

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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CARDINAL LOGUE DIES SUDDENLY

LITTLE, BUT MIGHTY, AND AN ADVOCATE OF PEACE

Belfast, Nov. 19.—Cardinal Logue, primate of Ireland, is dead. Death occurred at 6 o'clock this morning. There had been no previous intimation of the Cardinal's illness and the news of his demise caused a great shock throughout Ireland. The primate died at his residence "Ara Coeli," in Armagh. Archbishop O'Donnell, the Cardinal's coadjutor, who lives at Dundalk, was immediately advised and left for Armagh.

The last time he commented on political questions was on the occasion of the Queenstown affair, in which British soldiers were fired upon, with nearly a score of casualties. Speaking to the Associated Press correspondent, he termed the incident "a diabolical outrage, perpetrated to prejudice the relations between Great Britain and the Free State."

Cardinal Logue expressed satisfaction on the conclusion of the Anglo-Irish treaty in 1921, declaring he thought the settlement terms just.

THE "GRAND OLD MAN"

Cardinal Logue celebrated his golden jubilee as a priest on December 21, 1918, on which occasion Pope Benedict XV. honored him with a Papal letter imparting the Papal Benediction, together with the faculty of conferring the Papal Blessing on all who attended the sacred celebration of the jubilee.

Cardinal Logue was known as the "grand old man" of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. He had a tiny frame but unbounded courage, of which he frequently had need during the period of strife in Ireland.

One thing for which he was noted was his severe condemnation of modern dress.

"Ireland used to be proud of her women, but the dress, or want of dress, of women in the present-day is a scandal," he declared at one time. "There seems to be rivalry among them as to how little dress they can wear."

The Cardinal was the most approachable of men. He invariably answered in person any telephone inquiry received while in Armagh. He always spent his annual holiday at Carlingford, a pretty seaside resort in County Louth, where he had a private jetty from which he dived every morning. The Civil War in 1922 interrupted his holiday and drove him to Armagh. His motor car was seized on the way. Although he never complained officially, it was known that he greatly resented the action of the Ulster special constables who twice held him up on the journey and searched his car for arms.

STROVE FOR PEACE

Cardinal Michael Logue, venerable Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland, "the successor of St. Patrick," strove for Irish tranquillity and peace. The guerrilla tactics of Sinn Fein sympathizers and the reprisals of the Black and Tans filled him with horror and evoked strong pastoral letters denouncing the crimes, which, in 1920, brought Ireland to the verge of civil war.

Exhorting the people to prayer and to avoid all associations leading to crime and disaster, the Cardinal, in November of that year, charged that "the activities of the British military authorities are being carried into districts which hitherto have been considered peaceful." He concluded: "God help our country, moaning under this competition in murder." The calamities in Ireland, he declared, were greater than in the memory of any living man.

VIGOROUS AT EIGHTY

Cardinal Logue was physically small, with gray hair, ruddy face and blue eyes and was vigorous and energetic despite his eighty years. He denounced the attempt on the life of Viscount French, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in 1919, and said that the shooting of the police was "plain murder." When conditions became critical he forbade political meetings; later he received a warning, threatening his life.

The Cardinal paid a visit to the United States in 1908, at the time of the centenary celebration of the founding of the Roman Catholic archdiocese of New York. He celebrated Pontifical Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral in a \$6,000 vestment, and later was the guest of President Roosevelt, whom he greatly admired. Before returning home he placed a wreath on the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon. He also met Andrew Carnegie and John D. Rockefeller, and in a public statement praised them for their philanthropies.

At the outbreak of the World War Cardinal Logue said Irishmen would "stand by England," but later blamed the Government for the political unrest in Ireland. He opposed conscription on the ground that it would create grave disorder. When the War was over and the

Versailles treaty had been concluded he declared "the whole peace business is a game of 'grab.'" Although warning Sinn Feiners and others to heed the law, the Cardinal declared Ireland was not ruled by ordinary statutes, and with other Catholic clergymen, united in urging freedom for that country. In June, 1919, he presided at the meeting of the Catholic hierarchy, which adopted a resolution demanding Home Rule, and in an address expressed the hope that the Irish would gain "their just rights without violence."

A GREAT SCHOLAR

Born at Kilmacrenan, Ireland, on October 1, 1840, he studied at Maynooth and Durboyne, and upon graduation showed such scholarship that he was appointed, although not yet a priest, to the professorship of theology and belles lettres in the Irish College, Paris. Ordained in 1866, he returned to his native diocese of Raphoe, in 1874, and was made a doctor of divinity. Two years later he became a dean of Maynooth and professor of Gaelic, which position he exchanged, in 1878, for the chair of dogmatic and moral theology.

On July 20, 1879, at the age of thirty-nine, he was consecrated Bishop of Raphoe, and for eight years labored among the people of Donegal, who, at that time, were impoverished by a failure of the crops. In one year he collected for the relief of the people of his diocese nearly \$150,000, and in 1887 the parish priests of Armagh chose him as coadjutor to their venerable primate, a position to which he soon after succeeded, Pope Leo XIII., in 1893, elevating him to the cardinalate.

It was an event that filled Armagh with pride, for it was a dignity never before attained by even the greatest of one hundred and fourteen primates going back to the days of St. Patrick. The Cathedral of Armagh, under his administration, was enlarged in 1897 by the addition of the Synod Hall, north-east of the main edifice. Seven years later the Cardinal broke all precedents by having the historic interior of the Cathedral redecorated. The work, begun in 1900, was finished in 1904, and resulted in attracting many pilgrims to Armagh.

Cardinal Logue's successor as Archbishop of Armagh will be Archbishop Patrick O'Donnell, who succeeded the late primate in the Raphoe bishopric and was appointed his coadjutor in 1922. Archbishop O'Donnell took an active part in the Irish Nationalist movement, being a member of the now defunct Irish League. He was a member of the Irish convention, which met in 1917 and 1918 under the chairmanship of Sir Horace Plunkett.

POOR BOXES LOOTED

Washington, Nov. 11.—Thieves last night looted the poor box and collection boxes in St. Paul's Church here and attempted to break into the Tabernacle on the main altar where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved. They were unable to break into the tabernacle, although the outer door was torn off and the inner door was moved several inches out of its setting. Tabernacles on the two side altars, which did not contain the Blessed Sacrament, were broken open. The altar cloth on the high altar was burned where one of the intruders apparently had laid a cigarette down while attempting to open the tabernacle.

Friars at St. Paul's are inclined to the belief that the invasion of the church was the work of an amateur who had secreted himself in a confessional or other secluded part of the Church during the day and had not been observed when the building was locked up for the night. There was no evidence of desecration other than that which indicated an apparent effort to find supposed church treasures. All told, it is estimated that thieves or thief did not obtain more than three or four dollars from the collection boxes since these receptacles are opened and emptied several times a week.

KLAN DELUDES OHIO MEMBERS

Cleveland, Ohio.—Through the use of a charter granted to a society formed before the Civil War for the suppression of horse thievery, Ku Klux Klan organizers have deluded hundreds of citizens into believing that they were becoming members of the Ohio State police force when they joined the Klan. This is one of the developments growing out of investigation into the recent Klan rioting at Niles, according to Prosecutor Harvey A. Burgess of Trumbull County.

Mr. Burgess said a State wide organization of armed men who have been led to believe that they are an arm of the State Police developed as an adjunct of the Klan, has been discovered by the investigators of the Niles outbreak.

Further investigation disclosed that a township organization formed at Kinsman, Ohio, before the Civil War, for the purpose of preventing horse thievery, is the basis for this absurd belief. The charter granted for this organization fell into the hands of a Klan organizer who realized its commercial possibilities.

BIGOT PAPER IS SUSPENDED

USED NAMES OF SEVERAL DISTINGUISHED CITIZENS WITHOUT PERMISSION

Augusta, Ga., Nov. 14.—How an anti-Catholic organization and paper in the Southeast claimed as officials, without their permission or knowledge, scores of the most distinguished men and women of America, the manner in which the misuse of these names was revealed by the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia, and the subsequent suspension of the publication of the paper have just been revealed in the annual report of the publicity committee of the Georgia Laymen's organization.

The anti-Catholic paper was The National Pilgrim, the official organ of the National Council of Pilgrims, sponsored by a former member of Congress from New York and published in Florida. It carried the usual line of worn-out myths about Catholics and their Church. In one of its issues in the closing days of the past year it printed The National Catholic Register story, exploded by the Georgia Laymen in a pamphlet issued five years ago. The same issue for the first time contained the names of eighty-seven outstanding Americans as vice-presidents of the anti-Catholic publishing organization, the majority of these United States Senators, congressmen, governors, admirals, generals and other high public officials, including two Catholics. The Laymen's Association secured one hundred copies of the issue, sending one to each person listed as a vice-president, with the following letter:

THE FAKE EXPOSED

"You are listed on page two of the enclosed copy of the National Pilgrim as a vice-president of the National Council of Pilgrims. Your attention is directed to the article on page five entitled, 'Why The Pilgrim Speaks With Vigor.' The article is an out and out fraud, as you will see from the enclosed pamphlet published five years ago by the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia. We thought you would be interested in knowing the fake character of this matter with which your name is used to give a semblance of truth."

The first answer received was from Hon. James M. Beck, Solicitor General of the United States, who, after thanking the Laymen's Association for directing his attention to the matter, and expressing his opposition to movements calculated to incite bigotry, said: "I have no recollection whatever of even having heard of the National Council of Pilgrims. I am confident that I never was asked nor agreed to be one of its vice-presidents. A second letter from Mr. Beck received a few days later, said: 'I am in receipt this morning of a letter from the president of the organization which does not even pretend that I gave my consent to the use of my name in this connection. He adds that the omission of my name will be complied with.'"

My name is certainly being used without my authority," wrote Senator McKellar of Tennessee. "I shall write to them about it at once."

Admiral Bradley Fiske, U. S. N., after stating that he had never heard of the organization before, said: "It is inconceivable that an organization using names without permission can long endure."

Major-General S. D. Sturgis, U. S. A., Department Commander of the Canal Zone, wrote: "The facts set forth in the pamphlet, 'Catholicism and Politics,' refute the article in The National Pilgrim, and disclose the methods followed by that journal. I was surprised to find my name in the list of vice-presidents of the said National Pilgrim, as I had never heard of this publication before."

From Peru United States Ambassador Miles Poindexter wrote: "I am very glad you called my attention to the circumstances referred to. I am asking the publication mentioned to stop the use of my name, as it is very far from my intention to aid in any way whatsoever the propaganda which it is apparently engaged in."

President Murphy of the University of Florida wrote that a search of his files has failed to reveal authority for the use of his name. "I beg further to state," he wrote, "that it is not nor has it been my intention to participate in any kind of church controversy involving suspicion, hatred and religious prejudice."

OTHER DISTINGUISHED VICTIMS

Among the others alleged by the National Council of Pilgrims to be

vice-president, but who thanked the Laymen's Association for directing their attention to the use being made of their names and expressed their intention of ordering such use discontinued, were General Pershing, Brig.-Gen. Parker, Former Governor Neville of Nebraska, Governor Cornwall of West Virginia, Brig.-Gen. Strong, Senator Thomas of Colorado, Governor Harding of Iowa, Former Senator Meyers of Montana, Senator Capper of Kansas, Congressman French of Idaho, Congressman Helvering of Kansas, Congressman Crisp of Georgia, Miss Anna A. Gordon of Illinois, president of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union, Congressman Crago of Pennsylvania and Congressman Baer of North Dakota. The last name denounced the National Pilgrim in most vigorous fashion.

The many letters of protest received by The National Pilgrim were attributed to the alleged influence of public men of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. The financial angel of the publication withdrew his support shortly afterwards.

Several weeks ago The National Pilgrim sent out to its subscribers a letter which read in part as follows:

"Dear Pilgrims: "It is with the deepest regret that the publishers of The National Pilgrim are compelled to announce that they will discontinue the publication of the little magazine from this date."

SCOTCH UNIVERSITY EXISTS BY FACULTIES GRANTED BY HOLY SEE

London, Eng.—"Every university we know that has anything like a history owes its creation wholly and entirely to the Latin Church. Cardinal Bourne declared in an address to the Catholic students of London University.

"The other day," the Cardinal continued, illustrating his assertion, "a graduate of a Scottish university, desiring to become a priest, sent in my hands the diploma of his degree. On that diploma—the diploma of a Scottish university—the degree is conferred by the rector in virtue of faculties granted by the Holy See."

Cardinal Bourne pleaded for the affiliation of Catholic colleges and other educational institutions with the University. Education cannot exist in its fulness except under the influence of the Catholic Church, he contended.

"We must never forget," he said, "that there are whole areas of culture in literature and art that are largely dependent upon the education influence of the Catholic and Latin Church. They were created and were developed by the Catholic Church, and they cannot exist in the fulness of their power and activity save under the unrestricted influence of the teaching of the Church."

"To rule out the properly conceived and adequately attested educational efforts of the Latin Church would be a disaster to the university and to the whole nation."

THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN LUTHERANS DECIDE IN FAVOR OF BISHOPS

By Rev. Dr. Wilhelm Baron von Capitaine (Cologne Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

Cologne.—A decision just arrived at in Schleswig-Holstein that the provincial church body there shall have bishops, is taken by many in Germany to be a reflection of the great post-war interest of German Protestants in Catholic liturgy.

The question of having bishops in the Lutheran churches in Germany has recently been agitated in many provincial church bodies, and a growing inclination toward liturgical practice has been observable. The Landessynode, or church governing body, in Schleswig-Holstein on October 18 finally decided to accept the election of bishops. Accordingly, Dr. Bendtorff, of Leipzig, privy church councillor, has been elected Bishop of Schleswig, and Dr. Worthorst, of Kiel, general superintendent, has been elected Bishop of Holstein. Dr. Worthorst also becomes president of the church government of Schleswig-Holstein.

In the War, many Protestants came into contact with Catholics for the first time, and learned that after all they were not such a bad lot. Sometimes divine services for both Catholics and Protestants were held in the same place, and thus interest in the Catholic liturgy grew up. In the chaplains' j

burial of the dead on battle-fields, the same thing took place. As a result, since the War many Protestants, a large number of them ministers, have visited Catholic services and observed the liturgical rites.

One thing that may be credited in part to this mingling and better understanding is that there is a distinct inclination toward Catholicism, especially in Berlin. In that city, as well as in other large centers, Catholic priests have been obliged to instruct catechists who wish to join the church, in groups, rather than individually, because of their large numbers.

PLANNING OUTDOOR PULPIT

London, Eng.—A "loud speaker" pulpit outside Westminster Cathedral and a permanent open-air altar are items in a big plan just announced by Cardinal Bourne.

The vacant ground beside the Cathedral, occupied for some time by temporary buildings to meet the needs of Catholic organizations, will be cleared and leveled in order to make a review ground for large processions.

"Large as it is," says the Cardinal, "Westminster Cathedral is quite inadequate on certain occasions during the year."

The step now contemplated is a remarkable tribute to the growth of the Church in England, and to the spread of popular interest in the Church.

The huge cathedral, among the largest in the world, is filled for special Sunday Masses, and on special occasions is unable to accommodate the great crowds which come from all parts of the metropolis.

When the building of the cathedral was begun in 1895 it had an army of critics, who declared that the numerical strength of the Church in England would not for several generations justify the undertaking of so large a project. It was, they claimed, doomed to be a "white elephant."

But Cardinal Vaughan, the then Archbishop of Westminster, went ahead despite the jeremiads of his critics.

The idea did not originate with Cardinal Vaughan, however. It was determined upon in 1885, some years after the re-establishment of the Hierarchy in England.

No attempt was made to build the cathedral in record time. It was probably felt that as the great fane was to last for centuries, successive generations should contribute their share to its erection. The work of decoration has been going along slowly for nearly thirty years, but although several of the chapels are beautifully decorated in marble and mosaic, the main walls of the interior are still bare rough brick.

The outdoor altar and pulpit together with the leveling of the large piece of ground which they will dominate, will cost \$10,000, it is estimated.

It is probable that Cardinal Bourne's presence at the Amsterdam Eucharistic Congress provided the idea of the electrical "loud speaker." Audiences of 30,000 people were addressed in the open-air stadium at Amsterdam with the greatest ease by the Cardinal Legate and others.

When the Cardinal's plan is put into execution it is safe to surmise that open-air functions on special occasions at Westminster will attract huge crowds as never before gathered for religious services in the metropolis.

Another possibility which does not appear to have been considered is that by wiring up the outdoor "loud speaker" with a microphone inside the Cathedral, a crowd of tens of thousands in the new parade ground could hear the Cathedral preacher, and even—by tapping in another microphone near the organ—follow the musical part of the service inside.

PARLIAMENTARY UNIT OF NORTHERN IRELAND ALL PROTESTANT

Dublin, Ireland.—The entire representation of the six counties of Northern Ireland in the British Parliament is now in the hands of the Protestants. Thirteen members in all are elected to the Parliament of Great Britain by the six counties. Practically the only opposition to the Orange nominees was that offered by the Republican Party.

In Tyrone-Fermanagh, most of the Nationalists and Catholics abstained from voting. The total Republican vote was 6,812, whereas at the election a year ago the vote for the successful Nationalist candidate was more than 44,000. In these two counties, Catholics are in a majority.

NON-CATHOLIC ORGAN ON MARX

By Rev. Dr. Wilhelm Baron von Capitaine

Germany had one Catholic Chancellor in the days of the Empire—the Prince of Hohenlohe—and since the Republic came, Chancellors Fehrenbach, Wirth and Cuno have been Catholics. But Dr. Wilhelm Marx, the Center leader now Chancellor of the German State, has proved himself to be an exceptionally good Catholic and an exceptionally able diplomat and politician. All parties in Germany, and many in foreign countries, now praise him for his distinguished exercise of his office at a time of the greatest political and international difficulty.

The Koelner Tageblatt, leading Cologne democratic organ, has just published an article entitled "Wilhelm Marx, a German Chancellor," and it is interesting to read this non-Catholic paper's characterization of Dr. Marx. It deals with the Chancellor at the London conference, and says:

"Marx's valor must be found in something higher, and we may seek for it in the fact that the Rhineland and Cologne claim him as their son. Stresemann is surely a more brilliant speaker, a more polished politician, but Marx is greater in character. And in matters of policy, in the last analysis it is not genius, but character that wins the decision. From the beginning, Marx had his rule honest, trustworthy and absolutely unshakable character. The Entente knew that long ago and therefore from the beginning Marx came into first prominence as a diplomat. It was he who truly led and his deferential, at times decisive manner, his studied opinion and clearness without bombast, brought him promptly sympathy. And that friendliness was augmented as the negotiations proceeded. His practical attitude, based on a deeply religious nature, enabled him to see the intricacies of the London pact and to move with confidence, after a certain natural reserve and dislike of publicity were overcome."

"That a Cologne man was permitted to negotiate with the Entente for the first time again on an equal footing, with equal rights; that a Rhinelander had the privilege of giving the occupied territories their first visible gain, will not be forgotten in quarters where men know what it meant to obtain something from the Entente and from France in an atmosphere still filled with the hatreds of the War. No man will know better what and where things are still wanted, no man will have a better conception of the dangers of London, than he who was permitted to penetrate into the ranks of the Entente."

"And when at last he gave his assent to the agreement as a Rhinelander, we acquired in that a guarantee which the occupied territories accept with confidence."

DR. GUILDAY GIVEN GREAT HISTORIAN'S MANUSCRIPTS

Washington.—The voluminous personal papers of the late John Gilmary Shea, probably the greatest Catholic historian America has produced, have been turned over to his youngest daughter, Miss Emma Isabelle Shea of Elizabeth, N. J., to Dr. Peter Guilday of the Catholic University, president of the American Catholic Historical Society and secretary of the American Catholic Historical Association.

These papers of the man who has been called the "American Bede," and the centenary of whose birth was on July of this year, constitute for the historian one of the choicest bits of archival material, says Dr. Guilday. They include:

Letters from Cardinals McCloskey, Farley and Gibbons, Archbishop Corrigan and the historian E. B. O'Callaghan; "Reminiscences of North Carolina," written in 1891, in the Cardinal's handwriting.

Manuscripts of poems written by Mr. Shea on Christmas, 1868.

Manuscripts of a short manual-form complete history of the Church in the United States, and of a history of the Jesuits in the United States.

Letters regarding the famous Sir John James Fund in which the English nobleman, about 1750, left certain sums in perpetuity for the upkeep of the Church in Pennsylvania.

Notes on the Negro Plot in New York and on the New England captives.

Varied correspondence covering 100 years of history, gathered for his greatest work.

Miss Shea also sent to Dr. Guilday a cross of Spanish iron which an archbishop of Mexico gave to Mr. Shea. In her letter she says she turns over the papers for Dr. Guilday to use at his discretion "and to make the final arrangement for their preservation and to retain or destroy for future writers what you deem best." Dr. Guilday will add them to the great mass of archival matter he has collected, and may use them in a life of Shea which he has considered writing.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Ground for a new library, similar in its Gothic pattern to those of Cambridge and Oxford, will be broken during this month at Fordham University, New York.

Ann Arbor, Mich., Nov. 15.—Sister Mary Cecilia Williams of Mount Mercy Academy, Grand Rapids, is the oldest student enrolled at the University of Michigan. She is nearing her sixtieth birthday.

Washington, Nov. 15.—Papers on Catholic Church history by seventeen of the most eminent Catholic historical scholars in America, several of them of international prominence, will be read at the fifth annual meeting of the American Catholic Historical Association, Christmas week in Philadelphia.

Paris.—A move to discourage immodesty in women's attire has been inaugurated by Cardinal Maurin, Archbishop of Lyons. Notices posted in the Churches of his diocese read in part: "Women shall not enter the House of God unless decently dressed, with high collars, long dresses, and sleeves extending to the elbows."

London, Nov. 15.—Capt. J. O'Grady, the new Catholic Governor of Tasmania, sailed from Tilbury today on the Orient liner "Orama" to take up his duties. He is due to arrive at Melbourne on Dec. 29, and he will be officially welcomed as Governor at Hobart early in the new year. Before leaving he was entertained by many of his parliamentary colleagues in the House of Commons.

Dublin, Nov. 1.—The religious tradition of the nation is kept well to the front by the National University. The academic year was opened with the celebration of High Mass in the University Church. University College, Dublin, has made wonderful strides since the National University was established fifteen years ago. Those attending courses in the College include students from America, the Continent, and India.

Vienna, Nov. 10.—Mgr. Seipel, the Federal Chancellor of Austria, has presented his resignation of his government because of the general strike of employes on the Austrian government railroads. The Chancellor takes the attitude that to satisfy the strikers claims would violate the budget upon which Austria's agreement with the League of Nations is based, and he will not consent to do this. He has consented to remain in office until a new government can be formed.

Paris.—Some beautiful frescoes have been discovered under a coating of plaster in the Catholic chapel of the penitents at Tournon, department of Ardeche. A large painting representing the crucifixion, dates, according to the experts who have examined it, from the time of Louis XII, that is to say the fifteenth century. Various frescoes, which, unfortunately, have become greatly deteriorated, represent scenes from the Passion. There is also a painting of the Trinity and a very fine Annunciation.

Dublin, Nov. 1.—No fewer than 74 students from Maynooth Clerical College have won the B. A. degree at the National University this year. The awards include one first and two second class honors in Ancient Classics; nine first class and one second class in Celtic studies; two firsts in English, and two seconds in mental and moral Philosophy. Maynooth College is affiliated with the University. The University department of the College is well filled every year. All Maynooth students are now obliged to obtain a University degree before they are ordained.

Washington, Nov. 15.—A contribution of \$1,000 from His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell of Boston to the newly-opened Cardinal Gibbons Institute for colored students has been received by the Institute's offices here. It is made in memory of Mrs. Mary Keith, Cardinal O'Connell, on the occasion of the Holy Name convention here, for which the Vatican appointed him Papal Legate, was particularly impressed by the hundreds of Negroes who took part in the Rally Day parade, and applauded them warmly. A committee in his Archdiocese has raised a sum to aid in the support of the Institute.

Washington, Nov. 14.—Figures made public by the United States Department of Commerce through the Bureau of the Census here, show that there were 1,229,825 marriages throughout the United States in 1923 and 1,055,189 divorces. There was an increase of 8.4% in marriages over the previous year and an increase of 11% in the number of divorces. New York State had the greatest number of marriages, 111,887. Texas had the most divorces, 14,641. The least number of marriages reported from any State was 1,012 from Nevada. South Carolina was the only State in which there were no divorces, it being the only State in the Union where there is no law permitting divorce.

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GERTRUDE MANNERING

A TALE OF SACRIFICE BY FRANCES NOBLE

CHAPTER XXVII.—CONTINUED The anguish on the pale, proud face softened somewhat, and Father Walsmsley, seeing it, said very kindly:

"Come and see her, Mr. Graham, now at once. You will be better, more able to bear it, when you have looked on her face, so sweet and peaceful in its last sleep." And Stanley followed him quietly, while Lady Hunter remained behind, knowing he would like best to be alone with the priest when he first entered the presence of the dead. They met no one on their way upstairs, as for the first time Stanley trod the passages of the dear old home which Gerry had so loved to describe to him, and silently they went together into the room, her own pretty little room, where she lay in her beautiful rest ready for the grave. For a minute Stanley stood motionless as he gazed at her, at the dead, sweet face which he had last looked upon that night in the library at Netherlands in its life and bloom, when she had torn herself from his embrace, away from his perilous presence. Then he went a step nearer and saw his ring upon her finger, as she had promised him she should see it, and the little crucifix in her hands, which he knew from her letter, that he carried near his heart, to be the one given to him when she should be laid in her coffin. And as he gazed, there was something so pure and holy in the very air about that lovely corpse that, with the anguish softening still more upon his face, he fell upon his knees by the bedside as he whispered aloud:

"My God! I was not worthy of her, never should have been worthy to possess her. She was too pure, too ready for heaven ever to be given to me or any earthly spouse."

And already Father Walsmsley felt that Gerry had been right, that it was easier for Stanley to see her again thus, with the pain of parting past, and all of earth for ever over between them, than it would have been if he had even only once more heard her voice and held her in his arms, meeting the old look of love and life.

"Mr. Graham," he said gently, but with solemn earnestness, "perhaps when you have heard what I may tell you now, as I have today told to the rest, you will say so still more; you will be able to thank God even for her holy death; because, as a Catholic now, you know and believe how much merit suffering and self-sacrifice can gain for a human soul. Mr. Graham, the sweet life which has passed today from our midst was offered up willingly and freely for your conversion months since, when her illness was expected only by herself, and then only slightly and at intervals. There was no feeling upon her that God wished and asked for the sacrifice, and she made it joyfully, because now there could be no fear of selfish, earthly motive in her prayer for you. She kept her secret well and humbly; for after she had once told me what she had done, half fearing I might blame her as she did so, she never spoke of it again until she knew her sacrifice was accepted; and yesterday, once more, when the joyful news came to her that the object of it was granted already, that her prayer was heard so fully even while she was yet on earth. And knowing, as you do now, the sanctity to which God must have brought her by his wonderful grace in so short a time, you will have without surprise that, fearing lest aught of earth with its mere human love and yearning should tarnish her perfect resignation at the last, she prayed that the joy of seeing you again might be denied her, and that it might be made easier for you to come and look upon her in death, knowing that I had done so at this moment, when I am reunited to you in heart, than it would have been to part with her in life, as with her cruel complaint must have been very, very soon. And I know, Mr. Graham, that you will not grudge her this last sacrifice, which has already perhaps gained for her her eternal reward; that you would not selfishly call her back to your arms, thereby keeping her longer when she came to die from the presence into which nothing defiled can enter, nothing of earthly stain or imperfection, however small it may be."

Stanley was still on his knees by the bed, with his head bowed, now upon his arms, as he sobbed now with a vehemence that made Father Walsmsley turn aside in his emotion—that painful emotion, which only the sight of a proud man's tears can call forth. He had wept last years ago at his mother's death-bed, but then he had been little more than a boy. Now he was a man, and mingled with his grief were wonder and self-abasement in the presence of such sweet holiness, with an overwhelming sense of unworthiness of the sacrifice which had been made for him—of unworthiness of the innocent, costly price which God had been pleased to accept in return for the precious grace of his conversion.

"My God! what did I ever do to deserve it, that her sweet life should be offered up and accepted for my soul, proud unbeliever as I have been?"

"Mr. Graham, it has made her happy and gained heaven for her thus early; let this thought make you happy too, as you cease to reproach yourself for what has been so plainly God's blessed will. And then Father Walsmsley left him quietly alone with the dead."

And already, as Stanley stayed there, bowed down by her side, the peace and holiness of his lost darling's dead presence seemed to come upon his spirit, as he thanked God for her sweet virginity, safe and secure now with her Lord in heaven, as a voice from out of the future seemed to whisper to him, making already more of heaven than of earth mingle in his love for the dead.

For nearly an hour he knelt there, until a quiet footstep entered, and a gentle voice whispered in his ear: "Mr. Graham, will you come with me down stairs, where my father is waiting to receive you?" And as Stanley looked up he saw a young, almost boyish face, with a sweet, heavenly expression, bent towards him.

"I am Rupert Mannering, her brother, Mr. Graham." And Rupert held out his hand to Stanley, who took it with his firm lips quivering.

"You do not shun me, then? You receive me as a dear friend, for my sake?" he faltered.

"Not only for her sake, Mr. Graham, sweet and precious as that is to us, but for the sake too of Him who has given you to us in her stead; who bids us, where there is anything to forgive, to forgive it freely, and remember it not."

Then Stanley rose, and bending for a moment over the dead, kissed the pale forehead gently and reverently, as he might have done that of a saint, as though a closer, more lingering pressure would profane the pure remains.

Another minute, and he had left the room with Rupert, on his way to Mr. Mannering's presence, his proud heart, so changed and humbled now, beating strangely as Rupert softly opened the dining-room door and he saw a bowed, aged figure sitting alone, leaning upon the table.

"That is my father, Mr. Graham," Rupert whispered; and then he withdrew, leaving them alone.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

"That's all, Dillon; get your time!" Tom Dillon, boilermaker in the great railway shops was through. Jim Devine, master mechanic, had spoken, and Jim's word was law. As a boilermaker, Tom Dillon was a success, but a temper as fiery as the flame that rages within the gullet of the giant furnace, had finally rung the curtain down on a picturesque, though not always edifying, career.

Suddenly the youth received Devine's terse dictum. Walking home a few minutes later his anger still simmered within him. In his angry mind he reviewed the entire episode. Sure Haggerty was all right; he was as good a boilermaker as there was in the shops. That meddling foreman had a grudge against Haggerty that was why he had reported him to Devine for sending an engine with a dirty boiler out of the shops. Devine, of course, had fired Haggerty. Then when Dillon had promptly thrashed the foreman, Haggerty happened along and Tom was no longer needed. A fine state of affairs. Fired! He Tom Dillon.

Forgetful, however, was he that Jim Devine was as square a boss as ever had ruled the shop. The many times Devine had generously overlooked his outbursts of temper, he likewise failed to remember. And the fact that Haggerty was somewhat skilled in the fine art of dodging never entered his infuriated mind.

Mechanically he walked on deeply engrossed, but at length he suddenly became conscious of the merry shout of children rushing to play. Looking about, Tom saw that he was in the residential district of Southport, away from the smoke and grime of factories and railroads. It was just the hour that the little tots freed from the mild rigor of books and classroom were rushing into the balmy spring atmosphere. The nearby park resounded with their merry laughter as they romped and ran over the spacious play ground. Dillon walked on a little farther and sank into a deserted bench that invited him to rest and to view the joyous scene.

So contagious was the absolute care-free air that radiated from the scene, that gradually Dillon found himself transported from his cares of an hour ago back to his own childhood days. He saw himself, the tousleheaded Tommy Dillon of yore, in that crowd of boys of old St. Paul's parochial school more trouble than all the other children combined. Good old Father John too, came before his mind, and the old sexton who was forever scolding someone. Tom Dillon smiled in spite of himself.

Then like a flash he heard Father John's parting words, clearly and distinctively, like a thunderbolt from the sky.

"My boy, unless you guard that temper it will undo you." Good old Father John had been right, and Tom Dillon knew it. The man's face clouded. There was his mother too, he had promised her, not a month ago that he would never fight again. Bitterly he berated himself. Why was it that he could not control his temper. It was not because he did not try. It was just because he forgot everything in his rage. How this would hurt his mother.

Gradually the shouts of the children died out of the playground. A light blue blaze stole over the hill and the dusk. In the distance a bell began to toll The Angelus. Tom Dillon arose fists clenched. He would control his temper—he would in spite of everything.

"Now Tom, you sit right down and eat your supper and quit worrying. Of course you didn't mean to get angry." It is a way mothers have of smoothing things over. If Tom's discharge hurt her, Mary Dillon failed to show it. And that night before slumber had made his rounds, the Dillon sky was bright once more with the radiant light of a mother's ceaseless devotion and faith in her child.

A week later Mary Dillon was killed. A devout worshipper on her way from Sunday evening services—a night foggy and dark—an engineer with the throttle of the "Limited" wide open, bent on making up a few lost moments, and we have the tragedy. When they picked her up after the crash, a cruel gash across the temple bore mute evidence of death. In her hand she clasped a rosary.

At first Tom Dillon viewed his mother's remains with horror. Then he became conscious of his great loss and his sorrow was pathetic. He wept like a babe. But gradually his eyes became glassy and his features hard. Bitterness entered his soul and crushed out the last spark of hope. Tom Dillon sank into the yawning chasm of despair.

Immediately after the funeral Tom left Southport for parts unknown. As the years passed by his name was forgotten.

Ten winters passed, winters filled with life's little comedies and tragedies, and then came the shopmen's strike and thousands of laborers in Southport, as well as in other cities throughout the country were thrown out of employment.

Here and there in the railroad districts little knots of strikers stood discussing the latest arrival of scabs. Nearby children were playing in the street but they played listlessly and on their faces could be seen the awful shadow of

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

hunger. Within the walls of the shops another scene was being enacted, one that teemed with sordid realism. In the huge inspection room, a physician was examining the strikebreakers for contagious or dangerous disease. In another corner a pair of burly guards were relieving the men of any weapons they might have. And the search was bearing fruit as a heap of deadly looking knives, guns, knucklers and the like plainly told. A voice boomed out over the room and the scabs turned to hear what Jim Devine, the Jim of old, had to say: "You fellows know as well as I do what you are here for. You'll get three times as much as the men on the outside got and plenty to eat. But let me give you a tip; stay inside these walls. That crowd on the outside is a mean bunch."

Thus it was that Tom Dillon came back to Southport—a scab. Unshaken, hollow-checked and with the eyes dull, he passed by Jim Devine unrecognized. Tom Dillon, the scab, was but a shadow of the man that had been. The ways of the world are hard and here was an example of one who had paid.

Two weeks passed, weeks filled with sorrows and growing hardships for the strikers. Then one night as Jim Devine stood gazing at the remains of the midnight's shift's meal his pent up feelings refused to remain silent any longer. "It ain't fair, Bill. Look at that table; better than most hotels serve and many a poor kid on the outside going hungry."

The strain caused by seeing the scabs tear down rather than build up was getting on even the iron nerves of Devine.

At that moment a dispatcher entered looking for Devine.

"Number 55 has a bad engine and is losing time steadily. You are to send engine 5960 to Tarrytown to meet the 'Express' and take it through."

"Huh! it's a wonder to me that they run at all with this crew of wreckers working on 'em. What time is she due in Tarrytown?" "It will be five-thirty or later at the rate she is losing time."

Then to Laird. "Bill, you put a boilermaker to work on 5960. It's going to be a close one if we get that boiler cleaned in time. Have it ready by four-thirty and I'll take it to Tarrytown myself."

Laird departed and fortunately or unfortunately, the first man he met was Dillon.

"Just the man I need," exclaimed Bill, "get your helper and come along to the boiler. Devine wants 5960 ready by four-thirty to pull the 'Express' through."

At exactly two o'clock by the clock in the dispatcher's stuffy little office, Jim Devine, as usual, started out to tour the yards and shops. As he approached the huge, awkward shed that housed the massive steel monster, 5960, he was conscious of no sound or light emanating from the structure. Imagine his surprise and anger a moment later when clambering aboard the cab, he saw, by the light of his searchlight, a figure sprawled on the seat fast asleep. With a non-to-gentle shake Devine roused the sleeping one.

"Aw what's eatin' you?" exclaimed the fellow sleepily. "Who are you?" "I'm de honorable boilermaker's helper."

"Where's the boilermaker?" "Don't know."

"Well you find him and tell him to get to this job and be quick about it." A few glances told his trained eye that very little had been done to the boiler as yet and that unless something was done immediately 5960 would pull the "Express" through with a dirty boiler. Hastily Devine summoned a boilermaker from an adjoining shed and put him to work on the engine.

Then he started in quest of Dillon. Devine entered the room hazy with smoke and reeking with the foul odor of perspiration. Under the glow of a powerful light men of every description were gambling as intensely as if their very lives were at stake. As Devine's entrance the men turned to hear what he had to say.

You, Dillon, get back to that engine and get it shirking long enough!" "That was all. But the look in Devine's face told more than feeble words—he meant business. Like a whipped cur, Dillon slunk away into the darkness and the gambling went on.

As Jim was continuing his inspection tour suddenly a figure darted toward him as fast as a pair of rheumatic legs could carry it. It was that of Jerry Dugan, the aged turntable operator. "Misther Devine, let ye be awatchin' yerself or that bilermaker is swerin to git ye."

"All right, Jerry, thank you. I'll be waiting for him."

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

Now at the far end of the shop yards and the most deserted spot of the entire tour was the building where the sand-blowers were filled. Just as Devine was rounding the corner Tom Dillon came towards him from the shadows. A light in the distance shone upon a face distorted with rage and hate. And as he came nearer Jim caught the gleam of a knife's glittering blade.

"So you're the boss, eh?" exclaimed the enraged man. "Well I've got a lot to settle with you and I'm going to settle it tonight. Don't remember the Tom

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Dillon you fired ten years ago do you? Well, that's me."

Jim Devine never flinched. This was not the first time he had faced such a situation. Dillon started toward him. But like a flash Devine shipped something from his pocket and the next moment the enraged Tom was looking into the blue-steel barrel of a "Forty-five."

In an even tone Devine said: "Now, Dillon, drop that knife and march along to the cashier's office and I'll fire you the second time in ten years."

And Dillon marched until they reached the cashier's office where Devine turned him over to one of the many guards around the shops. As the burly guard was ushering him out of the room Tom heard Devine's voice. "So she's finished. We'll have steam up, and tell the dispatcher to have the tracks to Tarrytown clear. I'll leave the yards about four-thirty."

Tom Dillon started to pace the streets. His anger crazed brain was intoxicated with that one passion—to get Devine. To obtain dynamite he knew was impossible at this time of night. But that moment his fingers encountered something within his pocket. He drew the object forth. A switch key! Devine in his coolness had forgotten something. Suddenly his mind began to work rapidly. Devine had said he was going to take 5960 to Tarrytown at four-thirty. He wanted a clear track. That meant a throttle wide open. He stopped short. If 5960 should hit the open switch—But what switch? He pondered industriously. How about the old quarry siding on the other side of Southport? Just the one. The quarry, long abandoned, the railroad company had allowed the siding that dipped down into the pit to go unrepaired. If a heavy engine running at full speed should hit such a dilapidated bit of track and on such a steep grade death and destruction would be the result.

Somewhere a clock tolled the hour of three. Dillon started through the deserted streets, for the quarry was a good mile away. As he hurried through the still, cold darkness of that early spring morning his mind evolved with surprising rapidity the unfinished details of the sinister plan. His familiarity with the surrounding country stood him in good hand. There were no bridges near by, consequently no guards would hamper him. Everything seemed set. And then he remembered—the block signal. Every time a switch is thrown the signal automatically drops, thus warning approaching trains of the danger. How could he eliminate this barrier? He pondered for some time before he reached a solution. The block he must guard against was about a hundred yards north of a sharp curve around which a southbound train must travel. South of this curve was the quarry switch. He would wait until he heard the engine rounding that curve before throwing the switch.

Thus Devine would approach his fate without warning and with his only avenue of escape closed. He was approaching the edge of the city. It must have been about four o'clock. Already there were traces of gray around night's sable cloak. In a half hour Jim Devine would leave the shop yards of Southport for the last time. Dillon pictured to himself the giant steel monster rounding the curve and a moment later swerving sharply and plunging downward on the inner tain track. He could hear the hiss and roar of escaping steam mingled with the frantic cries of his victim. But what was this? A building dimly lighted at this hour. St. Paul's Church! The good nuns from the nearby convent were at their morning devotions. Through the half open window floated the murmur of voices, sweet and low.

"Out of the depths, have I cried O Thee, O Lord."

The man in the street stopped. Something seemed to paralyze his limbs. What was this strange power? Dillon cursed, called himself a chicken hearted fool, but to no avail. A clock in the tower chimed four. It was growing lighter. He must be on his way.

"For with thee there is merciful forgiveness."

What was that? "Merciful forgiveness?" For the first time since his mother's death he was listening to a prayer. His mother! He dismissed her memory. He must go. He must. It was growing lighter and his was a deed that needed the cover of darkness.

He walked swiftly but not swiftly enough to evade the voice of the nuns and his mother's face. Those words rang in his ears until he thought his head would burst. Merciful forgiveness! Bah! He tried to console himself by arguing it out of existence. Foolishness!

He had reached the foot of the embankment. A few moments later he stood above surveying the tracks. Yes, there was a signal block to the north and to the south was the curve. Around that curve lay the switch and—

As he rounded the curve something in the distance caused him to stop short. Figures dimly visible ahead of him! Instinctively he dodged into the underbrush on the side of the roadbed. Thanks to the early morning gloom and his carefulness, Dillon succeeded in advancing within twenty or thirty yards of the men.

There were four of them. Guards? No. They were doing something to the rail. He peered intently

through the dawn. Ah! they were removing a rail. Strikers evidently. Someone else was seeking revenge on Devine. Dillon noticed that he was not the only one who had calculated on felling the block signal. For though the men had moved the rail towards the center of the track they had not severed the wires that connected the block.

Then like a flash the truth dawned upon him. These men had removed that rail with the intention of wrecking the "Express." Ignorant however, were they that the "Express" was late and that Jim Devine would be their victim. A cruel grin overspread his features. What a joke! And perhaps some of those fellows are Devine's own friends.

He might as well go now. There was no need of him remaining here. The quarry switch would not be thrown this morning. Cautiously he began edging away. At last far enough from the scene he stood upright and viewed the city as it lay shrouded in the late dawn of a new day. A faint peal reached his ears. Four thirty. In ten minutes engine 5960 would be a mass of bent and distorted steel and Jim Devine—

Something had caught his eye. From his point of vantage he could see a little white cottage. The home of his mother. Mother! He saw her face before him. She was smiling in her eyes that reproved him. Again the nun's voices in his ears. His mother! Father John! He could not escape. He fled blindly down the embankment. What a ceaseless monitor is conscience!

He saw a group of sobbing children around a swooning mother. Jim Devine's family. Faintly he heard the blast of a whistle. But he had not done anything. Those children!—He must stop that engine.

Up he stumbled. His feet slipped and the undergrowth sought to impede his progress. He would never stop 5960. He must though. He must.

Nearer and nearer came the sound of the approaching locomotive. He was on top now running towards the curve. A shaft of light proclaimed the approach of the engine. Around the curve he ran and there he saw coming towards him, at a terrific rate, the monster.

Frantically he waved his arms at the oncoming engine. It seemed that he would not be seen? Surely Devine must see him. Why did he heed the warning. Still, never slackening its terrific pace, the giant steed rushed toward him. In a fraction of a moment it would be on him. He was beginning to despair. A whistle. Saved!

Then came the swish and hiss of hastily applied air. The momentum caused by the ponderous heap of steel was terrific. The brakes shrieked defiantly. Around the curve swept the engine. Would Devine succeed in bringing it to a standstill in time?

Sixty yards—fifty—forty—thirty. "O God, help him," prayed Dillon. Still the engine moved on. Twenty yards remained. Fifteen. A final triumphant gasp and the wheezing monster stood still not a half a rail length from the gap in the track.

Jim Devine face white and forehead beaded with cold sweat wondered who his deliverer could have been. He was gone now.

But a casual observer might have seen him hurrying up the steps of old St. Paul's. The nuns' prayers and Mary Dillon's memory had not only saved Jim Devine from death but had delivered Tom Dillon "out of the depths."—The Pilot.

At the banquet of the Kingdom if the first called do not come, all are accepted; even the wretched and the sinners. The King had invited first the chosen people; but one had bought a piece of ground, another five yoke of oxen, a third had taken a wife that day. They were all deep in their affairs, and some did not even trouble to send an excuse.

Then the King sent his servants to pick up out of the streets the blind, the poor, the maimed and the halt, the lowest of the rabble; and still there was room. Then he commanded that those who passed in front of his palace should be forced to come in, whoever they might be; and the banquet began. It was a royal banquet, a rich and magnificent feast; but after all, it consisted in enjoying lamb and fish, in getting drunk on wine and cider. At the break of day the bonfire was burned out, the tables were cleared, every one had to return to his home and to his poverty. If some of those whom the King first invited preferred another material pleasure to this material pleasure it was pardonable.

But the invitation to the banquet of the Kingdom is a promise of spiritual happiness, absolute, satisfying, perpetual. Something else than the passing amusements of terrestrial life: nauseating drunkenness, fool that distends the stomach, sensual pleasures that leave a man bone-weary and defiled. And yet the men whom Jesus chose among all other men, and called first of all to the divine feast of the reborn, did not respond. They made wry faces, complained, slipped away and continued their habitual low actions. They preferred the rubbish of carnal goods to the splendor of high hope which is the only reasonable reason for living.

Then all the others were called in their place: beggars instead of the rich, sinners instead of Pharisees, women of the streets instead of fine ladies, the sick and sorrowing instead of the strong and happy.

Even the latest arrivals if they come in time will be admitted to the feast. The master of the vineyard saw in the market-place certain laborers who were waiting for work, sent them out to prune his vines, and agreed on their wages. Later at noon-day he saw others without work and sent also those; and still later more again, and he sent them all. And they all worked, some at pruning and some at hoeing, and when the evening came the master gave the same pay to all. But those who had begun in the morning early, murmured, "Why do those who have worked less than we receive the same payment?" But the master answered one of them and said "Didst not thou agree with me for a penny; when then dost thou lament? If it is my pleasure to give the same to the working men of the last hour, is that robbing you others?"

The apparent injustice of the master is only a more generous justice. To all he gives what he has promised, and he who arrived last but works with equal hope has the same right as the others to enjoy that Kingdom for which he has labored until the night.

Woe to him who comes too late! No one knows the exact day, but after that hour he who has not got in will knock at the door, and it will not be opened to him, and he will mourn in outer darkness.

The master has gone to the wedding, and the servants do not know when he will come back. Fortunate are those who have waited for him and whom he will find awake. The master himself will seat them at the table and will serve them. But if he find them sleeping, if no one is ready to receive him, if they make him knock at the door before opening it, if they come to meet him disheveled, tumbled, half-clad, and if he finds in the house no lamp lighted, no water warmed, he will take the servants by the arm and drive them out without pity.

Every one should be ready because the Son of Man is like a thief in the night who sends no word beforehand when he will come. Or like a bridegroom who has been detained by some one in the street. In the house of the bride there are ten virgins who are waiting to go to meet him with the light of the procession. Five, the wise virgins, take oil for their lamps, and wait to hear the voice and the steps of the approaching bridegroom. The other five, the foolish, do not think of the oil, and, tired of waiting, fall asleep. And suddenly there is the sound of the nuptial procession arriving. The five wise virgins

light their lamps and run out into the street joyfully to welcome the bridegroom. The other five wake up with a start and ask their companions to give them a little oil. But the others say, "Why did you not provide for that sooner? Go and buy some." And the foolish run from one house to another to get a little oil; but everybody is asleep, and nobody answers them, and the shops are closed and the roaming dogs bark at their heels. They go back to the house of the wedding, but now the door is closed. The five wise virgins are already there and feasting with the bridegroom. The five foolish virgins knock and beg and cry out, but no one comes to open for them. Through the cracks in the window casings they see the glowing lights of the supper. They hear the clatter of the dishes, the clinking of the cups, the songs of the young men, the sound of the musical instruments, but they cannot enter. They must stay there until morning, in the dark, and the wind. Shut out from the pleasures of the evening festival, they tremble and shake in terror.

TO BE CONTINUED

He who lives but for God is never sad, save at having offended God.



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THE STORY OF CHRIST

BY GIOVANNI PAPINI
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THE BANQUET
Only the clean of heart can enter into the Kingdom. The Kingdom is an eternal feast, and only those dressed for a feast can go there. There was a King who celebrated his son's wedding, and those whom he invited did not come. Then the King called in the common people, the passers-by, the beggars, every one; but when the King came into the banquet hall and saw one of the guests all filthy with grease and mud, he had him cast outside the door, to gnash his teeth in the coldness of night.

At the banquet of the Kingdom if the first called do not come, all are accepted; even the wretched and the sinners. The King had invited first the chosen people; but one had bought a piece of ground, another five yoke of oxen, a third had taken a wife that day. They were all deep in their affairs, and some did not even trouble to send an excuse.

Then the King sent his servants to pick up out of the streets the blind, the poor, the maimed and the halt, the lowest of the rabble; and still there was room. Then he commanded that those who passed in front of his palace should be forced to come in, whoever they might be; and the banquet began. It was a royal banquet, a rich and magnificent feast; but after all, it consisted in enjoying lamb and fish, in getting drunk on wine and cider. At the break of day the bonfire was burned out, the tables were cleared, every one had to return to his home and to his poverty. If some of those whom the King first invited preferred another material pleasure to this material pleasure it was pardonable.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOV. 29, 1924

THE COARB OF ST. PATRICK

In the death of Cardinal Logue the Church in Ireland has sustained a loss similar to that suffered by the Church of Ephesus in the death of the Apostle St. John. It is part of the providential plan of God that in each century in the Church certain apostolic bishops should have their lives prolonged beyond the allotted span to hand down by personal contact the traditions and examples of the elders. Today all Ireland is mourning the death of her patriarchal primate who taught theology in the Irish College in Paris when the Protestant Church was established by English law in Ireland, when Napoleon III. was Emperor of the French and Pope Pius IX. Temporal Sovereign of Rome. In Michael Logue the Catholic traditions of that Ireland which existed before the Great Famine were handed down to that Ireland which is divided between the Free State and the "Northern" Province. In his life of four score and four years he saw everything change in Ireland except the Catholic religion. Born while Daniel O'Connell was yet living, he lived to see the rise and fall of the Young Irelanders, the Fenians, the Home Rulers and the Republicans, and the fall and rise of the Irish language and the Irish nation. A bishop in Donegal as early as 1879 and Primate of All Ireland eight years later, his life was devoted to teaching by word and example the truth and charity of Christ in a land in the throes of a struggle for national unity and economic and political liberty. His apostolic simplicity and wisdom made him a fit successor of the humble Patrick in the See of Armagh. Like St. Patrick he was a friend of Pope Leo. The first Leo in 444 honored the first bishop of Armagh by enriching his Church with relics; the thirteenth Leo, fourteen centuries and a half later, honored the latest bishop of Armagh by making him one of his Cardinals. If the life of Cardinal Logue epitomizes the four generations of Irish ecclesiastical history, the life of his See of Armagh epitomizes the whole fifteen centuries of the Catholic history of Ireland. Cardinal Logue's proudest title was not that of Primate of All Ireland, nor even that of Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, but that of Coarb Padraig, Successor of St. Patrick. From a worldly standpoint Armagh is but a small provincial town adjoining a low mound which the Ulster Kings abandoned as their capital as long ago as the reign of the Emperor Constantine the Great; but from an ecclesiastical standpoint, it is a religious centre founded by St. Patrick when the pagan Angles and Saxons were invading Britain and ever since the first See of the Irish nation. A great monastic and scholastic centre from the sixth century, a frequent victim of marauding Norsemen in the ninth and tenth centuries, the object of the family greed of a race of lay coarbs in the eleventh century, the seat of the great religious reformer, St. Malachy, O'Morgair, in the twelfth century, an ecclesiastical benefice for which both Irish and Norman ecclesiastics struggled in the middle ages, a citadel of Irish orthodoxy during the Council of Trent, a leader of national unity during the Confederation of Kilkenny, the episcopal home of the last Irish martyr, Blessed Oliver Plunkett, the faithful custodian of the Catholic and national traditions during the Penal Laws, the See of Armagh, when Catholic Emancipation was granted, [set about celebrating its liberty by building a new Cathedral in honor of its first bishop, a work which its last bishop successfully completed. Thus ever renewing its youth like the Catholic Church of which it has ever been a faithful member, the Church of Armagh extends its beneficent

activity from generation to generation. That the ancient See has in our day been able to remain true to her historic past and show forth to the children of the Irish now living in five continents an example of orthodox faith, undying hope and Christ-like charity is due under God to the prayer of St. Patrick and the work of Cardinal Logue. That this warrior of Christ, Irish by birth, Catholic by faith, Patrician by inheritance, Cardinalatial by appointment, may be introduced into eternal life by his patron, the standard-bearer of God's Church, Michael the Archangel, is the prayer of all this month of the Holy Souls.

NO, SIR!

Very many of our older readers will remember the time when it was the invariable custom to address one's father by the respectful title, 'Sir.' Now the custom is more honored in the breach than the observance. Indeed, it is a rare pleasure to come across instances of the old time respectful courtesy. It is a sure indication of good breeding; though, so completely have customs changed, the omission of 'Sir' is no longer an unmistakable sign of an ill-bred youngster. One's father, in those far off times, was always addressed as Sir; but well-bred children and youths never omitted this little token of respect to age, to rank, or in any circumstances where respect was due.

Nor was there the least trace of servility in the custom. It was only, as we have implied, the impudent, the ill-bred, or the ignorant who failed to observe it. One rather pitied the defective training that blamed the boy for his ill manners.

And that reminds us of something to the point. When the weakling Kerensky was head of the Russian Government that succeeded the downfall of Czarism, the first decree—or one of the first—issued was one, as he himself described it, "abolishing the slavish 'Sir' when soldiers addressed their officers." Many on reading this at the time pronounced Kerensky a weakling whose tenure of power would be short. It was not that such virtue was in the 'Sir' that its abolition would spell disaster. But it was the fundamental misconception of things and values revealed by his characterization of the 'Sir' as 'slavish,' and his decree issued in deference to that morbid misconception of 'equality' and 'authenticity,' that revealed Kerensky's essential weakness and unfitness to rule. Thousands of our younger readers will recall the fact that in our own army—as in every army—that mark of respect for authority which is shown by addressing an officer as 'Sir' was always insisted upon. And we venture to say that none of them ever felt that it was a 'slavish' thing to do. And this in spite of the fact that some army officers—like some fathers, some priests, some in other positions of authority—inspired little respect on personal grounds. One felt that they were entitled to the mark of deference by reason of the office they held. It is the recognition of this fact that makes ridiculous the characterization of the use of 'Sir' as 'slavish.' We have in mind at the moment a father and son. From his earliest years the son showed that loving reverence for his father, that deference to his wishes, of which the use of 'Sir' is, or is intended to be, the outward and visible sign. The father treated his son as an equal as he grew into manhood; and yet, though the son had unlimited educational advantages which the father lacked, the father never forgot the dignity, the responsibility, the authority, which were his by the law of nature and the law of God. The son never presumed that his superior education lessened his filial duty of honoring his father and mother; not only respect and obedience were freely rendered, but reverence and deference even to unexpressed wishes. And on both sides there was affection, love, deep and abiding. The relationship was ideal. We have often had the memory vividly recalled. Contrast as well as similarity is the cause of the association of ideas. And often this ideal relationship between father and son has been recalled by similarity; but, we are sorry to say, more often the memory has been revived by contrast. Gruff and disrespectful in tone, manner and words some sons address their

fathers as they would be ashamed—or perhaps afraid—to address strangers. Worse still, they so speak to their mothers.

Now in this little, impersonal though intimate talk with our readers we know we are going to get close to some boys and girls, some young men and maidens, whose hearts are in the right place but whose training has been defective. We hope that some of them will think things over and, when they realize that their conception of manliness, or independence, is utterly wrong, will turn over a new leaf on which they will write a new story of a happy home. God's blessing rests on those who honor their father and their mother. But the blame for the disobedience and gross disrespect of children rests chiefly with the parents. Such mark of respect as the use of 'Sir' when addressing the father excites the ridicule of many parents nowadays, parents who are unworthy of the dignity, the responsibility and the authority which are theirs in the order of nature and by the law of God.

Friends were just discussing some children who were ill-tempered as well as ill-mannered. And one of them quoted: "The childhood shows the man as morning shows the day." They were lovely children at times. But they were ugly and repulsive when giving away to anger and unbridled tongues. All agreed that the fault was not theirs but their parents'. These were little children. Theirs was just the age when the whole blame rested on their parents. These parents will, later on, feel the results of their neglect of duty. They will doubtless complain of the ingratitude of their children. As a matter of cold fact it is the children, the spoiled children, that will have the right to complain of their ignorant, lazy, or indifferent parents' neglect of duty.

"Untaught in youth my heart to tame
My springs of life were poisoned."

So wrote Byron. Great genius though he was, and of imperishable fame in English literature, he died a physical, mental, and moral wreck, at the age of thirty-seven. Fathers and mothers can find no more useful subject of meditation than his pregnant words above quoted. By their neglect of duty, or by their culpable ignorance of the duties of their state of life, if they do not wilfully and deliberately poison the springs of life in their children they at least allow the untamed young hearts to be the breeding ground for those things that poison life.

Many parents are keenly alive to the question of giving their children the advantages of education. In most cases—not in all—institutions of learning, no matter how great and deserved their reputation may be, will fail to supply that essential foundation for all education which is and must be given in the home by the father and mother. Christian homes are God's school system.

Are we not getting away from the 'Sir' from which we started? No, Sir. Not a bit. The whole failure of the home with its consequent disastrous results begins somewhere. It begins with the omission of that which 'Sir' means and illustrates. We do not pretend that you can not have the thing itself without the literal use of 'Sir' when the head of the family is addressed. But we do insist that we must have and maintain in Christian homes that respect and reverence for parental authority of which the sometime use of 'Sir' was the outward sign.

No communication of ideas between human beings is possible, without the use of outward signs. It was almost a necessity for God, Himself, to make use of outward or visible signs in the institution of the sacraments. Doctors now tell us that in the physiological order outward signs produce the corresponding inward feeling. For instance the physical act of smiling induces that feeling which usually causes the smile. We have heard a learned doctor, who was also a man of wide and varied education, explain the famous 'enigmatical smile' of Mona Lisa in this way. Mona Lisa, who was a dear friend of Leonardo de Vinci, suffered great and lasting sorrow in the death of her little daughter. De Vinci, knowing the effect, had her sit for a portrait insisting always on a smile. So she smiled through her grief and the "Mona Lisa" is the result.

In any case it is unquestionably true that the use of outward and visible signs of respect induces a real feeling of respect; while the omission of all such outward signs begets that familiarity which breeds contempt.

So 'Sir' may or may not be used. We think the use of 'Sir' would tend to the conservation of and respect for parental authority. We know that in families of education and good breeding we still hear it. But 'Sir' all through this article is a symbol. What it stands for, what it means, what it illustrates, must be conserved even though the word itself be seldom or never used.

In the army, as we have said, 'Sir' is always used in addressing an officer. During the War we visited a military encampment to see some of our younger friends and relatives. We wished to have some of them off duty for a day. This meant seeing some officers. The higher officers were gentlemen and the interview with them was a pleasure. But we came finally to a petty officer who made our young friend stand at attention and answer several unnecessary questions, "Yes, Sir;" "No, Sir;" and finally, with a smile, "I really don't know Sir," were some of the answers. The officer, vested with a little brief authority, was bent on strutting his little honor on the military stage. The private, a university student, in civil life would probably give the little upstart officer a wide berth. But quite naturally, quite respectfully, yet without a trace of servility he showed the fussy little fellow the respect due to his office. His only comment afterwards when we spoke of the matter was a good-natured little laugh. We admired his use of the "slavish Sir," and the understanding spirit in which he complied with the military regulations. He showed there was nothing slavish or servile, but something really fine about the use of 'Sir' in difficult—and, of course, unusual—circumstances.

Another place where the custom of using 'Sir' is habitual is on Parliament Hill, Ottawa. Parenthetically we may say that amongst the civil servants are many very able and highly educated men. A little reflection will make this clear to anyone of intelligence. The business of Canada could not be conducted otherwise. There are civil servants who may not be of any extraordinary capacity; and people, who are not civil servants, and of much less capacity, rail at all civil servants. Again, a certain class of people talk as though all politicians were fools or rogues. This is simply absurd. Politics is the science and art of government; and government is an absolute necessity. If politicians are not all that might be desired, the fault lies with the people who elect them. Such, at least, is the theory of democracy. To talk slightly of all men in public life is a mark of a low order of intelligence. It is a foolish, it is a pernicious habit. This premised, let us return to our mittens. Civil servants when addressing their chiefs invariably use 'Sir.' To the head of a department all high and low, say 'Sir.' The cabinet ministers all give the respectful title 'Sir' to the Prime Minister.

All this struck us as admirable. It was the recognition of authority. It mattered not at all which party was in power, or what the party affiliations of the individual might be when speaking to one in authority over him he always showed that respect that the use of 'Sir' implies. It is a democratic title too. One uses it when speaking to one's father; when speaking to an old man, venerable on account of his age; when speaking to a superior; or when addressing the Prime Minister. Servile? No, Sir.

ADVENT

By THE OBSERVER

The Catholic Church warns her children at all times to put off the works of darkness and put on the armor of light; to walk honestly as in the day, not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and impurities, but to put on the Lord Jesus Christ, that is, to live according to His example. He spent His life in humility, sufferings and prayer, in self-denial and fasting and watching; and His example shows us that we are expected to do penance, and, as the Apostle says, to "make not provision for the flesh in its concupiscence," but to chastize it and mortify it by constant penance.

It is a grievous heresy to say that penance is unnecessary; but, though no Catholic goes that far, many act as though it were not necessary to do penance, simply by never doing any, or doing very little and doing it very seldom. An error has been, and still is, widely taught in the world, that true penance consists merely in the amendment of our lives, and that so far as satisfaction is concerned, the sufferings and death of Our Blessed Saviour did all that, and that we are not required to mortify and chastise ourselves for our sins. It has even been taught that sorrow for sin is unnecessary, that that is covered by the atonement of our Saviour. This is a very great error; a very grave heresy.

The great Saint Augustine says that there are three kinds of tribunals, in which God judges in different ways: first, the Sacrament of Baptism, in which He shows nothing but mercy and goodness; in this, no atonement remains to be done; God receives the sinner fully into His grace and friendship, and remits all punishment due to sin. Second, there is the Sacrament of Penance, in which He shows justice and mercy too; the Divine mercy, in consideration of the sufferings and merits of Jesus Christ, forgives the sins of the penitent, forgives the guilt completely and forever, but in such a way that the Divine Justice reserves to itself certain rights which must be accorded to God; there still remains some temporal punishment due to sin which must be suffered.

We can perceive the necessity and the justice of penitential works by means of similes. If we offend another man, injure him in his good name or his honor, or in his person or property, what is necessary? We are required to acknowledge our fault, but that is not all. We beg his pardon and say we will never do it again; that is necessary but it is not yet enough. We are bound to repair the damage we have done him. When the State condemns a man to death for his crime, and the King relieves him from the death penalty, that does not clear him from all consequences of his crime; he is still required to undergo punishment by imprisonment. The only good that God can receive from His creatures is honor and glory; and to that He is absolutely entitled. The sinner attacks God and insults Him, and injures Him by withholding from Him the honor and the glory to which He is entitled. He has expressed contempt and insult right in God's face, and the moment he does that by mortal sin, he is sentenced to eternal death. It is an ipso facto sentence. As soon as the mortal sin is committed, the sentence stands against the offender. God's mercy remits that sentence in the Sacrament of Penance, but God's Justice remains; and that must be satisfied. God cannot give up anyone of His own attributes. His mercy does not abolish or obliterate His justice. No sin ever went unpunished, or ever will. We are, however, by a wonderful provision of the Divine mercy, allowed to punish ourselves so as to secure a remission of the punishment due to our sins, after the sentence of eternal death has been revoked in the Confessional.

Every sin must be punished. The sinner may run to Confession in a transport of remorse ten minutes after he has murdered a man. God instantly relieves him from the sentence of eternal death; but, can any reasonable man suppose that that is all about the matter? What of the terrible injury done to the Almighty Master of life and death? One of His creatures has been hurried into His dread presence without His consent, and against His will; and now here at His feet is the wretched criminal who did that dread and horrible deed; sorry and asking pardon. He begs the pardon; the sentence to hell for all eternity is revoked; but what of the punishment due to the crime? Is this man to be at once placed on an equal footing before God with another man who has never in all his life committed a mortal sin? Even the human idea of justice is revolted by such a supposition; the Catholic doctrine of good works for the remission of temporal punishment due to sin, is absolutely inevitable; the doctrine of Purgatory is absolutely inevitable; to deny it is to put God in a position which is wholly inconsistent with His Divine and unchangeable attributes, to abolish His justice and leave Him nothing but His mercy.

When King David repented, he was told in the most unequivocal terms that he would still be punished: "The Lord also hath taken away thy sin: Thou shalt not die." . . . "Nevertheless because thou hast given occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme, for this thing the child that is born to thee shall surely die." . . . "The sword shall never depart from thy house, because thou hast despised Me." There we see the forgiveness of the sin so far as the eternal punishment was concerned, accompanied with the positive assertion of God's intention of punishing the sinner, though He had revoked the sentence to Hell. And King David fully understood the situation. He said: "I am ready for scourges, and my sin is continually before me." . . . "Every night I will wash my bed; I will water my couch with my tears. His fastings were very severe. . . I did eat ashes like bread, and did mingle my drink with weeping."

And then we have the example and the teachings of the great saints of God. It is the fashion in this easy-going age to make fun of the old hermits and solitaries, and saints, who actually ill-used themselves in doing penance for sin, for it is not easily understood in this sensuous and body-worshipping age why anyone should ever dream of hurting himself or of suffering discomfort at his own hands. But they knew just what they were about. What would you say to Maurice who took so long to say Mass that a child he was sent to attend died before he got there, and who laid down his mitre and served as a gardener for seven years? What would you say to Guarinus who committed a sin of lust and crawled on his hands and knees to Rome, confessed his sin, and then went back in the same uncomfortable manner to his solitary resort there to do penance for his sin? What would you say to Saint Francis Xavier, who bound ropes with bristles so tightly around his feet that they caused him great pain, in expiation of some sins he said he had committed when he was in the world as a layman?

The whole history of the Catholic Church is filled with such cases. The voluntary penances that men and women have put upon themselves would astound this easy-going generation. We are so comfortable now, and we like ourselves so well, that we are tempted to believe that that sort of thing was a mistake. But, let us not forget that two things are not at all changed and never will be changed; the malice of sin, and the atonement due to God. Human customs may change; but these two things can never change in the smallest degree. If we do not do penance here we must do it in Purgatory.

By the infinite mercy of God we are permitted to offer to Him in discharge of portions of that punishment, certain good works which He has by the authority of His holy Church, appointed for that purpose. No Catholic needs to be told that such means exist; but every Catholic needs to be prodded on to make use of them. We are strangely inert and insensible in this matter. Advent is a good time to arouse ourselves.

BELGIAN ELECTIONS

By Rev. J. Van der Heyden (S. C. W. C. News Service)

Louvain, Nov. 10.—The Belgian elections are not to come off until May of next year but already the Catholics have begun to prepare for them, because as the interests at stake are momentous and there is a latent fear that the divergencies of opinion among the different groups making up the party might weaken the united front thus far opposed to the two parties—the Liberal and the Socialist—whose anti-religious politics are the main reason for the existence of the so-called Catholic party.

At the recent congress of the Belgian Catholic Union, which, within the bosom of the political entity whose main object is the defence of religious liberty, represents the interests of the middle classes—the farmers, the working-men and the bourgeoisie—a tentative program was outlined by the President of the Union, the working-men's deputy, M. Heyman. The main planks of this platform upon which the four groupings are perfectly agreed, concern the obtaining for the Catholic schools of the same financial aid enjoyed by the State schools; the granting of familial allocations to large families; obligatory insurance against old age, incapacity to work, sickness and slackness of work and the progressive inauguration of compulsory vocational training.

As to the matters about which all Catholics do not agree, such as the eight-hour law, the military statute, foreign politics and the most disturbing language question, the desire for union manifested on all sides justifies the hope that, for the sake of the important religious interests involved, a split may be averted through mutual concessions. Threatened religious persecution in France, where dissensions have deprived the millions of Catholics of influence in politics and caused them to lose contact with the masses, is recognized as a warning it would be folly not to heed.

A DELICATE SITUATION

By George Barnard (London Correspondent, N. C. W. C.)

London, Nov. 10.—A Catholic Lord Mayor, accompanied by his two sheriffs, both Catholics, drove through the City of London today in stately ceremony, as Lord Mayors of London have done for centuries. The ancient gilded coach, drawn by white horses, with a portly coachman wearing a powdered wig holding the reins, carried the Lord Mayor (Sir Alfred Bower) through dense crowds of cheering citizens. In the picturesque cortege were detachments of famous regiments, tableaux representing the old City Companies, and many other touches of pageantry. The city ceases its work for a few hours on "Lord Mayor's Show Day," which is normally November 9, but a day later this year because the 9th was Sunday.

NO PRECEDENT TO GUIDE

Never since the Reformation, until now, have the Lord Mayor and both sheriffs been Catholics. In consequence a curious situation has arisen. The canon law which forbids Catholics to take active part in non-Catholic services has prevented former Catholic mayors from attending Anglican services. They have got over the difficulty by appointing a deputy, and the deputy has been accompanied by the non-Catholic sheriffs.

When the sheriffs have been Catholic and the Lord Mayor non-Catholic, they have gone to Anglican services with the Mayor when requested to do so, their office requiring personal attendance on the Lord Mayor on all important civic occasions. Canon law says on this question (Canon 1258): "(i). It is not lawful for the faithful in any manner to assist actively or to take part in the religious services of non-Catholics. (ii). Passive or merely material presence by reason of a civil office or for the sake of showing respect can be tolerated for a good reason (to be approved by the Bishop in case of doubt) at the funerals, marriages, and similar functions of non-Catholics, provided there be no danger of perversion or scandal." This canon has been variously interpreted and there is still a doubt as to how London's three Catholic civic heads will act. For in the ordinary condition of affairs a deputy appointed by the Lord Mayor to attend Anglican church functions would still be accompanied by the sheriffs. And if two Catholic sheriffs should go, why shouldn't the Catholic Lord Mayor go too?

There is no precedent in the city's history to throw light upon the situation. The matter is not eased by the following resolution issued by the Hierarchy of England and Wales a few months ago:

The Archbishops and Bishops of England and Wales are gravely concerned at the serious departure from the established tradition and practice of conscientious Catholics in the country, which is involved in the attendance of Catholic mayors and like officials at non-Catholic religious services. They earnestly appeal to all to whom it may apply to adhere faithfully to the well-established tradition of the past.

Following the announcement of the Lord Mayor's election and that of his two sheriffs, a daily newspaper stated that they would attend Protestant services despite their religion.

LORD MAYOR REFUSES INTERVIEW

Approached by the N. C. W. C. correspondent, the Lord Mayor had declined to make a statement. One of the sheriffs also declined, and the other very neatly answered that he would do what the Lord Mayor did, as was his duty.

The position was difficult, because several Catholic mayors of provincial cities looked anxiously to London, ready to follow the lead if London's Catholic Lord Mayor should attend a Protestant service. Considerable interest, therefore, is attached to an authoritative statement issued a few days before the Lord Mayor's accession to office.

STATEMENT OF CATHOLIC ORGAN

It appears in the Westminster Cathedral Chronicle, the official organ of Cardinal Bourne's Archdiocese.

"Questions sometimes arise in a country like ours," says the statement, "as to the circumstances in which the presence of Catholics at non-Catholic religious services may be permitted or tolerated, and the recent election of Catholics to the highest civic offices in the City of London has naturally drawn new attention to the matter."

Canon 1258 of the Code of Canon Law—given above—is then quoted, and the statement proceeds:

"Conditions vary greatly in different countries and at different periods. It is generally admitted that in England at the present day Catholics may discharge a duty of social courtesy or sympathy by being present at the non-Catholic celebration of marriages and funerals.

"Similarly, personal attendance on the Sovereign, as at the Coronation or like State functions, renders lawful the presence of Catholic peers, ambassadors and official personages.

"In like manner an officer may be detailed to accompany non-Catholic soldiers or sailors to their place of worship; an aide-de-camp to attend his superior; a nurse or servant to be at the service of the sick, even though these duties involve presence at a non-Catholic religious ceremony.

"Thus it is possible to judge better the situation which may now easily arise in the City of London.

"The sheriffs are regarded as being in official personal attendance on the Lord Mayor on all important civic occasions. In such capacity it would seem that they are justified in accompanying him even to non-Catholic services, if and when his Lordship definitely expects their company and attendance. They are thereby simply discharging a civic duty.

"We understand that occasions may arise when the Lord Mayor himself may be expected by the Corporation, in virtue of his office, to attend an Anglican service. For instance, every year His Majesty's Judges, led by the Lord Chancellor or the Lord Chief Justice, go in state to the Mansion House (the official residence of the Lord Mayor) where they are entertained by the Lord Mayor and afterwards, and are then escorted by them to St. Paul's (the famous Anglican Cathedral) for a service and a collection, if we mistake not, on behalf of the hospitals. It is easy to see in this civic attendance on His Majesty's Judges in their official capacity a close analogy to attendance on His Majesty himself.

"Any similar occasions would have to be considered on its own merits in reference to the principles already enunciated, and any doubt submitted to and resolved by the competent ecclesiastical authority.

"In the coming majority, seeing that all three civic dignitaries happen to be Catholics the case clearly could not be solved by the expedient adopted by the late Sir Stuart Knill, who appointed a deputy Lord Mayor for the occasion; and the latter, escorted by the two sheriffs, who were non-Catholics, accompanied the Judges to St. Paul's.

"It is evident that the circumstances of the City of London, with its long traditions and their historic significance, furnish neither precedent nor example for the guidance of Catholic Mayors in other cities or boroughs. They would, for instance, not necessarily help to the elucidation of just what is the presence of a Catholic Mayor elsewhere at a Protestant service on what is called 'Mayor's Sunday,' an occasion when many times in many places all civic duty and courtesy have been fully met by the appointment of a deputy to represent the mayor."

EXPECTED TO ATTEND ANGLICAN SERVICES

It is probable that in the circumstances the Catholic Lord Mayor of London, at his appointment, will attend Anglican services on the few occasions which, by tradition, demand their presence.

Tradition demands the appointment of an Anglican chaplain to the Lord Mayor and Sir Alfred Bower has followed the tradition, as did the Catholic Lord Mayors before him.

He has also followed the tradition of Sir John Stuart Knill and has appointed a private chaplain in the person of Mgr. Edmond Nolan, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Moorfields, the only Catholic church, by the way, within the boundaries of the City of London. There are approximately 200 Catholic churches in the London area, but only one in the city proper.

COPY CATACOMBS

AN EXACT REPRODUCTION OF EARLY CHRISTIAN BURIAL PLACES

By Rev. J. Van der Heyden

The reproduction of the Roman Catacombs, of which the pretty summer resort of Valkenburg, in Dutch Limburg, prides itself, is fast becoming one of the sights of the Netherlands.

John Diepen, a Catholic Meeceans, found the marl-stone quarries that have been worked there for centuries wonderfully well adapted for a duplication of those precious monuments of Christian antiquity which are to be seen in Rome. He won over to the realization of his dream the world-renowned Dutch architect, Dr. Cuyper, and secured the assistance of another one of his countrymen, the Rev. Hagen, C. S. R. Assured of their cooperation, he started upon the task he had set to himself—to produce a permanent and concrete apologetic counterpart of the Roman Catacombs that would speak, through the eye, to the mind, the imagination and the heart.

With Father Hagen he repaired to Rome, obtained the Holy Father's approval and blessing for the undertaking and put himself in touch

with the most expert catacomb specialists: Professor Marucchi, Baron Kanzier, Monsignor Wilpert, Sixtus Seaglia and others. Their experience and scientific attainments, generously placed at Mr. Diepen's disposal insured exactness for his creation.

When, in June 1910, the completion of one half of the project—the reproduction of the Catacombs of SS. Callixtus, Thraso, Pontianus, Priscilla, Cyriaca, Hermes and of SS. Peter and Marcellinus—brought M. Bevingani, the Inspector of the Roman Catacombs, and Professor Marucchi to Valkenburg for the opening, the latter said in his address: "It is quite a delight to me to ascertain the exactitude of the copy and the sense of archeological beauty revealed throughout." And on July 2, 1912, at the festive inauguration of the second section, which duplicates the Coemeterium Majus and the Catacombs of SS. Agnes, Comodilla, Domitilla, Prætextatus, Sebastianus and Valentinus, the principal speaker, Baron Kanzier, Secretary of the Roman Commission of Archeology, averred: "Going through here I feel as if I were wandering about the Roman original, so faithful is the imitation.

REPRODUCTION WITHIN SMALL AREA

At Valkenburg the heart may not be moved as it is in Rome, but for all that the scientific significance of the facsimile is the same as that of the original. "In a way it is even greater," said Baron Kanzier, for the reason that the fifty odd Roman Catacombs are far apart, often difficult of access and the most of them altogether inaccessible to the general public. In Valkenburg the chief features of the Roman prototypes are concentrated within a relatively small area. Weeks would be required to visit, even in a cursory manner, the underground God's-acres of the Roman Campagna, while at Valkenburg three hours under the guidance of a competent cicerone, will result in a fair knowledge of everything that the scattered Roman Catacombs hold of real interest.

The Dutch creation, which Professor Marucchi called "a daughter of the Roman Catacombs" rendered the parent stock appreciable service. To insure a faithful copy, it was necessary to make a thorough study of the galleries, burial chambers, arcosolia, epitaphs, frescoes, sarcophagi, sculptures, etc.; found in the originals. These studies, researches and measurements led to important discoveries. For instance, in the famous St. Cecilia Crypt of the Catacomb of St. Callixtus, they brought to light a bust of Christ that had escaped the attention of all the catacomb students to that time. This "Salvatore Hollandese," as the Italians have named the bust; turns out to be, in the opinion of experts, of great value for the dating of the mural pictures in the Cecilia Chapel and consequently also for its history.

Even now, the Commission of Sacred Archeology, which directs the excavations in the Roman Catacombs, continues to profit by the Dutch foundation, inasmuch as a percentage of the receipts from visitors goes to the Commission for the work that is steadily going on in subterranean Rome.

It has been computed that the burial galleries in the Holy City if they were aligned into one straight alley, would extend the full length of Italy. They are said to contain upwards of two million graves. These interminable passages, monotonously identical, have of course been duplicated at Valkenburg but in fragmentary lengths, just to show how they were constructed, how the bodies were placed—lengthways of the galleries, and sometimes in tiers of four and more graves—and how the graves were closed, either by marble slabs or tiles.

FRESQUES UPON WALLS

All the duplicated crypts and chapels have the exact shape and size of their prototypes, with their paintings in fresco upon the marlstone walls, after the monumental work of Wilpert, "Die Malereien der Katakomben Roms," which gives in color all the pictorial legacies of the Roman Catacombs.

The fourteen burial places reproduced, the better to distinguish them, are separated by passages void of the usual openings marking graves. The local marlstone being of a yellow tint, it has been given, at least in many of the chapels, upon the advice of the Roman Archeological Commission, the brown color of the tufa stratum in which the Roman cemeteries were dug.

The entrance reserved for the assemblage of Roman mementoes is appropriately suggestive of secrecy and concealment—a small temple-shaped structure hidden in a clump of trees, midway up a lonely wooded hill. It is the exact counterpart of the entrance to the Damascus Catacomb. The fronton bears the monogram of Christ with the alpha and the omega of the Greek alphabet. The inscription, "Selecta e coemeterio romanis," concisely tells what is to be found beyond. And what is there found imparts a clear insight into the Christian world of centuries ago, information of many kinds, particularly as to worship, for the numerous sepulchral inscriptions of the Roman Catacombs, the pictures, the altars, etc. are clear expressions of the religious life of our forefathers in the Faith. Singularly profane the early Christians' faith, hope and charity are there accumulated, testimonials of the

virtues that comforted them, of the virtues they practiced, of the lives they led.

FOREIGN MISSION NEWS LETTER

CHINA DEDICATED TO MOTHER OF GOD

One of the most important acts of the recent Plenary Council of all the Bishops of China which was held at Shanghai, was to solemnly dedicate China to the Blessed Mother of God, under the title of "Holy Mother of the Orient." The statue which is now being designed to commemorate the patronage of Mary in China represents the Blessed Mother crowned as a queen seated and arrayed in a cope-like robe with a stole across her breast. In one hand she holds the scepter, while the other embraces the Divine Child.

THREE HATEFUL "ISMS"

"Catholic Missions" of New York, in a powerful article congratulating Father Quinn on his appointment as U. S. National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, says among other things: "Satan finds himself helpless against the united cohorts of Catholic missionary forces. His only hope is to 'bore from within,' back of the lines. And his hateful propaganda seeks to cripple the missionary cause by spreading three hateful 'isms'—Individualism—Farocheism—Nationalism—all destructive of united effort. These are the poison gases which the Spirit of Darkness makes use of and they have obstructed the mission cause of the Church of Christ more than have all the persecutions she has suffered from Paganism.

THE GLORY OF SOUTH INDIA

To supply the need of Catholic higher education, Father Garnier opened a college at Nagapatam in 1844. This was affiliated to the Madras University in 1866, and finally transferred to Trichinopoly in 1882. In spite of protests from a Protestant sect, in spite of trials and calamities, it has made good progress. St. Joseph's College at Trichinopoly, "the light of the East and the glory of the Catholic Church in Southern India," with its fine halls, its stately lecture rooms, and well-equipped laboratories, up-to-date instruments, and 2,300 students, has increased the prestige of the Catholic Church, has been instrumental in extending her influence beyond the boundaries of the Madura mission, has fostered vocations for the regular and secular native clergy, is responsible for the "Retreat Movement" in Southern India, and for the formation of a native Catholic Truth Society.

THE HERO OF CHIN DZAE

The proclamation of a Republic in China some years ago was the signal for the massacre of the Tartar race, and the cities and provinces ran red with blood, and re-echoed to the shrieks of the helpless victims. It would have been the same in Chin Dzae, but for Father Marcel. When the decree issued he took charge of the Tartar or inner city, closed the gates, and in a few days he had a force of 2,300 men, women and children. "Save us, O Father, save us," was the cry raised on all sides from this multitude of pagans on their knees before a Catholic priest. After a month's praying and pleading he succeeded in softening the hearts of the soldiers. The mandarin gave way before this white-haired priest, and the soldiers, though disappointed at losing their revenge, greeted him with cheers when he went out to speak to them on the day pardon was granted. But it was his entry to the Tartar city that was his crowning triumph.

AFRICAN MISSION SMILE

One of our black Christians carrying an enormous load on her head, took her place in the ferry boat. "Put your bundle in the bottom of the boat until we get over," said the rower. "Oh, never!" she exclaimed; "I daren't! If I put it down it would sink the boat!"

WEEKLY CALENDAR

Sunday, Nov. 30.—St. Andrew, Apostle, was one of the fishermen of Bethsaida and a brother of St. Peter. He preached the Faith in Scythia and Greece. After suffering a cruel scourging in Patras in Achaia he was left, bound with cords, to die upon a cross. He remained hanging there for two whole days still alive and preaching to all who came near and entreating them not to hinder his passion.

Monday, Dec. 1.—St. Eligius, was a noted goldsmith of Paris during the reign of King Clovis. He took great delight in making rich shrines for relics. Because of his striking virtues, notwithstanding that he was a layman, he was made Bishop of Noyon, and his sanctity in this holy office was remarkable. He possessed the gifts of miracles and prophecy.

Tuesday, Dec. 2.—St. Bibiana, virgin and martyr, was a Roman

maiden. After her father and mother had been killed, she was seized and given into custody of a wicked woman named Rufina who was instructed to destroy Bibiana's faith and virtue. When the father of the Saint was whipped with scourges loaded with leaden plumbets until she died.

Wednesday, Dec. 3.—St. Francis Xavier, during the dangerous days of the Reformation made a name for himself as a Professor of Philosophy at the University of Paris and, seemingly, had no other ambition. Then St. Ignatius of Loyola won him to heavenly thoughts. After a brief stay in Rome he went to the Far East where, for twelve years, he labored in Hindoostan, Malacca and Japan. He died in 1552.

Thursday, Dec. 4.—St. Barbara, virgin and martyr, was the victim of the rage of her own father when he found that she had been secretly converted to Christianity. After horrible tortures she was beheaded with her father acting as executioner. As her soul was borne to Heaven, the father was killed by a flash of lightning.

Friday, Dec. 5.—St. Sabas, abbot, was one of the most renowned patriarchs of the monks of Palestine. He was born in 439. After living the monastic life for a number of years, he sought the wilderness and took up his abode in a cave high up on a mountain side above the Brook Cedron. A community was established under his direction five years later. At the age of fifty-three he was ordained by the Patriarch of Jerusalem and made superior general of the Anchorites of Palestine. He died in 632, at the advanced age of ninety-four.

Saturday, Dec. 6.—St. Nicholas of Bari, patron Saint of Russia, was born toward the end of the third century. His uncle, the Archbishop of Myra in Lycia, ordained him to the priesthood and made him abbot of a monastery. On the death of his uncle he was elected to fill the vacant archbishopric. All his life he showed himself the special protector of the innocent and the wronged. To him many miracles are attributed.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

OUR BUSINESS

Every week, in this column, we try to interest our readers in the work of Church Extension by pointing out the needs of the missions; and beg assistance for the furtherance of the work.

We know that the years are lean, that money is difficult to obtain, but these very circumstances makes more necessary our plea for help and render our appeal the more urgent.

Nearly everyone to whom mention of charity is made will tell you how badly off they are; which is quite true. People are spending all their money and could get rid of much more; but how is it being spent? Some are really good stewards, and realizing that what they have comes from God, use it in a way that promotes His glory. We have many friends—God bless them—who give liberally of their earnings, but the large majority are not striving to economize in anything which furnishes them with pleasure and amusement. They haven't any money to spare because they spend it all upon themselves. They are filled with the spirit of the world—the spirit of selfishness. While a great number of those who have little or nothing for charity ride in luxurious automobiles, many a poor priest, footsore and weary, plods his way over difficult roads, in remote places, searching out the lost sheep of God's flock; and during the time that these same people occupy cushioned seats in a steam heated church on Sunday morning, others, in what is only the shell of a little chapel assist shiveringly at the Holy Sacrifice, and still more do not hear Mass at all because there is none within reach.

We are commanded to assist, when able, our neighbor in his need, and in our necessities, and with a little sacrifice most people could do something. It is a spiritual necessity for him to know God, and how can he, without a teacher? He must hear Mass and receive the Sacraments, and how can this be done without a priest or church? You may argue that people on the Western plains are not obliged to hear Mass and receive the Sacraments when such is impossible. Quite right, as far as the obligation binding them under sin is concerned. But what about the grace to be derived from assisting at Mass, and the strength from receiving God Himself in the Blessed Eucharist? Do not these people have temptations? Have they not the same human nature, the same world and flesh and devil to combat and overcome as you? If you find it so difficult to conquer temptation and avoid sin with all the helps at your disposal, how are they to succeed without them? Well, you say, who is that to us? If they choose to go off to places where there is no priest or church, are we to blame? It is their business. Why should we deprive ourselves of things we want, for them?

Committing the first sin on earth was the business of our first parents. Committing sin is our business too, if we wish. Why did our Blessed

Lord take upon Himself human nature, to suffer and shed His precious Blood upon the Cross of Calvary for them and for us? He made it His business because He loves us. He commands us to love Him and to love our neighbor too—and that in the measure in which we love ourselves. Do we love our neighbor as ourselves when we are unwilling, if it cannot otherwise be done, to make a sacrifice—forego some pleasure or luxury—in order to employ the money these things cost in providing him with the means of practicing his religion and saving his soul? It is our business.

At the present time, bishops are asking us for help to pay last year's tuition for their seminarians. To give the required assistance we must have money, and we beg you, in the name of God, to supply us.

Priests are writing for Mass Intentions. The Bishops to whom Extension Masses are sent promptly have divided their portion, and the number received is not sufficient to go around. The dollar which the priest gets as a stipend for his intention is often-times the only money he receives; when that is wanting he is destitute indeed. Funds are required for the many other appeals which come to us daily. We call upon you, friends of Extension, to help us to do God's work. This is one investment, the profit of which will be piled up for you in eternity.

Contributions through this office should be addressed:

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BURSES

REMEMBER YOUR DEAR DEPARTED FRIENDS

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: When we first undertook the seemingly impossible task of establishing a Canadian China Mission Seminary, you, through the kind agency the RECORD, were among our first supporters, and you have since remained our firm friends.

To you, during this month of November we put up a special plea in behalf of our Holy Souls Bursar, begging of you, for the sake of your dear departed ones to contribute towards its early completion. In all our Masses and prayers during this month your deceased relatives and friends will have a special remembrance. Help them and us by your generous alms. The Priests and Students of China Mission.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

FIRST SUNDAY OF ADVENT

PREPARING OUR SOULS FOR CHRIST'S COMING

"Brethren, knowing the season, that it is now the hour for us to rise from sleep; for now our salvation is nearer to us than when we became believers." (Rom. xiii. 12)

The Saviour who had been promised by God when Adam and Eve were driven from the garden of Paradise, had been expected daily by the people of the Old Law long before He came. Psalmist had sung of Him and prophets had spoken of Him. All this was known to the people; yet they did not understand the real meaning of the coming of Christ, for when He came, they did not believe Him to be the Messiah. John the Baptist announced His immediate coming, and told the people how to prepare for Him. Little did they heed the Precursor of Christ, and, when the Saviour did come, they were not prepared to receive Him. The many blessings that they might have acquired, had they acted rightly and believed fully what was told them by the inspired men of God, were lost forever to them.

Now, dear friends, during this season just opening, the Church bids us prepare for the coming of the Saviour. It is true that He will not be born again, neither shall we see Him as did those who lived when He became man. But we yet may have Him come to us; we can feel His influence; and we can obtain even greater blessings than could have been obtained by those who lived before He underwent His cruel passion and death. He will come to us in spirit; and He will become the spiritual nourishment of our souls when we receive His Body and Blood in Holy Communion.

These blessings we may receive at all times; but there are particular periods, during the ecclesiastical year, when we can receive them in greater abundance,—when, as it were, He will come to us in a special manner and fill us with more spiritual blessings and holy joys. One of these periods is now near at hand. It is Christmas time. Advent is the season the Church sets aside as a time of special preparation for these days of great blessings. She bids us become a little more serious than usual; do a little more penance than we have been accustomed to perform since Easter; and examine our conscience more perfectly, so that we may learn our faults, make a good confession of them, and, by the graces thus received, have our hearts ready for the spiritual coming of Christ at Christmas.

Let us not look upon that holy season as a time for worldly enjoyment only, as do so many people. It is true that we should rejoice then more than at any other season of the ecclesiastical year—with the exception of Easter—but our joy should be spiritual as well as human. How are we to bring this about? It can be done fully one way only—that is, by entering into this season as the Church desires and commands; namely, by making it a time of preparation for the reception of spiritual blessings.

We carry corrupt bodies that are continually causing us temptations. We often fall victims to these suggestions, and become sinners. Sometimes we sin only by single acts. At other times, these acts are repeated so frequently that we form habits which deprive us of many graces. This is the ordinary tendency of human nature; and, notwithstanding our brave efforts and earnest endeavors to overcome it, we but too often yield to it. The only way to fight it efficaciously is by prayer and mortification.

We all, no doubt, are guilty of some fault or faults, or are slaves to some one or more habits. Christmas is approaching. Christ desires at that time to be able to come into our hearts with a great supply of graces and blessings. We know that if we are found in the state in which we now are, He can not bless us as He would wish. Shall we, then, remain thus? Oh, no! There is not one of us who is not eager to do everything possible to have his heart pure, so that Christ will find a worthy dwelling-place therein.

Let us all, then, begin this work of purifying our souls, so that we may receive many blessings from God at Christmas. Can we feel really happy when that time will have come, if our souls be stained with sin? Certainly not. And will our joy be pure and full, even though we have surrounded us all that money can buy or friend can offer, if our souls, through our own fault, remain tainted? Our joy will not be entire. Nor will it be real, for true joy comes only to him whose heart is free of guilt. Let us, then, labor to make our hearts the seat of true joy, and not of a feigned worldly joy only. Christ longs for such a heart. It is his delight to enter into it. How earnestly, then, should we strive to prepare our hearts for Him during the holy days of Advent. If we do, we shall become conscious of His presence within us at Christmas, and, like the shepherds who left their flocks and came to adore Him, we shall be totally consumed with love for Him and, with hearts aglow, we shall welcome Him, fall down in adoration before His divine majesty, and shed tears of delight at His presence.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR DECEMBER

THAT GOD MAY GIVE US SAINTS

What are saints? The word is of frequent use in Holy Scripture, from Deuteronomy, where the last blessing of Moses is recorded, to the Apocalypse of St. John, where the seer beholds in vision that latter day, before the General Judgment, when Satan shall make a last, despairing assault on "the camp of the saints" (Apoc. xx. 9.) Then there are the words of St. Paul, which are both a solemn warning and a call to courageous endeavor: "You are fellow citizens with the saints;" and "called to be saints."

The saints are our brethren and sisters in the faith. Some of them, as seen by St. John, are already before "the great white throne," where their prayers in our behalf are likened by him to "odors contained in golden vials." Other saints are still sojourners on earth. They may be on the pinnacle of worldly greatness, as were Edward the Confessor and the tender-hearted Margaret of Scotland, or they may be hidden in the seclusion of the cloister or the humble cot of the poor, as were Margaret Mary and Isidore the husbandman. And we, hurrying forward, or struggling onward, towards the common goal, claim spiritual kinship with them as with children of the same household.

But, after all, what are the saints? Given the plans and specifications, the mechanic follows the directions of the blue print. In the subject before us, however, we cannot ignore a feature about which the mechanic feels no concern, for the material to which he devotes his energies, whether it be solid or liquid or gaseous, offers him no resistance beyond what is contained in its natural qualities or properties, whereas the plans and specifications for the formation of a saint all imply or express the difficulties to be experienced in handling that fickle and slippery element, the human will. All else may be subjected to plane the mallet and chisel; but if the will fails to co-operate, the result of much labor may be a blotch.

While the will is drawn towards that which seems good, one must stress the words "asens" and "good;" for in them there is much room for mistake and deceit. The saints are holy, and they are holy by their nearness to the Divine Model set before them on the Mount. This, then, is a feature common to all saints: They are copies, more or less exact, more or less clear, of the Saint of saints, our divine Lord, "in whom dwelleth the fulness of the Godhead corporeally."

The saints are but copies. The Divine Original is set before them and they begin the work of reproducing it. In some saints, the work is brief, strenuous, replete with heroic endeavor and pain. They are the holy martyrs. Other saints strive courageously through weary years until, after many a telling blow, the copy meets with approval and is deemed worthy of the Divine acceptance. They are the confessors, the virgins, the holy widows.

But let us come to details; for, in this matter as in all others, there are certain fundamental rules which are common to all aspirants to membership in this school of Divine Art. The commandments of God and the precepts of the Church are the first rule for acquiring saintliness. Now, if this seems rather primitive to the eager soul, let us bear in mind that such simple rules are great helps to holiness; for, if the first meaning of each is plain and commonplace, that meaning shades off into counsels which imply exalted virtue. "Thou shalt not lie" is bald enough in its all-conscience; but praise of self and disparage of others, exaggerating and unwarranted minimizing, all cluster about that great central point of the law.

"My son, give glory to the Lord God of Israel," admonished Josue. God's glory is something peculiarly His own; it is wholly divine and must not be another's. That the knowledge of God's sovereignty should reach all the children of men is a devout and helpful aspiration towards sanctity; for from this knowledge flows, as the stream from the fountain, the conviction that our whole lives are to be but an expression of our dependence on Him and of our yearning to see His divinely rightful sway universally recognized and accepted: "God over all, blessed forever."

Instinctively we turn to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Our longing to see God reign over the minds and hearts of men brings before the eye of faith that wholly sacred and wholly divine mystery of God's resourcefulness, the Incarnation. A human heart throbs with love for man in that frail tabernacle now almost hidden in Bethlehem and, one day, will be exposed to the mockery of the rabble while a few will look towards that adorable Figure on Calvary while their own bleeding hearts will throb in unison with His. "The Heart that has loved men so much" makes more than a silent appeal to our hearts. It is the Heart of God. Whoever would be godlike and godly, and sanctity is but a near approach to the God of sinlessness, must know and love God's own heart.

God manifested Himself of old to Abraham, to Moses, and to the Prophets, but always in a way that,

while veiling from mortal gaze the ineffable attributes of the Godhead, spoke of His Majesty and Sovereignty and Power. But in the manifestation of His Sacred Heart, God is all tenderness, all love. "If so be you have tasted that the Lord is sweet," says St. Peter. In the mystery of the Sacred Heart, therefore, the eager aspirant to saintliness finds an object worthy of a love which, while it calls to lofty virtue, blots out sin.

To know our Divine Saviour is to know His mission; and to know that mission is to love it. His mission was, and is, the salvation of souls. A saint with no love for souls is not an undying center and source of fervor, but a poor, dead thing, a rayless sun, only a dark spot in the heavens which has and gives forth neither light nor heat.

Our Divine Saviour came with a message of self-conquest to a sensual race. Self-conquest means suffering. The saints suffered. The hardships of poverty are a severe trial; the saints bore them. The dangerous delights of the senses are hard to forsake; the saints forsook them. The contempt even of unworthy men is hard to endure; the saints endured it. Life is dear even to the poor, crawling worm; to the saints it was nothing when compared with love for God. And we, even we, with our half-hearted love for God, with our tendency to all that delights the senses, or feeds self-love, or brings a little puff of the wind of fickle popular favor, or a petty sup of the pleasantly inebriating wine of authority, are "called to be saints." "Aye, there's the rub!"

So many wicked projects come to naught, because there is no leader. Robbery and arson and treason and murder would have reduced men to beggary, would have burnt their homes over their heads, would have snuffed out human lives, would have destroyed mighty States, if only there had been a leader! Yes, even depravity, if it is to fill the foul measure of its guilt, looks about for some master mind to combine, to marshal, and to direct the forces of evil.

If the rights of reputation, property, and life itself are to be secure, they must be protected. Some leader must plan the defense; others must follow his guidance. If all the soldiers of an army act individually on their own initiative, their efficiency disappears and they sink to the state of a disorderly mob. How well this is understood in time of war! How well it is understood in everyday life among the guardians of the public peace! In any great civil disturbance, there is a cry for leaders; men of good will to follow them will never be wanting.

The interests of religion and morals antedate and surpass any mere temporal interest that can be counted at the bank, or measured in the warehouse, or weighed on the public scales. Chicanery can do away with the fruit of skill, industry, and toil, but it cannot reach the granaries of God. Though this is most true, it is, alas! only too true that chicanery can hamper or cripple the worker and hinder or harm the harvesting. The saints are our leaders. Their example heartens us. The social conditions of today are so vastly changed that they demand a change in all fields of human activity. The elements of leadership are unchanged; but the happy utilization of those elements in the living present, in which our lot is cast, calls for leaders instinct with the great principles of sanctity, with the due application of those principles to the problems of today. Our leaders are called upon to guide us, through a bewildering political and industrial labyrinth, to aid us in grappling with great social problems, to show us how to defend successfully the sanctity of the home and the helplessness of its inmates.

"The life of the saints is an efficacious intrusion in virtue," says St. Gregory the Great, "and in the means of acquiring them." They are like torches which light us along a dark and uncertain path. As there can never be too much good in the world, there can never be too many saints. If we crave knowledge, in them we find it of the highest type; for they speak to us of God and heavenly things; if we crave wealth, there is of a kind that no man can take from us; if we crave pre-eminence, theirs is such that excites no rivalries, yet outshines royal crowns; if we crave to be of benefit to our fellow-man, they point the way.

Religion cries out for saints; the home, society, and public affairs add their insistent voices. God's grace has not lost its power. What constitutes a saint, we know; how to become a saint, we know; the need for saints, we know. "This is the will of God, your sanctification," says St. Paul. And he knew.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE JOURNEY

The easy roads are crowded ;
And the level roads are jammed ;
The pleasant little rivers
With a drifting folk are crammed.
But off yonder where its rocky,
Where you get a better view,
You will find the ranks are thinning
And the travelers are few.

Where the going is smooth and pleasant,
You will always find the throng,
For the many, more's the pity,
Seem to like to drift along.
But the steps that call for courage,
And the task that's hard to do
In the end result in glory
For the never wavering few.

—EDGAR A. GURST

THE CURSE OF CONCEIT

The easy opportunities of knowing the lives and achievements of God's saints, as well as the facilities which modern education, traveling, literature and social intercourse provide for the acquisition of general knowledge, should have the salutary effect of making us more conscious of our own individual shortcomings, limitations, and unimportance. Conceit, a consequence of ignorance and insularity, ought to disappear. We shall hasten its departure by not only thus contrasting the worth and attainments of others with our own spiritual and intellectual poverty but also by remembering that mankind nowadays promptly detects and ruthlessly unmasks all mere pretension. The fools' paradise so long and so complacently inhabited by the conceited is doomed. If the latter will persist in regarding themselves "like unto gods" their only chance of homage lies with an asylum audience. Though some men of sense, through a praiseworthy desire to be inoffensive, may conceal their amusement or pity behind a serious countenance, yet their vision penetrates through all the sham show of those who pathetically believe that they are otherwise than they really are. The majority of on-lookers are less kind; some of them are cruel. Not long since a raucous rustic bold, who doubtless never heard an accomplished singer, egregiously volunteered his vocal services at a ship's concert. The impish assembly, taking gay advantage of his conceit, were vociferous in their mock applause whilst he, poor fellow, was visibly delighted and next day buttonholed some passengers to elicit fresh adulation.

O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as other see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.

Many such simpletons as the pseudo-singer strut life's stage and arouse animosity, derision, or receive the cold contempt of silence; sometimes arrayed in the pomp and circumstance of a little brief authority, they ride the high horse of officialism, digging the hooves of power deeply into hearts of subordinates, condescending to sycophants, deferential to those they fear or from whom they hope for favor. Of course position must be respected and invariably will be with helpful loyalty when dignity is graced by amiability and humility of heart: "Have they made thee a ruler? Be not lifted up; be among them as one of them." (Ecc. 32-11). Others, as foolish as they fly in the fable which resting upon the hub imagined that it moved the chariot, fancy that they revolve the wheels of progress whereas their worthless weight is but an impediment. Some too, like Aesop's jackdaw, preen themselves with borrowed feathers only to be stripped of same and like the bird learn "Had you been contented with what nature made you, you would have escaped the chastisement of your betters and the contempt of your equals." The clown of conceit induces some to assume the manners and be suppliant of the deference due to the Senators in the land. Also how many devotees of private judgment, spurning legitimate authority, pit their puny intellects against the strength, wisdom, and centuries-old experience of the Divine Church: "Whoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall not enter into it." The sophistic cranks of humanity, preferring to hold to their own opinion rather than yield to the triumph of truth and thus endure what they deem the ignominy of defeat, ingloriously guard their castle of conceit by ill-temper, disdain or tyrannous tactics. Belittled in the eyes of disputants, who behold the shame and shallowness of it all, they remain the victims of their vanity and vulgarity.

Does not the cure consist in availing of mere common-sense; in noting that those upon whom we endeavor to impress our importance are shrewder and probably far better informed than ourselves; that they see the grotesque difference between the ideal and its fulfillment? The conceited are very foolish to forget that others are well aware of their silliness. Let us, docile in spirit and in chastened mood, emerge from the clouds of conceit and, entering upon the same world wherein holy, wise, learned and useful souls dwell, recognize what dwarfs we are in comparison. The study of the saints especially will puncture our pride, will instill that we have not the monopoly of wisdom, the privilege of infallibility, nor the most successful

ful methods. Above all else, conceit must fly before the lowliness of the omnipotent and omniscient God Who bids us learn of Him to be meek and humble of heart. Calvary will ever bring us to our senses. —Southern Cross.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

ROOFS

The road is wide and the stars are out and the breath of the night is sweet
And this is the time when Wanderlust should seize upon my feet.
But I'm glad to turn from the open road and the starlight on my face
And leave the splendor of out-of-doors for a human dwelling place.

I never have known a vagabond who really liked to roam
All up and down the streets of a world and never have a home.
The tramp who slept in your barn last night and left at break of day,
Will wander only until he finds another place to stay.

If you call the gypsy a vagabond I think you do him wrong.
For he never goes traveling but takes his home along
And the only reason a road is good, as every wanderer knows,
Is just because of the homes, the homes, the homes to which it goes!

They say a life is a highway and its milestones are the years,
And now and then there's a tollgate where you pay your way with tears.
It's a rough road and a steep road and it stretches broad and far,
But it leads at last to a golden town where golden houses are.

GENTLENESS

Of all the gifts to be prayed for, next to grace, tact and gentleness in manner are the most desirable. A brusque, shy, curt manner, a cold indifference, a snappish petulance, a brutal appearance of stolidity, antagonize and wound, and rob even really kind actions of half their value. It is worth while to do a kind thing gracefully and tactfully. There is a certain propriety of demeanour which never makes a mistake, which guards the feeling of a loved one as carefully as a mother cherishes her little delicate child. In time, such tact becomes natural, and one who has it makes others happy without trying to do so.

PROMISES OF OUR LORD TO BLESSED MARGARET MARY

1. I will give them all the graces necessary for their state in life.
2. I will establish peace in their families.
3. I will console them in all their difficulties.
4. I will be their secure refuge during life, more especially at the hour of death.
5. I will shower down abundant blessings in all their undertakings.
6. Sinners shall find in My Heart a Source and boundless Ocean of Mercy.
7. Tepid souls shall become fervent.
8. Fervent souls shall rise speedily to great perfection.
9. I will bless the house in which the picture of My Sacred Heart shall be exposed and honored.
10. I will give to priests the power of touching the most hardened hearts.
11. Persons who propagate this devotion shall have their names written in My Heart, and they shall never be effaced therefrom.
12. I will grant the grace of final repentance to all those who shall communicate on the first Friday nine months consecutively. They shall not die in mortal sin, nor without having received the last sacraments, for My Divine Heart will become their secure refuge at that last moment.

A CANDID CRITIC

An amusing story it told of a late Shah of Persia. He had an idea that he was a great poet and was in the habit of reading his verses to his courtiers, who listened politely and praised without stint. After a while, however, the Shah appointed a new poet laureate, and found him a man who disdained to flatter. On one occasion the sovereign read to him one of his new poems and demanded his opinion of it.

"Shall I tell the truth, your Majesty?"

"Most assuredly," answered the Shah, having no doubt but that the truth would be very complimentary.

"Well, then, I must say that I can not see any poetry in the lines you have just read."

The Shah, much insulted, cried out to those standing near. "This fellow is a donkey. Take him off to the stable immediately!"

After some time the Shah who really valued the laureate's opinion, produced a new set of verses and ordered his unfavorable critic to be again brought before him.

"Here are some new verses," he said; "I will read them to you,"—which he did. After he had concluded the laureate started for the door.

"Where are you going?" asked the Shah.

"To the stable, your Majesty."

It is said that the Shah was won by the simple frankness of his laureate and heartily enjoyed the joke, but read no more verses.—Ave Maria.

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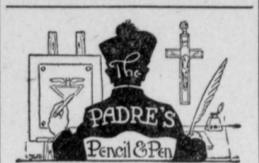
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Answers for last week: Upper picture, Presentation of our Lady, Nov. 21. Lower picture, Gospel Sunday before (23rd after Pentecost)



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