, he might choose his trade and be at once apprenticed to it. With ships coming and going in Boston harbor, and the wharves, in play grounds for every boy within a dozen squares, there was good reason for his father to fear that Benjamin would follow an older brother's example and run away to sea.

In his Autobiography, Franklin tells how at twelve years of age, these fears of his father increased. "In consequence," he writes, "he took me to walk with him and see joiners, bricklayers, turners, braziers, etc., at their work, that he might observe my inclination and endeavor to fix it on some trade or profession that would keep me on land. It has ever since been a pleasure to me to see good workmen handle their tools. And it has been often useful to me, to have learned so much by it as to be able to do some trifling jobs in the house, when a workman was not at hand, and to construct little machines for my experiments, at the moment when the intention of making these was warm in my mind."

The walk ended with their choosing the cutler's trade, but after a few days' trial with his cousin Samuel who had just started a shop in Boston, the sum of money that was demanded as a fee was so far beyond what Mr. Franklin considered just, that the boy was taken home.

Perhaps it was at this time, while the older folks were debating the wisdom of binding the little fellow to his own brother James, that Benjamin made this strange experiment with some ants.

He had found them eating molasses out of a jar in a closet. He shook them out, then he tied a string to the jar and hung it from a nail in the ceiling. Fortunately the closet was dark and the string a stout one, so no one molested him, nor was any one endangered by his thirst for ant knowledge.

One tiny ant had not been shaken out of the jar. Like the greedy brother of Aesop he had stayed behind and was intent on securing all the sweets a little ant could carry. When he could eat no more, he climbed over the rim of the jar and looked about for the shelf on which it used to rest. He ran all the way down the jar, but there was no shelf to be seen. Franklin perched on a high stool that he had brought in from the kitchen, watched the greedy little creature run all around the jar. This way and that he went, but there seemed no possible way down.

Then the desperate ant thought he would try to go up, and up the sides to the jar he climbed to the string. He traveled along this with

no waste of time, and reached the ceiling. It was a matter of a few minutes then, until he had scurried along the ceiling and down the side wall to his hole. Franklin was overjoyed, he had found out that ants do a sort of thinking, but he left the jar swinging from its string while he watched the store in answer to his father's call.

It was about half an hour later that Benjamin was free to return to the closet. That first daring little insect must have gotten hungry in his absence. The thought of the jar of molasses must have renewed his courage, and certainly he must have told the whole ant colony of the road by which thieves might enter the jar. For there was a swarm of ants marching down the string into the jar. They formed a perfect line, one after the other, with nobody trying to push ahead of his friend.

While the boy on the high stool watched, another line formed on the farther side of the thick string. This company was made up of satisfied ants returning to their home! And so until Franklin cut the string and rescued the molasses, the two processions kept up. He shook and scraped out the little robbers, taking care now that none was left to concoct new ways and means, and then Franklin placed a cover over the jar. Molasses was a luxury in those days, but having found out that ants think and communicate with each other, the seeker after knowledge did not consider the amount sacrificed to the ants a loss. We have not heard what his mother would have deemed it.

When the decision to apprentice Benjamin to the printer's trade under his brother was arrived at, his father for experimenting were ended. James Franklin seemed filled with strange notions of his rights over the little brother. Besides keeping him employed until late hours, and only half feeding him, he was intensely cruel and beat him on the slightest provocation. Complaints made to his father were useless, so Benjamin made up his mind to run away.

He was about seventeen then and had written many articles for the paper, the second to appear in America which his brother printed. These he had slipped under the doorway of the printing house at night, for he knew his brother would not read anything known to be his, much less print it in his paper. He was quite unsuspected, and thoroughly enjoyed hearing his paper read aloud by the sterner James to his writing friends who frequented the printing shop. To his delight they named men of real distinction as its probable author.

This success encouraged Benjamin to write several other pieces, but when he finally revealed his authorship, though his friends were pleased with the youth's efforts, the discovery of his talent only served to make life with his brother more difficult.

So he ran away, hiding on a sloop bound for New York, but there was no work there, so he determined to go on to Philadelphia. He made the first part of the journey in a miserable boat to Amboy, and then through a drenching rain over the most wretched of country roads walked the fifty miles to Burlington, where a boat could be taken to the city of his dreams. It took the run, away the greater part of two miserable days to reach Burlington, but though feverish from the exposure on the first part of his voyage, the boy who had watched the persevering little ant would not give up. Nor did he in after life give up until fame and fortune had come to him.

There were many days of suffering and privation as well as hard manual labor before he did reach the height of what he considered a fortune, but having reached it he said, "This is enough for any man, now I shall work for the good of my country."

With this idea, he helped in forming the first Academy in Philadelphia which has grown into the University of Pennsylvania. The condition of the streets of the city, which having never been paved were thick with mud, urged itself upon his attention. He hired a poor man to sweep his street twice a week, and paid him sixpence a month for each house. Then he printed a paper "setting forth the advantages of this outside cleanliness" and had it placed in each house. When a few days had gone by, he went around to see how many of his neighbors would subscribe to pay these sixpences. Most of them were agreeable to the plan, and the pavement around their houses was so clean, that it attracted the attention of people coming from all parts of the town to the Jersey market which was close by. This resulted in a movement to pave the entire city.

But the most characteristic act of the philosopher Franklin was his placing his entire fortune, between three and four thousand pounds, at the disposal of Congress, when he was leaving Philadelphia in October of 1776, to plead the American cause in France. Washington protested at his risking everything in so precarious an issue, but Franklin tossed his objections aside with a wave of his generous hand. If we win I shall be repaid, and if we lose—but we can not lose." His was with difficulty persuaded to accept Congress' note for the amount, so truly was he a good citizen and a believer in Liberty Loans.—Chicago New World.

Oh, the greatness, the beauty, the blessedness of the true Catholic woman! More lovely in her soul than the morning dawning, purer in her heart than the untrodden snow.—Rev. J. Havens Richards, S. J.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SHORT SKETCH OF LIVES OF SAINTS OF THE WEEK

MAY 6.—ST. JOHN BEFORE THE LATIN GATE

In the year 95, St. John, who was the only surviving apostle, and governed all the churches of Asia, was apprehended at Ephesus, and sent prisoner to Rome. The Emperor Domitian did not relent at the sight of the venerable old man, but condemned him to be cast into a caldron of boiling oil. The martyr doubtless heard, with great joy, this barbarous sentence; the most cruel torments seemed to him light and most agreeable, because they would, he hoped, unite him forever to his divine Master and Saviour. But God accepted his will and crowned his desire; He conferred on him the honor and merit of martyrdom, but suspended the operation of the fire, as he had formerly preserved the three children from hurt in the Babylonian furnace. The seething oil was changed in his regard into an invigorating bath, and the Saint came out more refreshed than when he had entered the caldron. Domitian saw this miracle without drawing from it the least advantage, but remained hardened in his iniquity. However, he contented himself after this with banishing the holy apostle into the little island of Patmos. St. John returned to Ephesus, in the reign of Nerva, who by mildness, during his short reign of one year and four months, labored to restore the faded lustre of the Roman Empire. This glorious triumph of St. John happened without the gate of Rome called Latina. A church, which since has always borne this title was consecrated in the same place in memory of this miracle, under the first Christian emperors.

MAY 10.—ST. ANTONINUS, BISHOP

Antonine, or Little Antony, as he was called from his small stature, was born at Florence in 1389. After a childhood of singular holiness, he begged to be admitted into the Dominican house at Fiesole; but the Superior, to test his sincerity, St. Antonine, told him he must learn by heart the book of the Decretals, containing several hundred pages. This apparently impossible task was accomplished within twelve months; and Antonine received the coveted habit in his sixteenth year. While still very young, he filled several important posts of his Order, and consulted on questions of difficulty by the most learned men of his day; being known, for his wonderful prudence, as "the Counsellor." He wrote several works on theology and history, and sat as Papal Theologian at the Council of Florence. In 1446 he was compelled to accept the archbishopric of that city; and in this dignity earned for himself the title of "the Father of the Poor," for all he had was at his disposal. St. Antonine never refused an alms which was asked in the name of God. When he had no money, he gave his clothes, shoes or furniture. One day, being sent by the Florentines to the Pope, as he approached Rome a beggar came up to him almost naked, and asked him for an alms for Christ's sake. Outdoing St. Martin, Antonine gave him his whole cloak. When he entered the city, another was given him; by whom he knew not. His household consisted of only six persons; his palace contained no plate or costly furniture, and was often nearly destitute of the necessaries of life. His one mule was frequently sold for the relief of the poor, when it would be bought back for him by some wealthy citizen. He died embracing the cruci-

MAY 7.—ST. STANISLAS, BISHOP, MARTYR

Stanislas was born in answer to prayer when his parents were advanced in age. Out of gratitude they educated him for the Church, and from a holy priest he became in time Bishop of Cracow. Boleslas II, who was King of Poland—a prince of good disposition, but spoiled by a long course of victory and success. After many acts of lust and cruelty, he outraged the whole kingdom by carrying off the wife of one of his nobles. Against this public scandal the chaste and gentle bishop alone raised his voice. Having commended the matter to God, he went down to the palace and openly rebuked the king for his crime against God and his subjects, and threatened to excommunicate him if he persisted in his sin. To slander the Saint's character, Boleslas surnamed the nephews of one Paul, lately dead, to swear that their uncle had never been paid for land bought by the bishop for the Church. The Saint stood fearlessly before the king's tribunal, though all his witnesses forsook him, and guaranteed to bring the dead man to witness for him within three days. On the third day, after many prayers and tears, he raised Paul to life, and led him in his grave-clothes before the king. Boleslas made a show for a while of a better life. Soon, however, he plunged into the most scandalous excess, and the bishop, finding all remonstrance useless, pronounced the sentence of excommunication. In defiance of the censure, on May 8, 1079, the king went down to a chapel where the bishop himself was saying Mass, and sent in three companies of soldiers to dispatch him at the altar. Each in turn came out, saying they had been scared by a light from heaven. Then the king rushed in and slew the Saint at the altar with his own hand.

MAY 8.—THE APPEARING OF ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL

It is manifest, from the Holy Scriptures, that God is pleased to make frequent use of the ministry of the heavenly spirits in the dispensations of His providence in this world, especially towards man. Hence the name of angel (which is not properly a denomination of nature, but office) has been appropriated to them. The angels are all pure spirits; they are, by a property of their nature, immortal, as every spirit is. They have the power of moving or conveying themselves from place to place, and such is their activity that it is not easy for us to conceive it. Among the holy archangels, there are particularly distinguished in Holy Writ Sts. Michael, Gabriel, and Raphael. St. Michael, whom the Church honors this day, was the prince of the faithful angels who opposed Lucifer and his associates in their revolt against God. As the devil is the sworn enemy of God's holy Church, St. Michael is its special protector against his assaults and stratagems. This holy archangel has ever been honored in the Christian Church as her guardian under God, and as the protector of the faithful; for God is pleased to employ the zeal and charity of the good angels and their leader against the malice of the devil. To thank His adorable goodness for this benefit of His merciful providence, a holy festival instituted by the Church in honor of the good angels, in which devotion should be encouraged by several apparitions of this glorious archangel. Among others, it is recorded, that St. Michael, in a vision, admonished the Bishop of Siponto to build a church in his honor on Mount Gargano, near Manfredonia, in the kingdom of Naples, when the Emperor Otho III. had,

CONTRARY TO HIS WORD, PUT TO DEATH FOR REBELLION, CRESCENTIUS, A ROMAN SENATOR, BEING TOUCHED WITH REMORSE

he cast himself at the feet of St. Romuald, who, in satisfaction for his crime, enjoined him to walk barefoot, on a penitential pilgrimage, to St. Michael's on Mount Gargano, which penance he performed in 1002. It is mentioned in particular of this special guardian and protector of the Church that, in the persecution of Antichrist, he will powerfully stand up in her defence: "At that time shall Michael rise up, the great prince, who standeth for the children of thy people."

MAY 10.—ST. ANTONINUS, BISHOP

Antonine, or Little Antony, as he was called from his small stature, was born at Florence in 1389. After a childhood of singular holiness, he begged to be admitted into the Dominican house at Fiesole; but the Superior, to test his sincerity, St. Antonine, told him he must learn by heart the book of the Decretals, containing several hundred pages. This apparently impossible task was accomplished within twelve months; and Antonine received the coveted habit in his sixteenth year. While still very young, he filled several important posts of his Order, and consulted on questions of difficulty by the most learned men of his day; being known, for his wonderful prudence, as "the Counsellor." He wrote several works on theology and history, and sat as Papal Theologian at the Council of Florence. In 1446 he was compelled to accept the archbishopric of that city; and in this dignity earned for himself the title of "the Father of the Poor," for all he had was at his disposal. St. Antonine never refused an alms which was asked in the name of God. When he had no money, he gave his clothes, shoes or furniture. One day, being sent by the Florentines to the Pope, as he approached Rome a beggar came up to him almost naked, and asked him for an alms for Christ's sake. Outdoing St. Martin, Antonine gave him his whole cloak. When he entered the city, another was given him; by whom he knew not. His household consisted of only six persons; his palace contained no plate or costly furniture, and was often nearly destitute of the necessaries of life. His one mule was frequently sold for the relief of the poor, when it would be bought back for him by some wealthy citizen. He died embracing the cruci-

fix, May 2d, 1459, often repeating the words, "To serve God is to reign."

MAKING OTHERS HAPPY

We communicate happiness to others, not often by great acts of devotion and self sacrifice, but by the absence of fault-finding and censure, by being ready to sympathize with their notions and feelings, instead of forcing them to sympathize with ours.

Fields are won by those who believe in winning.—T. W. Higginson.

IT PAYS TO ATTEND THE ELLIOTT Business College

YONGE AND CHARLES STS., TORONTO

All graduates and scores of our undergraduates of the past year have secured good business positions, and still the demand is far beyond our supply. Write for Catalogue. Enter at any time. W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal.

Liquor and Tobacco Habits

Dr. McTaggart's Vegetable Remedies for these habits are safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no loss of time from business, and positive cures. Recommended by physicians and clergy. Enquiries treated confidentially. Literature and medicine sent in plain sealed packages. Address or consult—

Dr. McTaggart's Remedies

800 Stair Building Toronto, Canada

CELTIC SUPPLIES

Banjos, "Brian Boru" Pipes, Irish War Pipes, Fiddle, Chanters and Pipe Music, Celtic Music, Highland Coteries, Clan Post Cards, Tartan Playing Cards, Literature in Gaelic, Irish and English, as Dictionaries, Grammars, Readers, Works of Folklore, Fiction, Biography, History, Heraldry, Florical and Descriptive works of Scotland & Ireland. Write for catalogue The National Music Store, 841 Queen St. W., Toronto.

Phone Main 7215 117 Yonge St. Toronto

DRUGS OUT FLOWERS PERFUMES CANDLES

Order by Phone—we deliver Watch our Ads. in Local Dailies Thursday

FISH NETS TRAPS GUNS Gill, Hoop, Brook, Trammel, and Dip Nets and Seines. Traps for all animals—We carry in stock the largest assortment of animal traps in Canada—Guns and rifles of the popular makes—Camp Stoves, Canoes, Bicycles, Headlights and Sporting Goods. FREE—Hallow's Sportsman's Supply Catalogue—4 page illustrated—write for your copy today.

80 HALLAM BUILDING, TORONTO

Don't Wait and—Wish Work Now and—Have!

When drastic regulations for the rationing of food come into effect (and such an Order in Council may be made very early next Fall) you will wish then, that you had a crop of nice vegetables ready to take off your garden or nearby piece of vacant land that you could have cultivated if you had really wanted to.

Well, all we say is—

Don't Wait and—Wish

If you have not yet decided to plant a vegetable garden make up your mind to do so now. You will not regret it. There is still lots of time. Potatoes and beans may be planted up to June 1st and these are the best substitutes for wheat and meat.

For good, practical advice upon how to lay out and cultivate a Vegetable Garden, write for a free copy of the booklet entitled: "A Vegetable Garden for Every Home." This has been prepared by the Ontario Department of Agriculture for the guidance of citizens who will respond to this call for increased production.

Organization of Resources Committee, Parliament Buildings, Toronto

Dear Sirs: Please send me a copy of your booklet "A Vegetable Garden for Every Home."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

6

Mail This Coupon NOW

ORGANIZATION OF RESOURCES COMMITTEE In Co-Operation with Canada Food Board

ONTARIO

ONTARIO

Capital Trust Corporation Limited

Authorized Capital \$2,000,000

'A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY' In the best condition a man can be in making his Will, but no condition of mind or body can excuse a man for delay in making a proper provision for those dependent on him. Name this Company your Executor and your wishes will be carefully fulfilled.

WRITES FOR OUR BOOKLET "The Will That Really Provides"

OFFICES: 10 Metcalfe St. Ottawa, Ont.

Board of Directors

PRESIDENT M. J. O'Brien, Renfrew VICE PRESIDENTS Hon. S. N. Parent, Ottawa; J. J. Lyons, Ottawa; R. P. Gough, Toronto; A. E. Corrigan, Ottawa

A. E. Provost, Ottawa; Hon. R. G. Beasley, Halifax; J. F. Brown, Toronto; E. Fabre-Surveyor, K. C. Montreal; Hugh Doherty, Montreal; E. W. Tobin, St. P., Brownsville; Arthur Ferland, Halifax; J. B. DeFord, Ottawa; Edward Cass, Winnipeg; T. P. Pielak, Toronto; W. H. McMillan, Ottawa; Gordon Grant, C. E., Ottawa; Michael Connolly, Montreal; W. J. Pope, St. M. P., Montreal; Lieut.-Col. D. R. Street, Ottawa; F. V. Byrnes, Hamilton; Managing Director: B. G. Conolly; Assistant Manager: E. T. B. Pennefather

RENNIE'S War Time Production Seeds

THE farmer will be well advised who makes certain of a good crop of potatoes. In selecting your seed potatoes, get Rennie's—the best. We have secured a supply of good seed potatoes absolutely free from disease; but the supply is limited and we advise you to send your order right away.

Seed Potatoes

Earliest Six Weeks—The Ohio type; very similar to potato now grown in the Northwest. Very prolific and a first-class market sort. Bus., \$3.50; bag (50 lbs.), prepaid, \$4.50.

Improved Early Ohio—The earliest heavy yielding potato in the market today. It is the standard early potato. Bus., \$3.50; bag (50 lbs.), prepaid, \$4.50.

Irish Cobbler—Chunky, white-netted early potato of splendid quality. Ripens one week later than Improved Ohio. A splendid variety, especially suited to dry climates. Bus., \$2.95; bag (50 lbs.), prepaid, \$3.95.

Extra Early Eureka—An extra early variety producing fine large tubers, of a shortened oblong form, thick through and with few eyes. The flesh is firm and of good flavor. Bus., \$2.95; bag (50 lbs.), prepaid, \$3.95.

Green Mountain—Its cropping qualities are phenomenal, and we believe it to be one of the heaviest yielding potatoes grown. Its productivity is largely attributable to the uniform size of the potatoes, but its crowning merit is its superb cooking quality. Bus., \$2.75; bag (50 lbs.), prepaid, \$3.75.

Gold Coin—The eyes are small and there is but little waste in paring. The flesh is fine-grained, and cooks to a dry, floury whiteness. Bus., \$2.75; bag (50 lbs.), prepaid, \$3.75.

Study Your Catalogue Our 1918 catalogue contains information that no farmer should be without. Watch especially the paragraphs enclosed in the star borders containing special values that cannot be beaten.

When buying from dealers insist on Rennie's Seeds.

THE WILLIAM RENNIE COMPANY KING & MARKET STS. TORONTO ALSO AT MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

WAR ACTIVITIES OF THE K. OF C.

EDIFYING FAITH OF THE SOLDIERS

Writing of the departure of troops from an army camp to go to France, one of the volunteer chaplains says: "It has been edifying, time and time again, to behold so many of our boys anxious to go to confession and receive Holy Communion just before the moment of departure. Every morning this week brought its quota of boys, even as early as 4:30 seeking the consolation of their religion."

RESULT OF A MISSION

That gives a picture of camp life from the viewpoint of the priest. Here is the same picture from the viewpoint of the layman—the soldier himself. The writer of the following is a young New England soldier and he writes home to his pastor of the effect of the chaplain's presence upon the men, some of whom away from the Sacraments for years, have returned to their duty in camp: "Father you ought to see them after they have talked to one of the priests and have gone to confession. They come back to me and almost go again. It does one good to see so many realize their former neglect. Our building here holds about one thousand six hundred. We had a Mission here last week, given by the Dominicans. Fathers, The Y. M. C. A. gave us the use of two of their largest rooms for the whole time, and the Fathers speak in glowing terms of the courtesy shown them while here.

"There are in our camp five U. S. Catholic chaplains with our own two, and they certainly were kept busy hearing confessions from 7 a. m. to 9:30 every day and evening and the first three days of this week for those who were at the range last week and could not come.

"Bishop Kiely of Savannah celebrated a military field Mass on Palm Sunday on the training ground. It was a glorious sight and was attended, it seemed to me, by the whole camp. In fact, I think the whole city of Atlanta came out.

"The boys are the best behaved that the most particular could desire. I do not think that I have heard the name of God taken in vain or a wrong word spoken to me. They are a model city in themselves."

THE K. OF C.'S WORK PROVIDENTIAL

These are the brief glimpses of a great work now going on in all the camps of the country. The K. of C. is glad to have been the instrument chosen to do this work. "It was providential," writes Bishop Gallagher of Grand Rapids, Michigan, in a recent letter to his clergy, approving in his diocese the drive for the K. of C. War Fund, "that at the outbreak of the War the Knights of Columbus were in a position to undertake at once the stupendous task of erecting buildings in the various cantonments for the recreational and religious needs of our Catholic young men and of providing secretaries and chaplains."

NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSIT

SCOTTISH CONVERT ANSWERS ENGLISH CONVERT

2498 St. Dominique, Montreal, April 23.

Dear Sir,—After reading an article in last week's edition of the RECORD by a Mr. Walker, I don't know whether to admire his nerve or effrontery the more.

From his article "Catholic Growth in the British Empire," we are taught to believe that England is practically Catholic and Scotland a land of four-faced Presbyterians "of the fine old covenanting type," as our best sellers would put them.

I suppose there are many of your readers who really believed all Mr. Walker wrote, so I should be much obliged if you will print "my side," which may be less scholarly, but will have the advantage of being the truth, and as Burns wrote, "facts are chieftains that winna ding."

The State Church of Scotland is not the Presbyterian, as Mr. Walker states, but the Church of Scotland, or "Auld Kirk" as the people call it. The worship is similar in both churches, but I found the spirit of the people as wide as the poles. I was born Presbyterian and stood it until I was nearly nineteen, when God be praised, I had the grace to have done with it forever. The members of the "Auld Kirk" possess a much broader spirit and are much more charitable than those of the Presbyterian form and I found them a much more lovable people and more truly Scotch than those who followed the soulless affair I had the misfortune to be born into. Here I may state that the only place I ever found one of the fine old covenanting type, which is only a poetical name for intolerant bigotry, was in a novel. The press of the country where I mostly lived belonged to Northcliffe, an Englishman, and is hostile to the Church. As far as I know Scotland has no Catholic newspaper; there are several printed in Glasgow, but they are more Irish than Catholic, and I believe do a great deal of harm. Should any of your readers have Scotland's interests at heart, I would

beg of them for the love of the Sacred Heart to pray that Scotland may have a Catholic newspaper.

Two of Mr. Walker's "three English peereesses" are Scotch—the Duchess of Norfolk, premier duchess of England by marriage, but premier baroness of Scotland by birth, the other is Lord Byron's great-granddaughter, who despite her English birth is Scotch heart and soul as was Lord Byron. His "English queen of Spain" being a royalty must be described as British although Her Imperial Majesty was born at Balmoral Castle, Scotland. The brain of man has conceived many strange and wonderful things and among the most strange is Mr. Walker's remarks regarding Spanish women looking with suspicion on English people. With the want of tact for which his race is famous—or is it notorious? he adds because of the difference in their religion. How does he account for Scotch, Dutch, Norwegian, Swedes, Danes and Americans doing the very same thing? The answer is simple. Mr. Walker and his like make their whole race detested by their arrogance in writing and saying such stuff as he has written. Scotland like England, is largely Protestant, but the same liberty is allowed the Church in both lands, and the same State acknowledgment is given by the government which is nil. Let no Canadian Catholic be deterred from visiting Scotland; there you will find a people hospitable, musical, poetical and like all Celtic races impulsive and generous to a fault. The last named virtue is not allowed us, but never has there been a greater calumny spread against a people, nor I think a more unbearable one. We have grave faults, but greed is not one of them. No nation has contributed more to the War, no nation has given more for the missionary, no matter how mistaken the latter gift may be; it proves the people gave what they believe to be right. Americans I have met have told me that in all their wanderings the hospitality of the Scotch was beyond praise. For strangers they will contrive all kinds of parties, dances, drives and games and they will see to it that it costs the stranger nothing.

This lie against us has been as well planned as the German spy system and it has been carried by the real Scotchmen and not by one of the Empire to the other. It is more than time we woke up to the fact that such slander needs to be met with something other than contempt. Scotland is a country which has given writers, singers, painters, and sculptors to the world which no other land except the United States admit they do not belong to. Presbyterian Scotland but neither does the real Scotland belong to this loathsome leprosy. Like the heart of France, the real heart of Scotland, the Scotland of Wallace, of Bruce, of Isabel of Buchanand of Mary Stewart, burns with the white fire of love for God and the Holy See. Look at our ruined churches, the home of God and the shrine of the Immaculate, late, now the homes of the birds; they show indeed how Scotland loves the higher arts. Not even Italy can boast of a gem so rare as Roslyn Chapel; an Irish priest told me it was surely the gem of Europe.

It is of course a sad sight to see these glorious churches in ruins, but better far a ruin than they should become the home of the novelties brought by John Knox from Geneva and called "Presbyterianism," and surely indeed these ruins are blessed, for they give the lie direct to the appalling blasphemies of the "Reformed" faith, and many a wandering Scotch soul has been led by these stones to the Church of the one Shepherd and the One Fold, as a friend of mine wrote:

"All mutely as the ages roll  
Fair Roslyn doth thy stonewort  
seal  
Defined against the skyline blue  
I proclaim the faith unchanging true  
No vandals hand, nor spoilers might  
Can quench God's truth in deathless night  
They hallowed walls were raised to shine  
Thou silent witness of the past  
Who mourns poor Scotland's day  
Shall play thy part yet to efface  
With Mass and prayer our land's disgrace.

Fair Roslyn is mentioned by Sir Walter Scott as the chapel "where all unconfined lie the lordly line of high St. Clair." The chapel itself is like a piece of cobwebby lace, so delicate and frail it looks as if a breath of wind would blow it away. It is one of the few "pre-Reformation" churches not in ruins. In it the Luther idolatries are performed with the addition of another rite peculiar to the apostles of the Reformation. In the days of faith people entered the chapel—free to pay homage to Our Lord in His Blessed Sacrament, now they pay one shilling to the Protestant descendant of "the lordly line of high St. Clair" to view the work of Catholic monks. Conversions are many in Scotland. One of the descendants of the drunken, adulterous, unbrothered priest John Knox became a brother of the Holy Cross Order, last year another entered the Church. All Sir Walter Scott's descendants are Catholic; the young laird of Abbotford was married last week to the daughter of a highland chief whose race have always kept the faith. Blanche, Lady Roslyn and her daughter Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, are converts, besides many more too numerous to mention. Before closing may I beg of

you to ask Canadians of Scotch descent to pray to the Sacred Heart and Our Lady of Perpetual Succor under whose protection Scotland has been placed. Another title dear to Mary's Scotch children is Our Lady of Aberdeen, better known to you perhaps, as Our Lady of Good Aid, but it was from Aberdeen this miraculous statue was taken at the time of the Great Robbery, alias the "Reformation," and the Aberdeen title is the older.

Yours truly,  
WILLIAM GORDON MACFARLANE.

THE TEACHER-SAINT

FEAST, MAY 15TH

On May 15th the Church celebrates the feast of the great Teacher-Saint and Founder of the Christian Schools, St. John Baptist De La Salle. The saintly Pius IX., speaking of St. De La Salle, once exclaimed, "That man seems to have been raised up by God rather for our day than his own," and indeed, the spirit that animated De La Salle is universally needed today. We are living in an age of intellectual progress where educational facilities are perhaps more widespread than ever before, but, likewise, is the struggle between the powers of good and evil for the mastery of the child being carried on more fiercely than ever. As a celebrated preacher has said: "The battleground of the forces of Darkness and of Light has been changed from the physical arena and the Christian temple to the halls of the University and the class rooms of the Academy and the Public Schools." Under these circumstances we need the intercession, the example, and the spirit of the great Teacher-Saint who heroically devoted to the cause of Christian Education, his goods, his talents, and his life. To the many who have at heart this Apostolate—the greatest in the Church to-day—the story of the life and work of St. De La Salle must be of more than passing interest. It is an encouragement and an inspiration.

John Baptist De La Salle was born in the historic city of Rheims, France, April 30, 1651. His father was Chancellor of State to the King of France and President of the High Court of Rheims. His mother was equally noble and pious. From his childhood, grace reigned in young De La Salle and he loved to spend long hours at the foot of the altar. At an early age, he entered the University and his progress was rapid and pronounced. At the age of eleven he received the clerical tonsure and at sixteen was named Canon of the great Cathedral of Rheims. At nineteen he completed his course in philosophy and graduated from the University. We next find him at the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, where he pursued his theological studies and on Easter Eve, 1678, he was ordained to the holy priesthood. He then continued his studies in his home city and at the age of thirty, having brilliantly defended his thesis before the Faculty of the Rheims University, he received the Doctor's Cap.

All biographers of the Saint have noted his deep intellectual culture. Indeed this is his conspicuous trait among educational reformers and founders of religious institutes. The secret of his great intellectual strength lay in his intense piety and angelic purity. Such was the manner in which God prepared the soul of the Apostle of Christian Education for his future mission.

As a priest, St. De La Salle was untiring in his work for souls and was always ready to take up any work in which there was question of saving them. Gradually his interest in the work of education was aroused. He saw the children around him growing up in ignorance and vice and his heart bled for them. The Church in France had not yet recovered from the shock of the so-called Reformation. Dangerous opinions were advanced, erroneous doctrines broached, and rationalism was already making fearful strides, especially among the ignorant poor. De La Salle, with his far-reaching mind seems to have understood not what was needed as a remedy in his day, but what would also be a preservative in the future ages. The remedy and preservative must be sought through Christian education. Take the ignorant, then, and educate them in a Christian manner; take the poor, and with a kind and helping hand teach them in the spirit of charity; take the young mind and fashion it after the model given by Christ our Lord. This was the grand ideal of De La Salle. Knowing that a man with a special mission from God must devote himself unreservedly to the work, he lays aside all but what is essential to his priestly vocation, and becomes the poor, humble Brother, the first of the Christian Schools, and founder of an Institute destined to carry out till the end of time a high and mighty project.

His devotion and self-sacrifice could not remain hidden. He soon found himself surrounded by a number of generous-souled young men who desired to become his disciples. They had been struck by his noble and untiring zeal and now wished to imitate his example. He took them to his home, drew up rules for them, and trained them in the art of teaching. His first schools were opened and were everywhere a success.

Like all the works of God this great undertaking bore the stamp of the Cross. Trials, contradictions, calumnies, and persecutions threatened at times to overwhelm his work, but the Saint's unbounded confidence

in God triumphed over every obstacle. Worn out by excessive labors and mortifications the holy man's strength gave way. He had labored for nearly forty years in the great work of Christian Education. He had perfected a system; he had gathered around him a body of men illustrious both for their pedagogical ability and holiness of life, and now he may say with his divine Master: "The work is finished!" On Holy Thursday, 1719, he received the Last Sacraments. To the Brothers who pressed around their dying Father to receive his last words, he recommended fidelity to their rules, obedience to the Sovereign Pontiff, devotion to Mary and St. Joseph, and detachment from the world. Being asked by Brother Bartholomew, his successor as superior of the Congregation, if he accepted his pains with joy, he replied: "Yes, I adore in all things the will of God in my regard." These were his last words. An hour later he opened his arms wide, as if to embrace some invisible presence, and expired. It was Good Friday and the first Friday of the month—April 7th, 1719. He was sixty-eight years of age, and every one of those years had been consecrated to the glory of God and the good of his neighbor. No sooner was his death known than the people exclaimed: "The Saint is dead!"

The Institute of the brothers of the Christian Schools was solemnly approved by Pope Benedict XIII. in 1725 and the holy Founder was canonized by Pope Leo XIII. on May 24th of the Roman Jubilee Year 1900. On this occasion that great Pontiff declared that St. De La Salle is the Model for Christian teachers, the Patron of Christian Schools, and the Protector of youth.

Little do our modern educators realize what they owe to the genius of this saintly pioneer of popular education. He was the originator of the schools in which they were trained, the inventor of the system by which they teach. St. De La Salle was the originator of (1) A Manual of Methods for organizing, teaching and governing schools; (2) The Mutual Simultaneous Method (1682); (3) Primary Schools, properly so called; (4) Normal Schools (Rheims, 1684); (5) Technical Schools and Schools of Design (Paris 1689); (6) Boarding Schools and Academies (Paris 1689, Rouen 1705); (7) Reformatory Schools (Paris 1705); (8) Sunday Schools (Paris 1699). In his great scheme of education the Saint did not limit himself to one important question, but included every feature that in any way related to the great problems. It is a wonder that master teachers have paid the Founder of the Brothers the highest tribute that language can express?

Like the mustard seed of the Gospel, the Institute founded by St. John Baptist De La Salle has grown into a mighty tree whose branches cover the whole world. At the death of the holy Founder, the Institute comprised 16 houses with 274 Brothers educating 9,000 pupils. To-day there are nearly 20,000 Brothers, who, dispersed among 1,500 houses in various parts of the world, devote themselves to the Christian education of over 400,000 children. The sons of St. De La Salle are to be found in every continent and theirs is indeed an "empire upon which the sun never sets."

In the organization of his Institute, St. De La Salle displayed a rare executive ability enlightened by faith. The rules and constitutions, that to this day are the source of the strength and prosperity of his great religious family, were drawn up by him and have served as a model for all subsequent congregations of religious workers. The Brothers aside from the obligations entailed by the religious vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, devote themselves exclusively to teaching. With far-seeing wisdom, their saintly founder made it an essential rule that no priest be admitted to the society. Free from the obligations and responsibilities of the clerical state, the Brothers are enabled to concentrate on the boys and young men with the result that they are in a correct sense specialists in educational work.

The society is governed by a Superior General who is elected for life. He has twelve assistants who with him form the administrative council of the Institute. The houses throughout the world are grouped into provinces each being under the direction of a Brother Visitor or Provincial and having its own Novitiate and Training College. There are at present five provinces of the Order in the United States and two in Canada, including that of Toronto, recently established to meet the needs of Ontario and the West. The mother house of the Toronto Province is the De La Salle College, Aurora, Ont., where boys and young men are received and trained to become qualified religious teachers and worthy sons of the great Teacher-Saint.

MARRIAGE  
McNAMARA-MOYNIHAN.—On Wednesday, April 10, 1918, at St. Mary's Church, Campbellford, Ont., by Rev. Father Whibbs, John Leo McNamara of La Salette, Ont., to Mary Elizabeth Moynihan of Campbellford, Ont.

What you cannot tolerate in another, take care not to tolerate in yourself.—Anon.

Pleasure is the flower that fades; remembrance is the perfume that endures.—Boufflers.

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA  
"The Dollar you deposit in the Bank makes three parties better off: Yourself, the Bank, and the party who borrows from the Bank."  
Branches and Connections Throughout Canada  
LOCAL OFFICES:  
LONDON DELAWARE ILBERTON KOMOKA  
LAWRENCE STATION MELBOURNE THORNDALE

One pound of learning requires ten pounds of common sense to apply it.—Proverb.

DIED  
QUINN.—At Napanee, Ont., on Thursday, April 18, Matthew C. Quinn, Napanee. May his soul rest in peace.

DALEY.—At his late residence 122 Creighton street, New Edinburgh, on April 23, Mr. John Daley, aged fifty-nine years. May his soul rest in peace.

PRAYERS FOR OLD SUBSCRIBER  
Chas. E. Flynn, New York, requests subscribers to remember in their prayers his mother, who has been a subscriber to the CATHOLIC RECORD for the past thirty-five years.

MEDICAL PRACTICE  
EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY FOR CATHOLIC doctor in a city. Appointments with practically no work. For further particulars apply to Rev. Brother Provincial, Presentation Brothers Novitiate, Longueuil, P. Q. 2062-9.

RELIGIOUS VOCATIONS  
BOYS AND YOUNG MEN WHO HAVE A religious vocation, and who are desirous to devote themselves to the service of God and the education of youth in the Presentation Brothers' Order, can now be admitted. For further particulars apply to the Rev. Brother Provincial, Presentation Brothers Novitiate, Longueuil, P. Q. 2062-9.

CATHOLIC SURGEON  
INFORMATION CONCERNING AN EXCEPTIONAL opportunity for a Catholic surgeon of some standing may be had by addressing THE CATHOLIC RECORD, Box 24.

RELIGIOUS PICTURES  
ON RECEIPT OF THE SUM OF \$1.50 by money order we will forward to any part of Canada or Newfoundland, ready for framing the following four beautiful religious pictures, real Goussin Prints finished in beautiful Sepia Brown coloring, size of each picture 16x20 inches, "Christ and the Rich Ruler," "Christ in the Temple," "Emmanuel's Last Supper," and "Christ at Twelve Years Old." Address Catholic Supply Co., 46 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Que. 2062-3.

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES  
MOUNT ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL TRAINING School for Nurses, Registered and approved by the regents at Albany, offers exceptional advantages to young women who wish to enter the nursing profession. Applicants address Sister Superior, Mt. St. Mary's Hospital, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

W. E. BLAKE & SON, Limited  
123 Church St.  
Toronto, Canada  
Sole distributors in Canada for the Devin-Adair publications.

Are You an Investor?  
If you are seeking information on Investments? If so, send immediately for a free copy of our latest list of Government, Municipal and other Bonds, which on investments of \$50, \$100 and upwards will give an income yield of 5 3/4% to 8 1/2%.

This book came off the press May 6th. Write for your copy now. It will well repay you. Address Dept. O.

Graham, Sanson & Co.  
INVESTMENT BANKERS  
Toronto General Trusts Building  
Toronto

MEMORIAL WINDOWS  
ENGLISH ART GLASS  
STAINED GLASS  
LYON GLASS CO.  
147 1/2 CHURCH ST. TORONTO ONT.

Permit to IMPORT and SELL  
ALTAR WINE  
All Orders Promptly Filled  
Order through me any special brand you have been using and it shall be imported and sent on to you.

MISSION GOODS  
Beautiful up-to-date stocks always on hand  
J. J. M. LANDY  
CATHOLIC CHURCH GOODS  
405 YONGE ST. TORONTO

TO ALL SHEEP OWNERS  
THIS BOOK FREE  
A nicely illustrated and handy booklet of 36 pages containing practical pointers in simple language on sheep raising and wool marketing.

If you are interested in sheep, write us today and we will gladly mail you your copy of this book free. Please address in full as below.

LOOK AT THESE PRICES  
That we are now paying for WOOL

Unwashed fine and medium clothing - 68 to 67 cents  
Unwashed medium clothing - 63 to 62 cents  
Unwashed coarse - 61 to 60 cents  
Washed fine - 90 cents  
Washed coarse - 85 cents

The above prices are f. o. b. Toronto—you save the peddler's and middleman's profits for yourself—your money is mailed you the day your wool arrives—you receive the highest market prices when you

SHIP YOUR WOOL DIRECT TO  
John Hallam Limited  
Desk 62, Hallam Building, TORONTO  
WOOL - FURS - HIDES

Sending Money to Soldiers  
Those who have friends or relatives at the front, may wish to send money, but possibly do not know the best way to do so.

If time permits, the safest and most convenient method of making remittances abroad is the Bank Money Order or Draft, as issued by The Merchants Bank.

If, however, it is necessary to send money without delay, the Bank will arrange this by Cable Transfer.

THE MERCHANTS BANK  
Head Office: Montreal, OF CANADA Established 1864.  
With 162 Branches in Ontario, 32 Branches in Quebec, 19 Branches in Manitoba, 21 Branches in Saskatchewan, 53 Branches in Alberta, and 8 Branches in British Columbia serves Rural Canada most effectively.

Write or call at Nearest Branch.

STANDARD LIBRARY  
50c. Each, Postpaid

Adventures of Four Young Americans, by Henriette K. DeLamare. This book describes the stirring times during the Irish Revolution, and the experience of Johnny who was lost in the Catochogue. Annon, the Englishman, by Francis Aveling. Alvey Moore. A tale of the times, by Richard Baptist O'Brien, D. D. Showing the action, manner and such pastimes are managed and justice administered in Ireland, together with many stirring incidents in other lands. The story tells of the brave lives of our 14th grandfathers and grandmothers. There is no lack of incident and excitement. For those interested in Irish history of these latter days Alvey Moore is a new dress will serve a good purpose. Anabella, by Anna T. Sadler.

Back to Home, by Scrutator (J. Godfrey Rupert), an Anglican Clergyman. By The Royal Road, by Marie Haultmont. The Grey Sea, by Herbert Spring.

Cardinal Democrat, by Henry Edward Manning, by J. A. Taylor. His true portrait as the Cardinal whose idealism has inspired the Catholic Pioneers of America. By the birth of Christopher Columbus 1435, to the death of Father Clarence Belmont. By Rev. Walter T. Leahy. This is a fine college story of a boy who is so full of life that it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Converts to Rome, by Gordon W. Gorman. Biographical List of the Most Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the Last Sixty Years. By Anna T. Sadler. This is a story of a chivalrous lover and of the chivalrous girl who is so full of life that it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Convents to Rome, by Gordon W. Gorman. Biographical List of the Most Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the Last Sixty Years. By Anna T. Sadler. This is a story of a chivalrous lover and of the chivalrous girl who is so full of life that it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Convents to Rome, by Gordon W. Gorman. Biographical List of the Most Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the Last Sixty Years. By Anna T. Sadler. This is a story of a chivalrous lover and of the chivalrous girl who is so full of life that it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Convents to Rome, by Gordon W. Gorman. Biographical List of the Most Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the Last Sixty Years. By Anna T. Sadler. This is a story of a chivalrous lover and of the chivalrous girl who is so full of life that it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Convents to Rome, by Gordon W. Gorman. Biographical List of the Most Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the Last Sixty Years. By Anna T. Sadler. This is a story of a chivalrous lover and of the chivalrous girl who is so full of life that it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Convents to Rome, by Gordon W. Gorman. Biographical List of the Most Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the Last Sixty Years. By Anna T. Sadler. This is a story of a chivalrous lover and of the chivalrous girl who is so full of life that it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Convents to Rome, by Gordon W. Gorman. Biographical List of the Most Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the Last Sixty Years. By Anna T. Sadler. This is a story of a chivalrous lover and of the chivalrous girl who is so full of life that it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Convents to Rome, by Gordon W. Gorman. Biographical List of the Most Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the Last Sixty Years. By Anna T. Sadler. This is a story of a chivalrous lover and of the chivalrous girl who is so full of life that it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Convents to Rome, by Gordon W. Gorman. Biographical List of the Most Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the Last Sixty Years. By Anna T. Sadler. This is a story of a chivalrous lover and of the chivalrous girl who is so full of life that it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Convents to Rome, by Gordon W. Gorman. Biographical List of the Most Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the Last Sixty Years. By Anna T. Sadler. This is a story of a chivalrous lover and of the chivalrous girl who is so full of life that it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Convents to Rome, by Gordon W. Gorman. Biographical List of the Most Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the Last Sixty Years. By Anna T. Sadler. This is a story of a chivalrous lover and of the chivalrous girl who is so full of life that it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Convents to Rome, by Gordon W. Gorman. Biographical List of the Most Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the Last Sixty Years. By Anna T. Sadler. This is a story of a chivalrous lover and of the chivalrous girl who is so full of life that it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Convents to Rome, by Gordon W. Gorman. Biographical List of the Most Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the Last Sixty Years. By Anna T. Sadler. This is a story of a chivalrous lover and of the chivalrous girl who is so full of life that it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Convents to Rome, by Gordon W. Gorman. Biographical List of the Most Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the Last Sixty Years. By Anna T. Sadler. This is a story of a chivalrous lover and of the chivalrous girl who is so full of life that it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Convents to Rome, by Gordon W. Gorman. Biographical List of the Most Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the Last Sixty Years. By Anna T. Sadler. This is a story of a chivalrous lover and of the chivalrous girl who is so full of life that it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Convents to Rome, by Gordon W. Gorman. Biographical List of the Most Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the Last Sixty Years. By Anna T. Sadler. This is a story of a chivalrous lover and of the chivalrous girl who is so full of life that it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Convents to Rome, by Gordon W. Gorman. Biographical List of the Most Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the Last Sixty Years. By Anna T. Sadler. This is a story of a chivalrous lover and of the chivalrous girl who is so full of life that it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Convents to Rome, by Gordon W. Gorman. Biographical List of the Most Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the Last Sixty Years. By Anna T. Sadler. This is a story of a chivalrous lover and of the chivalrous girl who is so full of life that it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Convents to Rome, by Gordon W. Gorman. Biographical List of the Most Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the Last Sixty Years. By Anna T. Sadler. This is a story of a chivalrous lover and of the chivalrous girl who is so full of life that it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Convents to Rome, by Gordon W. Gorman. Biographical List of the Most Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the Last Sixty Years. By Anna T. Sadler. This is a story of a chivalrous lover and of the chivalrous girl who is so full of life that it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Convents to Rome, by Gordon W. Gorman. Biographical List of the Most Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the Last Sixty Years. By Anna T. Sadler. This is a story of a chivalrous lover and of the chivalrous girl who is so full of life that it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Convents to Rome, by Gordon W. Gorman. Biographical List of the Most Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the Last Sixty Years. By Anna T. Sadler. This is a story of a chivalrous lover and of the chivalrous girl who is so full of life that it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Convents to Rome, by Gordon W. Gorman. Biographical List of the Most Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the Last Sixty Years. By Anna T. Sadler. This is a story of a chivalrous lover and of the chivalrous girl who is so full of life that it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Convents to Rome, by Gordon W. Gorman. Biographical List of the Most Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the Last Sixty Years. By Anna T. Sadler. This is a story of a chivalrous lover and of the chivalrous girl who is so full of life that it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Convents to Rome, by Gordon W. Gorman. Biographical List of the Most Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the Last Sixty Years. By Anna T. Sadler. This is a story of a chivalrous lover and of the chivalrous girl who is so full of life that it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Convents to Rome, by Gordon W. Gorman. Biographical List of the Most Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the Last Sixty Years. By Anna T. Sadler. This is a story of a chivalrous lover and of the chivalrous girl who is so full of life that it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Convents to Rome, by Gordon W. Gorman. Biographical List of the Most Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the Last Sixty Years. By Anna T. Sadler. This is a story of a chivalrous lover and of the chivalrous girl who is so full of life that it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Convents to Rome, by Gordon W. Gorman. Biographical List of the Most Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the Last Sixty Years. By Anna T. Sadler. This is a story of a chivalrous lover and of the chivalrous girl who is so full of life that it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Convents to Rome, by Gordon W. Gorman. Biographical List of the Most Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the Last Sixty Years. By Anna T. Sadler. This is a story of a chivalrous lover and of the chivalrous girl who is so full of life that it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Convents to Rome, by Gordon W. Gorman. Biographical List of the Most Notable Converts to the Catholic Church in the United Kingdom during the Last Sixty Years. By Anna T. Sadler. This is a story of a chivalrous lover and of the chivalrous girl who is so full of life that it will amuse all the boys who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.