

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

### IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

THE PEACE-MAKER'S PLANS

In Dublin the days are never too gloomy and the tragedy is never too grim to hold the citizens from joking. One of the latest pranks played by Dublin folk was upon Mr. Lowe, an English-Irish-American who styling himself President of the American Friends of the Irish Free State, sent himself to Ireland as an envoy to bring about peace. Readers will remember reading in the cabled news that Mr. Lowe proposed to bring it about by the Republicans laying down their arms and flocking to a college he and other Americans would build for them on the Hill of Tara—where all the fighting boys were to be given a free college education to compensate them for giving up the out door life. De Valera was to be disposed of, by appointing him the keeper of a National Museum to be erected on the same royal hill of Tara. Then American capitalists were to crowd the ocean with ships sailing for Ireland carrying foods, tobacco and Ford cars—which were to be either bestowed upon the natives or sold to them on the installment plan. Anyhow, Mr. Lowe succeeded in getting his name very large before the world public by disclosing his scheme to the London journalists while he was still on the way to Ireland.

### AN EASY VICTIM OF PRACTICAL JOKERS

He had hardly landed in Dublin, however, when all Dublin discovered the joke of the situation—and the Dublin boys started playing some of their pranks upon him. He had written to President Cosgrove on one hand and to De Valera on the other, asking for interviews, so that he might bring the two of them together and make peace in Ireland. He was rather disappointed when on reaching Dublin he found a letter from De Valera thanking him but regretting that he could not give him an interview. The Dublin boys then saw to it that the poor man should not be so easily dropped. On the Saturday night following the receipt of De Valera's letter of regret a mysterious telephone message came to him at his hotel saying that on further consideration De Valera had changed his mind, and was writing him instructions how to find the hidden leader. Accordingly, an hour later, Mr. Lowe received a typewritten letter purporting to give him directions as to how to get in touch with the Republican leader. He was told to leave his hotel at 11 o'clock on Sunday morning and proceed to a house in Merrion Square, by way of Harcourt Street and Merrion Street. "You will kindly wear a red tie and a bunch of shamrock in your buttonhole," said the letter, "carry a stick in your left hand, and from time to time finger you horn-rimmed spectacles with the right hand. This is in order to facilitate your recognition by our agents." Mr. Lowe observed these details as directed, and duly arrived at the house, still fingering his spectacles affectionately. The front door happened to be open, the peace envoy gave a low whistle, and attempted to walk straight in, as directed, but an astonished domestic held him up. He then asked as directed, for "Mr. O'Donovan." "He does not live here," returned the maid, shutting the door in his face, ere Mr. Lowe had hardly time to give the password, "Siki."

Nothing daunted, Mr. Lowe consulted his instructions. He gave another low whistle, rang the bell three times, paused, then knocked four times, emphasizing the fourth knock. Never did any man ever so faithfully obey his directions. Maids who were in the basement and who, according to Mr. Lowe, were washing up looked up at the kindly-looking stranger. "Say, you," said Mr. Lowe, "Come up and open the door here and let me give the high sign." Loud laughter from bewildered maids. Finding no one to take him to the guide "who will conduct you to the President," Mr. Lowe returned to his hotel, followed by the practical jokers, rocking with laughter at all they had seen and heard from a cab which had been posted within earshot of the house. Still unlightened, Mr. Lowe informed inquirers that the plans had miscarried, "because the military were holding up the traffic."

### EASILY SPOOFED

It should be stated that Mr. Lowe, on receiving the bogus letter, had told the Press Correspondents that "you boys will get the big story," which he asked should be printed under the heading "Who's Looney Now?" "He who laughs last laughs longest," said he; but Mr. Lowe's adventures were not yet over. He was called to the telephone in the afternoon, told of the discovery during an alleged raid of a copy of the bogus letter, and asked if he had obeyed the directions therein. Mr. Lowe admitted that he had, except in one particular; he had made a detour of Merrion Square.

"Lucky for you, you did," he was told, "for three armed men were waiting for you behind the bushes in Merrion Street." He was told that steps would be taken to arrest the man who had sent the letter—"one Cathal Mahaffy."

Mr. Lowe expressed his thanks, and, telling his friends of the conversation received congratulations on the remarkable escape he had had owing to the wonderful sagacity he had displayed. The "official" had also told him that the letter could be reproduced in the Republican publication. He asked for a copy, which reached him in the evening, and he had the pleasure of reading aloud to a large assembly of hotel guests references to the fortunate escape of "the distinguished neutral, whose sincere and balanced proposals for peace deserve attention."

Mr. Lowe was still rather afraid of suffering grievous bodily harm from the armed men until the receipt, later in the evening, of another "official" message reporting the arrest of "Mahaffy." He then gravely told his audience—beside themselves almost with laughter—that he had just been informed that the "scoundrel" was going to be shot at dawn—"absolutely riddled with bullets, as he deserves to be."

### TRIBUTES TO ARTHUR GRIFFITH

At a session of the Irish Senate, the memory of Arthur Griffith was touched upon and some of the leading Senators spoke in tribute, including William Butler Yeats and others. One noteworthy tribute was by a Senator who was a die-hard Unionist, Sir Hutcheson Poe. Among other things he said: "Whatever differences of opinion individual members of this Seanad may have held up to a few years ago with regard to the wisdom, or possibly unwisdom, of entrusting Ireland with a full and complete measure of self government, I think and I hope that we shall all agree on one point, and that is that certainly no man of this generation, and indeed for that matter, no man since the time of the Union, has done so much as Arthur Griffith did to materialize the dreams, the passionate inspirations and the longings for self government for which so many generations of our fellow-countrymen have made great and sometimes terrible sacrifices."

And a well-known working man, Senator Farren, spoke a true thing or two about Griffith. He said: "I happened to be associated in a small way with the late President Arthur Griffith in this respect during the last twenty years when Arthur Griffith was starting his work, which has now been practically accomplished. Very few knew the struggles he went through during those days. He was not the popular hero that he was in the latter days of his life. He was almost despised among some people. Very few people realized fully the sacrifices he made, and all he suffered on behalf of his ideal. This is a matter and an occasion on which one would not like to enter into any controversy. We are all anxious to pay tribute to the memory of this great man, for he was truly great. He never worked for financial reward, and he never got it."

### 18TH CENTENARY OF IRISH MISSIONARY

There is going to be held in this year in Northern Italy the 18th centenary of the great Irish missionary, St. Columban or Columbanus. At the time of the great school in Ireland, the time when the Irish scholars and Irish saints were civilizing, enlightening and evangelizing the dark continent of Europe, Columbanus, who was educated at the great Irish School of Bangor in County Down, went abroad like many other Irish missionaries. He evangelized Burgundy in France and a large part of Lombardy in Italy. He founded two great schools in Burgundy and founded a great school and monastery at Bobbio in Italy. Now the successor of St. Columbanus, the present Bishop of Bobbio, has issued a pastoral letter proclaiming the celebration of the 18th centenary of the great founder of Bobbio. This 300th celebration of the death of Columbanus who entered into his reward at Bobbio on November 23rd, 615, was announced in October, 1914, for due commemoration in the year 1915, but the great World War put an end to the project. Now, however, the Bishop of Bobbio who rejoices in the restoration of St. Columban's crypt and basilica, thanks to the munificent subscriptions organized by all Ireland in 1908, has proclaimed a grand religious celebration to duly commemorate the 18th centenary of St. Columban, whose last resting-place is in an Apennine tomb.

SEUMAS MACMANUS,  
264 West 94th Street,  
New York City.

So the spiritual world becomes slowly natural; and, what is of all but equal moment, the natural world becomes slowly spiritual. It is a working model of the spiritual.—Henry Drummond.

## FLIMSY ACCUSATIONS

### "ONE OF THE MOST CURIOUS OF LEGAL DOCUMENTS"

By Francis McCallagh

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Moscow, March 17.—The Patriarch Tikhon will be placed on trial on April 15 as part of the Bolshevik program of persecution against all the Christian Churches in Russia. He will certainly be found guilty, but whether he will afterward be sentenced to death and executed, like Bishop Benjamin of Petrograd, or condemned to a long term of imprisonment, which, considering the patriarch's age and the foul state of the Russian prisons, will be equivalent to a death sentence, is known only to the Executive Committee.

On the first Sunday after Easter, a sobor, or church assembly, will be summoned, and the elections to this body will be so manipulated by the Bolsheviks and their priests whom they have placed on the throne of the imprisoned Patriarch, that the whole machinery of the great Russian Church will be captured by the Communists.

At the present moment all the Roman Catholic priests of Moscow and Petrograd are in the Butyrka prison, Moscow, awaiting their trial on a charge of holding counter-revolutionary meetings. These meetings were, as a matter of fact, ordinary, informal meetings of the clergy to consider ecclesiastical questions.

I have been fortunate enough to get a whole dossier in this case, though the Reds have used every effort to keep the trial secret, and it is certainly one of the most curious legal documents ever written. It runs to twenty-five closely typed pages, each page as long as my forearm, and is entitled "Case No. 34, wherein Citizen Zepiak and the others are charged with the crimes dealt with under Articles 63 and 119, and Citizen Charnass with the crime dealt with under Article 77 of the Penal Code."

Citizen Zepiak is the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Petrograd, a man near seventy.

One of the charges against the Roman Catholic clergy is "the preventive measures" taken by them to protect their flock from the propaganda of the Bolsheviks, or to use the words of the act of accusation, "their action on the consciences of the faithful by their struggle against Communist propaganda."

The act goes on to state that at a clerical reunion held on January 8, 1920, a Father Hvetzo raised the question of whether or not a Catholic can belong to the Communist party and that the meeting decided that "it was impossible for a Catholic to belong to that party." It was also decided, on the same occasion, "to buy Bolshevik books so that the priests might be able to explain to their congregations the true intentions of the Bolsheviks, and might be able to struggle with the utmost energy against the Bolshevik poison."

The Reds seriously enter all these things in their act of accusation, though most Christians, outside of Russia, will probably regard them as the greatest testimonial which the Church of Rome has received for the last 300 years.

Most of the charges are based on documents seized in April, 1920, in the house of Father Antonovich in Petrograd by members of the Cheka. These documents are mostly minutes of Catholic clerical reunions held in Petrograd. There were thirteen such meetings. There is also an exhibit in the shape of an "historical memoir dealing with the separation of Church and State in Bolshevik Russia," and there are pastoral letters of Archbishops Ropp and Zepiak, as well as letters of Archbishop Zepiak to the "Catholic parents in the diocese of Mohilev." In all these documents the faithful are told that the Bolshevik doctrine is poisonous, which, of course, is quite true.

Some of the subsidiary charges are extraordinary. One is directed against two priests owing to the way they behaved when Soviet officials closed their Church of the Assumption. One passage reads: "They fell demonstratively on their knees and began to pray, being in this followed by all the congregation. Thus they acted on the religious prejudices of the people present in the church and excited those people to a passive opposition to the decrees of the Government—an action covered by paragraph 119 to the Penal Code."

Another priest, Father Hodnievich, of St. Catherine's Catholic Church, on the Nevsky Prospect, opposed the opening of the tabernacle by Soviet officials, saying that "they would never open that tabernacle except by passing over his dead body." He then called on the congregation to kneel down and pray for him, and their prayers so terrified the Bolsheviks examining the church that they fled incontinently. This was all the more surprising as St. Catherine's is in the center of Petrograd and overwhelming forces of

Red soldiers and police could be directed against it in fifteen or twenty minutes, for there is a large barrack in the Winter Palace square, and the police headquarters is still nearer.

## BROAD CANADIANISM

### TORONTO SCHOOL BOARD RUN TRUE TO FORM

Toronto Star, April 3

Rev. Father Cline, of the Holy Name Church, made the following statement with reference to the recent dismissal of a Public school teacher by the board of education: "The Star today: 'In the dismissal of the English school teacher from the Public school staff of the city after it had been learned that she belonged to the Catholic faith, Toronto has taken another opportunity of airing its bigotry before the rest of Canada.'

"I regret," he added "that one of the two members of the board who hold themselves responsible for the dismissal wears a white necktie. Nothing subtracts so much from the vitality of religion and the respectability of the cloth as a clergyman who places himself at the service of prejudice and intolerance."

"The expulsion of Miss Norwell, a newcomer from England, shows a bigotry extraordinary in a body of educationists who profess so much love and loyalty for England. It moreover scorns the claims of Public school advocates who object to Catholic schools on the score that being denominational they fail to lay the foundation of that broadminded, democratic citizenship that knows neither race nor creed."

"In saying this I do not wish to provoke any hostile spirit. I am anxious to be fair; but I cannot be that without conceding to the two trustees responsible for the dismissal of this teacher something they do not seem to possess. Those who make the cause of education the cause of bigotry degrade education and insult every association we connect with the bringing up of broad-minded Canadians."

"It is to be hoped that the members of the management committee of the board of education will reverse a decision which gives Toronto an international reputation for religious intolerance."

## COMMUNITY HOUSE TO AID NEWCOMERS

### CATHOLIC WOMEN'S LEAGUE HAS ESTABLISHED HOSTEL

Montreal Gazette, April 4

Newcomers to the Dominion frequently have problems and often require aid and advice. To deal with these problems insofar as they concern the individuals who reach Montreal, the Catholic Women's League has decided upon the establishment of a community house and that institution, situated at 450 LaGauchetiere street west, will be opened within a brief period.

Last year the Catholic Women's League made a careful survey of conditions in the ports of Quebec and Montreal and the result of the survey was the appointment of a trained and competent port worker, who was present at the arrival of steamers and trains and gave assistance to Catholic travellers. There was, however, no special place for these travellers to remain while in Montreal, although the hospitality of the Andrews Home, the Y. W. C. A., the Salvation Army and Dorchester House was offered when necessary. It was considered desirable, however, to establish a hostel. Accordingly, through the enterprise of the Diocesan Board, of which Lady Hingston is convener, plans were formulated and resulted in property being leased at the address given in the foregoing.

The New Canadians Committee, of which Mrs. John A. Macdonald is convener, has been busy since the house was acquired, seeing to repairs and renovation and making such necessary changes as will provide full facilities for shelter for women and children and also for their meals. The house is conveniently situated, being within easy access of three railway stations, Windsor Street, Bonaventure and the Tunnel Terminal.

It is intended to open the establishment in a formal manner by a tea and shower, in order to show to the members and friends of the organizations what has been done. The establishment is being maintained under voluntary conditions by the Diocesan Board, no governmental aid having yet been offered.

The establishment of this Catholic hostel in Montreal comes as part of a national movement to welcome newcomers. The league is in touch with sister organizations in the Old Country, particularly at the ports of Liverpool and Glasgow, and also with branches of the other throughout Canada, and even with the kindred society in the United States.

There has been a noticeable growth in immigration to Canada and it is anticipated that there will be a further development during this season. Last year it was recorded that 6,340 Catholic newcomers came to this country through the port of Quebec and it is in order to provide for an even larger number that the Catholic Women's League has undertaken its present enterprise.

In addition to a representative on the docks and at the trains, the league will also maintain an efficient staff at the community house, so that all information desired may be available, and also to aid in maintaining touch with new arrivals as they branch out in the Dominion.

## PRESS VOICES HORROR

### LEADING U. S. NEWSPAPERS DENOUNCE EXECUTION OF MGR. BUTCHKAVITCH

Leading newspapers in all parts of the country have expressed the feelings of horror with which the news of the execution of Mgr. Butchkavitch by the Soviet government filled all right thinking Americans.

Under the title "An Attack on Christianity," the Washington Post says:

"Monsignor Butchkavitch's crime was alleged to be wilful opposition of the Soviet. In fact, his only crime was faithfulness to his Church and to God, without any offense to man or political authority. He is as truly a martyr to religion as was St. Paul. His blood sanctifies the soil of Russia. Future ages will recite his unflinching loyalty to duty and conscience, his patience under persecution and his sublime courage in the face of death. The light of immortality shines over the scene of his taking off, transforming the brutal figures of his slayers into dim agencies of evil which worked not of themselves, but in obedience to a mysterious rule that will be revealed hereafter. His real murderers, the red assassins who constitute the Soviet, are merely feeding the flames that sooner or later will consume them."

The Philadelphia Public Ledger sums up an able editorial headed "Beyond the Pale," in these words:

"Clemency was denied. Monsignor Butchkavitch faced the rifles held by Trotsky's spiked helmeted firing squad wearing the Red Star of the Soviets on their visors. In the eyes of millions of people over the world, Red Russia had stamped herself as the Antichrist with the Mark of the Beast set on her brow.

"All of which serves to emphasize the wisdom of those nations having the good sense to recognize the Soviets for what they were and are and to keep out of and away from Russia. The Soviets may be within their rights, but for a people striving for recognition in an unfriendly world they are the poorest politicians since ever the morning stars sang together."

"When Denekine, Wrangel and Kolchak have been forgotten events of 1921 has faded from memory and the Czars of Yesterday are no more than a legend on the steppes, the story of the martyrdom in Moscow will be alive in the world. The Soviets have raised against themselves new and powerful enemies who will never forget."

Declaring that the Bolsheviks "have sown seeds of a bitterness and hatred that will long survive," the Boston Transcript continues:

"A larger statesmanship would have foreseen the injury such acts of tyranny as the sentences imposed upon Archbishop Zepiak and his vicar-general would do to the Bolshevik cause. The long roll of crimes committed in the name of Communism contains no offense that has so shocked the Western world as the assault of the Communists upon the Church. Even in America, five thousand miles distant, the sense of horror is widely felt and there will be scant sympathy on this side of the Atlantic for those Communists who may be brought to trial, for plotting against our institutions of government. Such maudlin sympathy as exists for them is rapidly disappearing as snow-banks before April's sunshine, as a result of the recent news from Moscow."

The New York World regards the execution as a blunder "worse than a crime," remarking that an opportunist government "in the winter invites the Catholic Church into Russia presumably as a counterforce to the former national church, and in the spring is sentencing high prelates of that faith to long imprisonment or to death, for no reasons which are available to the outside world."

Says the New York Times: "The Church has gained another martyr; what the Bolsheviks have gained, or lost, remains to be seen."

"One could almost believe," says the Baltimore Sun, "that this act of brutality had been deliberately planned to perpetuate the isolation in which the Communist fanaticism flourishes. Such, although in different words, was one of the justifications put forward by the extreme Jacobins in France at the time of the Reign of Terror."

## SPLENDID WORK OF NOTRE DAME

WITHOUT TRAINED LEADERS SCOUTING IS A PITIFUL FARCE

Notre Dame, Ind., April 9.—

Jason D. Freeman, assistant educational director of the Boy Scouts of America will have charge of the third Catholic scout-masters training course conducted at the University of Notre Dame this summer. The camp will be held from July 5 to 15 and promises to attract Catholic scout-masters from every part of the middle-west.

The number of scout masters attending the summer course has gradually increased since the inauguration of the course in 1921 and a record attendance is expected this year. More than fifty scout masters, it is anticipated, will take the courses.

"The summer course," declares the Rev. Hugh O'Donnell, C. S. C., "is an attempt of Notre Dame University to train Catholic men to meet the demand for experienced and competent leadership in this fine, wholesome movement for the boyhood of America and the success that attended the first two camps has justified the wisdom of the University authorities in attempting to carry out this work. The whole question of Catholic participation in the boy scout movement depends on our ability to train young men who will be able to take care of troops composed of Catholic boys. We want especially Catholic college men who are seeking wholesome outdoor recreation for themselves and who enjoy contact with youngsters. The scout master benefits as much from his work as his charges do from his supervision."

The Notre Dame camp is already attracting the attention of Canadian Catholic scout masters and it is expected that several will be registered for the summer course.

## PROHIBITION LEADS TO CHURCH BOYCOTT

By Rev. Dr. Wilhelm Faxon von Capitaine

Cologne, March 26.—The federation of Protestant Churches in Hamburg and the landlords and innkeepers of that city are arrayed against each other in a quarrel over a subject that should be of interest in America, prohibition. So far apparently the only persons who have reaped any enjoyment from the controversy are the Socialists, who assert that they are being aided by both sides.

Trouble started when the Churches at a recent meeting decided upon an active campaign against the use of intoxicants. The landlords and innkeepers organized and retaliated by declaring a boycott on the Protestant Churches so long as the campaign was kept up. Now the Churches are urging their members to stay away from places where liquor is served and the opposition leaders are urging their friends and employees to stay away from the Churches.

The Socialists sanctimoniously express their thanks to the Churches for trying to restrain their members from drinking; and to the landlords and innkeepers for keeping people away from the Churches, both praiseworthy results from the Socialist viewpoint.

## UNIVERSITY BANS KLAN ACTIVITIES

Washington, D. C., April 9.—The Ku Klux Klan has been banned by the faculty of George Washington University. In a public statement made by President H. L. Hodgkins it is declared that the faculty will not permit the organization to have a chapter at the institution.

President Hodgkins' statement, in which he says that "it is believed that the Ku Klux Klan is a secret organization that proposes to substitute its own rules for the law of the land" followed a week's controversy provoked by an address before the Free Lance Club of the University by Dr. J. W. Hawkins, "Grand Dragon" of the Klan, in which he explained the principles of the organization. The discovery of a list of alleged members of a George Washington chapter of the Klan and other documents, supposed to have been confidential, was a result of the agitation. One document purported to advise students favorable to the Klan to cast their influence in favor of an "honor constitution" that the faculty had recently approved on the grounds that the Klan, under its provisions, could operate as a group in securing the expulsion of students whom they did not consider desirable.

## CATHOLIC NOTES

Paris, March 31.—A cooperative fire insurance company has been founded in Lyons to insure Catholic churches, chapels, schools, clubs, athletic societies, etc.

The next Eucharistic Congress of the diocese of London, Canada, will be the 12th, and will be held in July at the Orphanage, Mt. St. Joseph, London, Ont. The Sisters of St. Joseph extend an invitation to the clergy, religious and laity of the diocese to attend.

Wheeling, West Va., April 2.—The convent inspection bill, offered by Representative Hunter, has been killed by the House Committee on Humane Institutions and Public Buildings, which voted unanimously against the measure.

Paris, March 31.—The Archbishop of Chambéry, desiring to honor large families, has given orders to have the great bell of the Cathedral rung gratis for the baptism of every child, after the ninth, born to families in that city.

San Francisco, March 26.—The Right Rev. James Whyte, Bishop of Dunedin, South Island, New Zealand, said to be the world's most distant diocese from the Vatican, has arrived here en route to Rome to pay his ad limina visit to the Pope.

Champaign, Ill., April 6.—Thieves who robbed St. Mary's Church here added sacrilege to robbery. The tabernacle was broken open and the Sacred Hosts were scattered about the floor and on the sidewalk half a block away from the church. Sacred vessels valued at \$350 were taken.

A monument of a large block of stone with a large cross towering over a multitude of smaller crosses, signifying the sacrifice of the chief and his soldiers, commemorated by the emblem of the Divine sacrifice, was recently placed over the tomb of Col. Driant, one of the most popular French heroes of the War, at Verdun.

Cleveland, April 5.—The Jesuits have purchased 45 acres of land as the site of a group of modern college buildings which will greatly increase Jesuit educational facilities in this city. The present St. Ignatius college building will then be used exclusively for high school students. The college and high school enrollment now numbers more than 600 and the applications for entrance are increasing all the time.

San Francisco, April 9.—Representatives of Catholic schools and colleges from every part of California gathered here last Monday for the annual conference of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, held in the Young Men's Institute. The conference was one of the first of the local conferences to be held in preparation for the forthcoming convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade at Notre Dame University next August.

Washington, April 6.—Father John George Hagen, S. J., director of the Vatican Observatory, has been elected a foreign member in the department of physics and mathematics of the Italian Royal Academy "dei Lincei." Father Hagen is a Swiss by birth, but has spent many years of his life in America, at Campion College, Prairie du Chien, Wis., and at Georgetown University. It was from Georgetown that he was called to Rome to take up his present position under the pontificate of Pius X.

Maryknoll, N. Y., April 6.—The Polish Missionary Society whose special mission is the conversion of Russia and whose center is the "Pius XI. Mission Seminary" at Catholic University, Lublin, Poland, is opening branches in the United States. The Society is approved by the Holy See, the Hierarchy, and the Civil Government of Poland. Its priests are daily converting many Russians to the True Church—and this, in spite of the persecuting power of the Soviet Government.

Paris, March 31.—The Superior of Notre Dame de Fourviere, at Lyons, has reported that the basilica was visited by no less than 383 pilgrims in the year 1922, or 13 more than in 1921 and 29 more than the year before. The number of Communions distributed was 224,000 which was 2,000 more than in 1921 and 23,000 more than in 1920. The number of Masses celebrated reached 14,430, or 1,500 more than in 1921.

Indianapolis, April 6.—Lawrence Lyons, State Chairman of the Republican Party in Indiana, has announced his resignation from the Ku Klux Klan. Mr. Lyons' resignation from the Klan has created a sensation, inasmuch as Lyons is generally regarded as the right hand man of Senator James E. Watson and is a close political associate of Governor Warren T. McCray. He managed the campaign for the Republican party in Indiana last year when the entire Republican ticket, with two exceptions, was elected. The exceptions were former Senator Beveridge who made a speech antagonistic to the Klan and another candidate who is a member of the Catholic Church.



**CARROLL O'DONOGHUE**

CHRISTINE FABER  
Author of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc.

**CHAPTER XV  
CAPTAIN CRAWFORD'S VALET**

On the morning succeeding the events detailed in the last chapter, there was unusual bustle and excitement in the portion of the barracks reserved for the officers. The cause of the unusual commotion was an arrival, and the blazoned carriage and thorough-bred, gayly-trimmed horses gave evidence of the wealth and title of their owner. Lackeys were in abundance, and the alacrity and obsequiousness with which the soldiers who were lounging about pressed forward to the service of the solitary occupant showed the latter to be more than an ordinary commanding officer. He waved his hand in response to the many respectful salutes which greeted him as he alighted from his carriage, and ascended the steps of the entrance with grave, soldierly mien. Numerous medals glittered upon his breast and his firm, rapid step, and the quick, keen glance which he threw about him, bespoke one accustomed to command. An apartment had been sumptuously prepared for him as the haste and exigencies of circumstances would allow, and to this he was immediately conducted. Having entered the room, he turned to an attendant, saying:

"I desire to see Captain Dennier—summon him."

The servant departed on the errand, and the officer divesting himself of his sword and ornamented hat, threw himself into a large easy chair. His grave, handsome face was deeply indented with lines that told of no easy, nor peaceful life, and his firm set mouth evinced the iron will which so often brings more suffering than satisfaction to its possessor. His abundant gray hair, stiff and strong, as if it partook of the nature of the owner, was worn somewhat long, so that it fell on the collar of his coat, and added strangely to an already remarkable appearance.

Captain Dennier was ushered into the apartment. He was somewhat flushed, because of the haste of the summons, and because of his own agitated thoughts which started into wild being at the very prospect of an interview with this man to whom he was so deeply indebted. Yet, withal, he was so handsome, so graceful, and bore himself with so marked a deference, yet a deference that was entirely free from aught servile or cringing, that an expression of pleasure shone for an instant in the cold, stern eyes before him.

"So you have achieved some success at last—the capture of this escaped convict."

The tone of the voice was cold, and the flush deepened on the young captain's cheeks. He bowed in response, but remained silent.

"I have come down here in great haste," the cold, hard voice resumed, "and I must leave again by noon. Evidence is pouring in from all sides of the country sufficient to convict every prisoner we now hold, and sufficient also to implicate many more upon whom the government has a watch. Preparations for speedy trials are making in Dublin, and it is probable that this Carroll O'Donoghue will be one of the first to be tried. He is under very strict guard, I believe."

Captain Dennier again bowed. "No one should be permitted to see him. I understand that he has been one of the most daring and dangerous of these Fenians."

He paused, and the young officer, slightly advancing, said: "Permit me to inform your lordship that Morty Carter has been waiting here a day or two to see you; he has an important paper to deliver."

"Morty Carter," his lordship repeated, "I have not time to see him this morning; let him give the paper into your keeping, and you can forward it by some trusty person to Dublin Castle."

"Captain Crawford, your lordship, has received an order to start for Dublin this evening; can I intrust it to him?"

"The very thing—here! I will write an order for you to obtain the paper from Carter, so that he may not hesitate to give it up; and if he should hint at the reward he has been promised, tell him that on the conclusion of the trials I shall make good my word."

He repaired to a little writing cabinet which stood near, and indited the order.

Captain Dennier received it with a bow, but he did not turn to leave the room as his lordship evidently expected. With his color each moment increasing, a slight agitation visible in his very grasp of the paper which he had just received, he began suddenly:

"Your lordship—"

The nobleman turned shortly from the cabinet which he had been adjusting and coldly confronted the speaker. The opening of his speech seemed to have restored the young man's self-possession. He stood erect, every trace of embarrassment vanished, and it was with his wonted fearless, yet respectful manner, that he continued:

"Something which has weighed upon me for months, and of which I have hesitated to speak, must at last be said now. I owe your lordship so much that my very gratitude renders the subject a painful one; but I have long felt that you are disappointed in me. Had

another received the benefits you have so kindly dispensed to me such an one, by at least his talent or tact in the affairs intrusted to him, would have repaid your bounty; I have done neither. The simple, though faithful, effort which I have made to perform my duty is all that I have to offer in return for your patronage. But your lordship has evidently expected more; and perhaps in your kindness you would still bind yourself to continue favor to one who has done so little to merit it. I beg you to release yourself from such an engagement. Feeling my incapacity to win renown or success in my present profession, I would respectfully resign the commission your lordship has so kindly procured for me, and seek my living far from these scenes in one of the humble walks of life, never forgetting, however, your lordship, to whom, under Providence, I owe all that I am."

"Impassive, cold, Lord Heathcote's face did not betray by the movement of a muscle whether any emotion had been awakened by the appeal, though his last words had been spoken in a tone of touching sadness.

"You claim to be grateful," he said at length, his stern eyes fastening more piercingly upon the young man.

The latter bowed, and his lordship continued:

"If I should make your obedience to my wish the test of that gratitude, would you object?"

There was an instant's hesitation on the part of the young officer, as if he divined what was coming and shrunk from it.

Lord Heathcote seemed to understand the hesitation. He said sternly: "Let your answer be at once, sir, full and free. I shall put my own interpretation upon it."

The vigor of his voice, the severity of his mien, were in some measure appalling. Captain Dennier could not resist their singular influence over himself. He answered: "I make no objection to your lordship's imposing what test you please."

"Then, if you would prove your gratitude, remain as you are."

He waved him away, rung for an attendant, and strode to a distant part of the room.

It was with no envious feelings that Captain Dennier hurried to his own apartment. Loathing himself for his weakness in yielding where he had intended to be so firm, indignant at that very authority which his obligations to Lord Heathcote engendered, perplexed with his own emotions toward the nobleman, weary of his perpetual inward struggle between his duty to his country and the sympathies so largely and strongly enlisted for a suffering people, he felt all the unrest and unhappiness which wait upon a self-tormented soul. He threw himself into a chair, burying his throbbing, burning brow in his hands; then he suddenly remembered his commission to obtain a certain paper from Morty Carter. With a gesture of impatience and a face expressive of his repugnance to the whole matter, he summoned his servant and dispatched him for Carter.

Carter arrived, fawning, smiling, but secretly anxious. With haughty notice of him Captain Dennier produced the order of Lord Heathcote.

Carter looked disappointed. "I would rather give it into his lordship's hands; I could wait, if need be, or follow him."

"He does not desire you to do either," was the peremptory reply. "I have detailed his wishes to you, and any reluctance to obey on your part might be punished by an instant withdrawal of his lordship's favor; you can pursue your own course, however, Mr. Carter—I have delivered to you my orders."

Morty was fumbling in his bosom. "It has cost me so much time and labor to get it," he said half apologetically, taking out the paper and spreading it open before Captain Dennier.

The latter perused it carefully, reading with a kind of shock the name of Carroll O'Donoghue among the names of those appointed to important offices in the organization of the Irish Republic. He looked witheringly at his visitor. "You must have played a most treacherous part to get possession of so valuable a document as this."

"Every stratagem is fair in war," was the dogged answer, accompanied by a look that only half veiled the hate and fury aroused by the officer's remark.

"Except that of treachery," pursued Captain Dennier with covert sarcasm, which stung his listener more than would have done fierce, open accusation. The latter was goaded to the soul. His round, red face expanded and reddened still more; his little, winking gray eyes winked faster, and his hands opened and clenched as if they would have clutched vengeancefully at something. He said almost savagely:

"I recognize no right by which I am to be questioned or rebuked. Your government gladly furnishes rewards for any information given of her rebellious subjects and she does not inquire into the means by which such information is obtained. I have yet to learn by what right one of her officers takes upon himself to make such inquiries."

"You are insolent, sir," said Captain Dennier, surprised and indignant.

Carter became suddenly subdued, being not a little alarmed for

the effect of the daring speech into which his passion had hurried him; he answered humbly:

"I beg pardon, sir, for speaking so boldly, but I was cut to the quick when you mentioned treachery; is it treachery to help the cause in which one's sympathies are enlisted? England has given me no grievances that I should need redress; from my own countrymen have come the wrongs which stir my soul to vengeance."

"Enough of this!" interrupted the officer, disgusted at the boldness and unwarranted freedom of the man's manner, as well as the infamous part which the latter had been acting. "I shall give you," he continued, "an acknowledgment of my having received from your hand this paper containing information important to the government, that you may show it to Lord Heathcote."

He wrote out a careful receipt, which Carter read a second time to be certain of its accuracy. Still he did not depart.

"Have you another remark to make?" asked Captain Dennier coldly.

Carter answered with something of the dogged air which had characterized one of his former replies:

"I would like to be certain that Lord Heathcote will not forget about the reward; this will prove the most valuable information I have given yet, and his lordship promised me that whenever I should give information as important as the present is I should be amply compensated."

"Did he stipulate the amount?" asked the officer.

"Yes; sufficient to enable me to purchase the estate that used to belong to the family of the recaptured convict, Carroll O'Donoghue; it became so encumbered by debt that it passed from his possession and is now in the market to be sold."

A sickening sensation passed over the young captain; he remembered the ancient and picturesque building which had attracted his attention on the occasion of his first visit to Drommochol, and his inquiry about it, which had elicited such a pathetic response from Clare O'Donoghue. He saw again the lonely, unprotected girls, their humble little abode within sight of their former elegant home, and he looked at the flashy, vulgar Carter the would-be possessor of the ancient homestead; it was with difficulty he restrained himself from spurning the fellow.

"Go," he said, his voice slightly quivering with the scorn he could not entirely repress, and treat with Lord Heathcote for your promised reward. He had me assure you that he would make good his word on the conclusion of the trials; and I wish you—despite his effort to the contrary, all the contempt which he felt for the miscreant became manifest, not alone in his voice, but in the flashing scorn of his look—"all the happiness which is the recompense of a traitor."

Without further adieu he walked to an inner room, taking with him the paper Carter had brought, and closing the door between them.

Carter became purple with rage; it required a mighty effort to restrain himself from giving loud and profane vent to his violent passion. He waited, however, till he had reached the street, and was striding rapidly toward his daily rendezvous. Then he muttered:

"I shall make him pay dear yet for his treatment of me this day; I could have whispered something to him that would have made him civil at once; but it wasn't the time, nor it won't be the time till Carroll O'Donoghue is disposed of."

TO BE CONTINUED

**TIME SMOOTHED THE WAY**

Middleburgh is a charming little American town, neat and well-kept, but with an air of aloofness about it, an old-time stillness and peace which it had preserved despite the proximity of bustling centers and the huge emporiums of trade. Therefore was Middleburgh started one day by the news of a sensational murder, which took place on one of its most exclusive streets and in a palatial mansion. The victim of this atrocious crime was Lawrence O'Brien, a leading citizen of the town and its foremost banker.

The crime, which remained obstinately shrouded in mystery, had been discovered by the banker's daughter, Marian. In her horror and dismay, she had rushed screaming from the house to summon the nearest doctor. But the physician could only pronounce life extinct and declare the cause of death to have been a blow on the head from some heavy but dull instrument. Nor did the inquest elicit anything more than this bare fact. The servants, men and women, who had been in the house, had heard no noise of any sort, and could throw no light on the mystery. Their antecedents and their long years of service prevented the possibility of suspicion falling on them.

Marian O'Brien, who had been spending the evening with friends, had returned about midnight, and hastily throwing off her outdoor wraps, she had hastened to the small and plainly furnished room which the banker had chosen for his study and where she saw a light burning. She opened the door to

find her father lying on the floor almost directly under the portrait of his ancestor Sir Malachy O'Brien, who had been executed during the penal times in Ireland. There was evidence of a struggle. Various objects were strewn about the apartment, but there was nothing to give any clue to the midnight assassin, his motive or his means of entrance.

Marian O'Brien was never again precisely what she had been. And yet that very evening had been a red-letter one in the young girl's experience. Lewis Lansing, a brilliant young graduate of a foremost Catholic university, and son of a wealthy and influential citizen of Middleburgh, had walked home with her from her friend's house. She had met him that summer on several occasions, during which they had resumed a childish intimacy, when the judge's son and the banker's daughter had attended school or spent their holidays together. Lewis Lansing had so distinguished Marian by his attentions that already the wise ones were putting their heads together and whispering what a suitable match this would be. Upon that fatal evening of the murder, he had come to her where she sat at the piano and begged her to sing his favorite—a quaint old English melody:

"When first I saw thy face,  
I resolved to honor and adore thee!"

Her cheek had flushed and her heart had begun to beat a little as she nodded assent, with her bright smile, and played the first lines of the accompaniment.

As Lewis Lansing stood waiting at the foot of the stair to see her home and Marian was having a parting chat with her hostess, the young man whistled that exquisite air softly to himself. He was a handsome and stalwart youth, well-proportioned of figure, gay and good-humored, as he stood thus, the cynosure of many eyes, while above, the hostess said slyly to her young guest:

"We are all so glad, dear. It will be an ideal match."

And Marian called back to her, laughing:

"How can you be so absurd!"

During the homeward walk Lewis Lansing began quite naturally, as it seemed, to talk about that old song and quite as naturally to apply it to his own peculiar case. It is true, his speech was not quite so fluent at times as befitted the cleverest graduate of his year and the now promising young member of the bar, and he even fell silent now and again, a silence which the young girl by his side made efforts to break. It was a lovely night, and the palpitating hush of the midnight stillness, and the confused, moist-shrouded radiance of many stars looking down upon the young people to whom life seemed so fair and full of promise.

When Marian was deeply moved her voice had a peculiar, vibrating sweetness, and she talked with the quietness of the subject he had mooted of their youth and of the obstacles which might be in their path.

"We must be very sure of ourselves," she said, with a gravity which was almost quaint, as she stood a moment at the gate which led into her father's grounds and gave Lewis her hand in farewell.

"I cannot be any surer of myself than I am now," Lewis cried, with a confidence of youth, which, after all, is so fine a thing, if one cares for me and are willing to be my wife, nothing can part us!"

Was it the chill of that passing dark cloud, which struck upon Marian's heart coldly just then? But she gave Lewis permission to come and see her and talk matters over, before he should speak to her father.

Marian turned toward the house, while Lewis played hide-and-seek with the shadows of a last glimpse of her, and as she walked away he whistled that quaint old roundelay again:

"When first I saw thy face."

Marian went upstairs full of life and hope, and with the warm glow of a great happiness at her heart, to meet that fearful presence, Death, and under its most terrible form. The shadow of the tragedy seemed to unfold her from that hour. She shut herself up in the old mansion, with only the faithful old servants for company. A woman who had been her nurse from childhood was the only one to whom she ever spoke freely.

She seemed in some mysterious way to connect Lewis Lansing with the awful event of that night. Perhaps she was remorseful that she had been so completely absorbed in her own happiness while that terrible drama was being enacted, and, indeed, she declared to her nurse that had she not been absent the crime might never have been committed. In any case, she refused to see Lansing or even to hear his name mentioned. For a time he haunted the house, being observed by the vigilant townspeople on moonlight nights to walk like an uneasy ghost up and down in front of the mansion, and in point of fact, he was frequently there in darkness and storm, while Middleburgh had sometimes known. The silence and peace, the unutterable magic or moonshine, seemed to ease her pain. As she drew near that point where the garden fence was lowest, she thought she heard a sound and

what seemed a morbid devotion to her father's memory.

But Marian had a reason apart from the tragic associations which hung around Lansing's name. On the night when she had entered her father's room to find him dead she had discovered under a heavy frame, which had fallen to the floor, a fragment of a letter, which her father had evidently been writing to a friend.

"By all the gods, Martin," he had written, beginning in the style of Horace, "I would declare to you that my pet anxiety is now the future fate of my daughter. I will not have her marry, no, not before she is twenty-five. If she does it, it will be as in the old fairy tales, with my malison. Besides there is no one in this town who shall ever put a ring upon my daughter with even a fragment of my consent. She will have to run away like that ill-fated damsel who was rowed over the stormy sea and swallowed up in the flood."

These were the last words on the page, and either another page had never been written, or was hopelessly missing. Marian took the letter to heart, and within absurd literalness determined to obey it, as the express wish of her dying father.

Yet, as time went on, and her nature began to rally from the shock, she found her self-imposed duty a hard one. So that while she kept the fearful anniversary of her father's death in silence, and gloom, there was nevertheless associated with it a memory of that sweet, homeward walk in the starlit gloom, when the love of an honest heart had been offered to her.

Her health began to fail under the stress of loneliness, of regret, of the solitary life she led, and she grew more dull and listless as day passed after day.

She scarcely roused herself from a brooding reverie, one September twilight, when her nurse came in with a look of importance in her face. She was starting indeed, with the news she had to tell, but she knew that it must be told carefully. Its purport was briefly:

In a distant city, a man had died confessing upon his death-bed to have been the murderer of Lawrence O'Brien. His motive had been solely that of gain. He had been informed that the banker on the very night in question had taken home a large sum of money which he meant to secrete for the night in the chimney under the portrait of Sir Malachy. The murderer had effected an entrance through an unused cellar door and had cautiously made his way upward to where the banker worked alone. He had hoped merely to disable him and having administered a drug, to fly with the money. But Lawrence O'Brien was both a powerful and a courageous man, and there had been a struggle there in that silent room in the dead of night which had been terminated by a blow from a loaded stick which the burglar carried. He had then secured the money and had taken away in the shape of finding bonds and papers which she felt, and other values among them, a sheaf of papers from the table. These he returned with some few articles of value. The money had long since been spent.

It gave Marian a sickening feeling to hear these details and seemed to renew the full horror of the tragedy. But she conquered this repugnance and began to turn over the papers which she felt might throw light on some of her father's affairs. Among them she discovered a page of a letter the consecutive page to that she had read, and it was as follows:

"I repeat that no one in Middleburgh shall marry my daughter, unless indeed Lewis Lansing should incline should run that way. But I can scarce hope for such a consummation. The fates forbid such ideal unions. Seriously, my friend, I would it were God's will, Lansing is a gentleman, honorable, high-principled, a sterling Catholic. His father was my best friend, his mother my first love. I should be happy could I see my daughter married to this lad, who has a career of his own, outside of his father's position. I would give them my blessing were it with my last breath."

The letter ended there abruptly, perhaps the hand of death had already cut it short. Marian sank upon her knees. A rush of happiness penetrated the deep gloom of her sorrow as sunlight invaded a long-darkened room. But this happiness presently gave way to a pang of unavailing regret.

"It is too late!" she cried out. "O my God, it is too late!"

The days that followed were full of this same blending of pleasure and pain. Her father had, as it were, spoken to her from the world of shadows whither he had gone. But Lewis' patience had been tried too far. He had passed out of her life forever. And yet he had been so sure that nothing could ever part them.

One moonlight night barely two weeks after the receipt of that startling budget of news Marian went out into the garden. She was feeling unusually restless and her heart was aching with that sad sense of loss, which all hearts must sometimes know. The silence and peace, the unutterable magic or moonshine, seemed to ease her pain. As she drew near that point where the garden fence was lowest, she thought she heard a sound and

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stood still to listen. Some one was whistling an air which she was not slow to recognize.

"When first I saw thy face."

She made a step forward to be confronted with Lewis Lansing. He looked paler and graver, but he smiled at her in the moonlight.

"I am keeping my usual vigil," he said in a voice that sounded somewhat unnatural. "I come here very often when I am in the town, and I believe all Middleburgh knows it, except you."

She made no reply, and he asked hesitatingly:

"You are not angry, Marian?"

"No, Lewis," she said frankly. "It makes me very happy to know that you are here."

Surprise, pleasure, joy succeeded each other on Lewis' honest face.

"You know I am as sure of myself as ever, Marian," he said.

"And I am very sure now, too." They stood still facing each other.

"May I come to talk things over?" Lewis asked.

"Yes, Lewis," she said, "though there is not so much to say, after all."

It was only after they were married that Lewis saw the two fragments of the letter, and it is quite possible that inquisitive Middleburgh has never seen them at all.—Anna T. Sadlier.

ANCIENT CHRISTIAN HYMN LEADERS OF PARIS SOCIAL AND LITERARY WORLD INTERESTED

By M. Massiani

The most ancient Christian hymn in existence, which has recently been discovered, was recently presented before a select Paris audience, and it was an American woman, Miss Alysne Tone of New York who was chosen to sing it.

Miss Alysne Tone is staying in Paris to study French melodies of the 13th and 14th centuries, and her love of Gregorian music led her to associate herself with the work of the French Society of friends of Liturgical Art.

It was at the invitation of this society that she sang in public, and in Greek, the ancient hymn known as the hymn of Oxyrinchos. The audience was held in the drawing rooms of the magnificent old house of the Baroness de Rochetaille, in the Champs Elysees, in the presence of Cardinal Dubois and several other prelates, M. Rene Bazin of the French Academy, noted writers, musicians, scholars and prominent members of Paris society.

The hymn of Oxyrinchos had only been heard once before, by a small committee of the French Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, last spring. A member of the Academy, M. Theodore Reinach, who translated the text, invited a student of the Paris Conservatory to sing it.

WHERE HYMN WAS FOUND

Ancient Oxyrinchos was a city about 120 miles from Cairo, on the frontier of the Libyan desert. The ruins are being studied today by two English scholars, Messrs. Greenfell and Hunt. The excavations have brought to light a large quantity of pieces of papyrus dating from the first century when papyrus, among them several on which were inscribed sentences attributed to Our Lord, and which are obviously taken from our Gospels.

Recently, Messrs. Greenfell and Hunt found a piece of papyrus which, to all appearances, dates from the end of the Third century. On one side it bears a financial account, and on the other the text, unfortunately mutilated by the breaks in the papyrus, of a Christian hymn. M. Reinach, when presenting this hymn to the Academy of Inscriptions, gave the following translation:

"And that, at the same time, all the illustrious (manifestations) of God . . . (should be silent neither night) nor morning."

"Nor should these, too, keep silence, the stars, bearers of light (nor the summits of the high mountains, nor the ocean, nor) the sources of the impetuous rivers!"

"And while we celebrate the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost."

"Let all creation sing this refrain: Amen! Amen! Power, praise (glory eternal to sovereign God) to the unique dispenser of all good things. Amen! Amen!"

The words written in parentheses are those which were hard to decipher on account of the mutilations of the papyrus. The verses are full of Biblical reminiscences.

After the addition, Mgr. Batifol, president of the Friends of Liturgical Art, said: "You can recognize at once an echo of the psalm 'Coeli enarrant,' and also a passage of the Apocalypse (v. 13-14) where 'every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, are all that are in them: I heard saying: To him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb, benediction, and honor, and glory and power, for ever and ever."

IMPORTANT CONCLUSION DRAWN

"And the four living creatures said: 'Amen.'"

"The mention of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost prove the Christian and orthodox character of the hymn. And it is the hymn of a literary Christianity, for it is written in verse."

"We have the music of the hymn. It is noted after the fashion of ancient music, and the transcription of the ancient notes, as sung by Miss Tone, was prepared by Mr. Stuart Jones."

After studying the reconstruction of the hymn presented to the Friends of Liturgical Art, Mgr. Batifol drew the following two conclusions:

On the papyrus which has preserved the melody for us, all the rhythmic signs are given, a fact which will be of great importance in the controversy among Gregorianists.

Secondly, the conclusion that the Gregorian melody was not a creation of Christian Rome of the Fifth and Sixth centuries, but a legacy inherited by the Church from the ancient Greek world, just as the painters of the catacombs were the supreme flowering of Hellenic art. The Christians of the Third Century rejected suggestions that they repudiate the forms of art in honor in their time. They adopted them and created an art which was new only in spirit.

In the course of the report on the campaign in favor of liturgical art, which he presented to the audience at the same session, Mgr. Batifol spoke with great eloquence of the progress accomplished by the movement in the United States. He made special mention of the Institute of Liturgical Music of New York and of the courses given by Dom Macquereau and Dom des Roquettes. He also praised the "great example given in Washington by Mrs. Ward, in promoting the diffusion of Gregorian music, creating courses, training teachers, and having Gregorian melodies sung by thousands of school children."

M. GEORGES GOYAU

FEARLESSLY CATHOLIC BEFORE FRENCH ACADEMY

By M. Massiani

The speech delivered by M. Georges Goyau at the French Academy on the day of his reception, in the presence of the President of the Republic, was an act of faith. The subject lent itself to such an interpretation, since the new member, according to tradition was called upon to deliver a speech in praise of his predecessor, Denis Cochin, who was one of the outstanding figures of Catholic life in France.

A few short quotations from this panegyric will give some idea of its truly spiritual character. First of all a tribute was paid to the parents of Denis Cochin, grand old bourgeois, descendants of the most ancient family of Parisians in Paris.

"Some manuscripts of M. and Mme. Cochin, published since their death," declared the speaker, "prove that their home was a center of spirituality, and that the work of the mind was there considered as a manner of prayer and was crowned by prayer itself. In this family, to which came all the echoes of the city and all the echoes of Christendom, they willingly meditated on the echoes of the beyond."

When he was twenty years old Denis Cochin received from his father letters full of the strongest faith, in which the writer was revealed as an educator of rare energy: "Fortify your will," his father told him, "Take the decided part of battle against the senses, of obscure triumph in the presence of God."

The entire speech of M. Georges Goyau showed Denis Cochin faithful to this teaching and eager to work for the spread of the faith he had received. The assistant of Paster in his laboratory, he found in the experiments of the famous scholar matter for a book: "Evolution and Life" in which he argued against Spencer for the existence of the human soul and of a moral world.

Scholar and Christian, Denis Cochin, who was the disciple of Descartes, saw in God the source of all knowledge. He eagerly affirmed the metaphysical value of knowledge and the metaphysical truth of science.

POPE AND SAINT EXTOL REASON

"When the mathematician and philosopher Henri Poincare avenged certain attacks against our powers of knowledge, Denis Cochin rejoiced, and twice from the tribune of the Chamber he gave himself the malicious pleasure of astonishing certain of his colleagues by revealing to them that Pius X., in his so-called reactionary encyclicals, spoke like Henri Poincare, and that the Church esteems reason more than do many philosophers."

M. Cochin asked the new philosophers: "What is this you tell me about my intelligence, about my mind? I desire that it remain a light to me: I value it, it is my greatness and my dignity. And from the royal summit on which the Twentieth century has once again installed him, Saint Thomas Aquinas replied: 'You are right, man is like unto God in that he thinks.'"

M. Goyau praised the political work of Denis Cochin who, as a member of the Ribot and Briand cabinets during the War strove to renew, personally, relations with the Holy See which would serve to maintain religious peace and prepare the reconciliation. He quoted, in this connection, the following sentence of the great Catholic statesman: "To turn our backs on order is not to see the Pope is not an evidence of free thought, it is merely another way of prostrating ourselves."

As a father, Denis Cochin was cruelly tried by the War. His two sons, Augustin and Jacques, fell on the field of honor. At times the burden seemed too heavy and an unconscious revolt seized him against the frightfulness of war. Immediately he accused himself of weakness: "God has granted me a grace, that of coming between two Augustins: my father, who was a saint, and my son who was another."

COCHIN'S LAST ARTICLE HAILED PIUS XI.

At seventy, having lost the power of speech, and confined to his room by illness, he wrote a last article a few days before his death to hail the advent of Pius XI, closing with a stirring passage which was cited by M. Goyau, in which he brought to the feet of Pius XI, all those for whom he wept:

"I see your noble features, Augustin, hero and sage, in the ruined inn of Maricourt; I see your ever laughing lips, Jacques, at Bont-a-Mousson, where you died at your post like the Chevalier d'Assas. You two, with your grandfather and myself, would be kneeling today to thank God for having inspired the heads of His Church with ideas which will insure peace between Italy and France, the return of the Orient, the freedom of the noble nation of Poland. Most Holy Father, you who are now Pius XI, transmit to an obedient and devoted family a little of your fides in-trepida."

These were his last lines. His strength ebbed rapidly, and life gradually withdrew from him. His mind, always master of itself, paid homage to God for his sufferings as if he had paid homage for his energy.

M. Goyau brought his speech to an end with these words: "A good Christian, he had to cease to think in order to pray, without ceasing."

M. Goyau was to have been received into the Academy by M. Alexandre Ribot, whose death occurred a few days before. The speech which he was to have delivered was found, and read by another member of the Academy. Devoted, according to custom, to a double tribute to the new member and his predecessor, the speech prepared by M. Ribot contained some extremely laudatory remarks concerning the Catholic Church which are of interest primarily on account of the personality of their author, one of the politicians of the Third Republic, of which he was several times Premier.

ALEXANDRE RIBOT'S TESTIMONY

"The Catholic Church," he said, "has courageously accepted the trial of liberty. Reduced to its own resources, and having deprived itself of the patrimony which the parishes and dioceses received from the generosity of the faithful because it did not find sufficient guarantees in the institution of cultural associations, the Church has found in liberty new resources and also new clientele in the great cities where each parish which it has succeeded in organizing calls forth a host of faithful who formerly ignored it. Whatever may be the future of religious beliefs in France, a Church which has counted so much glory in the past, which has inspired so much devotion, which enables so many consciences to live in peace, which comforts and consoles so much suffering, cannot but hold a great place in our society."

UNREST AND DIVORCE

Cleveland, March 30.—Loss of interest in home, inability to provide amusement, separation from church activities and lack of preparation on the part of both the man and the woman are given as the causes for much domestic unrest and final divorce by Bradley Hull, head of the Bureau of Domestic Relations in this city.

This bureau was organized in 1920 and through Mr. Hull's efforts has had a considerable effect in decreasing the number of couples who seek relief from their dissatisfied state in divorce. Prior to the establishment of the Bureau the divorce record in this county had increased 150%. Getting at the foundation for the state of affairs Mr. Hull said:

"A generation ago there began to develop a certain movement of discontent and protest which found its expression to a great extent in literature,—that is, in current literature. A challenge to existing customs commenced to take form."

"During the last ten years the spirit of discontent and protest has gained momentum, a momentum which has been accelerated by the extreme feminist movement. Today it is a significant thing that people no longer take the stability of marriage for granted, but rather look upon it as one of the experiences of life."

"It is my experience that the practice of collusion between husband and wife to secure a divorce is becoming a prevalent custom. They agree to disagree. After they decide to end their marital difficulties in the divorce court they make a pact to tell the court just enough to secure the divorce and withhold many other facts so that neither party will suffer embarrassment."

"Men and women are equally responsible for the growing increase in American divorces. I am unwilling to accept the idea that there is any distinction between men and women when it is a question of their legal separation by divorce. Neither the man nor the woman has

a monopoly of the virtues or the vices; both are about on the same level regarding faults and temptations.

"Lack of home training of children for the married state also enters into the problem. While the girl is going to school the mother will say 'Well she will be young only once and there is no use trying her down with housework.' After school days are over the girl goes out to work and pays her board at home.

"When she gets married, she frequently suggests that she continue her outside employment and it is rarely that she can fit in as both wage-earner and home-maker. The trouble today is that all the old inhibitions are being questioned and their power of control is being shaken. We carry the theory of individualism to the extreme. We must get back to the theories of the past generations and then marriage will regain its stability."

OUR LORD'S MOTHER

No one has access to the Almighty as His Mother has; none has merit such as hers. Her Son will deny her nothing that she asks; and herein lies her power. While she defends the Church, neither height nor depth, neither men nor evil spirits, neither great monarchs, nor craft of man, nor popular violence, can avail to harm us; for human life is short, but Mary reigns above, Queen for ever.—Cardinal Newman.

CALVERT ASSOCIATES

WILL PUBLISH REVIEW AND CELEBRATE LANDING OF PILGRIMS

Announcement has just been made of the names of the Directors of The Calvert Associates, Inc., an association comprising prominent Catholic laymen of the United States and many members of other religious denominations. The Association was formed for the express purpose of carrying into American secular life a wider understanding of social and economic subjects and all the modern developments of art, science, philosophy, music and drama as seen from the vantage ground of a robust Christianity.

DIRECTORS MEN OF PROMINENCE

The Directors are: James Bryne, Fellow of Harvard University, Regent of the University of the State of New York, and President of the New York City Bar Association; Ralph Adams Cram, distinguished architect and author; Dr. T. D. J. Gallagher, of the Musical Arts Club, Philadelphia; William V. Griffin, 80 Broadway, New York, Director of The Cuba Co., The Cuba Railroad, etc.; Carlton J. H. Hayes, Professor of History at Columbia University; Robert H. Lord, Professor of History at Harvard University and formerly President of the American Catholic Historical Association; Rev. T. Lawrason Riggs, Chaplain of the Catholic Club at Yale University; Dr. James J. Walsh, eminent authority on the philosophy and social institutions of the Thirteenth Century, nationally known author and lecturer; Mr. Thomas F. Woodlark, of the American International Corporation, nationally known authority on railroad finance and a distinguished writer on many current subjects.

The Association has taken its name from George Calvert (Lord Baltimore), founder of Maryland where the Catholic pilgrims first landed from the ships "The Ark" and "The Dove" on March 25th, 1634. It will be one of the objects of the Association to commemorate this founding of the Maryland colony and the fact that it was the first of the colonies to establish the American principle of complete religious liberty.

The Directors have also announced that they will have a celebration of the 289th anniversary of the landing of the Maryland pilgrims on March 25th in the Town Hall. On this occasion Mr. Hilaire Belloc, who has just been elected the first honorary member of The Calvert Associates, will be the principal speaker, his subject being "The Press of the Modern World." Professor Lord, of Harvard University, will give an address on the founding of Maryland and there will be a special programme of very early and little known types of religious music under the auspices of the Pius X. Liturgical Institute.

The Calvert Association is a membership organization and from its membership fund will publish a new review of literature and social objects as the organ through which it will make its views felt in American life. The project of the review has received the definite and hearty approval of a wide range of people, including ecclesiastical authorities, business men of wide experience, scientists and men of international literary achievement.

PURPOSES OF REVIEW

A statement issued by Ralph Adams Cram, one of the Directors, says: "I feel increasingly that this review may be and in fact will be one of the most significant events of recent times and will prove a factor of distinct power for good. As an enterprise it is all enormously significant. The spiritual redemptive process, of which so many had despaired, has now begun once more and a civilization may be saved yet—though hardly. The point has been, how were we going

to put into active and working form the ideas which we all shared and how were we going to bring them to bear on the public at large? One of the answers has been the formation of The Calvert Associates and the review which they plan to make their organ."

Many Catholic writers of reputation, both here and abroad, have promised to become regular contributors to the review.

Trust the past to the mercy of God, the present to His love, the future to His providence.

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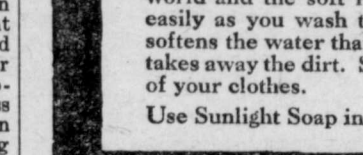
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LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1928

FRANCIS McCULLAGH'S ACCOUNT OF THE TRIAL

With commendable enterprise the N. C. W. C. news service secured for its subscribers the permission to reprint Francis McCullagh's graphic account of the trial of Archbishop Zepliak, his Vicar General and fifteen other Catholic priests.

The great merit of the article is that it is a faithful recital of the facts of the trial, of what Mr. McCullagh saw and what he heard—and not through an interpreter, as Russian is amongst his many linguistic attainments.

RED RUSSIAN PERSECUTION CALLS FOR MORAL CRUSADE

For centuries Christian Europe fought the menace of Mohammedan domination; the issue was whether the Cross should go down before the Crescent, whether Christian civilization, culture and liberty should survive or be submerged by the tyranny of conquering Islam.

Europe is America's motherland, and though to many that motherland now seems far off, with the fate of Europe the new world is inextricably bound up.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, heads of the Established Church, Cardinal Bourne, Rabbi Hertz, General Bramwell Booth, and the heads of other religious bodies, representing nearly every sect in Great Britain, have issued a solemn exhortation addressed to "all men and women of good will" to register their condemnation of the savage warfare of Soviet Russia against religion.

"The last few weeks," says the protest, "have witnessed a portent which has filled all generous-hearted men and women with horror. The ruthless warfare which the Soviet Government has long carried on against all forms of religious belief has come to a head."

"Hundreds of thousands of religious people and the ministers of religion, of all ranks and creeds, have been subjected to savage persecution, the express object of which has been to root religion out of the land."

"The Bolsheviks themselves have not disguised the purpose they have in view."

"We represent many religious communions and many political opinions, but we are united in the indignation and horror with which we regard the present policy of systematic persecution of religion in all its forms. Such a policy cannot be tolerated in silence by those who value religion or liberty. Our protest will, we are confident, evoke a response everywhere on the part of those who have at heart the well-being of the world."

This is an inspiring call to a moral crusade against a worse than Mohammedan peril to Christian civilization. It is based on the sane belief that even the Red tyrants of Russia can be made to feel the irresistible moral force of the outraged conscience of Christendom.

The Department of State has canceled the authorization for a visa for Madam Kalinin, wife of the President of the so-called Soviet Republic of Russia. The presence of Madam Kalinin in this country is rendered wholly undesirable by the deep feeling which has been aroused by the execution of Vicar General Butchkavitch.

Indeed, sad and deplorable as the immediate consequences to the poor Catholics left like sheep without a shepherd amid ravaging wolves, the martyrdom of Mgr. Butchkavitch and the more prolonged martyrdom of Archbishop Zepliak and his priests may, by arousing the Christian conscience throughout the world, be the most effective of counter strokes to Soviet tyranny.

To save Europe the Russian people must be saved; and to save the Russian people their religion must be preserved to them. Deeply religious as are the great majority of the Russians, Soviet persecution and Soviet education could destroy religion in a single generation.

"During this time the Bolsheviks have kept religious teaching out of the schools, have constantly assured the children that obedience to or respect for parents is a bourgeois prejudice, that marriage is an out-worn institution, and have supplemented these negative principles with their own materialist and demoralizing doctrines. It is here, among the young, that their non-religious and anti-religious work shows the greatest results. They have developed a vast multitude of semi-literate, corrupt, immoral, godless young men and women whose highest ideals are to satisfy the cravings of their licentious appetites. The extent to which the rising generation in Russia is impregnated with physical and moral disease and vices is truly appalling."

"On the eve of the trial of the Orthodox Patriarch, Archbishop Tikhon, Grand Duke Alexander of Russia sends from Paris 'to the people of the United States of America' this heart-rending appeal: 'In the name of God and Christ, I appeal to the souls of all my spiritual sisters and brothers. Awake, if you believe in God and Christ, or only in God. Under your eyes, in my country, Russia, 150,000,000 souls like yours, who have the same divine Father in God, are suffering agony in their struggle for all that is holiest of holy for us and for their faith.'

"The tyranny of Government, which is inspired and led by the forces of all that is evil, ugly and hateful, has declared desperate open war against God and Christ. Hundreds of thousands of children are being brought up in pure atheism and hate, and are encouraged to live in evil, in ugliness and in immorality. Think of the whole generations which are being prepared to poison humanity."

"To go on living, failing to remark this terrible calamity, is impossible. You must also give moral support to my countrymen who still are true to God and Christ—who prefer death to the betrayal of their Father and Saviour. I cry aloud that the duty of every Christian on earth is to help morally persecuted people."

Faith must be weak or dead, charity cold or lifeless, if the Christian world can see without shuddering horror "whole generations being prepared to poison humanity." If not inspired by Christian faith and animated by Christian charity, then in sheer self-defence Christians the world over must join the moral crusade against "the tyranny of that Government, which is inspired and led by the forces of all that is evil, ugly and hateful, and which has declared desperate, open war against God and Christ."

UNIT OF REPRESENTATION

A couple of months ago we recalled to the attention of our readers that in all former redistribution acts in Canada it was accepted as a principle, based on sound and convincing reasons, that the unit of representation for rural constituencies should be materially smaller than that for urban constituencies. We need not again enumerate these reasons. But, without knowing or caring how it may immediately or eventually affect the fortunes of particular political parties or groups, we may be permitted to say that we think Hon. Mr. Drury's suggestion of four distinct categories with varying units of population, is a reasonable and logical extension of that principle to conditions as they obtain in Ontario today.

At the other extreme is Toronto, the seat of Government, and able in various ways to bring to bear effective influence when its interests are concerned.

The position of Toronto is unique; other cities fall naturally into another category. That county boundaries should be left as far as possible undisturbed is a sound and reasonable contention. The ruthless application of a fixed unit of representation might destroy something more important, namely that the constituency should itself be an area united by common interests. What unifies the country is the cooperation of all the people and their common participation in municipal affairs. Rather than disturb these county boundaries it would seem to be better to leave counties over and under the recognized unit to balance each other.

In the neighboring State of New York conditions are in many respects similar to those of Ontario. It is interesting and may be instructive to consider how our neighbors solved a similar problem. The ratio of apportionment in New York State worked out mathematically would be a representative for every 65,000 people. Yet the constitutional provision—adopted in recent years—apportions one Assemblyman to every county "containing less than the ratio and one half over." Two members are apportioned to every other county, that is to every county containing over one and a half times the ratio of 65,000. The remaining members are "apportioned to the counties having more than two ratios according to the number of inhabitants, excluding aliens." The average population in a New York City Assembly district is 100,000; in some districts it reaches 150,000. In several rural counties the population runs from 10,000 to 30,000; and every county except one has a representative. This constitutional provision which, as has been said, was adopted in recent years by a majority vote of the people, is the compromise between the uniform unit of population and the balance thought necessary to be preserved between "up-State" and Greater New York, though, unlike Toronto, New York is not the seat of Government.

Considering the alarming urban drift from the farms, the handicaps of agriculture and the consequent agricultural sense of grievance, it would seem the part of wisdom that a similar balance be preserved between rural and urban Ontario.

In any case a principle, as we have before observed, that has always been recognized in Canada, that is much more emphatically pronounced in its application in

Great Britain, that is, with recent popular approval, practised in the State of New York, cannot be without such solid basis in reason as to demand careful consideration at the present time in Ontario.

SOCIAL EDUCATION

Birth control is now openly advocated for sordidly selfish reasons; some years ago it was the interests of the children that were stressed. "Not more but better children" was the watchword. It was assumed to be self-evident that parents with only one or two children could bring them up much better in every way than could those burdened with large families. Cardinal Gibbons, with that clear-sightedness and gentle forcefulness which characterized him, took issue with the underlying assumption of these would-be reformers. He pointed out that the children of a large family had performed a training of inestimable social value. Each member had to learn to recognize and respect the rights of the others; each learned that they had duties and responsibilities as well as rights; selfishness had not room to grow in this school of practical social service. Sir Michael Sadler, the eminent English educationist who recently lectured here, denounced as an utter fallacy the notion that education was something received exclusively through schools, colleges and universities, important and indispensable as these may be. And though he spoke not of large families, we have no doubt from the whole tenor and spirit of his discourse that he would readily admit that in family life several children would find that "discipline," that "living influence," that "stimulating force" which made Cardinal Gibbons call it the most effective school of all the social virtues.

We are led to recall the gentle Cardinal's clear-headed reply to the specious race suicide argument by an article in The Farmers' Sun. A contributor describes a family of seventeen children in the heroic days of pioneer settlement of northern Ontario.

"I drove over with Mr. and Mrs. Barnett one Friday night. I can remember yet the wonderful moment when the house came into view—across the lake. I remember, too, the bunch of youngsters that poured out of that front door and came bounding down to meet us. They climbed on the sleigh and swarmed around it and all talked at once. Talk about a greeting!"

"And, oh, such a bunch of girls—pretty girls, too—I fairly gasped at the sight—and big, bonny boys from the six-month-old baby to twenty-year-old 'Sonny,' who was sick in bed, and who was especially delighted to have visitors."

"The mother of this wonderful family still lives, hale and hearty, as fine and friendly an old lady as you'd meet in a year's travel. 'Children and grandchildren have grown up around her and called her blessed.'"

The children and the children's children of pioneer settlers, who hewed out homes for large families in the forests primeval of Canada, have like memories that should be cherished to the third and fourth generation.

But it is the following obiter dictum of the writer that expresses in homely common sense phrase the very gist of Cardinal Gibbons' contention which, doubtless, she had never read:

"No wonder the past generation was pluckier and hardier and healthier than what is coming on the boards today. Instead of one or two spoiled darlings there were enough boys and girls in a family to 'punch the stuffing' and the meanness out of each other, and they went out into the world with a full-size regard for the rights of others."

"A full-size regard for the rights of others" is a tremendously important lesson in civic and social virtue that will not easily be taught so effectively in any other way.

THE FUTURE OF JOURNALISM

By THE OBSERVER

Every little while we hear it said that "personal journalism" is passing, and whenever some old-time journalist dies we are reminded that few are left of the old-school who made their papers influential by sheer force of personality. I suppose that is what is meant when it is said that personal journalism is passing; that slowly but certainly the men are passing who made their personal opinions respected during many years of conscientious and faithful work, and that they are not being replaced by men of the same type. They are being replaced by men who might have been trained in the same way and allowed to take advantage of such training when they had reached a point in their career where they could give away to their natural force and ability and talents.

The journalism of today is, indeed, a different thing from what it was a generation ago. Many things have combined against the old-time forcefulness of the journalist. First we may put the dependence of the modern paper on business interests for its support. This is not absolutely inevitable but it is a real problem, and it must be said that the efforts to avoid it or solve it have not been very faithfully made. Many papers are rather proud of their slavery to the advertisers who hold a threat over their heads that if they assert too much independence they will be made to suffer by the withdrawal of advertising patronage.

Another factor is politics. Papers have always been in politics, but the position of the political paper of today and that of the political paper of forty years ago are very different. The ablest journalistic supporters of political parties, formerly, were very independent in their attitude; they were more influential in their status; they were counsellors of their party; political programmes were made after consulting them; they were reckoned with and consulted, instead of being, as most political papers are today, expected to follow blindly wherever the party leaders beckon to them to follow. They were amongst the leaders themselves.

This is largely changed. In former times papers were started in the first place for reasons other than political reasons, and had other main reasons for existence. They were often personal organs, and some of the best of them were representative of individuals of a high character and manly independence who through their columns read lessons, on occasion, to the most powerful political chieftains. This has, largely, been changed. Political leaders, both local and national, have learned to buy up the ownership of papers, and to make sure that there shall be no undue amount of independence shown by the man who has the task of writing editorials for the information and guidance of the readers. Many editorial writers complain bitterly that they are not permitted to write what they believe, or what they know, but only what the owners of the paper want written. The old-time system of personal journalism is largely justified by the means that had to be used before its influence was broken; as it is now largely broken.

Another factor is, the immense increase in vanity. There is a great increase of egotism without a corresponding increase in the capacity which might mitigate that egotism if not excuse it. This is the great and glorious day when every reader is supposed, in popular theory, by reason merely of the fact that he is a man and has a head on his shoulders, to be a competent critic of any editor anywhere. The editor is therefore likely to find some resentment against him when he asserts something with which some readers do not agree.

Readers are no longer pleased to read an argument unless they agree with it; nothing is so agreeable to egotistical mediocrity as flattery and for years we have been engaged in a perfect fury of flattery of the public under the pretext of asserting democracy. An American humorist told of a visit to the Kaiser, who took him to see some military maneuvers. "What do you think of my army?" asked the Kaiser. "I told him," said the American, "that he could whip the

world; but how could I know the fool would believe me?"

The people who have unduly flattered the public and have told them they know as much as trained men about any subject have sometimes meant only to be civil, and sometimes they have had worse motives; but the lamentable thing is, that they have, to a great extent, been believed.

Upon these considerations, it seems certain that the future of journalism will be very different from its past, and unless we can develop a new generation of independent writers, and unless in addition the reading public can be got to respect and trust them, journalism will gradually sink to the relative unimportance of the catalogue or the novel, or, as is not at all unlikely and as is even now true of some papers, to the curious status of a combination of novel and catalogue.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

WHILE SECTARIANS in this northern continent are indulging in their customary glib talk about the "darkness," "ignorance," and "general depraved state of religion" in South America, the Catholics of Chile have been holding an Eucharistic Congress which, because of the fervor and enthusiasm with which the great body of the people participated, has excited the wonder and admiration of even the forces of irreligion which unhappily exist there as elsewhere. Recent papers from Santiago glowingly describe the proceedings of the Congress, which is said to have surpassed anything of the kind ever before held in South America.

THE GREAT event of the whole Congress was of course the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament, which brought it to a close. Practically the entire population of the two cities, Santiago and Alameda, took part, together with representatives of every part of Chile and many from beyond its borders. Away from the route of the Procession the streets of Santiago were deserted; and most of the houses closed; while at Alameda both streets and houses were gaily decorated with flags and flowers and with illumination at night. The Blessed Sacrament was borne by the Papal Nuncio, upon a huge gilded bier, decorated with flowers and electric lights, and guarded by sixty young men. He was preceded by the entire Chilean episcopate, and a great concourse of priests, religious and devout laity. Among the latter were Senators, deputies, cabinet ministers, the judiciary, representatives of the university, the learned professions, mercantile classes and the people generally. Santiago has a population of about 400,000 and it is estimated that 200,000 walked in the Procession.

THE CONGRESS lasted seven days, during which time every church in the city held its own triduum, with an altar of Exposition. But what is after all the real test of the faith of a people, is the degree to which they avail themselves of the Sacraments. The number of Communions made during the Congress ran into the hundreds of thousands, 30,000 children alone having approached the altar. The priests, it is related, were in their confessionals from early morning until late at night.

As was to be expected in these Latin countries where, in this age, extremes often meet, there was a socialistic and atheistic element which tried to make trouble. But these were promptly taken care of by the police, and the Congress may be said to have passed without a serious hitch. One Radical parliamentarian was shocked into the expression that he would not have believed such a majestic public exhibition of faith possible. And those who in this Northern continent would fain delude themselves and others into the idea that faith is dead in South America, will in their efforts to extract funds from a credulous following have to fall back upon some other plea. Meanwhile their efforts might be better directed to the growing paganism of their own surroundings.

IT MAY BE news to many on this side of the Atlantic that a recent estimate from official statistics shows the Catholic population of England, Scotland and Wales combined to be now second only to that of adherents of

the Established Church. The preliminary figures given are 1,965,787, but as one leading journal says, it is possibly higher, and certainly not lower. The Methodists who were generally assumed to outnumber Catholics, can, according to the same authority, lay claim to not more than 1,700,000. But even were the figures reversed there is no comparison between their respective positions in regard to the public service, now, or for many years back. Methodists, for example, do not appear to have produced a High Court judge, or an Ambassador. Yet Catholics are to be found in the highest posts in the diplomatic service, and there is at least one Catholic High Court Judge, the Hon. Mr. Justice Frank Russell, son of the famous Lord Russell of Killowen, himself Lord Chief Justice of England.

IN VIEW of the near approach of the centennial of Catholic Emancipation (it is just six years away) these facts are exceedingly significant. When Emancipation at length dawned Catholics had been for centuries a prescribed and persecuted handful. No position in the public service was open to them and many then living could remember the time when the public celebration of Mass was prohibited and their religion had to be practiced by stealth. Who that can call up the spectacle of that venerable confessor of the Faith, Bishop Challoner, to whom the Catholics of England owe so much, being hidden away by his faithful followers from the fury of the mob in the Gordon Riots, but will thankfully marvel at the change. The Bishop was then past his ninetieth year, and survived the shock but a few weeks. When the Act of Emancipation finally passed there were many Catholics still in their prime who had known or seen Bishop Challoner. Now, less than a century having elapsed, Catholics have won back somewhat of their ancient prestige and can look the future in the face with hope and confidence.

OPPOSE PROHIBITION

London, March 23.—Cardinal Bourne, in company with the Archbishop of Canterbury and other high Protestant dignitaries, declared at a public meeting in the London Mansion House that Prohibition was nothing more than a confession of failure.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, speaking at a public debate on the topic "Prohibition is anti-Christian and anti-social," declared that if alcohol was a poison, as the prohibitionists say it is, then he could only say that the jolly farmers of England and the happy peasants of Europe, torn with this hideous and ghastly poison, were bearing up with remarkable fortitude.

Mr. Chesterton objected to the prohibitionists using the word "temperance." They could not say "he declared—that they were temperate about a thing they did not do."

"It is a fallacy," he continued, "to argue that the remedy for an abuse is suppression. Take the question of the liberty of the press."

"There is nothing in the world which has done more ghastly and hideous harm on an enormous scale than the press. It can do direct and deadly harm to the whole of society, and to the corporate body of the nation itself; it could rush the nation into an adventure which would perhaps lead to the destruction of the whole national power, and to evils which might last for centuries."

"But I doubt if anyone would contend that the remedy of this evil is the prohibition of printer's ink!"

"I predict that if they try the Prohibition experiment in this country it will not succeed, and the great mass of the civilization of Christendom will march past and forget us."

FOR GERMAN RELIEF

By Rev. Dr. Wilhelm Baron von Caplaine

Several large donations to be devoted to relief work among starving German children and the students of German universities have been received recently. The Pope has sent 40,000 lire to Cardinal von Faulhaber to aid in the fight against tuberculosis among German students.

Chinese students of the German universities have collected a fund amounting to 12,700,000 marks for welfare work among their German fellow students.

The Ameron News, the paper of the American Army of Occupation, before the troops left, turned over 909,225 marks and \$15,091 to the Mayor of Coblenz. This money, it was specified, is to be used to provide milk and other nourishing food for the poor children of the city.



PRIESTS FACING DEATH

DISPLAY FAITH AND COURAGE OF THE EARLY MARTYRS

[This graphic pen-picture of a world-stirring event is published by permission of the N. Y. Herald, -E. C. R.]

The New York Herald published on Wednesday an account of the trials of the Roman Catholic prelates condemned to death by the Bolsheviks, cabled by its correspondent in Russia. The account was necessarily brief. The correspondent, Francis McCullagh, is no longer in Moscow. He is across the border, free to tell of things as he has seen them, as no man is who remains in Russia. The following cabled dispatch to The New York Herald gives the first complete picture of the trials which preceded the execution of the Roman Catholic Vicar-General, an event which has shocked the peoples of two continents and disturbed all the Governments of Europe.—Ed. N. Y. H.

Special Cable to The New York Herald, Copyright, 1923, by The New York Herald, By Francis McCullagh

Moscow, March 26, via London, April 5.—Before describing the trial of Archbishop Zepiak and seventeen of his clergy at the Moscow trial, which ended last night, I should say I do not describe from hearsay. I attended every sitting from the first day to the last, sometimes going without food or sleep in order to do so and send telegraphic accounts afterward. Whether any of these telegrams ever reached my paper is for my editor to say.

[They did not.—The New York Herald.]

The Bolshevik Foreign Office at first refused tickets for the trial to all correspondents, though they were ready enough to supply admission cards to Red army parades and Bolshevik meetings, but being an old hand in journalism I got in. Later on other correspondents obtained admission. I should also say I am personally acquainted with none of the prisoners and do not know a single Pole in Moscow.

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION

For the last two years the Polish policy has been antipathetic to me and I have never called on Polish representatives here or got a single scrap of information from Polish sources directly or indirectly. For the Polish priests put on trial here I had no personal feeling, and I should not have hesitated to denounce these priests if it had been proven to my satisfaction they had plotted against the Soviet Government on behalf of Poland. But having carefully listened to all the evidence I am convinced these Petrograd priests never engaged in any plot against the Soviet Government. Their persecution was on religious grounds alone. It is the first item in a program for the destruction of Christianity in Russia.

Krylenko, who conducted the prosecution, and Galkin, a renegade priest, the presiding judge, made this perfectly clear. They asked every one of the clerical prisoners whether they had taught the catechism to children, and every prisoner answered yes.

They then read the Bolshevik law, which makes it a crime to impart religious teaching to any one under eighteen years old, and asked each prisoner if he would continue to teach the catechism. The reply in every case was yes, always delivered in a firm tone and sometimes accompanied by a smile—a smile of pity, I fancy, for the ignorance of a man who would ask such a question of priests who had remained with their flock in Petrograd during the last five years of terror.

DEFY BAN ON TEACHING

The Archbishop's face lit with pleasure and surprise when he answered. It was as if he had been asked if he could see the way to accept the miraculous gift of health, youth and unlimited riches. The prelate said the young priest, Edward Yunevich, newly ordained, as one could see from his tonsure not yet covered by his hair. Joy flashed in his eyes and irradiated his whole countenance when asked if, in obedience with the Bolshevik law, he would cease teaching children their catechism. Joyousness so marked his voice in his "No" that the three Bolshevik judges, who were all smoking cigarettes at the time, looked up simultaneously in surprise.

The priests were next asked if, after the churches had been closed they dared disobey the Bolshevik law by saying Mass. Yes, of course they all said Mass. Not only did they own up to the crime but admitted there was always a congregation of about 150 or 200.

They used empty halls for the purpose. Petrograd is half empty and there are many halls and suites of rooms available for such services, though in the winter time the cold in those unheated rooms must have been murderous.

CASE AFFECTS ALL RELIGIONS

And, to the surprise of the Red judges, they would not promise to cease saying Mass. This case, however, does not concern Roman Catholics alone. It concerns all religions, including the Jews. It is a crime under the Bolshevik law to impart religious teaching to any person under the age of eighteen years, even though the teacher be

the mother and the pupil her child. This law therefore strikes at all religions and at one of the most sacred rights of parents.

COUNTER REVOLUTION CHARGES

The trial, as I have indicated, was a religious trial and not a political one, though the procurer or prosecutor, tried hard to make out it was political. He tried to make out that in meeting at the ordinary diocesan conferences the Catholic clergy of Petrograd had ipso facto formed themselves into an illegal counter revolutionary organization.

This was nonsense. The papers seized at the house of Father Butchkavitch, where they were found in an open drawer, concerned discussions held at various times by the clergy with regard to questions which the clergy were bound to discuss—what attitudes they should take toward the new divorce law, English and American concessions, the law separating Church and State, the law separating church and school, and there were also innumerable crazy decrees which the Soviet Government had poured forth at the rate of ten a day.

Prosecutor Krylenko made clear that any men who meet together to discuss in a critical spirit the decrees of the Soviet Government are counter revolutionaries and as a matter of fact he is right. Such is the law of the Soviet, and the sooner English and American concessionaires know that the better. Englishmen and Americans up to the present have been treated with special consideration and practically conceded extra-territorial privileges, but once London and Washington recognize the Soviet Government fully the mask will be dropped and all foreigners here will be made to feel that they live under an un-supportable tyranny.

The reading of the death sentences was begun on the stroke of midnight of Palm Sunday. The audience throughout was largely composed of Communists.

BLOODTHIRSTY PROSECUTOR

Of all the bloodthirsty, wild beasts I have ever set eyes on, Krylenko is the worst. I do not refer to his personal appearance, which is that of a nimble, dapper little man of about forty with a pugnaeous face and a small mustache.

His smile, when first I saw it, seemed to me not unpleasant; but now I see it at night, see it as it looked when he was gloating over innocent men whom he had condemned to death. Again and again he looked Father Butchkavitch in the eye, his own eyes filled with revolting merriment. His face wore the same smile during the most pathetic parts of Bobrichiff Pushkin's speech for the defense.

He actually tried hard to catch the eye of that lawyer, to make him smile, too, in an attempt to undo all the work of his emotional appeal. This was bad enough, but nothing compared to the energy which he threw into his demand for blood. The public prosecutor, in any country where there is such a functionary, is quite right in asking with firmness for the punishment of the guilty; but Krylenko's thirst for the death sentence transcended all limits. He raged like a wild animal sated in its allowance of blood, and devoured in consequence by a raging thirst. And he must have known, for he is an educated man, that he had not proved his case. Most of it was built up on admissions made by the prisoners under cross-examination.

FILMISY EVIDENCE OFFERED

In my earlier dispatches I have explained how the Cheks in Petrograd seized a number of documents in the rooms of Father Butchkavitch, and in one of those I stated that the charge of high treason could not be based upon such documents in any other country in the world and that is true. I heard all of them read out in court, and found them incoherent and, as cabled earlier, Krylenko showed Father Butchkavitch each of these documents, one after another, and asked: "Do you admit having written this?" Father Butchkavitch admitted them all save one to which there was no name, but which was not in the prisoner's writing; even it was not important; it spoke only of money being got in Poland, and Polish priests naturally would get money for their churches from their native country; but the judge insisted upon its being read.

JUDGES OPENLY BIASED

I have spoken of the procurer. The judges were worthy of him. They grinned knowingly at him, and he at them, throughout the entire trial. They showed the greatest kind of favoritism. They showed it on the very first day, when the defense raised the question of procedure. The defense said: "Here are a series of incidents—refusal to sign an agreement with the Soviet Government regarding church property; refusal to evacuate the church promptly when called upon to do so, &c. We propose that these matters be taken up separately, and that the prosecution prove them to be breaches of the law."

Krylenko objected to this, insisting that all of these isolated incidents be taken together as part of a general counter revolutionary conspiracy against the Soviet Government, and the three judges upheld his objection.

CRIME OF NEAR-BLIND PRIEST

Some of these incidents were of the flimsiest character. Take the

case of the priest who fell "demonstratively" upon his knees when a couple of Red hooligans entered his church after services and ordered the congregation out of it. The priest was nearly blind, as was obvious to every one in court who watched his movements during the trial. He had not seen the intruders, and simply knelt down before the Blessed Sacrament after he had finished Mass. But Krylenko insisted that his action in falling upon his knees was an appeal to the religious fanaticism of his parishioners, and therefore punishable under an article in the Bolshevik penal code.

WEARS MARTYR'S COLOR

On the day death sentence was passed on him, his face shone with pleasure, his gray hair was brushed carefully back, and he had been able somehow or other to procure a new skull cap, and a sash of the brightest red. The journalists who reported the trial for the Bolshevik papers alluded to this sash and this cap as symbols of the rank of Archbishop. None of them seemed aware, that the color of blood had been purposely chosen because so many early Christian Bishops died as martyrs, and that election to the episcopal chair was generally sentence of death.

When called upon to say his last words the Archbishop rose to his full height and delivered an address so touching and so simple that a profound hush, with something of awe in it settled down upon that hostile audience of Red soldiers, atheists, sneerers and demoralized students. So great was the effect upon myself that I could not put pen to paper.

ARCHBISHOP'S DEFENSE

The few words of that speech from the dock which remain in my mind are but a faint reflection of what he really said. The Archbishop denied, as did all those who spoke after him, that he had belonged to any political organization, or had engaged in any counter-revolutionary intrigues. He had, on the contrary, confined himself to teaching his people the truths of their holy religion, these same truths which the Church had taught for nearly 2,000 years.

The Church had never taught the people to do wrong, he said, and he had never taught anything that did not tend to good morals and good citizenship. It had been his duty as the head of the Catholic Church in Russia to set a good example to the priests under him, and to the flock entrusted to his care.

ONE UNFORGETTABLE FACE

One unshaven, bestial looking visage in front of me I shall never forget. During all the time the prisoners were pleading for their lives, that abominable face was set in a perpetual grin, with mouth open. Worst of all it swung round at intervals and fixed its bloodshot eyes on me, as if insisting upon an answering sympathetic laugh.

There were also, I am sorry to say, Polish faces just as cruel, callous and repulsive. One, of a type hardly human, with little sunken eyes, was in a perpetual state of merriment. These were the faces of Polish Communists, who have formed a Bolshevik organization here under the patronage of the Kremlin, and who were encouraged by the Soviet Government to attend, that they might gloat over their unfortunate countrymen in the dock.

COURT IN BALLROOM

The court of justice was hardly in keeping with its contents. It is known as the Blue Hall, and was the ballroom of the old palace of the nobility, now the palace of Red labor unions. Painted light blue and adorned with a frieze representing maidens dancing and naked cupids trailing wreaths of roses, it would have constituted a more suitable background for a light comedy than a tragedy. During the last two nights of the trial the door was open owing to the heat arising from the vast, perspiring crowd, and through these open doors floated odds and ends of ragtime music, punctuated by the distant handclapping of an audience, for the Red laborites have a concert room downstairs. Sometimes this applause was followed immediately after by a blood curdling yelp from Krylenko.

HEROIC FIRMNESS

And the prisoners: how did they bear themselves under the ordeal? It reassured my faith in human nature, that these days of disillusion, depression and doubt, most could rise to such heights. Never once did they falter. Not an inch did they yield. No Christian martyrs never bore themselves more nobly before the tribunal of Nero.

One old priest with a fine ascetic face did, indeed, become confused under the fierce cross-examination of the procurer, and for some moments his mind seemed unable to function, but it was physical, not moral failure. When he returned to the dock after a short adjournment of the court, I noticed that he sat between two strong and sunny spirits—a young priest and the former Archbishop Federoff, both at once gentle and strong. At all subsequent sittings he was seen between these two.

When, on Palm Sunday, the old priest was asked what he had to say before sentence was passed, he spoke as firmly as the others.

At the beginning of the trial Archbishop Zepiak looked feeble and worn, as well he might, for he is near seventy and he was brought every day from the Butyrka prison in a patrol wagon of the Cheka. But when he heard Krylenko demand the death penalty he seemed rejuvenated. His color rose, his eye brightened, his tall figure

straightened, and, in his long black cassock fastened at the waist by a broad red sash, he looked what he was—a prince of the Church, head of all Russian Catholics, from the Baltic to the Pacific, from the frozen sea to the frontiers of India.

WAS VICAR'S REASONED DEFENCE

Father Butchkavitch showed he had never conspired with Poland against the Soviet Government. If he had tried to get money from Poland for his church, which was his check, but when he heard Krylenko demand the death penalty he seemed rejuvenated. His color rose, his eye brightened, his tall figure

country. He might also have scoffed at the charge of conspiring with a foreign Power, which was based by the prosecutor upon the fact that he had several times, several years ago, sent letters to Poland otherwise than through the post.

I have not sent letters through the Russian post recently, and not a single foreign correspondent in Moscow has; and two years ago the Bolshevik post office was even worse than it is now.

Why did not the Archbishop send his letters through the Foreign Office? roared Krylenko; the Archbishop's neglect to do so was actually made one of the most serious charges against him. Father Butchkavitch spoke of the years leveled at him on account of the large sums of money that passed through his hands; but one must remember, the diocese embraced all Russia. He had, as a matter of fact, spent all his own money in building several primary schools, a technical school and a professional school for Catholics. The prosecutor could easily ascertain these facts for himself.

His church in Petrograd was burdened with enormous debts; he was a Polish citizen. What wonder, therefore, that he should appeal for money to his friends in Poland? He was accused of conspiracy on the strength of letters found lying unconcealed on his desk, but had he been engaged in a conspiracy he would have concealed them. Had his activities been compromising some evidence of a conspiracy would have been produced. The minutes of vestry meetings are not evidence of a conspiracy.

A YOUNG PRIEST'S CANDOR

A great speech was made by Edward Yunevich, the young priest already described. His bright eyes seemed fixed. He described how, as a student he heard in Petrograd the shots announcing the fall of czarism. He had rejoiced, for czarism had been the enemy of Catholicism in Russia. Young as he was he knew of the persecution of friends who had been sent by hundreds to prison and Siberia because of their faith. But he saw Bolshevism as a worse enemy than czarism.

It realized none of its expectations, it gave none of the liberty it had promised. The people of Petrograd were now weeping and miserable. What were the poor Catholics of Petrograd to do if their priests did not return to them? This naive question excited bitter mirth among the hardened Communists who filled the courts, and the judges asked, not unkindly, that he might leave the question of Petrograd alone, and confine himself to the charges against him personally. The prisoner apologized for being carried away, but said he thought he would be allowed to say everything, as these were the last words he would say. He ended with Christ's last words on the cross: "Not my will, but Thine, be done."

There was a profound sensation, and some minutes of silence. I noticed tears in the eyes of even the Bolshevik women who had crowded into the court, owing to the fact that there was no tragedy in the theaters that night to compare with the thrill of emotion in the real tragedy being enacted at the trial.

"IT IS THE LAW"

"Ex-Archbishop Federoff said he was in the same position as the Archbishop, being the head of the whole uniate or United Greek Church of Russia, with priests under him and many of the faithful following his rite. He tried to argue with the Judge on the injustice of the law preventing religious teaching to minors, but the Judge stopped him sternly saying: "It is the law of the republic. It is not your right to comment on it; you must obey it."

COURTING MARTYRDOM

The younger clergymen in the dock were perhaps too aggressive, if anything. They were courting martyrdom, now that Holy Week had come. But the old Archbishop while equally firm, is suave: "Yes, our religion teaches us to pray for our enemies," he says in answer to a question put by Krylenko.

The young priest called Eismont is particularly aggressive. "You do not consider yourself bound to obey the orders of the Soviet Government?" Krylenko asked, meaning the orders regarding Catholic churches. "I do not," replies Eismont.

After his church had been closed by the Soviet authorities this young priest continued to say Mass to a congregation of 200 more in a deserted orphanage underneath his private rooms. He calmly admitted this crime against the Bolshevik law, as if he were proud of it.

ADMIT TEACHING RELIGION

Further questioning brought the calm admission that in defiance of the Soviet law that religion must be taught to nobody under eighteen years of age Eismont had made a practice of collecting children in the cold and deserted orphanage and had spoken to them about God. Similar testimony was given by two other young priests, Fathers Onovitch and Hodnovitch of the Churches of St. Stanislaus and

Catherine. At St. Stanislaus the curate had told the Bolshevik commission who had come to take an inventory: "Clear out of this at once!"

CONTINUES MASS DESPITE LAW

"Citizen Hodnovitch," roared Krylenko, "do you not consider yourself bound to obey the orders of the Soviet Government?" "I am not only a citizen," said the young clergyman, "but also a Roman Catholic priest." Father Hodnovitch also continued to celebrate Mass after his church had been closed by a commissar, who had warned him not to celebrate public worship until further orders. About 150 persons were present every time he said Mass. And he also had taught children the catechism. He admitted both facts proudly.

Ex-Archbishop Federoff and all the other priests made similar admissions: they had all said Mass and collected Christian children together to teach them about God, despite the fact that the Soviet Government had strictly forbidden it.

Sapunoff, a Bolshevik official serving in Basil Island, Petrograd, testified to the trouble he had with a little Catholic chapel there. The first time he went to close the place the attitude of the crowd was so threatening he judged it prudent to retire. The next time he did the job, but the crowd insulted him, crying, "This is what the Communists call liberty of conscience!"

DRAMATIC ENDING

The proceeding ended amid the most dramatic circumstances. A witness, Smirnov, had testified that the priests had celebrated Mass after he had cleared their churches and notified them they must not carry on public worship until they had received permission from the Soviet Government. Galkin, the presiding Judge, asked the prisoners if this was so and they admitted it was.

"Now you must choose once and for all," yelled a savage faced ex-priest on the scarlet bench. "Are you going to continue saying Mass?"

It was a tense, dramatic moment. Each priest was questioned in turn. Each stood up and declared calmly, firmly and proudly that he would continue to say Mass and teach children the catechism, no matter what the consequences to himself.

FOURTEEN OF EARLY CHRISTIAN MARTYRS

The Judge savagely questioned one young man who had been ordained in 1914 when twenty-three years old. "Do you teach children their catechism?"

"Yes."

"Do you know that under article 131 of the penal code it is a crime to teach children the catechism, and that religion must be taught to no one before he is eighteen years old?"

"Yes, I know that."

"And will you continue to teach the catechism?"

"Yes, with God's help, I will. It is my duty to do so, no matter what the consequences may be. If a father asks me to teach his child the catechism I cannot refuse."

Galkin, himself a renegade priest, scowled darkly. He had selected the youngest priest, thinking he would yield and practically abjure his faith, but he found himself struggling against a rock.

"Rome teaches you this," yelled Galkin, "and Soviet Russia teaches the contrary. Which will you choose, Rome or Red Russia?"

In the deep silence that followed the voice of the young priest rang out like the voice of an early Christian in the amphitheatre.

"Rome," he said, with a smile. And the electric light overhead shone upon a face that might have been the model for the great medieval picture of Saint Sebastian in the National Gallery in London.

The death sentence on the Archbishop and the Vicar-General were pronounced at midnight on Palm Sunday. The Archbishop and Butchkavitch looked as men who had obtained their lifelong heart's desire. The Archbishop embraced his aged, white-bearded lawyer who, though of the Orthodox Church and not a Catholic, broke down and wept bitterly. Then the Archbishop embraced all the clergy and all were removed under a heavily armed escort of Reds.

BAYONETS-GUARD PRISONERS

There were extraordinary military precautions in the street when the prisoners were removed beneath a double hedge of bayonets, from the court into a huge covered lorry van like a "Black Maria" police wagon. The same van was formerly used in carrying piles of the dead who had been murdered in the cellar of the Cheka, 11 Bolshoi Lubanka, to the dead-house of the hospital in the outskirts of the city, whence they were buried.

Since I write the above the Archbishop has been revived. Nevertheless, the civilized world should

know of the scenes whereby Soviet Russia panders to the bloodthirsty men who alone keep it in power. The above account of the priests' trial is not second hand information, but comes from one who, as the Bolsheviks knew, attended every sitting of the court.

AN APPRECIATION

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD:—I was very much edified by the paper on Blessed Thomas More read by Mrs. James Rigney, of Kingston at the monthly meeting of the Catholic Women's League in London, Ont., Sunday, March 11th, and published in the issue of March 31st of the RECORD. The paper is so scholarly that it should be published in pamphlet form and as widely disseminated as possible, for Catholic lawyers everywhere would welcome it to their desks, and Catholic laymen would admire the high ideals and charitable career of the lawyer who has deserved from his Church the title of Blessed. Mrs. Rigney so reverently pleases her subject and uses such a pleasing and elegant style that it is to be hoped she will prepare many more such papers that will really enrich our Canadian literature. It is a very gratifying sign of the times that the Catholic Women's League everywhere throughout Canada are being entertained by papers on Catholic subjects, and especially on men noted for their loyalty to principle; and on literary subjects viewed from a Catholic standpoint. Every Catholic should with voice and pen encourage such efforts. Hence my only reason for writing now is to express my appreciation.

D. J. R.

Artsaig, N. S., March 31st, 1923.

We find in the Gospel, Mary and Joseph seeking Jesus. Let us ask them to help us seek Jesus . . . but we must be on our guard to seek Him as soon as we perceive that we have lost Him.—Bishop Curtis.

We must not fear the corrections we receive here below; but it is well to think often of the accusations that will be brought against us at the Day of Judgment.—St. Anthony of Padua.

BURSES

FOR EDUCATION OF PRIESTS FOR CHINESE MISSIONS

These burses will be complete at \$5,000 each, and will provide a perpetual scholarship for boys wishing to study for the missionary priesthood and go evangelize China. Donors to these burses will be remembered by these future priests during their whole sacerdotal ministry.

Rev. J. M. FRASER, M. A., F. R. S., China Mission College, Almonte, Ontario.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY THE REV. F. P. HICKEY, O. S. B.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

OUR GOOD EXAMPLE

"That they may, by the good works which they shall behold in you, glorify God." (I Pet. ii, 12.)

Last Sunday we studied the example that our Blessed Lord left us, and the inspiration we are under to follow His steps.

Example is more powerful than words. We may never know the good we have done, but God does. And how that good example is blessed in this world and in the next!

We Catholics, so few amongst so many in this land of ours, are especially watched on that account. No other Church demands such strict adherence to its laws as ours.

Two converts in Rochester said that they sought the Catholic Church because their own ministers were frank to acknowledge that they did not believe in the Divinity of Christ.

During his inspection of the chapel car, there was one action of the Apostolic Delegate that was more significant of his character than any number of interviews.

how our holy religion has been handed down through hard days, days of persecution, of bigotry, of ridicule, of poverty, of hardship, with churches few and far apart—and who have been the chief apostles and workers of this? Good fathers and mothers!

DELEGATE VISITS CHAPEL CAR

Washington, D. C., March 26.—America's most distinctive contribution to modern missionary enterprise was given its first introduction to the Most Rev. Pietro Fumasoni-Biondi, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, last week in the nation's capital, when the Delegate inspected the chapel car "St. Paul," which is now touring the east and south.

The Delegate expressed his surprise and gratification at the American missionary spirit which had prompted the work of the chapel cars, three of which are now operating in the United States.

He seemed especially interested in the manifestations of bigotry that were reported by Father McGuinness, who told of occasions when, in certain parts of Oregon, he was informed that the people were not desired and the people refused to sell him food.

The value of the chapel car, Father McGuinness explained to the Delegate, was as much in leveling the spirit of bigotry as it was in bringing the Mass and the Sacraments to thousands of Catholics scattered in remote sections of the country.

Two converts in Rochester said that they sought the Catholic Church because their own ministers were frank to acknowledge that they did not believe in the Divinity of Christ.

Monsignor Fumasoni-Biondi expressed great surprise when he was told that there are only eight thousand Catholics in North Carolina and ten thousand in South Carolina.

During his inspection of the chapel car, there was one action of the Apostolic Delegate that was more significant of his character than any number of interviews.

When the inspection was finished and the photographers appealed to the Delegate to stand for another picture at the rear of the car, he again gathered the little ones about him and insisted that they pose with him.

PRIEST LECTURES IN MORMON TEMPLE

The unusual experience of preaching in a Mormon temple, with a Mormon Bishop presiding and a Mormon choir singing Catholic hymns, befell a chapel car mission-ary traveling through Utah.

Father Doyle, who was in charge of the chapel car, reached a town that was practically 100% Mormon, and it looked as though his time there might be wasted.

Back to Father Doyle came the bishop with a new suggestion. "You ought to have singing, sir. If you will give me one of your hymn-books, our choir will be ready to sing your own hymns for you."

The story is told by Msgr. Francis C. Kelly in "The Story of Extension," the recently published history of The Catholic Church Extension Society.

ST. FRANCIS' BODY EXPOSED

MISSIONARY ON WORLD TOUR REPORTS MIRACLES

By Rev. Michael Mathis, C. S. C.

Dacca, Feb. 12.—The cathedral at Goa, the episcopal palace with the adjoining Church of St. Francis of Assisi, the Church of Bom Jesus, the Convent and Church of St. Cajeta and the Convent of St. Monica, are immense structures, and the churches are beautifully decorated in gold and paintings.

The Church of Bom Jesus, once the chapel of the Jesuit community in Goa, is distinguished by the fact that it contains the beautiful marble of St. Francis Xavier.

As priests were allowed to enter the sanctuary at any time during the exposition, I went as often as the Catholic All India Conference, which I was attending, permitted.

KISSING THE SAINT'S FEET

Fortunately, I had been warned by the Bishop of Bangalore not to expect to see the bluish of youth on the holy body of St. Francis.

The organization grew out of a boys' club organized in Kansas City in 1919 with nine members. Within two years, under the influence of the Scottish Rite members of that city, it had enrolled 3,000 members and was made national in scope.

Bengal Mission, in particular, and the earnest prayers of the worshiping thousands of Indians around the catafalque, marked this Mass as most soul-stirring.

SEVERAL MIRACLES REPORTED

The incorrupt body of the Saint and the daily miracles about the catafalque created an atmosphere of the supernatural. It is practically impossible to ascertain the number of miracles wrought at this exposition of the Saint's body, because the crowds were so huge, each pilgrim was left to shift for himself and Indian piety prefers to keep such heavenly favors a profound secret.

I was injured in a railway accident at Poona last April 11. As a result my right thigh bone was fractured in three places and my left leg was amputated.

SCHOLARSHIPS FOR MATRICULATION STUDENTS

The Ursuline College of Arts, London, Ont., affiliated with the University of Western Ontario, offers five partial residence scholarships of \$150 each, and one tuition scholarship of \$50, for competition in Matriculation classes.

UNDER MASONIC INFLUENCE

Washington, D. C., March 26.—Evidence of the attempts of Free Masonry to bring under its influence the young boyhood of America is furnished by the rapid spread of the Order of De Molay under the influence of Scottish Rite bodies, in practically every city in the land.

The Order of De Molay takes its name from Jacques de Molay, who, according to Masonic literature was "the last Military Grand Master of the Order of Knights Templar, who went to the stake rather than become a heretic to his Masonic obligations."

LED CHILDREN IN PRAYER

During his inspection of the chapel car, there was one action of the Apostolic Delegate that was more significant of his character than any number of interviews.

An indication of the rapid spread of the organization is given by the growth in different parts of the United States. The first chapter for southern California was started in Ventura two years ago and it was the beginning of the present year it was announced that 3,000 members were enrolled in eighteen cities of

California. In Michigan the growth has been unusually rapid and powerful branches have been formed in Ohio. On March 18, the occasion of the day set aside, according to the Ohio State Journal, "for devotions in memory of Jacques de Molay," two hundred members of the Order gathered at Columbus in the First Baptist Church to hear a sermon by the Rev. Daniel F. Rittenhaber.

De Molay Chapters are organized into State bodies, similar to Masonic clubs. Each chapter must be sponsored and under the direct supervision of one of the Masonic bodies, and, although according to Masonic organs, "De Molay is in no way a part of Masonry," the principles of Masonry have been embodied in the principles of De Molay.

RELIGION IN SCHOOLS

The necessity of religious education was forcibly stressed by Dr. Matt, the Minister of Public Worship and Education of Bavaria, in an effective address recently made before the Bavarian Diet, in which he declared the intention of the Government to renew the concordat with the Holy See.

"It is incumbent," said Dr. Matt, "that we direct our full attention not only to the teaching of the young, but also to their real education. The most effective means to achieve this is found in the religious training of the young people. This religious foundation of public education is demanded by the historical development of the German people and by the conviction of the majority of the citizens.

Freely you have received, freely give.

Among Those Present

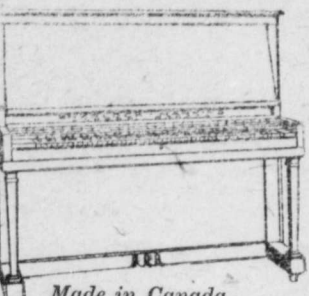
were the sons and daughters of Mr. and Mrs.

Do your children have to go to other people's homes to enjoy a musical evening?

A good piano like the Sherlock-Manning brings music to your home.

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Advertisement for Alabastine wall treatment, including text 'Why Have Dull Walls?' and 'ANY wall becomes quietly beautiful when done with Alabastine.'

Advertisement for Irish Flax and Irish Fingers, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing the product.

Advertisement for Titan Sectional Steam Boiler and Safford Radiator, including an illustration of a boiler and text describing its features.

Advertisement for ABSORBINE, featuring an illustration of a person and text describing its medicinal benefits.

Advertisement for Wild Birds of Killeveey by Rosa Mulholland, including a list of authors and the price of the book.



CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

GOD KEEP THEM

"God keep thee in thy busy day And in the night's lonely hour, Though storms may gather 'round thy way Trust His protecting power. God guide thee! May His Wisdom shine Unclouded o'er thy soul, And lead thee by its light divine, To the eternal goal."

THE SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE

There is nothing more human than for men to turn rapidly from love to hatred or from hatred to love of that which they formerly despised. Experience has shown how very near together lie the springs of love and hate. Extraordinary though it be, the more a man has loved an object or cherished an ideal, the more bitter his dislike of it when once it has ceased to merit his regard.

History shows in striking manner how this fact is borne out in men's lives. One after another we recall the figures of men who have stood out intellectual or moral giants among their fellows. And as at one time their path was marked with traces of decay, so at another, we find only the luxurious growth of high and noble ideals.

If great men have left ineradicable marks of their greatness after them, many of them have likewise left sad traces of a wrong start in life. But one day they came to the realization that the path which they trod would lead to nothing save unhappiness. They abandoned it, sometimes on a single generous impulse and their former companions knew them no more.

It is well for us that in certain cases these former landmarks in the soul's progress have not been wholly wiped out. There is nothing that gives men greater courage or that inspires them more than the realization that through great travail and anguish and at the cost of great sacrifice, others have won peace and truth.

When a friend suggested to one who had sounded the depths of soul misery to reach the heights, that he eliminate certain portions of a recent book, he replied in characteristic manner: "Perhaps today I would hesitate to write them. But I must avow it would be a mistake to obliterate them. They testify to the truth of the book. It is because it is true that it has such an influence on souls."

There was another whose current of life ran counter to that of the great writer mentioned above. One day this other came to hate that which he formerly loved. Fearfully fascinating it is to follow in the line of his thought as we find it in careful commentaries who have wisely selected for us those things which will best illustrate the case.

This man was a dreamer, but he was unfortunately also a man with a sick soul. While he had the audacity to propose measures for other men to follow, he was incapable of following them himself.

"I would never have been able to make a soldier," he writes somewhere. "I should have deserted." This confession was made at a time when fearful evils threatened his native country, arousing all men of red blood to take action in defense of that which was so dear to them. In 1871, true, terrified by the atrocities of the Commune, he wrote a prosecution against the Revolution, democracy, universal suffrage, and the execution of Louis XVI. But when fear died out he returned to his former mode of thought.

He confessed that he dared not carry a sword or a gun. What, then, was left for a man burning with selfish ambition, and striving to create a new world wherein his thought might dominate men? Nothing save the weapon of irony.

Of all the unfortunate remarks which this man of keen and cutting irony ever made, that which strikes us most forcefully is one which deals with humility. "An order," he says, "is a humiliation."

This aphorism furnishes us with the key to the sad situation of an unhappy soul. It tells of the pride of intellect that was the cause of many another's downfall. He begins to find fault, to discover defects in those about him who are striving for a high and holy ideal. He makes up his mind that the more prestige a man attains, the keener his powers, the more fascinating his style and the more he is admired by other men, the greater hold he will have upon hearts with his self-proposed doctrine and the greater consequently the throng of his followers.

So we find him writing: "The attack of genius has always the particular character of security. In the strokes of such a hand there is strength and forcefulness not to be found in lesser men. Those who have never been initiated into the mysteries of which he treats and who have regarded them from afar as sacred are won by him who dares to penetrate into the sanctuary. It is the man who knows the secrets who can alone expose them with the audacity of familiarity that can attract the multitude."

Such a story makes painful reading. The Croix of Paris, commenting on a recent commemoration which took place in the city, of a writer of such pernicious works, calls the affair a "sad centenary." It justly brings a thrill of horror to all those who read.

In striking opposition to such a one who could not brook the idea of humiliation, of obedience to law whether human or Divine, are those giants of the ages whose beautiful lives were constant records of striving to become valiant soldiers in the battle of life. There was a youth who, at the age of twenty, was teaching philosophy in Barcelona with marvellous success. Ten years afterward his rare abilities won for him the degree of Doctor in the University of Bologna and many high dignities. But in middle life he laid aside his honors and entered one of the austere religious Orders. He began to preach a crusade against the Moors and in order to convert a King was granted the power of working a miracle.

At the ripe age of eighty-one he was privileged to know that ten thousand Saracens had received Holy Baptism largely through his efforts. Men are greatly influenced by what they read. It is then useful to recall certain words uttered by famous men, words of encouragement, of consolation, of warning, of admonition. Through the success and the downfall of other souls men can learn of the dangers and pitfalls which await them in the quest of success and happiness.—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

OUR GUARDIAN ANGELS

Our eyes may not behold their wondrous beauty, We may not hear the flutter of their wings The while they stand, bright monitors of duty, Our guide to better things; Our hands have never touched the adoration The shining of their white-robed loveliness, But in the loneliest hours of desolation We know their tenderness.

For many a tide of wild and sad revealing Born with despairing throes in bleeding hearts, Flows back aglow with waves of holy feeling, And many a burthen parts, From souls by passion's lurid painting clouded, And thoughts beatified Steal from forgotten places, all unshrouded, By angels glorified.

Untiring and unseen they watch about us, They hold, in spite of us, our trembling hands, They weave a magic charm, within, without us, Caught by Faith's golden strands; And though our eyes may not behold the vision, Nor feel their presence in the clogged air, From birth to death, through life's most strange transition, They guard us everywhere.

—Irish Catholic

KEEP SMILING

Everybody in this world has a cross of some kind to bear. It may be one thing unseen in the silence of the heart's profoundest depths; or it may be one that is painfully visible to all. To some God gives but one great loss to bear; on others He showers what seems like a multitude of smaller ones. But, great or small, or one or many, the cross is there, and must be carried. Some bearers wreathe their crosses with the sharp thorns of repining and discontent; others with the soft blossoms of patience and hope.

It is largely a matter of choice, resting with the bearers; but it is the revelation of our experience that he finds his cross lightest who has learned—bitter though the lesson is—to smile with others at his own miseries.—Southern Cross.

AVOID BITTER WORDS

Simply don't allow yourself to say sharp things about people. To be sure, your tart criticism may be quite warranted by the facts, but just remember that your remarks are much more likely to influence your audience's opinion of you than their opinion of those about whom you say them. Don't be cynical, bitter and pessimistic in your point of view. Don't seem down on young people. Keep sweet. Of course, it isn't easy but stick to it for a while and presently you will have turned your mind in the right direction, and to say the pleasant, quite friendly, optimistic thing will be a settled habit. And if you need something to keep you at it, just look around you and observe the women whose faces and manner betray that middle-aged habit of acidity and crankiness. Their fate will probably be all you need to warn you to detour and avoid the dangerous spots in the road.—The Pilot.

TRUE REFINEMENT

"Quiteness of person" is the sincerest portrayal of refinement. This does not mean that one must cloak oneself in statuesque dignity and assume a reserved and distant manner. Neither does it wish to subdue the vivacious, athletic-loving type of girl. Such elimination would truly be a loss of no little moment. Superb health and vitality are among the most valuable assets. The world has all too few really healthful specimens of humanity, especially among the feminine sex. Place the blame on factory, society, or the energetic life of today—the fact still remains unaltered. Yet no matter how good or how companionable a sportsman a girl may be, she can never, even with such praiseworthy recommendation, afford to forget that she is the most worshipped thing in life—dowered with lovely womanhood.

Perhaps it is due to the hustling, energetic life of the twentieth century, which seems bent seriously upon one thing only: to endeavor to satisfy in each day the varied passions of a lifetime. So we meet them on our city streets, winsome little girls in their teens, at the loveliest and most appealing age—girlhood, when we should find them "standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet." But today, 'tis with eager feet they hasten to that port of embarkation, 'tis with yearning heart they long for the mysteries and glamor of "grown-up life." They pass us talking loudly, pushing rudely through the crowds, powder and oft-times rouge quite visible upon their baby skin, narring the young beauty of their faces, short stockings, aping their elders quite cleverly even to the "low neck" so deplorably common today, so vulgarly indecent. Bits of their chatter drift to our ears as they hurry by, laden with slang, till it is almost a foreign language to one unversed in the "latest." The subjects of their conversation, topics that are not apropos to discuss in public, are absurdly talked over by these "know-it-all" little ladies, punctuated by inane side remarks and gum-chewing. Such is the little mis of sixteen summers in this, our twentieth century.

"Ah, gone are the girls Of the ribbons and curls, And the fragrant Old-fashioned bouquet." And they have taken with them the most cherished of attributes—true refinement.—The Tablet.

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The man ever loaded with an excuse seldom gets there.

ACADEMY OF SOCIAL MUTUAL AID

An "Academy of Education and Social Mutual Aid" has been founded in Paris with quarters in the building of the Catholic Institute.

This foundation is the result of a donation made by M. Bruwaert, a Minister Plenipotentiary, whose experience during a long consular and diplomatic career brought him to think that a great contribution to national reconstruction could be made by establishing a sort of French Council, the program of which would be to study, determine and popularize the rules of conduct most capable of improving the situation of the individual and the community through devotion to labor, the courage of thrift, zeal in mutual assistance and the development of a professional conscience.

The Council will strive, through the publication of opinions and examples (books, tracts, manuals, posters, etc.) to create a love of work, to cause it to be considered not as a misfortune but as a duty and an asset. It will study and make known the rules of hygiene, which are of such great public value to the individual and to society. Lastly, it will devote particular attention to the problems of the education and instruction of children and adolescents.

Among the members of the new Academy are Mgr. Baudrillart and M. Georges Goyau, members of the French Academy; M. Ducaul-Arnould, chairman of the labor committee of the Chamber of Deputies; M. Isaac, former Minister of Commerce; and president of the "Ligue de la Plus Grande Famille"; Viscount d'Hendecourt, president general of the Societies of Saint Vincent de Paul; M. Dutoit, president of the Social Weeks of France; Rev. Father Desbucquois, S. J., director of the "Action Populaire"; M. Dumaine, former ambassador to Vienna; Mgr. Roland-Gosselin, Auxiliary Bishop of Paris and Mgr. Tissier, Bishop of Chalons; the Marquis de Vogue, president general of the "Societe des Agriculteurs de France," etc.

The president of the Academy is Mgr. Baudrillart. The vice-president is M. Jean Lerolle, and the secretary is M. Jean Lerolle, former deputy from Paris, member of the Supreme Labor Council and director of the newspaper, La Libre Parole.

The Academy is divided into five sections: moral, social and social-hygiene, family, teaching and education, labor. These sections meet each month and prepare resolutions which are submitted to the plenary assembly.

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OBITUARY

SISTER ST. ALEXIS  
Ottawa Citizen, April 9, 1923

The hundreds of her past pupils of St. Agatha's and St. Matthew's Separate schools of this city learned with regret Sunday that Rev. Sister St. Alexis, of the Grey Nuns of the Cross of Ottawa, died at the Motherhouse of the community yesterday morning. The deceased sister had been ailing for over a year, and for several weeks past all hopes of her recovery had been abandoned. Born in Chelsea parish near Farm Point, January 8, 1886, Laura Hendrick, as was known in the world, moved, after her mother's death in 1901, to the home of her sister, Mrs. Thomas Daly, at Farrelton. She entered the Grey Nuns' Community, September 2, 1905. From 1906-1912, and from 1920-1922, she taught in St. Agatha's school. In 1913 she went to St. Matthew's school in the newly formed Blessed Sacrament parish, where she taught till 1920, when the Sisters of St. Mary took over this school. Ill health forced her, much to her regret, to quit teaching school, in March, 1922. Her long sickness, accepted with Christian resignation and delight, came to an end early Sunday morning, when she passed quietly away in the convent infirmary. The funeral Mass will be chanted at the Motherhouse of the Grey Nuns, Tuesday morning at 6.15, by Rev. Dr. John J. O'Gorman, assisted by Very Rev. Canon T. P. Fay, V. F., as deacon, and Rev. A. E. Armstrong as subdeacon. A Requiem Mass at which the past pupils will assist, will be chanted in the Blessed Sacrament church Saturday morning at 8. Sister Alexis will be long remembered both by her pupils and by their parents as a religious woman who was a born teacher and invariably succeeded in developing the religious, moral and intellectual character of the boys and girls who passed through her hands. Her teaching, like her whole life, was frankly supernatural in character. The deceased nun is survived by three sisters, Mrs. Thomas Daly, Mrs. M. Bradley, and Mrs. Lawrence Plunkett, all of Farrelton, and by three brothers, Michael, Jack and Martin Hendrick, all of Chelsea.

REV. A. J. MACDOUGALL

Citizens of Tignish and a host of friends throughout the Province of Prince Edward Island were deeply shocked on Saturday evening, March 3rd inst., to learn of the death of Reverend A. J. MacDougall, assistant pastor of Tignish.

Father MacDougall was born at Grand River, P. E. I., on February 23rd, 1862. He entered Prince of Wales College at an early age and after teaching school for some years, took up the Arts course at St. Dunstan's College, where his athletic and musical attainments, as well as his intellectual gifts, won for him unique distinction amongst his fellow students.

After graduating from St. Dunstan's, he entered the Grand Seminary at Quebec, where he pursued his studies in theology, and was ordained to the Holy Priesthood on June 25th, 1893. Appointed to a position on the teaching staff of his Alma Mater, he continued in that capacity for two years when he was transferred to the Brae parish and subsequently to the parish at Tignish, where, as assistant to the Reverend Monsignor MacDonal, his twenty-two years of devoted service stand forth pre-eminently and won for him the enduring love and affection of the parishioners.

Broad of vision and noble of heart, with that striking humility which is the supplement of true greatness, he was desired neither the plaudits of the populace nor the distinction which his multiple visions and scholastic attainments justly merited. Whether as the friend of the poor and needy, the comforter of the afflicted or the counsellor of his faithful flock, the same unostentatious charity permeated his whole endeavor and stamped the indelible impression of the true Ambassador of Christ. At High Mass on Sunday, touching reference to the deceased priest was made by Rev. Father Mulally, of the Cathedral staff, Charlotte-town, who is at present assisting Mgr. MacDonal, and the large congregation, with bowed heads and uplifted hearts, joined in common prayer for the spiritual welfare of their beloved "Father Mac" whose voice, clear and resonant, had just one short week before rang out in praise and thanksgiving to God—but now, stilled forever. May his soul rest in peace.

JOHN E. GALLAGHER

Fortified by the last rites of Holy Mother Church there passed to his eternal reward on Saturday, April 7, a much esteemed and lifelong resident of Ekfrid Township in the person of John E. Gallagher. The deceased, who was in his sixty-first year, resided in Con. 1, Lot 2, Ekfrid, all his life and will be deeply mourned by a host of friends. He is survived by his widow, one son, John, at home, and five daughters, Mrs. William O'Brien of Glenworth, Rose, Margaret, Mary and Loretta at home, also three sisters, Sister Mary Annetta, Loretta Abbey, Toronto, Mrs. Flood, London, and Mrs. Hickey of Windsor. R. I. P.

MRS. J. QUINN

On Friday, March 23rd, took place at St. Anthony's Church, St. Antoine St., Montreal, Que., the obsequies of the late Mrs. James Quinn (born Mary Leahy, formerly of St. Anicet, Que.).

The many intrinsic virtues of Mrs. Quinn, as well as her gentle and amiable disposition, entitled her to the love and respect of all who knew her. She bore most patiently her sufferings and it may be truly said of her that death was but "a step from earth to Heaven." The numerous testimonies of sympathy received by the family in their bereavement, voice in a forcible manner the high esteem they enjoy in the city. Spiritual bouquets and Mass offerings covered the bier of the deceased and must certainly have brought sweet repose to her Christian soul.

At 8.30 a.m. the corpse was conveyed to St. Anthony's Church where it was received by Reverend Father Flood, first assistant priest of the parish. A large, dignified, and sad cortege followed the body into the Church where the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered by Reverend Father Percival Caza, Professor at St. Theresa College, Que., nephew of the deceased, assisted by Reverend Fathers Cormier and Cooney as deacon and sub-deacon.

The chief mourners were Mr. J. Quinn, husband of deceased; her sons, Fred, Maurice and James; J. Shovin and G. Kelly, her sons-in-law; Mr. Edward J. Leahy, her brother; Messrs. H. Leahy, G. Caza and Alpha Genier, nephews, and many friends and acquaintances who came in large attendance to pay their last tribute of sympathy. The Sisterhood of St. Ann, among whose members the deceased resided three sisters, was represented by the Reverend Mother Provincial, the Superior, the teaching staff and the pupils of St. Angela's Academy where one of the three sisters is stationed. As the corpse was taken from the Church the organ interpreted in the dead march the feelings of so many of the Quinn family's friends. The interment took place at Cote des Niegges cemetery.

Besides her husband and three sons Mrs. Quinn is survived by three daughters, Miss Lucy, Mrs. Shovin (Maud), and Mrs. Kelly (Annie); two brothers, Mr. Edward J. Leahy of Huntingdon, Que., and Mr. D. J. Leahy of Oakland, Cal.; three sisters, two in the Sisterhood of St. Ann, and Mrs. J. Caza of St. Anicet, Que.

She is gone, it is true, but her memory will linger long in the minds of those who knew her and loved her. R. I. P.

JAMES DONOVAN

The angel of death has removed from our midst one of the old and highly respected residents of Renous, N. B., in the person of James Donovan. The whole community was deeply grieved to learn of his death which occurred at his home on Wednesday, March 14th, 1923, after an illness of two months at the age of seventy-six years. His death bed scene was a tranquil one, his soul being fortified by all the rights of our holy religion, it passed peacefully away to its Creator and Judge, assisted by the prayers of those loved ones present.

The deceased gentleman was endowed by nature with many beautiful qualities of character which won for him the high esteem in which he was held by his many acquaintances. His charity and unbending faith ever impelled him to promote the good works of the community in which he lived and the Church to which he belonged. The loss of an affectionate and self-sacrificing husband and father is felt by his wife, who was formerly Miss Margaret McCormack, of Blockville, N. B., five sons and five daughters, Messrs. James of Pense, Sask., Emmet of Tacoma, Wash., U. S. A. and Melvin, Wallace and Stanley at home, Mrs. H. A. Brophy, Blockville, N. B., Mrs. W. B. Brophy, Superior, Wisconsin, Rev. Sister Donovan, Hotel Dieu, of St. Joseph, Chatham, N. B., Stella at home, and Elizabeth of St. Catherine's Hospital, Brooklyn, New York, also one sister, Mrs. Nora Fitzgerald, Seville, N. B., survives.

The funeral took place Friday morning to St. Bridget's Church where Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. E. S. Murdoch. Assisting in the choir was Rev. Father McCarthy and the two favorite hymns of deceased were sung "Lead Kindly Light" and "Nearer My God to Thee," after which the remains were conveyed to St. Bridget's Cemetery and reverently laid to rest. The pall-bearers were Messrs. Melvin, Wallace and Stanley, sons of deceased, Henry Brophy, son-in-law and Patrick Donovan and Michael Hogan, nephews. R. I. P.

MRS. ELLEN CARLING

A well-known and highly esteemed resident died at her home, 98 Melrose Ave., Hamilton, on Thursday, March 29th, in the person of Ellen Costello, widow of the late Peter Carling. Deceased was in her seventy-sixth year.

Mrs. Carling was a mother in the true sense of the word, who lived for her children and whose happiness consisted in providing for their welfare. Her integrity was such that all who knew her had implicit confidence in her, and her kindness helped all who met her. She was a Christian who realized that she was in this world to glorify her Creator

by serving Him and for His sake she served her neighbors. As a member of St. Ann's Church, she was always looked upon both spiritually and materially as a pillar of the Church and her sympathetic heart was known to many who were made happy by her true charity.

Mrs. Carling is survived by her son, John P. of New York City, Mrs. E. J. Hyland of Ottawa, Mrs. J. J. Dunn and Mrs. J. T. Tegler of Hamilton and Misses Agnes and Gertrude at home, 98 Melrose Ave. Father Fred Costello of London is a nephew of the deceased. Eight grand-children also survive. May her soul rest in peace.

DIED

BLUNDY.—At Sarnia, Ont., on Sunday, April 1, Mrs. John Blundy. May her soul rest in peace.

O'BRIEN.—At her late residence, 78 Glasgow St., Guelph, on Wednesday, March 28, Miss Margaret O'Brien, aged eighty-one years. May her soul rest in peace.

GRACE.—In Arnprior, Ont., on March 28th, 1923, J. J. Grace, aged seventy-one years. Funeral from the family residence, Elgin Street, on Monday, April 2nd. Requiem High Mass at St. John Chrysostome at 9 o'clock. May his soul rest in peace.

McGINN.—At her late residence, 425 Erie Street West, Windsor, Ont., on March 25, Mrs. John T. McGinn, formerly of Moncton, N. B. May her soul rest in peace.

McNAMARA.—At Sturgis, Sask., on Saturday, March 31st, 1923, Mary, beloved wife of Robert McNamara, aged fifty-five years. May her soul rest in peace.

LEE.—At Pembroke General Hospital, on Tuesday, March 13, 1923, Edward Lee, Postmaster, Moor Lake, Ont., aged fifty-three years. May his soul rest in peace.

LEACY.—On April 1st, 1923, at Ogdensburg, N. Y., Sarah McCarthy Leacy, widow of the late John Leacy of Cardinal, Ont. May her soul rest in peace.

O'HARA.—At the residence of his son, Thomas O'Hara, 696 Waterloo Street, London, Ont., on Thursday, April 12, John O'Hara, aged eighty-five years. May his soul rest in peace.

SISTER ST. ALEXIS.—At the Mother House of the Grey Nuns of the Cross, Ottawa, Sister St. Alexis (Laura Hendrick) in the thirty-eighth year of her age, and the eighteenth of religious life. May she rest in peace.

He who truly loves his neighbor and cannot efficaciously assist him, should strive at least to help him by prayers.—St. Teresa.

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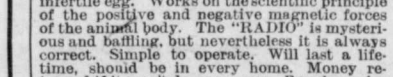


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