

The Catholic Record.

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

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G. K. C. ON SHAW'S "SAINT JOAN"

Mr. George Bernard Shaw's object in writing his play "St. Joan," and his treatment of the subject, were discussed by Mr. G. K. Chesterton in a lecture in London.

The first thing which struck him about the play, said Mr. Chesterton, was that it was very extraordinary that Mr. Shaw should write on the subject at all. Still more was it extraordinary that he should call his play "Saint Joan." If anyone had prophesied some years ago that he would write a touching and beautiful play on a great Catholic saint, no one would have believed the prophecy, least of all Mr. Shaw himself.

"PRIMITIVE PROTESTANT"
Being a man of very definite Protestant tradition, Mr. Shaw had tried to suggest in his play that St. Joan was a kind of primitive Protestant, and that it was on that account that she suffered.

"Now," said Mr. Chesterton, "considering what a number of Protestant prophets and prophetesses have rioted over the world since the Reformation—thousands in England and tens of thousands in America—it seems very strange that if one wants a Protestant heroine, one cannot find her except among Catholic saints."

If he wanted to write about a heroine pursuing the light in the spirit of liberty, why had not Bernard Shaw chosen, for instance, poor old Joanna Southcott? There was a perfect parallel, even for the name. She was English, and no doubt a loyal subject, while St. Joan was foreign and an enemy.

MR. SHAW AND THE BISHOP
Referring to Mr. Shaw's fine portrayal of a medieval Bishop, Mr. Chesterton said when he remembered the atmosphere of dereliction on the part of individuals in earlier plays, such as "The Philanderer" or "You Never Can Tell," it was not easy to imagine what he would have made then of an aged Roman Catholic Bishop.

Just as the young people had had it all their own way in those plays, so now it seemed that the old people did—rather more, in fact, than he himself quite liked. He thought there was more to be said for the young revolutionist, and even for the heretic, than Mr. Shaw made apparent.

Nowhere in the whole play did they hear that clear, ringing challenge which denounced old conventions and standards as nonsense and old people as fools. He had not put into the mouth of Joan, nor of anyone else, any answer to her accusers. All the strong, crushing argument was on the side of the Inquisitor and the Bishop.

NOT A JOANNA SOUTHCOOT

"If it was Bernard Shaw's purpose to prove Joan a Protestant, then he proves too much for his own point of view. All he proves is that if she was a Protestant, she was wrong. If she was merely pitting herself against the established tradition and order of things, then she was no better than Joanna Southcott."

"But even Bernard Shaw does not believe St. Joan to have been of a mere Joanna Southcott type. The sublime figure represented says nothing to justify individualism in religion, and the first conclusion to draw from the play is that if you want a really heroic figure you cannot find it better than in the Catholic Middle Ages."

The second point is that those Catholic Middle Ages were founded on a common code of morals, and if one individual attempted to upset the general order of society, that person was wrong. It is the fact that St. Joan ever told the Church to stand aside."

CHURCH'S CAUTION OVER MIRACLES

It was important for non-Catholics to understand the caution exercised in the Church towards those who have—or think they have—experiences like St. Joan. He was told the quickest way to get snubbed in a religious order was to start having visions. Other saints' visions had been doubted at first by Catholic authorities. Bernadette had been ruthlessly snubbed for many years by the curé of the parish, and St. Ignatius had had a similar experience at first with his superiors. There was no institution in the whole world so cautious about miracles as the Catholic Church.

That caution was the simple truth behind a great deal about St. Joan. It was complicated by unworthy motives and the political conditions then existing. Paris was anti-Joan, and the conflict was very fierce and unscrupulous.

That brought one to another idea running through the play—that she was the founder of nationalism. There was much more to be said for that than for her as a precursor of Protestantism. But Bernard Shaw exaggerated it. He himself believed St. Joan was a leader in the spirit of patriotism and nationalism,

but that that spirit originated within the ancient religious culture, not outside it.

Mr. Chesterton's lecture was the second of a new series organised for non-Catholics by the Messengers of Faith, and was delivered before a large audience at the Sodalità Hall, Mount Street, W.—Universe.

CARDINAL GASQUET

THE GREAT HISTORIAN GIVES AN INTERESTING TALK

On the eve of His Eminence's Golden Jubilee as a priest or Roman representative called at the famous Moroni Palace, in Frascati, where Cardinal Gasquet has his residence. Our representative was very graciously received, and was willingly accorded a brief interview, although His Eminence was in the full current of the congratulatory reception of a busy afternoon. After a few moments' preliminary conversation, our representative ventured to ask one or two questions. The interview was as follows:

Would Your Eminence be so kind as to tell the readers of the Catholic Times something about your youth?
Most certainly. I was born almost within sound of Bow Bells, and am therefore what people call a Cockney. As a boy I was at school in Downside, and there I became intimate with Dom Roger Vaughan, who afterwards became Archbishop of Sydney. He made a lasting impression on me as a boy. Owing largely to his influence, I went to the Benedictine novitiate. I made my solemn vows as a Benedictine in 1870 at Belmont in Herefordshire, where I also made my ecclesiastical studies. Roger Vaughan was the Prior in my time. Among my teachers there, perhaps the most remarkable was Dr. Hedley. A diligent student all his life, he was also a born teacher, brimful of information and most interested in all his students. A rather brusque manner somewhat concealed his natural amiability. He gave one a real love of study, and succeeded in making more than one of his students a lover of books. It was a very stimulating personality.

How did Your Eminence first take up historical research?

Strangely enough, owing to a breakdown in health, I suffered some illness—heart trouble, I believe—through overwork as Prior of Downside, and the doctors gave me six months to live. That was forty-six years ago, in 1878. I had to give up my incessant administrative activity, but on medical advice I kept going gently at the subject which I had been teaching at Downside, namely, history. Just about this time Pope Leo XIII. issued his famous Encyclical on historical studies. In a personal request to Cardinal Manning, he asked the Cardinal to get English ecclesiastics to research work on the origins of the Reformation, because, as His Holiness said, knowledge of the facts was one of the best argumentative weapons the Church in England could have against attacks made in the spirit of the day. I happened to be on the convalescent list at the time, and I got the order therefore from the Pope through Cardinal Manning, to do some work in that line. That is really how I began. The work brought me into contact with all classes of educated non-Catholics in England. It was an experience the memory of which I value. I must say that I never met with anything but kindness and consideration from those non-Catholic associates of mine. I think that at any time they would have been prepared to give me any honor in the course of my short career; this is especially true of those of my many friends in the Historical Association. When I became Cardinal my non-Catholic friends in London literally showered congratulations on me and gave me every evidence of their good will and pleasure at my elevation to the Sacred College.

What of the present position of Catholicism in England?

The condition of the Church in England to-day is such as to admit of no real comparison with what it was when I was a boy. Catholics are now to be found in every walk of life in England. I think that much of the change in what one might call the social aspect of Catholicism in England is due to the work of Cardinal Newman. I never knew him very well personally, for he was already old when I was a young priest. But I believe that it was certainly he who lifted Catholicism in England and gave it the possibility of being the prosperous institution it is to-day.

A message, Your Eminence, for the Catholic Times.

Tell your readers that Catholics in England must stand together. The Church in England has grown because of this great spirit of Catholic unity. This unity does not mean intolerance of others, but it certainly does mean that no principle of Catholic truth is to be surrendered or bartered for any consideration whatever. Talking of this reminds me that I cannot un-

derstand the mentality that dictates what is called to-day the Anglican position. The truth seems so clear, the historical argument so convincing, that I frankly admit my inability to understand overtures for what they speak of as reunion. In this case, as in other questions of principle, there can be no weakening among Catholics. At the same time we must pray for those earnest enquirers that God may send them the grace and the light to bear witness to the truth.—The Catholic Times.

SISTER MARGARET, M.P.

HUNGARIAN NUN AN ACTIVE SOCIAL REFORMER

The first Catholic sister to become a member of a national parliament won her office by defeating three male candidates and braving threats to riddle her meetings with bullets.

Sister Margaret Slachta of the Social Service Sisters of Budapest, Hungary, who performed the feat, told of it in Washington, D.C. She came to make inquiries concerning an inter-parliamentary conference she will attend as representative of her party in Hungary, the Christian Social. While in this country she also will visit members of her order, some of whom are in Buffalo, Los Angeles and Canada, and she expects to make several addresses.

Demure of appearance in her gray habit, Sister Margaret is in tense and eager, with the fire of a crusader in her eye, when the subject of Christianity in government, or of her country's welfare, is mentioned. It was her brilliant mind and indomitable spirit, as well as her ability as a speaker, that won her a seat in the Hungarian chamber of deputies, the first woman to attain to that honor.

One of Sister Margaret's opponents was a minister of the government in power, and the other two were strong political leaders, when in 1920 her party, newly organized, nominated her for a seat in the chamber of deputies. She had been a teacher, a social worker, and a keen student of government, and so had attracted the attention of the party. But members of the older parties laughed. They said it was humorous for a woman to seek such an important post. That she was a religious was not an innovation; with its great Catholic population, Hungary has consistently had some priests in its chamber of deputies. But a sister—that was different. Never had a sister sat in the chamber.

But many took her candidacy in a far less humorous spirit. The Reds in Hungary were strong, and Sister Margaret's party was founded on the avowal that there should be Christianity in government. So, at the outset, the Reds announced that if Sister Margaret held meetings they would "shoot them up" through the windows. She was undismayed; she had been one of the strongest leaders in the organizing of the Christian Social party against huge odds, and the fire of her enthusiasm had been breathed into the women of Hungary, the group among whom her work had been chiefly centered. Besides, she had experience as a teacher and social worker and she knew the psychology of her people. "The women were brave. The threat of bullets only made them more determined." So they came to the meetings," she said. Then, with a small smile, "And when the men saw, they came too." And there was no shooting.

The Christian Social party had been hardened into a determined body of men and women by the severest sort of hardships in the course of the Christian Social party rallied splendidly to such leadership. Founded in the regime of Karolyi, the Red president of Hungary who took over the reign at the end of the War, it had set itself to save the nation from the wave of revolutionary, non-Christian extremism of the day, using the homely slogan that the spirit of Christ must be at the basis of sound government.

Karolyi had tolerated it. Then came Bela Kun and his extreme Communists, lashing down all that savored of religion. There was one thing which the Communists could be counted on to respect, said Sister Margaret, as she recounted those dangerous days. It was work on the soil. So the religious and the leaders of the Christian Social party went to the farms and worked, that they might survive. The Roumanian invasion which ended Bela Kun's regime brought no relief, and still the party waited. Then came intervention and the restoration of Hungarian government, and the Christian Social party came forth militant and triumphed. Through it all, the part of the nun was logical. One of the stated objects of her order is to carry Christianity into government.

So when Sister Margaret entered the house of deputies, she went in as a member of the new majority party, and Huszar, a Christian Social leader, became premier. And throughout the country, the

little religious in her gray habit, was given a large measure of credit for the victory, and high tribute was paid her organizing ability, her courage, her eloquence and above all the soundness of her thought.

Sister Margaret justified her election. She won respect and close attention on the floor of the chamber, she inaugurated several important bills which were passed, and she was held in great esteem as a party councillor. Her first speech on the floor was made as the champion of social reforms for the factory workers of the country, particularly for the women. The reforms were voted.

Legislation which Sister Margaret inaugurated and which was passed included a bill to give women the same rights as men in the acquisition and holding of land; a bill to place nurses in the schools who would take up the cases of backward and under-privileged children—a system which, incidentally, is only now coming into use in the United States; and a bill for a higher tax on betting at race courses. A furor greeted her introduction of the racing reform bill, and great opposition developed, but she won in the end. When she emphasized the fact that her bill proposed to use the money saved for the social uplift of the people, no adequate reply was made.

Sister Margaret's most vivid memory of the days in the chamber of deputies is an occasion on which two deputies engaged in a fist fight on the floor, with their partisans in the debate joining in. She did not faint or flee from the chamber. Instead, she mounted a platform, where she could gain a better view of the fighting. She is going to write a book on the psychological aspects of parliamentary bodies, and her first thought, she said, was that here was prime material for her writing.

In the midst of her parliamentary duties, she did not forget her religious obligations. One of her first moves to bring a Christian spirit into legislation was to propose a three-day retreat for the deputies. The deputies were startled, but to Sister Margaret's gratification a large number of them attended, and twenty went to Compostion in a body. With this success, she engineered a similar retreat for the members of the municipal council of Budapest, the capital.

Sister Margaret is returning to Hungary after the conference in the spring. She intends to resume her role as a political leader. Already she is making her plans and outlining the issues she will present. Each of those she has evolved thus far is preeminently a measure for the carrying of practical Christianity into government. Many of them call for social reforms for the betterment of the masses of the country.

FIVE MILLION CATHOLICS

A PRIEST'S FIGURE OF THE POPULATION IN ENGLAND

Are there 5,000,000 Catholics in England? The official estimate is 2,000,000, but Father Pius O'Carroll, C.P., of Sutton Monastery, St. Helens, stated, in a speech at Newcastle the other day, that the actual figure is nearer 5,000,000.

Father Pius, in an interview, gave me his reasons for this estimate. "I first began to take an interest in this subject in December, 1920, the year after the census of England," he said. "I then heard Mr. Hilaire Belloc and the late Canon Hughes address a C. Y. M. S. demonstration at Wigan, and unless my memory plays me false, Mr. Belloc estimated the Catholic population of Great Britain at seven millions and Canon Hughes at five millions.

These seemed to be amazing estimates, for I knew the official figure was about two millions. PRACTISING CATHOLICS ALONE INCLUDED "The discrepancy may be explained for the most part by the diverse meanings attached to the word 'Catholic.' In the official statistics, the aim seems to be to include only practising Catholics. One can easily see the wisdom of thus estimating our strength, but if we enlarge the scope of the word 'Catholic' so that it means anyone validly baptized and possessing the true Faith, I think our numbers in Great Britain would be nearly five millions.

In almost every parish of any considerable extent there are hundreds, sometimes thousands, answering to this definition.

They are Catholics who have neglected Mass and the Sacraments. POVERTY THE CAUSE OF LEAKAGE "Their neglect is due, in the vast majority of cases, to the fear and degrading poverty of their lives and the insufficiency of the priests. But they belong to God and to His Church, and they should certainly not be left out of the estimation of the growth of the Church in this land.

"This frequent insistence on their presence in our midst should make

us more indefatigable in our efforts to remedy social evils that make practical Catholicism a matter of heroic virtue for so many, and be even more earnest in our prayers that more laborers be sent into the vineyard.

"I recall one city parish—and it is no exception—whose Catholic population is given officially at 7,000. I know for a fact that it is 15,600.

"Margins of two thousand and three thousand between the official figures and the actual population are common up and down the country, and make a great difference to the total figures."—The Universe.

INVINCIBLE PREJUDICE AND TRADITIONAL IGNORANCE

By Joseph Clayton, M.A., F.R.H.S.

It is told of that eminent Anglican prelate, Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, that on reading in The Times of any strange aboriginal tribe, or utterly alien race, he would at once rush off to an encyclopaedia to learn all that could be learnt of so foreign a people. Nor would he rest until he had mastered the knowledge available. But no allusion to the Catholic Church, no reference to its dogmas, no description of its ceremonies, could persuade Samuel Wilberforce to seek further light on the subject of the Old Religion of Christendom. When Rome was mentioned Wilberforce would have no more of it. He refused to pursue the topic. Ignorance on the matter was a tradition, prejudice was invincible.

And this traditional ignorance concerning the Catholic Church is still cultivated by a very large number of our non-Catholic friends. It is not only the non-Catholic newspaper that makes amusing (and sometimes amusing) mistakes in affairs ecclesiastical, scholars and other learned persons are apt to go even more extravagantly astray, and are content to abide in ignorance. It is quite common, for instance, to meet men and women of real classical scholarship, trained in our ancient Universities, familiar with the meaning and significance of the pagan pre-Christian mysteries, who are completely at a loss when asked to explain some rite or doctrine of Catholic Christendom. They know all about libations to the gods of Greece and Rome and know nothing about the Mass.

Others there are who who have specialized in Scandinavian folk lore, or in the religions of India—to the entire neglect of all knowledge of the faith and worship of Europe for a space of a thousand years. It really is queer this new, apparently invincible, prejudice against any intelligent study of the religion of our Catholic forefathers.

FEAR AT THE ROOT OF IT
Fear is probably at the root of this aversion from knowledge, as it is at the root of so many of our prejudices—political and social and economic alike. How else explain the furor of persecution in the sixteenth century, and the struggle to extirpate the Old Religion in the lands where the Protestant Churches were established, save by the utterance of that ex-Catholic priest, John Knox: "One Mass was more fearful to him than ten thousand armed enemies."

And for Knox, as for the rulers of the newly-established Church of England, the only way to stop people going to Mass was to stop the saying of Mass. If today there is less fear amongst Protestants of attendance at Mass there is still very great fear of instruction in the doctrine of the Mass. It is not the ignorance that is invincible, it is the prejudice—the prejudice rooted in fear lest a study of the Catholic Church and its teaching will persuade to conversion, and that such conversion may result in much inconvenience in temporal matters. (While many talk of "joining" the Church as though it were no more than becoming a member of a tennis club, and involved no more serious responsibilities, there are others who do discern the tremendous character of the undertaking, and the high and solemn adventure of the soul. It is these latter, the more discerning, who deliberately take refuge in prejudice from the pursuit of conscience, fearful where truth may lead, and the consequences of its leadership. Frequently do such timorous souls enquire "Shall I be happier if I become a Catholic? Is it blank more comfortable since he made submission to Rome?" Probably had St. Paul made similar enquiries his conversion might have been indefinitely postponed.)

But if fear is at the bottom of the invincible prejudice the traditional ignorance is fostered and nourished on the mistakes of historians and the false readings of history.

THE IMPORTANCE OF HISTORY

To glance at the text books used in the schools and colleges where

the wealthy non-Catholics of Great Britain send their sons and daughters is to understand why ignorance flourishes and prejudice retains its power amongst people who are on many subjects well informed, and are in general called educated. The teaching of history in the common elementary and secondary schools to the teaching in the so-called "Public schools" of the rich. In both cases the teaching suffers because the subject is not treated scientifically. For example, nothing is more common than to find it assumed in the teaching of modern history that Protestantism—i. e., the revolt of a large part of Christendom from the authority of the Papacy, brought a permanent addition of knowledge to mankind in Europe, and superseded quite definitely and for all persons of intelligence quite finally the Old Religion.

Confronted by the simple and obvious fact that persons of intelligence and learning have never ceased to become Catholics, and that at the very time the Reformation itself whole regions of Europe were recovered for Catholicism, our teachers of history fall back on the popular historians whose works are still used in schools and colleges, and say nothing at all about it. And this is to treat history in a horribly unscientific way. Equally unscientific is it to pretend that Protestantism is a permanent contribution to religion when on all sides there is abundant evidence of the neglect and rejection of the sixteenth century Protestant confessions of faith. The decrees of the Council of Trent are as potent today as the decrees of the Council of Nicea; not how many Presbyterians acknowledge the authority of the shorter Catechism or profess obedience to the doctrine contained in Calvin's "Institutes of a Christian Man?" How many Lutherans stand by the Augsburg Confession for all the influence it exerted in its day?

SIGNIFICANT SILENCES

As for "our separated brethren" of the Anglican communion, the very arguments used at the Reformation to justify the rejection of Papal authority—that the Papacy was a medieval development and that all medieval developments, not only the Papacy, but the full doctrine of the Mass and transubstantiation, the observance of Corpus Christi, and of devotions to Our Lady and the saints, and prayers for the dead, must all be discarded in the Church of England—are no longer mentioned in those of a tiny remnant who cleave to the Elizabethan settlement of religion, which, after all, was no final settlement. The present Anglican Bishop of Truro, the learned Dr. Frere, while assuming that Protestantism—i. e., the rejection of Papal authority—is a permanent feature in religion, is quite content that his readers shall know nothing of the Anglican formularies, and succeeds in his volume in the history of the Church of England—in writing a whole book on the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. without mentioning the changes effected in religion or explaining that the Anglican position was vindicated in the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion and the Apology of Bishop Jewel.

The resolute determination of many Anglo-Catholic clergymen that their flocks shall remain in ignorance of the historic teaching of the Church of England helps to account for the invincible prejudice and traditional ignorance so potent in keeping Anglicans from submitting to the Catholic Church.

History, then, is the thing that at all costs must faithfully be taught in our own schools and colleges. For Catholics can at least afford to know the truth in human affairs, since to us the truth in things eternal has been revealed. Hence for Catholics there is less excuse for prejudice, and for ignorance less authority.

STORMS SWEEP OVER IRELAND

Dublin, Jan. 5.—Tremendous rain storms have swept Ireland for many days, creating general havoc and misery, and endangering life. So vast is the flood, that the courses of many rivers are now untraceable. Water oozes up through floors, and motor lorries are floated about on roads.

The copper sheeting on the dome of St. Mary Church, in Clonmel, was ripped open by the storms and is flapping about like a flag. The roof of the Protestant church there has been torn away.

Part of Kilkenny City is completely submerged, and the suffering there is great.

Many marvellous escapes are reported. In some districts, the visitation has been so severe and the dangers are so great that people have been keeping night watches by turn.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Dublin, Jan. 1.—Cork Harbor has received a communication from the representative of the United American Lines announcing a joint service with the Hamburg-American line of new passenger steamers that will call at Cobb (Queenstown) on the voyage to and from New York. This will establish another important link between Ireland and the United States.

Senora Ceclia Hernandez de Carsea, of Monterey, Mexico, gave birth to triplets exactly at midnight Christmas Eve. All three were boys. Senor de Carsea knows the Bible. So the triplets have been named Balthazar, Melchior and Kaspar, after the three Wise Men from the East, who arrived in Bethlehem seeking the Messiah.

London, Eng.—The Rev. George Frederick Sharland, Anglican rector of Folkington, Sussex, and Mrs. Sharland, have been received into the Church at London Oratory. Wilkinson Sherren, noted author, and his wife also have entered the Church from the Non-Conformist faith. Their young son was baptized recently.

Munich.—Another notable figure in the German nobility has taken his vows as a Catholic priest. He is Lieut. Gen. von Reichlin-Meldegg, who held important commands in the field during the War, and who is a member of an ancient noble family. General Reichlin-Meldegg assumes the name Father Antonius, as a member of the Franciscan Order. He has been assigned to the Franciscan Church in Dietfurt.

Rome, Dec. 29.—Two decrees were read on Sunday, giving the authorization to proceed with the sanctification of Blessed John Baptist Vianney, parish priest of Ars, and approving the miracles proposed for the canonization of Blessed Madeleine-Sophie Barat, foundress of the Religious of the Sacred Heart, an order with houses in America. Archbishop Virili, postulator for the cause of Blessed Barat, spoke, thanking the Pope.

London, Eng.—In the village in which G. K. Chesterton lives—Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire—Mass is said every Sunday in a hall attached to an inn. For ten years the hall has been loaned free of charge by the innkeeper and his wife, who are both Catholics. In all there are about seventy Catholics in the neighborhood. Steps are now being taken to acquire a suitable site in a central position for the erection of a church.

Paris, Dec. 29.—A fine gesture of tolerance as between Catholics and Protestants was recently witnessed at Ardon, in the Canton of Turgozie, in Switzerland. The Protestants having built a new church, restored to the Catholics the ancient church of Saint Martin, which had formerly belonged to them. Catholics and Protestants met at a banquet where promises of peace and co-operation were exchanged.

London, Eng.—English lovers of the Little Flower are to present a set of gold brocade vestments and a set of altar cards to be used at the Carmel of Lisieux on the occasion of the canonization of Blessed Teresa of the Child Jesus. The Benedictine Nuns of Princethorpe Priory, Rugby, are making the vestments and painting the altar cards. The same Nuns illuminated and painted the altar cards used at Lisieux when the Little Flower was beatified, and they embroidered the altar linen used at the Mass.

Detroit, Mich., Jan. 1.—In an essay contest on "Home Lighting" conducted here by the Electrical Extension Bureau, fifteen of the thirty Detroit winners of prizes were pupils of Parochial schools. The contest is international, including all the school children of the United States and Canada, and the best essays written here have been forwarded to New York to be entered in a final judging for international honors. The first prize is a model electrical home. Catholic pupils won the first eight places, the tenth, eleventh, twelfth and fifteenth in the high school section. In the elementary section they took second, eleventh and fifteenth.

The Rev. F. L. Odenbach, of the John Carroll University, Cleveland, has evolved a new universal language which he terms Ido. Ido, says Father Odenbach, may be learned in a few months, and simplicity is its keynote. The English alphabet is used, with a single sound for each letter, and the spelling is wholly phonetic. Each word has only one definite meaning, and there are only twenty grammatical endings to be learned. There are 10,000 root words in the dictionary of the new language, with about seventy-five suffixes, giving about 30,000 words in all. Since these words all come from the living cultured languages, the author says, persons speaking any of the common modern languages will recognize most of them.

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WOLF MOON
A ROMANCE OF THE GREAT
SOUTHWEST
BY JOSEPH J. QUINN

CHAPTER IV.
INDIAN OR GYPSY?

Fear harnessed for a moment Bluebonnet's pulsating heart until it throbbed haltingly. The same light she had often seen in the depths of Pemella's eyes glinted from those of the stranger's in front of her. In her sudden awakening she had believed him Pemella. Then as her senses cleared, she perceived that she was mistaken. But there was a strong resemblance, the same Grecian features, the coppery skin, the sinister expression twisted into a snarl. When his face broke into a faint leering smile she felt she were once again in Pemella's grasp. Ten feet away this big stranger sat upon his coal black pony and leaned toward her as if watching an animal stirring in the grass. Blue smoke from his cigarette and the arched face and as he glared through it his eyes narrowed into slits that let light through in a row of cellar windows. Evidently he had just seen her for a look of surprise preceded his sickly smile. His horse, too, pricked his ears sharply and set them in Bluebonnet's direction. It was this cue that had caused the man to look inside the car.

Tulane Baisan was not slow to see that this was a novel creature in Texas country. Unmistakably she was a gypsy although she lacked the characteristic color. He had seen thousands of them before and knew their traits. This, he thought, was a stolen child. That she had left a gypsy camp could be ascertained by the fantastic colors of her dress and the arched face and jet black upon her muscles. Never before had he seen a bare-legged girl huddled in a freight car. That is why he crouched over his saddle as a prospector bending over a find of gold. It did not take him long to realize that she was the prettiest creature on whom he had ever gazed. He had branded cattle from the Cimarron to the Brazos and even up into Colorado and Wyoming but during all his life in the sage country he had never come across such a wonder as this. Her large blue eyes brought to him the color of the skies that come with droughts, as blue as the mazarine Gulf at Galveston. He had seen sweet-faced girls like this one along the beach in the coast city years ago. There was something tenderly human and refined about her as if crystallized from some higher substance.

A strange sense of possession took hold of Tulane. He had experienced it before when he had come across some wild, unriden broncho on the range. The wilder, more unmanageable it was the greater swelled his desire for possession. Then, too, when he had come to H ranch in Texas county he had spotted the horse he was now riding and given his gypsy gratis for a period to call Nep his own. Now this same feeling swept over him again as this strange girl stood before him in the car. He wanted her as his own, to place his rough lips close to hers, to fondle her face and arms. He gloated with the desire of having a beautiful creature as this to stamp as his, to move her will, to urge her to this and that as he would his pony.

Tulane slid from his mount and slouched to the car. Bluebonnet recoiled a step but stopped as Tulane smiled. There was something magnetic about him, an undefinable length that transfixed her as in a spell.

"Kinda strange to see a miss like you here so early in the mornin'," drawled the stranger. "I'm lost. I really don't know where I am," Bluebonnet confessed, gripped with intuitive fear at his approach.

"Wal, Ah reckon Ah kin tell you. You're in Texas county and this heah town is Terit'n. Might you come along to the ranch?" Mrs. Trichell she's the owner—Ah reckon she'll be purty glad to fix you up."

Bluebonnet hesitated for a moment. There was something about him at once repulsive and attractive. Perhaps this stranger's appearance was providential. Yet, the thought of being led away by him was not welcome. Bluebonnet entertained a suspicion that he was a spy of a wandering gypsy outfit and that Pemella had by some means gotten into communication with him. Would she be led back to another gypsy camp and held until Pemella arrived? Yet what if she refused to go with him? It might incense this stranger who she noticed carried a gun slung low at his hip. She decided it would be better to accept his proffered kindness, to trust to his honesty and follow him.

"Yes, I'll go," Bluebonnet accepted with an assumed glint of pleasure. "How far is the ranch?"

"Wal, now, some folks calls it three miles but to us hosses we calls it aroun' the bend. Ah reckon you're not 'quainted in these parts?"

Bluebonnet jumped to the ground while Tulane's glinting eye ranged over her from head to foot. Then he mounted Nep and pulled Bluebonnet up back of him.

"Nep as a rule ain't a carin' for extra loads but Ah reckon he won't mind you," Tulane was pleased with his sense of humor. "Where did you say you was from?"

Bluebonnet surmised the question. She met it with the indifferent answer:

"Oh, I've been in Denver."

"Where? All the way from Denver to heah on a freight. Purty far ride for such a youngie. Ah been in Col'rade. Punched cattle down near Durango."

"Do you like Denver?" questioned Bluebonnet, aiming to throw him from further questioning whence she came.

"Hump! Lot's better than this heah country. Yuh'll too. Nothing to this but wind an' sand an' dust. But Ah reckon Ah ain't sorry Ah come now." He turned his face to show his purposeful smile to Bluebonnet. A pang of uneasiness gripped her heart and she automatically felt herself draw away from him. He was becoming more and more repugnant.

"Thar's the ranch. See it nar the cottonwoods. Don't know what made me git up so early this mornin'." Ahm used to gittin' the mail but Ah jest naturally shook myself early. Ole man Hunter neek you rub your eyes and then Ah gettin' a-watchin' the sun come up when Number 2 whistles way back. Pulls in at Terit'n to let the mail get by. Ah heers Nep snortin' queer like and twistin' them big ears of his and Ah makes for my gun. Then Ah sees a bundle of color move. Sort 'a thought it was a Navajo blanket throwin' a fit at first. Ah looks closer and Ah sees you rub your eyes and then Ah begins to rub mah eyes and perk up a little. Pears to me now you looked skeert of somethin'."

"Yes, I was at first." Then hastening to divert his attention she asked, "By the way did you say Mrs. Trichell owns the ranch?"

"Wal, she and ole man Trichell. He's a case too. Laziest cuss alive. Cattle thieves will keel him over yit. But some day—wal just wait. He's had more than one run-in with ole man Garrett and Garrett ain't a-wastin' any love on the ole man. They'll draw in close quarters and the quickest will walk off livin'." Me and the ole man don't pull well 'eitha. He's forever pesterin' me 'bout things. Ah has a powerful smooth piece of handle on mah gun that's waitin' a notch. Ah mighty nigh plugged him onct and he'd a better mind his own bizz. Ah ain't a likin' him."

They had come to the grove of cottonwoods and catalpas that shaded the Trichell homestead. Tulane's arrival with a pretty girl that early in the morning brought the cowboys out of the bunk house pell mell. In a group they watched Tulane ride up with a stiffness and pride that was comic. There was a yip of surprise from Seth Hopkins, the oldest rider.

Mrs. Trichell appeared at the kitchen door, a picture of amazement. Above her head appeared a cloud of blue smoke that slowly circled into the fresh morning air, a testimony that she was cooking breakfast for the hungry hands.

The sight of the young girl dressed in gypsy fashion sitting astride Tulane's pony startled her. It was her cry that made John Trichell wheel his rolling chair into the kitchen in double haste.

The Trichells were well and favorably known in Texas country. They had bought their large ranch from a friend who had acquired it when No Man's Land opened up in the early nineties. For forty head of cattle he had increased his stock to twenty-five hundred. Occasionally a Northern took its toll and once a cyclone drew its destructive length across the section. But it was commonly said that Trichell was the luckiest man in Texas county. His buffalo grass stood up well during the long droughts of summer and early autumn. At times his cattle went lean but they were the earliest of all to fatten in the short grass country. His name was known at the stockyards of Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, Oklahoma City, wherever dealers congregated to speak of beef. His industry, probity and justice had gained for him a reputation that spread from one end of the Strip to the other. His water holes never went dry; his cattle were always the sleekest. But this fact was known to the rustlers also, to whom fat cattle were blue-ribbon prizes. It was while protecting his stock from depredations that Trichell had been wounded years before. He was found unconscious in Navajo Gulch hours later. Trichell's recovery but it was found necessary to amputate both legs above the knees. Thence on he directed the ranch activities from his wheel chair. The shock of the fight had turned his hair prematurely gray and deepened the wrinkles in his face. But he never complained. True, many had said the accident had hardened Trichell, made him another man over night. He had gained a reputation for being stern and a driver of men but with the exception of Tulane Baisan and a few riders, whom he had been forced to dismiss, the boys at the Trichell ranch were particularly well satisfied. From under the cottonwood grove in summer he could see his cowboys riding among the cattle in the distance and inspecting fences. And when the biting winds swept over the Panhandle he sat blanketed near the high window of the living room,

musng over the experiences of past days. It was a penance for John Trichell to be inactive and confined to his home but his misfortune was softened by his memories. He could recall a thousand nights spent among his cattle, nights when rain fell and froze into icy pellets on his stock, plating the earth with inches of sleet; nights, too, when wolves in packs harassed the weaker calves. There were attacks, too, from rustlers who cut out choice beeves, just a few, and hurried them away in the darkness. He dared not pursue for he knew only too well that companion thieves were watching for this chance to swoop down on the unprotected herd and slice away a score of heads. Then, there were August days spent out in the open when the sun burnt the land into a ball of dust and red-hot sand, when the cattle wandered lazily seeking protection from the coppery sky and the tropical breath of summer, their hides bronzed to a brighter red by the blistering rays.

Here's a young miss to see you, Mrs. Trichell. Came all the way from Denver. But she ain't sayin' much," blurted out Tulane, as he stopped near the door.

Mrs. Trichell approached Bluebonnet, who had slidden to the ground. Something about the young girl's appearance won pity from her heart. She wanted to ply this pretty little creature with questions but with all the amazed riders standing around she perceived how tactless this would be. "I'm so glad to meet someone like you. I'm lost but I will tell you everything," Bluebonnet spoke gently so that she could be heard by Mrs. Trichell alone.

"Don't bother, my little child. Come right inside. You're just in time for breakfast. I know you haven't eaten a bite."

Bluebonnet was ushered into Mrs. Trichell's large room. She felt like kneeling before this sweet faced lady. With a woman's intuition she trusted her and was prompted to tell her everything without restraint.

Mrs. Trichell, observing the sensitiveness of the girl, deliberately detained her in her room until the riders had breakfasted. They took an unusually long time to eat this morning and cast curious glances toward the living room door. Even after they had eaten they lingered longer than customary on the outside hoping to catch a glimpse of the fairy vision.

In the days that followed Bluebonnet told all to her new found mother. She painted the picture of gypsy life, of the tyrant Nava, of their intention of forcing her to marry Pemella, of her escape and wild trip through the night, and lastly, of her meeting with Tulane.

TO BE CONTINUED

AT THE STATION

The incident which I am now about to relate, and which is strictly true in every detail, occurred a good many years ago, when I was assistant priest in an unpretending village in South Germany, and about two miles away from the nearest railway station.

It was one night in the month of October, if I remember aright, that at the close of a very trying day I laid my weary head upon the pillow with the prayer that God in His mercy would grant "patience, rest, and kind relief" to all the sick and suffering. Let me add that I wished that our household might rest peacefully that night. There was good reason for the last petition, for I was much exhausted, and the night bell in the presbytery is apt to be rather a disturbing element, which seems to take pleasure in rousing the inmates at dead of night, ringing up the unfortunate curate, summoning him to leave his bed and hurry out in obedience to a sick call. My wish on that particular night was not destined to be fulfilled; perhaps because it was dictated rather by love of ease than by charity.

It was a cold night, but I soon got thoroughly warm under the blankets. The latest thing I heard before I lost consciousness was the panting of the last train—a goods train—as it slowly into the distant station. Suddenly I was startled by a shrill sound. Was I dreaming, or was that the tongue of the night, or clanging through the house? I listened a few seconds, holding my breath. No, I was not mistaken; there it was again, louder than before—a cry of distress, an entreaty for help.

Throwing on my clothes, I drew aside the curtain and flung the window open.

"Who is there?" I cried. No answer came; the cold night wind blew in my face and made me shiver. "Who is there?" I inquired again. It was too dark for me to see any one, but I heard the sound of footsteps upon the gravel, as if someone was stepping back from the door in order to look up at the window more easily. "Is there anyone there?" I repeated. "Did you ring the bell?"

A hoarse voice, quite unfamiliar to my ear, inquired in reply: "Are you the priest of this place?"

From this I gathered that the man below was not one of our own people, and was probably not a Catholic, for the inhabitants of the neighboring village were chiefly Protestants.

"I am not the pastor; I am his

curate. What do you want?"

The answer came up from below. "The wife of the stationmaster at W— has sent me to beg you to come to the station immediately. A passenger was run over by the last train, both his legs were nearly cut off; at any rate they are completely crushed. The doctor has bound them up, but he says there is no hope. If you make haste, perhaps you will find him alive. The station master's wife says she is sure he is a Catholic, I myself am a Protestant you know."

I thanked and praised the man for taking the trouble to come so far on such a cold, dark night, and told him to return at once and say I would come as quickly as possible. I only wanted to ask where could find the sufferer, and whether he was conscious.

"You will find him in the third-class waiting room. We laid him out on straw. He had not come to his senses when I left, but he may have by the time you get there—that is, if he ever does. It is a frightful accident, sir."

"That will do—all right. Thank you for coming! I tell them at the station I will be there directly."

The heavy steps moved slowly down the path. I closed the window.

As I hurried downstairs the light was carrying fell on the countenance of the Mother of Sorrows; her statue stood there. Never did she look so grief-stricken. I fancied I saw the tears that filled her eyes. "There hangs the old house-bell. It did its duty bravely to-night; I must do mine."

At last I was out of the house. "Upon my word, the cold is frightful! Do not be silly, old fellow: turn up your coat collar. Wait a moment. Shall I take the Blessed Sacrament with me or not? Yes, perhaps it would be better. But the unfortunate man may not be able to make his confession. I must risk that. At any rate, I may as well be prepared, in case he is able."

The key grated as it turned in the lock. How still and peaceful it was in the church, while the wind howled outside and rustled among the dry leaves! There was the red light of the sanctuary lamp. My God, I adore Thee! Come, Lord Jesus, Thou Son of David! Behold, a soul whom Thou lovest is sick!"

With the pax containing the Bread of Life carefully hidden in my breast I trudged onward. In the quiet village all slept; in not a single window was a light to be seen. The high road was deserted. I quickened my pace; the Lord of Lords was with me, and a soul was trembling on the verge of eternity. Leaving the high road, I took a footpath across the fields, which brought me to the station. All was quiet there; the shrill scream of the engine was hushed, and there were no hurrying feet of the travelers on the platform. A light was burning in the third-class waiting room. I entered it. The table had been pushed to one side to make room in the not very spacious apartment. On it were a basin and some bandages. On the floor, stretched out on a bed of straw, lay a man in a light traveling suit; his legs were swathed in linen bandages. I shuddered as the dark stains on the boards met my eye.

Two sturdy looking porters were watching beside the injured man, who was still apparently unconscious. They rose on seeing me enter, and saluting me respectfully, left the room. Nothing had been prepared for my coming—none of the people in the station or in the immediate neighborhood were Catholics. So I cleared a space on the table whereon to deposit the pax, and then bent down to the sufferer. As I gazed at his livid features a convulsive twitch, as of pain, suddenly passed over them. If only consciousness had returned!

"Can you hear me, my friend? Can you see me? I am close beside you—a priest. Can you hear what I say?"

There was no sign of life. I knelt down, put my hand under his head to raise it, and put my face close to his, and again attempted to make myself heard. I took his hand and gently pressed it; I passed my hand over his cold face, damp with the sweat of death. Again I endeavored to arouse him from his stupor, telling him I was a priest, and asking if he would not like to make his confession. I listened with deep anxiety, and watched his countenance intently, in the hope of discovering some ray of consciousness. All was still around me. I heard the loud ticking of the station clock outside, and the tramp of men, who, talking in subdued tones, were pacing up and down the station platform.

"Say, my child, shall we pray? If you cannot speak, never mind; only say 'your heart.' My Jesus, mercy! You hear me, do you not?"

A slight convulsion passed over his countenance, his hands moved, and a heavy sigh escaped his lips. "What is it?" I asked. "Did you say anything?"

Again his lips quivered. Watching, listening intently, I caught a sound—a half articulated cry for "water."

Thank God he was coming to! I hastened to take a carafe of water from the table, and, filling a glass, I held it to his lips. Consciousness had now fully returned.

"My legs," he murmured, "my legs!" And presently, "My poor mother!" he ejaculated.

O my God! was that the moment

of grace? My duty was plain. He understood what I said, and was willing to make use of my ministry. His confession was made in the best dispositions. But would he be able to receive Holy Communion? Yes; to my joy, I found he could swallow easily; and reverently I placed the Sacred Host upon his tongue.

Thus, in the dead of night Our Lord, the Good Samaritan, came to this unfortunate traveller, who lay dying in that lonely place, far from all his friends, and took possession of his heart. But my duties were not over, and the time was short. I administered Extreme Unction to the sufferer, at intervals repeating aloud a few short prayers; but he soon relapsed into a state of coma from exhaustion. I had done all I could, and I comforted myself with the thought that my duty was done in peace with God, and was now prepared for his last journey. So I put up my stole and burse, and called in the men who were quietly waiting outside. With them came the wife of the station-master and her son. I was the first to break the silence. Addressing the lady, I said:

"I think it is you whom I have to thank for sending for me. I am much indebted to you for your kindness."

"Certainly, I felt bound to send for your reverence. The gentleman is a Catholic, is he not? You see when, after the accident, we turned out his pockets to see if there was anything by which to find out who he was, we found this. Is it not what you call a rosary? I thought directly the poor fellow must be a Catholic; so I sent off one of the men to fetch you."

"He did not ask for a priest then?" I inquired.

"How could he?" interposed the young man. "Why, he was totally unconscious when we got him from under the wheels, and, unless he came to in a faint ever since."

I asked how the accident occurred, and was told that the traveller, who whom was found a ticket to a station a good way farther down the line, wanted to get out at this station, as the train stopped there for a few minutes, and on endeavoring to regain his place, just as the train was starting, he missed his footing, and fell upon the track; the wheels went over both legs above the knees, before the poor fellow could be rescued. So, having the rosary on his person was the means of procuring for him the ministrations of a priest. "What a singular chance!" the children of the world would say; but I saw in it the gracious interposition of Divine Providence and of the Mother of God.

Why have I related this incident in my ministerial career? To show the importance of carrying a rosary on one's person, and to afford a fresh example of the faithful and untrusting care wherewith Our Lady watches over the salvation of her children.

To finish my narrative I will add that, with one of the porters and the station master's son, I remained beside the injured man. But he did not again recover consciousness. From time to time I breathed a word of comfort and encouragement, and acts of Faith, Hope and Charity in his ear, till about two o'clock I felt the approach of another, an unseen visitor, and the relentless hand of Death conducted the soul of the stranger into the land of eternity. Thus I witnessed the departure of this young man, a stranger to me, whose identity I never learned. He expired fortified with the Last Sacraments and all the consolations of our holy religion—the reward of devotion to the Rosary.

If, I said to myself as I walked home through the cold, dark night—if that poor fellow had not had his rosary in his pocket, no one would have known that he was a Catholic; no one would have sent two miles in the dead of night to summon a priest to his side. And if, when he came to himself, he had called for a priest, before one could have come the brief interval of consciousness would have been over. How much he owed to that rosary!

Instinctively I felt in my pockets to see if my beads were there. No; then I remembered having hung them at my bedside. Before very long I found myself once more at the door of the presbytery. I unlocked it, and locked it again as quietly as I could, and glancing up at the house-bell, could not refrain from formulating a fervent prayer that it might not ring again that night. As I crept up the stairs, the light in my hand illuminated the sorrowful features of the Mother of Sorrows. On her knees lay her Crucified Son. I thought of the dead stranger whom I had left in the lonely waiting-room at the station. He more than once had exclaimed: "My poor mother!"

As I stepped into my little chamber, which felt snug and warm after the cold air without and laid the burse and stole down on my prie dieu, the words: "From sudden and unprovoked death, O Lord, deliver us!" escaped my lips. And—where is my dear Rosary? She is at my bed's head. Before I fell asleep—and fatigue prevented me from doing so for a long time—I took down my beads and placed them under my pillow, and the words of the good woman at the station recurred to my mind: "Is it not what you call a rosary?"

The next morning when I was at last roused from a heavy slumber, and the events of the night crowded

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in upon my thoughts, I fancied at first it was all a dream. But, no; it was stern reality, as the stains of blood upon my clothes too surely proved. So I said the De Profundis for the soul departed, and gave heartfelt thanks to our ever compassionate Queen for one more favor received at her loving hands.—Irish Catholic.

THE STORY OF CHRIST

BY GIOVANNI PAPINI
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LAMBS, SERPENTS AND Doves
Those whom Jesus sent out to the conquest of souls were the apostles, but they could be mild as sheep, wary as serpents, simple as doves—sheep without cowardice, serpents without poison, doves without lustfulness.

To be stripped of everything was the first duty of such soldiers. Seeking the poor, they should be poorer than the poor. And yet not beggars, for the laborer is worthy of his hire; the bread of life which they were to distribute to those hungering for justice deserved wheat bread in return. The laborers should set out on their wonderful work destitute of possessions, taking nothing for their journey save a staff only, no scrip, no bread, no money in their purse. They should be shod with sandals, clad in a single garment. The metals are a burden which weighs down the soul. The sheen of gold makes men forget the sun's splendor; the sheen of silver makes them forget the splendor of the stars; the sheen of copper makes them forget the splendor of fire. He who deals with metals weds himself to the earth and is bound fast to the earth. He does not know Heaven, and Heaven does not recognize him.

It is not enough to preach love of poverty to the poor, to talk to them about their suntuous wealth of poverty. The poor do not believe the words of the rich until the rich willingly become poor. The Disciples destined to preach the beauty of poverty to both poor and rich were to set an example of happy poverty to every man in every house on every day. They were to carry nothing with them except the clothes on their backs and the sandals on their feet. They were to accept nothing; only the small piece of daily bread which would find on the tables of their hosts. The wandering priests of the goddess Siria and of other Oriental divinities carried with them, along with the sacred images, the wallet for offerings, the bag for alms, because common people do not value things which cost them nothing. The apostles of Jesus, on the contrary, were to refuse any gift or payment. "Freely ye have received, freely give." And as one of the disguises of wealth is merchandising, the messengers of the Kingdom were to renounce even a change of garments, sandals and staff: were to dispense with everything except the bare essentials.

They were to enter into the houses, open to all in a country where the locks and bolts of fear were not yet known, and which preserved some remembrance of nomad hospitality—they were to speak to the men and the women who lived there. Their duty was to announce that the Kingdom of Heaven was at hand, to explain in what way the kingdom of earth could become the Kingdom of Heaven, and to explain the one condition for this happy fulfilling of all the prophecies—repentance, conversion, transformation of the soul. As a proof that they were sent by One who had the authority to demand this change, they had power to heal the sick, to drive away with their words unclean spirits,—that is, the demons, and the vices which make men like demons.

They commanded men to renew their souls and at once with all the power which had been given them they aided them to commence this renovation. They did not leave them alone with this command, so difficult to execute. After the prophetic word, "The Kingdom is at hand," they began their labors; they worked to restore, to cleanse, to make over these souls which had been abandoned by their rightful shepherds. They explained what it was necessary to do to be worthy of the new Heaven on earth and they lent a hand at once to the work. In short, to complete the paradox they assassinated and brought to life. They killed the old Adam in every convert, but their words were the baptism of the second birth. Pilgrims without purses or bundles, they carried with them truth and life—peace.

"And when ye come into an house salute it," and this was the salutation, "Peace be with you." Those who received them gained peace, those who rejected them continued their bitter warfare. Coming away from the house or from the city which had not received them, they were to shake the dust from their feet, not because the dust of the houses and of the cities of those who were not willing to hear them was contaminated, but because shaking it from their feet is a symbolic answer to their deafness and ingratitude of soul. You have refused all, and will not accept anything from you, not even the dust which clings to our sandals. Because you, made of dust and fated

to return to dust as you are, will not give a moment of your time, nor a piece of your bread, we leave behind us the dust of your streets, down to the least grain.

SPEAK YE IN LIGHT
In their faithfulness to the sublime paradox of Him who sends them, the apostles bring peace and at the same time war! All men are not capable of conversion. In the same family, in the same house, there are some who will believe and others who will not. And there will spring up between them division and warfare, the hard price with which absolute and stable peace can be secured. If all men should listen at the same moment to the voice, if all could be transformed on the same day, the Kingdom of Heaven would be founded in a twinkling of an eye, with no bloody preface of battles.

Furthermore those who do not wish to change themselves, because they do not understand the news, or believe themselves already perfect, will attack the converters and accuse them before tribunals. Representatives of wealth and of the old law will be cruel to the poor who are teaching the new law to the poor. The rich are not willing to concede that their wealth is dangerous poverty; the scribes are not willing to admit that their learning is only deadly ignorance. They will scourge you in their synagogues. . . . But when they deliver you up, take no thought of how or what ye shall speak." Jesus is sure that the poor fishermen, though they have never studied in the schools of eloquence, will find for themselves great words in their hour of accusation. One thought, when it is a great thought and profoundly fixed in the heart, engenders of itself all the derivatory and accessory thoughts, and with them perfect form in which to express them. The converted man who has faith in nothing, who does not feel, burn, and suffer, though he may have studied long with the sophists of Athens and the rhetoricians of Rome, is incapable of improvising one of those powerful and illuminating answers which trouble the conscience of the hardest judges.

They are to speak therefore without fear and without hiding anything of what has been taught them. "What I tell you in darkness that seek ye in light, and what ye hear in the ear, preach ye upon the housetops." With these words Jesus does not ask his Disciples to be more daring than he has been. He has spoken in the darkness, that is in obscurity; He has spoken to them, to His first faithful followers, but what He has said to them along deserted roads and in solitary rooms they are to repeat as He Himself has given them the example, on open squares of cities before crowds of people. He has whispered the truth into their ears, because the truth at first might alarm those not prepared for it, and because there were so few of the Disciples that there was no need to cry aloud. But this truth must be cried out now from the heights, in order that all may hear it, in order that there may be no one to say on that Day that he has not heard it.

Men can kill the body of the man who spreads the truth abroad, but they cannot kill his soul; from the death of a single body thousands of new souls will be born into life. But not even your body will die, because there is One who protects it. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall from the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows." The birds of the air who do not sow, do not die of hunger; you who do not carry even a staff shall not die at the hands of your enemies.

They have with them a secret so precious that the flesh which contains it will not be allowed to perish. Jesus is always with them, even though from afar. What is done to them is done to Him. A mystic identity is created for all eternity between Him who sends them out and those disciples who are sent. "And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

Jesus is the fountain of living water destined to quench the thirst of all the weary, and yet He will take account also of the cup of water which shall have quenched the thirst of the least among His friends. Those who carry with them the water of truth, which purifies and saves, may need some day a cup of the stagnant water buried at the bottom of village wells. Any person who will give them a little of this ordinary, material water will have in exchange a well-spring which intoxicates the soul more than the strongest wine.

The apostles who go about with one garment, with a single pair of sandals, without belts or wallets, poor as poverty, bare as truth, simple as joy, are, in spite of their apparent poverty, diverse forms of a king who has come to found a kingdom greater and happier than all kingdoms, to bring to poor people wealth which is worth more than all measurable riches, to offer to the unhappy a joy more profound than any fleshly pleasures. It suits this new King, as it did the kings of the Orient, to show Himself under many forms, to appear to men in diverse garments. But the dia-

gruses which He prefers even today are these three: Poet, Poor Man, and Apostle.

MAMMON
Jesus is the poor man, infinitely and rigorously poor. Poor with absolute poverty! The prince of perfect destitution! The poor man who lives with the poor, who has come for the poor, who speaks to the poor, who gives to the poor, who works for the poor! Poor among the poor, destitute among the destitute, beggar among the beggars! The poor man of a great and eternal poverty! The happy and rich poor man, who accepts poverty, who desires poverty, who weds himself to poverty, who chants of poverty! The beggar who gives alms! The naked man who covers the naked! The hungry man who feeds others, the miraculous and supernatural, who changes the men, owning false riches into poor men, or only poor men into those with real wealth.

There are poor men who are poor because they were never capable of acquiring wealth. There are other poor men who are poor because they give away every evening what they earned that day; and the more they give the more they have. Their wealth, the wealth of this second class of poor men, grows greater in proportion as it is given away. It is a pile which becomes greater as more is taken away from it.

Jesus was one of these poor men. Compared to one of them, men materially rich, rich as the world esteems wealth, rich with their chests of talents, mina, rupees, florins, shekels, crowns, francs, marks, and dollars, are the lamentable beggars. The money-changers of the forum, the great feasters of Jerusalem, the bankers of Florence and Frankfurt, the lords of London, the multi-millionaires of New York, compared to these poor men are only unfortunate beggars, despoiled and needy; unpaid servants of a fierce master; condemned every day to assassinate their own souls. The wretchedness of such indignity is so terrible that they are reduced to pick up the stones that are found in the mud of the earth, and grope about in filth. Theirs is a poverty so repugnant that not even the poor succeed in bestowing on them the charity of a smile.

Richness is a curse like work, but a harder and more shameful curse. He who is marked with the sign of wealth has committed, perhaps unconsciously, an infamous crime, one of those mysterious and unimaginable crimes which are nameless in human language. The rich man is either under the burden of the vengeance of God, or God wishes to put him to the test to see if he can succeed in climbing up to divine poverty. For the rich man has committed the greatest sin, the most abominable and unpardonable. The rich man is the man who has fallen because of an exchange; he could have had Heaven and he chose Earth. He could have lived in Paradise and he has chosen Hell. He could have kept his soul and he has exchanged it for material things. He could have loved and he has preferred to be hated. He could have had happiness and he has desired power. No one can save him. Wealth in his hands is a metal which buries him alive under its icy mass; it is the tumor which consumes him alive in his corruption; it is the fire which burns him and reduces him to a terrible, black mummy, a blind paralytic, black mummy, a ghostly carrion which everlastingly holds out its empty hand in the cemetery of the centuries, begging in vain for the alms of charitable remembrance.

For him there is only one salvation: to become a poor man, a true and humble poor man; to throw away the horrible destitution of wealth in order to enter again into poverty. But this resolution is the hardest that the rich man can take. The rich man is the man who is sickened by wealth, cannot even imagine that the entire renunciation of wealth would be the beginning of redemption, and because he cannot imagine such an abdication, he cannot even deliberate on it, cannot weigh the alternatives. He is a prisoner in the impregnable prison of himself. To liberate himself he must first be free.

The rich man does not belong to himself, but belongs to the things he has. He has not the time to think, to choose. Wealth is a pitiless master who allows no other masters near him. The rich man cannot think of his soul, bowed as he is under the care of his riches, under the fear of losing his riches, under the material joys which are offered to him by those pieces of matter which are called wealth. He cannot even imagine that his sick, suffocating, mutilated, worm-eaten soul needs to be cured. He has taken up his abode in that part of the world which, according to contracts and laws, he has the right to call his; and often he has not even the time, the wish, or the power to enjoy it. He must serve it and take care of it—he cannot serve it and take care of his own soul. All his power of love is absorbed by these material things, which order him about, which have taken the place of his soul, which have robbed him of all his liberty. The horrible fate of the rich man lies in this double absurdity: in order to have the power to command men he has become the slave of dead things; in order to acquire a part (and such a very small part!) he has lost the whole.

Nothing is ours as long as it is ours alone. Outside of himself man can possess, actually own nothing. The absolute secret of owning other things is to renounce them. Everything is given to him who has refused everything. But he who refuses to grasp for himself, for himself alone, a part of the goods of this world, loses both what he has acquired and everything else. And at the same moment he is incapable of knowing himself, or possessing himself, making himself greater. He has nothing more, not even the things which in appearance belong to him, but to which in reality he belongs; and he has never had his own soul, the one piece of property which is worth possessing. He is the most destitute and despoiled beggar of all the universe. He has nothing. How then can he love others, give to others himself and that which belongs to himself, exercise that loving charity which would conduct him so soon to the Kingdom? He is nothing and he has nothing. He who does not exist cannot change. He who does not possess cannot give. How then can the rich man, who is no longer his own, who has no longer a soul, transform a soul, the only possession of mankind, into something nobler and more precious?

"For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" This question of Christ's, simple like all revelations, expresses the exact meaning of the prophetic threat. The rich man not only loses eternally, but, pulled down by his wealth, loses his life here below, his present soul, the happiness of his present earthly life. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." The Spirit of God are two masters who will not tolerate any division or sharing. They are jealous; they insist on having the whole man. And even if he wishes, the man cannot divide himself in two. He must be all here, or all beyond worldly things. For the faithful servant of the spirit, gold is nothing; for him who serves gold, "spirit" is a word without meaning. He who chooses the spirit throws away gold and all the things bought by gold; he who desires gold puts an end to the spirit and renounces all the benefits of the spirit; peace, holiness, love, perfect joy. The first is a poor man who can never use up his infinite wealth; the other is a rich man who can never escape out of his infinite poverty. By the mysterious law of renunciation, the man possesses even that which is not his—the entire universe; through the hard law of perpetual desire, the rich man does not even possess that little which he believes to be his. God gives immensely more than the immensity which He has promised. Mammon takes away even that very little which he promises. He who renounces everything has everything given him; he who wishes a part for himself alone, finds himself at the end with nothing.

When the horrible mystery of wealth is deeply probed, it is easy to see why the masters of men have considered wealth the kingdom of the Demon himself. A thing which is less than everything else is bought by everything else, a thing which is nothing, the actual value of which is nothing, is bought by giving up everything, is secured by exchanging for it the whole of the soul, the whole of life. The most precious thing is exchanged for the most worthless.

And yet even this infernal absurdity has its reason for being, in the economy of the spirit. Man is not economically and naturally drawn by that nothingness called wealth that he could only be dissuaded from his insensate search for it by putting a price so great, so high, so out of all proportion that the very fact of paying it would be a valid proof of insanity and crime. But not even the conditions of the bargain, the eternal exchanged for the ephemeral, power for servitude, sanctity for damnation, are enough to keep men away from the absurd bargain with the powers of evil. Poor people do not rejoice that they are poor. Their only regret is that they cannot be rich; their souls are contaminated and in peril like those of the wealthy. Almost all of them are involuntarily poor men, who have not known how to make money and yet have lost their spirit; they are only poverty-stricken rich people who have not as yet any cash.

For poverty, voluntarily accepted, joyfully desired, is the only poverty which gives true wealth, spiritual wealth. Absolute poverty frees men for the conquest of the absolute. The Kingdom of Heaven does not promise poor people that they shall become rich, it promises rich people that they shall enter into it when they become freely poor.

TO BE CONTINUED
A WORTHY EXAMPLE
"As I was travelling through Belgium a few years ago," relates a German clergyman, "I found hospitable reception there with one of the wealthiest and noblest families. The father of the house was a member of the Chamber of Assembly-men and a millionaire. After dinner, the lady of the house said to me: "Reverend Father, at seven o'clock we have supper. The house-bell, however, will be rung a quarter of an hour earlier. This need not disturb you, as it is the sign of the Rosary to be said in common by all

the members of the household each night."
In the evening, however, I gladly was disturbed by the house-bell and entered the dining-room to say the Rosary with the good people.

"There I saw the father of the house, noble, wealthy man that he was, kneeling beside a chair on the floor; at another chair knelt the lady of the house. The sons were kneeling beside the house chaplain, the daughters with the instructress. In addition to these, there knelt two servants and all the maid-servants of the house excepting one, who had to prepare supper. The chaplain led in saying the Rosary and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. All the others—though so different from one another in their standing in the world—devoutly answered the prayers in common, like children with equal rights of the one common Father in heaven and the one Mother on earth—the Catholic Church. I, too, knelt down and prayed along. What I experienced thereby in my soul, I cannot describe. Suffice it to say I said a good Rosary; I prayed fervently for my parishioners, and thought at the same time: "If I knew that in some families of my parish every evening, or at least every winter evening, prayers were said in common and with such devotion as in this house, I believe I should be the happiest of pastors."—(Translated from the Vergeis-meinlich.)

PRAYER AND VISION

Prayer has been called the open door for great souls. Prayer gives us a vision of the immortal life, for in all its various forms it is above all a communion with God. Indeed, men of prayer are apt to be men of vision, for they know how to lift themselves above the sordid quests and narrow pursuits of smaller minds to serene contemplation of the highest truths. If men were deprived of the gift and power of prayer, they would at once be cut off, and cut off effectively from the source of highest spiritual power. What the electric current is to the vast machinery that must transport huge loads over many miles, that communion with God in prayer is to the man who must confront some spiritual task which seems impossible of achievement. But we have all known the missionary, who was a man of prayer, influencing the hardest hearts and breaking down the will of the sinner grown gray in iniquity. To ascribe this success in the spiritual order to hypnotism or to the magic power of words, or to the subconscious influence of long buried emotions, were supreme folly. Those who know the sinful heart of man are, who realize the deadening effect of years of sin on his soul, do not ascribe these miracles of the moral order to vapid eloquence or to the verbal gymnastics of a fiery exhorter. They ascribe them to the power of fervent and persevering prayer of petition.

It was the power that came to them in the prayer that enabled the greatest heroes of history to beat down adversity, to see ever the silver lining to the dark cloud, and to keep their eyes fixed on the vision that beckoned them on to larger work and larger conquests for the good of their brethren. Moses on the mountain, the Crusaders before the gates of the Holy City, Francis Xavier opening kingdoms to the sweet name of Christ, Father Marquette voyaging down the Mississippi, all looked forward to the help promised by Christ to those who humbly pray. While the aspirations and desires of those who disbelieve in prayer are confined to the narrow limits of sense and time, the man of prayer rises above little human philosophies to the eternal source of strength and power. We have seen that some of the greatest achievements of genius and wisdom, some of the mightiest deeds of heroism, were wrought by souls uplifted and inspired by communion with Him who is the source of all blessings.

Without the aid of prayer man stumbles through darkness. The discoveries of science do not lend him the same assurance of the supreme value of human life that is born of faith and prayer. It is not derogatory to man to acknowledge God's supremacy by prayer. This act of submission really redounds to his honor and glory. For light and grace are given him to beat down egotistic clamorings, and courage to preserve his self-respect and independence in the face of a lower public opinion.

The cry of the populace of Old Rome when faith in the gods had died away was for "panem et circenses," comforts and amusement. We know the dire results for the proud Empire when the longings of men went out only to those things that pass away. The words of the Divine Master to the arch-tempter that "man liveth not by bread alone" find a grim realization.

And so in these days of social upheaval and strange questionings, of new philosophies and of pseudo-scientific investigations, it would be a social disaster to spread the teaching that prayer of petition to God is unavailing. Not in the multitude of new laws and in the establishment of countless committees of safety, not in loosening the old props of the social order and incalculating disregard of the first duty of every rational creature towards God, lies the way of national peace and prosperity.—The Monitor.

Jesus is enclosed in the tabernacle, that we may always find Him.—Golden Sands.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 17, 1925

THE CHURCH UNITY OCTAVE

“Church Union” has given rise to a public controversy amongst our Presbyterian friends. It has been in the press and in politics until it has become something less than edifying. Nevertheless though Union may mean something quite different from unity it is another phase in the development of a worldwide movement or at least a worldwide sentiment in favor of Christian unity.

The evils of sectarian division are recognized and deplored; and that is the necessary first step toward unity. Secure in the unity which the Divine Founder provided for His Church, Catholics should have a deep charity for all those sincere Christians whose souls are sick of sectarian divisions, whose hearts yearn for that unity for which Christ prayed:

“I pray for them: I pray not for the world, but for them whom Thou hast given me: because they are Thine: and all My things are Thine and Thine are Mine; and I am glorified in them. And now I am not in the world, and these are in the world, and I come to Thee. Holy Father, keep them in Thy name whom Thou hast given Me; that they may be one as We also are. . . . As Thou hast sent Me into the world, I also have sent them into the world. . . . And not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in Me; that they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me.” (John xvii.)

Our separated brethren sometimes say that the Church is comprised of all who are united to Jesus Christ in faith and love; who these are and how many God alone knows; that the Church for which Christ prayed is therefore this invisible Church. Catholic theology also includes all such in the soul of the Church even though separated inculpably from its visible body.

But that unity for which Christ prayed is a visible unity; it was to be a unity so strikingly visible that it would convince the world of Christ's divine mission: “That they all may be one, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me.”

To the Catholic the words of Christ in the Gospels are so clear that sometimes it is hard to understand and believe that non-Catholic Christians can be in good faith. The Acts of the Apostles make it evident that the Twelve understood their mission to be just as Catholics conceive it today. But we fail in Christian charity if we judge them without taking into account the formative influences of traditional Protestant teaching. Newman was deeply religious, was always immersed in religious thought and study; yet for nearly half his long life of ninety years he remained outside the Catholic Church. And Newman is but one of thousands who have taken the better part of a lifetime to find their way back to the Church of their forefathers.

In this annual appeal to our readers to join heart and soul in the Church Unity Octave of prayer we have before quoted the Rev. Dr. Edmund Middleton's remarkable book “Unity and Rome.” It may serve our purpose to quote it again. Dr. Middleton, who is a Protestant Episcopal clergyman, writes:

“In a certain and very real sense it is a sin for the followers of Christ to live in disunity, although we believe that Almighty God in His mercy and understanding of human frailty pardons the misguided actions, which proceed from invincible ignorance. Opinions which shaped themselves, and self-confidence which assumed unwar-

ranted authority, in the heat and strife of the Reformation struggle, have now had abundant opportunity to test themselves in the light of experience and practical results. As men look backward, aided by the perspective of several centuries, misgivings are beginning to arise in many quarters. Under God this growing doubt and dissatisfaction with church conditions are turning the thoughts of men toward Unity—its desirability, nay, its necessity. . . .

“Lovers of unity see in the movement now under way the finger of God. They think of the Spirit of God brooding over the waters at Creation—bringing order out of chaos. Another chaos has invaded the world—this time the Christian world—seeking to rend the Church against which Christ has promised the gates of hell shall never prevail. Once more the Spirit of God—this time in His divine capacity as the Spirit of Truth—is brooding over the waters, enlightening men's understanding, recalling to their minds the will of Christ, showing them the evil results of going contrary to that will, holding out before them the blessings of Unity.”

Of course Catholics know that the gates of hell have not prevailed, will never prevail, against the Church; that Christ's promise could not fail; to Catholics the very suggestion seems to savor of blasphemy. But of the sincerity of the author quoted we have not a doubt in the world, and the very fact that he longs with his whole soul for unity remains outside the Catholic Church should teach us charity, and the sympathy that comes only from charity.

Though Chesterton found the Anglo-Catholic theory no longer tenable he deprecates criticism that he intimates is less than charitable. “I was converted,” he tells us, “by the positive attraction of the things I had not yet got and not by the negative disparagements of such things as I had managed to get already. When these disparagements were uttered, they generally had, almost against my will, the opposite effect to that intended, the effect of a slight set-back. I think in my heart I was already hoping that Roman Catholics would really prove to have more charity and humility than anybody else, and anything that even seemed to savor of the opposite was judged by too sensitive a standard in the mood of that moment.”

It is only with charity, a deep, Christ-like charity that we can enter into the true spirit of the Church Unity Octave. Our humility, too, should be profound. If Catholics never gave scandal would not the way to Unity be clearer and easier for many earnest souls who are groping their way back to the One Fold under One Shepherd?

It can hardly fail to help us to prepare our souls for the prayer of the Church Unity Octave to recall the fact that this week of prayer owes its origin to a group of earnest and fervently pious non-Catholic (Episcopal) clergymen. Under the motto “That they all may be One” they published a little magazine, The Lamp, through which they zealously sought to enlist others in a crusade of prayer for a reunited Christian Church.

Eventually they became Catholics and priests; and now known as the Fathers of the Atonement they add to their prayers the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; and still all their prayers, all their Masses, all their lives are devoted to the one object: “That they all may be One.”

Dr. Middleton, from whose book we quoted above, believes himself to be a Catholic priest. After referring to various efforts to achieve Unity he writes thus of the Church Unity Octave:

“Besides these official actions of bodies of Christians, there is another powerful agency at work, namely prayer—the most potent of all because it is the faith that moves mountains. Thousands of individual souls throughout the world are praying for Unity. Bishops, clergy, inmates of religious houses, the Pope, are daily praying that the will of Christ regarding His Church may be fulfilled. Each year on the 25th of January—the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul—and during the Octave, the Holy Sacrifice and the prayers of the faithful are offered for this intention. God is not unmindful of the prayers of His saints. This great moving force—the work of the Holy Ghost—is gradually illumining the

minds of men, impelling them to definite action towards Unity. The Spirit of God is brooding over the waters.”

The writer is not quite accurate; Jan. 25th is the closing, not the opening, day of the Octave.

Catholics though we are our hearts grow warm at this Protestant clergyman's fervid faith in prayer. It may serve to remind us of the words of our Divine Lord: “I have not found such faith in Israel.” Shall we, too, deserve a like rebuke? Priests, bishops, the Pope himself, urge all to join fervently in the coming Octave of prayer to bring back to the Unity of the Faith all those who have strayed therefrom, and all those who through no fault of their own have inherited the sad legacy of heresy or schism.

“Before all things,” St. Peter exhorts, “have a constant mutual charity among yourselves: for charity covereth a multitude of sins.” Charity means love, and God is charity.

The most beautiful form that the beautiful virtue of Christian charity can take is prayer for others. And that is the particular exercise of charity that is urgently requested of us during the Church Unity Octave. Prayer is a wonderful privilege, a wonderful power.

In the economy of God's providence He allows, He compels, us to depend on one another. In the Communion of Saints it is given us to help souls, hungry and thirsty for the truth. In so far as the spiritual is above the material charity in the spiritual order is above that in the material. “Inasmuch as ye did it to these My least brethren ye did it unto Me.”

It may serve many to reprint from the Ordo the prayers prescribed for the Dioceses of Toronto and London to be said publicly in all the churches with a resident pastor.

Five decades of the Rosary will be recited for the intention of the Octave and then the following: Antiphon: That they all may be one, as Thou, Father in Me and I in Thee; that they may also be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me.

Verses: I say unto thee that thou art Peter. Response: And upon this rock I will build My Church. Let us pray: O Lord Jesus Christ, Who saidst unto Thine Apostles, My peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you; regard not our sins, but the Faith of Thy Church, and grant unto her that peace and unity which are agreeable to Thy will; who livest and reignest God forever and ever. Amen.

O God of unity and peace, grant, we beseech Thee, in the holy name of Jesus, that we who are of many races and tongues, may be united in heart and mind in all that pertains to the advancement of religion and the best interests of our country, through the same Christ, our Lord. Amen.

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THE SISTERS OF SERVICE

There are living today in the outlying districts of the Western Provinces thousands and thousands of children deprived of practically all religious instruction and Catholic environment. In many cases the prevailing sentiment and atmosphere of their communities is anti-Catholic. This is particularly true of Ruthenian districts.

If no help is forthcoming today to the rescue of this rising generation, tomorrow “a voice will be heard on high of lamentation, of mourning and weeping, of the Church like Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted because they will be not.” (Jer. 31, v 15.)

So today the Church needs teachers, catechists, nurses and social workers who will go as missionary sisters into those isolated settlements where the danger for the Faith of the children is the greatest. There they will hold the line of battle until the Church has strengthened her position on the Western front in Canada.

Surely in this dire hour of pressing need our Catholic womanhood will not be found wanting. Catholic women, the home-mission field is waiting for you. Will you come? Anxiously Jesus Christ and His Church await your answer.

The Sisters of Service, 2 Wellesley Place, Toronto. Correspondence invited. The foregoing appeal for recruits for this division of God's army will

reach the eyes of many generous souls who are thinking of consecrating their lives to God's service. Will it stir their minds and touch their hearts?

Outside the Catholic Church in this age of feminism women are claiming the amazing right to enter the ministry on equal terms with men. Within the Church women find ample scope for the widest and most varied service to religion of which they are capable. Religious communities of women all over the world are doing incalculable good in a great variety of ways.

We have grown so familiar with the work of our Sisterhoods that we fail to be impressed with its magnitude. Perhaps the best way to realize what is being done would be to force ourselves to imagine the work of the Church carried on entirely without the aid of the devoted women who staff our schools, hospitals, orphanages and all the other institutions of charity and piety that are now the glory of Catholic womanhood. Many activities of God's Church would be deprived of that essential aid which makes them possible and effective. The world and the nations of the world would suffer a loss irreparable if the religious communities were gone forever. A light would have gone out of the world.

But clearly in the providence of God woman has her full and important share in the work of the Church. There will always be countless thousands of women of whom the world is not worthy to consecrate themselves to service whenever and wherever in the world there is work that the grace of God and Christian charity inspires them to undertake.

Innumerable are the orders, congregations and communities in which this noble army of Christian workers are enrolled. And still new Sisterhoods are founded. At first blush this may seem strange. But conditions vary from age to age; the needs are different in different countries. The national habits, characteristics, mentalities, vary as widely as conditions. The communities founded and trained for particular work in particular countries adapt themselves often to conditions in other climes and train themselves anew for new work.

But this adaptation has its limits; hence new communities arise to meet new and special needs. This is why we have the Sisters of Service. A new, special and pressing need has arisen in Western Canada; a need that can not be met without special training for the special conditions of the work.

For this reason we have deemed it opportune to give prominence to the appeal of the Sisters of Service. There is a work at once patriotic and religious. It is a work we believe that will carry a strong appeal to generous souls.

We are not usurping the office of spiritual adviser in any particular case. Catholic young women do not act lightly nor on mere impulse in such matters. We do, however, direct attention to the Sisters of Service. They invite correspondence whereby full information may be obtained. Then if God wills it the Lord of the harvest will send forth laborers into the western fields white to the harvest.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

ONE by one the Lutheran countries of Northern Europe are awaking to the iniquity of laws, passed in a time of panic and misapprehension, which by circumscribing the liberty of the individual completely nullified their claim to be the abodes of liberty of conscience. Against the Jesuits in particular has this malignant spirit been directed, and in their case too it has exhibited the greatest degree of tenacity. But that it is not immortal the history of the past fifty years bears ample witness. It has disappeared from the statute books of most European countries though from time to time, as in France under its present administration, it raises its ugly head and snarls.

NORWAY APPEARS to be the latest country to fall into line in this matter of abrogating the Lutheran temper of the eighteenth century. Information from Christiania indicates that the Government is presently engaged on a revision of its code, by virtue of which the Jesuits will be permitted to return to Norway and to resume their traditional functions as instructors of youth and spiritual guides of the multitude. To the credit of the

Lutheran bishops it is announced that but two of their number have opposed the measure, and that the action of these two has found no favor with the people. The only opposition that did crystallize at all was that of a Protestant missionary society which, having vainly attempted to get a footing in Madagascar, where there is a flourishing Jesuit mission, vented its spleen in an outcry against the Jesuits at home.

THE AVERAGE man is so accustomed to regard Russia as a whole—that is the Russia of pre-War days—as altogether adherent to the Eastern or Orthodox schism, that it may come as a surprise to such to learn that what was formerly a part of the Russian Empire, but is now the Republic of Lithuania, is fully three-fourths Catholic, and that the Government is in the hands of the “Christian People's Party,” which is entirely Catholic. In this it resembles the famous Centre Party of Germany which under Windthorst and others fought so valiantly against the Kulturkampf—that system of laws inaugurated by Bismarck with the avowed purpose of putting an end altogether to Catholicism under the Empire.

LITHUANIA, LIKE Poland, has kept the Faith during a long period of oppression, which not infrequently turned into open persecution. By these and other more insidious methods Russia sought to force both Lithuanians and Poles into the Orthodox Church. During the past century these heroic peoples produced many martyrs and confessors. With the collapse of Tsardom both Lithuania and Poland won not only independence, but freedom of worship, and priests and people are now zealously united in the task of organizing their forces for the future, paying special attention to the creation of a thoroughly efficient system of Catholic education.

As a means to this end a Catholic Congress assembled at Kovno, the provisional capital, during the Autumn. This Congress was presided over by Mgr. Zecchini, Delegate of the Apostolic See, and was participated in by the Bishop of Kovno and his Coadjutor. The delegates numbered five hundred, representing every class and section of the Republic. Questions of national interest were discussed, chiefly Education, Charity and permanent organization. The effect of the Congress is that the whole Catholic population is fired with new ambition to erect a nation on a firm Catholic foundation.

THE REDEMPTORISTS IN PORTO RICO

By Rev. R. A. McGowan. Twenty-three American Redemptorists of the Baltimore Province are conducting what is equivalent to a foreign mission work, though under the American flag, in three of the more populous sections of Porto Rico, ministering to nearly 50,000 souls in city parishes and over 40,000 in country districts. In addition, they are conducting missions throughout the island. Assisting them in the five parochial schools connected with these parishes are thirty-five Sisters of Notre Dame from Baltimore, fifteen Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul from St. Louis, and twenty-one Porto Rican lay teachers.

American Redemptorists celebrated the twenty-second anniversary of their work in Porto Rico on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. Opening their work on December 8, 1902, in Mayaguez on the west coast of the island with four priests, they have extended it until now they embrace their original parish at Mayaguez with the town of Caguas, both of which have large rural populations in the vicinity, the residential suburb of Miramar adjacent to San Juan, and the congested Puerto de Tierra section of San Juan itself. They have churches and parish schools in Mayaguez, Caguas, San Juan and Miramar, three rural churches in the vicinity of Mayaguez, and eight rural churches in the vicinity of Caguas.

They commenced their work in response to urgent appeals for help following the American occupation of Porto Rico during the Spanish-American War. A native clergy had not been developed in sufficient numbers to care for the people. Many of the priests were Spaniards and some of them left when Porto Rico passed from the Spanish flag. At the same time a vast influx of Protestant missionaries and lay workers poured into the country from the United States, determined to make Porto Rico Protestant, under the aegis of what was considered a Protestant country. They were well supplied with funds.

Into this situation American Redemptorists entered. During the past seven years alone they have baptized 15,000 infant children and adults. They have conducted missions in nearly every city and town on the island and in many of the rural districts.

COMMUNISM AND SOCIALISM

By H. Somerville, M. A., in the Catholic Times.

A discussion has been proceeding in the Labour press as to the relations between political Labor and Communism. The Labour Party, which long refused the applications of the Communist Party to be affiliated to it on the same terms as Socialist organizations like the I. L. P., took a more drastic step at its last annual Conference by resolving to exclude Communists from individual membership of the party. The resolution is not likely to be made effective, for a few days afterwards the Battersea Labor Party adopted a Communist as the candidate for North Battersea, and he has been elected to Parliament. Mr. Clynes has declared the Communist Party to be Labor's enemy, like the Conservative Party, but it is clear that a great section of the Labor movement do not agree with him.

I do not propose in this article to discuss the relation of the Labor Party to Communism, but of Socialism to Communism, for if Labor is at all related to Communism it is through its unfortunate marriage with Socialism.

DEFINITIONS

Does Socialism differ from Communism, and how? Father Joseph Rickaby, S. J., in his “Moral Philosophy,” says: “The Communist forbids all private property; the Socialist allows private property, but in the shape of Consumers' Wealth alone.” It is seldom that this distinguished philosopher falls in accuracy, but it is certain that Communists generally have not objected to all private property. There may have been individual Communists pedantic enough to say that a man should not own his shoe laces or his mother's photograph, but Communism as a political system has never involved such rigorism.

Father Victor Cathrein, S. J., a philosopher with a world-wide reputation and the author of a standard Catholic book on Socialism, begins this book by saying:

“Communism has a wider significance than Socialism. By Communism in its wider sense we understand that system of economics which advocates the abolition of private property and the introduction of community of goods, at least as far as capital, or means of production, is concerned. . . . Socialistic Communism, or simply Socialism, advocates the transformation of all capital, or means of production, into the common property of society, or of the State, and the administration of the produce and the distribution of the proceeds by the State.”

Father Cathrein thus treats Socialism as a species of Communism, its specific character being that common ownership takes the form of State ownership. Although it needs some amplification to bring it up to date, Father Cathrein's statement is substantially accurate.

A FRIENDLY WITNESS

This question of “Socialist” and “Communist” is a very old one. We could not have a better witness on it than Frederick Engels, the life-long friend, colleague and interpreter of Marx. In 1888 Engels wrote a preface for a new edition of the famous “Communist Manifesto” which he and Marx had originally issued in 1848. He speaks of the

“most widespread, the most international production of all Socialist literature. Yet, when it was written, we could not have called it a Socialist Manifesto. By Socialists, in 1847, were understood, on the one hand, the adherents of the various Utopian systems: Owenites in England, Fourierists in France, both of them already reduced to the position of mere sects, and gradually dying out; on the other hand, the most multifarious social quacks, who, by all manners of tinkering, professed to redress, without any danger to capital and profit, all sorts of social grievances, in both cases men outside the working class movement, and looking rather to the educated classes for support. Whatever portion of the working class had become convinced of the insufficiency of mere political revolutions, and had proclaimed the necessity of a total social change, that portion, then, called itself Communist. It was a crude, rough-hewn, purely instinctive sort of Communism; still, it touched the cardinal point and was powerful among the working class to produce the Utopian Communism, in France, of Cabot, and in Germany, of Weitling. Thus Socialism was, in 1847, a middle-class movement, Communism a working-class movement. Socialism was, on the Continent at least, ‘respectable’; Communism was the very opposite. And as our notion, from the very beginning, was that ‘the emancipation of the working class must be the act of the working class itself,’ there could be no doubt as to which of the two names we must take. Moreover, we have, ever since, been far from repudiating it.”

INTERCHANGEABLE TERMS

Every Catholic social student knows the Encyclical of 1878 in

which Pope Leo XIII. dealt specially with Communism and Socialism and spoke of them as one sect. No matter what authorities he consulted, whether it be Socialists themselves, like Engels, or their critics, like Pope Leo XIII., the testimony is unanimous that Socialism and Communism have been, to a large extent, interchangeable terms. Communists have considered themselves the genuine sort of Socialist, while the most influential Socialists, taking Europe as a whole, have not repudiated the name Communist. The relation has been very much the same as that between the terms Liberal and Radical in England.

Since the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia the term Communist has been adopted particularly by those Socialists who believe that Socialism cannot be attained without a working class revolt—by violent and not merely legal means. In other words, Communists differ from Socialists as to means, not ends. They both want to substitute common for private ownership of land and capital. As to the form of this common ownership, both parties are now vague. It is no longer possible to say definitely that Socialists propose State ownership. But that is another question.

THE WITNESS OF THE “NEW LEADER”

The moderate Socialists of the present day, despite Mr. Clynes, are not repudiating Communism. The “New Leader,” the organ of the I. L. P., and the exponent of evolutionary Socialism, said editorially on November 14th last:

“Nor can we follow Mr. Clynes, when he invites us to regard Communists as our ‘enemies’ in the sense that ‘Conservatives are our enemies.’ They are a distracting nuisance, and their manners they are, by the way, vastly more offensive in what they say of us than they ever are to Mr. Clynes and the Right Wing) are deplorable. For our own part we prefer to ignore them. We think the Labor Party did right to reject their application for membership. Their methods and belief in violence are not ours, and we cannot work with them. If they were a serious danger—which they are not—we should have to oppose them. But even if we had to oppose them we should insist on regarding them, however much we differ from them, as men who are on the same side of the dividing trenches as we are. Their aim is to make an end of the system of exploitation called capitalism, and that also is our aim. The whole purpose of Conservatism is to defend it. The view which Mr. Clynes takes of our relation to Communists and Tories could gain ground only if Labor were to forget this central aim.”

THE WITNESS OF THE DAILY HERALD

The Daily Herald has published many letters since the election discussing the questions at issue between Communists and Socialists. It headed this discussion: “Which Way to the New State?” “Persuasion or Force in Bettering Conditions,” (Daily Herald, Nov. 12). This clearly suggests that the difference is as to the route and not the goal. The Herald editor expressed himself succinctly in the issue of November 4. “Certainly,” he wrote in a note appended to a correspondent's letter, “it is a Communist doctrine that power must at a given moment be seized by force, and then for a period held by force. That is where Communists differ from Socialists, who believe in persuasion and constitutional, not forcible, means.”

The only clear difference between Communists and Socialists is on the question whether private owners can be dispossessed of their land and capital without illegal violence. Socialists do not admit any more than Communists, the moral right of owners to their property. They will take that property away by force when they can, but it will be by legal force, when they have got a Parliamentary majority. To those who believe in the natural right to private property there is little moral difference between legal and illegal robbery. If a man has to choose between having his land and capital taken from him by Act of Parliament or by edict of a Soviet, he may well say that it does not much matter either way.

THE INEVITABLE RESULT

It has to be said, however, that Socialists propose to compensate the dispossessed owners. If they could and would compensate equitably then they might transfer the means of production to the State without a plain violation of the moral law. But how could they compensate? Where would the money come from? If by taxation before compensation the owners would be compensated with their own money. As a matter of fact, however, it would be a financial impossibility to raise the money by taxation. The only alternative is borrowing. But then the Socialist State would be taking over the means of production mortgaged up to the eyes, probably over the eyes. It would have to pay interest on that mortgage debt roughly equal to all that the owners had formerly received as rent and interest. It would have created a rentier class more parasitic than any ever known before. What would be the good of Socialism bought at such a price? The only answer that Socialists can make to this question is to suggest that the receipts of the rentiers can be taxed, which means that after compensation has been given it will be taken away.

The Communists have no use for compensation which is only camouflage. They assert, with invincible logic, that the only way of getting common ownership of the means of production is to confiscate private property. And they do not believe that private owners will submit peacefully to confiscation, even if there are a majority of Socialists in Parliament.

ARCHBISHOP MOELLER PASSES

Cincinnati, O., Jan. 6.—Archbishop Moeller died suddenly at 10:50 o'clock Monday night from the effects of a heart attack. Shortly after celebrating Mass at midnight on Christmas Eve, the archbishop suffered an attack of grippe, which, however, did not confine him to his bed.

The deceased prelate is survived by his brother, Right Rev. Mgr. Bernard Moeller, Chancellor, Rev. Ferdinand Moeller, S. J., St. Louis, Mo.; and Sister Henry Marie, Cincinnati.

The archbishop was born in Cincinnati, Dec. 11, 1849, in the humble home of Bernard and Teresa Moeller, who came here from Germany. After completing his preliminary education in St. Joseph's Parochial school, he entered St. Francis Xavier College from which he graduated with high honors in 1866.

He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1876 from the Propaganda. Shortly after his ordination in St. John Lateran Basilica on June 10, 1876, he returned to America, celebrating his first solemn Mass in St. Joseph Church, Cincinnati, in August. Having served as pastor of St. Patrick Church, Bellefontaine, until October, 1877, he was appointed professor at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Monteville, his former rector at the American College, Rev. Silas M. Chatard, had been appointed Bishop of Vincennes (afterwards the diocese of Indianapolis), and requested Father Moeller to come to Indiana and act as his secretary.

Archbishop Moeller was not permitted to see the realization of his dream of a system of Catholic High schools for the archdiocese, but he did succeed in setting in motion the project for such institutions. He issued a special pastoral letter on the subject last July.

CONSCIENCE IS STILL WITH US

Chicago, Jan. 2.—Under the above caption The Chicago Tribune reports the following: Floyd Irvine, eighteen years old, of San Francisco, Cal., entered the Central Police station yesterday, asked for the desk lieutenant, and was about to burst into tears when Acting Lieutenant Maurice McMahon inquired into his troubles.

"That's easy, young man," and Lieutenant McMahon called to Lockup Keeper Charles Mead. They congratulated the youth for his act while they listened to his story. When they had assigned him to a cell, Prantice Hengelvelv from New Jersey walked in.

The Lieutenant interrupted him. Then Hengelvelv blurted out: "I'm wanted in Paterson, N. J., for stealing an automobile, and I want to give myself up and get started right for the new year."

BISHOP SPEAKS TO JEWS

DELIVERED AN ADDRESS ON "CITIZENSHIP IN NEW JEWISH TEMPLE

Cleveland, O., Dec. 18.—A precedent, so far as Cleveland is concerned, was established here this week when the Right Rev. Joseph Schrembs, Bishop of Cleveland, went to the newly dedicated \$1,000,000 Jewish Temple and delivered an address on "Citizenship, Its Rights and Duties."

The mission of America, in the Providence of God, the Bishop said, is to perpetuate the principles on which the government was founded; to acknowledge the equality of all men before the law. This fundamental right is written into the basic law of the land, he pointed out, and not the gift of this or that set of men, but the birthright of every man and woman living under the Stars and Stripes.

Turning his attention to "self-constituted bodies that assume to safeguard the country" and which proscribe certain races and creeds, the Bishop thus characterized these organizations: "They stand not for the Constitution of the United States as it is written, not for the principles proclaimed by the Declaration of Independence; no, they stand for an Invisible Empire, they stand for a rule of terror, for mob violence masked, and the masquerading with a hood over their head and a sheet over their body, they go about like demons in the night to the light of a glaring torch."

"It is time that American citizens, no matter what race, no matter what creed, wake up to the tremendous problem that confronts us from time to time and by every power within our reach stand up and fight for the rights for which our sons fought and died." A citizen, the Bishop said, has rights even above and beyond those listed in written constitutions and declarations of independence. These rights, he added, are derived from God and are inalienable and "no tyrannical minority or tyrannical majority can deprive us of them."

Following the Bishop's address, Dr. A. H. Silver, Rabbi of the Jewish Congregation, spoke briefly in commendation and appreciation of the sentiments expressed by the Bishop.

"It is a remarkable event in the life of a community and the life of the nation," Rabbi Silver said, "when a dignitary of a great church, a great religious institution which touches the lives of millions of men and women and blesses them, speaks in a place just dedicated to the traditions of the faith which our fathers handed down to us and expresses ideals so broad, so all impressive, so good and so true as were expressed by the Catholic Bishop. I think such an event is truly epoch making and significant of better days and finer understandings and greater cooperation among all men."

MAYENCE CATHEDRAL IN DANGER

Mayence Cathedral, we learn, is giving signs of collapse. Many of the piers on which the foundations rest have been destroyed through infiltration of water. Since 1909 extensive repairs were carried on, but conditions have now become critical. The English Catholic News Service writes about this ancient

memorial of the Catholic Church, which goes back for its beginning to the first millennium of our era: "The history of this fine cathedral is one of accidents. Begun in the year 975, it caught fire on the very day of its dedication in 1009. Rebuilding was begun at once, but a hurricane threw down part of the structure in 1079, and two years later the nave and the eastern choir were gutted by fire. At the beginning of the twelfth century new foundations were laid, but in 1187 the cathedral and the town were laid low by yet another fire. The cathedral suffered from an earthquake in 1146, it has been menaced twice since then by fire, and down to as late as 1793 it suffered a series of accidents, the last being the gunfire of the Prussian army in the last named year."

It is announced that unless considerable under-pinning can be carried out, part of this venerable historic edifice may now be doomed to collapse.—America.

GIRL CATECHISTS

Rio Piedras, Porto Rico, Dec. 10.—Students in the University of Porto Rico have organized to teach catechism in Rio Piedras, the university town, and in the surrounding country. Fifty university girls are attempting in the teaching of catechism in six districts to an average of three hundred children a week.

These students are residents of Trinity Academy, a home for university girls under the direction of the Missionary Servants of the Most Blessed Trinity, whose mother house is in Holy Trinity, Alabama. The academy was built by Right Rev. George Caruana, D. D., Bishop of Porto Rico, and was opened in September, 1923. It is a large three storied building, housing besides private rooms for the students, a chapel, a study hall, an assembly hall and a swimming pool.

Seven Sisters are in charge, and there are seventy-three university students living in the academy. The catechetical work is the first work undertaken by the Censule Lay Apostolate to which all the girls belong. They teach catechism wherever they can gather the children together. One of the centers is a roadside chapel between Rio Piedras, the university town, and San Juan, the capital of Porto Rico. Another is a base ground in the outskirts of Rio Piedras. Still another class is held on the roadway of a sugar cane plantation to the south of the town, where the teacher and children seek the taller patches of sugar cane so as to be sheltered from the heat of the tropical sun.

As time goes on, it is expected that other work will be undertaken by the students in the Censule Lay Apostolate. A sewing class has already been started in a rented cottage that stands next door to the academy.

As the girls graduate and return to their homes, or start teaching school or doing other work, they will continue their lay apostolate and establish new centers. This has already been done by last year's graduates of the university and by other girls during their summer vacations and holidays. The work this school year has been extended to Barrio Obrera, a residential suburb of modest homes that were built by the Porto Rican Government and are being bought by the occupants on long-time instalments to relieve the congestion and wretched housing of the low-lands near San Juan. Further work is now being started by the Missionary Servants, who have charge of Trinity Academy, in the intensely poverty-stricken section of Puerto di Tierra in San Juan itself.

FOREIGN MISSION NEWS LETTER

AN INCIDENT IN BENGAL This incident related by Father C. Brooks has more than an ordinary touch of the heroic in it.

The native in question, having been engaged to teach in the girls' school at Toomiliah, reported for his work much against the wishes of his relatives. They threatened violence. The teacher pleaded with Father Brooks for protection and asked permission to live at the mission compound.

Hidden away in the mountains of Northern China there is a Cistercian monastery—the Abbey of Our Lady of Consolation, where a continuous holocaust of prayer and sacrifice ascends to God from nearly a hundred monks, most Chinese.

Africa, where Father Marsan of the White Fathers is pastor. Through his splendid faith and example this aged chief has kept many members of his tribe faithful to their religion. During the past year, the congregation of the district increased from seventeen hundred converts to over three thousand.

PROGRESS IN JAPAN

"Though slow, progress here is sure," reports Right Rev. J. Castanier of Osaka. "There are no mass conversions—we cannot expect that in Japan—but there are indications that a better time is fast approaching. The thinking people are reading and studying the greatest story of Catholic Japan in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, while some professors in the famous Imperial University at Tokyo have published the result of their researches in the 'Bulletin of History and Archeology.' The spirit of the researches are not favorable to Christianity. For three hundred years the Government tried to crush the faith of Christ. They called it the 'Perverse Religion' and declared it must be eliminated or the country would be lost. The authors of the above volume would not act against the Shogun Government, but at least they have been honest and fair, presenting Christianity in its true garb. Needless to remark on how much good their statements will do among the educated people of Japan."

CIVILIZATION METHODS

In this matter the Church enjoys well known advantages over all the sects. One of the best means is "confession" regarding it merely from the human side. The principal defect of a barbarous and emotional people is the lack of reflection, amounting in some to an almost utter want of conscience. Teaching them to reflect on their acts and even on their desires, in the light of God's Commandments, is a most effective means of education. Catholic children are observed to differ widely from those of Protestants and pagans in this respect.

FATHER FRASER IN ROME

Father Fraser left New York on the Olympic on December 27th and the priests and students of China Mission Seminary are anxiously awaiting the results of his visit to the Seat of Christendom, expecting to learn on his return that Canada has been allotted a suitable location in China for the work of evangelization.

The Holy Year Pilgrimage, and the wave of missionary enthusiasm centered in the Eternal City, seem to make it a propitious time for his visit. Father Fraser has the distinction of being the first English-speaking, secular priest to labor in China. He blazed the trail for many of the present missionary movements laboring there, and our prayers should be redoubled that his visit to Rome will be entirely successful, and that a field worthy of Canadian Missionaries and suitable to Canadian health and mentality may be the result.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

TAKING STOCK

The year 1924 is just at an end and as we hesitate upon the threshold of the new period of time it is but natural that in order to ascertain the accuracy of our bearings before marching onwards, we take a retrospective glance over the fleeting days which have made up the present year.

Whither is our course leading? Are we making straight for the goal which all men hope to reach, or is the present line of conduct causing us to deviate? At the end of each year every prudent business man goes through the troublesome task of taking stock. It is a necessary proceeding if he would know the exact condition of his business. Thus he finds whether or not the year has been profitable. He sees what investments have been good and those from which he has suffered loss, which results in his dropping the losing lines and increasing the stock which has brought returns.

Should not the prudence which in a purely business matter causes a man to take pains and trouble in the advancement of his temporal interests, prompt us to pursue a similar line of action regarding the all-important work of salvation, and follow his example in the matter of the profitable and unprofitable lines of goods we carry.

What amount of profit for Eternity have we made during the year just closed? We have been more or less faithful to certain religious obligations, but how about the temporal things which God has permitted us to acquire? Have we been selfish, spending everything in promoting our own ambitions, amusements and pleasures; or charitable, giving part to God by helping to promote His interests? Have not many of our investments been unprofitable from a standpoint of mere worldly gain? If so, why not follow the example of the business man and eliminate the selfish things which cannot be considered a good investment. A business without profit is worse than useless; if persevered in it will bring failure and ruin. We

must make the business of our salvation a success. It can be done by loving God above all things and our neighbor as ourself. Some of God's creatures, our neighbors, are in very great spiritual need. We can alleviate their wants by sending money to Catholic Church Extension Society, whose business it is to supply the spiritual deficiencies in their lives.

There is no factor so important in the development of the Church in Canada today and in stopping the leakage from her ranks, especially among our New Canadians, as the work of Church Extension. You have heard something about it, but you do not begin to realize its importance. Could the people of the East, clergy and laity, with their fine churches, parish houses and schools, be convinced of the absolute necessity of Extension Society, such sacrifices would be made that their donations would increase a hundred fold the Society's work.

At the beginning of a new year, we ask our readers to make it one of their good resolutions to assist as much as possible our work for Home Missions by contributing what they can and by encouraging those with whom they come in contact to do likewise. Become a booster for Catholic Church Extension.

We extend our most grateful thanks to the benefactors whose generosity enabled us to accomplish so much during the year just closing and beg God to grant them a still greater zeal for His work and to bless them abundantly for the New Year.

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

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IRRISISTIBLE IMPULSE

(By N. C. W. C. News Service) London, Eng.—A Catholic medical man, Dr. T. Colvin, K. S. G., has made a notable statement on what constitutes an "irresistible impulse." He chose for his audience the Catholic prisoners at Barlinnie jail, Glasgow. The local branch of the Catholic Young Men's Society has for three years arranged a weekly talk for these prisoners, and when they secured the services of Dr. Colvin he chose a topic eminently suited to the occasion. The "irresistible impulse" has been pleaded several times lately in English courts as an excuse for crime.

The so-called "irresistible impulse" is very rare in sane people, declared Dr. Colvin. If we closely analyzed our desires, or observed them in others, we would come to the conclusion that what was called an "irresistible impulse" was in reality the culminating point, or the climax, in a chain of causes that had led up to that impulse.

If a man had a desire for an object, whether lawful or unlawful, and if he nursed that desire and allowed it to dominate his whole being, then when an opportunity presented itself it was only natural that he could not resist the temptation to seize upon the object of his desire. But if, on the other hand, he had nipped his desire in the bud, he could have resisted the temptation to gain his objective. In plain terms, said Dr. Colvin, an "irresistible impulse" in a normal person is an impulse that could have been controlled at the beginning before it controlled us.

The moral was that the wisdom of two thousand years' experience of human nature that children were taught in Catholic schools—avoid all occasions of sin, and to shun temptation to evil as they would shun a foul disease.

RUSSIA CHANGES POLICY

A change in Russia's anti-religious policy, not unlike the change in the economic policy, is foreshadowed in reports received from Moscow. The Bolshevik leaders who undertook to drive capital out of existence were forced to abandon their attack even during the life of Lenin, who realized that it was bringing Russia to ruin. It now appears that the advanced communists, who have carried on a relentless war against religion, are coming to the conclusion that they will meet with similar failure.

Bucharin, Lunacharsky and others inveighed against religion constantly as being the strongest prop of the capitalist system. As in the case of the Catholic priests who were convicted with Mgr.

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BURSES "IN THE NAME OF JESUS EVERY KNEE SHALL BOW" During this month of the Holy Name, we ask our friends to add a mite to our Burses, especially Holy Name Burse. Such donations will be used expressly for the education of a missionary for China, whether he will carry the Holy Name of Jesus to multitudes who have never heard it. If you aid him to accomplish this glorious apostolate, you will have a share in this glorious apostolate. Help to carry to a pagan land the Name whereby all men shall be saved. Could there be a higher or holier way of beginning the New Year, or a surer means of drawing down upon yourselves God's best gifts? QUEEN OF APOSTLES BURSE Previously acknowledged \$3,187 88 Friend, Guelph... 2 00 ST. ANTHONY'S BURSE Previously acknowledged \$1,805 45 Job. M. Graf, Chestow... 2 00 IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BURSE Previously acknowledged \$2,966 48 J. O. A. G. ... 25 00 COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED BURSE Previously acknowledged \$488 95 ST. JOSEPH, PATRON OF CHINA BURSE Previously acknowledged \$8,899 88 Mrs. Wm. M., Petrolca... 3 00 BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSE Previously acknowledged \$548 80 ST. FRANCIS XAVIER BURSE Previously acknowledged \$418 80 HOLY NAME OF JESUS BURSE Previously acknowledged \$841 25 HOLY SOULS BURSE Previously acknowledged \$1,946 89 St. John's, Nfld... 4 00 Mrs. A. Rathwell, Congress... 1 00 LITTLE FLOWER BURSE Previously acknowledged \$1,338 74 S. A. M. ... 5 00 SACRED HEART LEAGUE BURSE Previously acknowledged \$8,818 70

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.
FIRST SUNDAY AFTER
EPIPHANY

THE SANCTITY OF MARRIAGE

"At that time there was a wedding in Cana of Galilee, and the Mother of Jesus was there." (John II, 1)

The very presence of Jesus was sanctifying; no one in any sense disposed toward grace could be near Him and not come under His influence. The attractiveness of Jesus brought souls to Him in all their purity; in fact, it was only the pure, and those who, though once stained, were repentant, that were attracted by Him. The wicked, at the time He walked the earth, as today, scoffed at Him and approached Him only from wicked motives. For this reason they never gained His favor nor received His sanctifying grace. No one can be an enemy of God and receive His divine grace while continuing in sin. There must be a complete change before grace can abide with the sinner; for it expels sin as the sun does darkness.

But Christ by His presence did not sanctify people only; for places and things were sanctified by Him as well. What places are more hallowed today than the scenes of Christ's life and passion? What earthly object is more sanctified than the cross upon which He died? We see the effect of the power He instilled in things, especially in the sacraments. In all of them there is something material, some visible sign which, when placed as ordered by Him, is the means of life-giving grace flowing into our souls. In the Gospel of this Sunday, the Fathers are wont to see an instance of the sanctifying presence of Jesus at a wedding feast. By His presence at this marriage, the contract received a sacredness which He had pronounced belongs to it. And it was not this marriage alone that He sanctified, but all Christian marriages.

Marriage was not a sacrament in the Old Law. Nay, it even had lost its primal sanctity, God permitting exceptions to the rule He established regarding it, because of the wickedness and hardness of heart of so many of the people. But this lenient permission of God in the case of marriage, as in many other customs and ceremonies of the Old Law, was not to last. When the fullness of time would have come, marriage would not only be made as it was in the beginning, but it would receive an additional dignity—it would become a sacrament. This work Christ was to perform, and He clearly made it known that He did so, and indicated, evidently, that it must be monogamic. The husband and wife united in lawful marriage were to be husband and wife as long as they both lived. It was only the death of one that could permit another marriage of the other. There would be times perhaps when they would separate—specifically if one of the parties were guilty of adultery—but neither of the parties could enter into a new marriage as long as both were alive. Nothing but death severs the ties of matrimony—a union that God has made and sanctified—"what God has joined together let no man put asunder."

Alas, how much the world has separated from this law of God, and set up one of its own! What city is without its divorce courts, where men and women daily attempt to sever the links that God has eternally welded? We cannot exactly blame these courts for their existence; but we must blame the people who have brought it about that their presence is required. Upon what slight complaints and petty grievances of the one and the other these sacred ties are pronounced broken! What a mockery to have said to each other for better or for worse! Above all—and this is the greatest of all divorce evils—what a defiance of God's law, that law that is wise, that is eternal! What a disobedience to His commands!

The principal ends in matrimony are mutual help and the procreation of children. The possibilities of a divorce proceeding destroys them. Rather than mutual help, we see disgusting egotism; rather than the procreation and education of children, we see marriage used for the lowest end man and woman can propose to themselves, and children roaming the world parentless and homeless. It has gone to such extremes in many cases that not even the existence of angelic little ones—the rich fruit of a union—will hold man and wife together. The home is being replaced by a room in a hotel or a little quarter in an apartment house. And, unfortunately, the lesser the homes, the greater the crimes! Would that the family hotel were a true word. We must not be skeptical of all bearing this name, but there is poison in the combination. Divorce has brought all this about and it bids fair to play yet greater havoc among people.

Certainly, humanly speaking, incompatibility sometimes exists, but it is not an instantaneous production. In almost all cases it existed when the marriage vows were pronounced; that it comes about afterward is nothing more than a manifestation of its presence. Mutual help is the parasite to its very existence. Where there is egotism, there is marriage stripped of all its qualities. Marriage should be of compatibilities and not of foolish future expectations.

They who marry their kind, for the real ends of marriage, will never know there is such a word as incompatibility in the language, at least, from experience.

But how is one to know his or her kind? It is to be learned from the laws of the Church. Every Catholic is acquainted, or should be, with the chapter in the Baltimore Catechism on matrimony. There the wisdom of the Church—greater than which no other exists—is set before those considering marriage. The Church, too, is speaking with the experience of almost two thousand years to her credit. The Church predicted the only preservation of the home, and the Church today is the only preserver of the home. She has seen all the incompatibilities of today, the compatibilities of yesterday, and she is seeing them yet where God's grace is present. The Church alone puts before people the ends for which they marry. Will you doubt that, if people married from the proper motives and with the right ends in view, there would be no divorces? Must you not admit that day after day, by the hundreds, couples are marrying at an age when a bud that would otherwise some day blossom is spoiled forever? You need not call it crime. Call it imprudence if you will. But we may ask, who is to blame? Alas, in most cases it is the parents! Many of them did likewise. What is to be done? What can be done with a perverse society? Nothing, unless God and His Church be obeyed.

Catholics, fortunately, as a whole, are faithful to the Catholic law. But there are many cases where even they have followed the path of divorce. Of course, where they have done so, they have abandoned the work of their salvation, and defied their mother, the Church. Say what they will, their excuses are vain. Christ, who made the laws of marriage severe and stringent, has given to all who come under them grace sufficient to enable them to obey. In the Old Law, it was different. Marriage, not being a sacrament, had not the grace attached to it that is united to it in the New Law.

Customs of countries and of peoples can never justify Catholics in any divorce proceedings. Such customs, since they are contrary to God's eternal law, cannot lawfully exist. They are a continual defiance of God's wise, eternal legislation and unless abolished in time will bring a disaster that may call what will remain of man to a fair trial and if they fail to do what we claim for them write us and we will refund the money.

THE LIFE-BLOOD OF A MASTER SPIRIT

Those who have had to do with the training of little children understand how real, how poignant are the joys and sorrows, the hopes and disillusionments of this age of innocence and trust. If older people have their hours of exaltation and anguish—and who among them has not—the little folks, too, experience the strange, seemingly unreasonable fluctuations between happiness and discouragement.

Teachers as well as parents know that the soul of the child is as melted wax, ready to be formed at a motion of the hand. What this formation shall be is of the utmost importance in the after life of the child; therefore the duty of guidance, of counseling, of instructing, is a most solemn one.

In an old and familiar classic there is a scene which has had a grip on the hearts of thousands of readers in every land where English is a familiar tongue. It shows us a child of ardent and tender sensibilities who has been misunderstood and laughed at in the presence of her elders. Not realizing that in humiliations are the universal lot of everyone sooner or later in life, the child, overcome by a fit of passionate resistance, rushes away and seeks refuge in the attic. Here, striving to divert her mind from its sorrow, she opens an old chest and finds there, among other treasures of forgotten days, a little worn book.

"She took up the little, old, clumsy book with some curiosity; it had corners turned down in many places, and some hand, now forever quiet, had made at certain passages, strong pen and ink marks, long since browned by time. The child turned from leaf to leaf where the quiet hand pointed:

"Know that the love of thyself doth hurt thee more than anything in the world. If thou seekest this or that or wouldst be here or there to enjoy thy own will and pleasure, thou shalt never be quiet or free from care, for in everything somewhat will be wanting and in every place there will be some one that will cross thee. Both above and below, which way soever thou shalt turn thee, everywhere thou shalt find the Cross and everywhere of necessity thou must have patience

if thou wilt have inward peace and enjoy an everlasting crown."

The words are familiar to all of us. In some cherished copy of the Imitation we have frequently met them and realized how true to life they are. And, like the unhappy child poring over the magic words in her attic room, and awakening to the startling realization that if life is a combination of pain and happiness, there is a remedy for the pain, we realize that the old monk who penned these lines long ago in the seclusion of his cloister was one of the greatest geniuses the world has ever known.

"A good book," says Milton, "is the precious life-blood of a Master Spirit." Its message travels down through the centuries, and thousands of weary-souled men and women, yes, even little children are attracted by the saneness and the wisdom of it. For when we are tossed by turbulent currents, when doubts and perplexities and helpful weariness assail us, there is always a comforting and trustworthy voice ready to speak the word that shall fit our individual case as exactly as if it were the voice of some loved and trusted friend who perhaps may be far from us now, on the boundless shores of Eternity.

To study one such little book, to familiarize ourselves with its doctrine, to take it up haphazard and open it at almost any page will become a practice well worth the effort given in the beginning. And then, when in the midst of the busy world, some sudden storm breaks interiorly or exteriorly over us, when, perhaps, we have neither leisure nor opportunity to read the printed words, we will recall in the depths of our souls some helpful message, some bit of wise philosophy that shall serve to tide us over in this emergency and keep our souls in peace.—The Pilot.

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SCIENCE

DEMONSTRATES EXISTENCE OF A CREATOR SAYS KELVIN

James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., in America

At the end of June of this year occurred the hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Thomson usually known as Lord Kelvin who, while the acknowledged dean of physical science at the beginning of the twentieth century, did not hesitate to proclaim that science demonstrates the existence of a Creator. This shows so different an attitude toward creation from that which is usually associated with scientists that it seems well worth while recalling the place that William Thomson made for himself in modern science, and how much an expression of his on such a subject deserves to be regarded as representing the genuine opinion of thoughtful scientists in our day. Surely the anniversary must not be allowed to pass without recalling emphatically the very conservative attitude which Lord Kelvin occupied in this matter. When there was question as to the exact meaning of his words he added the sentence:

"We only know God in His works, but we are absolutely forced by science to believe with perfect confidence in a Directive Power, in an influence other than physical or dynamical or electrical forces."

It is true that when he said that he was some fourscore years of age and some people might possibly think that it was because he was in his dotage or perhaps under the influence of that special state of mind which comes over so many men when they feel that death cannot be far away, that he was led to make use of the expression. In response, it may be said that nearly thirty-five years before when he was just at the height of the maturity of his powers and when he occupied the highest position of the moment in the scientific world, that of President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, he said in concluding his presidential address:

"Strong overpowering proofs of intelligent and benevolent design lie all around us; and if ever perplexities, whether metaphysical or scientific, turn us away from them for a time, they come back upon us with irresistible force showing to us through nature the influence of free will and teaching us that all living beings depend on One ever acting Creator and Ruler."

It is not surprising to hear that the man who said this, began the daily session of his class in the University of Glasgow, with this prayer selected by himself:

"Oh Lord, our heavenly Father, almighty and everlasting God, who hast safely brought us to the beginning of this day; defend us in the same with Thy mighty power; and grant that this day we fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger; but that all our doings may be ordered by Thy governance, to do always what is righteous in Thy sight; through Jesus Christ, our Lord, Amen."

For over fifty years Professor Thomson served on the faculty of the University of Glasgow and there did the marvelous work which has rendered his name forever immortal in the history of science. When one reviews even very briefly the discoveries made by him and mentions by name only the inventions which he made, it is no wonder that honors came to him and that he was looked up to as the greatest scientist in physics in his generation. He belonged to nearly one hundred learned societies and academies either as an active or an honorary member and all of them were proud to have his name associated with them. Nearly a score of royal and governmental distinctions of one kind or another had been conferred on him. No less than twenty-five universities had honored him by conferring on him academic degrees. No wonder that when he died in 1907 the appropriate resting place for him was considered to be beside the grave of Sir Isaac Newton. There is a statue of him in his birthplace, Belfast, and another near Glasgow University. There is a memorial window to him in Westminster Abbey—an enthusiastic tribute offered to him by the electrical engineers from all the English speaking countries.

One of Canada and the United States were particularly hearty in their recognition of the greatness of the work that had been accomplished by Lord Kelvin.

Perhaps the most interesting phase of his work for our generation in this year of grace 1924, especially here in America, where there are said to be at the present time over 5,000,000 sets of radio apparatus in active use is the fact that Lord Kelvin was the first to discover the field of electric oscillation or surge as he liked to call them, produced in the ether by the spark of a Leyden jar. It was this law that formed the basis of subsequent work in electrical development which led up to the practical application of wireless telegraphy. This was only one of his great practical benefits conferred upon mankind in the field of electricity however. To him more than to anyone else, the world owes the success of the submarine cable. He accompanied the series of expeditions as a consulting engineer, and it is universally recognized that had it not been for his personal devotion to the cause and the electrical inventions of various kinds with which he enriched it, the successful laying of the cable would probably have been delayed for at least twenty years beyond the time when it came into use. There were many scientists of the time who declared that the venture would not be successful and who insisted that Professor Thomson was making himself absurd and in the subject of ridicule in conjunction with it. But undaunted he went on to ultimate success.

While he was a real scientist, a discoverer of great principles which proved the basis of subsequent scientific evolution and the discovery of new truths, Professor Thomson was at the same time an extremely practical, successful man and a great inventor. Altogether some three score of important inventions are due to him. Most of these are in connection with electricity. He was very much interested however in navigation. Nothing delighted him more than to spend his vacations sailing about his yacht, the Lalla Rookh, cruising in many waters. The long university vacations of those days permitted him more leisure than could be afforded now to busy university professors, but during this time his mind seems to have been particularly active and he came back to work out important problems which had occupied his thoughts in the midst of his leisure. It is not surprising then that many of his inventions which were not related to electricity were instruments to make navigation safer than it had been before. He invented a particular form of mariner's compass, a special astronomical clock, and a mechanical calculator to help in the solution of such problems in differential calculus as might come up in any way in connection with navigation so as to assure their solution even by one not acquainted with mathematical principles.

So far from being the only one of the great physical scientists, and above all of those connected with the development of electricity, to acknowledge the existence of a Creator, Lord Kelvin was only one of many who are noteworthy in this regard. Galvani, Volta, Amperé, Ohm, Coulomb, Ormsted and Faraday to whom we owe the great basic discoveries in electricity, so that the International Congress of Electricians considered it only proper to give their names to phases and units of measurement in electricity, were all of them not only fervent believers, but as a rule faithful practitioners of their belief

during long lives. Galvani and Volta each asked that they should be buried in the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis. Amperé saved Ozanam from the shipwreck of his faith when the poet-philosopher found belief so difficult in the University of Paris of the beginning of the nineteenth century. They are the ever living demonstration of the fact that the supremely great men in science have no difficulty about any opposition between their science and faith. Smaller men, and especially secondary scientists who learn the great truths of science from books and not from personal investigation, have found it so easy to gain knowledge, that it seems to them that they will be only a little while until they know all there is to know and that then there will be no place left for faith.

The most striking example of a great believing scientist among Lord Kelvin's contemporaries was his distinguished English colleague, Clerk Maxwell, to so many of whose ideas scientists are going back now that the very intimate relations of electricity and matter are being investigated and discussed. No one has thrown so much light on the constitution of matter as Clerk Maxwell, and no one ever was more devoted to the solution of the problems connected with its fundamental qualities, yet no one was ever less of a materialist in the ordinary acceptance of that word, than Clerk Maxwell. Toward the end of his life he once said to a friend: "Old chap, I have read up many queer notions, there's nothing like the old one after all." To another friend he said: "I have looked into most philosophical systems, and I have seen that none of them will work without a God." Writing of him in Scribner's for July of this year in the article "From Chaos to Cosmos," Michael Pupin, Professor at Columbia, who has recently been the recipient of half a dozen distinguished honors for his own work, did not hesitate to say: "Maxwell's formulation of the fundamental laws of electrical motion is the greatest intellectual achievement of the nineteenth century." He goes so far in his estimation of Maxwell's work as to place it beside that which Newton gave the world in his "Principia" concerning the motions of matter and he adds this compliment: "It exhibits the same simplicity and power of the language of mathematics."

It is surprising how many people are inclined to think of Lord Kelvin as standing almost alone among great scientists with his declaration that science demonstrates the existence of a Creator. The reason for that is that so many of the teachers of science during the past twenty years have not had the depth of intellect nor the strength of logic to follow out their thoughts to their legitimate conclusion. This was not true, however, of the great scientists. They had taken the step across the boundary of the unknown in science that made it easy for others to know more than they had known before, they had learned to rely on their human intellects and their powers and to realize, as Clerk Maxwell and Lord Kelvin must have done, that many a deep thought that came to them they could not demonstrate, and yet they felt that it represented a great truth. It is only now that some of Lord Kelvin's ideas and many of Clerk Maxwell's principles are meeting with confirmation that the surprise ceases as to why they ventured to put them forth with the most absolute confidence. They knew that intellects were given us

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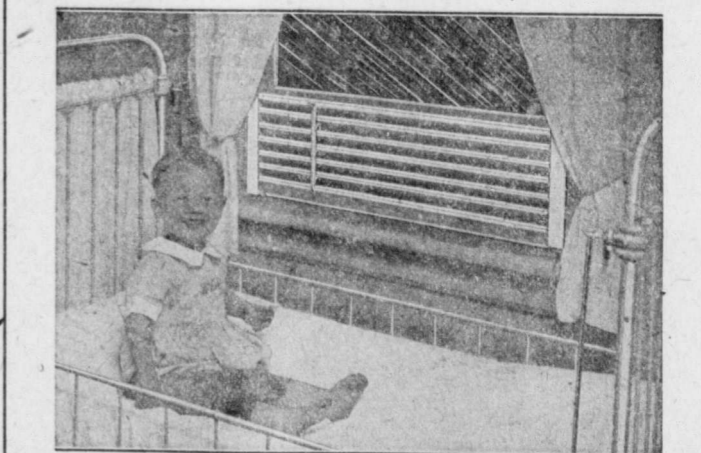
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

A WONDERFUL WORLD
 A little more praise and a little less blame,
 A little more virtue, a little less shame,
 A little more thought for the other man's rights,
 A little less self in our chase for delights,
 A little more loving, a little less hate,
 Are all that is needed to make the world great.
 A little more boasting, a little less jeering,
 A little more trusting, a little less fearing,
 A little less greed for a little more gain,
 A little more patience in trouble and pain,
 A little more kindness worked into the strife,
 Are all that is needed to glorify life.
 A little more honor, a little less greed,
 A little more service, a little less creed,
 A little more courage when pathways are rough,
 A little more action, a little less bluff,
 A little more kindness by you and by me,
 And, oh, what a wonderful world it would be.

WHY HE FAILED AS A LEADER

His mind was not trained to grasp great subjects, to generalise, to make combinations.
 He was not self-reliant, did not depend upon his own judgment; leaned upon others; and was always seeking other people's opinion and advice.
 He lacked courage, energy, boldness.
 He was not resourceful or inventive.
 He could not multiply himself in others.
 He did not carry the air of a conqueror.
 He did not radiate the power of a leader. There was no power back of his eye to make men obey him.
 He could not handle men.
 He antagonized people.
 He did not believe in himself.
 He tried to substitute "gall" for ability.
 He did not know men.
 He could not see other people's brains.
 He could not project himself into his lieutenants; he wanted to do everything himself.
 He did not inspire confidence in others because his faith in himself was not strong enough.
 He communicated his doubts and his fears to others.
 He could not cover up his weak points.
 He did not know that to reveal his weakness was fatal to the confidence of others.—Southern Cross.

WHAT CONSTITUTES SUCCESS?

Every successful man is asked some time in his life to reveal the secret of his success. The successful man is besieged by imaginative reporters and sentimental faddists for the magic formula.
 Usually the formula is hard to get, for great men are generally modest men, who dislike talking about themselves. And conversely too, the formula is hard to give. For success is made up in great part of genius, and genius is something as indefinable as it is rare. Besides, to attempt to reduce all life to a formula is beyond the capacity of any finite intelligence.
 Occasionally, however, from symposiums of success contributed by successful men, we learn something worth while. Thus, for instance, the New York Times recently carried the views of ten eminent men on success. What they said had been better said a thousand times by others, less successful, perhaps, but better qualified to speak than they. But running through the prosy platitudes and sententious aphorisms that composed the bulk of the answers, was a golden nugget of wisdom. It was contained in this answer of the head of the largest corporation in the world: "The foundation of all real success is character."
 If ambitious youths desirous of success would ponder this advice, they would be saved many failures and disasters, and would accomplish more effectively the object of their striving. And if the world at large would think more of character and less of success, it would revise its estimates of what constitutes success. For after all success is a relative term. Many men who in their lifetime were accounted failures have been crowned with success by posterity. And many who in the sight of men went down to overwhelming defeat were triumphantly received by God in the Kingdom of His glory.
 Character is not only the foundation of success, it is success. For this were we born into the world, that we might prove ourselves acceptable in the sight of God, in other words, that we might acquire a good character in His sight. The man of character is one in whom faith glows, hope shines, and charity is resplendent, a soul in which all the Christian virtues love to dwell. Honesty, industry, perseverance, ability, all that the world holds essential for success, can therefore

be summed up in the one word "character."

But character is a moral product, the resultant of religious as well as intellectual influences operating from childhood. How necessary is it therefore to train the young to character by religious teaching. Not that they may attain worldly success, for after all, that is vain and transitory, but that they may gain that greater success, the salvation of their souls.—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

GOD BE WITH YOU ALL THE YEAR

God be with you in the spring-time,
 When the violets unfold,
 And the buttercups and cowslips fill the fields with yellow gold.
 In the time of apple blossoms
 When the happy bluebirds sing,
 Filling all the world with gladness—
 God be with you in the spring.
 God be with you in the summer,
 When the sweet June roses blow,
 When the bobolinks are laughing,
 And the brooks with music flow,
 When the fields are white with daisies
 And the days are glad and long,
 God be with you in the summer,
 Filling all your world with song.
 God be with you in the autumn,
 When the birds and flowers have fled
 And along the woodland pathways
 Leaves are falling, gold and red;
 When the summer lies behind you,
 In the evening of the year,
 God be with you in the autumn,
 Then to fill your heart with cheer.
 God be with you in the winter,
 When the snow lies deep and white,
 When the sleeping fields are silent,
 And the stars gleam cold and bright,
 When the hands and hearts are tired
 With life's long and weary quest,
 God be with you in the winter,
 Just to guide you into rest.

THE VIRTUE OF MEEKNESS

Meekness is not weakness; it is a virtue, and for that reason it is an exhibition of strength. No one would consider trained muscles evidence of weakness of body. Virtues are the trained muscles of the will by the help of which man exercises his freedom energetically, at the proper time and in the proper way. Meekness, then, is strength. All virtues keep to the middle of the road, to the golden mean; they swerve not to the side of excess, nor slip to the side of defect. Meekness has a hard road to travel. It holds the curb upon anger, keeping it to the path. In this work meekness should have occasion enough to display its strength.
 Have you ever considered why Our Lord said: "Learn of Me because I am meek and humble of heart." Christ was opening a school in opposition to that of the Pharisees. He invited all to come to it. "Learn of Me." Never had any school a more attractive advertisement. The teacher was "meek and humble of heart;" the pupils would find rest for their souls; the lesson was sweet and easy. The pupils of Christ might shudder at the words, yoke and burden, if they forgot how their meek teacher would fit the yoke and burden sweetly to their shoulders and necks, and how by His hand He would make them light. Yokes are made for two, and the other one they would recall, is Christ.—The Pilot.

FOUR-FOOTED POLICEMEN

There are sixteen dogs duly enrolled on the police force of the old town of Ghent in Belgium. They are obliged to go through a regular course of training; and when that is done, these four-footed policemen, or police dogs, are well able to distinguish a scamp from an honest man and to capture him without delay.
 They are trained by means of dummies which are constructed so as to look as much as possible like criminals. These dummies are hidden, and the dogs are taught to find them; and, most difficult of all, to hold them without injuring them. The dogs are inclined to look upon the figures as enemies, and first do not seem to understand why they must be so gentle with them after having taken so much trouble to locate them. But they learn at last. After the dummy figure has been used a while a living man takes its place; and for fear that the captor will get too much in earnest, he is closely muzzled until he learns how to be careful and gentle.

COURTESY AT HOME

Courtesy in the home is an absolute essential if friction and its wretched consequences are to be avoided. There is nothing more beautiful than to see husband and wife ever courteous to each other in word and deed. And wherever there is real love and respect this courtesy is a natural consequence.
 Parents should insist on it in the behavior of their little ones to themselves and to each other. "Thank you," "Please," "Excuse me," "I beg your pardon," should be taught from the tenderest years and continually insisted on. It is a most unhappy mistake for parents to go on ever giving and doing for their children and never to expect an acknowledgment. The children take everything for granted eventually, in fact as right, with the result that in after years their parents sadly complain of their ingratitude. Some at least of the blame in these cases attaches to their mode of upbringing.
 Little boys should be taught courtesy to their wee sisters from early days. The little fellow who dubbed his smaller sister "Luggage" in his "train" game was, I am afraid, somewhat lacking in this courtesy! It would mean a great difference in his attitude to womankind in general if every little fellow were taught chivalrous conduct towards his sisters.

COURTESY ABROAD

If good manners are the rule at home there is little fear of bad behavior abroad during childhood's days or later when adult years are reached. Men are as a rule more courteous than women. It is still a

common and always a pleasing sight to see a man giving up his seat in a crowded train or tram to a woman passenger. He usually opens the carriage-door for her and he will always come to her assistance should she be struggling with a refractory window or shutter. But women do not always remember to acknowledge the kind action. I have often seen a woman accept the vacated seat or step out of the opened door without the slightest sign of gratitude, and I always feel so sorry that I want to apologize for my sister woman's ungracious manners. For want of courtesy is humiliating to one who has been its victim. One instance came within my own experience. I boarded a tram-car bound on a long run of about forty minutes. It was a holiday and as its destination was the sea-side it was crowded. There was no vacant seat so I joined the file of ladies standing in the passage between the rows of seats. Looking around I saw several men sitting down. One was quite apparently ill, one was holding a little girl on his knee. These I forgave but I felt humiliated to think that those others would look on at a line of women swaying about and almost losing their footing every time the car jolted to a standstill without rendering what assistance they could. It was a desperate want of courtesy to say the least of it.—Southern Cross.

COURTESY IN THE CHURCH

And yet Catholics should be exemplary in this regard. For the charming courtesy which the Church shows in all her functions and ceremonies cannot fail to strike us if our spirit is awake to her great beauty. Watch the comings and goings of a well-trained altar boy serving Holy Mass or at Benediction. What is the meaning of his careful attendance on every want of the priest? What means his carrying of the Missal to and fro, his continual bowing and genuflections if they are not the expression of reverential courtesy to the majesty of God? And what is the ever-recurring blessing of the people by the priest celebrant but the loving courtesy of Our Lord towards his children?
 But even with this example before us we yet frequently outrage the laws of courtesy and this even in the House of God Himself. We rush in late for Mass, clatter up the aisle, scramble over the feet and legs of those kneeling in our way, and so cause general distraction and disturbance to both priest and people. Or if we are in time we settle ourselves in the end seats as if they were ours by Royal Charter and if any unfortunate person seeks room in our pew we will scarcely allow him room to pass, much less move up ourselves. When Holy Mass is nearing its end how unedifying to see numbers of young men and women, with a hasty bob in the direction of the Tabernacle, scuttling away for dear life down the aisle and out! What grave discourtesy to the dear Dweller on the altar and to his minister! One wonders what would be the result of such behavior at the levee of an earthly king.
 Around the confessionals too one cannot but be struck by the want of courtesy. On the days one will find people crowding so closely around that they are kneeling almost on the feet of the penitent in their anxiety to get in first. The children whose needs are provided for earlier in the day will push in front of older people who have with difficulty slipped away from their home duties to go to Confession and are anxious to get back as soon as possible.
 I remember one old gentleman who used to make morning Mass a time of torment to us in our Convent school-days. He was really a dear, saintly, old soul but he had a bad habit of pulling at his finger-nails and when he was praying. It used to get so terribly on my nerves that it was most difficult to say my own prayers.

MOTHER OF A STATESMAN

There is no doubt as to where Governor Smith got the qualities which have made him if not the most popular at least one of the most popular men who have ever been active in the public life of the city and State.
 The story of his mother, Mrs. Catherine Smith, nee Mulvehill, who died recently when all danger was supposed to be passed, afforded another proof of the widely accepted theory that the maternal is more important than the paternal ancestor when the transmission of characteristics to sons is concerned. This widely respected and very much loved New Yorker of the old school displayed in raising a family under difficulties the fortitude in ill fortune and serenity in good—and the same witty tang in her speech—which have helped her son materially in a notable career.
 She belonged to a generation that was not ashamed to work with its hands, that did the immediate task with dogged persistence and that in describing its own struggles did not shrink from calling a spade a spade.
 Spartan mothers are to be found in civil life as well as in military life, and Mrs. Smith was one of them.—N. Y. Telegram and Mail.

A CONVERT'S HAPPINESS

1. I am happy because the most solemn and important day of my life was when I accepted the Catholic Faith.
 2. Because all questions of doubt have been forever removed from my mind.
 3. Because the Church is "One" in Faith and Doctrine.
 4. Because of the "Divine Presence" my soul is fed as never before.
 5. Because the Sacraments are such a wonderful help in gaining a victory over sin.
 6. Because the claims of the Catholic Faith are Apostolic—No more, no less.
 7. Because my mental and spiritual vision has been broadened. The teaching of the Catholic Church is an education within itself. It is wonderful.
 8. Because the Catholic Priest uses no "Clap-Trap" methods. The preach the Gospel pure and simple—just as St. Peter and St. Paul did.
 9. Because the Catholic Church possesses the only basis for Christian Union. The absolute unity found within her own fold is an exemplification of this fact.
 10. Because the Catholic Church does not meddle in politics. She

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attends strictly to her own business—that of saving souls.
 11.—Because of the wonderful work that is being accomplished by her charitable institutions.
 12. Because of the high standard of Christian morals found in the Catholic Church.
 13. Because the Catholic Church is the greatest influence for good in the world today.—Mr. C. Harbord (former Minister.)

Answers for last week: Upper picture is Epiphany (Jan. 6.) Holy Family at left (Sunday, Jan. 11.) Lower picture: Melchisedech offering bread and wine.



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SOLVE THE PUZZLE AND WIN A CASH PRIZE

There are 7 faces to be found above, concealed about the Wrecked Automobile. Can you find them? If so mark each one with an X, cut out the picture, and write on a separate piece of paper these words: "I have found all the faces and marked them," and mail same to us with your name and address. In case of ties, hand writing and neatness will be considered factors. Incorrect we will give you by return mail a simple condition to fulfill. Don't send any money. You can be a prize winner without spending one cent of your money. Send your reply direct to: GOOD HOPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 275 CRAIG STREET WEST, MONTREAL, CANADA

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OBITUARY

MRS ELLEN O'GORMAN GANNON

There died on Dec. 27th at Whitney, Ont., a venerable old lady who leaves behind her no less than 160 living descendants. She was Ellen O'Gorman, widow of Patrick Gannon. The youngest of fourteen children of John O'Gorman, she was the only one born in Canada after the family came here from County Clare, Ireland. She was born in Pakenham, Lanark County, but spent her youth in the parish of Douglas, Kennew County, where she married, moving later to a farm near Maynooth, Hastings County. Here she reared six sons and six daughters, all of whom survive her. There are also 74 grandchildren and 80 great-grandchildren, who are scattered from New Brunswick to Saskatchewan. One of her grandchildren is former Controller McGuire of Ottawa. Five grand-nephews are priests, Fathers John R. O'Gorman of Cobalt, John J. O'Gorman of Ottawa, Charles O'Gorman, London, Michael O'Gorman, Edmonton, and Joseph Gravelle, Chiswick. There are also many grand-nieces in religious communities in Ontario.

Mrs. Gannon was a woman of Scriptural vailancy. She was born in what was ninety years ago the pioneer settlement of Cedar Hill; reared and educated on the Line, when Renfrew County was opened; the greater part of her life was spent in another pioneer clearing in the north of Hastings County; and when her sons became the first settlers in New Ontario, she gladly followed them to share their hardships on the banks of the White River near New Liskeard. To the last of her days she preserved remarkably a vivid memory of the incidents attending the beginnings of these various new settlements.

She has bequeathed to her children and to her children's children the memory of a long and virtuous Christian life. She will be mourned not only by them but by the many friends whom she had made in several parts of the province, and who will long remember her as one of the humble but no less glorious heroines with whom Ireland in the past century so richly endowed this new land. She is one of the last of the splendid pioneers, the fruits of whose labor we now enjoy, who built firmly the foundations of prosperity in Canada, and at the same time breathed about them the sweet odor of virtue. May their works be never forgotten, may their virtues teach this generation to live as wisely.

assisted by Father Courtney of Bad Axe and Father Carolan of Sheridan. Highly esteemed as a friend and neighbor, devoted as a husband and father Mr. O'Henley will be greatly missed by all who knew him. No work of charity that came within his reach was left undone. No labor was too great for the upbuilding of Church and community. Ever zealous for the better gifts his life and his death will always be an incentive to all who knew him. May his soul rest in peace.

FIRST HOLY DOOR OPENING

INAUGURATION OF RITE WHICH BEGINS JUBILEE YEAR

By Mr. Enrico Pucio

The rite of the opening of the Holy Door of St. Peter's, which took place with such majestic solemnity the day before Christmas as a signal for the joyous beginning of the Holy Year, is today four hundred and twenty-five years old. Its celebration once again after these centuries, then, lends an intense interest to a document which describes in detail the first observance of this sacred rite, in the early days of 1499.

No less a personage than a Master of Ceremonies of the Popes of that era gives us this intimate account. It was John Burkardo, who served at the Vatican from the reign of Pope Innocent VIII. to that of Pope Julius II. and recorded faithfully in a diary all the notable events at the Pontifical Court of his day.

It was in this period that Pope Alexander VI. reigned and introduced the rite of the opening of the Holy Door, for the Holy Year of 1500. For it is generally known that although the Jubilee Year was first held in 1300 by Pope Boniface VIII., the symbolic rite of the Door was not originated until two centuries later.

Burkardo writes that on Holy Thursday, 1498, and again on Holy Thursday, in 1499, the Pope published the Bull for the Holy Year of 1500. On December 18, 1498, he continued, the Pontiff descended with him into the Basilica of St. Peter to view the door which was to be opened at the inauguration of Holy Year. The portal already was traced out on the inside, and the Pope gave orders that the outside should be adorned with marble for the ceremony. This door was connected with the Chapel of Veronica, and His Holiness ordered also that parts of the walls be taken away so that the people might pass through more readily.

Thereupon, the Pope caused the Bishop of Modena, who held the office of delarior, to prepare the conditions for gaining the Jubilee indulgences. These conditions were that inhabitants of Rome must for thirty days, continuously or at intervals, visit the four basilicas of St. Peter, St. Paul, St. John Lateran and St. Mary Major. For those dwelling outside Rome the period was fifteen days.

The reading and publication of the Bull took place the following Sunday, December 22, to the sound of trumpets amid the greatest solemnity.

The matter of the rite to be followed at the opening of the Holy Door, Burkardo continues, came up December 23, when the Pope asked him concerning it. As Master of Ceremonies, he suggested that on the afternoon before Christmas the Pontiff, as he was going to chant Vespers in the basilica, stop before the Door, take a hammer and deliver the first blow for its demolition. Then he might enter the basilica and recite Vespers while the workmen tore down the Door, thus avoiding the dust and flying lime of the actual demolition. A strict order was to be issued that no one go in or out of the Holy Door before the Pope returned to avail himself of that privilege.

Upon the completion of Vespers, the Pontiff should leave the basilica and enter through the Holy Door while the bells of Rome were rung. Burkardo himself had prepared liturgical verses and a prayer for the Pope to recite before entering the Door.

To these proposals, Burkardo records, the Holy Father consented, except that he would wait, regardless of the dust, while the workmen broke down the Door. Accordingly, he would enter the basilica only after the Holy Door was opened, and the Vespers would thus be sung in the Holy Year itself. The Pope then chose seven of the twelve liturgical verses Burkardo had submitted, and made some alterations in the prayer.

All plans being in readiness, the workmen arrived on the morning of December 24, placed the marble ornaments prescribed by the Pope and then thinned the wall in such a manner that the actual opening might be made quickly.

Pope Alexander arrived at the Door in the afternoon, mounted on his Gestatorial Chair under a canopy. In his left hand he held a candle and with his right he blessed those present. He then took an ordinary hammer from the hands of Maestro Tommaso Matarazzo, foreman of the workmen, and struck several blows on the Door, until some of the bricks fell out.

The Pope then returned to this throne, Burkardo continues, and remained seated while the workmen

completed the breaking down of the Door. Meantime, His Holiness personally warned all and had his Ministers also give the admonition that no one was to cross the threshold until he himself entered.

"Notwithstanding this," writes Burkardo, "one of the workmen who were on the inside, without thinking and wishing to hurry, crossed the threshold to get a piece of wood that was outside. I stopped him from re-entering, and no one else entered or went out before the Pope."

The breaking down of the Door completed, the Pontiff returned to the portal, knelt on the threshold and remained in prayer for some moments. Then he entered the basilica, accompanied by Burkardo and another master of ceremonies and followed by the Cardinals and court.

The diarist also relates that while the Pope was breaking down the Holy Door at St. Peter's, Cardinal Ossini, the Cardinal Patriarch of Lisbon and the Cardinal Archbishop of Ragusa were invited by the Pontiff to open the Doors at the other basilicas.

Here a strange incident is recorded. When the Cardinal Archbishop of Ragusa arrived at St. Paul's he found that neither the abbot nor the monks knew which was to be the Holy Door. Accordingly, finding three doors walled up, the Cardinal opened all three.

"I think, however, that those doors should be closed, if for no other reason as a precaution against bad air," Burkardo adds, quaintly. "But these things are of little importance, because to save the ignorant, faith alone is enough. It seems to me, however, ridiculous that none of the religious there knew so important a thing."

Since Burkardo recorded this personal account of the first opening of the Holy Door, four hundred and twenty-five years have passed and in the course of that time, the sacred rite has been performed thirteen times by the successors of St. Peter. The ceremony has been perfected, the rite has become more and yet more majestic. But through its evolution, the whole of Christianity has never failed to follow the opening of the Holy Door with the most fervent and touching attention. So now the pious inheritance of past generations is received by a moved world as the sacred period of Holy Year begins.

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IN MEMORIAM

In sad but loving memory of Robert Condon, Kingston, N. S., who departed this life Jan. 22, 1920. May his soul rest in peace.

—Mother, father and family.

DIED

MCDONALD.—At St. Peter's Bay, P. E. I., on Dec. 28rd, 1924, Mrs. Angus R. McDonald. May her soul rest in peace.

ROBERTSON.—At 519 Richmond St., London, Ont., on January 7, 1925, Catherine, beloved wife of J. B. Robertson. May her soul rest in peace.

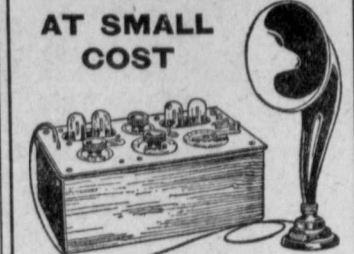
MURRAY.—At her late residence, 124 Chesley Ave., London, Ont., on December 28, 1924, Miss Katie Murray, third daughter of the late Michael Murray. Born in Hamilton, Ont. May her soul rest in peace.

HARRIGAN.—In Caledon Township, East Fifth Line, Mr. J. S. Harrigan, leaving a widow, two sisters, Mrs. J. J. O'Donnell and Mrs. R. J. Conway, Toronto, and one brother, Frank, of Hamilton. May his soul rest in peace.

When we throw ourselves heart and soul into our work, there is something higher than the purely human part of us engaged in it. It is the divine working through us that accomplishes results seemingly beyond human power.

The great rule of moral conduct, says a wise man, is next to God to respect time.

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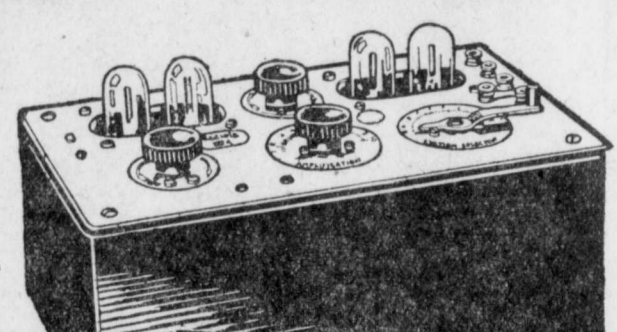
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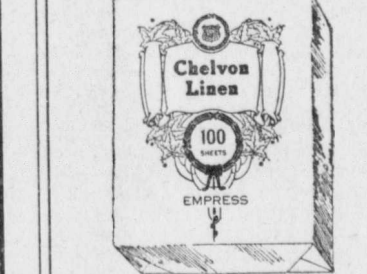
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