

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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THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

The door of a white tabernacle
Felt the touch of the hand of the priest—
Did he waken the Host from its slumbers
To come forth and crown the high Feast?
To come forth so strangely and silent,
And just for a sweet little while,
And then to go back to its prison.
Thro' the stars—did the sweet statue smile?

I knew not; but Mary, the Mother,
I think, almost envied the priest—
He was taking her place at the altar—
Did she dream of the days in the Past?

When her hands, and hers only, held Him,
Her Child, in His waking and rest,
Who had strayed in a love that seemed wayward
This eve to shrine in the West.

Did she dream of the straw of the manger
When she gazed on the altar's pure white?
Did she fear for her Son any danger
In the little Host, helpless, that night?

No! no! she is trustful as He is—
What a terrible trust in our race!
The Divine has still faith in the human—
What a story of infinite grace!

—REV. A. J. RYAN

WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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KEVIN BARRY

The heroic death of Terence MacSwiney so overshadowed all else for a time that America heard or knew little of the brave death of the boy, Kevin Barry. But the newspapers to hand from Ireland reveal that the country was stirred by Barry's sacrifice only second to that of the late Lord Mayor's. The brave and beautiful manner in which the lad met his death, too, heightened the dramatic tragedy, and doubly impressed the country. Kevin Barry was still but a school boy, a type of tens of thousands of such boys who are bravely bearing men's sufferings today in Ireland, and doing men's deeds for their country. He was eighteen years of age. He took part in an attack upon a company of armed soldiers—a fair, honest fight between a band of Irish Republican soldiers, and a band of the invading force. Kevin Barry was captured, a prisoner of war. And one might expect that he would get the kind of treatment accorded to a prisoner of war. He was tortured, soldiers threw him down at the officers' orders, stood on him, twisted his arm till it was almost rent from his shoulder. Bayonet points were thrust into his back and his stomach, and a pistol put to his temple, to make him confess to his comrades were. But torture fails to open the lips of an Irishman—or of an Irish boy. He was then court-martialed and sentenced to be hung. If Germany had been guilty of such an outrageous act as first torturing and then court-martialing a Belgian soldier, and sentencing him to hang for fighting for his country, the whole world would have rung with such outlaw atrocity. But this was different. It was only an Irish boy manhandled by Britons. He was again pressed to confess—and thus of course escape the disgrace of the hanging man's fate. But the lad was not of that stuff. He defied his tormentors and welcomed the gallows. The sentence of the law was carried out at eight o'clock on a November morning, in Mountjoy prison.

THE YOUNG PATRIOT'S DEATH

A moving scene was witnessed outside the gates. Surrounded by soldiers who were armed and dominated by armoured cars and machine guns, a vast crowd assembled and knelt them down in the mud of the street chorusing the Rosary that was given out in Gaelic by a fellow student of the dying boy. Old and young, men, women, and children were there, knelt in the mud, under the dreaning rain, all oblivious of everything except their prayers for the soul that was going up to God. The death bell had hardly ceased tolling when the priest who had attended Kevin came out of the gate weeping. To the multitude that pressed around him he told that he had never beheld a nobler, more beautiful, or more inspiring death than that of the school-boy whose body was, at that moment, dangling in the air—satisfaction of British Law. Of the procession that walked to the gallows a few moments before the doomed victim, the priest, the warden, the police, Canon Waters said that Kevin Barry was the only brave, cheerful and unwavering one. He died a brave and a beautiful death—with prayers on his lips for his friends and for his executioners.

HIS LAST MESSAGE

Kevin Barry's last message—from his death-coll—to his class fellows

the evening before his death, was this: "Fight on! Live for the ideal for which I am about to die." He had bade his last farewell to his mother on that evening. He told her she must not lament him. She must be joyful and proud that her son who would not betray a sacred trust, had the privilege of dying for Ireland. When his mother turned to leave, the young Irish soldier stood to attention and gave her the military salute. When she had passed down the corridor to the end she turned for a last look and there she saw her soldier boy still standing to attention and smiling at her a proud brave smile. So it is not to be wondered at that The Dublin Freeman records: "There is a proud light today in Mrs. Barry's eyes that will not brook the urgent tears." The boys and the young men of Ireland in generations yet unborn should surely be heroic, for they shall not lack for noble examples of heroism to look back to.

ARTHUR GRIFFITH'S TRIBUTE

Young Ireland, the organ of Arthur Griffith, in a beautiful editorial upon Kevin Barry, which we take to be from Griffith's pen, after pointing out the contrast between the treatment given to prisoners of war by the Irish Republican soldiers—who invariably treat their prisoners with courtesy, and liberate them after disarming them, and England's treatment even of a little boy-prisoner of war says: "Against a nation which produces Terence MacSwiney and Kevin Barry no material power can prevail. The might of England can inflict death upon some of Ireland's children and inflict for a time pain and weep upon the whole people. It is impotent to drive back the Irish nation into the prison tomb in which it long had kept the Irish nation confined. The spirit of Ireland has been liberated for ever. It sweeps the land, it grows day by day in strength, and this generation shall not pass until it sees Ireland, for which Kevin Barry trod the scaffold last Monday, formally welcomed and saluted by the civilized nations of the world. May his soul sit on God's right hand."

ARTHUR GRIFFITH'S EULOGY OF MACSWINEY

Arthur Griffith, who has now been arrested, who was the founder of Sinn Fein and who carried the movement for years on his own shoulders when practically every man's hand was against him, stepped aside from his presidency when the soldier DeValera was put forward, refused to accept the nomination and would only consent to act as Vice-President—and who now in the absence of DeValera is acting-President of the Irish Republic—is today the most esteemed man in Ireland—esteemed not by Republicans alone, but by all classes and by all political parties—except of course the Dublin Castle people. So much has he compelled the esteem even of his enemies, that the Government fearing to arrest him, up till the other day, had to let him walk a free man. He is unquestionably the greatest and truest statesman that Ireland has known in several generations. Moreover he has the most trenchant pen and the brightest brain in Ireland. Griffith's oration at the graveside of MacSwiney is worthy of Lincoln. Copy of it has just reached this country and we set it down here:

"We, his colleagues of Dail Eireann, stand by the grave of Terence MacSwiney in sorrow, but in pride. He has laid down his life to consolidate the establishment of the Irish Republic willed by the vote of the people of Ireland. His heroic sacrifice has made him in death the victor over the enemies of his country's independence. He has won over them, because he has gained by his death for Ireland the support and sympathy of all that is human, noble, and generous in the world. Remember ever his seven words to the people of Cork, when seven months ago he stepped into Seanusa Baginad—that triumph is not to those who can inflict most, but to those who can endure most. He has exemplified that truth to all mankind. He endured all that the power of England could inflict upon him, and, in enduring, triumphed over that power. His body lies here—his soul goes marching through all the ages. He is not dead—he is living forever in the heart and conscience of mankind. Mourning for him, but let your mourning be that for a martyr who triumphs. Ireland has lost a noble son, as France lost a noble daughter when St. Joan of Arc perished in the English bonfire. The sequel will be the same, St. Joan of Arc has welcomed a comrade to Heaven."

THE CONTINENTAL PRESS

As MacSwiney has been referred to it is worth noting here that while on the occasion of the Cork Lord Mayor's death a cable from London duly informed America that the comments of the Continental Press did not show any strong feeling on the subject—otherwise than to admire the man's bravery and sympathize with him, we now find that the Continental papers, come to hand, entirely belie the cable news, and show that the tragedy called forth, over the Continent, a universal reprobation of England. The Italian

papers and Germania, the organ of the Catholic Centrist party, spoke with much bitterness on the subject. Madrid papers said that England was still the tyrant she had always been in Ireland. But the most surprising thing is to find the leading journals of France, which country has every reason for courting England, not only lauding the heroic sacrifice of MacSwiney, but exhorting England and English statesmen. Le Matin, in the course of a long editorial on the subject, unmercifully berates England's ministers for the unworthy manner in which, publishing perfidious notes in complimentary newspapers, they had for weeks before his death sought to discredit the sacrifice of MacSwiney and to discount in advance the impression that his death would create. It refers to the particularly odious "despicable actions of the Camacilla of Downing Street" who showed their cowardice up to the last moment of the hero's life. Edmond de Meil in Le Rappel has a beautiful article on the death. He says: "MacSwiney's voluntary sacrifice, preceded by atrocious agony illuminates in the light of day the impassable abyss which separates the genius of the Irish from the British." He says, "Every man who has a heart and thinks will be moved by this new struggle of liberty against brute force. The death of the Lord Mayor of Cork deals a stronger blow at the heart of England than the loss of a pitched battle. And the cause of Ireland will now animate the whole world."

Gaston Vidal, writing in l'Ere Nouvelle says: "It is our duty to tell the English people that reprisals are not remedies for revolution, that France of the rights of man look with painful sympathy on the struggle of the Irish people for their national liberties." The British policy in Ireland he terms "disconcerting brutality." Henri Fabre in Le Journal Du Peuple: "There is no free spirit in the world who will not bow profoundly and respectfully before the tragic death of the Lord Mayor of Cork, a man who died for his ideals and a persecuted cause. Words fail us to express the emotion that we feel. Liberty and justice have no tranquility in his slumbers of future, for he hardly can remain insensible to the drama in which he has played the hangman's part." Le Petit Journal says to Britain: "Without lacking in consideration for a friendly and allied nation we state that the tragic death of this man who for ten years lived only for Ireland while waiting to die for her, has stirred the conscience of humanity. And almost every other paper in France loudly laments and honors the heroic MacSwiney, and in unmeasured terms reprobates British brutality. The bitter reprobation by the Continental press in general, and by the French papers in particular must have given a painful shock to smug English statesmen."

SEUMAS MACMANUS,
Of Donegal.

MUST BE GUIDED BY CHURCH

BELLOC SPEAKS ON THE PART CATHOLICS SHOULD PLAY

(By N. C. W. C. News Service)

Wigan, English, Nov. 25th.—At a conference of the Catholic Young Men's Society held in Wigan under the presidency of the Archbishop of Liverpool, Mr. Hilaire Belloc delivered a telling address in which he offered some important guidance to Catholics, regarding the part they should take in any legislation that is contrary to Catholic doctrine.

"Looking ahead," Mr. Belloc said, "it is quite certain we shall have in the near future legislation or decrees affecting, at any rate, the vast well-to-do of the population which will conflict with Catholic doctrine and the Catholic view of life."

"Our attitude must depend upon degree. If Catholics make it clear why they differ so much, so as to make their resistance appear warranted, it is possible by that very protest we may prevent the evil we fear. Let us wait until the evil comes, and then let us observe proportion and degree. If the degree is passed, after which a Catholic must refuse, we must make up our minds to resistance, for there is a point after which there can be no compromise."

"But before there can be any question of defying the law, there must be clear definition. Catholics must know what it is exactly they refuse to do, and why. Consequently we must be guided by ecclesiastical authority. I dwell on this point for a moment, because non-Catholics get the idea that the Catholic Church is a highly organized body theologically governed, much like a regiment in time of war."

"That is the very antithesis of the Catholic temperament, the very opposite of the intellectual freedom which is the mark of the Catholic Church. It is within the Catholic Church alone that we have discussed today all the fundamentals of philosophy. But ecclesiastical authority is absolutely necessary where corporate action is concerned.

"If any one has to resist, the task is not so formidable as is imagined. Small as the Catholic body is in this country, it knows what it thinks, and it has a determined position. That is of enormous importance. A minority which is logical, reasonable and united, is a very much stronger thing than mere numbers would suggest."

CARDINAL DENOUNCES KILLINGS

MURDERERS NOT PATRIOTS NOR ARE AUTHORS OF REPRISALS BETTER

Special Cable to the New York Times

Dublin, Nov. 25.—Cardinal Logue, in a letter read today in all the churches of the archdiocese of Armagh, states that from public utterances and private correspondence he knows an ardent sigh for peace continually ascends from the great body of the people. But the murders in Dublin last Sunday oppressed him with a feeling of despair. He never hesitated to condemn in strongest terms deeds of blood from all sources and believes every man and woman in Ireland with a spark of Christian feeling deplores, detests and condemns the deliberate cold-blooded murders of last Sunday morning. No object could excuse, no motive justify them. The perpetrators of such crimes were not real patriots, but enemies of the country, robbing her of just sympathy, raising obstacles to her progress and impressing a stain upon her fame.

Also he believes every right-thinking Christian equally deplorable and condemns the indiscriminate massacre of innocent and inoffensive people perpetrated by the forces of the Crown at Croke Park Sunday evening, and if the balance were struck between the deeds of the morning and the evening it would be against the forces of the Crown, who were bound to protect, not destroy the people. "God help our country, moaning under the affliction of this competition in murder."

The Cardinal exhorts the people to prayer and to avoid all associations leading to crime and disaster.

FATHER JOHN GRIFFIN

PROSPECTIVE WITNESS BEFORE IRISH COMMISSION

Washington Times

The Rev. Father John Griffin, whose body, riddled with bullets, was found recently in a swamp in Galway, Ireland, was on his way to this city to testify before the American commission on atrocities in Ireland, when he was kidnapped by Black and Tans.

Information received by the commission, which was sitting at the Hotel Lafayette, that Father Griffin had been kidnapped and his fate in doubt, caused much surprise, as the British Government had assured the American investigators that their witnesses would not be molested. Much fear now is entertained for Mrs. Muriel McSwiney, widow of the martyred Lord Mayor of Cork, who plans to sail for Washington.

So grave is the apprehension following this new outrage by the British forces in Ireland that the commission here has decided to keep secret the names of Irish witnesses who have been asked to come here to testify.

Father Griffin was an eyewitness to many of the atrocities in Galway and was expected to give important testimony. Although many priests have been ill treated by the British forces in Ireland recently Father Griffin was the first to lose his life in many years and one of the few killed since the priesthood was proscribed under penalty of hanging in Elizabethan days.

Father Griffin was a personal friend of Francis Hackett, associate editor of the New Republic, who recently investigated conditions in Ireland, and who testified before the commission. Mr. Hackett characterized Father Griffin as "a very courageous man."

EQUITABLE SCHOOL ACT ADOPTED IN HOLLAND

STRUGGLE OF FIFTY YEARS ENDS IN TRIUMPH

In response to the exhortation of the Bishops of Holland, the Catholic people of the Netherlands, on October 28th, participated in solemn services of thanksgiving for the enactment of the equitable school law, which places the Catholic schools of the country on the same plane with those conducted by the State. The adoption of the measure is a complete triumph for the Catholics of Holland who have struggled for fifty years for a just education law.

The measure confers upon private primary schools the same rights to support from the public treasury as were heretofore solely enjoyed by the State schools. All private primary schools will be built and maintained out of the public funds just as the State schools are.

elementary and normal schools shall be defrayed by the State. The Dutch Government also obligates itself to pay 75% of the cost of all high schools, colleges and universities now conducted or to be erected in the future by Catholics.

Following the enacting of the new law the Episcopacy has decided on the foundation of a Catholic University which is to be located at Nimegue.—The Echo.

SOCIALISTS OPERATE "SUNDAY SCHOOLS"

COUNTY COUNCIL WAKES UP AND REFUSES TO ALLOW USE OF SCHOOLS

(N. C. W. C. News Service)

London, Nov. 22.—For some time past, before even the word "Bolshevism" became popular, it has been apparent that there has been a movement on foot in Great Britain to steep the mind of the rising generation in the doctrines of more or less extreme Socialism. For those of more mature understanding there are the Ruskin College and the Central Labor College, where the doctrines of Karl, Marx, Engels, and others, are imbibed with a sufficient retention in the minds of the students to enable them to discourse at length in Hyde Park and other public places.

SOCIALIST SUNDAY SCHOOLS

But the movement to capture the minds of the young seems to stand on a different footing. This particular branch of propaganda has been, and still is, being carried on by means of the so-called Socialist Sunday schools. It is difficult to understand why Socialists should want Sunday schools, since for the most part the Socialists profess some brand of atheism, and look upon Sunday more in the light of a weekly propaganda organ than as a Christian day of rest. But they have them and are most active in supporting them.

One of the most noted protagonists of the Socialist Sunday schools is Mr. George Lansbury, editor of the Daily Herald, the advanced Socialist organ on whose behalf a sum of £75,000 in Bolshevist gold was raised—though ultimately not accepted.

Now, whatever may be the opinions of Mr. George Lansbury as he sits in the editorial chair of the Daily Herald, it is a well known fact that in private life he is a devout, and it is believed sincere, High Churchman of the Anglican church. He was the founder of a short-lived but quite excellent High Anglican journal that was called the Pilot. Yet in spite of his own private High Church proclivities, Mr. Lansbury finds it not incompatible with his conscience to promote the Socialist Sunday school movement.

USED PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDINGS

For years past the Socialists have asked for, and secured, the use on Sundays of the public school buildings for their Sunday schools.

But recently the London County Council definitely refused to allow the school buildings supported by the public rates to be used for Socialist propaganda. The present chairman of the County Council is Alderman Gilbert, K. C. S. G., a Catholic and champion of Catholic education.

The teaching in these Sunday schools is apparently a parody on Christian teaching. Their fundamental tenet is the teaching of the "Ten Proletariat Commandments." There is a Socialist Sunday school hymn book, "exclusively concerned with the spiritual and social aspirations of the human race in regard to daily life and conduct." The authors of the hymns which these unfortunate children are called upon to sing include such English names as Van Alstine, Felix Adler, Gustav Spiller, Adress Schor, Johann Most, Hoffman von Fallersleben, with perhaps a moderate sprinkling of native talent.

Both this year and last, one of the most saddening sights in the annual May Day parade that took place from the Thames Embankment to Hyde Park was the hundreds of young children from the Socialist Sunday schools, who were brought up in vans, with red rosettes in their coats, and who employed their time in singing the "Red Flag," which is some kind of confession of faith of the Socialists.

If the May Day spectacle may be taken as a standard of estimation, then it is convincingly clear that a very large number of children have been decaying into the tolls of the Socialists. Several hundreds had been assembled from various parts of London, and although their number was a mere fraction of the whole child population of the metropolis and its suburbs, the total is significant of the attitude of numbers of parents who permit their children to attend every Sunday these classes which are for the sole purpose of inculcating the doctrines of the social revolution.

SAMPLE OF THEIR SONGS

The inevitable conclusion of these methods of subversion will be gath-

ered from a set of verses published in the Red Dawn, the organ of the International Proletarian School Movement (British Section). This is the sort of stuff that is being crammed into young minds, to their eventual undoing:

Lover of life, of science and truth,
Lover of all mankind,
Builder of noble thoughts, of our youth,
Leaving the myths behind,
Burying Gods and Christs that are dead,
Making the world anew;
Raising the Flag that is crimson red,
Child of my life are you.

HUMAN SALVATION IS CATHOLIC FAITH

CARDINAL LOGUE SAYS WORLD IS NOT IMPROVING

By N. C. W. C. News Service

Dublin, Nov. 19.—Opening with the stimulus of a telegram from the Pope, the recent conference of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland was the most remarkable in the society's career.

"The world is not improving. There is only one hope of salvation for humanity. That is to cling closely to Catholic truth and Catholic teaching, and cling closely to our Holy Father the Pope." So spoke Cardinal Logue in his introductory words.

AMERICAN BISHOPS' STATEMENT PRAISED

Lay co-operation being the first matter dealt with, His Eminence called attention to the able statement sent forth by the American Bishops after their meeting in Washington, and he advised that it be printed as one of the Irish Catholic Truth Society's publications.

"From the pronouncement of the American Bishops and from other indications," said His Eminence, "it is clear that great work is being done, especially by lay Catholics, for the welfare of the Church. Lay Catholics are very active in America. For their numbers they are also very active in England. And it is just as well. For it is evident—and I do not say it in any critical spirit—that, outside of the Catholic Church, any Christianity that remains in the world is growing less and less as the days go on."

Monsignor McCaffrey, President of the Maynooth college, analyzed the universal unrest and turmoil. Statesmanship was failing. But the principles of the Gospel could win if the men who believed in them would have the courage to insist that for capitalists, as for wage earners—for nations, as for individuals—equity and charity should be the roots of the new order.

BISHOP FOGARTY ON TRUTH

When the Lord Mayor of Dublin introduced the most Reverend Dr. Fogarty, Bishop of Killaloe, to the assembly, a striking scene ensued. The vast audience burst into cheering. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved. People mounted on chairs to get a glimpse of the outspoken prelate. Smilingly he came forward on the platform, whereupon the ovation was renewed, and lasted for several minutes.

He referred to the Catholic spirit of the young manhood of Ireland and especially of Dublin. Directing his words toward the Archbishop of Adelaide, who was present, he said:

"I can assure you that our young men sometimes put us venerable Catholics to shame by the depth and zeal of their unflinching and unobtrusive faith. They not only rival but almost surpass their sisters in their tender devotion to Christ."

Refuting House of Commons slander on Ireland's Catholic population, he went on: "Dante wrote across the doors of a certain place, 'All you that enter here, abandon hope.' If Dante were alive now he could write across the doors of the House of Commons of England: 'All you that enter here abandon truth.'"

The eloquent prelate took an optimistic tone, pointing out that despite unspeakable sufferings and outrages the country had great consolations and great sources of hope.

"The Pagan peoples," he said, "have no ideas beyond pleasure and wealth. And therefore they are perishing. A Catholic people knows how to suffer and endure. It can sacrifice everything for the ideals of Christ and justice and fair play."

From his reading of history, the speaker said he had gathered the maxim that it was not the classes that make a nation. Classes have their own places in society. But it is not through the classes of any nation that the traditional virtues of justice, fair play and truth are handed down from generation to generation, but through the broad heart of mankind, through the heart of democracy. Democracy may go wrong sometimes, but it always swings back again to what is honest and fair. For the love of these things is inherent in the heart of mankind.

CATHOLIC NOTES

His Lordship Right Reverend M. F. Fallon, D. D., Bishop of London, returned home on Dec. 4th after an extended visit in Rome.

Prince George Margaritesio Greciano, member of a high family of Bessarabian boyards, was baptized and received the Holy Eucharist for the first time in the Abbey of Agulbelle in Savoy. The Abbe, Rt. Rev. Dom. Marie, received the prince into the Church.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 20.—Pennsylvania avenue, near the Capitol, it is tentatively proposed, will be the site of the building which the Knights of Columbus have offered to erect at a cost of \$5,000,000 as a clubhouse for war veterans, a public auditorium and a memorial of the world war.

Paris, Nov. 12.—Before closing its session, the Criminal Court of the Department of the North filed a petition to the Minister of Justice asking that a very strict censure be passed on moving pictures shows. The jurors stated that most of the young men arraigned before them had been badly influenced by "detective stories" from which they appeared to have taken lessons in crime.

Rome, Sept. 11th.—The site of the celebrated amphitheatre of Carthage, where St. Perpetua and St. Felicitie met martyrdom, has come into the hands of the spiritual descendants of the martyrs. The White Fathers, the missionaries of Algiers, now control the grounds where the ancient edifice stood, and recently a solemn High Mass was celebrated in a subterranean vault which has been converted into a chapel.

Rouen, Nancy, Angers and Nantes, as well as a large number of French towns have concluded to aid Catholic schools by providing fuel and defraying the cost of all school stationery. Since the Enactment of the Law of Separation the Catholics of France have been compelled to maintain their own parochial schools without Government aid. The assistance now offered, although wholly inadequate, will somewhat lighten the burden of French Catholics.

Milan, Nov. 7.—Plans for the establishment of a Catholic university in Milan, the first of its kind in Italy, have been completed, and it is expected that the new institution which is already being looked forward to by thousands of Italians will throw open its doors next fall. The inspiration for the university is due to Cardinal Ferrari of Milan, who, in the spring of 1918, entrusted to the directors of the publishing society "Vita e Pensiero" and to the president of the "Italian Society for Philosophical and Psychological Studies" the work of establishing the institution.

Catholic churches, hospitals, orphanages and schools are the beneficiaries of generous bequests made by Mrs. Angela C. Gormully of Chicago, whose will was filed for probate recently. Mrs. Gormully was the widow of a wealthy manufacturer of bicycles. Her estate is valued at \$700,000. The Most Rev. George W. Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago, is to receive \$100,000 to be expended for the benefit of the poor of Chicago. A bequest of \$60,000 was made to the American College in Rome. Numerous other charitable and educational institutions will benefit from the estate.

Paris, November 13th.—After a ten months' search of Paris art galleries the police here have discovered in the shop of a Paris dealer a painting of the Virgin and Child which was stolen last January from the Church of St. Marie des Grottes in Italy. The painting is valued at \$20,000 and was sold by the thieves for that many francs. The painting of the Virgin and Child is the work of Duccio di Buoninsegna, a Siennese painter, whose famous altar piece in the Cathedral of Siena was begun in 1308. He was one of the founders of the Sienna school of art. His works adhere to the Byzantine types and motives.

A movement has been inaugurated for the erection of a Catholic Cathedral at Belgrade, Serbia. This is one of a number of signs of the growth of Catholicism in this little nation. The little chapel which has so far been used has become inadequate for the purpose for which it is employed. The need for a larger church is growing more and more acute. An effort is being made by Mgr. Baner, the Primate of Jugoslavia, for the erection of a Catholic cathedral. The plan is to dedicate it to the Slav Apostles, Sts. Cyril and Methodius.

The Church of St. Gervais was reopened lately with solemn Mass after having been closed since Good Friday of 1918, when a shell from the long range cannon which bombarded Paris from St. Gobain forest destroyed the pillars, the altars and historic windows of the church and killed 150 worshippers. The service also commemorated the 500th anniversary of the Church of St. Gervais. Damages done by the shell were repaired under the direction of M. Hermant, a leading French church architect, but he was unable to restore the grand organ, the product of the famous Francois Clicquot, as the mechanism of the organ was shattered by a huge piece of the shell.

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THREE DAUGHTERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

BY MRS. INNES-BROWN

CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED

Reginald had been a little spoilt by ladies, it is true, and for the first time in his life he felt he was gently but decidedly shunned. Yet in his heart he knew the girl to be too genuine and good-hearted to wound him purposely; so he wrapped himself up all the deeper in his own thoughts and feelings, watching and hoping for an opportunity of proving to her he was worthy of at least her sincere regard. Marie examined her own thoughts and feelings, and wondered considerably why she felt so contented and happy. She was not carried away in the slightest by her luxuriant or gay surroundings. Something of a philosopher in one sense, she never lost sight of the fact that they who owned such wealth, and enjoyed such honor, must keep their minds well balanced, or how would they be able to render correctly their strict account hereafter; then truly she argued it would be wiser than folly to love or cling to things which sooner or later you must relinquish forever.

Then the little chandel here seemed to possess a peculiar fascination for her. She could glide off at will, and pay those sweet visits she loved so well, and which she relied upon to sustain and keep her mind settled. For, truth to tell, she did not quite approve of being so contented and happy far away from her convent home. She wrote to her aunt and Louis frequently, and endeavored to the best of her ability to keep in touch with the poor and those she had left behind. The weeks had passed rapidly, and Christmas was drawing near.

To say that Marie was totally unconscious of the attentions of Lord Reginald would be to state what was not true. Much as she wished to persuade herself that he was not more than ordinary polite as became a host to his guest, yet she was fully aware that he had treated her with more respect and kindness than he bestowed upon any other of their lady visitors; and, moreover, she knew instinctively that he was desirous of standing well in her favor.

He strove manfully to hide his feelings in public, but, like many another in the same position, his disguise or mask was so badly worn that it but served to expose his weakness, and confirm the suspicions of all around. It was impossible to prevent his eyes from following her movements, and when she spoke he listened attentively, eager to drink in all she said; nay, often he turned rapidly on his heel and left the room, a dark avowed gathering on his brow, for apparently no reason whatsoever save that Marie had answered his brother more graciously than he deemed was necessary.

"It is really a thousand pities!" spoke Marie half aloud, as she toyed impatiently one night with a small silver ornament upon her dressing-table. "Why does Lord Reginald look so disappointed and so dreadfully hurt if I chance to refuse any unnecessary service from him? I cannot think why he is so attentive. Such a proud, handsome man should search for some dignified beauty who could better return and more worthily appreciate his many virtues and attractions. It is so very ridiculous, and yet it grieves me so to wound him. What can I do?" she murmured.

"Go to bed, little dreamer, and cease to puzzle your tiny brain about problems you cannot at present comprehend," said the voice of Beatrice as she entered the room. "How many times have you bid me leave the future in the hands of God?"

"But it is the present that perplexes me," was the somewhat confused rejoinder. "But you cannot understand of what I was thinking; how could you?"

"Perhaps not," said Beatrice quietly. "But do come and nestle near me on this cosy rug, the fire is so tempting. I am not at all sleepy, and have something to say to you."

"It is very serious?" queried her friend, as she sank down on the soft woollen seat. "You look quite solemn, Beatrice."

"No; only I fear you may think it unkind of me, and really I cannot help it." Here she gave the fire a vigorous stir, which started up the bright flame, and better revealed the two girls as they crunched down, attired in warm dressing gowns, their hair hanging loosely around them.

"Oh, I shall not mind that one little bit. I will look after your poor father and enjoy it beyond everything!"

"Somehow for your sake I do not quite like the arrangement," mused Beatrice. "She had a quick mind, well capable of putting two and two together, and suspected her elder had motives for throwing her mother and Marie into each other's society."

"So far from objecting to the plan," was the reply, with a mischievous laugh, "why, nothing could please me better than to be relieved of the presence of you two unprincipled tormentors for the space of a few hours. Just fancy! I should have time to make a quiet little preparation for Christmas Eve, and it is close upon us now."

"Oh dear!" sighed the younger girl, "what a little saint you are, Marie!"

"For shame, Beatrice! do not talk like that. It is not nice of you; for you know it to be very untrue. But," she pleaded softly, "you will go to your duties on Christmas Eve, will you not, dear? You could never consent to be the only one left out on that beautiful Feast of Epiphany, it would give such bad example to the servants and people."

"I cannot say what I will do," she replied turning away her head. "O Marie! if I had only been constituted like you, how easy it would have been to be good!"

"But what is your motive, my darling? why should you stay away? Just imagine how grieved dear old Father Egbert would be; and what would Lady Abbess say if she did but guess that her old favourite stayed away so long at a time from God? Believe me, my own Beatrice, you would be far happier if you went, in your old noble and generous way, and made your peace with God."

Marie spoke earnestly—she had seized her companion's hand and was gently pressing it within her own.

"Hush, hush, Marie! I do not speak like that; I cannot bear to think. It is all very well for you to talk. Sweet, gentle souls like yours seem to have an irresistible impulse towards Heaven; their every impulse is for good. What do they know?" cried the girl, covering her face with both hands, "of the struggles that proud hearts like mine have to endure, of the bruises they have to sustain silently, most of all of the bitter feeling within them warning them that they have lost their own self-respect, and yet they cannot yield, Beatrice?"

"I cannot, nay I dare not, explain it to you," said the poor girl, in a pleading tone. "But I cannot yield my will to God. In mercy to me Marie, ask me no more at present, but pray for me, and I will try so hard to be one with you on Christmas Eve!"

Marie was silent. Many times of late she had observed a craving, unsatisfied look upon her dear friend's face; but this—as likewise all her various moods, sometimes wildly gay, and then as suddenly silent and thoughtful—she had attributed to the unsettled state of mind, caused by her father's illness.

But tonight she had caught a glimpse of mute agony on Beatrice's beautiful face, had seen such a piteous expression of torture in her sensitive eyes, that she was tempted to conclude all this could but arise from interior trials, struggles 'twixt God and the soul, and known to Him alone.

"You know I would count pain as pleasure if borne for your sake, Beatrice. Promise me that if I can aid you in any way you will permit me to do so," urged the girl, as she bent forward and stroked the other's burning cheek.

her own words, her grief would be to me a cause of joy. Surely, surely I do not read her secret aright. How strange and yet how beautiful it should be as I think."

"My God," said the young girl aloud, clasping her hands tightly together—"my God, help her! for she is a noble girl, and inspire me with the knowledge how to serve her best."

CHAPTER XV.

The following morning, Marie, who had taken her work into the library seated herself near the Earl, and was regaling his mind with some choice tales and scenes, well fraught with Irish wit and humor, when the door opened suddenly and Lord Reginald appeared.

"How now, Regie?" asked his father, turning abruptly upon him. "Have you given orders regarding the repairs of those cottages in the villages? The steward informs me they are scarcely tenable this weather."

"I was about to walk over now and see to them, could I but prevail upon Miss Blake to accompany me," was the prompt reply.

"I—I don't think I can go. You see I promised Beatrice so faithfully to remain with her father and attend to him during her absence."

"A little martinet!" exclaimed the Earl laughing; "presuming to leave me in such close custody. However, you are relieved on my account, dear child, for I am expecting my lawyer this morning, and his visit may be a lengthy one. It is a lovely morning, and I should like you to go and assist Regie with your advice. You see you understand the poor and their requirements so much better than he does."

"Very well, since you wish it I will go," acquiesced the girl simply.

"Thank you so much," said Reginald, in a low and earnest tone, as he held the door open for her to pass. "Your help is just what I most need."

A few minutes later the Earl stood at the window and watched the young people as they walked side by side down the avenue. Presently Marie turned, and observing him waved a parting salute. He knew by the signals she made and the mock gravity of her face that she desired him to lie down and rest. Reginald hesitated around and raised his hat gallily, and the Earl returned their greetings with heartfelt pleasure. Then pretending to leave the window in order to obey the little nurse's instructions to rest, he hid behind the heavy curtains until they resumed their walk, when, coming forward once more, he watched them with glistening eyes until the winding road hid their forms from his sight.

"Dear little girl!" he murmured, "what a sweet wife she would make for Regie! She would be the saving of him, body and soul; and it is easy to see how deeply he is attached to her. Poor fellow! it will go badly with him if he cannot win her. And yet, and yet God must ever have the fairest and the first choice of our flowers; but oh," he sighed heavily, "what an immense amount of good a girl like that might achieve in the world! I cannot but regret that she does not see it herself. However, time and patience; and who knows what may happen. Shall I ever live to see it, I wonder!" and he threw himself with a smothered groan upon the couch.

Meanwhile the young people had reached the lodge gates, and having agreed walk before them, were moving briskly forward. Once free of the park gates Reginald felt that for a short time at least he had gained his point and got his little companion all to himself once more.

"This is a treat I seldom, nay, never get, Miss Blake," he said in a tone of triumph, bending kindly towards her.

"No, no! a thousand times no! Please do not misunderstand me. I look upon Percy as a merry, simple boy, and we behave to each other almost as a brother and sister might do. But you—oh, you are totally different. You seem years older and wiser than he is, and perhaps," she continued, with an upward glance of shy mischief—"perhaps I am just a little afraid of you."

"The young man's heart bounded with delight as he heard these words. "She looks upon Percy as a mere boy, then, after all," he whispered to himself. "On that head I am at least satisfied."

"What an uncouth wretch I must be to inspire a kind little soul like yours with fear and dread. But believe me, Marie, that where I respect truly and sincerely, I may be thoroughly trusted in return. Will you not be my little friend, and instead of fencing and shunning me for the future, speak your mind out openly to me? Correct, upbraid, scold me, advise and condemn me—do what you will, but cease to avoid and fear me. God knows," he said vehemently, "there is enough metal, both true and strong, to work upon, would some firm and gentle hand but have the trouble to engage it. Be happy I am, you so had as people think," he said humbly. "A haughty exterior often hides a wounded and suffering heart. Help me to overcome myself, Marie; if you possess the power to do it if you would only try."

Marie was moved with pity when she heard the proud man plead thus, and saw the humble look upon his handsome face. "May I check you when I hear you speak haughtily, and you often do to the servants and poor people, and when assured you will not be angry with me?" she asked, raising her eyes steadily to his. "And when you appear to take offence suddenly, may I tell you gently that no one meant to hurt or injure you?"

"Oh, indeed you may, and I entreat you to do so," he replied, almost beside himself with joy. "O Marie! if you only knew me thoroughly you would never, never fear me again! I will try to be so humble and good if you will only let me begin this day by teaching me how to treat the poor and those beneath me as I should do. Act and speak for me when I neither do nor say the right thing. Teach them to have confidence in me; for I would really betray them, did I but understand how to set about it."

They reached the summit of a steep hill as he finished speaking and paused to recover breath, as also to turn and admire the view.

"Will you promise to fear me no longer, and to aid me in my duty?" he asked, taking one of her small hands and holding it reverently between his own.

"I will do my very best to please and oblige you."

"And you will call me Reginald?"

"I will try to," she replied, looking up archly.

"God bless you for your goodness and kindness!" he said earnestly; "and now to work, for the village is well in sight, and you must begin by teaching me how to be a good and kind landlord to my people. I am but a poor substitute for my father; yet with his advice and your kind aid I may yet achieve wonders."

"Surely," retorted Marie, "in promising this, I am but carrying out the desire of my father, Father Gallagher's desire! Are they not always urging me to aid and assist whenever and wherever the opportunity occurs? Besides, I shall love to see him kind and gentle with his poor; and how very humble it is of him to ask my help!"

The young lady was already well known at many of the cottages, and was warmly and gladly welcomed by the inmates. At first the women held aloof a little, through timidity of heart; but as they observed that she was accompanied by their young lord; but Reginald was so pleasant and affable, listened so attentively to all that Marie pleaded in their behalf, and agreed so readily to all she deemed necessary for them, that his people were enchanted with him, and declared amongst themselves that they had never known him to be so handsome nor so pleasant before.

one of their select party now. So full did he suddenly appear of unique designs and gorgeous ideas of ornamenting and improving things in general—all of which, however, he first graciously submitted for his little guest's approval—that the sister, noting how seriously and earnestly Marie entered into all his plans and shared his enthusiasm, was, to use her own words, "struck dumb with astonishment at the sudden change in the tide of affairs," and could with difficulty recover breath sufficiently to gasp into Percy's ears: "When and wherefore this wondrous change, my brother? Alas, what! how have the mighty fallen!"

TO BE CONTINUED

"GATE OF HEAVEN"

By James Louis Simall

Ellen Malloy bent over her knitting, straining her eyes to catch the last of the rapidly fading daylight. There was only half a row left to do on the gay list. It was a sweater for Eugenia's eight-year-old John and she was anxious to finish it before supper.

A fine old figure was Ellen as she sat in her rocker by the open window. A peace well-earned reflected itself in the clear grey eyes and rested like a halo upon the white hair, which crept, in spite of frequent brushing, from beneath the snowy cap. There was a hint of humor about the corners of the shrewd mouth, and the broad forehead, and firm, generally formed features that wielded the flashing needles bespoke capability.

The kettle on the kitchen stove was humming merrily when Ellen folded her knitting, rose from her rocker and gave vent to a sigh of satisfaction. "Well," said she, half aloud, "this done, and I'm glad of it. He'll have need of it for a while yet before the real warm weather comes and I've made it plenty big against his growing by next fall."

She had scarcely finished speaking when a "hook-bank" sounded in the near distance. Ellen turned about and shaded her eyes with her hand and peered into the gathering gloom. Two giant eyes were approaching along the highway from the north. In their wake came a flurry of dust and another shrill "hook" of the horn. In a second the motor had vanished around a bend in the road. A moment later its lights re-appeared in the grove of trees, where windows began to shine brightly from the big house of stone and brick.

Ellen sighed again and went inside. Absently she made ready her solitary supper: tea of liquid amber, honey with comb as white as the clover that had yielded it, pats of golden butter and flaky biscuit fresh from the oven. Yet she ate sparingly. The meal was left almost untasted and Ellen set methodically about the task of dishwashing and putting things to rights.

Working on the sweater had brought back many memories to her of a mother of a small boy with tousled yellow hair, her John, who on evenings like this had trudged by his father's side when he went to milk the cows and had carried his own diminutive bucket brimful from the barn. Afterwards there had come the story before bedtime, with the little, warm body clasped passionately in her arms. Ah, but God had been good to her when He made her a mother! Last of all were the night prayers. How well she remembered the pride and the sweet ease of the first Our Father and Hail Mary! They had been wonderfully happy in those days. "Was only the old log cabin of her girlhood that sheltered them, but sure, thought Ellen, that was more than the Holy Family had. She and John and the child had enough to eat and a comfortable place to sleep. They were bolden to no man.

The years that followed were hard ones, but she straightened with honest pride as she recalled them. The fever came that took away her man and left her alone with little John. But they managed somehow or other. Young John worked his way through high school and through college, too. Then it had been one year after another for him until it ended in the presidency of the bank in the town nearby.

And John had married. At this point in her reverie a thought made by more than mere chance flitted Ellen's smooth brow. If the gay little sweater had summoned a throng of memories the two glazing eyes and the hook of the motor had called up others. And these last were not all pleasant.

Oh, yes, the girl he had married was all right, John and she had met during his school days. Her father was a big man in the college town. They were Catholics—of a sect. She was pushing and energetic and bound to get ahead. She was always nice enough to her mother-in-law, (she never failed to speak of her as such before strangers) but there had never been much of an understanding between them. Ellen was, as it were, constantly running into blind alleys in her intercourse with this new daughter.

They would simply spoil my decoration scheme, and besides my Protestant friends wouldn't understand. I think one ought to be broad in these matters."

Well, it had been a long story. The good God had prospered John Malloy. In the midst of the trees on the park way rose the big house of brick and stucco, with (to quote Jerry Moran, the pious old caretaker) his English windows, its Eytalian arched, and its haythen pitchers. On the hillside close by, in a cozy bungalow built for her by her son, Ellen was rounding out her days, filled with useful, homely duties. It was sufficient for her that she could be near her boy and enjoy his frequent visits. Often little John would come with him, and as she cuddled the child in her arms recollections of bygone days surged over her like a flood.

Meanwhile the pretty wife went her way. The bungalow and its occupant saw her but seldom, and her occasional calls were punctuated with half-hearted apology. Ellen knew that the child had been baptized, but she feared for the mother.

Then came the evening, just such a spring evening as this, when a white-faced messenger sped up the hill with the news of John's death. He had made a slight mistake at the wheel, and the car in which he was riding had overturned, pinning him underneath and crushing his life out. The accident had happened at the bend of the road, almost in sight of his mother's windows. He had died in the Church—thank God for that! His mother and he had made their Easter duty together not two weeks before. He had tried to get Eugenia to go with them—they had received Holy Communion but twice since their marriage. But she had laughed lightly and put him off. "There is plenty of time dear. Anyway, you are good enough for two."

Ellen had rarely seen her daughter-in-law in three years since John died, and never in church. Strange looking visitors came and went, some of them from foreign parts; it was rumored. Always Eugenia invited her to the great house for Christmas dinner, but Ellen felt awkward and constrained there; glad when the time came to return to her tiny home upon the hill. Sometimes little John danced into the bungalow like a ray of sunshine, and tonight she looked hungrily at the gay worsted sweater. She could scarcely wait to see him in it. She had heard the other day that John's wife had the "flu," the new disease that had ravaged the country-side and was now making its final stand in the valley. As no word had come from the grove she supposed that Eugenia must be returning to her tiny home more than a bad cold in any case.

It was nearly bedtime. Ellen took her prayerbook from the drawer of the sewing table and knelt before the statue of the Blessed Virgin in the corner. Eugenia would have disapproved of the statue; would have called it gaudy and inartistic. To Ellen it was very beautiful. These many years past she had poured out her strong soul to God as she knelt at its feet, and God had heard and answered. A climbing vine, trained by her own loving hands, twined its way about the statue. The tendrils clung to Our Lady as if loath to let go their grasp, and lacelike, yellow blossoms wreathed themselves into a crown upon her head.

Ellen opened her prayerbook to the Litany of Loreto. When she reached the petition, "Gate of Heaven," she lingered over it. That was what the Blessed Virgin was—the Gate of Heaven. She thought of those she loved who might be there now, please God. Somehow Heaven seemed close tonight. She herself would like to enter through that Gate . . . She felt very tired. . . very spent. . .

Suddenly the door opened, with a rush as if forced by the wind outside. Ellen dropped her prayerbook, rose quickly from her knees and turned to close it. When she did so it was to find herself face to face with a flushed, flaxen-haired small boy, with eyes dilated and arms outstretched. So startled was she that she did not immediately recognize her guest. For a moment it seemed as if an angel from on high had come to her cottage. Then she opened her arms and the child fled to her shelter, sobbing out his trouble on her breast. "Granny!" he cried, "Granny!" "I runned away when the nurse wasn't locking. Mother is awful sick and I knew you could make her better."

A premonition laid his hand icy-cold upon Ellen's heart. Without another word she donned bonnet and cloak. Then she realized that the boy was without hat or coat. Her eyes fell upon the gay little sweater that had been intended for a happier occasion. Swiftly she buttoned it around him and clasping him by the hand hurried down the hill.

The labored breathing of the sick woman out the air like a knife as Ellen entered the room. The nurse on duty in the hall tried to bar the way, but she had been silenced with a calm, "I have a right to be here."

Eugenia Malloy's face was drawn and purple and her dark eyes wandered restlessly from place to place as if in vain search of some long-lost and dearly loved object. One hand lay upon the coverlet, and the brilliant jewels in their chased setting were in sad contrast with the thin fingers they were meant to adorn.

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What passed between the two women during the moments that followed is known only to God and the watching angels.

Long after the people of the outlying farmstead had gone to rest a soul sped upward through the warm soft spaces of the night.

In the grey light of dawn Ellen climbed the hill. She would have no one accompany her and she would return to the great house later, she had said.

Tired as she was, Ellen knelt before the statue. The prayerbook lay where she had dropped it the night before.

SOLUTION OF A GREAT SOCIAL PROBLEM

Edward J. Whelan, in America. One of the many hopeful signs of a happy outcome of the industrial strife between capital and labor is witnessed in the instances which are now and then brought to our attention.

"I have yet to see the American boy whom I could not reason with. He may be excited and unreasonable for the moment, but let him calm down, and he will invariably be willing to admit that he was in the wrong."

So it is with the workingman, if he sees that his employers are really sincere in their dealings with him. And this has been evidenced not so long ago in several cases, one of which was the happy agreement arrived at between both parties in the Philadelphia Rapid Transit controversy.

But there are other countries besides our own that are having their labor troubles, some of which, too, are more serious than those which are puzzling the brains of the sociologists on the Statue of Liberty side of the Atlantic.

The picturesque Province of Asturias in Northern Spain is fast becoming famous for its coal mines. Not, indeed, of recent discovery, it is nevertheless, true that in recent years, since the War, in fact, they have been developed on a very large scale.

But Spain's industries are growing; and for these, as well as for her railroads and her steamers (and her merchant marine is greater than one would imagine; sixty-five of her steamers being the victims of submarines), she uses home-mined coal.

In the Province of Asturias there is a little town and railroad station called Ujo, where are situated the headquarters and plant of the Sociedad Huilera de Ujo (The Soft Coal Company of Ujo), of which the Marquis of Comillas is president.

something which interested me ever so much more, the human element; and to that I directed all my queries. Social conditions were to my mind as near perfection as might be. True, in many places in the United States one will find as much done for the social welfare of man, but I know of no commercial organization that has instituted social work on a scale that so approximates what the medieval guilds must have been as the work done by the Marquis of Comillas among his coal miners in Ujo.

In the coal mines of Ujo there are employed between 4,000 and 5,000 workmen, who with their families form a population of about 20,000 depending for their sustenance upon the mines.

Cooperative stores, eight in number, are to be formed through the valley, maintained by the company and all served by the little toy railroad that brings down the coal. In these stores, which only the families of the employees may patronize, can be bought bread, meat, fish, wine, groceries and articles of all sorts, including even salt pork from Chicago.

The bakery, in which is baked the bread for these seven stores, is deserving of special mention. Every day 14,000 pounds of bread are baked in six massive ovens, giving this employment to a crew of men; and excellent bread it is, too.

The company has taken up the housing question, too, and already has 250 habitations for workmen which shelter in the neighborhood of 1,200 souls. Some of these houses are built in the apartment house style, with four and five rooms to the apartment; others are double houses, i. e., one building with two homes. They are built substantially of stone and brick and are finished attractively.

A hospital with a full staff of attendants is kept for emergency cases and for those recovering from accidents. In connection with this is a dispensary where medicines are distributed gratis to the workmen and their families. Besides, a staff of five doctors, who are stationed in different pueblos of the valley, is employed to furnish medical attention and to visit the sick in their homes.

Nor is the school question overlooked. As Catholicism is the State religion of Spain, religion forms one of the branches of study; so there has not grown up a parochial system of schools such as we know in the States. But here at Ujo something very similar has been introduced; and five new stone and brick schools have been erected where the children of the miners, in number about 2,000, are educated at the expense of the company.

While stopping at there with a geologist as companion who was intent on studying strata and rocks, and lumps of coal and things, I found

Nor is this all. There still remains to be seen the real religious element. Not content with the religious life that is fostered in the five towns, each of which has its church and its pastor, the company has built a really beautiful church, which lies very near the middle of the valley, where the mines are located. To it is attached a chaplain, who ex officio is chaplain of the miners and of the schools as well. And this chaplain now is a dear, saintly man, Don Manuel Miranda, who for twenty-one years has labored in the capacity of capellan de los mineros. Everybody knows him and everybody loves him. His heart is with his miners. His church is a realization of how the Church has ever striven to dignify labor. Its symbolism is entirely of mines. For instance, the iron gates that fence it in have for pickets little shovels; the pulpit is supported on each of its four sides by two uprights and a cross piece made in imitation of the beams and cross pieces that support the tunnels of the mines. While the altar—beautiful in its simplicity, and in this it is a great relief from the ceiling-crawling retablos and massive gilded altars which one so frequently sees in Spanish churches—has a beautiful symbolic antependium. In the middle is carved a miner, pick in hand, working away in a coal mine; on the epistle side is depicted a steamship; on the gospel side a locomotive, because it is in these two steam-propelled mechanisms that coal has been of greatest use in furthering the progress of mankind.

Connected with the church is the chaplain's little home where his sister keeps house for him. A few hundred feet away is one of the schools where the community of the Brothers lives, the Sisters' community house being about a quarter of a mile farther up the valley; while on the other side of the church is a hall for lectures and entertainments, and where moving pictures are in order every Sunday. Above the hall is a large dormitory. For what? you will ask. For the men who watch at night before the Blessed Sacrament. Because during two entire nights every week, Wednesday and Friday, there is held Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. And those who watch are not the women folk, who according to some are naturally more pious, but the miners themselves. About 250 have signed for this service of love, for it is optional, and these are divided into bands; and each band has its turn every two or three weeks. On the evening which happens to be the turn of a particular band to watch before the King, the members all assemble at the church for the Exposition. The watches are then divided into turns of an hour each, each miner having but one hour, and some seven feet each guard of honor; and during the rest of the night they sleep in the dormitory above the hall. At 4.30 the following morning a special Mass is had at the end of the Exposition, at which the entire band is present, and at which all receive Holy Communion. Little wonder is it that God's blessing seems to rest upon the work, material, social and spiritual, at Ujo.

One naturally is anxious to know if there be labor troubles at Ujo. From what I could gather they have been reduced to a minimum; and this in the very district where Spanish employers are getting gray hairs, not knowing what to expect on the morrow. The day before a director of a large zinc foundry while showing me through his deserted establishment where the 400 workers who man the furnaces were on strike, leaving the very ore to cool in the furnaces, destroying thus both ore and the furnaces themselves, dejectedly called his establishment an "industrial cemetery." And his is by no means an isolated case. Long and eloquent was his Jeremiah on strikes and the weakening Government; for, as the ministry changes on an average of every few months, the capitalists can look for no definite policy, nor a firm hand, nor even protection from the Government. Pick up a Spanish newspaper any day at all, and you will find dispatches from all parts of the peninsula telling of strikes in the principal cities, punctuated every day with the blood of two or three murders as a partial result thereof.

When I say that there is practically no trouble at all at Ujo, it would seem to be proof positive that the social works in operation there are fruitful of results. Such is indeed the case. Even the individuals bitten by the Socialist bug prefer to work at Ujo rather than in the other coal mines in the vicinity; for together with the social benefits we have described of co-operative stores, homes, medical attention, etc., they receive also a slightly higher wage. And the Socialists, as the chaplain informed me, soon become of a very mild brand; that while still calling themselves Socialists, they hear Mass every Sunday and fulfill their religious duties. If all Socialists would do likewise they would be moderate indeed.

The Socialist press on the contrary, in spite of the fact that the Marquis of Comillas has done so much to benefit the condition of the miners and their families, is strong in its condemnation of the work done at Ujo, calling the Marquis of Comillas and his lieutenant Don Santiago "Jesuits." But all this to my mind is an excellent sign as it shows that the Socialist press fears that in this work lies the solution of the social problem; and such a solution would be disastrous indeed for Socialists, their bag and baggage, their press, their principles, their

very existence. In very truth it is exactly in this that the solution of all social and industrial problems eventually does and must lie. Religion, the very soul of the question at issue, cannot be left out of the reckoning. Make the world sincerely Catholic and all social questions will be settled overnight. For in Catholicism you have a deep regard for and sincere love of one's fellow-men; you have the underlying principle of the fundamental equality of men; you have the synthesis of give and take, and all this because there lies beneath in each individual an immortal soul.

In Ujo in the coal mines of the Sociedad Huilera I have seen the best solution to the social question that I know of. Religion is the guiding star. The system, though offering some difficulties in a country not entirely Catholic, might, however, with but few changes be imitated in practically all its features. But in this, as in all other phases of life, perverse human nature is the real obstacle to social progress. Men think too much of themselves, too much of money and luxury, too little of duty and of the justice and charity that are so necessary for the welfare not only of the individual but of the commonwealth so sadly harassed, these days, by the untuly passions of thoughtless citizens.

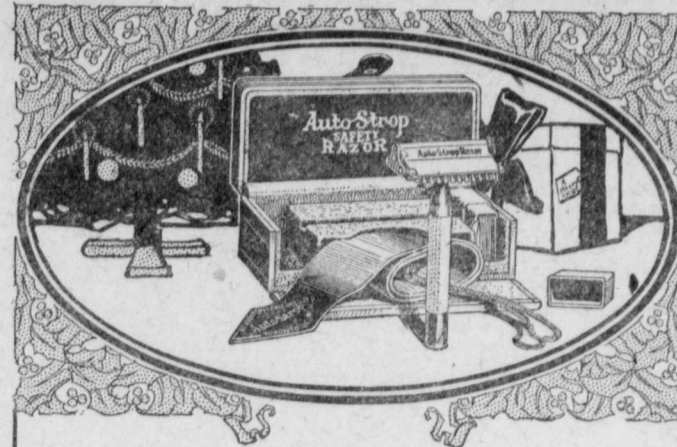
WHAT'S TO BECOME OF US?

From all quarters come fearful complaints of present world conditions. Christianity is losing ground, say the hopeless ones. One of these gentlemen a few days ago told a congregation that "the people today know little of Christianity. Caricatures of Christianity are found in some of the obsolete forms in the prayers and in the church service, and these have made Christianity appear ridiculous." The gentleman who uttered these words is an Episcopal clergyman.

Here are the views of another preacher, a Presbyterian minister: "There is no religion in the Bible nor in our articles of faith. There is no religion in our churches. Religion is not something you believe. It isn't attending church or saying your prayers or holding your church membership." With preachers expressing to their congregation such views, is it any wonder that they are inclined to the belief that Christianity is a failure? How could it be otherwise? But whence the failure? It is because these very preachers are upsetting every canon of faith. They preach nonsense. Were it not better for them to take up St. Paul and preach after his manner of speaking? Pandering to the world is bringing about a deplorable condition throughout the Protestant world. Churches are empty not so much because people are losing their belief in religion, but because there is no religion to be found in the churches. The pulpit has been turned into a platform. The Sunday evening forum has taken the place of the Gospel as preached by a man ordained to preach. Almost every subject is discussed, but the one great subject, the salvation of the soul. Many ministers seem to be afraid to touch upon the old topic of hell. They preach the goodness of God, entirely overlooking His justice.

Are not many of the present day preachers on a par with the Corinthians, to whom Saint Paul wrote: "For it is written: I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and the prudence of the prudent I will reject. Where is the wise? Where is the scribe? Where is the disputer of this world? Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of the world?" Frederick Harrison an English author and lecturer of renown and a traveler who is a keen observer, declares that he has become a pessimist, which is a most unfortunate condition into which to get. Mr. Harrison gives as his reasons that "the world War has changed everything and in the end has ruined much of good and of promise." This man of study and of travel says that "the boom in education has not brought any nobler literature, any greater art, any purer drama, any finer manners." He takes a whinck at the churches, thus: "The churches have not shown any power to restore religion to its true place as the guide of human life." And he concludes that "the result of the chaos in spiritual and moral training is a manifest loosening of the canons of moral life, defiance of discipline by the young and ambitious, mockery of age and all the lessons of age. Worst of all, the sacrifice of the degradation of marriage to be a temporary partnership entered into as a frivolous mode of getting a good time and to be cast off as easily as a lodging which is not convenient." There is a great deal of truth, of course, in what Mr. Harrison says. But who is to blame? The education of today is not education at all. Schools have become social centers in which little thinking is expected of the pupils; the plunges, the gymnasium, athletic occupy the mind far more than do the more serious things which go to provide education.

The old Church, the one Church founded by our divine Lord is doing what she can to help her own and to bring back those who have fallen away. If improvement is to be brought about it must come through the teaching of the Catholic Church. Lack of perseverance is disastrous.



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Catering to the world instead of preaching the Gospel brings ruin to religion. Conditions, it must be conceded, are bad, but so long as God rules and even a minority of the people are possessed of true faith, there is hope.—Catholic Sun.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 11, 1920

THE LAW OF COMPETING STANDARDS

"In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, an official named Gresham observed that where different metals were in circulation as coins, and some were better than others of the same nominal value, the coins made of inferior metal tended to drive the better out of circulation. The better coins were either hoarded, or melted down and sold as bullion, or were absorbed in the foreign exchanges. In other words, what Gresham discovered was that cheaper money tends to drive out dearer, that people invariably pay out the inferior and hoard the better, thus removing the better from circulation."

These MacKenzie King in "Industry and Humanity" explains what is known as Gresham's Law of the precious metals, and he goes on to show that something analogous to this, which he terms the Law of Competing Standards, holds good in industry. Briefly, that cheap labor tends to drive out labor decently remunerated, or to reduce all to the lower level. The cheaper labor is possible because of lower standards of living; and the reduction of wages due to this competition compels workmen hitherto better paid to lower their living standards.

The anti-Asiatic riots in California, then in British Columbia, gave Mr. King unique opportunities of examining into the working of this law with regard to Oriental competition with white labor. In the fulfillment of various missions confided to him at that time he not only went to the Pacific Coast to assess the damages sustained by the Japanese and Chinese during the riots, but was commissioned to inquire into the whole question of Oriental immigration into Canada, visiting China, Japan and India. After thorough investigation, he says:

"At the root of the strained relations in every one of the important transactions mentioned, lay the insidious workings of the Law of Competing Standards, creating unrest of the most grievous kind, and threatening the gravest sort of international complications. It was established standards that Canadian and American Labor were jealous of;—standards, bestowed in part by Nature, but won also in part through struggle and self-denial."

The tendency to lower labor standards is well-known, and in combating this tendency the energies of workmen through their labor unions are, unfortunately, largely absorbed.

Mr. King notes a startling fact when he points out that before the War "much of the hand embroidery on Parisian gowns had been the work of women, not in France, but in Southern China!" And he foresees the time, unless regulation of industry becomes uniform and world wide, when "industry may be expected to find its way more and more into those parts of the globe where mercenary rather than humane considerations are determining factors." In other words the Law of Competing Standards may become a thousand-fold more dangerous by Capital going to those countries and continents where human labor is plentiful and cheap, and human rights get small recognition.

In this as in other menacing world problems the spirit of the Christian religion alone can effect a solution. Leo XIII, in his luminous Encyclical dealing with these problems now more obvious because more acute, points the way in which mere human-

itarianism lacks the dynamic power to follow:

"Religion," wrote the great Pope, "teaches the laboring man and the artisan to carry out honestly and fairly all equitable agreements freely entered into. . . . Religion teaches the wealthy owner and employer that their work-people are not bondsmen; that in every man they must respect his dignity and worth as a man and as a Christian; that labor . . . is an honorable calling; and that it is shameful and inhuman to treat men like chattels to make money by, or to look upon them merely as so much muscle or physical power."

The Christian sentiment here expressed, the momentous truth here so clearly enunciated, we hear paraphrased occasionally today as though it were a discovery of the year 1920; yet there is a difference; there is lacking in the echoes of today the clear perception that the Christian religion alone has the power and the force to drive home these truths to the conscience of employer and employed.

The law of Competing Standards has yet a wider application. Important as labor standards are, they are not, or should not be, the exclusive object of our concern. Indeed if other important standards be neglected, the high level of workmen's wages may secure at best nothing but greater physical comfort; and often but provide the means for wasteful indulgence in doubtful pleasures that cheapen the standards of life.

Not everyone may take this word. Yet for the discerning few it is worth while.

Take our average standards of relaxation and amusement. Have we maintained them at the level of thirty or twenty or even ten years ago? Have we Catholics held to wholesome Catholic standards?

The cheap, ready-made stuff of the movies has displaced the drama for tens of thousands. There surely our standards are lowered. Not long ago with a friend we went to see a moving picture show. There was a series of appeals to the emotions—sensational, often vulgar—with the inevitable sex motive. At intervals there was "vaudeville" put on mostly by clowns, clumsy and witless. Not feeling free to get up and leave, as we made it a duty to learn something about this modern substitute for the drama, we sat through two tedious hours of this sort of stuff—not positively immoral, but cheap, elaborately sensational, and unrelieved by a single thought-provoking incident or episode. We have done away with the bar-room because some adults abused the facilities there offered for procuring stimulants; because some became slaves to habits of self-indulgence which debased their manhood. But we throw wide open to children and adolescents the doors of the "movies" which provide the facilities for emotional debauch more demoralizing at this age than ever physical intoxication was to adults. Is it wise or prudent to allow the mind and imagination of childhood and adolescence to be perturbed by the constant repetition of such sexual "love" as the films display even though the plays may pass the censors as having nothing in them positively immoral or obscene? The craving for emotional excitement is bad in itself. The consequent loss of mental energy and of the power of concentration on studies is well known to observant parents and teachers.

Here we have a falling away from old time standards of wholesome and health-giving recreation. Now we have a large number of parents of good taste, and good sense and of sufficient education to realize the very grave danger of this lowering of standards; but lacking in the moral courage to measure up to their duties and responsibilities in the premises.

We should like to be able to prick the conscience of such fathers and mothers. By their sins of omission they not only do irreparable injury to their own children but also give positive scandal to others. To whom much is given from them much shall be required.

In the matter of reading how many see that their children read worth-while books or read them themselves?

Not long ago an incident occurred that illustrates this lowering of standards all round, but especially in music, a refining art now within the reach of the great majority.

A young girl still in her early teens, whose musical education had

been guided with good taste and good judgment, showed great reluctance to play the piano for some young visitors, and finally evaded the request to do so. After the young people had gone her mother asked for an explanation which was given with almost vehement yet childish candor. "Because I knew they would not appreciate at all the sort of music I play."

"But how could you know that, child?"

"I just know from the way they talked that they would care only for rag time or jazz music."

As a matter of fact the conversation—if such it could be called—was superficial, frivolous, and slangy. But the school-girl's power of intuition and inference amazed as well as amused us; and it set us thinking later on. The little miss, intelligently trained in the concord of sweet sounds, was quite right in refusing to cast her musical pearls before—lovers of rag time and jazz.

And this recalls a letter to the Chicago Tribune from a music-lover who at the invitation of a friend consented to hear "some real classy jazz music." "My visit," he wrote, "cured me for the time being of a habit of boasting of our high civilization and culture." He continues:

"Jazz exists and is popular because it speaks to primitive minds in a language they understand. The females I beheld writhing in weird contortions and gyrations to the barbaric percussions of wood and brass are but a short step removed from their sisters in the jungles, their paint-smeared faces and the suggestive motions of their half-covered bodies are frankly designed to attract and capture the male, and their minds are as bells out of tune jangling discordantly in time with the jazz orchestra."

"Jazz is to music what the dime novel is to literature, the dollar dabb to painting, and the woman of the streets to our ideal of womanhood; it is as dangerous as the uncensored movie show, the cigarette or the vicious pool room, and our youth should be protected against it."

"If jazz is music, Mendelssohn, Brahms, and Debussy should have been crucified."

This, it is true, was in a great American city. But the difference in these matters between a great city and a small town, or even the country, is only a difference of degree, not of kind.

The whole tendency of the time is to lower, lower, lower, the moral standards especially in the matter of amusements and relaxation.

This is written especially for parents of sufficient taste, judgment, and culture to draw the desired lessons for themselves. But anyone regardless of age, sex, or condition may find the subject a useful as well as a wholesome one for meditation.

We read somewhere lately of persons who were constantly at a loss for a word that would stand midway between Yes and No.

This describes a moral as well as a mental condition.

Learn to say Yes or No gently if you will but firmly. There is no middle word and there is no middle course.

PROPOSED REORGANIZATION OF SECONDARY EDUCATION

Perhaps reorganization is too strong a word, not justified by the somewhat vague announcement that the Minister of Education has under consideration important changes in the High School system of the Province. Nothing short of reorganization, however, of the system will meet the needs of the situation.

It is announced that a committee has been appointed to review the whole question of secondary education.

It is high time. The statistics of High School attendance are the most eloquent proof of the inadequacy and ineffectiveness of the system as it works out at present.

Two thirds of the attendance is in the Lower School—the first two years. Half of these drop out during or after the first two years. What have they out of the High School? A smattering of a score of subjects, a thorough knowledge of none. Not only this but they have been deprived of the mental and moral discipline that comes from thoroughness in study and is impossible where the attention flits from one to another of innumerable subjects. Here the mental energy is dissipated, concentration and sustained study impossible.

The initial mistake which has persisted down through the years is that the whole High School course was first conceived as a preparation for College, as leading up to Matriculation. Now as a matter of cold fact only a small proportion of our secondary school pupils get Matriculation, and a still smaller proportion reach College.

The old notion persists notwithstanding. No one seems to have conceived of secondary education as something desirable, something useful, something worth while in itself and for itself. Hence for a large proportion of those who enter the High Schools the opportunities for real education have been frittered away.

Now it should be possible to so arrange the course of studies that those who remain but two years would have something worth while and complete in itself. Granted that the High Schools must prepare for Matriculation, it does not follow that almost every subject should sprawl itself over the full three or four years of the course. The rearrangement desired would still leave the same time to each subject.

There was another initial mistake in the conception of High Schools as only possible in urban centres. This injustice was in a measure remedied some dozen years ago by the establishment, or rather by the development of Continuation Schools.

But why cling to this stupid and misleading misnomer? Continuation Schools are Rural High Schools; why not call them so? The cumbersome misnomer now in use suggests that they are merely adjuncts to rural Public Schools. Yet they follow the very same curriculum as the urban High Schools, and whether they continue to do so or not the proper term will indicate that the authorities are prepared to give the rural population the same facilities for secondary education so long considered the exclusive right of cities, towns and villages.

It is gratifying to note that Continuation School teachers are represented on the Committees appointed to consider this whole question. It is about the first recognition of Continuation Schools as part of the High School system.

Another very gratifying feature of the Committee is the right of the Universities to a voice in the educational affairs of the Province. Too long have the Department of Education been estranged from university influence. The Universities are not the crown of our educational system; they are its foundation. They prepare the teachers for our secondary schools and these in turn educate the teachers for the elementary schools. The universities are, therefore, the very source and well-spring of the educational influence which pervades the entire educational system.

The Committee recently appointed consists of High School teachers, Continuation School teachers, Public and Separate School inspectors, Officers of the Department, and representatives named by the Universities. The object is to review the course of study and the examination system, and to consider any other questions that affect the organization and efficiency of the schools.

From the deliberations of such a Committee we may reasonably hope for important results.

BINDING THEM TOGETHER

BY THE OBSERVER

At Halifax, Nova Scotia, last Sunday evening, the first meeting of The British Empire Alliance was held; and a Halifax paper informs us that a large theatre was filled, and hundreds could not get in.

The Mayor of Halifax presided; and on the platform with him were the Governor of the Province, and several other gentlemen. The Mayor, Mr. Parker, outlined the objects of the Alliance as follows:

- 1. To band together loyal men and women for the strengthening and preservation of the British Empire.
2. To unite all friendly forces in Canada and elsewhere in furtherance of the objects of the Alliance.
3. To give information concerning the history and ideals of the British Empire; and to answer all false, misleading and garbled statements in reference thereto.
4. To keep in close communication with the central authorities of the Empire, and to assure them of our loyal co-operation in their efforts to preserve the unity and integrity of the British Empire.
One wonders a little why the Governor of a Canadian province

should be found on the platform at a meeting frankly intended as an offset to the Irish Self-Determination movement. I should have supposed that Governor Grant would have declined to attach himself to a politico-religious faction, whose obvious purpose is to do what it can to influence the course of Anglo-Irish politics; a thing with which he, as the King's representative in the Government of Nova Scotia, ought to have refused to have anything to do.

The plain purpose of the meeting appeared when Mayor Parker, having given the above statement of the aims of the Alliance, proceeded to introduce a Presbyterian minister brought to Halifax to deliver a twelfth of July oration, or one of much the same sort; to talk of "the murderous, treacherous Sinn Feiners," and of "loyal Ulster."

The reverend gentleman spoke of "those angelic Sinn Feiners who invited the Germans in at the back door while England and her colonies fought and shed their blood for the preservation of the Empire," but he neglected to mention that the first persons to invite "that mighty Protestant monarch," as they called him, to save them from "our wonderful Mother Empire," as Rev. Mr. Munro called it, were certain Presbyterian ministers in those counties of Ireland which are, with total disregard for geographical accuracy, called "Ulster."

He forgot that the first German intervention in the affairs of "our wonderful Mother Empire," was the shipment of 50,000 rifles from Hamburg to "Ulster" four months before the War; and that those German rifles were shipped, not to "the murderous, treacherous Sinn Feiners," but to "loyal Ulster," to be used in making war on "our wonderful Mother Empire."

This was only one incident in a series of reasonable operations extending over two years and ceasing; but only ceasing temporarily, as Carson carefully explained, when the Kaiser took "loyal Ulster" at its word and marched into Belgium, secure in the belief that "our wonderful Mother Empire" was out of his calculations; being busy with "loyal Ulster."

Yes, the reverend gentleman altogether forgot to tell his auditors of the part that "loyal Ulster" played in the fixing of "The Day" on the Kaiser's calendar.

I suppose the reverend bigot's forgetfulness is natural, though not pardonable. Had he gone into that topic, he would have had to relate that all the Protestant ministers and Protestant papers in Canada gave their support to Carson and to Smith and to Richardson and Campbell.

It all depends, you see, on who makes a rebellion. Casement is dead; and Smith was made Attorney-General in time to prosecute him for treason. Campbell was made Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Carson was made successively Attorney-General and a member of the War Cabinet. To fully appreciate the significance of Carson's reward, I need only relate one incident out of many in his career as a rebel.

Colonel Replington, military expert of the London Times, writes in his diary:

"Had a talk with Carson about the Ulster business. He told me how near we were to an explosion; that the Government had determined to arrest the chief leaders; that he had arranged to send one word, 'HX,' over the wire to Belfast, and that this was to be the signal for the seizure of the Customs throughout Ulster. He called to see the King and told Stamfordham (the King's Secretary), exactly what was going to happen, and the arrest of the leaders was promptly stopped."

This man, who blasted his treasonable intentions right into the King's palace; who defied law, Parliament, and the Crown itself, was, within a few months of that time, made Attorney-General of England.

And the people of Ireland are supposed to be possessed of the devil because they have been unable to swallow that dose of "British justice."

A rebellious provisional government was set up at Belfast. The London Times and the 49 other papers of Lord Northcliffe endorsed it. Mr. Bonar-Law endorsed it. Mr. Balfour endorsed it. London Tory Society endorsed it. English religious bigotry endorsed it. Toronto Protestants endorsed it, and offered to send men to join its army. Nova Scotia Protestant ministers endorsed it. Manitoba pulpits rang with the praises of Carson.

But, bless your soul, that was "a loyal rebellion." And "a loyal rebellion" knows no law. "I am going to Ireland," said Carson, "to break every law." "We hold ourselves absolved from all allegiance to the Government," said Mr. Frederick E. Smith; "and we are prepared, with the Unionists of Ulster, to risk the collapse of the whole body politic."

Shortly after that Mr. Smith was knighted; became Attorney-General of England; and is now Lord Chancellor of Great Britain.

Whilst General Richardson was parading the "Ulster" army through the streets of Belfast; four months after the 50,000 German rifles had been landed in "Ulster," a body of men at Dublin brought in some rifles; and they were at once fired on by the troops. It all depends on who brings in rifles. The "Ulster" importation and the parades of General Richardson were protected by the resignation of three English generals, one of whom is now Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; with much more power over that maltreated country than the King.

Despite all this, the Registrar-General of Ireland was able, two years later, to report to the House of Commons that Ireland had enlisted voluntarily a larger proportion of her available men than England, Scotland or Wales.

When the War broke out, Carson dictated that the Home Rule Bill, then before Parliament, should not be passed. When it was passed, but its operation suspended, he told a Belfast audience:

"We have had a scrap of paper, signed against us, but after the War we shall take up the fight again."

There's loyalty for you, the kind that is always spelled in Orange lodges with a capital L, to denote that it is not the same thing as loyalty in the law books. A year after the War began, the two English parties formed a Coalition Government; and Ireland, which had never received even so shadowy an offer as the Bill of 1914, save when the Irish members held the balance of power in the House, saw Home Rule gone again indefinitely.

Then came the Easter week insurrection; and the very men who had backed Carson, repressed it with so much unnecessary cruelty, and wish so many features of brutal vengeance on non-combatants that Ireland was aroused; but only as yet sympathetically. Then came the military administration, whose methods Mr. Lloyd George himself described as "malignant stupidity."

The traitor Smith known as "Gallop Smith," who was going to "gallop from Belfast to Cork," appeared in the robes of Attorney-General of England to prosecute Sir Roger Casement for treason. Well was Casement justified in saying in his speech from the dock:

"My Lord, the Attorney-General and I both entered on the way of treason. I knew I was going to my grave. He knew he was going to high office. And, my Lord, we were both right."

From 1916 to 1919, the military administration in Ireland; which properly includes the police who are an armed force, had their will with the people of Ireland. Only 2,000 persons were concerned in Casement's insurrection; the police and soldier rule inflamed many who had nothing to do with Casement's venture.

English writers have amply proved that a thorough system of tyranny preceded for about two years the sporadic attacks on the police, which are now being made the excuse for wholesale snacking and burning of Irish towns.

Not a single overt act was proved in 1917 and 1918, against the Irish citizens. Sixty men were arrested in 1918 and taken out of the country; but not one of them has ever been tried; and it is well known now that the alleged Garman plot of 1918 was a political myth, made in order to have an excuse for repeating the suspended Home Rule Bill.

But the most extraordinary event of all; and one which has powerfully contributed to the present situation, was the agreement between Sir Edward Carson and the Nationalist Party, in 1918, to exclude the six counties.

At that stage, the Tory members of the Cabinet, with whom "Ulster" was only a political catch-ory, intervened; and Mr. Lloyd George gave way to them. They represent "Big-Money" investments in Ireland; and also the land kings; to say nothing of political patronage.

Here are a few facts for Reverend Mr. Munro for his next speech to the Alliance.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

ONE of the innumerable inspiring incidents of the late War was that related of a Jewish rabbi and a Catholic soldier. It received some publicity at the time, and the recent unveiling of a monument to the Rabbi in question, has brought it again into public view. It cannot, for the honor of our common humanity, too often be told, hence we make no apology for repeating it.

A Catholic soldier lay dying on the field of battle, and seeing what he took to be a priest lying not far away called to him for spiritual assistance. The supposed priest proved to be a Jewish rabbi, who, though mortally wounded himself, dragged his maimed and bleeding body to the soldier's side, and held the crucifix to his dying lips. It was an act at once of heroism and Christ-like charity, and it was fitting therefore that at the unveiling of a monument to the memory of RABBI ABRAHAM BLOCK, the Catholic Church through representative prelates should have taken part in the ceremony and proclaimed her appreciation of the heroism and devotion of this son of Israel.

THE ASSISTANT Secretary of Methodist Missions, who has been touring the Western provinces, gives out as rather startling news the possibility of a general secession from all the Protestant denominations in that section of the country and the foundation of a new sect designed to conserve resources. The news may be grave to those concerned, but since "secession," and the right of individual determination in matters of belief have ever been the proudest boasts of Protestantism it can scarcely be called startling. The result would but add another sect to the already vast number. Why should not secession be tried for a change?

WHATEVER may be said of other countries it seems certain that the War gave birth to a new spirit among the anti-Christian forces of Italy. This comes out very strongly in a speech by Signor Credera, ex-Minister, at a Congress held in Trente in the late summer. He said that if humanity and modern society was to be saved from the anarchy that threatened it it was necessary that all good men should be united in defence, and that this could be effected only if the several governments turned towards the Church and accepted her assistance. These words coming from a man who had for years been identified with the anti-clerical and anti-religious movements in Italy, have a significance not to be disregarded. With France on the eve of re-establishing diplomatic relations with the Vatican, and Great Britain maintaining the representation established in the first year of the War it becomes evident that Signor Credera's sentiments find an echo beyond Italian boundaries.

SUNDAY, the fifth of December, was proclaimed to be "Bible Sunday" in Canada. For four hundred years the world has been assured that the "Bible and the Bible only is the religion of Protestants." Why then the necessity of selecting one Sunday in the year to bring out a fact so universally proclaimed and conceded by its adherents? In the Catholic Church, on the other hand, every Sunday is Bible Sunday, notwithstanding the perille allegation that she is unfriendly to its popular use. The truth is that while the sects have been reading the Sacred Book to pieces while all along proclaiming it their standard, the Catholic Church has ever been and ever will be its firm and undaunted defender.

WHILE THEN it has been found necessary to institute a "Bible Sunday," we get an inkling of the reason why in a sermon preached in a Toronto pulpit a few weeks ago. In this discourse the preacher ascribed the prevalent non church-going habit to the lack of what he called "genuine worship" in too many churches. "The mistake of Protestantism," he said, "is that it has exalted preaching at the expense of worship." "Churches should be more than lecture auditoriums; they should be trying places with the Divine. We worry because people do not go to church, and we are too ready to condemn those who stay away. The lack of genuine worship has driven many away from our churches. I confess frankly that I could not go to church if I had

to sit and listen to the everlasting chatter about organization and movement." If the "Bible Sunday" will help in any degree to get back to "genuine worship" Catholics will wish them Godspeed. But no more material edifice can be a real "trysting place with the Divine" lacking the Presence which sanctifies the humblest and least pretentious Catholic chapel equally with the most splendid cathedral in the world.

A TRUCE OF GOD

THE BISHOP OF CORK, LONDON TIMES AND OTHERS POINT THE WAY TO PEACE

A fortnight ago we were able to publish an important contribution to the cause of Irish Peace by the Archbishop of Tuam, and to base upon it four points on which we felt that the English Catholics might form a policy and might act. These were:

- 1. The murders of the servants of the Crown, and other similar outrages, are, as the Irish Hierarchy have so strongly emphasized, indefensible, and should be stopped.
2. The outrages upon Irish people, known as reprisals, are equally indefensible, and should be stopped.
3. Catholic workmen and their families are, as a matter of fact, deprived of their livelihood in Belfast by the action of a Protestant majority, owing to the absence of a freedom of political opinion conceded everywhere else, and their material needs are a legitimate claim on the charity of their fellow-Catholics.
4. A Truce of God, as proposed by the Archbishop of Tuam, is possible, and should be put into operation, and, taking advantage of this opportunity, a permanent settlement should be sought.

We had been in communication with members of the Hierarchy with prominent laymen, and the result of our efforts was most encouraging. The secular press gave prominence and support to the Archbishop of Tuam's appeal, and the Times welcomed it in an important article. Last week we were able to publish important statements from His Eminence Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop McIntyre, and the Bishop of Northampton. This week we are able to record the admission to the Bishops of Clifton and Leeds, with documents whose weight we have no need to emphasize. The Bishop of Cork, too, has issued a weighty pronouncement, of which we give the substance.

With this, we feel that the matter is in the possession of our readers. Bound as it is to ramify into detailed politics if further pursued, it is best confined in this paper to the four points we have put forward, which can surely raise no party difference among Catholics. We beg our readers to use all their influence in support of this Truce, so that, to use His Eminence Cardinal Bourne's words of last week, "a true and real understanding between the sister countries" may be attained.

THE "TIMES" AND THE "UNIVERSE"

On Friday, the Times devoted a leading article to the important document by H. E. Cardinal Bourne, which we printed last week, and to the Archbishop of Tuam's proposals, quoting also the views of Archbishop McIntyre and the Bishop of Northampton. Our contemporary says:

"The Archbishop of Tuam, no man authority on Irish affairs, has expressed in the Universe his opinion that, if the Government should propose a truce and should introduce and pass a full measure of Home Rule, including complete fiscal control, serious strife would cease. With that opinion we have every reason to concur. Were an offer of this nature made, the Government would, at least, acquire a moral authority which they now lack. Did Ireland reject it, they would unquestionably be justified in regarding demands in excess of that offer as, in effect, demands for an Irish Republic, and in taking such measures as might then be necessary to preserve the integrity of the Empire. As it is, they are engaged in an effort to scourge Ireland into obedience, leaving, as the sole alternative to resistance, the acceptance of the present Bill, although such acceptance must involve the sacrifice by Irishmen of their true political ideal."

"Were the Government to adopt this course, they would secure wide support in this country. We print today a statement from Cardinal Bourne which reflects the views of a great number of Englishmen. Between the Archbishop of Westminster and the Archbishop of Tuam there is no irreconcilable difference. Both strongly condemn murder. Both are seeking an escape from the present chaos. Cardinal Bourne is in favour of the widest possible self-government for Ireland and sets only two restrictions upon it—one, the maintenance of the link of the Crown; and the other, the essential defence of the Empire. Neither of these restrictions conflicts with the suggestion of the Archbishop of Tuam. The Prime Minister considers it essential that negotiations should be conducted with somebody which has power to speak for Ireland. The Archbishop of

Tuam, whose opinion on Irish matters is, to our mind, more likely to be truly informed than that of any British Minister, plainly believes that the initiative rests with the Government, and that, if they will move, a settlement can be reached. Cannot there be an armistice for Ireland?"

THE BISHOPS OF CORK AND ROSS

In Monday's Times, the Most Rev. Dr. Cohanlan, Bishop of Cork, issued a statement on the Archbishop of Tuam's proposals of a very significant kind. Necessary as is the cessation of outrage on both sides, this, says his Lordship, is but a negative preliminary to constructive work. A "big, generous scheme of an Irish Parliament," he thinks, might even yet come through the action of the Southern Irish Peers in the House of Lords debates on the Home Rule Bill. The Bishop then makes the two following points:

"Cardinal Bourne speaks of the existence of a secret oath-bound society in Ireland as a generally admitted fact. I venture to say that it is not a generally admitted fact. Many took the erroneous view that because the elected representatives declared a Republic, Ireland is a Republic. The transition to the claim to shoot members of the army of occupation was easy. Add to that from the beginning of the trouble reprisals on policemen who exceeded their duty, and you have an explanation of the murders, without supposing the existence of an oath-bound secret society."

"What is wanted is a cessation from crime on both sides, Government and Volunteers. (Does it not appear strange to us Government men to cease from crime?) to create and set up with all possible speed a Parliament formed on the lines indicated by Lord Midleton, and then to trust to the good sense and self-interest of Irishmen to make good use of their Parliament."

His Eminence Cardinal Bourne has since written to the Times: "I have read with great interest the very important statement of his Lordship the Bishop of Cork. It is possible that I may have spoken inappropriately of an 'oath-bound' society. If this be the case, it is not solely because the organizers of the association have deliberately refrained from the imposition of an oath in order to lead the innocent and unwary to believe that membership is compatible with obedience to the Catholic Church?"

The Bishop of Ross, the Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, followed, in Wednesday's Times, with a strong endorsement of the Bishop of Cork's constructive proposals, and our contemporary, in a leading article entitled "Authenticative Voices," summed up the recent series of opinions of Catholic Prelates, which began with our publication of the Archbishop of Tuam's message. In the view of the Times, "while the Roman Catholic Hierarchy in Ireland do not dictate, either individually or collectively, political opinion among their fellow-countrymen they do represent and influence the views of a very large and essentially conservative body of Irishmen. . . . It is not to be assumed that the leading ecclesiastical in Ireland indicate a path of peace, an Irish settlement can forthwith be achieved, their statements assuredly reveal a tendency of Irish opinion, and are, consequently, of high worth."

THE BISHOP OF CLIFTON

The Archbishop of Tuam's call for a "Truce" will be welcomed by the Catholics of England, with the exception perhaps of that dwindling section of them who refuse to recognize that the root of the troubles in Ireland has long been, and still is, the determination of a Protestant minority, favoured by successive English Governments, to maintain their own ascendancy. That ascendancy was acquired by long and cruel persecution, and by a series of odious repressive and oppressive acts of which most Englishmen are now heartily ashamed. It is in existence there still; and though on the wane, until some few years ago, throughout the greater part of the island, owing to the relaxation of former oppressive conditions, it sits entrenched in the North East, where, as all can see, it is backed by official England, and to that Protestant corner the happiness and prosperity of the rest of the country are at this moment being sacrificed.

If any one doubts that in her fidelity to the Catholic faith lies the root of Ireland's sorrows, he has but to glance at Wales and Scotland, where the hatred of their English invaders was once as fierce as ever it was in Ireland, but where the general acceptance of the Protestant Reformation gradually brought about, despite old racial animosities, an acquiescence in English rule. For no barrier, at least, in times when religion was still a reality, so separated peoples as the barrier of religion.

Official England has never forgotten how in the just fight for their religion the Catholics of Ireland were more than once aided by their Father, the Pope of Rome, and how the last King in whose defence their armies gathered in their native island was a Catholic Stuart. But neither can the Irish forget, though ready to forgive, as the Archbishop's message to the Universe shows; and if our rulers' backing of the Orange enclave continues, as evinced by their flat refusal of an inquiry into the latest results of their policy of "thorough," the Irish will be excused for not forgetting, whilst there are thousands

of Englishmen, Catholic or not, who are longing to oust the present Cabinet, if for no other reason, for their obstinate misunderstanding of Ireland. For here we are dealing not with politics, but with what politics profess to be, namely, justice, freedom, and contented living."

"The Irish," once exclaimed that English patriot Samuel Johnson, "are in a most unnatural state; for we see there the minority prevailing over the majority. There is no instance, even in the ten persecutions, of such severity as that which the Protestants of Ireland have exercised against the Catholics. Did we tell them we have conquered them, it would be above board to punish them by confiscation and other penalties, as rebels, was monstrous injustice. King William was not their lawful sovereign; he had not been acknowledged by the Parliament of Ireland, when they appeared in arms against him." Dutch William has long been dead, yet his colours fly gaily above the houses of the starving Catholics of Belfast. The policy of Lord John Russell, of Pitt, of Walpole, of the breakers, of the Treaty of Limerick, of Cromwell and Elizabeth is not dead. It lives, and is incarnated in Orangemen, that compound of hate and selfishness, which by its constitution is "essentially Protestant," and in its traditions and acts is essentially anti-Catholic; which reaves at the head of the Catholic hierarchy of the land it would dominate;

which has more than once threatened the life of the good and learned Bishop, in whose diocese Belfast is situated, so that he has had to leave his house, because he had ample evidence that the threats were by no means idle.

"When they persecute you in one city, flee to another!"

One would naturally expect to see the Catholics of England united by the closest bonds of brotherhood with their companions in the Faith across the water, for the Faith ignores all differences of race, and both alike in their time have been the victims of the same persecuting Governments. Such dislike or distrust as still exists in some English minds, to say nothing of the ignorance of a handful who deem it fashionable to be anti-Irish, is probably traceable to those days of a hundred years ago when the Catholics of both islands were working for their emancipation, though along differing lines and by different methods. Thus it came about that when emancipation was finally won, not by us, but by our transmarine neighbors, there was some little unwillingness in our grandfathers to show gratitude to their liberators. This wrong-headed feeling still lingers in some, and however we may deplore it, still there it is.

But surely it is high time to abandon so puerile a prejudice, and to acknowledge the fitness of our debt, and at a time like this, "when one member is suffering for the rest to suffer with it." Since the days of Emancipation the Catholics of Ireland have laid us under fresh and still greater obligations, which it is stupid and even wicked to disown. They are with us now in their thousands, and we live with them in harmony and peace, and are proud of the virtues and abilities of so many of them who work for us, and teach us, and rule us. And as their hearts bleed for those of their race who are groaning, groaning, weeping under a rule that is beyond dispute a reign of military terrorism, surely it behooves us not to sit silent and with folded arms, but to speak out clear and loud, condemning, indeed, all perpetrators of outrages and crime, but demanding that all systematic incentives to crime be removed, and that malignant Orangemen be no longer officially protected.

When will England's politicians see that Ireland is a still likelihood destined to prove the price upon which the very existence of the Empire may turn? A ruffling sore, that cannot be staunch, may well bring on the death of the body in the end. The race that, if contented, could be made a prosperous and loyal partner, a determined foe of communism and international fade, a fount of sanity, because it has, by a miracle, conserved the old Faith of Europe, may, if maltreated and half murdered, become a source of danger to the world. The bonds between England and her farthest dependencies, and isolate us in the midst of potential foes. Already America is angry with us, our Continental Allies enervate us for the ease with which we have discarded those ideals we lately paraded so pompously, while Germany chuckles to see that magnanimous Power which went to war over the right of small nations to self-determination, is now borrowing whole pages from Von Bismarck's Belgian Primer.

G. A. B., of Clifton.

His Lordship the Bishop of Leeds writes to us as follows: "I have been deeply impressed by the stirring message, sent through your paper, to the Catholics in England by His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam. Coming, as it does, immediately after the solemn statement of the Cardinal Primate and the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, on the present condition of their country, the message cannot fail to have a great influence upon all right-thinking people. I welcome it, and sincerely hope that the result will be to establish an immediate Truce of God, which will prepare the way to a lasting peace between England and

Ireland. The outrages that are being perpetrated in the Sister Isle fill with horror, I am sure, Catholics and non-Catholics alike, and it will be a happy day that sees the end of this appalling state of things. May that day be soon here.

"JOSEPH ROBERT, Bp. of Leeds."

THE JUGO SLAVS

MENTALITY PRAISED ABOVE THAT OF SERBS BY WRITER IN LONDON PAPER

(By N. C. W. C. News Service)

London, Nov. 11.—A striking tribute to the superior mentality of a Catholic people over that of a non-Catholic people, is given by a non-Catholic writer in one of the London dailies who is visiting Jugo Slavia. The writer compares the Serbs with the Southern Slavs, to the evident advantage of the latter. Referring to Slovenia and Croatia, which form two of the most important sections of Jugo-Slavia, the writer finds that the people, though Slavs, are in many ways different to the Serbs. The Slovenes and Croats use the Latin characters in writing, whereas the Serbs use the Russian character. And while the greater part of the Serbs are members of the Orthodox Church, the Slovenes and Croats are almost entirely Roman Catholics, and among their peasantry religion has a much greater significance than it has among the Orthodox Serbs. The writer goes on to say:

SERBS TWO HUNDRED YEARS BEHIND

"One cannot possibly travel and mix with the people as I have done without being struck by the fact that the civilization and culture of the Slovenes and Croats, particularly of the former, is vastly greater than that possessed by the Serbs."

"While the Serbs, especially the country people, possess courage and many other excellent qualities, one must admit that in almost every way, except in the direction of things military, they are at least two hundred years behind their brothers and sisters who have now been freed from the domination of Austria-Hungary."

"The people know full well that their standards of life and of culture are higher than those of Old Serbia, and they make no secret of the fact that they desire, expect and may insist upon measures of autonomy which will give them a comparatively free hand, at least in local affairs."

The most prominent patriot among the Southern Slavs is the Bishop of Laibach or Ljubljana, Monsignor Anton Bonaventura Jeglic, who led his people in their struggle for the recognition of their national rights. A powerful opposition, under Austrian auspices, was put up to supplant the Bishop in his leadership of the Catholic nationalists, which reached its climax when a certain Dr. Shusterich was put forward as a rival leader to the Bishop. As events showed, the rival candidate was swept aside, and Bishop Jeglic assumed the leadership anew with an enormously increased following.

ANGLICAN DISUNION

THE VICAR OF TAUNTON TO BE RECEIVED INTO CATHOLIC CHURCH

(By N. C. W. C. News Service)

London, Nov. 11.—The fifty-fifth annual congress of the Church of England, commonly known as the Church Congress, has just concluded its sessions. During the War its sessions were suspended, and the congress which has just taken place is the first held since the outbreak of the War. In many respects the Church Congress is not only highly interesting, but also highly diverting, since it acts as a safety valve for the Anglicans, and enables them to give voice to the heresies and errors that have been brewing in the quiet country parsonages and the solemn cloisters of the universities during the year. When the annual letting off of the theological steam has taken place, the parsons return to their homes, and the Established Church has peace for another year. It is usual for the venue of the Church Congress to be changed from year to year and this year's meeting was held at Southend, a Cockney seaside resort at the mouth of the Thames, some forty miles from London.

THE ORIGIN OF MAN

Perhaps the most enterprising thing about the whole Congress, apart from the well arranged exhibition of challenges, monographs, essays and church documents, was the up-to-date theological speculation of the Canon Barnes, who made himself notorious recently by proclaiming that the doctrine of the Fall of Man is disproved by the findings of modern science. As a theological innovator Canon Barnes is up to the minute, and his utterances are interesting—to those who are not bound to confide the keeping of their souls and consciences to the Church of the Canon "systematic observation has made it practically certain that man was not specially created by God, as until two generations ago all Christians believed on the authority of primitive Jewish speculation."

The whole of the Canon's argument is too lengthy to set out here, and besides, your correspondent in common with many thousands who must have read the Canon's address,

has not the least idea what he was talking about, since he expressed himself in the unintelligible jargon beloved by pedants. But apparently Canon Barnes is trying to convince the average baptized Christian that he "is cousin to the ape," and most suspiciously related to the amphibians and the fishes, which was evidently a piece of local color, intended to please the fisher population of Southend.

"We hold the full content of the Apostle Paul's richest thought," the Canon said "when we affirm that the past make man innocent in an earthly paradise." Which is obviously a very modern reading of Sacred Scripture.

An Anglican parson complained that "if you deny the Divinity of Christ you will in all probability be made a Bishop some day; but if you so much as light a single candle in honor of the Virginity of the Mother of God, the chances are that you will be had up before the Privy Council."

The Rev. Reginald Wynter, the Vicar of Taunton, who was cited in the ecclesiastical courts for holding the services of Benediction, and deprived of his benefice in contumacious by the Bishop of Bath and Wells for continuing to hold that service, has turned his back on the city of confusion and the simian, amphibian and fishy ancestors Canon Barnes is trying to fasten on him, and has made arrangements to be received into the Catholic Church.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS HOLD LUNCHEON GATHERING

The Knights of Columbus of Toronto have established the practice of holding luncheon gatherings for their members. They have a two-fold object. The officers wish to have their members better acquainted and hear some speaker address the gathering on a topic of lively interest. The luncheons are usually popular. Lately an address given by Brother Potey drew to the midday gathering a very large audience.

The speaker was not a noted lecturer but he was to talk on a subject about which he could tell anecdotes and give descriptions gleaned from personal experiences. Having been with a survey party to the North West through the McKenzie District he gave a graphic and entertaining description of that little known region, lately receiving more than ordinary attention through oil discoveries. The address was greatly enjoyed. Writing of the event the editor of The Bulletin, the paper devoted to the interests of the local Catholic, gives the impressions of those who heard the speaker and records the praise very generally bestowed. Perhaps we should not have noted the event in my special way did not the editor make the following comment: "There is not, of course, space in The Bulletin to give any extended report, but there is one point that ought to be recorded—that one can't go far enough away to be ahead of the Church's missionary outpost. The speaker's references to the missions of the Oblate Fathers to the Great Slave Lake, and the schools conducted by Sisters in the very wilds of the North was news—many of us know about the sacrifices of these 'Pioneers of the Cross'."

We were not a little surprised at the editor's announcement that the above mentioned work for the salvation of souls in Canada could be done by any Catholic who reads. Yet we do not wish to dispute the editor nor criticize in particular the Catholic. The thought passed over what should be very entertaining and instructive reading. Unfortunately too many are absorbed in business and political news that such items as concern missionary work scarce get a notice. Yet the Catholic press of Ontario has published broadcast what these men heard at an ordinary lecture. It is only a week or two since the interesting account of Bishop Ground's pastoral visit was given to all our readers. Father Louis O. M. I., an old missionary friend entertained us with the details of his Missions west of Edmonton and a year ago Bishop Crimont, S. J. of Alaska who is working in the Far North gave us an account of their experiences during the influenza epidemic. In 1911 the very ground over which the lecturer travelled was described as well as the work being accomplished by the missionaries. Father Lafayve was paying a visit to Toronto to procure materials to launch on Great Slave Lake and McKenzie River two little steamers that would aid the missionaries in procuring supplies for their orphans. These steamers were to be used especially in procuring and transporting fish the staple food of the people. The Fathers have even succeeded at the expense of much care and labor in growing potatoes under what apparently were almost impossible conditions. They were supplying two schools for Indians and travelling to missions over a distance of almost two thousand miles. From Athabaska River to Smith Landing, the first mission was eight hundred miles and from there to the Arctic Red River twelve hundred. The latest mission established was up near Coronation Gulf, at the outlet of the Coppermine River which is up in the Arctic Seas. This was for the Eskimoes whom the Fathers hoped to convert! In the McKenzie there are eighteen

priests with a Catholic population of over five thousand. The immense distances to be covered, the hardships to be endured and the exposure to hunger have not affrighted these valiant men of God.

Books of Missionary work in Canada are by no means few in number, nor are they without historical ethnological and geographical interest. We believe in fact that the news of oil fields in the North can be traced to some of the missionaries who carried out details and samples. But too often these valuable works are cast aside by Catholic readers for the shallow stories which seem from the press and teach us neither piety nor devotion. Evidently a few good missionary addresses would do much to stir up interest in what will be a noted district of the Western territories.

But if many Catholics have been indifferent or careless, Catholic Church Extension has not. The cause of the missionary is even in our pages, we have pleaded his case and will continue to plead it in every favorable opportunity. To the devoted men of the Western and Northern missions we have given every assistance within our power. We shall continue this policy always. The word of God must reach every creature that God's Will may be known to him and that God's law may be before him. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, baptism, confession and Communion are for all God's children. We aid those who everywhere seek men of good will. This program should inspire a true devotion to missionary work and a great interest in missionary fields. Give every assistance to Catholic Church Extension.

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto.

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

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DIVORCE FIGHT IN AUSTRIA

UPHOLDING INDISSOLUBILITY OF MARRIAGE

(N. C. W. C. News Service)

Reports sent to American newspapers from Berlin, announcing that "bigamy has been legalized by the Austrian Government," were in part correct, but not in the sense in which the dispatches intimated.

In Austria the civil law regulating matrimony rests upon the canon law of the Catholic Church, and recognizes and enforces the indissolubility of marriages between Catholics, writes Dr. Frederick Funder. For years the Socialists and "Liberals" have sought to abolish this law, but their attempts have failed hitherto, since each time there was such a storm of opposition from the Catholics that neither parliament nor the Government dared persist.

SOCIALIST SUBTERFUGE

Even the revolution of November, 1918, was unable to alter the firm view of Austrian Catholics. Accordingly, the Socialists have resorted to the expedient of allowing, occasionally, a second marriage and the dissolution of the first. This has been done by order of certain administrative bodies in which the Socialists have control.

As a cloak for their real designs these Socialist administrators take as their pretended authority Section 83 of the Civil Code, which permits "for important reasons," petitioning the provincial governments for relief in respect to lawful marriage impediments. The sense and character of the Code prove that this permissive authority governs only in the case of relative lawful impediments and that an existing Catholic marriage is held by the law an absolute hindrance to remarriage.

If, for example, the law determines that a convicted criminal is not allowed to marry during the period of his punishment, he may be dispensed by the Government from this relative statutory hindrance.

Without, however, respecting this sense of the law, the Government of Lower Austria—as yet the only one of the seven provincial administrations of Austria to take that action—has initiated the practice of granting dispensations from marriage hindrances, the existing Catholic marriage included. The Socialist Minister of the Interior, Dr. Ellenbogen, has concurred in his partner's practices.

"SEVER MARRIAGES" DECLARED INVALID

These newly legalized bigamies are called in Austria "Sever-Eben," that is, "Sever-marriages," after the Socialist president of the Lower Austrian provincial administration. Austrian jurists are at one in holding that these "Sever-marriages" are invalid under the present law, and that their authorization and toleration can only be regarded as a revolutionary proceeding. The Sa-

preme Court at Vienna, conformably to this conception of the law, has pronounced several adverse judgments. The juridical faculty of the University of Vienna also has decided against the validity of the "Sever-marriages" and declared that according to the Austrian Code, there can never be any dispensation from the lawful hindrance created by an existing Catholic marriage.

EDITOR GIVES VIEWS ON CONDITIONS RAMPANT IN ERIN

Francis Hackett, after a recent visit to his sorely tried native land, writes as follows to The New Republic:

"The British Government starts out by letting hunger-strikers die. This is their policy not only for men arrested on grave suspicion, but for untried men presumably innocent, and for men arrested on trivial suspicion. The Government hopes by this species of 'justice' to take the last weapon of protest away from Sinn Fein, and then to brutalize Sinn Fein into submission.

"By 'brutalized' I mean use force in a non-legal and brutal manner. It is brutal to persecute men who merely believe in self-determination; brutal to arrest without warrant or democratic process of law; brutal to invade and ransack homes late at night at the caprice of mere suspicion; brutal to try political opponents by secret military court-martial.

"It is brutal to sentence one set of Irishmen to long terms of imprisonment for having weapons no more deadly than pamphlets, while allowing another set of Irishmen to keep munitions of war in their homes.

"It is brutal to subject the civil population to military surveillance, search, and curfew, to pursue them with intimidation and insult. Yet these are only the commonest forms of brutalization under the new coercion Bill.

"Worse is the wholesale clearance of political leaders now projected, and then the gonging of subordinates into rash insurrection. Such must be the effect, if not the considered purpose, of Lloyd George's program carried out by certain obedient officials and certain Ulster Bigote who are on top in Dublin Castle. Rebellion is the goal of this policy of coercion."

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

APPEAL FOR BURSAS

There are four hundred million pagans in China. If they were to pass in review at the rate of a thousand a minute, it would take nine months for them all to go by. Thirty-three thousand of them die daily un baptized! Missionaries are urgently needed to go to their rescue.

China Mission College, Almonte Ontario, Canada, is for the education of priests for China. It has already fourteen students, and many more are applying for admittance. Unfortunately funds are lacking to accept them all. China is crying out for missionaries. They are ready to go. Will you send them? The salvation of millions of souls depends on your answer to this urgent appeal. His Holiness the Pope blesses benefactors, and all students pray for them daily. A Bursar of \$5,000 will support a student in perpetuity. Help to complete the Burses.

Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary J. M. FRASER.

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOU, D. D.

THIRD SUNDAY OF ADVENT

THE JOY OF THE LORD

"Rejoice in the Lord always; again, I say, rejoice." (Phil. iv. 4)

Mingled with the other things of life is a certain amount of joy. This joy does not pervade the whole human race at the same time. When one individual may be experiencing great joy, another may be steeped in the deepest sorrow.

All this is true of worldly joys. There is a joy, however, that flows from a loftier fount and which always may dwell in the heart of man. This is the joy of which St. Paul speaks. There is only one thing that will bring that joy to us, and that is a good, clear conscience.

Worldly people, that is, people who give little or no time to God, often appear happy. Who has not seen them on the streets, in the theaters, in other amusement places, in the club rooms, wearing a perpetual smile?

Worldly people, that is, people who give little or no time to God, often appear happy. Who has not seen them on the streets, in the theaters, in other amusement places, in the club rooms, wearing a perpetual smile?

The lips of another may not wear this smile; in his words there may be but little if anything that would reveal a joy dwelling within him. Nevertheless, it is often there, and its manifestations break forth in something more serious than smiles and more weighty than words.

To many people joy would seem to consist in an absolute freedom from all restraint. Of course, they realize they must observe the laws of God, and many, if not all, of the laws of the country, but beyond this they recognize no restraint. Every fancy, every whim, they would like to see encouraged and satisfied.

It should be the desire of every Catholic, gifted as he is with faith and a knowledge of the high things of God, to acquire the true joy of the Lord. He is bidden to do so many times in Scripture. Experience teaches him also that it alone counts. The happiness all crave for, he realizes can never come to him if his heart be void of this true joy.

On the contrary, what a precious blessing it is to him who possesses this joy. The burdens of life will be lightened for him; the sorrows and pain that afflict him will be lessened, if the joy of the Lord be among his spiritual possessions. He will have a better understanding of the passing things of life and of the eternal things of God.

Perhaps the principal cause for this collapse of the League is the spirit of nationalism, which was never so hot in Europe as in this day. The fires of chauvinism are

LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND EUROPE

A. J. Muench, in America

Public opinion in Europe has grown very pessimistic regarding the League of Nations. This has become so epidemic that London papers are demanding an immediate convocation of the Council of the League with a view to have it formulate a declaration of the extent of its authority and the measures necessary to enforce respect for this authority.

Already, in the early days of the existence of the League, Persia had become a problem. Persia, an original member of the League, called upon it for help when the Bolsheviks advanced on the country and captured Esfah, the chief Persian port, on May 18, 1920. The next day Prince Firouz, the Persian Foreign Minister, dispatched a letter to Sir Eric Drummond, the Secretary-General of the League, asking the assistance of the League in driving out the Bolsheviks.

In proof of this, more evidence was soon to be piled up by the course of events. The Saar coal basin is placed under the jurisdiction of the League of Nations, to be governed in its name by a commission of five members. However, the actual government in the Saar Valley today is the military regime of France; the commission of the League is but a beautiful piece of decoration, a pretty, docile poodle-dog led by M. France Nationalism, whosoever he wills.

Then came the Russian danger to Poland's stability. Poland sent out a call of help which was heard in London and in Paris. Both England and France as members of the League with Poland, were pledged under the Covenant to come to Poland's aid, but the call was left unheeded. English and French statesmen were at variance over the Russian question, and therefore came to no decision. They viewed the whole affair not from the standpoint of the League, as they were pledged to do by the obligations assumed under the Covenant, but from the standpoint of other "superior reasons" inspired by national purposes.

The small nations of Europe know now that it is a matter of help yourself. In consequence all of them are making provisions for an increase of armaments. Thus Queen Wilhelmina of Holland in her speech from the throne pleaded for an enlarged military organization on the grounds that, even though Holland was a member of the League, the League had thus far shown itself so ineffective that the nation, if it would enjoy safety, must put reliance upon its own strength of arms.

These words of the realist Clemenceau were flung into the Chamber of Deputies on Dec. 31, 1918, at a time when the idealist Wilson was being feted in the cities of Europe and hailed as the savior of the world. From that hour the theory of the balance of power and the theory of world cooperation entered upon a death struggle with each other. Events are clearly showing which is being returned the victor.

In view of these facts history will write the names of those men who had the courage in the face of the whole world to stand out against the League, as a chimerical and even a dangerous proposition, into its pages as men of keen foresight and well-balanced judgment. Whilst all statesmen gifted with political wisdom thought so, not all were honest in expressing their convictions. Their deeds now express them without the utterance of a single word. Their deeds are full of mistrust as regards the efficacy of the League. It is a silent confession of the futility of the League. It is, therefore a gross libel on the good name of the United States if it is stated, as it sometimes is stated, that the League's failure is due to the non-entrance of the United States. No charge could be more stupid. It is based on gross ignorance of the causes of Europe's political troubles. These arose from sources, and ran courses, so independent of any nation's entrance or non-entrance into the League, that it is absurd to give thought to such a change. Entrance of the United States into

HER CASE SEEMED HOPELESS

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burning high, and they are being fanned to such heights by the winds of the principle of self-determination of nations sweeping over all the lands. Each nation insists, and vigorously insists, that it must determine not only its rights, but also its duties, with the result that it suspiciously watches every move of neighboring nations, nervously retaliates against real or alleged aggression and continually searches for sinister motives in the words and deeds of leading statesmen.

The realities of this world are usually cold, stern, unrelenting facts. Statesmen who rub elbows with these facts every day make no reckoning without them. Seeing them as they are, they do not put their trust in the League, but in larger armies and navies and in favorable alliances with other nations.

Japan, a member of the League, starts the world by building the battleship Mutsu at a cost of forty million dollars, fourteen million dollars more than England's best battle cruiser, the Hood. France today maintains an army whose cost is more than double that of the Prussian military machine. England is carrying out a navy program that surpasses the fondest hopes of navy enthusiasts before the War. France and Belgium have formed a military alliance, the terms of which, as is coolly announced by Delacroix of Belgium, they will not register for publication with the Secretary-General of the League, although Article xviii of the Covenant explicitly requires this, in accordance with the Wilsonian principle that all secret engagements shall be abolished for all times.

"There is an old system which appears condemned today and to which I do not fear to say that I remain faithful at this moment. Countries have organized the defense of their frontiers, with the necessary elements and the balance of power."

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The League would not have changed the course of events in Europe by long lots, excepting, perhaps, to have increased the entanglements which have already been aggravated by the conflicting policies of the various governments.

What the world needed at the time of the formation of the League, and what it still needs, is not a stiffly-jointed piece of mechanism, but an organism capable of development and growth according to the quickly changing needs of these quickly changing times. Clumsy, awkward machinery was entirely out of place. But good counsels were spurned. Pope Benedict XV. had pronounced in his peace note of August 1, 1917, an idea of a League along lines so facile and so flexible that because of the very flexibility of its design it was ignored. Mr. Root has recently advanced plans for a League quite similar to those of Pope Benedict XV., but this has evoked little interest in Europe. It is a plan that is considered workable by the very best legal talent on international law, and this for no other reason but that it combines healthy idealism with healthy realism. Its secret is that it takes men as they are and not as they should be. Upon this knowledge of the difference between is and ought-to-be, it builds its house, and usually such houses are not built on sand. But politicians seem to prefer the sand.

SECULARISM AND RELIGION

A celebrated aphorism of Gilbert Chesterton gives expression to the thought that Christianity has not been tried and found wanting, but that it has been found hard and not tried. While the epigram is more clever than true, it is undeniable that the world of today is, for the most part, not guided by the spirit of Christ, that secularism rather than faith prevails.

The most obvious evidence of this condition is the lack of religious atmosphere in the daily lives of men. As Lord Marlborough claimed that all the English history he ever knew was derived from the historical dramas of Shakespeare, so the average man of today derives most of his knowledge and much of his inspiration from the newspaper, and the latter has been a poor vehicle for the conveyance of religious thought other than that of a sensational and dangerous character. The photoplay, which is a rival of the printed sheet in the education of men, rarely can be said to add to their religious education. The literature which forms our ordinary reading again makes little account of religious ideas or ideals. As a consequence man's everyday life is marked by too little to indicate any idea of the passing nature of the present world or of the reality of the next world.

As Cardinal Newman once said, there are many men who have neither fear nor hope concerning the life to come; either they do not think of it at all or they think of it in a purely impersonal way, as though it were not a matter of vital and individual concern to themselves. Even those who are exact in the performance of religious duties are apt to be influenced by the spirit of secularism to the extent at least of a certain formalism in religion which would make the latter a kind of church garment to be cast aside when not in church or at prayer.

There is no wish to present a pessimistic picture of a world in which there is much faith and much fidelity to conscience under trying conditions, but rather to register a photographic impression of the lack of religious atmosphere in the ordinary lives of men, which deadens the spirit of faith and which tends to

make religion too formal an observance. A wider acquaintance with Catholic literature and a more real appreciation of Catholic ideals fostered by the spirit of prayer will give new and forceful meaning to the truths of faith which we all believe and profess.—Catholic Standard and Times.

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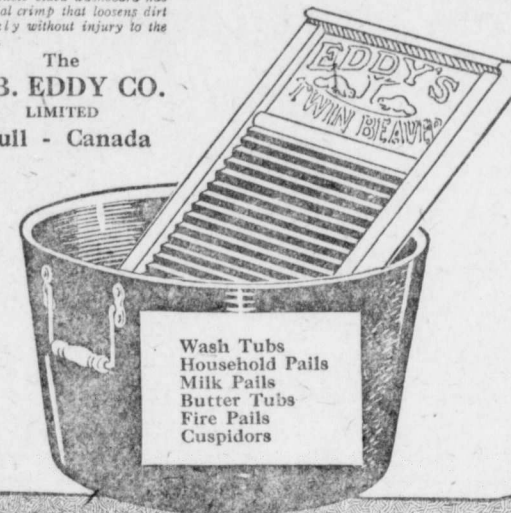
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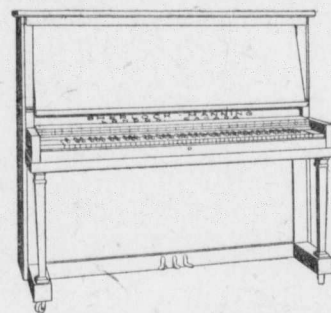
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

MOTHER
When a fellow has a mother
He's a mighty lucky man;
For he'll never have another,
Though he reach life's longest span.

She's the one thing in creation
That your money cannot buy;
She's beyond all calculation—
Doesn't matter how you try.

You may talk about the others
Who are near and dear and true
But no cousins, aunts or brothers
Can approach her love for you.

When you think of all the fellows
Who of mother-love are short,
Then your spirit melts and mellow,
And with sympathy you're torn.

For a mother'll go through anguish
For her each and every son;
And, like old, she'll never languish
Till her holy work is done.

Should the hand of Fate deprive me
Of this closest, kindest friend,
Others never could revive me,
Nor my broken heart could mend.

So I pray that God may leave her
Through the long eventful years,
Free from trouble that would grieve her,
And from aught that causes tears.

A QUIET REBUKE
An "object admonition" like the
one described by Warren Lee Goss in
his article, "Campaigning to No
Purpose," published in Johnson's
"Battles and Leaders of the American
Civil War," is often more effective
than storms of reproach.

One day the colonel of the regiment
noticed a soldier on parade
wearing a badly soiled pair of gloves.
"Corporal," said the officer, "why
do you set the men such a bad
example as appearing before them in
dirty gloves? Why is it?"

"I've had no pay, sir, since I
entered the service," returned the
corporal. "I can't afford to have
them done up."

The colonel drew from his pocket
a pair of gloves, spotlessly white.
Handing them to the corporal, he
said, quietly:

"Put them on. I washed them
myself."

It was an unforgettable lesson to
the whole regiment.—True Voice.

MEETING SORROW
We all receive heartaches once in a
while. Everyone does. If it is not
one kind of sorrow, it is another.
We should not be here if our lives
were to run along without a ripple.
So because we have met with disappointments
or sorrow, we must not
let ourselves become sour and place
ourselves in a rut where we imagine
everybody is sorry for us; and in our
narrowness, we think we derive comfort
from such sympathy when the
truth of our position is this—nobody
really pities us. People think we
should have more stability than to
be crushed by incidents that come
into almost every life.

We could all be in that position if
we let ourselves go down with our
feelings, instead of looking up and
realizing that every sorrow comes
from God, and that He has put into
our hands the things we are complaining
of. Always remember the
old adage, "Laugh and the world
laughs with you; weep and you weep
alone." Seek for joys and you will
find them, not in a rut, but in the
paths outworn before you.—True
Voice.

FRIENDSHIP
Let all friendships be founded and
maintained in the love of God, and
they will be lasting, proof against
any difficulty that may arise; they
will also be most consoling and safe.
Not many true friends come in a lifetime,
and young persons ought to
discriminate and not carelessly all
candidates for their affection, and
cherish fondly those that are thus
judiciously chosen. There are some
persons who seem made for one
another; they exhibit such mutually
sympathetic natures; their characters
are so similar. Loyalty to such
friends is a lofty virtue. I speak not
here of the simple love of charity
which we must have for all men; but
of that spiritual friendship, by which
two, three, or more souls comment
each one to another their devotion
and spiritual affection and make
themselves all but one spirit. To be
a real friend is worthy high endeavor,
for faith, truth, tenderness, courage,
and loyalty bring one close to the
Kingdom of God.—Intermountain
Catholic.

HOMER MCKEE'S PRAYER
We do not know who Homer
McKee is. The first half of the name
sounds Greek and the other half
Irish, maybe Scotch. Greek, Scotch
or Irish, Homer McKee has a prayer
in the bulletin of the Kansas State
Board of Health, that suggests something
worth while praying for.

This is Homer McKee's prayer:
"Teach me that sixty minutes
make an hour, sixteen ounces one
pound, and one hundred cents one
dollar.

"Help me to live so that I can lie
down at night with a clear conscience,
without a gun under my pillow
and unharmed by the faces of those
to whom I have brought pain.

"Deafen me to the jingle of tainted
money and the rustle of unholy
skirts.

"Blind me to the thoughts of the
other fellow, but reveal to me my
own.

"Guide me so that each night
when I look across the dinner table
at my wife, who has been a blessing
to me, I will have nothing to conceal.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SOMEBODY ELSE
Who's Somebody Else? I should
like to know.
Does he live at the North or the
South?
Or is it a lady fair to see,
Whose name is in every month?
For Meg says, "Somebody Else will
sing."

Or, "Somebody Else can play."
And Jack says, "Please let Somebody
Else
Do some of the errands today."

If there's any hard or unpleasant
task,
Or difficult thing to do,
'Tis always offered to Somebody
Else—

Now isn't this very true?
But if some fruit or a pleasant trip
is offered to Dick or Jess,
We hear not a word of Somebody
Else.

Why? I will leave you to guess.
The words of cheer for a stranger
is
This Somebody Else will speak,
And the poor and helpless who need
a friend.

Good Somebody Else must seek.
The cup of cold water in Jesus'
name—
Oh, Somebody Else will offer;
And words of love for a broken
heart.

Brave Somebody Else will proffer.
There are battles in life we only can
fight.

And victories, too, to win;
And Somebody Else cannot take our
place.

When we shall have "entered in."
But if Somebody Else has done his
work,
While we for ease have striven,
'Twill only be fair if the blessed reward
To Somebody Else is given.

PLEASANT LOOKS AND CHEER
Have you ever seen a more pleasant
picture than a cheerful countenance?
Like a calm, confident being,
a cheerful person radiates light
wherever he is found, and the effect
of his presence is duly felt on his
companions. A company of individuals
cannot be otherwise than agreeable
if one in their midst is of a
sunny, cheerful temperament.

As sorrow weighs the heart down,
so does cheerfulness bear it up.
Many think that a long face, and a
sad weary smile gain sympathy.
Perhaps so; but a sunny disposition
gains friends. Can there be any two
ways of choosing between them.
Who does not prefer friends to the
doubtfully sympathetic words of a
chance listener.

"A merry heart goes all the day,
A sad heart tires in a mile."

Those who worry are constantly
under a strain. Worry leaves its
marks on the face of its victim, and
is ever seeking to dispel any trace
of happiness to be found. To meet the
trials and tribulations of life with a
smile, and to have no fear of, or
solicitude for the future, and to help
others by a kind word or pleasant
smile—that is true cheerfulness.—
Intermountain Catholic.

BOOKS AS CHRISTMAS GIFTS
The approach of Christmas rather
naturally suggests to the normal
Christian mind the subject of gifts.
Even among those persons who have
abandoned belief in the traditional
story of Bethlehem and who deny
the divinity of the Christ-Child, the
primary connotation of Christmas-
tide is Christmas boxes.

The reason has from time immemorial
been so closely associated
with intensified good-will among
friends and acquaintances that the
externalization of such good will in
the presentation of gifts has come to
be taken much as a matter of course.
So deeply rooted indeed is the sentiment
which dictates the making of
presents at Christmas time that it
refuses to listen to the apparently
strictly logical objections occasionally
urged against the practice.

One fallacy entertained by very
many persons is that Christmas gifts
invariably represent a certain
measure of extravagance, at least on
the part of those who are not especially
favored with the goods of this
world. The very truth is that, as
George Eliot says: "One must be
poor to know the luxury of giving."

And, among more intimate friends
at least, the psychology of the matter
is precisely as stated by the sovereign
author, Thomas a Kempis: "He
who loves with purity considers not
the gift of the lover, but the love of
the giver."

In our own day the ubiquitous
Christmas card furnishes even the
poorest with an inexpensive form of
Christmas greeting; but there is a
far better form which deserves to be
commemorated much more common than it
is at present—the giving of books.

Even on the score of economy, it
may well compete with the more
popular card. There are booklets,
brochures, pamphlets and leaflets
fully as inexpensive as the cheapest
cards, and immeasurably better
worth while as vehicles of Christmas
greetings.—Ave Maria.

WISE COUNSEL

The extensive observer who scans
the world from China to Peru, must
be impressed with the great struggle
which is going on in the world.
Social unrest, moral anarchy, and
universal injustice are symptoms of
a society in the throes of a rebirth.
Two direful prophecies have lately
been uttered to the effect that we
are living in a fool's paradise if we
ignore the fundamental disintegration
that is going on in the structure
of society. Industrialism or Chaos
by Mr. Cole stressed the point from
the laborer's standpoint. Mr. Bellon
in Europe and the Faith reaches the
conclusion from a Catholic viewpoint
that "We have reached at last, as a
final result of that catastrophe three
hundred years ago (the Reformation)
a state of society that cannot endure,
which trembles and threatens to
crash down. It is clearly insecure.
It may fall at any moment. We who
still live may see the ruin. But ruin
when it comes is not only a sudden,
it is also a final thing."

The struggle for mastery of the
world, today is between mighty
forces. Two great international
agencies are striving for the ascendancy,
Capitalism and Socialism.
The Church aims at subduing the
world for Christ. Capitalism and
Socialism at subjugating mankind to
the idea of an earthly paradise.
Capitalism and Socialism are fighting
themselves and the Catholic Church
is opposing the evils in both
and trying to reconcile their
differences on the principles of
justice and charity. Today the con-
dition of the world according to the
motto of the late Holy Father, "to restore
all things in Christ."

It is no easy matter as the illustrious
Pope Leo XIII. pointed out to
define the relative rights and mutual
duties of the rich and the poor, of
capital and labor, for crafty agitators
are intent on making use of the
differences of opinion to pervert
men's judgments and to stir up the
people to revolt. Today the con-
dition of the world's unrest is
discussing the public mind to the
exclusion of all other material con-
siderations. Wise men are discuss-
ing it, practical men are proposing
schemes and popular assemblies and
rulers of nations are busied with it.
Voices innumerable are uttering
their convictions and confusing
men's minds with the complexities
of the problem.

Above them all sounds clear and
strong the voice of the Holy Father.
Now he warns against the danger of
revolutionary measures. Now he
points out the evils in the industrial
system, the twin plagues of greed
and love of pleasure. Again he
invigilates in vigorous terms against
perpetuating hatred and urges Christian
reconciliation among nations
and individuals.

Finally the Holy Father turns to
womankind and decries the false
standards that the world has foisted
upon her and turns her face to the
blessed vision of the family-life of
Nazareth. The Catholic principles
adapted to the needs of the day are
nowhere so lucidly expounded as in
the addresses and encyclicals of Pope
Benedict XV.

Catholics individually as well as
collectively have a part to play in
the struggle between the powers of
the world and the Church which
Christ founded. To whom should
they turn to learn Christ's principles,
but to Christ's Vicar on earth?
They owe it to themselves, to their
Church and to their country to
imbibe these principles emanating
from time to time from the Holy
Father and to make them blossom
forth in their own lives.

The struggle is the age-long
struggle between the forces of good
and the forces of evil, between
Christ and the world. But He has
taught us to fear not, for He has over-
come the world. The world is
due must be overcome, it must
be won for Christ, but it
can only be won by the
co-operation of Catholics alive to the
importance of the momentous
struggle in which the world is at
present engaged. The opportunities
for the lay apostolate were never
greater than they are today. Along
the difficult pathway of Christian
reconstruction and the amelioration
of the world the Holy Father points
the way.—The Pilot.

CRITICAL DAYS
According to reliable forecasts, we
are facing a critical future. Reports
from various parts of the country in-
dicate an increase of unemployment,
and in some industries a reduction
of wages. There can be no doubt
but that these phenomena will have
a tendency to strengthen the exist-
ing social unrest and that they will
be exploited by the apostles of dis-
content. The material that may
culminate in an explosion is thus
readily accumulating.

Times of transition are always
fraught with dangers and fatal possi-
bilities. The return to normal from
conditions that were essentially
transitory may be likened to the
state of convalescence. But every
body is familiar with the perils that
beset the struggle for complete re-
covery. It is a delicate situation
that confronts the men who have
emerged from a grave illness. Little
things may bring about a disastrous
relapse, or at least retard indefinitely
the restoration of health. It is
just such a situation towards which
we are moving. The near future
will require much tact and will tax
to the utmost the good will of all the
industrial factors concerned. Un-

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reasonableness, under such circum-
stances, will react perniciously. The
situation is the more alarming, as
there are signs of a reactionary
movement on the part of some em-
ployers, who think that this is the
opportunity to regain their hold
upon the industrial power that was
fast slipping away from them. This
is no time for a test of strength
between the conflicting parties nor a
time for the assertion of power. In
fact, this is the worst and most in-
opportune time for any such
attempts. Tempers have been sorely
tried and they will not stand much
of a strain. On the contrary, this is
a time when the voice of sound com-
mon sense should be heeded and
when men should make every effort
to understand one another, lest any
misunderstanding might lead to an
irremediable clash. Moderation
ought to be the watchword of the
hour. The atmosphere is alive with
antagonisms of every kind and this
high atmospheric tension must not
be intensified by unwise inflexibility.
This might prove extremely costly.
Caution and patience alone will
avert social disaster. The social
reformer has his course mapped out
for him. It will be his chief concern
to work for conciliation and com-
promise. He will warn the autocrats
of industry not to undertake to undo
what has been accomplished in late
years; this would be likely to arouse
destructive resentment. He will
warn labor not to urge further
claims at a time when industry is
trying hard to recuperate and when
new demands will meet with a stone-
wall opposition and will find no
encouragement from the general
public. A little common sense and
a little good will, however, will tide
us over this critical point and bring
us back to normal and wholesome
conditions.—Catholic Standard and
Times.

Be silent and safe—silence never
betrays you.—John Boyle O'Reilly.

Vapo-Cresolene advertisement with image of a person using the product.

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RESPECT FOR ORDER THE MORAL LAW

The world of thought is torn with
discussion about the relative morality
of the present age. "Is it better
or worse as a result of the War," is
the question upon which learned men
are divided. The utterances of an
eminent historian and I venture
have thrown the question anew into
the forum of serious thought with
his observations that the present age
is worse than the status quo ante
bellum. He finds age mocked, dis-
cipline abandoned, marriage made a
jest, crime increasing, literature
degenerating and the present condi-
tion of modern society sadly deca-
dent.

And now into the discussion is in-
jected another depressing note from
a student of facts and figures. But it
is a characteristic of statistics that
they can be made to prove whatever
the investigator wishes to prove.
Inconclusive as the argument from
statistics usually is, the deductions
therefrom are frequently enlightening.

"With all its kindness and good
nature," says one of our public men,
"the temper of our communities
contains a strong strain of violence.
We condone violence and shrink its
punishment. We lack a high in-
stinct for order. We lack a sense of
the dignity of obedience to restraint
which is demanded for the common
good. We lack a certain respect for
our own security and the terms upon
which civilized communities keep
the peace." Which is but another
way of saying that we lack a suffi-
cient moral sanction.

What makes men restrain them-
selves from acts of violence, what
gives them a high instinct for order,
and what furnishes that dignity of
obedience and restraint? Nothing
but the moral law placed in our
hearts by Almighty God and inter-
preted by Christ and His Church.
Nothing but the ordinance of Divine
reason ordering the moral law to be
kept and forbidding its violation
under penalty of eternal punishment
or the loss of eternal reward. In
other words nothing but the Law of
God. What we need is not statistics,
not academic discussions, but the
realization that there is a God, that
He has made His laws, and that dis-
obedience to sin and will be punished.
It matters little what men think
of the relative condition of the world
with regard to past ages. But it
matters much to ourselves in this
life and more particularly in the next
life, what we regard as the sanctions
of morality. By the observance by
each individual of the moral re-
straints ordained by God will we
make this a better world and this
country a better America. Only by
this will acts of violence decrease.
To ignore God is to court death.
For to disobey His law is sin, and the
" wages of sin is Death."—The Pilot.

It's the things you don't say that
cause the least regret.

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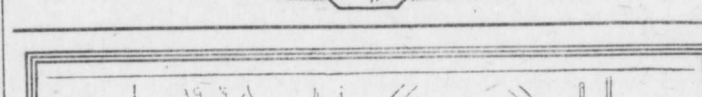


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Irish Orators and Oratory advertisement listing speakers and their topics.

The Catholic Record advertisement listing speakers and their topics.

CELEBRATE FIFTH CENTENARY

HISTORIC ST. GERVAIS, REBUILT BY GERMAN SHELLS, IS RESTORED

By N. C. W. C. News Service

Paris, Nov. 19.—The triduum celebrated in honor of the fifth centenary of the Church of St. Gervais ended with a ceremony at which presided Cardinal Luçon of Rheims. The work of restoration of the damage the church suffered from a German shell on Good Friday, 1918, is making good progress, and it was possible to remove the interior scaffolding for the ceremony.

The first church of St. Gervais was the first Christian temple erected north of the island of the city, and as early as the fifth century was attended by boatmen and fishermen, St. Germain, Bishop of Paris, at the end of the sixth century loved to come to it to pray. It was ruined by the Northmen during the siege of Paris at the beginning of the tenth century and replaced a century after by one which lasted till the fifteenth century. The third church erected on the spot is the present church, larger and more beautiful than the others. When it was completed it was under the care of a community of 40 priests who ministered to a large population.

The consecration took place in October, 1420, a few years before Joan of Arc had received her mission, and when the French kingdom was torn by factions and Paris was occupied by an English army. The Bishop of Paris, Gerard de Montagne, who did not enjoy the favor of King Henry V., was in exile and his condactor in hiding. Hence the church wardens invited the Bishop of Benevento to officiate at the ceremony. An inscription can be read in the church relating the event and urging the faithful to pray "for the benefactors of the church and for the poor souls."

The church is one of the finest monuments of religious architecture of the fifteenth century, a gem of Gothic art, then beginning to evolve into the flamboyant. The vaults are of rare perfection and the whole nave gives an impression of graceful and elegant slenderness which is no less admirable in the Chapel of the Virgin, the masterpiece of the two brothers Jacques. The windows were formerly adorned with splendid stained glass whose beauty can be judged from the few that have been spared. The organ is famous among the masters of religious music. The facade was erected two centuries after the consecration of the church, the first stone being laid in 1616 by King Louis XIII. The architect, Jacques de Brosse, who also built the palace of the Luxembourg, followed the taste of the time and superimposed the three Greek orders of architecture, Ionic, Doric and Corinthian. This work is a monument in itself but does not harmonize with the rest of the church.

In the early days a famous elm tree rose in front of the church, which was a meeting place for friends and business men and became legendary. It was cut down by the revolutionists in 1793, but a few years ago another elm was planted on the same spot.

To commemorate the ninety-one victims of the tragedy of Good Friday, 1918, a chapel will be erected in the church. Plans for this are being made by the husband of one of the victims, and the Church of St. Gervais will be visited in the future not only for its artistic merits and its beautiful music but also as one of the war shrines.

ORDER GETS CHURCH AFTER 1,000 YEARS

By N. C. W. C. News Service

Berlin, Nov. 8.—After a lapse of more than one thousand years, German priests will again officiate in the famous old Church of St. Michael and Magnus in Rome. With the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament in St. Peter's, this historic edifice, which is closely connected with German memories, has been turned over to the Salvatorian Fathers by special arrangement of the Pope, who has given to the Salvatorian visitants respective authority.

BUILT IN CHARLEMAGNE'S TIME

The origin of the Church of St. Michael and Magnus dates back to the time of Charlemagne, who during his visit to Rome secured extensive grounds with the intention of erecting a German institute which would be supported from the revenues of the properties.

The Frisians, who had a populous colony in Rome as early as 799, as proved by the fact that in that year, in company with the Franks, Saxons and Lombards, they greeted Pope Leo III. on his solemn entry into Rome after his visit to Germany, undertook the work of erecting the church, which was founded in 847 under Leo IV. Their action followed the devastation of the Basilica of St. Peter by the Saracens, who were finally driven off by the Emperor's army. The Christian troops slain were buried in a crypt in the old Neronian Villa and this spot, with the consent of the Emperor, was chosen for the erection of the church. The church is the parish church of the Vatican chapter and the parish priest is the vicar-curate of St. Peter's.

GERMAN NURS GIVEN HISTORIC HOUSE

The venerable German national institution, the Camp Santo Tonicio, which for many centuries has resisted calamities, is near by. The priest's house, St. Michael at Lungo Tevere Farnesians, which is situated near the Tiber, in the neighborhood of the famous Farnesians, and which contains immortal masterpieces of Raphael and Giulio Romano has been given to the German Franciscan Tertiary Nuns of Waldbreitbach Kreis, Newwald am Rhein.

The house is joined to the nearby church of the Franciscan Conventuals by a special society. Plans are being made to quarter there such Catholics as the buildings can accommodate. As there is an increasing demand for German nurses and maidservants in Rome, it promises to be crowded to capacity. The pilgrims who have returned to Germany comment on the friendliness and hospitality of the Romans and Italians, but complain of the depression of their currency, which necessitates practicing the strictest economy.

The German Benedictines, who requested the return of the Dormitio Marie in Jerusalem, have had that edifice restored to them and the Belgian Benedictines have already left the abbey.

LETTER FROM FATHER FRASER

TO CATHOLIC DOCTORS AND NURSES
Almonte, Ontario, Dec. 2, 1920.
To the CATHOLIC RECORD:

Acting on a suggestion from a lady who makes a contribution to the Burses, what we are collecting for the training of missionaries for China, we appeal to the Catholic doctors and nurses of Canada to complete the Burses in honor of Our Lady Comforter of the Afflicted. Their profession calls on them to minister to the afflicted and therefore would seem to draw them to a special devotion to Our Lady, Comforter of the Afflicted. We feel that they will experience more success and joy in their arduous duties after obtaining through the favor we ask the blessing and help of Our Lady honored under this title.

Yours in Christ,
J. M. FRASER

HIGH PRAISE FOR CHURCH

HER EXCELLENCIES RECOUNTED BY BAPTIST MINISTER

(From the Germantown Telegraph, November 19, 1920)

A most remarkable and unusual sermon delivered in a church of the Protestant denomination in this city, took place Sunday evening in the Wayne Avenue Baptist Church, Wayne Avenue and Queen Lane, Germantown, when the pastor, the Rev. B. L. Newkirk, who was celebrating his twenty years' completion as pastor of the church, began a series of sermons on "The Contributions of the Great Faiths," the purpose of which, he said, "is to have a better understanding of those who differ from us, appreciating the other man's point of view, environment, training, and temperament. The first subject to be discussed will be 'The World's Debt to the Roman Catholic Church.' We will use the Catholic hymns. The Rev. William F. Likly, pastor of St. Vincent de Paul's Church, on East Price street, and formerly president of Niagara University, has communicated with me regarding the movement I am undertaking, saying: "I admire your spirit of fairness and I know that an impartial presentation of the subject will remove prejudices and misconceptions, and will also awaken a spirit of good will."

HER HISTORY MOST REMARKABLE

During his discourse, the Rev. B. L. Newkirk said: "The Catholic Church has been the most remarkable in the history of the world, the Papacy ruling 240,000,000 souls, 16,000,000 of which are in the United States. It has survived the centuries, outlasting the Roman Empire, the Eastern Empire, the German Empire * * * maintaining one authority, one worship and one doctrine. Such a mighty organization stands today an incomparable achievement.

"Protestants are under an abiding debt to the Catholic Church for preserving the Sacred Scriptures and fostering learning among the darkest ages of mankind.

"The Roman Church is supreme in the constitution of Christian art. The great truths of the Gospel are made to live in the colors and forms that Christian genius has laid at the feet of Christ. The Catholics of Europe represent the subsidizing of the industry and consecration of millions of devotees. The greatest of these is St. Peter's, begun in 1450 and requiring 176 years for its completion, costing \$60,000,000.

"In the fifth century, the barbarians from the East, North and West, poured in upon Rome and caused the downfall of the empire—the Huns, under Attila, the Goths, Saxons and Germans. Who were these invading tribes? They were our fathers. They were as savage, cruel, pagan, and wild as any tribe of Northern Asia today. These invading hordes conquered the Roman Empire, but were quickly conquered by the Church, and in a small space of time we find the heathen becoming Christian. Christianity in that day must have possessed virile and dominant

qualities to conquer her conquerors.

EXCELLENCIES OF THE CHURCH

"The Roman Church shows her wisdom in her capture of childhood. She believes in education and has no quarrel with the Public school system. She solves the religious education of her children by supporting in payment of taxes, the parochial school. There are 25,000,000 of young people in the United States who are without religious education. The greatest problem facing us today is that of providing religious instruction to the young.

"The Roman Catholic Church possesses excellencies which all Protestants, might well emulate, among them are her fidelity to the services of the church; her great reverence in worship; her sacrificial liberality in giving her economy and efficiency in performance of her task; consistency in her dogmatic positions and her uncompromising attitude towards divorce."

"HEARTS OF ERIN"

In "Hearts of Erin," an Irish comedy from the pens of Charles Bradley and Lorin Howard, Mr. George M. Gatts will present his young Irish star, Walter Scanlan, at the Grand Opera House, two nights commencing Friday, December 10th, Matinee Saturday.



Mr. Scanlan, who is a protege and friend of the composer, Victor Herbert, has one of the most beautiful tenor voices on the American stage today and as an interpreter of Irish ballads has few equals. He is best known, perhaps, from his performance in the leading tenor role of Victor Herbert's opera, "Eileen," in which he scored an unequalled success. As may be supposed, Mr. Scanlan will introduce a number of songs during the performance which will not be his least interesting feature. "Hearts of Erin" tells a story of love's young dream in that most dreamy of all lands, Ireland. The authors have chosen the end of the Eighteenth Century as the time in which to place their comedy and have introduced many of the quaint style of characters of that period in their work. As the story is laid in a little village in the south of Ireland, ample opportunity has been given them for the introduction of the types of people whose adherence to ancient customs and whose rich racial humor lend an atmosphere of truly Celtic spirit to every scene. Messrs. Bradley and Howard know the people of whom they write. They have lived among them and have studied them. All quaint sayings, fascinating bits of mystical lore—heritage of their pagan forefathers—their strange customs and their warm-hearted sympathies, are at the authors' finger ends.

Perhaps the strongest appeal of the play, outside of its dainty love story, is in its intimate presentation of the lovable qualities of the kindly Irish nature. The atmosphere of the play is thoroughly Irish. Mr. Gatts has seen to that. For the portrayal of the characters he has selected a cast with a true sense of values. Most of the company are of Irish birth or parentage and bring to their work not only a clear insight into the often paradoxical elements of the characters, but a skill in portrayal that stamps each of them an artist. In the company are Greta Sherman, Olive Moore, Charles Dingle, Daniel Kelly, Lawrence O'Brien, Thomas P. Gillen, Larry McCas and Larry Murphy.

CONVERT ARCHBISHOP AND PRINCE DIES

(By N. C. W. C. News Service)

Philadelphia, Nov. 19.—Dr. Roldo de Berghes, a novice in the Augustinian Monastery at St. Thomas, Villanova, who renounced his title to a prince dukedom to follow a religious life in America and who last year made his formal submission to Rome, died here yesterday.

Before he embraced the true faith Dr. de Berghes was an Archbishop in the old Catholic (Jansenist) Church in this country, and the question as to whether or not the orders he had received were valid was under advisement in Rome at the time of his death.

Dr. de Berghes formally entered the Augustinian Monastery last

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March for a year's novitiate and had eagerly looked forward to his admission into the order next March after the probationary period was over.

He was born in Naples in 1873, the son of Count de Landas Bourgoigne and Adelaide M. de Gramont Hamilton. In 1908, at the death of his brother he succeeded to the principality of de Berger. His titles were disputed more than once, but in every instance he succeeded in establishing his claims. On becoming a citizen of the United States two years ago he renounced them.

BORN

FLAHERTY.—To Mr. and Mrs. John J. Flaherty (nee May McGarvey), on November 16, a son.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of Eileen Murphy who died at Tignish, P. E. I., Dec. 11, 1919, aged sixteen years. On whose soul sweet Jesus have mercy.

MARRIAGE

FENN-MCGARVEY.—On October 18, 1920, at St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, by Rev. Father Kehoe, Miss Loretta McGarvey, daughter of Mr. Philip and the late Mrs. McGarvey, of Orangeville, to Mr. William G. Fenn.

DIED

MULHERIN.—At Grand Falls, N. B., on March 20, 1920, Mr. John Mulherin. May his soul rest in peace.

MAHONEY.—At 62 Primrose Avenue, Ottawa, Ont., Margaret Hickson, beloved wife of John Mahoney, aged sixty-eight years. May her soul rest in peace.

DES ROSIERS.—At 236 Heath Street West, Toronto, Ont., on November 16, 1920, Jessie, beloved wife of Mr. J. A. Des Rosiers. May her soul rest in peace.

HENEHERRY.—At Glenwood Hospital, London, Ont., November 18, 1920, Francis J. Heneberry in his forty-second year. May his soul rest in peace.

CROUGH.—At Peterboro, Ont., on Nov. 20, 1920, Oscar Crough, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Crough, 58 Victoria St., aged twenty years. May his soul rest in peace.

MCDONALD.—At Charlotte St. Wn. P. E. I., Nov. 17, 1920, Emma, beloved wife of Alex. McDonald, aged sixty-three years. May her soul rest in peace.

LABELLE.—At the home of her daughter, Mrs. Lavolette, St. Andrews Street, Ottawa, Ont., on Thursday, November 25th, 1920, Mrs. Emery Labelle, an old and highly respected resident of Waltham. May her soul rest in peace.

TEACHERS WANTED

WANTED for S. S. No. 7, Douro, an experienced qualified teacher. Duties to commence Dec. 1. This school is close to Peterboro Catholic church and post office. Salary \$500 per year. Apply to Fred Walsh, Sec. Treas., Indian River, R. R. No. 2.

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"Nora"
"No Fool in Paradise"
"Daddy's Duceen"
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