

The Catholic Record.

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

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, MARCH 10 1917

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THE GIVER

That there is "its own reward" in genuine, generous giving, we sometimes see on this mundane sphere, but even in ungenerous giving the man whose hand is in his pocket looks for some reward. We know that "charity begins at home," and that shows that there is selfishness in our lavishness. Charity is often regarded by those who indulge in its secret offices as a depositing of money on a receipt in the Bank of Heaven. Many people think that by giving here, where the security is uncertain, they are laying up treasures in Heaven, where moth and rust don't corrupt. Those self-indulgences, by which we make up for much that we may have done amiss by giving much to the poor, is still a popular receipt for comfort in one's conscience.

The man, therefore, who elects rather to give much than lose a little by fraud is only selfishly considering the balance-sheet of the account. It is quite true that the calculating charity of the grudging hand may bring no reward. "Virtue," according to Cardinal Newman, "brings happiness, but if you aim at the happiness you have not the virtue."

The penurious charity which aims at a reward hereafter may be balked of its object, but it is true, nevertheless, that a good deal of our "giving" has for its object not the relieving of the object of our charity, but the receiving hereafter of the fruits of the bread thrown upon the waters of affliction.

It is well to remember that, while in the members of society there are base motives, there are moments when men are angels. The moments may be rare, few and far between, but they come. Still, in the ordinary transactions of life, even in the giving of charity, men are business men, influenced by economic considerations, and in the main we are all more or less trying to get all we can. It is, indeed, all to the credit of the good man that he thought better of the furtive footpad than he deserved. We can do no harm by thinking well even of unworthy neighbors, but we can do irreparable injury to ourselves by thinking meanly of all men.

SPIRITISM

The nature of man requires some system of religious worship. His mind craves to know something of the mysteries of God; and when this craving is not satisfied by Christian revelation it runs into various forms of superstition. Magic and astrology have had their vogue, and now spiritualism has its votaries, not only among the ignorant, but among those renowned for scientific achievement and diplomatic triumph.

The teachings of spiritualism, in so far as they imply that the life on earth is a preparation of the soul for a future existence, may become the means for the conversion of some minds to the fundamental truths of our faith.

It is certain that a large proportion of the alleged facts of spiritualism is capable of the easy explanation of fraud and deception. Yet some mediums, despite their fantastic pretensions, wax wealthy on the superstition of their dupes. They impart peace, furnish happiness, locate hidden treasures for anyone not we presume in touch with a Carnegie library, for a modicum of coin. Again, many of the supposed communications of disembodied spirits are fraudulent, and have been explained away by ventriloquism, mechanical devices, etc.

But it seems beyond all reasonable doubt that some of the phenomena of spiritualism are, according to eminent Catholic theologians, to be attributed to preternatural causes.

Writers who adopt the spiritistic hypothesis hold that the spirits appearing are the souls of the departed. This opinion, however, appears to be at variance with the principles of revealed religion. For the physical phenomena are often trivial and degrading, and the whole tendency of this dangerous super-

stition is opposed to the teaching of Christianity. The answers, for example, elicited from the medium are often subversive of Catholic doctrine, especially of the eternity of punishment in hell.

CONCLUSIONS

It follows, therefore, that spiritualism in its latest developments rests on the causality of the evil one. It is a seeking after knowledge by the aid of the devil.

It is true that some mediums speak of pity and good will and seek by blandishments to entrap those who forget that "Satan transformeth himself into an angel of light."

Let us remember that it is grievously sinful to consult or seek information from evil spirits or to be present at such a consultation. This baneful superstition is no modern outgrowth, for amongst the abominations mentioned in Deuteronomy as abhorred by God is the very one of seeking knowledge from the dead. "Let not there be found among you one that consulteth phytionic spirits or fortune tellers, or that seeketh truth from the dead, for the Lord abhorreth all these things."

We are told that the spiritistic phenomena which baffle the investigator are due to some undiscovered scientific law. But it is well to remember that many of the phenomena are opposed to laws that govern true science. For example, one fixed axiom is that the effect cannot exceed the cause which produced it. When we see a bit of wood, a tripod rapping out answers to questions, the conclusion is inevitable, that an intelligent being has communicated its powers to the wood that appears to give the answer.

When the demons, as it has been said, who by their fall have not lost their superior intelligence, and their gifts essential to their nature, counterfeit the ways and manner of a deceased friend of those who invoke the spirits, they bind the unfortunate victim of their deceit to their service by bonds that it seems almost hopeless for any instruction or argument ever to loosen.

THE NEW SPIRIT IN THE FRENCH CHURCH

The Church of France, in the course of this war, has had the "opportunity" of showing its mettle," says Georges Goyau, the famous church historian; and he adds: "It is revealing to the country the real place it occupies in the national life."

Mr. Goyau was the author of the remarkable article in The Literary Digest of November 18, on the relationship between the German and French Catholics. In the Revue des Deux Mondes (Paris), he presents another lucid article on the Catholic question, this time treating of the rebirth of French Catholicism after nearly half a century of callousness on the part of the population and of persecution by the Government. Waldeck-Rousseau, the former Premier of France, in a speech before the French Senate in 1903, stated that "Catholicism survives in France, if not as a religious law faithfully observed by everybody, at least as a social statute respected by the vast majority." The French Church is indeed a moral power to be reckoned with, declares Mr. Goyau, and when throughout the land, when the hour of death had been welcomed as an old dear friend, all misunderstandings of the past melted away, and now for fully twenty-eight months the Church could again place itself at the disposal of France.

Professor Goyau also relates with emotion and gratitude the patriotic sacrifices made by the Protestant churches and the synagogues of France; out of 490 pastors of the Lutheran and Reformed persuasions 180 are in the trenches; all students of the Paris Rabbinical Seminary and more than three-fifths of the officiating rabbis of the Republic left for the front; two of them were killed, one is missing.

"When, after this war is over, our sister Churches will write their own martyrology, Catholic witnesses will rise to glorify their dead. The whole Catholic press rendered a well-deserved homage to Chief Rabbi Bloch, of Lyons, who was mortally struck by a German bullet while he attended a dying Catholic soldier, holding the cross to his livid lips."

After these preface remarks the author traces, in his inimitable style, a picture of the life and activity of the Catholic Church from the unforgettable July days of 1914 to date. One third of its priesthood followed the call of their country. The Paris diocese alone has already buried forty-

five of its members. The Cardinal-Archbishop of Lyons had to enlist laymen to fill the gaps in his decimated clergy. Bishops have become again parish priests.

"Eloven" young French monks, surprised by the German invasion in their convent in the grand duchy of Luxembourg, disguised themselves, walked stealthily into Belgium, and from there to France, immediately joining their barracks. Dominicans and Jesuits vie with each other in patriotic devotion. The Church, cheerfully accepting the abrogation of its time-honored immunities, with a noble gesture commended the young priests to shoulder their rifles.

"Your parish," explained the Cardinal-Archbishop of Reims, M. de Luçon, to his priests, "is henceforth your regiment, your trench, your ambulance. Love it as you have loved your Church. Perhaps you will be buried on the battle-field. What of it? Why should we priests not give of our blood?" Thus, the priest is no longer isolated from the people; he has become an integral part of it. The Dominican sergeants and Jesuit lieutenants have built the bridge. And who, on the other hand, would have believed, a short three years ago, that a company of French soldiers, educated in the godless school of the Republic, should, before preparing for assault, receive absolution on their knees?"

A parallel case to this kneeling company receiving absolution is the scene in the Bois d'Argonne, of March 7, 1916, when "the successive waves of a regiment, marching to the attack, bowed themselves before the representative of God, de Chabrol, chaplain of the division, whose hand, while the guns were thundering, made the sign of the redemption." This is a textual quotation from an order of the day by the commanding general.

Mr. Goyau does not forget, either, the heroic work of the nuns. At Gerbéviller, when the village was in flames and a German officer was going to give the order to burn down the Red Cross pavilion, Sister Julia stepped before the lieutenant, representative of God, de Chabrol, chaplain of the division, whose hand, while the guns were thundering, made the sign of the redemption. This is a textual quotation from an order of the day by the commanding general.

Not less courageous was Sister Gabriella, of Clermont-en-Argonne. The army of the Crown Prince arrived there at the end of August, 1914. "We will take care of your wounded," she said, "if you save the town." It was promised. The promise, however, was not kept. The nun stepped before the colonel: "Will I see the word of a German officer can not be relied upon." The town was saved and 25 French wounded prisoners owed their lives to the plucky sister, who, in April, 1916, received the war medal, "the major making his little congratulatory speech while I was completing the bandage of my poor little girl whose head was resting on my lap," Professor Goyau quoting verbatim the report of the decorated nun.

Fifty-nine priests and seminarists of the Paris diocese received their crosses under similar conditions; the natural love of the soil and the love of the Church, combined, produce heroic souls of a peculiarly noble blending. The olden days when bishops were the supreme lords of towns and counties were revived, if only for a short time, at some places, such as Meaux, shortly before the battle on the Marne. On September 8, 1914, the armies of von Kluck were expected any moment, and the civil authorities fled. Bishop Marbeaux, with a rare skill, organized the various municipal services. Generals Joffre and Gallieni had stopped the triumphant onslaught of the German troops. September 9, the civil authorities returned to Meaux and Mayor Marbeaux gave in his resignation. Similar was the situation in Soissons and Chalons-sur-Marne; the cathedrals again became civic centers.

"But our priests, in the midst of the brutal butchery, are not mindful of the Saviour's advice to love even our enemies—above all, if the latter are in great stress themselves. This Rev. Landrieux, of the Cathedral of Reims, while the church was burning, saved from its ruins at the risk of his life a group of wounded German soldiers. The enraged population was going to lynch them. 'You will have to kill me first,' said the courageous priest.

"Words fail to describe as they deserve the deeds of Bishop Lobbedey, of Arras, and his clergy. The tradition of the catacombs revived; a cellar was transformed into a church, and here the bishop threw off his soutanes to become police and firemen, moving men, and grave-diggers. One of them, de Bonnières, of noble birth, went every morning, braving the bullets which whistled about his ears, into the suburbs begging the soldiers for the left-overs from their meals to distribute these pittances among the starving poor of Arras."

"Thus, before the enemy the old union of Church and State had been effected. The same population, the same Government, which before the war had adopted the slogan, 'The priest's place is in the church,' requested the cooperation of the clergy, and the Church obeyed the call. Every-

thing was forgotten. 'Who cares now,' exclaimed Cardinal Savin 'for the religious misunderstandings, political quarrels, and personal rivalries of the past! France first! United by the common danger, we learned to know and respect one the other, and after the War we will solve the grave problems which had separated us before the War. Our victory will be our main ally in this future work of pacification.'

"Forever memorable will remain that great religious manifestation at Paris during the Battle of the Marne week, in honor of St. Genevieve, the patron of the French capital. She and Joan of Arc became again the divine protectors of France. The people of Paris fell on their knees on the famous heights of Montmartre the mountain of the saint-martyrs of the past, a place historical in the annals of France. Even the skeptics thanked the Church for its resuscitation of the religious spirit. France again remembered that she had once been the 'eldest daughter of the Church.'

"Not later than November 9 last, none less than our grand old man, Alexandre Ribot, Secretary of the Treasury, spontaneously declared in the French parliament that the French clergy, poor as it is, has laid its savings on the national altar in the shape of generous subscriptions to the various war-loans. This War, cruel as it is, has at least achieved this: it made of France once more a united family, a real *Unio Sacrae*, and the priest is anxious to seal this civic concord through the harmony of souls."—Literary Digest.

AGONY OF CATHOLIC BELGIUM

FACTS TO BE RECALLED AND REMEMBERED

By Captain D. D. Sheehan, M. P.

I have read and studied most of the outstanding literature connected with the world-war and to me it has always appeared that the famous Pastoral letter of His Eminence Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines and Primate of Belgium, was, perhaps, the most remarkable product of intensely of thought, and born of a great suffering. It sounds the highest and purest note of Christian duty; it is the essence and sublimity of Catholic teaching. I read it when it was first issued to the faithful Catholic fold of Belgium at Christmas, 1914, and it left such a profound impression upon my memory that I have often thought on it since.

But a short four months of "suffering and mourning" has followed when Cardinal Mercier addressed himself to his people yet into this brief space the Germans had crowded so many infamies against Christianity and humanity that the tender heart of the saintly prelate was wrung with grief. "It was in Rome itself," he writes, "that I received the tidings—stroke after stroke—of the partial destruction of the Cathedral Church of Louvain, next to the burning of the Library and of the scientific installations of our great university and of the wholesale shooting of citizens and tortures inflicted upon women and children and upon unarmed and undefended men."

He gives us some idea of the anguish which rent his heart—"I was," he says, "compelled to lock my grief within my own afflicted heart and to carry it, with the thought of you, which never left me, to the foot of the Crucifix."

And then he tells us how he craved courage and light and he craves in beautiful language the thoughts that consoled him so that they might console also his pastoral care. Next he comes, simply and directly to tell his people what is the duty and what may be their hope. That duty he expresses in two words: Patriotism and Endurance.

A striking dictum is this: "For in truth our soldiers are our saviours." Not alone, as he clearly shows, the saviours of Belgium but the saviours of Europe. The Catholic historian of the future, judging on a wider and clearer perspective, may very well indeed arrive at the conclusion that Catholic Belgium saved Christianity and Catholicity alike.

"A first time at Liege they saved France; a second time in Flanders they arrested the advance of the enemy upon Calais, France and England know it and Belgium stands before them both and before the entire world as a nation of heroes."

In noble words he describes the tribulations of her people: "Better than any other man, perhaps, do I know what our unhappy country has undergone. . . . These last four months have seemed to me age-long. By thousands have our brave ones been mown down; wives, mothers, are weeping for those they shall not see again; hearts are desolate, dire poverty spreads, anguish increases."

This was four months after the commencement of the War. What an accumulation of horrors has there not been since then?

Here are some of the sentences which I cull at random: "Churches,

schools, asylums, hospitals, convents in great numbers are in ruins—"Many a parish lost its pastor." And speaking of the deportations (which are still going on) he says: "History will tell of the physical and moral torments of their long martyrdom." "In my diocese alone, I know that thirteen priests or religious were put to death. One of them, the parish priest of Golrode, suffered, I believe, a veritable martyrdom. We can neither number our dead nor compute the measure of our ruins. And there where lives were not taken, and there where the stones of buildings were not thrown down what anguish unrevealed, families hitherto living at ease, now in bitter want; all commerce at an end, all careers ruined; industry at a standstill; thousands upon thousands of working men without employment, humble servant-girls without the means of earning their bread; and poor souls forlorn on the bed of sickness and fever crying 'Oh Lord, how long, how long!'"

Will not the recapitulation of these horrors give Catholics in neutral countries cause to think? What hope could there be for the future of Catholicity, from the Power that murdered priests, destroyed convents and put defenceless men and women to the sword?

Cardinal Mercier bitterly sorrows over the afflictions of his people, but whilst sorrowing also exults: "God will save Belgium. Nay, rather, he is saving her. Across the snake of aggression, across the stream of blood, have you not glimpses, do you not perceive signs of His love for us. Is there a patriot among us who does not know that Belgium has grown great. Nay, which of us would have the heart to cancel this last page of our national history?"

To those who doubt the crime of Germany in forcing this War upon humanity let them hearken to the ringing indictment of this great and reverent Catholic Primate: "When on the second of August a mighty foreign power, confident in its own strength, and defiant of the faith of treaties dared to threaten us in our independence then did all Belgians, without difference of party, or of condition, or of origin, rise up as one man, close-ranged about their own King, and their own Government, and cry to the invader, 'Thou shalt not go through.'"

So that Cardinal Mercier, upon the faith of his ecclesiastical dignity, clearly fixes the guilt of a wanton aggression upon Germany. And he nobly he answers those who reasoned that a mere verbal protest against hostile aggression or a single cannon-shot on the frontier would serve as a protest. "More utilitarianism is no sufficient rule of Christian citizenship" is his splendid teaching.

He refers to the treaty of 19th April, 1839, to which the King of Prussia was a party, which decreed that Belgium should form a separate and perpetually neutral state, and that Belgium should defend her own independence. She kept her oath. The other Powers were bound to respect and to protect her neutrality. Germany violated her oath. England kept hers. And with a note of absolute finality Cardinal Mercier declared, "These are the facts."

Then he defines the duty of a Catholic State in those circumstances: "The laws of conscience are sovereign. We should have acted unworthily, had we evaded our obligation by a mere faint resistance. And now we would not rescind our first resolution—we exult in it. . . . And as long as we are required to give proof of endurance so long we shall endure."

What a magnificent, what a supreme example Belgium is of a nation struggling for the right against a most powerful and unscrupulous oppressor. Even the Pope is inspired to bless and pity them. "We behold," he says, "the King and his august family, the members of the Government, the chief persons of the country, bishops, priests and a whole people enduring woes which must fill with pity all gentle hearts."

Catholic Belgium still endures these woes in multiplied form. Cardinal Mercier shows that Germany is the author of all these woes and agonies.

War for the sake of War, such as Germany wages, Cardinal Mercier describes as a crime. And against this crime it is the clear and emphatic duty of all Christian and Catholic people to protest.

REBUKES BIGOTS

NERVY MAYOR WILL NOT LET RELIGIOUS PREJUDICE SWERVE HIM

Mayor Frank H. Ackert of West Hoboken, N. J., has been warmly commended for his action in teaching a much needed lesson to a number of people representing themselves as "a committee of a patriotic organization," which wished to protest against the appointment by the Mayor of Rev. Conrad Eiben, C. P., as a member of the West Hoboken Free Library Board. The objection was made solely on the ground of Father Conrad's religion and Mr. Eckert curtly informed the "patriots"

that "such grounds have no bearing with me, as a Catholic or parson of any religion is the same to me if his other qualifications are equal. If there was any doubt in my mind regarding the appointment of Father Conrad, it has now been done away with because of these objections on of his religion. It is not because he will be appointed to the board, but because of his ability to conduct the affairs that come before that body. I will certainly insist now that he take the appointment."—Catholic Transcript.

THE CHURCH AND BILLY SUNDAY

Opposition was voiced against Sunday by Catholics of Boston, the resident Cardinal issuing a mandate forbidding attendance at the meetings. The Pilot, the Catholic paper, echoes Cardinal O'Connell in declaring that "Catholics are not allowed to take part in these revival meetings, and if they do they commit sin." The Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, speaking before the Catholic Library Association in New York, brings forward a criticism of the Brooklyn Eagle recommends to the attention of Protestants. Thus:

"There is strong evidence that Sunday deliberately makes himself an instrument of capitalists for the purpose of keeping working people contented and submissive under injustice. There was never a word of comfort or encouragement for the workingman in his struggle for fair treatment."

At the same time the priest points out that prototypes of Sunday's sensationalism are to be found in the history of his own Church. As The Eagle reports and comments on Father McMahon:

"Most of us did not recall that about five hundred years ago St. Vincent Ferrer, born in Valencia, evangelized Provence and then Leon bared, speaking in squares and open places, and followed from town to town by hundreds of penitents; or that Bernardino, of Siena, of a little later period, though born only thirty years after St. Vincent, preached through the rich and luxurious cities of North Italy in public market-places, that penitents 'locked to confession like ants,' and that bonfires were started into which the rich flung the vanities of life. And as Rector McMahon said, the Jesuits 'were glad to be considered fools and jesters that, by their play, they could attract crowds to whom they could then speak their hearts upon the religion.' The clergyman added: 'Nay, right down to the beginning of the present war, Catholic priests in England rang bells on the street, carried banners, and did sensational things in Hyde Park in order to gather audiences.'"

"Waiving, then, the issue about sensationalism, the priest was free to compliment Sunday on his knowledge of the psychology of a crowd, on his business management, on his system, at the same time that he declared him to be primarily the spokesman of the rich, accused him of denying the teaching of Christ, and said: 'the suspicions that gather round him of being a mere money-grabber impair the usefulness of this man, who assuredly is a phenomenon.'"

"We are glad to see criticism taking such a form. Primarily, Billy Sunday is not using his movement as a propaganda to convert, or pervert, Roman Catholics. We doubt whether the movement has had such an effect in its working out any where. Hence the view of a broad Catholic thinker is not affected by apprehension and is more or less free from prejudice for or against Sundayism. Such a view is well worth Protestant consideration. It compels the attention of thinking people."—Literary Digest.

BACK TO THE CHURCH

DESCENDANTS OF APOSTATES RETURN TO THE FOLD

There is something strange, almost weird, about the way the descendants of apostates get back into the Church.

Within a few decades the last lineal descendants of the union of Martin Luther and Katherine Bora have become Catholics. There are Catholic Lutherans in several places in Pennsylvania and Ohio, and a Benedictine priest, Father Aloysius Luther, in Baltimore, Md. The last lineal descendant of John Knox, leader of Calvinism in Scotland, and at one time the tutor of poor little Edward VI., of England, died a brother of the Holy Cross of Notre Dame, Ind. His name in religion was Brother Joseph, but previously he was also John Knox.—Catholic Transcript.

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

Temptation sinks as easily into a soul without prayer as human footsteps into the sand on the sea shore.—Columba O'Donnell.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Little Sisters of the Poor, founded in 1840, have now charge of 307 houses in different parts of the globe. These houses shelter 48,000 aged men and women.

It is a significant fact that even among the Jews there has been recently expressed a desire for church unity. For the first time in the history of Jewry (America) it has been proposed to unite the Reformed and Orthodox Churches.

A marble bust of His Holiness, the only one in the United States, is to be presented to the Denver Cathedral by Verner Z. Reed, the eminent non-Catholic millionaire, and father of two converts to the Church.

Rev. George J. Waring, U. S. Army chaplain, stationed on Governor's Island, New York, while in Rome recently secured from Pope Benedict XV., the Apostolic Benediction for "The Army of America." His Holiness also bestowed on Father Waring the medal, "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice."

It was recently reported in a Munich newspaper that the late Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary left his entire fortune, amounting to \$12,000,000 in all, for the care of wounded and crippled soldiers, and for the support of the widows and orphans of the war.

Castlewellan castle in County Down has been almost entirely destroyed by fire. Castlewellan was a splendid granite structure, nestling among the mountains of the old kingdom of Mourne, the estate including within its borders the quaint old town of Castlewellan as well as the Irish seaside resort and port of Newcastle in County Down.

Through the death of Mgr. N. Marzolini, Secretary to the Cardinalinal Commission for the administration of the goods of the Holy See, a historic figure has passed away. After a prolonged illness the last of the ecclesiastics who were intimately connected with Pope Leo XIII., has died in the Vatican Palace. Mgr. Nazzarone Marzolini enjoyed the confidence and esteem of three Popes, viz. Leo XIII., Pius X., and Benedict XV., by each of whom he was promoted to positions of trust.

Catholic Venice is about to erect a memorial church dedicated to Our Lady, in thanksgiving for having preserved the city so far from grave disasters from air and sea attacks and to beg her intercession for continued protection. Recently a meeting was held in the Basilica of St. Mark to promote the plan. The Cardinal Patriarch presided and the chief authorities, civil and military, were present. Substantial sums have been promised already for the building.

Monsignor Simeone, Bishop of Ajaccio, Corsica, recently consecrated a beautiful new church in that place dedicated to Our Lady of Lourdes. The erection of this church is due largely to the generosity of Count Gregory and his people who are chief among the Catholic benefactors of the island. One of the first services held in the church was a requiem Mass for the repose of the souls of French soldiers and sailors who lost their lives in the War and many of whom were Corsicans.

According to the Tablet, London, England, the Dublin Review will hereafter be controlled by an international editorial committee. The English committee consists of Mr. Shane Leslie Canon Barry, Father Martindale, Sir Bertram Windle, and Mr. Robert Wilberforce. In order that Catholic thought and feeling in America may be better represented the above committee will be assisted by the work of Cardinal Gibbons, the Very Reverend Dr. Fay, and Mr. Schuyler Warren.

To fill an original vacancy created by the act of Congress of June 2, 1916, (National Defense Act) Rev. Julius J. Babst has recently been appointed a chaplain in the United States army, to rank from January 8, 1917. Father Babst, who comes from Denver, Col., was examined by a board of officers at Fort Logan, Col., and it is said passed one of the highest examinations ever held for appointment of chaplains. He will have the rank of first lieutenant, and when confirmed by the Senate and his commission signed by the President, he will be assigned to a station.

The award of the Distinguished Service Cross to the Rev. Father Anthony H. Pollen, S. J., is announced in the list of the British naval honors recently issued. Father Pollen, who is fifty-six years of age, although himself severely burned, carried men whose injuries from the same cause were of a still more serious kind from the battery deck to the distributing station on board the Warspite in the battle of Jutland. The heroic chaplain is the second son of the late Mr. John Hungerford Pollen, who became a convert under the influence of the Tractarian movement. Two of his brothers are well known members of the Society of Jesus, and a third brother is Mr. Arthur H. Pollen, the naval writer and lecturer.

THE WATERS OF CONTRADICTION

BY ANNA C. MINOQUE
Author of "Cardome," "Borrowed From the Night"

CHAPTER XII—CONTINUED

"The uncle then took the child, for there was no one else to care for it. All this trouble seemed to affect the mind of the father, who also believed his other son and daughter-in-law had brought about the death of the child's mother, to whom he was devoted. He thought they would send the child after its parents, in order that they would inherit all the property as the next of kin.

"No one liked the uncle, and consequently all believed the worst of him. I shared in the belief, and when one night the old gentleman came to our house and asked me to take the child out of the country, I was willing enough to do so, for I wanted to leave the place, but hitherto there had been no opportunity. The Ku-Klux were bad in those days, burning houses and driving people away. But they would never have molested us, for my husband gave offense to no one. Now, however, as the old grandfather and I had agreed upon it, for I knew my husband too well to let him into the secret, we began to receive threatening letters, ordering us to leave the mountains or bear the consequences. I pleaded with my husband to obey, but he laughed at me, saying it was a joke some of the boys were playing upon him. Then one night I woke up to find the house on fire. We saved our own lives and our children's, and that was all. My husband did not know what to do, and I said we must quit the place, or be killed. It was the work of the friends of the Union brother, I took care to point out, who wished to destroy all the sympathizers with the cause of the dead Confederate brother. They were fighting the war, in many places, a long time after peace was declared, I can tell you, Mr. Arthur. My husband knew this, and never suspected there was no foundation to my story.

"As we were shivering there in the cold and darkness, the grandfather came struggling up the path with the little child in his arms. He said he had discovered through his negro nurse, a plan of the unnatural foster parents to kill the baby, and he had stolen her and brought her to us for safe-keeping until he could get his property sold and take her to Mexico. "My husband never doubted the story, and believed the old man's surprise at our misfortune was sincere. We sat together on the log for a long time, talking of what it were best to do. The old man said he believed the time had come for us to quit the place. My husband was now convinced that he had enemies, who would complete his ruin, but he was willing to take the advice, but he had no money. The grandfather offered to give him enough to buy horses and a wagon and provide for our needs while on the trip, if we would take the baby with us and keep her until he could come for her. My husband did not want to have any hand in the matter, but I persuaded him. My words and the cries of the children finally overcame his scruples.

"All together we went to another village, and there we took the baby for a town in Ohio, where we bought horses and a wagon. The old man accompanied us for the day before our horse had been burned he had left his son's home to go hunting, as had been his custom for years. No one would comment on his absence, nor would he be connected with the kidnapping. He directed us to go to Lexington, Ky., and wait there until he should come. Then he promised to settle us in a better home than the one we had lost for our part in saving the child. Oh, it was all carefully planned, but he reckoned with our fate. We reached Lexington in due time, and wrote to the grandfather, sending the letter to his lawyer, as he had advised, to prevent it from falling into his son's hands. The lawyer returned the letter, with the news that the old man had been drowned while coming home from a hunting trip in the mountains.

"Still I said nothing of my plotting with the old man to my husband for several years afterward. Believing fully the words of the grandfather, he said we must keep the child, even though we were so poor, until, however, to ignorance of the whereabouts of the old man's son and daughter, but to surprise at his stupidity in ever having accredited the girl standing before him with so lowly an origin. Familiar to him as was her face, why had he never seen that, except in its brownness, it was as totally unlike the man's and woman's she called her parents as was his own? Why had he never noticed the grace of her bearing and the inherent highbred expression of her countenance? How could he have been so dull of vision?

"Thus he questioned as he passed swiftly up the green valley, again on the quest of the useful Joe. On his return to the Hall, he saddled his horse and rode in all haste to his mother's new home. Absorbed as she was in the cares of her family, the sympathetic woman left all to return with her son. As they rode back together, Arthur related the strange story he had heard that morning, leaving the woman aghast. But after the first moments of astonishment had passed, her acute mind darted immediately to the question which, at an earlier hour, had presented itself to him.

when our own children deserted us, and now stays on, working for us, lest she might bring sorrow to us."

Arthur's eyes were strangely drawn from the speaker to the woman propped up in bed, and he gazed at her as if fascinated. She was looking at her husband with an expression of great pity, pity for the blind. She half unclosed her lips to speak, then leaned back her head on the pillow and turned her eyes to Arthur. He read in them the absolute denial of the words just spoken, and he found himself groping in the darkness for the reason of Milly's great refusal. He felt the woman's unspoken denial was correct, that Milly, with her ancient inheritance of culture and refinement, could never have loved these crude, uncleanly mountaineers sufficiently to cause her to continue to call herself their daughter when once in possession of the knowledge of her birthright. If not love for them—what?

"And now, Mr. Arthur," continued the woman, her dull voice recalling him, "I have told you all. I wait for your judgment of me."

The words had a startling effect on the young man. In a flash he seemed to see what the life which this woman had aided in dragging her into had been for Milly. The long-past days of childhood swept before him; he saw her the accepted daughter of these poor mountaineers, the sister of their unkempt children; he beheld her pathetic figure in the school-room and the playground, openly avoided or barely tolerated, and then looked upon her in her young girlhood, shut out from the society of the community, toiling for the pittance which was grudgingly given her, and devoting it and the labor of her hands, all her spare time and attention to the sick woman who had helped bring about her misfortune, and the feeble old man who had no claim upon her. And she was the child of wealth and family, the equal, if not the superior, of those who had poured the bitterest drops into her cup of sorrow, and being such she had suffered the more deeply because of her ignorance of the truth.

And all this had happened to Milly—Milly—his Milly, as he had unconsciously come to look upon her—Milly who had stepped into the breach when his grandmother's death had left him defenseless and who had silently held the place since, giving herself for him as she had done for these old people, Milly, with the quiet ways and low voice, and the wondrous eyes, with the expression of soul-pain ever meeting him from their unplumbed depths—Milly! And this woman had done this thing to Milly, and now asked him for his judgment of her action.

His introverted eyes now came back and fell on the face among the pillows. It made him leap to his feet.

"My God! She is dead!" he cried. He looked across the bed. The husband was on his knees, staring up at him.

"She read your judgment, Mr. Arthur, and it killed her," he said, in a dull, monotonous voice.

"My judgment?" he cried. "What is my judgment, man? Am I God? What did it matter? She can't be dead! She has only fainted. Milly! O Milly!"

The girl slipped in, and seeing the face on the pillow, went swiftly and noiselessly to the old man's side.

"Come, father," she said, half lifting him to his feet. He suffered it, and without a second glance at the woman, without a tear or a moan for the one she had grown up under as her mother, she led him away, leaving Arthur alone with the dead.

After a time that seemed insufferably long to Arthur, Milly returned. Her composure had been disturbed by the uncontrollable grief of the old man and traces of it showed on her face and mien, but her voice held its customary quietness, as she said:

"Father wants Dave and Polly sent for. Do you think Joe will go?"

"I will attend to all that for you," said Arthur, conscious of the change in his attitude to the girl. He could not feel at ease in her presence, until he had grown accustomed to the facts revealed by the dead woman, and he welcomed the excuse for his immediate departure.

"You know how to reach them?" she asked, going with him to the door. "Dave lives in Alliston, and Polly is on Mr. Clay's farm," she hastened to say, as Arthur did not reply.

Arthur's hesitation was not due, however, to ignorance of the whereabouts of the old man's son and daughter, but to surprise at his stupidity in ever having accredited the girl standing before him with so lowly an origin. Familiar to him as was her face, why had he never seen that, except in its brownness, it was as totally unlike the man's and woman's she called her parents as was his own? Why had he never noticed the grace of her bearing and the inherent highbred expression of her countenance? How could he have been so dull of vision?

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"Why, when Milly heard this story, did she not return to her uncle, or at least make some effort to communicate with him?" she inquired.

Arthur moved somewhat uneasily on his saddle. He would like to have said that affection and devotion for her foster parents would not permit her to abandon them when they were so dependent upon her, but recollection of the expression on the face of the dying woman forbade the words.

"The old man thinks she loved them too well to leave them," he said.

"And what do you think?" she asked quickly, but it was unlike her son to give the opinion of another as a reason.

"Candidly, mother, I do not know what to think," he said slowly. "Milly was always beyond me. She is hopelessly so now. You remember her fastidiousness when she was a little girl regarding her toilet, and her love for pretty things, which characteristics marked her distinctly from her slovenly sister and careless mother? Nor has she parted with these as she has grown into womanhood. I have been thinking of many things concerning her since hearing her story, and among them is the marked preference Milly always showed, as a child, for the company of the people whom we now know were of her own class. When, as she grew older, she could not hope for this, she would have nothing less. Before Polly was married, Milly would always leave the place when her supposed sister's friends would visit her; and though it threw the entire care of their parents upon her, I know she was glad when the boy and girl went to homes of their own and thus relieved her of their society. She had never visited them, and their friends are strangers to her. She must have suffered because of their total lack of her own inborn refinement. Her life must often have been almost unbearable, if there were not a profound love for her parents to sustain her. And yet when she learned it was not the life into which she was born, when she knew wealth and position were waiting for her elsewhere, she voluntarily remained in that poor cabin home, with no society except that of old ignorant man and woman, who had done her irreparable wrong. Can you understand it, mother?"

Mrs. Long did not answer his question, but her eyes were fixed searchingly on his face. Then she said:

"It is strange Milly never said anything to you, after learning the truth concerning her birth."

Arthur rode on for a minute in deep thought; then he rejoined:

"Milly never talked about herself."

"Was she ever invited to do so?" asked the mother, a smile dimpling the still fair face. "Is it not true, Arthur, it never occurred to you that Milly might have proved as interesting as, say, pretty Lucy Frazier?"

"I never thought about it," he answered somewhat coolly.

"And yet," insisted the mother, "you owe something to Milly."

"More than I can ever hope to repay!" he exclaimed, suddenly, for the veil seemed to drop from his eyes, and he saw all that she had been to him, and the slight return he had made for it. And she had done this for him knowing who she was, and met his indifference with the same composure as she had met the acceptance by her foster parents as their right of the sacrifice of her life.

Why? He turned his puzzled eyes toward his mother, and the perplexity on her face held him.

"Arthur," she said quickly, "there may not be a word of truth in the old woman's story!"

"Why, mother!" he cried, in surprise. "What purpose could she have in telling me a fairy tale with her dying breath?"

"But does it appear plausible to you, out here in the clear daylight," she asked, leaning from her saddle and gazing at him intently. "The brothers might have hatched each other; the father might have had suspicions against his son, and in the childishness of old age, might have wanted to put his grand-daughter beyond the reach of one he considered her enemy. But do you not think he would have taken some one, his lawyer for instance, into his confidence? That he would, at least, have left some paper where she was, before entrusting her to these people? But admitting that in his desire to absolve her place of concealment an absolute secret, would not the uncle and aunt, who were so devoted to the child, have taken every pains to find her? Would they not have known the child could not have been spirited away, and hence instituted a wide search for her kidnappers? They must have been aware of the father's dislike and suspicion, since he was the avowed adherent of the other son. Knowing this, would they not naturally have associated him with the disappearance of the child? Some one must have known of his visit to the mountain house, for it is always there that God sets an eye to witness every deed, that is directed against the good of another."

"The burning of the house must have attracted attention, and in the face of their well-known poverty, it must have struck some mind as strange, that its owners were able so soon and so speedily to take their departure. That they should do this on the very night of their loss, without saying farewell to friends or relatives, might be attributed to fear of their enemies; but that they could do so without attempting to dispose of their land, stock and crop, would plainly read their having a supply of

funds. Their departure and the disappearance of the child, occurring simultaneously, would surely be noted by some one. Once noted, once the suspicion had been born, it would assuredly have been accepted as truth, for that is characteristic of the human mind, under such circumstances. To follow them were the simplest of feats, for they had made no attempt to hide their tracks. And they would not have been across the borders of the State, before they would have been captured. No, Arthur, I must have something more for it than the old woman's word, before I accept this strange story—and I am not a lawyer!"

"Your conjectures are all good, mother," he admitted. "But what reason have you for thinking she would concoct such a story and tell it to me on her death-bed?"

"Remember, she waited until she was on her death-bed to tell it," suggested Mrs. Long, and then she answered his question: "Persons of low intelligence, Arthur, sometimes have strange aspirations; and in their efforts to see them realized, they plan schemes that are gigantic for them, masterly for their superiors, when crowned with success. When failure attends them, as it mostly does because of their own colossal weight, then they are elephantine. It looks to me as if such will prove the scheme fashioned by the parents of Milly for their favorite child—and which, probably, she was willing to assist them in the carrying out," she added, under her breath.

The reaching of the gate that separated the shady lane that connected the Hall with the main road, interrupted their conversation, and prevented Arthur from catching the drift of his mother's concluding words. When once more they were riding side by side, he said:

"But there is nothing in the world easier than for me to ascertain the truth or falsity of the story. I have only to write to some lawyer in their home place and all doubts will be set at rest."

"And I advise you to do so before you speak to any one else of this," she counselled, and then a silence fell between them, because of the solemnity of the reason of her return to her first husband's home.

The old man was walking aimlessly across the yard, and seeing him, the kindly heart of Mrs. Long overflowed in tears. She went swiftly to his side, and taking the old hands in hers, poured out upon him the sympathy of a soul that had tasted deeply of the waters of bitterness.

"She was a good wife, Mrs. Long," he said. "We've been poor ever since the war, but we had each other. Now she is gone and I have nothing."

"Oh, yes you have!" she cried. "You have Milly and Arthur. They will never forsake you while they live."

"That is very true, Mrs. Long," he said quickly. "No child could have been more to her own parents than Milly has been to us, and Mr. Arthur has been the best friend ever a man had. And yet they are and cannot be anything to me but strangers, and their goodness is the goodness of charity and not of affection. They could not be expected to love me, a poor, old ignorant mountaineer, and she did. That's the difference."

"And that is all the difference, poor man!" exclaimed the sympathetic woman, pressing his hands, as her husband and loving children. "Only God can help you endure!"

"And He will! Oh He will!" he cried, lifting his dim eyes trustfully to the cloudless sky, bending tenderly, dreamily above the reposeful land the still houses, and the man and the woman. "We never knew much about Him, according to the way of the church people, but we found Him somehow. Maybe it was by the road of sorrow which we have traveled mostly; but I like rather to think it was by the narrow little path of love which she and I walked in together, when sometimes our feet were let loose from the other way. But, in whichever it was, we found Him, and sometimes we saw the gleaming of His sinless robe, and it brought us comfort. And I know He is not going to forget me entirely, now that I am alone. But I must wait in patience for His coming."

As he was speaking, with the unconscious poetry of the child of nature, they had been walking slowly toward the house. Mrs. Long, guiding his trembling steps, as she listened to the childlike expression of trust in the Supreme, and her eyes rested on his broken frame and lined face, now illumined by the light of faith as a storm-scarred crag glows under the radiance of the setting sun, she could understand why the woman he mourned should have loved him, and believed that the goodness of the child he would not claim and the friend he called his master might have its roots in something deeper and sweeter than the charity of the stranger.

The door stood closed, but was now opened by Milly, and Mrs. Long saw that the young face was ashen unto ghastliness. As she entered the house, and a swift glance around the room revealed the girl's occupation of preparing the dead mother against the coming of her children, she drew the trembling Milly to her bosom, as she cried:

"Milly, darling! Why didn't you wait for me?"

"I did not know you were coming," she said, beginning to sob convulsively.

"Arthur should have had sense enough to tell you he had gone for me," she exclaimed. "There now, Milly, don't cry, poor child! Go to

your room and lie down. You are completely worn out."

"Oh, no," she answered. "I do not mind now that you are here. I oughtn't to have minded at all—but it was the first time, and the thought of her—alive, breathing, thinking, speaking two hours ago—and now—like that!"

She leaned against the log wall with her hands pressed over her breast, while the fathomless dark eyes seemed to grow into twice their natural size under the awfulness of the thought. Mrs. Long regarded her in momentary silence, as she asked herself if she needed better proof of the truth of the story Arthur told than the attitude of the girl toward the dead. Not thus could a daughter have felt in this hour; not thus would have even spoken one who had loved the dead. Any feeling of sympathy she had experienced was now transformed into pity that one so young and so susceptible to this painful conception of the situation had had it thrust upon her alone in all its bare horror.

She said nothing further, but, turning to the duty before her, found that the hands of the girl had completed it. The dead woman already lay robed for the grave.

"Why, Milly, how have you done this?" gasped Mrs. Long, viewing the still figure in its soft black gown.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE STAGE AND PUBLIC MORALS

Long ago it was admitted as an axiom, even by those influenced by purely utilitarian motives, that in business "honesty is the best policy." Repeated violations of the axiom have served only to prove its truth.

Beginning from the bottom up with the question of the theatre, we may state the axiomatic truth, decency is the best policy. The flagrant violations of the axiom, so common today, and the rich box office receipts which they often yield may seem to nullify its truth; but anyone with even a slight knowledge of our theatre and with any earnest wish for its permanency will see that whatever force these violations possess is Samsonian, that in uprooting the pillars of decency they destroy both themselves and the theatre. History has vindicated again and again the truth of the axiom. The theatre had to be resurrected from the rot of the Restoration.

There is no question as to the fact that our own stage has fallen to a pitifully low estate. It is not our purpose to enter into a discussion as to the causes thereof. But for its betterment and its eventual success it must keep one motto ever before its eyes: "decency is the best policy." This is the foundation stone of both business and artistic success. Many are the forces which have endeavored to bring home the importance of this truth to the manager, the actor, and the public. One of the most zealous and courageous is the Theatre Magazine which has made it an invariable rule to champion decency on the stage. The success of the magazine is but another evidence to the truth of the axiom.

We have been asked by the editor of The Theatre to state the aims and purposes of another agency which has taken up the work of defending public morals with regard to the theatre, viz.: The Catholic Theatre Movement. It may be stated at once that the Catholic Theatre Movement is not primarily interested in the theatre. Its first interest is the spiritual welfare of Catholics, adult and young, who look to it for information and guidance. The matter on which it gives its instruction and guidance is the theatre of the present day.

The theatre has been and always mostly; but I like rather to think it was by the narrow little path of love which she and I walked in together, when sometimes our feet were let loose from the other way. But, in whichever it was, we found Him, and sometimes we saw the gleaming of His sinless robe, and it brought us comfort. And I know He is not going to forget me entirely, now that I am alone. But I must wait in patience for His coming."

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their disapproval. By the very limitations of its office, the officials of the Movement regard the moral rather than the dramatic characteristics of a play.

It will be seen, then, that the Movement is directly concerned with Catholicism. It is not an attempt to coerce anyone; even its own members are informed that the Bulletin Committee may approve plays which they will see fit to disapprove or vice versa. The Movement is composed of an executive board of which the director is the Right Rev. Monsignor Michael J. Lavelle, D. D.; the President, Mr. Edward J. Maguire. The Bulletin Committee, which is under the supervision of the Executive Board, publishes a small "Bulletin" every month. "These Bulletins are divided into "Supplementary" and "White List" Bulletins. The Supplementary Bulletin gives a detailed account of the story, plot, character of every new play. The members of the Bulletin Committee or their representatives see every play that is presented on the New York stage. That they may be absolutely free in framing their report they never accept free tickets from any theatrical management.

The "White List" Bulletin, published about every other month, gives a White List of plays which the Committee approves. In order to understand this White List one must remember the conditions for its formation which the Committee has imposed upon itself. In one of our first Bulletins, April, 1914, we stated: "The following conditions indicate the limitations of the list and its special application.

"A play must not with regard to morals occupy debatable ground. "There should be a general agreement that a play is clean and wholesome.

"The appeal should be simple and universal.

"The play should be fit for theatre-goers of all ages and suited to various tastes."

In framing a White List the Catholic Theatre Movement follows a line adopted by other movements, for example, the Parents League for the moral betterment of the theatre.

Because the White List is definite it has been the object of more discussion than any other work of the Theatre Movement. A discussion of abstract principles is always agreeable—and uninteresting. The application of these principles brings differences, warm arguments, and at times irritation. It would be quite fruitless to enter into a long explanation of the application of its principles by the Committee to current plays. In some cases there is lengthy argument within the Committee itself. We never look, therefore, for entire agreement from outsiders.

Just as the public Commissioner of Licenses may demand the taking out of a sentence or a scene before he gives a movie his official approval, so the Committee may decide it necessary to refuse admission to the White List of a play, otherwise good and wholesome, because of an objectionable scene. But it may be said that the Committee never asks the impossible. It does not judge by a standard fitted for those who are following the more perfect way. The Christian counsel is not its guide; but the Christian law. And as our civilization and consequently our public morality was born of that law, it feels justified in asking for the support and approval of all right-minded men and women.

The Committee considers in its work that "certain truths are self-evident." Marriage, for example, is an institution decreed by God for the dignity of husband and wife, the welfare of the family, the stability of the nation. A play that attacks marriage as an institution would never meet with our approval.

The dignity of the family itself: respect of children for parents; the obligations of parents toward their children—a play that would hold these truths up to odium would put itself outside the pale of our favorable judgment.

The approval of sex relationship outside of marriage; the defense of birth control which directly violates the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill"; the free discussion of it; the tolerance of adultery in the exploitation of the "triangle"; the defense of the criminal as being without personal responsibility; the justification of lying, or of theft, or of forgery or murder; the morbid sympathy with the innocent "Magdalene"—against all these the Catholic Theatre Movement uncompromisingly wages war.

"They are all part of the drama of life," someone will object. Of course they are; and they may legitimately enter into the drama of the stage. But it makes all the difference of life and death as to which spirit presides at their introduction: the spirit of pessimism, of determinism, of sin, or the spirit of hope, of liberty and of virtue.

The Committee tries not to take itself too seriously. The primary aim of the theatre is to amuse and entertain. No objection may be registered against the presentation of a marriage disastrous in its consequences; nor of the ill-fated maiden who loved not wisely but too well, nor of the difficulties of lovers and of the married, nor of the lying and thieving villain, the deceitful lawyer or judge, nor even at the display of such vulgarity of action and language as we might well wish changed. The playgoer knows that stage villains are stage villains, nor is the lesson of any tragedy lost upon him.

It is not against the portrayal of life that the Catholic Theatre Movement protests. It is against the preaching of principles in words and

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actions that would destroy all whole- some life. Its protest is aimed against a distorted view of life which, in turn, will teach vicious principles to both old and young, and spell falsehood and hopelessness where in- spiration and the courage of upright- ness are needed. Particular move- ments of protest and betterment are always called forth by particular needs.

What particular condition or situa- tion gave birth to the Catholic Theatre Movement? Not the need or the wish to infuse Catholic prin- ciples into the modern theatre. We have no such aim for it would be utterly beyond our reach.

A particular evil besets the stage today, and against that evil are we determined to fight, and to call to our aid at least all our fellow Catho- lics. That evil may be stated in a word to be the dry rot of sex. Writes in capital letters and like the huge electric signs on Broadway it will show you the entrance through which much of our modern drama gains access to the stage. In every form, suggestive word or act or silence, subtle innuendo, outspoken indecency, flagrant nakedness, the at- mosphere of sex obscures the stage today. There is hardly a play free from it; and by sex we mean not the legitimate appeal or office that this strongest of human instincts has in the drama, but the appeal of lust, of the excitement of the merely animal passion.

Every plea that can be made has been made in its defence. Liberty of thought and speech and action has been invoked until liberty has shut her ears in utter disgust at the hypocrisy of men. Persons of influ- ence and standing in the community have lent the weight of their name in approval to these plays that have neither moral nor dramatic worth.

Managers apologize by saying they must give the public what the public wants. We believe that the public is sound at heart; the great success of clean plays is the best proof of this, and a further proof is that as a rule the indecent play has not a very long run.

Nevertheless, it is true that the license of indecency is extending wider and wider. The indecent sug- gestion is deliberately introduced into plays that of themselves give no reason for the introduction. It has become almost impossible for a man to take a woman whom he respects to a play in New York—unless he has first become acquainted with the play—without fear of having her womanhood insulted.

We might, of course, mention particular plays and particular places, but we do not wish to give them the advertisement. The Catho- lic Theatre Movement has protested time and again against "shows"— they deserve no better name—that have outraged every sense of public decency. This emphasis, this insis- tence upon sex, this interpretation of life in the single term of the "mas- culine" cannot but work unthink- able harm to the entire social body. It has grown so strong today that it is a challenge to our self respect.

As Foerster, the noted German edu- cator, has insisted, it is not too little but too great a knowledge of sex from which the world suffers.

Sex is a powerful instinct, but it is a means, not an end. To make it the beginning and end of our thoughts and our life is to pervert Nature, to sow in the flesh and of the flesh to reap corruption. Beyond it are the spiritual powers by which man should direct his life. We are all spiritual creatures, all spiritual children of the one God, our Father, and as such we should regard one another in love and reverence. We are not simply males or females. We are not simply brutes or beasts "who take their license in the field of time." Unless we can free ourselves from the bond- age of sex, we can never look honest- ly at father or mother, or brother or sister, or wife or child. And because the exploitation of sexual passion has become so common, so free, so unrestrained, we are in danger of looking at everything from youth to manhood, from home to country, in a wrong and an evil way.

Against this fearful evil of the stage, its viciousness, its physical nakedness, its propaganda of liber- tinism, its subtle suggestiveness, and its hypocritical contention that all these things are done for "life" and for "art," the Catholic Theatre Movement protests with all the power it can command. It feels justified in asking the cooperation of every clean-minded man and woman, no matter what his or her religious belief may be, for the hearts of all of us love children—and the things for which children stand—purity and innocence and hope. Even if we have lost these things ourselves, we will not be without honor before God if we strive to keep them for those who must look to us for guid- ance and for inspiration.—Rev. John J. Burke, C. S. P., in The Theatre.

CARDINAL MANNING'S STORY

It was Cardinal Manning who re- lated this incident as having hap- pened to himself:

One night I was returning to my residence in Westminster when I met a poor man carrying a basket and smoking a pipe. I thought over this: He who smokes gets thirsty; he who is thirsty desires drink; he who drinks too much gets drunk; he who gets drunk endangers his soul. This man is in danger of mortal sin. Let me save him. I affectionately addressed him.

"Are you a Catholic?" "I am, thanks be to God." "Where are you from?" "From Cork, your reverence." "Are you a member of the Total Abstinence Society?" "No, your reverence." "Now," said I, "that is very wrong. Look at me; I am a member." "Faith, maybe your reverence has need of it."

I shook hands with him and left.— Exchange.

JOHN McCORMACK

RECORD AUDIENCES AND REMUNERATION

IRISH SINGER AN ART COLLECTOR

There are no "lonesome tunes" in Ireland. At least, there are none since John McCormack took the little wild flowers of poetry from the peat bogs where Tom Moore left them. The man from Athlone has gone singing to multitudes around the world. He is the first musician to surpass Caruso as a money getter here in America, the land of free-handed spending for old masters or live prima donnas, or whatever else it likes. Only the other day McCormack faced the greatest throng of his career out in San Francisco's 10,000-capacity municipal auditorium, that paid \$13,258 to hear him.

The famous figure of \$26,000 when Jenny Lind handed at Castle Garden was obtained by auction sale, and the Swedish nightingale's share of \$10,000 went to New York charities. Patiti was dumb without a \$5,000 certified check. McCormack's starting fee is \$3,000, where Caruso's, modestly stated, is "at least \$2,500" in opera and much more outside. Across the continent, as at Shreveport, La., recently, a date from the Irish tenor pays the deficit in local treasuries left by less favored stars. It would interest some people to know whose deficits he paid with his \$3,000 houses recently in Omaha and Milwaukee.

John McCormack sings more, earns, spends, and saves more, 'tis said, than any other Captain General or feminine Jeanne d'Arc of musical industry to-day. His managers, who helped to build up his great follow- ing, naturally don't tell all they know. But his present season looks like \$300,000 to shrewd observers on the outside. Last year McCormack made more money than anybody in "talk- ing machine" records. It was \$134,000 then, and it will pass \$150,000 this year. As in Caruso's case, the piling up of penny profits from far-away places has come to over- shadow even the dollars drawn from audiences here.

The highest number of song records sold is also McCormack's. Caruso gets 15% on some; that is, he has 50 cents whether it's a \$3 or a \$5 sale. The Italian is the "hare" and McCormack is the "tortoise," whose 10% flat rate rolls up top figures at the finish of the race. His "Sun- shine of Your Smile" in thirty days caught \$120,000 ready cash, which meant for the singer \$12,000 for one song in one month. "I Hear You Calling Me" was the biggest record seller in any country at any time; issued five years ago, it is in as much demand now as the first season.

Like his hero in Handel's newly discovered air of the "Poor Irish Lad," McCormack started life with- out a fortune and has travelled far. There the resemblance stops. He does not "weep where nature smiles," nor do all his kinsfolk "lie beneath the sod." His Irish parents came from Sligo to Athlone in the valley of the Shannon, where the father worked in a woolen mill until the famous son took father and mother both to a fine place of their own at Greystones in the suburbs of Dublin. He has two sisters married over there, another a nurse in the chief city, and the youngest in school yet.

As usual among singing folk, there's a yarn that one of John's brothers had the better natural voice, but the fairies at birth didn't put the artistic impulse into that other fellow's soul. John McCormack just sang because the music was inside and it had to come out. He grew up in Athlone, a town of 15,000 population, all of whom might turn off an Irish tune upon occasion. Apocryphal, perhaps, is the story that he was suspended from a priest's school in Sligo because he would stay out nights, serenading on the lake. But the schoolboys there believed it.

There's another story that hasn't been told in America, according to one of the tenor's friends. "An old fiddler and a ballad singer," said this man—adding that Ireland is full of such old characters—"and it was a street corner of a 'fair' day in Athlone selling 'twelve songs for a penny.' The 'kid' of eight or nine years heard and followed them. He was learning to be a minstrel boy in Mullingar, two days away, when the family at last heard of him. John got no lick- ing. They were glad enough to have him back home after they'd been dragging the Shannon for their boy. Perhaps they'd heard of your Charlie Ross. At any rate, that's when McCormack learned his first ballad, 'Molly Brannigan' that he sang when he came home." At eighteen years the future tenor went up to Dublin to take examinations for the customs service. He lodged with an old college mate, Dr. Dalton, who took him to Vincent O'Brien, the organist. "Man, there's a fortune in that voice," said O'Brien; "don't think of any other career but a singer."

The song that reached the musi- cian's heart was "Then You'll Remember Me," from Balfe's opera, "The Bohemian Girl." Thanks to

these friends, the unknown youth was entered for the annual Feis Ceoil and carefully groomed for that contest. He carried off first prize with Handel's aria, "Tell Fair Irene" as so often since, "The Snowy Breasted Pearl." This was his first ballad in America, too, at the Man- hattan Opera House on a Sunday night in 1909, when Oscar Hammer- stein was consul.

McCormack always had a curious feeling about a little incident that happened to him out in Australia. Long famous then, he had given a concert one night, when an old fellow in shabby clothes but with an air of refinement turned up at the stage door, and, after handing a bit of paper to the tenor, disappeared. The note bore eight lines in verse, ending: "Back the faith of childhood bring—Minstrel Boy, I've heard you sing." Something in the man's face as he "beat it" away suggested that other minstrel whom the little John had once followed from Athlone to Mullingar.

McCormack, at any rate, got the idea that it was the old man from back in Ireland, and he believes so to this day. As an associate of his later career puts it, there's a story to every song. Take "The Irish Emigrant." When McCormack went-a-courting in Dublin his future, father-in-law, a busy man, used to join the Foley family party at the close of the evening and always ask for that old tune, to the words "I'm Sitting on the Stile, Mary." Every time the tenor repeats it he lives over the scene in that little Dublin parlor. "I've seen him come off the stage," said a man, "with tears in his eyes after the song, so that he couldn't take an encore."

When he first sang "Mother Ma- chree" in Sacramento he broke down completely and would not finish. Yet his "effects" are not at all impromptu. McCormack spent a year or more studying in Italy. "Not that the teaching is better," he once explained "but I could live five hundred years over there for what it costs for one year in New York."

His Milan maestro was Sabbatini. "Good old man that he was," said the pupil, "he told me, 'God placed your voice, it's best I leave it alone.' The old schoolman put him over the high scales, saying, 'That is the bridge you must cross.' He made his first operatic appearance at a suburban theatre near Genoa in Mascagni's "Amico Fritz." On his next chance, in "Trovatore," he opened his mouth for a top note that wouldn't come, but the orchestra noise covered it and the audience gave him an ovation. The following night he sang the note and got hardly a hand.

At his third opera, "Faust," in an- other small town, he walked off the stage in terror. An impresario ex- plained to the Italians, who can be "the cruelest public in the world." The house was amused and flattered by the young man's fright, and when he came back their kindly attitude carried him through to the end.

In America generally, as here in New York, his audiences nowadays run often as high as 7,000 persons, clamoring for the popular old songs. He has stuck to his guns in the matter of classic training, singing Mozart best, perhaps, and sometimes Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, always in English; even the Russian Ra- chmanoff, or serious pieces by his American friends.

At his home in New York, over- looking Carnegie Hall and the ap- proaches to Central Park, an interest- ing family surrounds the big man of the concert stage. If the youngsters and their mother and aunt are out there are reminders of them at the entrance door. Marble busts of nine- year-old Cyril and seven-year-old Gwen are in the hallway, gazing in mild surprise at a housewarming "Romeo and Juliet" by the great Rodin. The children's sculptor, Mario Korbel, has also done Mc- Cormack in a brown study faithfully reproduced in bronze.

There are paintings by Goldbeck of Mrs. McCormack, dark-haired, in a crimson gown at the door of the pink and gold drawing room, and life-size, all in white, in the studio. This last is the room of the Rembrandts. As you enter a ruddy-cheeked girl, Rem- brandt's sister, smiles at you from the opposite wall in her headress of tiny jewels, big earrings, soft collar, and dark gown. The old "Burgom- master," also called "The Rabbi," is alongside beyond a mantle that holds only a colossal antique enamel clock.

There's a reason for the Rem- brandts. It's the children again. "Do you know," exclaimed their father to a visitor the other day, "these youngsters already can talk to you about this three hundred year old little lady, and her brother who painted her, as familiarly as they speak of their cousins in Ireland. That's worth a lot to them. I count the pleasure we get from pictures like that as my interest on the money I'd otherwise put into bonds. We don't know what the War is going to do to some securities, but the value of the pictures is permanent and can't be touched."

Published reports said the "old masters" had caught McCormack's fancy to the tune of a quarter million or so. When the art dealers an- nounced his purchases the tenor was pestered with questions as to the price. "One fellow," he recalled, "got quite angry because I wouldn't tell him, and said it was 'a semi- public matter.' I told him that might be true, but the 'other half' was my own private business." These canvases were 16 to 20 inches high, and experts guessed their value around \$10,000 an inch. Across the room from the two priceless heads of the collection

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and possibly you will not detect this imitation until the tea-pot reveals it. Demand always the genuine "Salada" in the sealed aluminum packet, and see that you get it, if you want that unique flavour of fresh, clean leaves properly prepared and packed.

hung one of Whistler's famous "Noc- turnes," a river of gray, with distant shore and splashes of lights. The American's work was held for thirty years by an English family, who had now sold it overseas for perhaps \$30,000. To show the arrangement of soft tones, McCormack turned out all lights in the room but one, leav- ing in darkness his lawyer, who was at the moment preparing an application for American citizenship that the tenor filed with the courts over in Philadelphia a few days later.

There were other pictures; next to the "Burgomaster" a pair of quaint peasants by David Teniers, equally aged, and in a corner by Rembrandt's sister, Corot's "Bathing Nymphs," the quoted at \$20,000 in a sale of Andrew Freedman's collection. In the hall was Blakelock's "Spring Rock Cove," with more by other artists, and in the dining room bright-flowered scenes from Ireland by Mary Carlisle and a landscape by J. F. Murphy. America has been McCormack's home for three years continuously since the War, and he expects to be a citizen in two years more. The mat- ter has been under consideration much longer than that, however, having been proposed when the late President was in Washington during the Administration of former President Taft, who, indeed, offered to be his sponsor.

McCormack seriously hopes to re- tire from the stage by the time he's forty, and take an interest in public affairs—perhaps run for office—who knows? He might play the fiddle for he is the possessor of Wieniawski's own Guarnerius; or even try litera- ture, for he lately paid \$2,400 for Eugene Field's manuscript of "Little Boy Blue."—N. Y. Times.

LENTEEN THOUGHTS

The following thoughts—appropri- ate to Lent—originated with Cardinal Vaughan.

"Go on peacefully bearing dryness or whatever our Lord may send. Under such trial you will find encour- agement both in the Agony in the Garden and in the words spoken in the Agony on the Cross."

"The ready 'Thank God' in suffer- ing is worth more than the mind can measure. You are to be at peace in the arms of God. The Holy Ghost says in the Psalms: 'Commit thy way to the Lord, and trust in Him, and He will do it.'"

"Jesus Christ presents himself to me constantly crucified. He is my model. I have to be nailed to the Cross which is made up of the circum- stances and incidents and trials of my life. I am not to come down from it of myself. He will give me strength and grace if I implore 'This is a way to annihilate self-love.'"

"Sufferings borne with patience and love in the Precious Blood will overcome self-love. It is easy to write all this—the difficulty is in the practice. Love consists in deeds, sufferings with Jesus Christ."

ENLIGHTENING THE LATIN

Professor Harlan P. Beach's recent book, "Renaissant Latin America" which is a participant's enthusiastic account of the proceedings of the late Pan-American Congress, gives considerable space to the discussion of the best ways of bringing the Gos- pel light to benighted South Ameri- cans. The besetting sin of our Latin neighbors seems to be "medieval obscurantism" and the remedies for that evil are of course the "open Bible" and "democracy in ecclesiasti- cal government." How shall these specifics be applied? Nothing could be simpler. "Speaking the truth in love" will win over to Protestantism the submerged Romanists of our sister Republics. "If to people accustomed to a United Church we can show a faith which through all its diversity has attained a higher unity of love, yet still maintaining liberty of thought, Evangelicals will speak to sympathetic ears and will find the way to open minds and hearts."

If the busybodies who feel such concern about the spiritual welfare of Latin-American Catholics are in earnest about their resolution of "speaking the truth in love," they will not fail to mention that in the United States the Bible is now so lamentably "open" that well-known Protestant ministers are feverishly occupied in robbing the book of its sacred character; they will also tell the Latins that so few Americans really believe in the Bible that nearly 60,000,000 of them are unbaptized. "Speaking the truth in love," our zealous Panama delegates will also be sure to inform the South Ameri- cans that private judgment and "democracy in ecclesiastical govern- ment" have resulted in the formation

of about 150 distinct sects in this country, which are not strikingly conspicuous for having attained even the "higher unity of love" that is considered so far superior to South America's unity of faith. Then while our Evangelists are "speaking the truth in love" they will not fail to recall to the women of the Latin Re- public the tribute paid by M. Georges Clemenceau, France's anti- Catholic ex-Premier: "The family tie appears to be stronger than, perhaps, in any other land. . . . The rich . . . take pleasure in having large families. . . . The greatest affection pre- vails and the greatest devotion to the parent roof-tree. . . . reputation, that seems well justified of being extremely virtuous. In their role of faithful guardians of the hearth, they have been able to silence cal- umny and inspire universal respect by the purity and dignity of their life."

Finally before the amiable passion for "speaking the truth in love" has at all sooted let these missionaries contrast with the foregoing richly merited encomium the morality of Protestant America's home life. Let them tell the noble women of South America, for instance, that in 1906 we had in the United States one divorce for every twelve marriages, that we stand next to Japan in legalized domestic immorality, that more than 110,000 divorces were granted in 1914, and that during 1915 some 40,000 "orphans" were created in America by successful divorce proceedings. In concluding their exercise in "speaking the truth in love" the pros- ecutors might dwell for a few moments on the progress of the race- suicide and birth-control movements in this country and then quote a few statistics about the fall of the birth- rate among our most Evangelical Protestants. Thus enlightened, those blind Latin-American Romanists would still cling perversely, no doubt, to their "medieval obscurantism."—America.

CLAIMS OF ROME

TRUE AND FALSE CATHOLICITY According to the London Catholic Times, the Protestant Bishop of Lon- don has been informing some mem- bers of his flock that the great obstacle to "a reunited Catholic Church" is "the claims of one diocese—the Roman claim—to domi- nate every diocese in the world." The Bishop ought to be aware that it is in virtue of his position as Peter's successor that the Pope claims supreme authority in the Catholic Church. His Holiness presides over the greatest Church in the world—the Catholic Church. It is not dis- united. It is those outside it, espe- cially the members of the hundreds of Protestant sects, including the Church of England, who are dis- united, and are the insuperable obstacle to Christian unity. They are not Catholics and have not the shadow of a title to be so called.

Explaining why he belonged to the Catholic Church, St. Augustine wrote: "The agreement of peoples and of nations keeps me; an author- ity begun with miracles, nourished with hope, increased with charity, strengthened by antiquity keeps me; the succession of priests, from the Chair itself of the Apostle Peter—unto whom the Lord, after His Res- urrection committed His sheep to be fed—down even to the present bishop keeps me; finally the name itself of the Catholic Church keeps me—a name which, in the midst of so many heresies, this Church alone has not without cause, so held pos- session of, as that, though all heretics would fain have themselves called Catholics, yet to the enquiry of any stranger, 'where is the assembly of the Catholic Church held?' no heretic would dare to point out his own basilica or house." St. Augustine knew the difference between true and false Catholicity and had no toleration for mere pre- tence.—St. Paul Bulletin.

CARDINAL NEWMAN ON WASTED LIVES

Alas, alas, for those who die with- out fulfilling their mission: who were called to be holy, and lived in sin; who were called to worship Christ, and who plunged into this giddy and unbelieving world; who were called to fight, and remained idle. Alas for those who have gifts and talents, and have not used, or misused or abused them! The world goes on from age to age, but the Holy Angels and Blessed Saints are always crying, alas, alas, and we, too, over the loss of voca- tions, and the disappointment of hopes, and the scorning of God's love, and the ruin of souls.—Cardinal Newman.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1917

REV. J. T. FOLEY, B. A.

We are sure that all readers of the RECORD unite with us in offering heartfelt congratulations and sincerest good wishes to our Reverend Editor on the occasion of his Silver Jubilee celebration which marks twenty-five years of his life as a priest of God. We mention in passing that we have had to connive with the printers to get this notice beyond his censorship; but we are very glad to have this chance to honor a priest whom we all greatly respect, a Catholic journalist for whom we are anxious to show appreciation, a keen thinker whom we admire and a kind personality whom we have learned to love.

Father Foley was born at Asphodel, Peterborough County, received his education at Ottawa University, from which he graduated in 1888 with highest honors and from which he obtained his B. A. degree. He was ordained priest by Archbishop Duhamel on March 6, 1892, and he devoted twenty years to work in the ministry, serving the Diocese of Ottawa in the parishes of St. Patrick's, Ottawa; Farrelton, Que.; and Falloufield, Ont.

As Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD he has labored in London during the past five years for the triumph of the Faith and for the protection of the truth against error and vice. Every reader can testify with us that the paper has always been guided by the spirit of prudence and charity and that opinions expressed have always been disinterested and just. We feel, too, that under the guidance of Father Foley, and due principally to his endeavors, the paper ranks the equal of any in America.

Father Foley has always taken a keen interest in educational matters and he is recognized as one of the leading authorities in Canada on such matters. Amongst non-Catholics he is respected and admired for his great learning; although fearless in protecting the interests of the Faith, he has never given offence.

The Public Library Board of the City of London this year expressed their confidence in his sound judgment by making him their chairman. But as great a tribute of esteem as we know of to be made to Father Foley with all his great learning and his unassuming air will be to have the orphans sing the anniversary Mass with him. The children of Mt. St. Joseph, where he is chaplain, can appreciate perhaps more than we his kindly spirit and they love him for it.

We offer our congratulations and our prayers with those of innocent children, that by the grace of God he may long remain in our midst, a friend, a teacher of the truth, a priest.

THE FIGHTING PRIESTS OF FRANCE

It is not necessary to approve or defend the action of the French anti-clericals who followed their supposed master-stroke of Separation of Church and State, in 1905, with the military service law which was designed to give the coup-de-grace to the influence of the French clergy and to make the recruiting of their ranks difficult if not impossible. Eleven years ago the law of '89, which imposed general military training, though with numerous exemptions and exceptions, was amended so that every Frenchman without any exception or exemption save physical incapacity, was obliged to serve two years with the colors and became liable for military service in case of war.

The outcome, like that of Separation itself, has been a glorious vindication of the clergy from the calumnies on the acceptance of which

anti-clericalism largely depended for popular support.

The latest addition to a long list of proofs of this fact is the testimony of a Canadian officer in France, Major Beckles Wilson:

"In 1902 the lesser priesthood of France was described by the leader of the Anti-clerical party in the Chamber of Deputies as 'parasitic, bigoted and unpatriotic.' At that time, a frequent accusation brought against the priest was moral and physical cowardice.

"Although the conduct of the priests since July, 1914, has caused these charges to be abandoned, an impression still prevails, chiefly abroad, that the priests have no real hold on the Army and that their presence is merely tolerated by the commanding officers and the soldiers. Having been brought into contact with four French divisional commanders, and numerous battalion commanders, some forty clergy and the officers and soldiers of many different units in the trenches, I can record that, generally speaking, this opinion is not in consonance with the facts."

The 26,000 priests are scattered throughout the entire fighting-forces of France in various capacities and come, therefore, into the most intimate relations with practically every soldier of that gallant army which has challenged the reverent admiration of the world and reached hitherto incredible heights of individual and national heroism.

But let us take the testimony of our countryman as to the part the priests of France have played in inspiring and maintaining that military spirit in the ranks of their compatriots:

"The most striking testimony to their military value is contained in the citations of the Legion of Honour and Army Orders and Official Journals. "In the military archives, dealing with the fighting in Champagne, for the single month of November, 1915, there are 156 dossiers of priests and seminarists who perished in action. In the Verdun fighting the numbers are even greater. There exist many hundred citations for the Croix de Guerre, for the Medaille Militaire and the Legion d'Honneur.

"Some of the finest and most thrilling deeds of the War have been performed by priest-officers, priest-soldiers, amoniers, orderlies and brand-cardiers who were in July, 1914, for the most part, quiet abbés, vicaires and curés of the countryside. As the records reveal, at a critical moment—when the sterner tests of character were demanded, some have died, saved a whole battalion from destruction. This happened twice at Verdun. Upwards of two thousand priests have fallen in battle. A well-known amonier, of the 81st Division, Abbé Sahut, stated to me: "If we cannot fight and die like men and show our people how to fight and die in a holy cause, what is the good of our religion and our training? A priest afraid to die? No, no, he would be afraid to live!"

How the spirit of religion transfigures the spirit of patriotism, how the spirit of self-sacrifice reaches the heroic desire for martyrdom for God and country, is beautifully illustrated in the simple, soul-felt aspiration of Abbé Ligeard, whose duty in peace was to train the soldiers of the Cross for their holy calling:

"Abbé Ligeard, recently director of Lyons Seminary, afterwards Corporal Applin, before going into the action where he met his death, wrote:

"O that I might offer my life to remove the misunderstanding which exists between the people of France and the priests!"

"That was two years ago. I find few evidences of such misunderstanding to-day."

The correspondent notes something which goes far to explain the splendid morale of France's splendid army:

"In addition to his personal courage, the French priest-soldier is obviously a man of considerable force of character, spirituality and sympathy. He is constantly speaking to the men of their homes and villages, and giving them counsel in small matters. In a time of stress he exhorts their souls and brings to the soldier the consolations of religion. 'After all, if you die,' he says, 'you will only lose a precarious material life and you will gain eternal happiness.'"

Amongst many other striking quotations from officers and orders of the day we select this:

General Petain's opinion of the amoniers he has not hesitated to express: "I regard the amoniers as a most valuable asset to the Army. I wish we had more of them."

History will forever tell of the imperishable record of the soldiers of France; but the most important and far-reaching in its effects as well as the noblest victory of the War will be the triumph of the persecuted French soldiers of Christ over their enemies within the gate. They have not been overcome by evil; but they have overcome evil by good. This victory of the fighting French priests is not only Christian but Christlike.

SPARING THE ROD

"A good many parents might with profit pay more attention to the germs in their children's minds than to the germs in the children's feeding bottles." The Canadian Courier thus strikes a welcome note of remonstrance against a very marked tendency of our day. "What mars countless children on this continent is too much attention to their blessed little carcasses." This is the inevitable result of the weakening of the belief in the soul. Commonplace and familiar as it is to every Catholic, the truth that every human being consists of a body and a soul cannot be too strongly insisted upon or too clearly realized.

Human nature has not changed since Solomon's time. "He that spareth the rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him correcteth him betimes," is as true today as it ever was. That the proverb in the past has been interpreted too literally, and "the rod" too exclusively taken as the great means of discipline is a fact needing neither denial nor explanation. Such abuse might be invoked to justify discarding every truth of human experience, and truths of revelation as well. Extremes meet. That is another saying in which the wisdom of our ancestors is enshrined. But it is very doubtful if the extreme of corporal punishment was not attended with far less evil consequences than its opposite which now prevails.

The whole universe is subject to law; the mote that floats in the sun-beam not less than the solar system. Science with all its marvellous progress has found nowhere in the world revealed by telescope or microscope an atom which is not governed by law. And when science shall leave so far advanced that the discoveries of our age will seem but the dawn of such investigation, still more fully will the great truth of a law-governed world stand revealed. The laws of nature proclaim a Law-giver.

"The heavens are telling the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of His hands."

Greater than all the mysteries of nature that physical science has solved or ever will solve, greater than anything that science will ever suggest to the imagination, is man. Man, too, is subject to law. But the infinite wisdom of the eternal Lawgiver has endowed man with free will. He is master of his actions; he obeys or disobeys. He is free. The source of moral evil is not God but the abuse of man's free will.

The most important part of education, therefore, consists in training the will. And education begins, as a great educator has said, with the infant's first smile up into its mother's face. Its first lesson is to recognize law and obey it. For the child the parents are the embodiment of law. On the parents rests the tremendous responsibility of teaching this first lesson, of training the will of the child to submit to law which for it is the will of the father or mother.

Pitiable and disgusting as it is, what sight is more common than to see the roles reversed, the parents the obedient slaves of the child's petulant whims? Later it becomes more difficult to resume control; and the bad-tempered, self-willed infant is bribed into "being good." It must have everything it wants, and gets it. The weak-willed and weak-minded parents fall into the habit of excusing and justifying themselves. They point to cases of extreme severity. They promise that later on, when the child understands better, they will insist on obedience. But the lack of training and the awakening passions makes the task ever more difficult.

"Heaven knows," concludes the Courier, "it isn't an agreeable spectacle to see parents desert and neglect their children; but it is an open question whether such children brought up by wise strangers, or orphan subject to the discipline of an orphan's asylum, are not better off than those others who are nursed into nervous trouble before they are sixteen, or allowed to form the habit of expecting entertainment, diversion and excitement before they are ten? It is a wise parent that can suppress his own or her own natural desire to fondle and humour the child, long enough to train the little persons to respect authority, and to be content with simple things. How often does not the sordid story of some youthful tragedy read just like a glorified episode of the baby who demanded the rattle and would not be denied—the rattles, as children grow older, become more expensive, more difficult to obtain, and more dangerous to handle."

"He that spareth the rod hateth his son." The rod of discipline, whether literal or figurative, is indispensable in rearing children.

dispensable in rearing children.

The Catholic parent has the help, the priceless help, of the sacraments in the fulfilment of the duties of his state in life. That reminds us all of the Catechism. We all learned there that before Confession we are obliged to examine our conscience "particularly on the duties of our state in life." If fathers and mothers searched their consciences honestly on the most important duty of their state in life, Confession might be for them a more wholesome spiritual exercise; and with the grace of state, and the grace of the sacraments they would grow ever more faithful and efficient in the fulfilment of the high and holy duties with which God has charged them. And for that self-examination no better preparation could be made than to meditate on the text:

"He that spareth the rod hateth his son; he that loveth him correcteth him betimes."

THRIFT AND PATRIOTISM

No one when this greatest of wars is over will regret anything done to help secure the final triumph of the cause of liberty and justice; rather will failure to do so be a reason for shame as well as regret.

The Prime Minister of Great Britain and Ireland has said that it may be the silver bullet that will win the War. Certainly it requires no proof that adequate financing is an absolute necessity. Not only must Canada meet her obligations but she must furnish the money or the credit to enable England to pay us for the hundreds of millions spent in Canada for munitions and other War supplies. In the present state of the world's finances the Canadian Government must borrow from the Canadian people. There is no other source from which to draw.

Thousands of our readers have money in banks. There are few investments in which they have enough confidence or of which they have sufficient knowledge to place their money with a sense of security. The Government War Saving Certificates or other Government loans give absolute security. The whole credit of Canada is behind them. If they are unsafe, nothing is safe. The security of the Government is greater, immeasurably greater than that of any bank. The bank pays three per cent; the Government pays only a shade less than five and a half per cent. A War Savings Certificate of eighty-six dollars in three years is worth one hundred dollars. You can't lose it. It can not be stolen from you, as each certificate is registered in Ottawa in the name of the buyer, and to any one else, finder or thief, is but a worthless scrap of paper. The man or woman with money in bank who does not invest in war loans is foolish as well as unpatriotic.

There are, however, thousands more who, though having no bank account, if they felt any real desire to do their duty could save in order to invest. Can we read of the indescribable sufferings and privations of many millions of men, women and children, and escape a feeling of conscious guilt if we deliberately persist in denying ourselves nothing? Wastefulness and extravagance have been growing national sins. Thrift and economy are virtues urgently claiming our serious consideration for their own sake. What greater or nobler incentive shall we ever have to begin their practice than that now offered whereby we do ourselves and families a real service, and at the same time supply the credit to finance the country during its time of need.

Every one so doing may feel that he is having a direct share in equipping and maintaining our brave soldiers who in France and Flanders are writing the most glorious pages of Canada's history.

A NEW TYPE OF CATHOLIC

The epithets "popular" "charming" "lovely" which we hear now-a-days applied to clergymen and teachers are indicative of the changed attitude of many people towards those in authority, and possibly of the changed attitude of those in authority towards the people. The generation of yesterday looked upon the priest as the ambassador of Christ, as the Lord's anointed, as one set apart from men to offer sacrifice. They were not unconscious of the attractive, or maybe repellent nature of his personal qualities; but they seldom made these the subject of favorable or unfavorable comment, especially in the family circle. Veneration for

his sacred character forestalled any flippant expression of either personal esteem or disapprobation, that would have seemed natural enough in the case of a layman. Back of his personality they perceived the divine nature of his mission and they accepted his teaching and his behests as of one chosen to give testimony of the truth and to rule the flock entrusted to his care.

But we have with us now a class of people who pretend to be very pious, who love to go to Church, who love to hear Father—preach, who love to go to Communion, who love to attend the sodality meetings, who love to work for the Church, who love their pastor—so long as he shows due deference to them, says nothing to displease them, and makes no ruling that runs counter to their inclinations. If, however, he offend in any of these ways, all the honey is changed to vinegar. Their piety succumbs to a sudden stroke of paralysis, from which it threatens not to recover. The tongue which was recently so eloquent in his praise is now most bitter in its criticism of their pastor, in whom they have suddenly discovered a great many unamiable qualities.

The same changeable temperament sometimes reveals itself in a family's relations with the teacher. John and Alice are in Sister Benigna's class—and she is, to use their own words, "the nicest, sweetest teacher in the school." The conversation at mealtime is monopolized by her two loquacious admirers, who vie with each other in extolling her virtues. But lo, the scene is changed! Johnnie will not eat his supper. He is alternating between convulsive sobs and indignant protests at having been punished at school for no reason whatever. The parents believe him, for of course their children are perfect. They console him by the promise that they will see to it that the teacher makes amends for such injustice. The indignant father calls upon the parish priest to air his grievance, and maybe even threatens to take his children from the school if the teacher does not apologize. The priest, of course, upholds the teacher, but treats the father with a great deal more courtesy than he is deserving of, lest he might be turned against religion. The priest's motives are of the best; but it is an open question how far patience continues to be a virtue in dealing with such people. In the good old days children were taught to be silent at table, or, at least, to speak only when they were spoken to. They did not dare to bring home any complaint about the teacher; for instead of sympathy they might only get a repetition of the dose that they received at school. The parents were conscious that in all likelihood the teacher was perfectly justified in doing what he or she did. But right or wrong they realized that authority must be upheld, not only for the good of their own children but for the welfare of society at large. In this good-natured, coddling age the source of authority seems to have been reversed. "Tempora mutantur and, alas, nos mutamur in illis."

That charming creation of Canon Sheehan's "Daddy Dan" thus sums up his consolations—"My breviary and the grand psalms of hope, my daily Mass with its hidden and unutterable sweetness, the love of the little children and their daily smiles, the prayers of my old women, and, I think, the reverence of the men." As to the first two sources of consolation the priest is secure in them; no man can take them from him. The good pastor should be equally sure of the third; for the hearts of innocent children illumined by faith naturally go out to their spiritual father. But, alas, the sad sight is sometimes witnessed of the canker worm of criticism and disrespect for authority eating itself into the very heart of the home tree, and withering the young buds, robbing them of their fragrance and beauty before their petals are unfolded.

Of course he has the prayers of the old women—God bless them! But why did the author insert that adjective? Perhaps he was thinking of Kate Ginnivan and that shirt-factory at Kilronan.

Had Father Dan lived in our day and in our country he would no doubt have enjoyed the reverence of the men. Reverence is a many virtue and we think we are safe in saying that men excel in it. But there has been developed lately a certain type that is decidedly lacking in this spirit. When one hears a man boast of how familiar he is with Father Dan and so and of what he said to him

"because, you know, I know him so well;" when one hears a young sport say, as he slaps a priest on the shoulder, "Hello, old man," one wonders if St. Paul's admonition to be all things to all has not been misconstrued or, at least, overworked.

THE GLEANER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

A CORRESPONDENT of the Presbyterian, writing of "A Sunday in New York," says: "Along the great arteries of traffic are to be seen everywhere Roman Catholic churches and cathedrals and these are early thronged with worshippers." The gentleman's ideas as to "cathedrals," may be somewhat hazy, but he is open to impressions, nevertheless. These were probably deepened by the contrast afforded by the Protestant places of worship of the metropolis. In New York below 23rd street, said a recent writer, the Catholic Church and the Synagogue are very much in evidence; Protestantism has practically ceased to exist.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT that Longmans, Green & Co., have in the press a volume of letters by Cardinal Newman should be of widespread interest. Newman, whether as leader of the Oxford Movement in the Church of England, or as President of the Catholic University of Ireland, or as recluse of the Edgbaston Oratory was a voluminous letter writer and every effusion from his pen, even the most casual, carries with it the stamp of his individuality. The two volumes of Anglican correspondence edited by his niece, Miss Anne Mozley, has up to the present time been the only considerable collection of his letters in print. The day is coming when every fragment from Newman's pen still in existence will be published and preserved. The world cannot afford to let any of it perish.

It is significant that the novels of John Galt have been included by Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew among those most desired and appreciated by the soldiers on active service. Mgr. Drew, better known as "John Ayscough," is himself a strong admirer of Galt's genius, and has contributed his mite towards the rejuvenation of that writer's fame. For Galt, though never appreciated at his real worth, was much better known during his life-time than he is now. And yet we hazard the opinion that Galt, taken at his best (and what writer can afford to be judged by anything but his best?) occupies a place near the top among English writers of fiction. "The Annals of a Parish" is an imperishable classic, worthy to rank with "The Vicar of Wakefield," and "The Provost" and "The Entail" do not lag far behind. John Galt is destined to come into his own some day, and may it not be that from out the stress and turmoil of War his true place in English letters may be vindicated.

MR. ASQUITH, whose name as Premier of Great Britain and Ireland for the first twenty-eight months of the War was on everybody's lips, seems since the accession of Lloyd George to office to have completely dropped out of notice. One rarely sees his name in print now-a-days, nor hears it spoken by the "man in the street." This is due undoubtedly to the concentration of the public mind upon the tremendous task still before the Allies—concentration of so intense a kind that no mere person, however illustrious, or however conspicuous his services in the past, can hope for the time being to prevail.

AND YET, Mr. Asquith's services to the nation in the great crisis can never well be overestimated, and when normal times return they are sure to be fittingly recognized. History will credit him with having safely piloted the country through the adoption of universal military service—an achievement of far greater moment than for the time being is commonly realized. If three or four years ago one ventured to assert the possibility of this in England without a social upheaval he would have been called a visionary. Yet it has in the very midst of the greatest military crisis the world has ever seen, or perhaps is ever likely to see, come about so quietly as to have stirred no violent discussion even, or called for more than cursory comment in the press of the world. This is largely Mr. Asquith's personal achievement, and the credit for it will adhere to his name for all time.

In a matter so vital and representing such a deep breach with traditions the greatest tact and presence were called for. Under the name of conscription, suddenly adopted, an upheaval could not have been avoided. It was absolutely necessary to proceed slowly if the unity of the nation was to be preserved. It is one of Mr. Asquith's titles to honor that what is to all intents and purposes conscription passed into law without creating a breach between the classes which inevitably must have weakened the national cause and immeasurably prolonged the great conflict. To have preserved unity under such circumstances is surely no small achievement.

IN OPPOSITION (if his present position in Parliament may be so termed) the determination to preserve unbroken the unity of the nation remains uppermost in Mr. Asquith's mind. "I do not stand here," he said in his last speech in the House, "and speak as leader of the Liberal party. My one desire is to give support to the Government of the country. During the time of the War, party, so far as I am concerned, has ceased to exist." A fine spirit breathes in these words. Mr. Asquith in appealing to the verdict of history on the work of his Administration, as he proceeded to do in the same speech, spoke to a jury with a willing ear and a receptive mind. That verdict will be in his favor. It will recognize in no uncertain terms his great achievement in carrying the nation through the whole process of organization and mobilization under the strain of an unparalleled conflict, and bringing a victorious issue within its reach.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

The German retirement on the western front continues. Heavy guns on rails are covering the enemy's retreat. British pressure on the retiring foe continues at various strategic points. Germany admits the withdrawal on both banks of the Ancre, which, the official report says, is "for special reasons." The British War Office review of operations does not profess to know where the enemy's retirement will end, but adds that this will not be "beyond the point which they are forced to leave either by the economic necessity of saving their losses or from a position which superior location prevents them from holding." In the House of Commons the Financial Secretary to the War Office, while emphasizing the moral effects upon Germany of the retreat, admitted the possibility of the enemy's retirement being due to Germany's desire to husband her strength for a big blow on some of the Allied fronts.

The Turkish retreat has degenerated into disorganized flight. The defenders of Kut-el-Amara, who retired up the Tigris, have been overtaken and smashed in a rearguard action thirty miles up the river. The broken remnants of the demoralized foe are making for Bagdad. More than 2,500 prisoners have been taken in the last four days' fighting. Since December 30, when the British offensive began, 5,000 Turks have been captured. The number of the enemy killed and wounded is 20,000. This is a disastrous blow to German and Turkish prestige in the near and middle East. There is no doubt now in England as to the complete ascendancy, moral and military, of the British army operating on the Tigris. The British advance is along the high side of the river, which is free from marshes. Gunboats and cavalry continue the pursuit. Among the booty taken were thirty pontoons and bridging material, a large river vessel, six guns, three mortars, eight mine-throwers and a quantity of equipment and munitions.—Globe March 2.

The British advance on the heels of the retiring foe continued yesterday north of Valenciennes and Arras, and northwest of Puisseux-au-Mont. In the Ancre region local German offensives northeast of Guendecourt and northwest of Ligny-Thillois were repulsed, the British capturing 128 prisoners, three machine guns and four trench mortars. At Angres, Callonne and northeast of Loos the German trenches were raided and prisoners brought back. North of Arras, at a point southeast of Rocquincourt, an attempt to enter the British trenches was foiled. The German artillery shelled the British lines at Sailly-Saillais, Armentieres and Ypres with more than wonted activity.

The German Retreat is slow and gradual, their line along the Essarts-Bucquoy-Loupard Wood-Bapaume line being strongly held by machine guns and bombers. A heavy fog favors the enemy in his backward movement. The British advance is made through forests of barbed wire. The dash for Bagdad, before the Turks have had time to recover from the smashing defeats of the past week, has brought the British flying column within striking distance of Ctesiphon, the scene of General Townshend's victory over the Turks in 1915. Over seven thousand prisoners have been captured since the offensive began in December last.

Since February 24, when the attack on the Turkish defenses at Kut-el-Amara began, over four thousand prisoners have been taken.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

INTEREST IN THIS WEEK'S IRISH DEBATE

EXTRAORDINARY TRANSFORMATION OF OPINION BROUGHT ABOUT BY THE WAR

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

London, March 3.—The torpedoing of the Lusitania, the loss of American lives, has naturally brought to an acute stage throughout England the feeling of anxiety as to the attitude America will take.

There is a feeling, however, that sooner or later Germany will provoke the United States to armed intervention in the War, since she is determined to maintain her campaign of ruthlessness upon the seas.

In England we are more concerned at the moment in the important debate on the Irish question which will open next week in the House of Commons.

Every body feels a growing concern as to the result, because it certainly means a parting of the ways for more parties and more personalities than for a long time.

It is generally recognized that the condition of Ireland is growing worse, and that it will continue to grow worse until some strong plan of statesmanship, that can check the deterioration, is developed.

All the party leaders, including Mr. Asquith, who has returned from Brighton after a short visit made to recover from a severe cold, are consulting their followers as to the best method to pursue.

mons which, though it lasted only about fifteen minutes was perhaps one of the most passionate I ever observed. It was the Band Question.

Of course the land question in England has always been very much complicated by the fact that land, as distinct from all other form of property, gives a great social and political position as well as a gigantic return.

It looked then as if it were quite hopeless to make any real reform in the admittedly bad Land system of England, so bound up was the whole question with the deepest political problems and passions.

The main line of cleavage between Socialist proposals and general middle class opinion in England has disappeared in the same marvellous and almost unobserved way.

A further more remarkable change is in the whole attitude of the national English mind towards the relations between Capital and Labour.

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As everyone knows, the Northwest is a country of young men, of young unmarried men, and even in Ontario the proportion of young men is much higher than in Quebec.

In Ireland there has been similar transformation of feeling. Nationalist writers are recalling the days forty or fifty years ago when the whole tendency of British legislation was to substitute the wide stretches of pasture lands with cattle and sheep for the crowding cottages full of men and women tilling small patches.

with success there is no reason to doubt. But there are undoubtedly some, perhaps many, who still cling to the theory of non-participation.

QUEBEC AND THE WAR

To the Editor of The Globe: An article that appeared recently in the magazine section of The New York Sunday Times, entitled "Canada in the Throes of Acute Politics," is so frankly partisan in character that an answer would be superfluous were it not for the grave injustice it does to our French fellow-citizens.

The author of that article states that "the Province of Quebec, with more than 25% of the entire population of the Dominion, is utterly opposed to recruiting, and has been from the start" "the French are almost unanimously opposed to Canadian participation in the War."

It would, therefore, have been a miracle had this assault on the pro-British sentiment of the French-Canadian been without effect.

FOR A CANADIAN NAVY

The great majority of French-Canadians remained pro-British, and cordially accepted the idea of a Canadian navy, that would at any time—whether or not Canada was given representation—be ready to participate in the Empire's wars.

Since that campaign, however, Sir Robert Borden has not insisted on our legal and constitutional rights, and it may be confidently asserted that his Nationalist colleagues, having by their conspicuous conversion become ardent Imperialists, have carried with them many of their adherents, and have left to the old Nationalist-Non-Participation Party but a sorry remnant of French-Canadian electors.

PRO-BRITISH IN SENTIMENT

The great majority of our fellow-citizens of French origin are, therefore, pro-British. They have enlisted as freely as any other group of native-born Canadians, and not only has Quebec sent to the front battalions exclusively French, but in many if not all other battalions raised here, and in no small number of those from Eastern Ontario, there have been considerable numbers of French-Canadians.

In justice to those brave men who, side by side with other valiant Canadians, faced the agonizing clouds of gas, and saved the day at Ypres, who covered themselves with glory at Courcette, and whose names are to be read daily in the casualty reports, we must protest against the fantastic fables we have ventured here to expose.

THE REVIVAL OF SACRED DRAMA

Among the unsuspected and unforeseen results of the war is a revival of the old mystery play and of the sacred drama. Quite recently, Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, expressed his high approval of the movement in a letter addressed to M. Emile Rochard, the author of "Le Berceau de Jesus."

The author of this article makes a further charge that is even more unjust and unfounded. He says: "Quebec is not pro-British; she is even less pro-France. And she is much less pro-Canada than she is pro-Quebec."

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INTERESTING YOUNG IRISH INDUSTRY

The following article of Maire ni Dubigall (Mary MacDougal) is a well-deserved tribute to one of the most interesting of the young industries of Irish Ireland. The products of Evelyn Gleeson's studio and work-rooms at Dun Emer Guild, Hardwicke street, Dublin, are too little known in America.

CELTIC DESIGN

The design for all is Celtic through and through, by Miss MacCormac, but much of the gifted young artist's own individuality appears in it.

There are two missals, as fine specimens of hand-binding and tooling as one could wish to see, by Miss Elinor Kelly. The two altar charts, gems of illuminating art, are the work of J. Tierney, the only man's work in the collection.

The Irish-American or Irish-Canadian, who for house or church purchases Irish rugs, hangings, stained-glasses, tapestry or the pictures done by the young Irish artists of Dublin and Belfast, is helping his mother-land in the most practical way open to him.

ONLY IRISH MATERIAL

To comply with the conditions of the bequest, made by Miss Isabel Honan, who, apparently, loved her country in a thoroughly practical manner and which have been carried out with the most scrupulous exactitude by Sir John O'Connell, only Irish materials, except in the case of unobtainable essentials, have been employed, either in the building, decoration, or furnishing of the chapel.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Nov. 26, 1916. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: That your charity towards my mission is approved by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Canada let me quote from a letter from His Excellency, The Most Rev. Peregrine F. Stagni, O. S. M. D., Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa: "I have been watching with much interest the contributions to the Fund opened on behalf of your missions by the CATHOLIC RECORD. The success has been very gratifying and shows the deep interest which our Catholic people take in the work of the missionary in foreign lands."

EMILE FAGUET

The death some months ago of Emile Faguet has again aroused in certain quarters the question of religion as applied to eminent writers. It is customary in certain quarters in the case of a great writer or scientist, to conceal the fact of his religion, if he be a Catholic, and to exalt the fact if he be an atheist.

THE TAPESTRY

The tapestry for the altar background excited great interest, as it is, of course, an unusual class of work in modern times; indeed, it is a revival of an almost lost art. The last tapestry woven in Ireland by foreigners in the early eighteenth century is, it is pleasant to know, preserved in the old house of parliament, College Green.

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THE GREY STREETS OF LONDON

The grey streets of London are greyer than the stone— The grey streets of London, where I must walk my lone; The stony city pavements are hard to tread, alas!

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Table with 3 columns: Province, British-born, and native-born. Rows include Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia.

Table with 3 columns: Province, Excess of males over females, and total population. Rows include Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. N. M. REDMOND
THIRD SUNDAY OF LENT
THESE WHO ARE POSSESSED BY A DUMB DEVIL

Jesus was casting out a devil, and the same was dumb. (Luke xi. 14.)

Christians in a state of mortal sin who absent themselves from the sacrament of penance, or who willfully conceal mortal sin in confession, may truly be said to be under the influence of a dumb devil. No Christian, knowing and believing the cardinal truths of divine revelation, who has the misfortune to be in a state of mortal sin, can question the necessity of confessing his sin. He knows and believes that it is the sole means in his power by which he can have the guilt of his sin, and the eternal punishment which he deserves for it, remitted. He is aware that by it only can the grace be restored which he forfeited by the commission of his sin, and that without it no means is left him to become reconciled to God. In his early instructions he was made aware of this fact. It is a part of his faith, that Christ instituted and placed in the catalogue of Sacraments this great Sacrament to meet these wants; that when a man is guilty of the commission of mortal sin, he falls from a supernatural state, and that to rise from his sin he must have a supernatural medium. Since baptism can be used but once, this, therefore, is the sole supernatural medium at his disposal. Its necessity is as great to him for the remission of actual sins committed after baptism as that of baptism for the remission of original sin or the actual sins committed before its reception. Should he claim perfect contrition, another and independent means, then his instruction is at fault. Contrition is not perfect or sincere in him who neglects an opportunity to confess, or who is devoid of the will to confess should the opportunity be at all in his power. He cannot well be without the understanding that by his sin he has lost all claims to the merit of his former good work, and has placed himself in a state in which he is incapable of meriting no matter how good his work may be in the eyes of men. "Unless," says Christ, "the branch remain in the vine it cannot bring forth fruit, so neither can you unless you remain in Me." His conscience gives him no rest; the eternal well-being of his soul constantly calls aloud to him, and the precept of the Church defines the time beyond which he cannot be silent and obey her precept, but all to no purpose, he remains dumb. Why then this silence? Why with the conviction that his eternal ruin may come at any moment does this Christian man, contrary to reason and faith, remain silent concerning his sad state? Ah, it is because he is under the influence of, and he is tongue-tied by a dumb devil.

Though sad indeed, as this case is, sadder by far is the case of a person who is knowingly dumb in the sacred tribunal concerning a mortal sin. Of all sins this is the most awful and soul-dooming. On this especially, "the devil," says St. Chrysostom, "inverts the order established by God: for the order established by Him is, that we should be ashamed to sin, and glory in confessing our sins; the devil inverts this order, and gives us a confidence to sin, and a shame to confess." This is a strategem which the devil has ever found most fruitful. But how should we account for the action of the Christian who, with the light of faith and reason to guide him, commits this crime, which with all propriety may be called a complication of crime? He is guilty of sacrilege, or in other words, of the abuse of the Sacrament which Christ instituted to remove actual sin from his soul, and communicate His grace. He is guilty of hypocrisy, for he makes use of a solemn act of religion to cover sin. Under the guise of humility he practices a diabolical pride. He covers a sacrilegious wickedness by affecting to be religious. Whilst he pretends to repent he adds to his guilt, and prepares to "eat and drink damnation to himself by a sacrilegious communion. He is guilty of ingratitude to God, for, in this sacrilegious act, he manifests most insultingly an entire disregard for the greatest pledges of God's goodness toward him, and frustrates, as far as is possible for him, the designs of His mercy. He does more—he actually lays hold of God's most singular blessings as mediums with which to insult Him. Though awful and damning as the foregoing may seem, they do not constitute the proper and specific malice of the sin. We have to look for this in another, and deeper phase. We shall find it, and we will know it upon reflection. Wilful and premeditated lying to the Holy Ghost is the real source of the proper and specific malice of a sacrilegious confession. The power used in the sacred tribunal is God's own power; the priest, therefore, is God's representative. Hence to lie to him in the sacred tribunal when he is solemnly and sacramentally using God's own power to forgive sin, is to lie to the Holy Ghost. Our Lord tells us that "to despise His ministers is to despise Him, and to despise Him is to despise His Father who sent Him," so to lie to His minister in the sacred tribunal is to lie to Him. This, therefore, can only be the work of one deeply under the influence of the devil. The season of Lent is specially intended for our worthy recep-

tion of the sacrament of penance. The time for complying with the annual requirement of confession begins on the first Sunday of Lent. If, heretofore, we have been careless let this Lenten season arouse us to make a true and worthy confession. Let not the dumb devil seal our lips, and deprive us of this necessary means of grace, without which this holy season cannot be of benefit to us.

TEMPERANCE

WHEN HE WAS WITH DRINK
The "book of the unknown dead" is a record of the persons found dead or dying with no traces of identity, whose bodies at the morgue are unclaimed by relatives and who are buried in the potter's field. Before burial a very minute description is written of the appearance and clothing to help establish identity in case any one comes after burial to inquire for lost ones. According to one mortuary district, where hundreds of such cases are received every year 90% are unknown when received, but of these all but 10% are identified within a few days and the majority of the remainder within a year.

"The dreary list," wrote a reporter who visited the gruesome place recently, "is a monument to the struggle of living, telling of poverty, failure, disease and sudden death." It tells also something more. At the time of this reported visit a woman was there seeking a clue to a lost husband. She could not tell what he might have worn at the time for she was in the hospital. He was in the habit of going away and staying for two or three weeks, so she thought nothing of this last disappearance until he had been missing a month.

So the records were read to her. One was of a man about her husband's size, with a beard. "No," she said, "that could not be him for he was always clean shaven." But the record added "apparently clean shaven." "Oh, yes, not recently shaved." That would have been him when he was with the drink. "You see," she explained, "after he had been with the drink for a while he would forget and let it go." Then the age, about fifty. "That's him! That's him!" the wife wailed. "But, my dear lady," objected the official, desiring to offer comfort where possible, "you said your husband was only forty."

ST. JOSEPH, EXAMPLE OF EVERY VIRTUE

This month of March, with all its hidden promises of leaf and flower, with its days of blustering breezes and brilliant sunshine, waking to life the myriad folded buds on tree and hedge-row, while "pale primroses" and "violets dim" peep forth from their sheltering leaves, is dedicated to St. Joseph. In this month he is invoked by all his devout clients throughout the world. On the 19th, from the Holy Father on the Fisherman's throne to the poorest and humblest and most obscure Catholic, all will rejoice to celebrate the sweet feast of the great patriarch, who was given the wonderful mission of being the foster-father of our Divine Lord. There is a little indulgent prayer, no doubt known to most of our readers, "St. Joseph, Friend of the Sacred Heart, pray for us;" and this ejaculation, simple as it is, contains much. "Friend of the Sacred Heart," could there be a more sublime title, or one more peculiarly appropriate to St. Joseph, who so often felt it beating against his breast, when he had the happiness of carrying the Divine Infant in his arms? Then as the Holy Child "grew in grace with God and man," what innumerable opportunities St. Joseph must have had in witnessing and experiencing so much of the love and tenderness of the Sacred Heart in the daily intercourse of Jesus with Mary and Joseph. As he taught the elements of his trade to the Son of Man, he must surely have been initiated by Jesus into many a marvellous secret of His Sacred Heart, always full of love for the just and humble spouse of Mary Immaculate. Thus the years passed swiftly over the obscure town of Nazareth, nestling in a lovely hollow, formed by fifteen hills, under the Syrian sky. Every day saw St. Joseph laboring for the subsistence of Jesus and Mary, just like any ordinary hard-working, God-fearing Hebrew citizen, with the same toll-hardened hands, shoulders bent from labor, hair and beard gradually bleaching from age. Did one see him in the cool evening air, succeeding the fierce heat of an "Eastern summer" day, seated in the gate among his kinstalk, and the ancients of the people; or saw him praying reverently in the synagogue, or passing to and fro with his workmen's tools in the narrow streets of the

town, who would imagine that there could possibly exist any difference between Joseph, "the carpenter," and the other individuals of Nazareth?

Yet those hardened, toll-worn hands, in anticipation as it were, of the priestly dignity, conferred by the sacrament of holy orders, had frequently held the living, beautiful, infantile form of the Son of God made man; had often held those august hands (to be pierced one day for our sins,) while instructing Him how to handle plane or saw. Those venerable shoulders had long "borne the burden of the day and the heat," laboring for the support of Jesus and Mary, and the whitened hair probably told of the long, weary marches across the desert to and from Egypt, where he lived with the Mother and Child, until the angel came again to tell him to take them back "into Israel for they are dead that sought the life of the Child" (St. Matt. ii, 20).

The recollection of the flight of the Holy Family into Egypt seems to have always been carefully preserved by the Coptic Christians, and many a place has been traditionally pointed out in Southern Egypt and Abyssinia as having been the abode of Jesus, Mary and Joseph during their exile from Palestine. Consequently it was only very natural that devotion to St. Joseph should have found its earliest home in these wild African districts. Father Matthew Russell, S. J., in his charming volume, entitled "St. Joseph of Jesus and Mary," says that "before St. Athanasius, in the fourth century, sent missionaries to instruct the Copts in the rites of the Church of Alexandria, the sojourn of the Holy Family in Egypt was commemorated in Abyssinia, and a special festival was kept in honor of St. Joseph. So, too, among the Christians of Syria, so ancient is the devotion that there is no record of its introduction among them. There can be no doubt, too, that in the Greek Church the devotion is of great antiquity, as may be gathered from their hymns, and the custom that everywhere prevailed in Greece of calling their children by the name of Joseph."

St. Joseph, as we all know, is the patron of all virtues, the example of every state in life, the teacher of young and old, married and single, the model for priest and people. But there is one office that is universally proclaimed as his. Even those who take little care to deserve his help look to him as the powerful aid of the dying. Yes, it is in our last hour that he shall fully understand what his intercourse means to those who have endeavored to live near him. Remembering his singularly holy and favored death, the Christian's strongest hope is that a ray of that divine light that shone around St. Joseph's bed, reflected from the faces of Jesus and Mary, may penetrate the gloom of our departing hour and somewhat the harshness of our soul's going out.—St. Anthony Messenger.

THE DIVORCE QUESTION

MINISTER UPHOLDS CATHOLIC POSITION
DR. WRIGLEY BLAMES LAITY FOR FAILURE OF EPISCOPALIANS TO FOLLOW IT

An eloquent apology for the position of the Catholic Church in reference to divorce was preached by Rev. C. F. J. Wrigley recently at Grace Church, on the Heights. Dr. Wrigley spoke as strongly in favor of the stand that the Catholic Church now holds, and has always held, as any Catholic priest or layman has ever seen fit to do.

Another point that he emphasized was the incongruous fact that the laymen delegates to the recent convention at St. Louis were able to defeat the resolution calling for a prohibition of the re-marriage of divorced persons, the flock leading the shepherd! Dr. Wrigley was one of the ministers most active in seeking to have the convention go on record as against the re-marriage of divorcees.

"The purpose of the new canon," said he, "was passed by a large majority of the clergy and failed only because a few votes necessary to a majority among the laity were lacking, means that the Episcopal Church is to take her stand upon the statement made in the prayer book that the man or woman whose marriage is blessed by the Church are married until death parts them.

If hard work is sapping your strength—reinforce with



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Jesus gave to His apostles. They were to forgive not only seven times, but seventy times seven—that is, an unlimited number of times—and that rule applies to the case of the man and his wife, as well as to other kinds of sin. This destroys the idea that the innocent party may marry again, because in that case the guilty party is cut off from repentance.

THE FRUITS OF LIBERALISM

"The stand of liberalists has resulted in an orgy of divorce such as the world has never seen, save in the debauched days that preceded the fall of the Roman empire. Objection to the law on the indissolubility of valid marriages on the ground of cruelty has its companion in any law to the infliction of which a penalty is attached.

"The canon which it is proposed to pass does not forbid people separating if they cannot live together. It does not propose to continue a hell on earth. But it does declare that it is not seemly for a minister of the Church to give the Church's blessing to the remarriage of people who have once promised before God that they would take each other for better or worse until death parted them."—Brooklyn Tablet.

ZEAL TO BE ENCOURAGED

"Zeal for the Catholic press is one of the forms of enthusiasm most to be encouraged in the Church today," observes Henry A. Doherty, writing in America. "But it is a tragic thing, I think, that those who most sorely need to have their faith stirred up and kept at some ordinary level of activity are the very ones who seldom come in contact with Catholic papers at all. Meanwhile they steep themselves in reading which, apparently non-religious, is in reality fruitful of an anti-religious attitude of soul."

EXILES OF ERIN

The following tribute to the Irish race was contained in the late address of Senator Reid, of Missouri, to the U. S. Senate respecting the emigration question: "There was a time, sirs, in this country when the 'American Aristocrat' sneered at the Irish who were coming to our land. The American aristocrat pointed to the fact that the Irish immigrants were priest-ridden and Pope driven, the same miserable cry that is to a large extent to-day responsible for this bill. It is charged that they were ignorant, and to a large extent they were, although only a century or two back of that time the Irish had been better educated than the English; but English oppression had destroyed Irish opportunity. They pointed to the fact that when these Irish came to our country they came poor; clad in tatters; that they crowded into tenements, ten, fifteen and twenty living in a room. They declared that these Irish were the leprosy of the earth; that they would pollute our civilization. Yet what happened? The Irishman took his pick and shovel and went on to the railroad. He worked at anything he could get and in a little while the Irishman was living in a little cottage of his own; in a little while his children were in the Public schools; in a little while the Irishman with his pick had become the manager of the railroad; in a little while you heard his eloquent voice ring out in the forums of debate; you heard the magic and music of Irish poetry; you saw the mystery of Irish genius transformed to the deathless canvas. You find the Irish to-day as good in blood, as good in brawn, as exalted in soul, as aspiring as the people of any race. They have passed in the test of life those who stood sneering at them as they came. I use that one race as a type, but it is true of others."—Catholic Transcript.

THEN AND NOW

An artist painted a picture of Innocence—a gentle boy it was, sitting with a hold of his mother's hand. Many years after he wished to paint, as a companion piece, a representation of Guilt; and for this purpose he sought and obtained admission to a

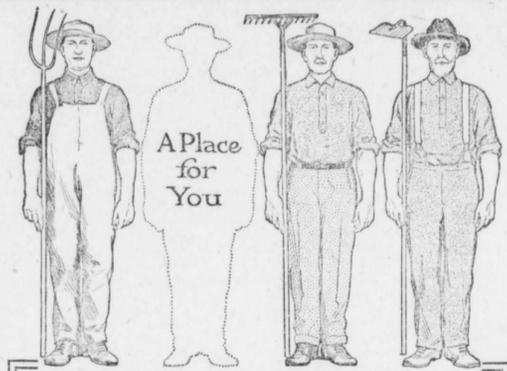
condemned criminal in his cell. He made this poor wretch his model, and produced a picture of remorse and anguish truly affecting. He then brought in the former picture, that by placing the two side by side, he might be better able to judge of the effect. The moment the eyes of the prisoner fell upon this one, he was greatly excited, and burst into tears. He recalled an episode of his boyhood. The truth was he had been the model for both.

The story has been often told, but the truth which it embodies cannot be too often uttered or too deeply pondered. No one day leaves any man as it found him; for just as certainly as we grow older with time, so certainly do we grow either better or worse—more strengthened for good, or more inclined to evil.—Our Sunday Visitor.

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Recruits Wanted for Production

Just as surely as lack of food is strangling Germany day by day, so plenty of food is winning the victory for the allies. The French armies, for instance, were never better fed than now, for France cannot forget the awful lesson of 1870—the failure of her food supply. To this she attributed the loss of that war.

The Farmers of Ontario Urgently Need Help

The Department of Agriculture appeals to men and boys to enlist in the farm help campaign. The Department appeals to men unfit for military service, or who find it impossible to enlist in the army. Do your "bit" by helping to increase production of foodstuffs. This is your hour of opportunity.

Ontario Department of Agriculture
Parliament Buildings Toronto

First Announcement

We have in preparation a new book under the suggestive title:

"The Facts About Luther"

which will be ready for the market about October 1st, 1918. The work is written by the Rt. Rev. Mons. P. F. O'Hara, LL.D., who is well known as a writer and lecturer on Lutheranism. The object of the volume is to present the life of Luther in its different phases as outlined in the contents.

The forthcoming celebration to commemorate the 4th centenary of Luther's "revolt" which occurs October, 1917, lend to invest the volume with a special timeliness. But, apart from this consideration, the need has long been felt for a reliable work in English on Luther based on the best authorities and written more particularly with a view to the "man on the street". Monsignor O'Hara admirably fills this want, and the book will be published at so nominal a price that those whom the subject interests may readily procure additional copies for distribution. We also beg to call your attention to the fact that this work will be an excellent addition to the mission table.

CONTENTS
1. Luther, his friends and opponents.
2. Luther before his defection.
3. Luther and indulgences.
4. Luther and Justification.
5. Luther on the Church and the Pope.
6. Luther and the Bible.
7. Luther a fomenter of rebellion.
8. Luther, Free-will & Liberty of Conscience
9. Luther as a Religious Reformer.

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Recipe to Darken Gray Hair

This Home Made Mixture Darkens Gray Hair and Removes Dandruff

To a half pint of water add: Bay Rum 1 oz. Oriz Compound a small box Glycerine 1 oz. These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any druggist at very little cost and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until all the mixture is used. A half pint should be enough to darken the gray hair, and relieve the dandruff. It does not stain the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

YOUNG MEN! YOU ARE AN OBJECT LESSON

AN EARNEST AND TIMELY WORD OF ADVICE

The vivid lightning of the heavens sometimes reveals in all the brightness of day what lies hidden in the darkness of night. The grace of God sometimes parallels this in a flood of light flashed at intervals upon the soul.

Catholic young men! have your responsibility towards others ever been thrust upon you in one of these bursts of light? Has the second great commandment of God, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" (St. Matt. xix. 19) ever had any effect upon your lives?

Every sincere Catholic desires nothing more fervently than the conversion of this fair land of America to the true faith. How is this result to be obtained? Many will say, by the preaching of our clergy and their apostolic zeal.

Yes, Catholic young men, you are the object lessons from which those outside the Church judge of the truths of our Catholic faith. You are living witnesses for or against the Church.

Every Catholic young man should be an apostle. A life pulsating with the purity and faith in a sermon that touches hearts, that wins converts. Would that the lives of all of you came under that heading—apostolic.

Of what use is the preaching of the clergy if you, who should mirror in your lives the truths set forth in the pulpit, do not give a splendid example of a living, vibrant Catholic faith?

mystical body. You, who have ultimate dealings with our separated brethren, should realize the heavy responsibility resting upon you to give a good example.

A splendid instance of the power of good example is related in the biography of the distinguished English convert, John Hungerford Pollen. One night, in the crush of a London society function, he espied at the opposite end of the room a lady trying to catch his eye.

"I see you don't remember me, Mr. Pollen," said the lady, despite polite attempts on his part, "but I have good reasons to remember you. This time last year I sat beside you at a dinner party, and a fish course was served. I partook of it while you refused, and I said, 'you are quite wrong, Mr. Pollen, not to take some of this. It is excellent. I will sign to the footman to bring it to you.' 'No, thank you,' was your reply: 'it is one of those fast days on which I may eat meat, but Catholics are not on such days allowed fish at the same meal.' You went on to talk of other things; but my astonishment was extreme, and I determined to inquire into a religion which could make a man forego a good dish of food. The result is that I am at present a Catholic."

To be a missionary, to win souls for Jesus Christ, to bring the light of faith to the non-Catholics of this land, is a mission to which every young man is called. Your zeal may be easily tested in the good example you set to others. Be a good Catholic in all which that means. Do not think one way and act another. Do not conduct yourself in Church like a fervent Christian and in daily life like an apostate.

Christ has said: "No man can serve two masters." (St. Matt. vi. 24.) You cannot praise God and the world in the same breath. There is no alternative; it must be either one or the other; there is no neutrality possible.

Young men! how shall you aid in making America Catholic? First by the power of effectual, fervent prayer. St. James says: "Pray one for another, that you may be saved. For the continual prayer of a just man availeth much." (v. 16) Second, by the force of your united good example. Our Lord says: "So let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven." (St. Matt. v. 16)

You should pray as if all depended on God, and you should zealously labor as if all depended on yourself. What is needed to convert America is not more grand churches reared up in the name of Christ, not more eloquent preachers to go forth and repeat over and over again the life story of our Lord. These are exceedingly good for the spread of religion. But what is supremely needed in our day is more men and women to live the life of Christ in this world of sin.

Ask yourselves one question. Am I living the life of Christ? If you can not answer "Yes," then study Christ's life, bring your own into accordance with its principles, and when you can stand before men and say, I know that life by experience, then go out into the world of sin and shame, of misery and of broken hearts, of weak and sinful men, and live—live the true life of Christ, "who went about doing good." (Acts, x. 38).

Shall we succeed in making America Catholic? Yes, my dear young friends, if you and I live the real life of Christ Jesus our Lord.—B. C. Orphans' Friend.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

TAINTMEMA Once my father said to me "Here's a curious mystery; Every deed which is not right In this house that's brought to light Is not done it would appear By somebody living here. Anyway, it's always blamed On a total stranger named Taintmema."

"Fingermarks upon the door, Muddy trackings on the floor, Books and papers out of place, Or a broken cup or vase, Or most anything that's named, For which someone must be blamed. When we ask, 'who did it, pray?' We can hear somebody say, 'Taintmema.'"

HOW BILLY GOT A NEW DOG It was a very sober-faced little eight year old boy who sat on the doorstep with his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands. "Lonesome, Billy?" asked his mother, opening the door behind him. "I can't get used to doing without Tige," he answered, with a queer catch in his throat. "I miss him as much as I did the day that automobile ran over him."

play with Tommy Watkins until noon." Billy pulled up his cap over his curly head and started down the road toward Tommy's home.

Instead of skipping along, whistling, or singing, he walked slowly; and he wasn't thinking of Tommy Watkins at all; his mind was full of Tige.

"A dog is the best damn a fellow can have," said Billy to himself. "He's always around when you want him. Even at night he doesn't have to go home like a boy. He sleeps right on the floor by your bed. If you wake up in the dark you can reach down and touch him; and he licks your hand and wags his tail, and is company for you. Oh, I do want a dog!"

Remembering that there was no Tige on the rug now, Billy's eyes filled; he had to clamp his eyelids together and hold them tightly shut to keep the tears from squeezing through. While his eyes were thus closed he heard an odd, snuffing noise. Looking, he saw just around the corner a little black-headed girl. She was sitting upon a rock at the roadside with her arms crossed upon her knees and her face buried in her arms; and she was crying.

"I wonder what is the matter," thought Billy, stopping in the middle of the road. "Girls are always crying about something, though," he said, and started on again.

Yet the sound of her sobbing made him uncomfortable. "Anyhow, it's none of my business," he told himself. "I've got troubles of my own. Still, she's pretty small to be alone. I s'pect she's not more than six years old. Maybe she's lost. Aw, I don't want to be tagging cry-babies home!" he said, crossly.

Frowning, he stopped and looked back.

"Tommy and I won't have any time to play." At that moment the little girl gave a sob louder and more piteous than any she had yet uttered.

"I suppose I'll have to see her," he sighed, walking toward her. "Are you lost, little girl?" he called.

"No," she answered, without looking at him. "I live in the brown house up yonder on the hill." "Then what is the trouble?" he questioned, walking toward her. "Are you hurt?"

"Yes," she replied in a shaky voice. "My feelings are all mused up inside of me." "What mused them?" Billy was too polite to laugh at her funny speech.

For the first time the little girl lifted her head, and he saw a very woeful and tear-stained face. "We're going to move away—way off on the cars," she wept; "and daddy says I've got to leave Toby here."

"Who is Toby?" asked Billy. By this time he was quite close to her. "A cat?"

"I should say not," snifed the little girl. "Look!" She spread her apron, allowing him to see what she held in her lap.

Toby was a fat, black and white fox-terrier pup. "Ah-h!" gasped Billy, dropping on his knees. He pressed his face to the soft warm body and felt Toby's pink tongue touch his cheek.

"You say you can't keep him?" he asked. "That started Toby's little mistress weeping afresh. 'I can't,' she cried, 'and I just know he'll starve; nobody wants him.'"

"I do," eagerly declared Billy. "Please give him to me." The little girl snatched Toby up and cuddled him against her breast. "Will you feed him and love him better than anything? Cross your heart?" she asked.

"I will," promised Billy. "Cross my heart twice." The little girl kissed Toby's funny black nose, hugged him so hard that he yelped, and put him into Billy's arms. Then she ran swiftly up the hill toward the brown house.

Forgetting Tommy Watkins, Billy hurried homeward. "If I hadn't tried to help a little girl who was in trouble," he told his mother, "I wouldn't have Toby now." —Catholic News.

A GOOD REASON FOR JOINING THE HOLY NAME

Nora Desmond, who writes the clever negro dialect sketches in "Our Colored Missions," gives in her latest story an excellent reason why a man should join the Holy Name Society, even if he is not addicted to profanity. She expresses it through Malinda Wickes who calls on Mrs. Evaristus Gummus Brown, better known as Marthy Brown. This conversation takes place: "Ah wisht mah George would join the Holy Name 'Ciety wif your Evaristus, Marthy."

"What fur do yo' wan' him to jine the Holy Name 'Ciety? Ah didn't think yore George was sech a bad swearin' man that yo' would wish sech restrictions as the Holy Name 'Ciety a holdin' him down." "Oh! Taint jes the swearin' ah'm thinkin' uv. George don't swear very bad at all, but why ah wanted he should jine was fur the good 'zample uv a body uv men receivin' Holy Communion together like them, shoulder to shoulder, the good ones carryin' the wose ones along like sif they say to the Lord, 'Take us in a bunch thout pickin' us apart,' and they all git through together. It seems sech a poweful boost to a man wat hasn't any too much 'ligion uv his own.'" —Sacred Heart Review.

THE ONLY MEDICINE THAT HELPED HER

"Fruit-a-lives Again Proves Its Extraordinary Powers

ROCHON, QUE., March 2nd, 1915. "I have received the most wonderful benefit from taking 'Fruit-a-lives'. I suffered for years from Rheumatism and change of life, and I took every remedy obtainable without results. I tried 'Fruit-a-lives' and it was the only medicine that really did me good. Now I am entirely well—the Rheumatism has disappeared, and the terrible pains in my body are all gone. I hope that others, who suffer from such distressing diseases, will try 'Fruit-a-lives'." MADAME ISAIE ROCHON.

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SOCIALISM AND THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH

A Socialist league has been established for members of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It accepts without qualification the principles of Socialism, whether Fabian, Utopian or Marxian. It likewise openly embraces "the scientific philosophy of Socialism," which is historic materialism. According to this doctrine all existing institutions, religious as well as social, owe their origin and development mainly to economic causes. It is the boast of the Marxian philosophy that man was not created by God, but God by man. He is described as the creature of man's imagination in certain stages of economic evolution. Christian Socialists, we are aware, seek to reconcile Marxian philosophy with their own evolutionary theory of Christianity, but Monism is the only creed that Socialists have consistently been able to accept. To parade, as these Protestant Episcopal Socialists do, "Holy Mother Church" in the train of Marxian philosophy is a delusion and a snare, or a sad confusion of ideas, or else the expression of a conviction that Episcopalianism should no longer lay any claim to the title of a supernatural religion. Devout churchmen, we hope, will not read without a shock that "the polity, doctrine and spiritual ideals of the Anglican communion are socialistic." Surely it is high time for them to return to the one true "Holy Mother Church" from whose bosom they have been separated these many years.

The latest development of the Protestant ideal of the individual interpretation of Holy Writ has led far beyond anything that Luther or Henry VIII. could have foreseen. Men are no longer satisfied with interpreting Scripture according to their "lights," or with reading their own theories and desires into its pages. They go farther and now insist that the Scriptures themselves, when not in conformity with their views, contain only a garbled and distorted version of the life and doctrine of Christ. After nineteen centuries it has suddenly been discovered by Christian Socialists "of the Bouck White type that the Evangelists were epistemologically inclined and that St. Paul, always the chief offender, was the prime promoter of a capitalistic Christianity, which has replaced the teaching of Christ from the first century to the present day. The true Christ was not Divine, according to the earlier school of Christian Socialism, but a mere man, second, or equal, or perhaps superior to Marx. What is to be the doctrine of the new Protestant Episcopal Socialism?

The reading of one Socialist book each quarter of a year is a condition of membership in the new Church Socialist League. The blasphemies of Blachford, the animism of Babel, the incantation of Bouck White, the atheistic "religion" of Dietzgen, "the philosopher of Socialism," will furnish elevating spiritual reading, and the program can be indefinitely enlarged along the same lines. It is sad to behold a list of conspicuous bishops, clergymen and members of the laity in the van of the new movement, hailing the Protestant Episcopal denomination as the church of revolutionism, and confusing zeal for social justice and the Kingdom of God with Socialism.—America.

PRIEST KEEPS FIRE VOW

PLEDGE MADE WHEN CHICAGO WAS FLAME SWEPT RECALLED

Father Damen's vow still lives and moves. When the great Chicago fire started in 1871 Father Damen was absent from his parish on a visit to New York. Some one wired him of the danger to the Holy Family church at May and Twelfth streets.

He prayed all night that the homes of his people and the church be spared. He vowed if his prayers were answered to keep seven candles burning before the altar as long as he lived, and would ask his successors to do the same. When he returned to Chicago he found that neither his church nor the home of any of his parishioners had suffered. The seven candles have burned for forty-five years before the statue of the Virgin Mary.—Catholic Sun.

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WHO WOULD EVER have expected to see you here? I thought you left Canada some years ago. My, Bill! You look just as natural as ever. Let me see now, it must be thirty years since I saw you before. That was the time that your father and my father were attending a meeting in Toronto, and were staying at the Walker House. Gee! Those were the happy days. I will never forget. My! How you laughed at me when I fell sliding on the clean floor of the Office of the Hotel. My Dad thought it was a shame to dirty that clean floor. Have you been in Toronto lately? Is that so? I was there myself last week. My Gosh! they have got the House fixed up beautifully, and the Meals are just as good as ever. In fact, I think they are a little better. It does an old timer of that Hotel a lot of good to see the way in which they look after women and children when they go in there. Mr. Wright, the Proprietor, is on the job all the time, moving around to see that everybody is attended to. Nothing escapes his eye. No doubt there will be lots of other Hotels in Toronto, and many of them pretty good ones, Billy, but there is only one WALKER HOUSE for mine. Well, Good-Bye Old Chap! All right, that's a Go! Walker House next Tuesday. Mind your Step, you are getting old now, Bill. Good-Bye!

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



SHE PATIENTLY BORE DISGRACE

A Sad Letter From a Lady whose Husband was Dissipated How She Cured Him with a Secret Remedy



"I had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery and privations due to my husband's drinking habits. Hearing of your marvellous remedy for the cure of drunkenness, which I could give my husband secretly, I decided to try it. I procured a package and mixed it in his food and coffee, and, as the remedy was odorless and tasteless, he did not know what it was that so quickly relieved his craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly, and we now have a happy home. After he was completely cured I told him what I had done, when he acknowledged that it had been his saving, as he had not the resolution to break off of his own accord. I hereby advise all women afflicted as I was to give your remedy a trial."

FREE—SEND NO MONEY I will send free trial package and booklet giving full particulars, testimonials, etc., to any sufferer or friend who wishes to help. Write to-day. Plain sealed package. Correspondence sacredly confidential. E. R. HERD, Samaria Remedy Co. 1421 Mutual Street - Toronto, Canada

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DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA OCTOBER 7th, 1916.

EIGHT

GILLETT'S LYE

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It not only softens the water but doubles the cleansing power of soap, and makes everything sanitary and wholesome.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PENANCE

During this season of Lent which is devoted to works of penance and mortification it is very necessary that Catholics should understand the basis for the practices to which the Church attaches so much importance in order to be in harmony with Catholic teaching, and to be in a position to resent in the name of our holy faith the attitude of would-be cultured superiority that affects to sneer at mortification for penance. The fundamental reason for penance is found in the Testament, old and new, and the history of the Church shows that those who have reached the highest point in the scale of religious perfection are those who recognized the efficacy of penitential practices. Our Blessed Lord said, "Unless you do penance you shall all likewise perish," and the voice of conscience in every man not hopelessly depraved tells him that somehow or other sin is balanced and set right by repentance.

In ascertaining the philosophy of penance we shall always be greatly helped by keeping in mind the story of the prodigal son, for we have in the prodigal's going away from his father's house, in his sojourn in a distant land, and in his return to the bosom of his family, a perfect example of a young man giving up the life of innocence, living for years in sin, and finally returning to God through repentance.

Every man who sins knows that he cannot hope for pardon on any easier terms than he is accorded to the illustrious penitents of the past, and whilst he may not be able to explain how mortification either of the soul or of the body atones for sin he knows that it is so, and that is enough for him. When sin is committed the first law of harmony is punishment and all the practices of the Lenten season are calculated to strengthen his hold on that salutary truth. It never occurs to him to fancy for a moment that the mere discomfit which mortification involves is pleasing to God, for if he undergo mortifications which involve discomfort it is that he may tame his rebellious flesh which he is only too apt to pamper, and bring it under subjection. The great Apostle St. Paul, was not merely indulging in a taste for sensationalism when he avowed that he chastized his body, and every man may without hesitation imitate his illustrious example. If the athlete deprives himself of certain things whilst he is training for an earthly contest surely a Christian should be willing to put aside for a season something which is otherwise lawful, whilst he is strengthening himself for a heavenly contest. And that is the philosophy of penance; that is the explanation of the Lenten season. Penance is an effort to secure self control and Lent, which is a season during which distracting pleasures are set aside, is an admirable time to cultivate that self-control.—T. in The Guardian.

MEXICO

The Socialist Governor Alvarado of Yucatan, Mexico, appointed by Carranza, shocks even non-Catholic observers by the extreme injustice of his tyrannical laws. He has seized possession of all property and summarily executes citizens without trial.

In a letter to the Extension Magazine of January, written in September, 1916, from Yucatan, the author states: "Here you can not pray, hear Mass, or talk. There is not a priest, or an open church in any of the towns of the State. All the churches, except two in this city, were seized and all their furnishings were destroyed. The church of the Third Order is now a museum; the church of Jesus-Maria, a Masonic hall; and several of the others are stores, their balustrades and altars having been sold or destroyed. Other churches have been turned into halls for workmen or dwellings for soldiers' families. There is not one Catholic college or school open. The bishop's residence and the residences of the priests were confiscated by a decree of Alvarado, and as they fear being later obliged to restore them, they are selling everything—the marble, the doors, and even the plants in the gardens.

"Meat markets are not permitted, because Alvarado has bought 60,000 barrels of meat from the United States, so only he may sell meat. With this meat he pays many people. Everything is sold for the profit of Alvarado and Carranza. Every month we have 10,000 hens, 500 chickens, and 500 cases of eggs, besides the cereals; all are distributed through all the States, and the profits, they say, are to pay the expenses of the revolution. No one can purchase anything but through the Government. We have

been obliged to go without needles because the Government does not keep this article. All the traders have to get their goods from the Government.—The Monitor.

"THE POOR MAN'S POTATO"

AT PRESENT PRICES IT IS THE RICH MAN'S LUXURY—IT HAS LOW FOOD VALUE AND NOT WORTH THE PRICE

And now the meek and lowly potato—the poor man's friend—goes soaring skyward along with such aristocratic foods as meat and eggs! In fact nearly all the common garden vegetables have jumped beyond the reach of the purse. But the upward flight of these vegetables would not bother us if the good old reliable potato, friend of the common people, had not also taken its flight.

And this behavior of the potato has caused a sudden and widespread inquiry into its real food value. The consumer has discovered what he should have known long ago, that the food value of potatoes has been much over-rated; that the potato is about 75% water and about 20% starch. It is a good food at seventy-five cents a bushel when eaten with a certain quantity of protein and fats but it is not worth eight cents a pound.

Dietetic authorities in all parts of the country are calling on the people to substitute cereals and fruits for potatoes. Two shredded wheat biscuits (which cost two cents at the grocer's) eaten with milk, make a complete, nourishing meal, supply everything the human body needs for building tissue and for furnishing the necessary heat and energy for half a day's work. These biscuits are made out of the whole wheat grain which is steam-cooked, shredded and baked—a process that renders all their body-building material easily digested.

Shredded wheat not only supplies the proper amount of proteins, carbohydrates and mineral salts, but also contains the bran-coat which stimulates bowel exercise, thus keeping the intestinal tract healthy and active. While nearly all other foods have advanced in price, this standard whole wheat food sells at the same old price. These little loaves of shredded wheat are satisfying and sustaining when eaten with hot milk alone, or with sliced bananas, stewed prunes or other fruits.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CHICAGO

BEGS FOR ORPHANS—STATE AID IS WITHDRAWN

By a recent decision rendered in the Circuit Court of Cook County, county and city authorities are prohibited from giving pecuniary aid to Catholic child-caring institutions. As a result, more than 2,000 dependent Catholic orphan children of Chicago will have to be put out on the streets unless Catholic charity supplies the funds which the county and city formerly furnished when committing children to Catholic institutions.

The gravity of the situation has prompted Archbishop Mundelein to issue an appeal to the faithful which was released on Friday. Graphically picturing the distress that would be in store for the children if they were left to their fate, he exclaims:

"No, my dear faithful Catholic people, the Archbishop is not going to desert the orphan children, he will not abandon them to the cold soulless care of the State, he will take the place of father and mother to them until they grow old enough to take care of themselves. Even if the great State of Illinois and the rich city of Chicago do not contribute a penny toward their support, he will manage somehow. If he needs them, for their little souls are on his conscience and for each of them he must one day answer at the judgment seat.

ARCHBISHOP MUNDELEIN'S APPEAL

"The great mass of our Catholic people are poor, barely earning their daily bread, just managing to keep a roof over their head, and doing without comforts in order to rear their children to be good, decent, honest like themselves. Already do they bear a heavy burden for the sake of their Church. Besides paying all they owe to the State—to Caesar the things that are Caesar's; they render generously to God and God's cause; they support their Church and their clergy; they pay a double tax for their school, for after paying just as much for the State school system which they do not use as their neighbor who does use it, they must also pay for the erection and maintenance of their own schools

where their children will learn to know God, that they may love and serve Him and be happy with Him hereafter. And now they are asked to support the fatherless and motherless orphan children of this big city, so that these defenseless babies left alone in the world may not be deprived of the only heritage they received from the mother and father who are gone, the most precious heritage of their Faith. Really, it is a rather expensive luxury in this city to be Catholic.

"The State is forbidden," the Archbishop continues, "we are told, to pay for the simple board of orphan children in our institutions where a love of God, a fear of punishment for wrongdoing and a craving for heavenly reward for a well-spent life are instilled in the child, which more than anything else will help to make it a law-abiding citizen. There is an orphan asylum in this city where religion is ridiculed, where the knowledge of God is stolen from helpless children where every vestige of God and of the supernatural is torn out of their childish hearts and yet that institution receives State-aid as 'non-sectarian'—(God save the mark)—and our institutions, which care for the children, even for their bodily welfare, more cheaply to the taxpayers and admittedly better than the State, are refused any subsidy from public funds, even as though we were teaching the children crime, rebellion, disrespect for the law."

—The Monitor.

POET TO EDIT NEW MAGAZINE

DENIS A. MCCARTHY OF BOSTON TO ASSUME DIRECTION OF THE "AMERICAN TEACHER"

The many friends and admirers, throughout the country, of Denis A. McCarthy, the Boston poet, journalist and lecturer, will, we are sure, be keenly interested to learn that he has accepted the editorship of a new educational magazine, the "American Teacher" the first number of which will appear in May.

Mr. McCarthy's reputation as a poet is international. His books, "A Round of Rimes," "Voices from Erin," and "Heart Songs and Home Songs," are among the best sellers in poetry. The demand for his lectures and readings take him into places far distant from New England. He has a long and varied experience as a writer. For seventeen years he was associate editor of the Sacred Heart Review, and he has been contributor to some of the leading publications here and abroad.

He is widely known in the literary and educational circles of Boston; and in his work of editing the "American Teacher" he will have the aid of a corps of educational experts. The subscription price of the magazine will be \$1 a year. Address: The American Teacher Co., Box 2248, Boston, Mass.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

WHO WILL HELP OPEN AN OFFICERS' SCHOOL

From time to time I have tried to place catechists in different villages but with poor results. The people accepted a little instruction willingly enough but would not enter seriously into the Christian spirit. The catechists themselves were only beginners having had very little instruction. Now, thank God, I have three catechists who promise to give satisfaction. One is Francis Borgia who providentially found his family in a village of this neighborhood after he had been separated from them by the slave traders. After many adventures he has at last begun work with his wife, whom he found at Mirara. Yesterday he wrote me he has twenty catechists already. Camillus whom I have written to you about is the second. The third is Noah. All three are getting results presenting me from time to time persons for baptism whom they have instructed. This is not at all brilliant, I know; but you must remember when I came here there was nothing whatever. Besides the blacks of these parts take less kindly to Christian civilization than any I ever met with. These catechists are working without pay except for an occasional present I give them. And my only resources are what we have on the cultivation of our fields and there are years like the present one that yield is a minus quantity on account of the exceptional drought. One thousand dollars would solve the catechist problem once for all (who will give a mite toward that sum?)—Father Torrend of the Kasisi Mission.

Address cancelled stamps of rare denominations (write for directions) tin foil, old jewelry and other donations to American Headquarters of the Sodality of St. Peter Claver for the African Missions, Fullerton Bldg., 7th & Pine Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

DEATH OF MR. PATRICK MCGRATH

The death occurred in Stratford, on Feb. 17th, of Patrick McGrath at the age of eighty-eight years. He was born in County Clare, Ireland, and came to Canada in 1849, settling in the Township of Hibbert, where he lived for over fifty years. He has been a resident of Stratford for about twelve years and was highly respected by all who knew him. He was a fervent Catholic and was fortified by all the rites of Holy

Mother Church in his last illness. Besides his widow, a family of four sons and four daughters survive: Matthew of Ottawa; Hugh of Omaha, Neb.; John and Patrick of Dublin; Sister Katharina McGrath, Sacred Heart Convent, Vancouver; Mrs. John Murphy, Cayuga; Annie and Bridget at home.

The funeral took place on Feb. 20th to St. Joseph's Church, where Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Dean McGee, after which the remains were taken to the Grand Trunk Station, and thence to Dublin.

A large number of old friends and neighbors were assembled at the station to pay their last tribute of respect to the deceased.

The remains were taken to St. Patrick's Church where Rev. Father Noonan held a short service, after which interment took place in St. Patrick's Cemetery. May his soul rest in peace.

THE STATE AND THE CONFESSIONAL

Under the strain and stress of war many foolish things are said and done by people who are ordinarily quite reasonable. An illustration in point is contained in the following dispatch taken from the New York Globe and Commercial Advertiser for February 7.

There are no secrets from the State in war time. Lawyers, doctors, priests in the confessional, all are included in the phrase "person or persons of any class or description," who must tell on demand, under the British Defense of the Realm Act. The issue has been pointedly raised in Ireland, where the military authorities have arrested a lawyer, H. O. Moran, and his client, James Ryan, for refusing to state how certain documents read in a Limerick law case came into their possession.

In a statement justifying the position of Parliament in abolishing the hitherto inviolable secrecy which has surrounded the relations of lawyer and client, doctor and patient, or priest and parishioner, Sir William Bull, one of the leading legal lights of the House of Commons says:

"The safety and defense of the realm override everything. There can be no question of privileges or places far distant from the State, essential to the welfare of the State, exactly the same obligations as lawyers, to give information to the competent military authority who demands it.

"Many prominent people have already discovered how very extensive are the powers of the executive authorities under the war-time laws. Nothing has appeared in the newspapers, or could appear, about certain occurrences, of which sensational stories may perhaps be told after the war. People have been called upon to reveal all sorts of things which they never expected to have to account for."

These are easy words and rather too lightly spoken. For although it is true that both doctor and lawyer may, under grave and extraordinary circumstances, reveal professional secrets, yet, the priest may never, without the penitent's permission, make known by word or action, anything that falls under the sacred seal of the confessional. The secrets of the tribunal of penance are in a class apart from all others, and the obligation of the confessor towards them is such that a betrayal of confidence on his part is simply unthinkable, a crime that in the words of Gratian, would make him a "life-long, ignominious wanderer" over the face of the earth.

Enlightened, unprejudiced States recognize these truths and permit no attempt to coerce confessors into testifying. But, if, perchance, a government should overreach itself and make the outrageous demand for information received through the sacramental confession, it would in the words of the venerable Father Bernard Vaughan, spoken to a reporter of the London Daily Dispatch, achieve as a net result nothing at all.

"If the military or police tried on what is suggested, they would no more succeed than if they tried to open the safe with an oyster knife. There is only one man on earth who could give the confessor leave to speak about the secret committed to him, and that is the penitent himself. The Pope has no more jurisdiction in the matter than the police man on the beat round the corner. So hermetically sealed is the confession made to a priest that once the confession is done the priest cannot refer to what has been said to him "under the seal," even to the penitent himself without the latter's complete sanction. Suppose you had just come from my confessional box, and I wanted to emphasize something I had forgotten, I could not reopen the matter without asking your leave to do so. A secret under the seal is like a stone dropped in midocean. It is gone."

And this picturesque language expresses the doctrine and practice of priests in regard to the secret of the confessional.—America.

DUCHESS OF NORFOLK OPENS HOSPITAL FOR SOLDIERS

The Duchess of Norfolk, who, with her husband, was the founder and donor of the new club for priests and chaplains in London, has commenced yet another beneficent work

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close to her historic home of Arundel Castle. This is a small hospital for incurable soldiers and sailors, men who are paralyzed or so maimed that they are helpless for life. Although the Star and Garter at Richmond has been opened for this object, there is no provision there for the peculiar needs of Catholic men. The Duchess's home is for Catholics only, and is the sole home of such a kind in England at the present time, although it is hoped this effort may result in others.

The hospital is situated in a charming and roomy house at Littlehampton, a salubrious sea-side resort. There is an adequate staff and only a few cases are accommodated. Each patient has his own room, which is made as homelike and Catholic as possible. The patients can be easily transported. Everything is done to brighten the terrible lives of these wrecks of the war and above all to give them those spiritual aids which alone save them from despair.—The Monitor.

DIED

BLACKMORE.—At Gambo, Nfld., on December 24, 1916, Mr. John Blackmore. May his soul rest in peace.

MCGRATH.—At Stratford, Ont., on February 17th, 1917, Patrick McGrath, aged eighty-eight years. May his soul rest in peace.

NOONAN.—At St. Joseph's Hospital, London, on Wednesday, February 28, Mr. Thomas J. Noonan, dearly beloved husband of the late Bridget Noonan, aged seventy-five years. May his soul rest in peace.

MORKIN.—In this city, on February 25, 1917, Sergt. Gordon T. Morkin.

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the Canadian Dental Corps, only son of Martin Morkin, and the late Ellen Morkin, in his nineteenth year. May his soul rest in peace.

DADEY.—At Ottawa, Ont., on Saturday, Feb. 24, 1917, Harold Dadey, in his thirteenth year. Funeral on Monday morning at 8:30 from his father's residence, 166 Rochester St., to St. Mary's church, thence to Notre Dame cemetery. May his soul rest in peace.

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NEW BOOKS

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Althea, by D. Ella Nirdlinger. A delightful story giving some of the author's own experiences and the plays of her happy childhood. It is a merry companion of four brothers, a sister, and their beloved parents.

Brownie and I, by Richard Aumelle. Brownie is a college dog who chums with the new boys as soon as they arrive and with them in all their sports. He even succeeds in winning the decisive basketball game of the year. Boys, girls, and grownups will follow with deep interest this gossamer record of two years of a college boy's life.

Catholic Finances of America, by John O'Keefe, Patrick Murray. New edition revised. A classic of Christopher Columbus 1492, to the death of Father Radio, 1913.

Clarence Belmont, by Rev. Walter T. Leahy. This is a fine college story, full of healthy vitality, and it will cause all who are lovers of the adventures of a college boy.

Dear Friends, by D. Ella Nirdlinger. A home story, and in that lies its special charm. There are dear days and bright days pictured, just as they come to every home, and low the source of the moral sunshine glimmers through the story.

Five of Diamonds, by Mrs. Guthrie. An interesting novel full of exciting adventures. The heroine is laid in England, after drifting to Russia and Siberia.

Fortulias, by Anton Giulio Barrili. A Quasi Italian Tale, describing the hardships of an artist who finally won his way to a beautiful young Italian maiden in marriage.

Five Birds in a Nest, by Henrietta Eugenia Delamare. The scene of this story is a little village of France, of which the author knows every inch of ground. It is the story of five children, and incidentally introduces many of the local customs.

Flourage, by Madame Augustus Creaven. This charming novel has been translated into French and story, which moves in an atmosphere of delicate refinement.

Gettysburg, by Frances Noble. This charming novel has been regarded as a model love story, showing the true romance of a pure wholehearted devotion to a man, and the conversion of her mind.

Legends of Lancashire, by Maurice Francis Egan. There are eight stories and every one of them has a very interesting plot worked out with dramatic skill.

Lost Lode, by Christian Reid and Stella's Discipline, by F. K. Sturges. The "Lost Lode" is a story of Mexico, strong, interesting and, like everything from the same pen, charmingly written. The second story is another story of wholesome light literature, and we deem it judiciously coupled with the former beautiful story.

Nelly Kelly, by Henrietta E. Delamare. Nelly is a little mother to her brothers and sisters and succeeds wonderfully well in meeting the difficulties that arise.

Philip, a Tale of the Coal Regions, by Rev. Patrick Justin McMahon. A stirring and touching story of the days of the Mollie Maguire, well written and some of the most interesting of the unity of plan, the story is arranged so as to intensify the interest as the reader passes from chapter to chapter.

Round Table of American Catholic Novelists, A delightful symposium of short stories by representative American Catholic novelists, including: Round Table of Irish and English Catholic Novelists, a pleasing collection of short stories by eminent Catholic authors of England and Ireland.

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Reverend's Marriage, from the French of Martha Lachance, by Mrs. Louise Sturges. An admirable story to be read with both pleasure and profit, as well as the unnumbered advantages of convent education are clearly shown.

Ronald's Mission, by Henrietta E. Delamare. Ronald is a boy of twelve, who is so interested in boys and girls are sure to be interested, A household. The little fellow grows up to be a man of courage beyond his years, until he had fulfilled his mission.

Sealed Packet, by Marion J. Brunow. A cleverly contrived story which carries an unexpected moral and some delightful surprises. School Life. An excellent book for either school or home library.

Storm Bound, by Eleanor C. Donnelly. A Romance of Shell Beach. A story telling of the experiences of a young man who, after some adventures during the time they were storm bound, Woodman, by Colonel Jor. Mago, A Novel of the Revolutionary Times in Virginia and Maryland.

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Billy Glen of the Woods, by Shuttles, by Anthony York. Illustrated. A story of boy life in the downtown section of New York, narrating the adventures of Billy Glen and his companions of the St. John's section, a boys' club of their neighborhood. The story is full of adventures, including a thrilling rescue of a child from a burning building by Billy and an exciting trip on a sailing vessel to the West Indies. "It is a rattling good boys' book."—Pilot

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Con O'Regan, by Mrs. James Sadler. A story of the experiences of Con O'Regan and his sister, Wanda in an Irish town, and wholesome manner.

Elmo, Preston, by Mrs. James Sadler. A story following a young girl through her sorrows and joys.

Fatal Resemblance, A. by Christine Faber. This is an entertaining romance of two young girls, and shows how uncertain are the smiles of fortune.

Georgetown Lodge, by Agnes M. White. A fascinating Catholic novel, narrating the adventures of an orphan left in the care of a relative.

Orphan's Mystery, The, by Christine Faber. This is a capital story, well written, containing an enough sensation to make the reading a pleasure.

Hermit of the Rock, The, by James Sadler. A tale of Canada.

Leandro, Or, the Sign of the Cross, A Catholic story, narrating the adventures of the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Liberty, The, by Gerard A. Reynolds. A dramatic story of the Boxer Uprising in China, narrating the exciting experiences by a group of Europeans who band together for self-protection. There is a captivating charm in the way this tale is told, and it is done with a force that sees the dramatic parts so pronounced a realism that the reader feels himself a part of the life of this far-off country, siding with the unprotected Christian, a real participant in the defense of their life and their property.

Refining Fire, by Alice Danes. In this novel Miss Alice Danes, favorably known through her stories of Irish life, has ventured on a new field, and in "Refining Fire" she has written a very unusual, yet her best book, sets before us the life and fortunes of two French families, the Mauvoisins and the De Baris. The plot is very well thought out, the story is remarkably well told, and is sure to hold the attention of the reader from the first page to the last.

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Towers of St. Nicholas, The, by Mary A. Keith Gray. A story of the persecution of Catholics during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

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